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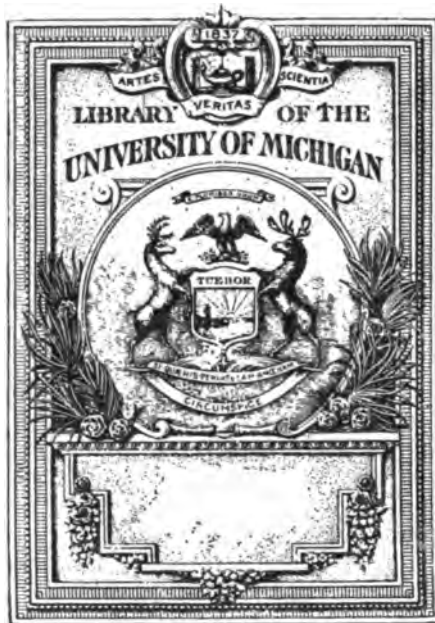
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Earl of Munster.

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THE
LITERARY GAZETTE;

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Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

FOR THE YEAR

1839.

COMPRISING
REVIEWS OF NEW PUBLICATIONS;
ORIGINAL ESSAYS ON POLITE LITERATURE, THE ARTS AND SCIENCES;
POETRY; CRITICISMS ON THE FINE ARTS, THE DRAMA, &c.;
BIOGRAPHY;
CORRESPONDENCE OF DISTINGUISHED PERSONS;
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PROCEEDINGS OF SCIENTIFIC AND LEARNED SOCIETIES;
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1839.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Correspondence of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham. Edited by William Stanhope Taylor, Esq. and Capt. John Henry Pringle, Executors of his Son, John, Earl of Chatham, and published from the Original Manuscripts in their Possession. Vol. II. 8vo. pp. 471. London, 1838. Murray.

BEFORE saying a word of the important contents of this volume, we have to bestow our hearty praise upon the care and diligence bestowed upon its arrangement and annotation by Mr. Taylor and Capt. Pringle, who have really performed their useful task in so able a manner as richly to deserve the public commendation. Readers are seldom aware of the pains and trouble it requires to satisfy dates and secure accuracy and order in publications of this kind; and it is, therefore, that we feel the greater satisfaction in directing attention at the outset to the merits here displayed.

The light thrown upon parliamentary proceedings, at a period when reporting was prohibited or in its infancy, is not one of the least valuable results to be acquired from this correspondence; and other historical illustrations, as well as curious points in the individual characters of public men having much influence on the age in which they flourished, are necessary consequences of its contemporary and unbiased revelations.

One letter in December 1757, one in 1758, four in 1759, and a number in 1760, 61, 62, 63, 64, 66, and 1768, when, in July, Mr. Pitt finally arranged his new ministry, fill this volume; and the next must accordingly embrace a most interesting epoch. But our business is with that before us; and we do so at once, without further preface. Here is a remarkable notice of the relations between the King of Prussia and Voltaire (March 1760), in a confidential letter from Mr. Mitchell, at Berlin, to Lord Holderness, the secretary for foreign affairs; it is dated 31st July, and says—

"Two days ago, happening to dine with the King of Prussia alone, I took the liberty to observe, that some late letter his Prussian majesty had written, which had fallen into the French minister's hands, seemed to have given great offence. His Prussian majesty replied, 'I have wrote no letter but one to Voltaire.' I ventured to say, 'Perhaps your majesty may have in that letter made use of some strong expressions with regard to the Duke of Choiseul?' he answered, 'No, I think I made use of this proverbial praise, that the duke was possessed by ten millions of Austrian devils;' that as to the rest, he had told Voltaire he would keep to his alliance with England, and that if the French had a mind for peace, they must speak out plainly; and he said that this letter to Voltaire was an answer to one he had received from him, in which Voltaire had assured him, that the French ministry were perfectly well disposed towards a peace. I think it proper to acquaint your lordship minutely with every circumstance concerning this affair, which I wish may agree with the accounts received from other parts: but I cannot help adding, that the King of Prussia's correspondence with Voltaire has,

on this and on former occasions, given me some uneasiness and suspicions; for I believe the court of France make use of the artful pen of Voltaire to draw secrets from the King of Prussia; and when that prince writes as a wit to a wit, he is capable of great indiscretions. But what surprises me still more is, that whenever Voltaire's name is mentioned, his Prussian majesty never fails to give him the epithets he may deserve; which are, 'The worst heart and greatest rascal now living;' yet with all this he continues to correspond with him. Such, in this prince, is the lust of praise from a great and elegant writer; in which, however, he will at last be the dupe: for, by what I hear of Voltaire's character, he may dissemble, but never can nor ever will forgive the King of Prussia for what has passed between them.—*Mitchell MSS.*"

The seven years' war we abstain from touching, because the few scattered lights we could select would not illuminate that stirring epoch sufficiently to reward us or our readers; and we therefore more willingly pass on to matters more susceptible of extract. It is amusing to find the patriots Barré, Wilkes, and others, soliciting promotion and places from the minister; and delightful to see, by his answers, how firmly he followed the line of his duty unwavering by all private motives. In the midst of all his toils, is not the following a delicious picture?—

"Mr. Pitt to Lady Hester Pitt.

July 2, 1761.

"My dearest Life,—I have gone through the labours of the *corps diplomatique* from ten this morning till past two, and am not at all the worse for the sweat of my brow. I have just received an epistle from Pam,* with a continuation of good accounts from the nursery. All are in perfect health. I propose to see them to-morrow evening, and to devote Saturday to children and to hay-making; and I hope Sunday will prove a day of rest from business—a day of impatience, but of a sweeter kind, it is sure to prove, big with the dear expectation of receiving again my delight and comfort on Monday. The enclosed note to Lord Temple you will be so good as to deliver to him. My compliments to all. Your ever loving husband,

"W. PITT."

A lord-mayor's day, after Mr. Pitt's resignation of the seals, and to which he was pressed by Mr. Beckford, is a picture of the times.

"William Beckford, Esq. to Mr. Pitt.†

Soho Square, November 6, 1761.

"My dear Sir,—There does not a man exist who is more heartily and warmly attached to you than myself. You may, therefore, easily conceive I would not advise any measure that could possibly be of detriment to you, or my country. Men's hopes and fears are strangely agitated at this critical juncture; but all agree universally, that you ought to make your appearance at Guildhall on Monday next with

* "A familiar name of Mrs. Sperry, a most faithful and attached servant, who, in the capacity of nurse, brought up all the children."

† "Endorsed by Lady Chatham:—'Mr. Beckford, 1761; to press my lord to appear with Lord Temple: to which he yielded for his friend's sake; but, as he always declared, both then and after, against his better judgment.'"

Lord Temple; and, upon the maturest reflection, I am clear you ought not to refuse this favour to those who are so sincerely your friends. As you cannot say any one prediction of mine has proved false, so I hope you will give me an opportunity of being declared a true prophet in the present case; which will afford great comfort to, my dear Sir, your ever faithful and affectionate,

"W. BECKFORD."

"Thomas Nuthall, Esq. to Lady Chatham.

Friday, November 12, 1761.

"When I wrote my last note to your ladyship, I had heard but little concerning the triumphal entry into the city on Lord-Mayor's day. It now comes out, that a party of bruisers, with George Stephenson, the one-eyed fighting coachman, at their head, had been hired to attend the chariot which contained the blazing comet and the new chancellor of the exchequer† (which last, it seems, has undertaken to raise the supplies for the next year by a tax upon wild ducks), and to procure shouts and acclamations from the mob. By the time the procession, which moved but slowly, had got into St. Paul's Churchyard, these fellows had hallooed themselves hoarse; and it had been given out that Mr. Pitt was in the chariot, by which means, they had artfully obtained the mob to join them: but, on the east side of St. Paul's Churchyard, some knowing hand stepped up, and looking full at the idol, pronounced, with a fine, hoarse, audible voice, 'By G—d, this is not Pitt; this is Bute, and he damned to him!' (I beg pardon of your ladyship for writing such words, but historians ought to tell facts as they happened.) Upon this, the tide took another turn; and the bruisers' lungs being worn out, the shouts from the independent mobility were instantly converted into hisses, accompanied with a few vulgar sayings, as 'D—n all Scotch rogues!' 'No Bute!' 'No Newcastle salmon!' 'Pitt for ever!' By the time they reached Cheap-side, it was discovered there were some bruisers hired for protectors: this gave still greater offence, and then they began to be more outrageous; and on the turn into King Street an attack began on the coachman and footmen behind with dirt, some of which found its way into the chariot, and very much altered the colour of the new chancellor's ruffles;‡ for it fixed on him only. Before they arrived at

* "Mr. Nuthall was an eminent solicitor, who transacted Mr. Pitt's private business from a very early period until his death. In 1766, he was appointed solicitor to the treasury. On returning from Bath, in March 1775, he was attacked by a highwayman on Hounslow Heath; who, on his demands not being complied with, fired into the carriage. Mr. Nuthall returned the fire, and, it is thought, wounded the man, as he rode off precipitately. On arriving at the inn at Hounslow, he wrote a description of the fellow to Sir John Fielding; but had scarcely closed the letter, when he expired."

† "Lord Barrington."

‡ "In a letter written about this time to Mr. Mitchell, the new chancellor says, 'I continue, my dear Mitchell, without application, to advance, or indeed desire; being convinced that I have long been placed too high. When the time comes for my retiring to the situation best adapted to my nature, I hope to fall easily. I promise you that your old friend will not fall in the dirt. If the duty you owe to the best and most amiable master that ever lived since the days of Titus would permit you to leave the station you are now in, it would give me infinite satisfaction. Old friends fall off, and I find new ones are not so easily made as I thought they were, when I was younger.'—*Mitchell MSS.*"

Guildhall, the bruisers were almost bruised to death themselves. Stephenson had been obliged to retire under the chariot, and with great difficulty got into Guildhall Coffee-house in great disgrace, and trampled under foot. It was with no small labour the chariot got up to the gate of Guildhall, where the constables and peace-officers, being numerous, prevented further mischief; but had there been a furlong further to go, the mob would certainly have cut the harnesses in pieces, and probably gone to greater extremity. At night, his lordship took the opportunity to get into the lord chancellor's state coach, and went away with him, and by that means got home quietly; but I have not yet heard how he rested.—I am, madam, your most obedient servant,

"T. NUTHALL."

A note or two in some of Mr. Mitchell's interesting correspondence will shew us a little of the inside of parliament about this period.

"Yesterday, when the report was made from the committee, and Mr. Pitt was not present, a new attack was made upon him by some members who had not spoken the day before. Colonel Barré, whom Lord Shelburne brought into parliament, renewed the debate with unusual warmth, making use of expressions extremely harsh, such as that of a 'profligate minister,' and the 'execration of the people of England.' He was censured by Charles Townshend and Mr. Beckford. Lord George Sackville took occasion to speak that day for the first time since his disgrace; and, it is said, spoke with great address and great caution, but in opposition to the measures of a German war.

"Jan. 29, 1762. Would you know a little of the humour of parliament, and particularly with regard to Mr. Pitt? I must then tell you that Colonel Barré, a soldier of fortune, a young man born in Dublin of parents of a mean condition, his father and mother from France, and established in a little grocer's shop by the patronage of the Bishop of Clogher; a child of whom the mother nursed (these particulars I have from Mr. Millar, upon his own certain knowledge); this young man (a man of address and parts), found out, pushed, and brought into parliament by Lord Shelburne, had not sat two days in the house before he attacked Mr. Pitt. I shall give you a specimen of his philippics. Talking of the manner of Mr. Pitt's speaking, he said, 'There he would stand, turning up his eyes to heaven, that witnessed his perjuries, and laying his hand in a solemn manner upon the table, that sacrilegious hand that had been employed in tearing out the bowels of his mother country!' Would you think that Mr. Pitt would hear this and be silent; or would you think that the house would suffer a respectable member to be thus treated? Yet so it was."

Our next quotation is a remarkable one, and will, we think, both amuse and please our readers, the first by the letter, the last by the answer.

"The Rev. Paul Shenton to Mr. Pitt.

"Hardlip, near Chatham, December 4, 1764.

"Honoured Sir,—I am a clergyman, and a sincere well-wisher to the glorious society in Albemarle Street, and to all Mr. Pitt's friends and party. I have often had thoughts of making my wishes known to Mr. Pitt, but have hitherto been deterred by the fear and awe of approaching so great a name. I have at length broke through my natural timidity, and have ventured in this manner to let the glorious minority know, they have many friends in secret. My intention of intruding upon your

time, is this. In my two parishes I can procure eight or nine votes; and in the neighbourhood I may venture to say I could procure twenty. I belong to a club of gentlemen, some of whom have votes, and all sincere partisans of Mr. Pitt. Your intention is to bring in at the election for the county some gentleman of your party; that is, the party of honour and virtue. If Mr. Wilkes returns to England by the time of the election, and if you would honour us so far as to send down that able statesman, I sincerely believe the county in general would elect him for his own and your sake. If it is incompatible with Mr. Wilkes's affairs to represent the county, I dare be bold to say, that the county will make choice of any one you will recommend. I have some thoughts of writing a pamphlet, to exhort the people of England to repeal the union act. This book I should be extremely glad of dedicating to Lord Chief Justice Pratt; or, if I could have your permission of dedicating it to yourself, I should think myself superlatively happy. In this little pamphlet I have traced the union from the time that Edward the First conquered Scotland, and shall point out, *honesto calamo*, all the miseries and disgraces England has suffered, since she has been united to that barren province. I have nothing more to add, but to ask your pardon for this great freedom. I am, honourable Sir, your most obedient, most humble servant,

PAUL SHENTON."

"Mr. Pitt to the Rev. Paul Shenton.

[From a draught in Lady Chatham's handwriting.]

"Hayes, December 8, 1764.

"Sir,—Having received a letter signed with the name to which I direct this, I cannot defer a moment expressing my astonishment and concern, that one of your rank, a clergyman, could so misconceive of me, as to imagine that I countenanced libels, because I disapproved part of the methods of proceeding relating to them. Let me undeceive you, sir, by telling you, that no well-wisher of mine, which you are so good as to say you are, can have led you into this error. I have ever abhorred such odious and dangerous writings; and in the late unhappy instance of the North Briton, no man concurred more heartily than I did in condemning and branding so licentious and criminal a paper. Next, as to a pamphlet, which you say you have thoughts of writing, to exhort the people of England to repeal the act of union, and which you wish to dedicate to me, or to the great magistrate you mention,—know, sir, that I revere the union, as the main foundation of the strength and security of this island; that it was the great object of our immortal deliverer, King William; that France may wish to dissolve it, but that all good Englishmen will ever maintain it inviolate. You will, I doubt not, accept, in good part, this free, but not unuseful admonition to misguided zeal; and if you really favour me with your good wishes, you will be glad to understand me aright. Be assured then, sir, that I disdain and detest faction, as sincerely as I reverence and love the laws, rights, privileges, and honour of my country.—I am, sir, your obedient humble servant,

WILLIAM PITT.

"P.S.—This letter to you may serve for all who, like you, are so widely mistaken concerning me."

A lesson for all times from a patriot, statesman, and minister:—It might be printed in type of gold. The domestic letters between this great man and his wife, are equally honourable to his private virtues; and we must give another example:—

"Mr. Pitt to Lady Chatham.

"Bath, Sunday, one o'clock, Nov. 17, 1765.

"My dearest love knows my diary as far as Wells. It continued quite prosperous as far as Bath, where I arrived in the face of day. I passed a much better night for my fatigue, and I am better this morning; foot much swelled, hand less weak, and easier. Thank the Almighty that I am able to send you such an account as your kind thoughts will repose on with comfort. Brother James much better, but shattered and pale enough from having dispersed the gout by bathing. I have the pleasure to tell you that his mind is just in the reasonable posture that I could wish. Would to heaven he could impart some of his right spirit somewhere else! The great of this world seem not to have forgotten the Somersetshire hermit, if the mighty names of Newcastle, Norfolk, Bedford, Rockingham, &c., are flattering to the pride of man. I was interrupted here by a kind visit from Mr. Colibee, the mayor,—a less sounding name, but an honest and steady friend. How I shall sustain these honours, I know not; but while I am relating them to my love, the spirits flow, and the hand obeys. I must, however, check my own career, and despatch the servant before another interruption. Heaven bless and protect the noble mother, and the promising little flock! For this time, adieu, and think with some comfortable hope of the health of your ever-loving husband,

W. PITT."

"Mr. Pitt to Lady Chatham.

"Bath, Monday Night, Nov. 18, 1765.

"Thank Heaven that I am able to hold a pen, and tell my love the feats I have this day performed. I have visited the fair down of Claverton, with all its piny forests, and have drunk one glass of water as I returned, sitting in my coach of state, in Stall Street. Hitherto all goes prosperously with my bodily concerns; so that I have no pain, worth mentioning, but that of being separated from my kind love, and not seeing five little faces, which formed round her a group, which sums all delight—all which my heart can taste. It is, indeed, a pleasure to think that I am writing what will give my dearest life pleasure, and help to make the hours of separation more easy and comfortable. It raises civilities upon me here, from various quarters; and, to my own sense of things, only renders my situation more unaccountable, not to say ridiculous. But no more of this,—

'Who sees not Providence all kind and wise,
Alike in what it grants, and what denies?'

The Hoods are pretty well. The captain and Mr. James Grenville, as also Mr. Mayor, are all that I have opened my doors to. Many, I find, are enough disposed to take a view of me; whether from mere curiosity to see a strange new creature, viz. a leader whom nobody follows, or any other reason why, I do not conjecture. I must now, my life, draw to a conclusion; for my hand admonishes me not to be too bold. Kisses upon kisses to the little children.—Your ever-loving husband,

W. PITT."

The grand American questions, which succeed and occupy the rest of the volume, we must leave to political reviewers; and conclude with one letter, very fitting to be given in a miscellany like ours.

"Lord Cardross to Mr. Pitt.

"Walcot, near Bath, June 19, 1766.

"Accept, my dear sir, from a friend who has the most unfeigned affection and respect for you, these few lines; in return for which, all I ask is to have the honour of a card from yourself or Lady Chatham, to inform me how

your most valuable health has been since you left Bath. My dear father has been greatly indisposed of late, and is, at present, confined to his bed by a fever. His brother-in-law, Sir James Stuart, has been with him,—an unfortunate person, by one false step taken, even against his true principles, very early in life, but a man of consummate sagacity, great experience, and profound learning. He is about to present to the republic of letters, next winter, a work of great utility, which has cost him twenty years' application, upon the principles of political economy. I have perused part of it, and I know it will afford Mr. Pitt great pleasure, and me great instruction. This ingenious uncle of mine told me one day, in conversation, that, after having lived fifty years, and gone through almost all the geographical and literary world, three things only had surmounted his most sanguine expectations,—the amphitheatre at Verona, the church of St. Peter's at Rome, and Mr. Pitt in the House of Commons. A brother of mine is just arrived from our colonies of East and West Florida, and gives me but a very unfavourable account of the capabilities of those countries. He brought me, likewise, a curious account of a negro conqueror, who has subdued a great part of Africa lying near our settlements, and has occasioned the building of our new fort on that coast. He carries eight Arabic secretaries, who record his feats in that language. My brother has also conversed with Commodore Byron's officers, and confirms the accounts of the Patagonian giants. I was much delighted by the accounts of the Duke of Grafton's spirited apology in the House of Lords. It appears to me to have been such a testimony as I should have wished to have given in that assembly.—I am, with the most sincere regard and respect, your most faithful and obedient servant,

"CARDROSS."

The notes upon this letter afford fair proof of the editors' services; and we regret that by an oversight, discovered too late to be remedied, we cannot print and publish them along with it.

The Bubbles of Canada. By the Author of the "Clockmaker." 8vo. pp. 332. London, 1839. Bentley.

SAM SLICK (otherwise Mr. Justice Haliburton) is too popular to need a complimentary introduction to the British, the American, or the European public. But in the present work he has taken a graver tone, and suited his manner and argument to the importance of his subject. Not that we have not often the Swift-like humour and keen sarcasm of his former productions; but, in the main, the nature of his statements are of necessity statistical, political, and instructive. His ability, his experience, and his intimate personal knowledge of the colonies about which he writes, must give great weight to all he says; and we are of opinion that both those who differ from, and those who agree with, his views of the past and present condition and future prospects of these national possessions, will read, and ponder, with advantage, the pages which we now introduce to them.

With regard to the author's sentiments, we have only to notice that, as in all such questions, the *Literary Gazette* only holds the scales even, to shew what is in them; and, as affects persons, whatever Mr. Haliburton may adjudge towards Lords Brougham or Durham, Mr. Hume, Mr. Roebuck, or any one else, we merely report his language, and offer nothing of our own. It is by such means alone we can

enable our readers to form their own estimate of the works we review.

The Bubbles of Canada are in letters addressed to James Haliburton, Esq. the James Burton of Egyptian literary celebrity, who, we believe, has reassumed the original family name, which, like that of the writer himself, is derived from the old race of Haliburton on Tweedside, and connected with Sir Walter Scott, by his maternal ancestry. The first of the correspondence is a very fair specimen of the style and genius of the whole.

"My dear Haliburton,—As the people of this country know but little of the dissensions in Canada, they very wisely confine their observations to the dissensions of those who govern it. This is a more intelligible, as well as a more amusing subject. Every body talks of Lord Brougham and Lord Durham, but nobody speaks of Canada. Instead, therefore, of inquiring what is to become of that valuable colony, what measures are, or ought, to be adopted to ensure its tranquillity, and to protect British subjects and British property there, people very properly limit their attention to the more interesting question—What will the governor-general do when parliament meets? To inquire whether the English or the French population of Canada is in the right, requires some investigation to ascertain facts, and some constitutional knowledge to judge of those facts, when collected. It is, at best, but a dry subject. But to decide whether Lord Brougham or Lord Durham has the best of the dispute, is a matter so well suited for easy conversation, and humorous argument, that it is no wonder it has more attractions than the other. Such, however, is the acerbity of politics in this country, that even this affair is made a party question; and the worst motives are imputed for every thing that is said or done by either. There are not wanting those who gravely assert, that while Lord Brougham was affecting to brush off the flies from the heels of an old rival, he intentionally switched him so hard as to arouse his temper, and to induce him to kick. They maintain that there are two sorts of tickling, one that is so delicate as to produce laughter and pleasurable sensations; and another that irritates both the skin and the temper by the coarseness of its application. They say that his lordship is much addicted to the latter species, and applies it equally to both friends and foes; in short, that his play is too rough to be agreeable. While, on the other hand, there are some who are so unkind as to insinuate that Lord Durham was very willing to take offence, and to shelter himself under it. That he felt he had voluntarily undertaken a load which he was unable to draw; and that, knowing greater expectations had been formed of him than he could ever realise, had no objection to kick himself out of harness, and extricate himself by overthrowing friend or foe, so long as the public were willing to believe the fault to be that of the teamster, and not of the steed. Be that as it may, the exhibition has been an entertaining one; and they deserve some credit for having afforded amusement and occupation to the public at this dull season of the year. There they are,—the crowd has gathered round them,—the idle and the vulgar stand gazing,—and each one looks anxiously for what is to follow. What can be more agreeable to a British mob—a people essentially fond of the prize-fight—than the contest of these two champions, men who have always courted their applause, and valued their noisy demonstrations of pleasure higher than the quiet respect of those of more taste and more re-

finement? It affords, however, no pleasure to the colonist. He regards one as a man of splendid talents and no conduct, and the other as a man who, without the possession of either, has advanced to his present high station merely by the force of extreme opinions. He has no sympathy with either. The one is too much actuated by his implacable hatred, the other by his inordinate pride. The former is dangerous from his disposition to do mischief, and the latter unsafe, from his utter inability to effect any good. After all the addresses that have been presented by the Canadians, this language may possibly appear strange and strong, but addresses afford no proof: they are cheap commodities every where. Place-hunters may flatter, and vulgar men may fawn, and office-holders tremble and obey, but the truth must still be told. A governor is the representative of royalty, and colonists have been taught to venerate the office, whatever they may think of the man. At the present crisis it is the test of loyalty. You will search in vain among those addresses for the names of the dissatisfied; and if those who signed them have expressed themselves strongly, they felt it was no time to measure words, when hesitation bears so strong a resemblance to a repugnance springing from a different cause. But even among these customary offerings of official respect, you will find several exhibiting a choice of expression that bespeak a desire to separate the approbation of measures from the usual deference to rank and station, and others marking the distinction in explicit terms. The colonist by no means regrets his resignation, because he has shewn, from his irritable temper, inconsiderate conduct, and crude and dangerous schemes, that, of all men, he was the most unfit depository for the extraordinary powers that were intrusted to him; but he does regret that public attention should be diverted from so important a subject as our Canadian affairs, to so unimportant a matter as my Lord Durham's private quarrels. He is desirous that the questions at issue between the people of Canada and Great Britain should be understood; and he doubts not that the good sense and good feeling of this country will apply the proper remedies. In compiling a statement of these grievances, pretensions, or claims (or by whatever other name you may choose to designate them), I shall hope to contribute towards this desirable object.

"If ever you had the misfortune to have had the toothach, you have doubtless found that every one of your friends had an infallible remedy; each of which eventually proved, upon trial, to be nothing more than a palliative, a nostrum that soothed the anguish for a time, by conciliating the nerve; but that the pain returned, with every change of atmosphere, with increased power, while the sedative application became less and less efficacious the oftener it was repeated. You have also found, as others have experienced before you, that while you were thus temporising with an evil which required more prompt and skilful treatment, you had lost the opportunity of filling the cavity and preserving the tooth, by suffering decay to proceed too far to admit of the operation, and, after years of suffering, had to submit at last to cold iron,—the *ultima ratio* of dentists. Whether the system of palliatives and concessions, that has been resorted to in Canada, is a wise and proper one, I shall not presume to say; but all men must agree that it at least has the merit of displaying an amiable inclination to avoid giving pain. Whatever doubts may arise as to the comparative

measures of past years, there can be none whatever entertained that they cannot be persisted in any longer with advantage. I shall content myself, however, with merely presenting you with a statement of the case, and you shall decide for yourself whether stopping, or forcible extraction, be now the proper remedy."

His general opinion is afterwards thus expressed:—

"As a colonist, at once a native and a resident of a distant part of the empire, I am not only unconnected with, but perfectly independent of, either of the great parties of this country, of Tories, or Whigs, or Radicals; nor do I consider this as a subject at all involving the principles for which they severally contend. The question is one wholly between the people of this country and the colonists, and must be considered as such; and so far from my Lord Durham's assertion being true, that there has been misgovernment, I am prepared to shew, that every administration in this country, without exception, from the conquest of Canada to the present time, whether Tory or Whig, or mixed, or by whatever name they may be designated, have been actuated but by one feeling, an earnest desire to cultivate a good understanding with their new subjects of French extraction, and on one principle, a principle of concession. Canada has had more privileges and indulgences granted to it than any other of our American colonies: unpopular officers have been removed; obnoxious governors have been recalled; constitutional points abandoned to them; all reasonable changes made (or, as they would express it, grievances redressed); and the interests of commerce and of persons of British origin postponed to suit their convenience, or accommodate their prejudices; in short, every thing has been done, and every thing conceded to conciliate them, that ingenuity could devise or unbounded liberality grant, and no sacrifice has been considered too great to purchase their affections, short of yielding up the colony to their entire control; and for all this forbearance and liberality they have been met with ingratitude, abuse, and rebellion."

Mr. Haliburton proceeds to treat of the government of these provinces from the year 1763, of the population, the revenues, and, in short, of their entire history; in which he displays an intimate acquaintance with the facts, which he brings before us in a lucid and ample manner. Into these details, however, it is impossible for us to enter; and we must be content to quote some of the winding-up passages, which are redolent of the "Clockmaker."

"Those persons who had always espoused their cause in England seem to have fully penetrated their object. 'I do not marvel at it,' said my Lord Brougham; 'to me it is no surprise—I expected it.' Men of sanguine temperament are apt to expect confidently what they desire ardently. That he wished them to be independent, he made no secret. Whatever we may think of his lordship, as a statesman, for entertaining such a patriotic wish, we cannot but admire the unflinching friendship that induced him, through good report and evil report, to adhere to the cause he had determined to advocate. That they might not feel discouraged by partial reverses, he held out the language of promise to them that the day was not far distant when they could hope to realise the object of their wishes. He deprecated our thinking too harshly of them for their vain attempt. 'Where,' he continued, 'in what country—from what people did they learn the lesson?—of whom but ourselves, the

English people? We it is that have set the example to our American brethren; let us beware how we blame them too harshly for following it.' Not content with interceding for their pardon, he solicited, as a boon for them, what they had failed in an attempt to seize as plunder. 'I hold these colonies,' he said, 'as worth nothing; the only interest we have in the matter concerns the manner in which a separation, sooner or later inevitable, shall take place. Is it not, then, full time we should make up our minds to a separation so beneficial to all parties? These, my lords, are not opinions to which I have lately come; they are the growth of many a long year, and the fruit of much attention given to the subject.' The effect of this language upon the loyal population of the provinces it is not easy to conceive. At no time could such a doctrine be heard with indifference, but during a period of unusual excitement it was too mischievous not to awaken a general indignation. On the minds of the Americans it has had a powerful effect, in speculating upon the result of an active sympathy on their part. Disaffection having now succeeded in producing anarchy and bloodshed, assumed the shape of insurrection, the natural result of so many years of agitation. The tragical events of this sad revolt are too recent and too impressive to be forgotten, and the recital would be as painful as it is unnecessary. Anxious, however, as I am not to dwell on the mournful picture which it presents, justice requires that I should pause, and pay the tribute of my respect to the pious, amiable, and loyal Catholic clergy of Canada. They have preserved a large portion of their flock from contamination, and we are mainly indebted to their strenuous exertions that the rebellion has not been more general and more successful. They have learned from painful experience, what ecclesiastics have ever found under similar circumstances, that treason always calls in infidelity to its aid; that there is a natural alliance between the assailants of the throne and the altar; and that they who refuse to render tribute to Cæsar are seldom known to preserve, for any length of time, 'the fear of God before their eyes.' The history of this Canadian revolt is filled with instruction to the people of England. It teaches them the just value of the patriotism of those who are the intemperate advocates of extreme opinions; it shews that courage in debate may sometimes evaporate in the field, and that those who lead others rashly into danger are not unfrequently the first to desert them basely in the hour of need. It exhibits in bold relief the disastrous effects of incessant agitation, and demonstrates that the natural result of continued concession to popular clamour is to gradually weaken the powers of government, until society resolves itself into its original elements. These truths are too distinctly marked to require to be retouched. He who runs may read, but he that would carry away the moral must pause and consider. It is written in the blood and suffering of the colonists, and prudence suggests the propriety of their availing themselves of the painful experience of others, instead of purchasing it by the severe and painful process of personal experience. The successful advocacy here of similar opinions must necessarily produce the like results, aggravated by the increased power of numbers, and the greater value of the plunder. I have seen enough of England to admire it; of its institutions, to respect it; of the character of its people, to love it; and of the blessings conferred by its limited monarchy, to know

how to estimate the enviable lot of those who have the good fortune to inhabit it.

"O fortunatos numquam sua si bona noverint!"

I should feel indeed that kindness could awaken no emotion, and hospitality no gratitude, if, after having received as an obscure, provincial author, the most flattering indulgence, as a colonist, the most hearty welcome, and a stranger, the most considerate attentions, I did not express warmly what I feel deeply. My knowledge of its constitution preceded that of its people; and if my studies have led me to admire its theory, personal observation of its practical effect has confirmed and increased that favourable impression. It is a noble and admirable structure! *Esto perpetua.*"

Of Lord Durham's late mission, he declares, "That many of the measures he proposed for the benefit of Canada were good, it would be uncharitable to doubt; but as none of them have been matured, it would be presumptuous to say so. That others, however, were of a dangerous nature, we have reason to know. The evils to be reaped from this mission have not yet ripened for us to gather; but the seed is sown, and, it is to be feared, taken root too extensively. What could be more injudicious than to send to the contented and happy colonies of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and ask for deputies, to listen to crude and undigested schemes for their future government, or to give their own visionary plans in exchange for his? What more cruel than to unsettle men's minds as to the form of their government, and make the stability of their institutions a matter of doubt? What more pernicious than to open a political bazar at Quebec, for the collection and exhibition of imaginary grievances? In the Lower Provinces, we are contented and happy. We need no reforms but what we can effect ourselves; but we are alarmed at changes which we never asked, and do not require. The federative union proposed by his lordship has opened a wide field for speculation, directed men's minds to theoretical change, afforded a theme for restless, young demagogues to agitate upon, and led us to believe that our constitution is in danger of being subverted. Most people think, and all reflecting men know, that it would ripen the colonies into premature independence in less than ten years; and who, I would ask, that is attached to the mother country, and desirous to live under a monarchical form of government, can contemplate a scheme pregnant with so much danger, without feelings of dismay? Who would continue to live in New Brunswick, if, at every disturbance in Canada, the governor-general is to propose to new model their form of government? Who would consent that that united and loyal colony should have its peace and happiness jeopardised by any union with the disaffected and troublesome French Canadians? or will approve of the political quackery that would compel Nova Scotia to swallow a nauseous medicine, for the purpose of effecting a cure in Canada? The danger arising from such visionary schemes as have lately been unfolded to the colonies, is passed for the present, and I heartily rejoice that it is; but it is to be hoped that powers coextensive with the Lower Provinces may never again be intrusted to any man. In this country, there is a general and very natural repugnance manifested to give up the bodies of deceased friends for experiments for the benefit of science. It is difficult to imagine how so sensitive a nation could consent that their colonists should be considered of less value, and be delivered alive into the hands of the

operator, for the advancement of politics. In Paris, I heard, with horror, that a lecturer had illustrated his theory by applying his dissecting knife to the limbs of a living animal. I shuddered at the recital of such atrocious cruelty; but little did I dream that, at that very time, a kind and merciful Providence was graciously averting a similar fate from our own species on the other side of the water. All British America has been agitated during the past summer by substantial fears, or mocked by unreal hopes, and ambition has now reached where sedition failed to penetrate. The absurd and impracticable scheme of colonial representation in parliament, although disgusting, from its rank properties, to delicate palates, was well suited to the rapacious appetites of provincial sycophants. The bait was well selected, and soon attracted the longing regard of a shoal of political sharks. The self-denying tenets of the sour sectarian have not been proof against the temptation. His nostrils have been too powerful for his conscience, and, scenting the strong odour of this savoury appendage from afar, he has hurried to the surface to regale himself with its flavour. The canting hypocrite has offered his aspirations for the conversion of parliament to such liberal views; and the profligate demagogue of the village has expressed a hope that a deficiency of morals may be compensated by an abundance of zeal. They have been lulled to sleep by its soporific effect, and have dreamed of this ladder, as did Jacob of old, and of the ascent it offered to high places. The woolstack and the ermine—the treasury and the peerage—appear within their grasp, and they invoke blessings on the man who promises so much, and who hints at his power to do even more. If I did not feel too indignant at all this, I too might weep over the scene of folly and of weakness, and would mingle my tears of sorrow with those that pride has shed, and blot out all trace of it for ever. The advocate of the ballot-box and extended suffrage is not the man to govern a colony. While you have been speculating upon the theory we have been watching the experiment. When the lower orders talk of these things we know what they mean; their language is intelligible, and their object not to be mistaken: but, when a nobleman advocates democratic institutions, we give him full credit for the benevolence of his intentions, but we doubt the sanity of his mind. Keep such men at home where there is so much of rank, intelligence, and wealth to counterbalance them. Here they serve to amuse and gratify agitators, and make useful chairmen of popular assemblies, by preserving a propriety of conduct, and a decency of language, where violence and outrage might otherwise prevail. But send them not among us, where their rank dazzles, their patronage allures, and their principles seduce the ignorant and unwary. If we trespass upon your rights of sovereignty, repress us; but while you maintain your own privileges, respect the inviolability of ours. When we ask, in the Lower Provinces, for a federative union, it will be time enough to discuss its propriety; but, in the meantime, spare us the infliction of what to us is so incomprehensible and so repugnant—a radical dictator and a democratic despot. I have already far exceeded the limits I had designed to confine myself to, and must, therefore, draw to a close. I have now shewn you, that after the conquest of Canada, that country was governed by English laws; that the royal proclamation invited British subjects to remove there; and promised them the protection and enjoyment of those laws; and that in violation of that promise, in order to conciliate the

French, their legal code was substituted for our own: that an injudicious division of the province was made, whereby the French were separated from the great body of English subjects, in consequence of which Canada became a Gallic, and not a British colony. That they have been kept a distinctive people by those means, and by permitting the language of the country and the recording language of their parliament to be French; that they have always had an overwhelming majority of members of their own origin in the legislature, who have been distinguished by an anti-commercial and anti-British feeling; that this feeling has been gradually growing with the growth of the country, until they were in a condition to dictate terms to government; that this feeling was manifested by the manner in which they have constantly resisted local assessments, and made commerce to bear every provincial expenditure,—in the way they neutralised the electoral privileges of the voters of British origin; in the continuance of the oppressive tenure of the feudal law; in taxing emigrants from the mother country, and them only; in their attempts to wrest the crown land from government; in their attack on the Land Company, and the introduction of settlers by them; in their opposition to a system of registry; in their mode of temporary legislation; in their refusal to vote supplies, and in the whole tenor of their debates and votes. I have shewn you that the policy of every government, whether Tory or Whig, has been conciliatory (a fatal policy, I admit, and one that naturally admits and invites demands), and that every reasonable change required (with many very unreasonable ones) has been conceded to them; that they are a people exempt from taxes, in possession of their own laws, language, and religion, and of every blessing, civil, political, and religious; in short, that Canada is the most favoured colony of Great Britain, and that the demands they now make are inconsistent with colonial dependence.

"The subject (he affirms, with becoming seriousness, in conclusion,) has now assumed a new aspect. Pretensions have been put forth that involve the question of independence, and Great Britain must now decide whether she is to retain the province or not. It is a crisis in the history of this country which other nations regard with intense interest. The fate of Canada will determine that of all the other colonies. The retreat of the soldiers will invite the incursions of the barbarians, and the withdrawal of the legions, like those of Rome, from the distant parts of the empire, will shew that England, conscious of her present weakness and past glories, is contracting her limits and concentrating her energies, to meet, as becomes her character, the destiny that awaits all human greatness."

Poems. By Richard Monckton Milnes, author of "Memorials of a Tour in Greece." 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1838. Moxon.

THESE volumes, from the notice of which we have been too long delayed, are like a beautiful garden, tastefully laid out at the foot of a steep eminence, but here and there running up into the high hill side, until it seems to partake of the grandeur of the heights, to catch the light and shade which the overhanging trees make, and to image the deep shadow which the jutting precipice throws down. But vain is our attempt to describe the beauties of this poetical Eden, and the solemn splendour hanging around it; if we cull a few flowers, we cannot present the happy effects they produce when growing together in

a bed; we shake off the delicate dew that hung upon them; we bring them together without their corresponding features. We cannot gather the sweet air which stole around them, and all those gentle sounds with which the spot is hallowed—the sunshine that slept upon them, and the low rustling they made; we can but bring them drooping and severed, and shorn of half their freshness.

Seriously, then, out of so many charming poems, and all wearing such distinct features, we are at a loss what to extract to shew the writer's great and varied power. From dreaming in a gondola to contemplating the fallen majesty of Venice, or running riot with the moon, or pouring forth a flood of sweet and melancholy music for the dead, all are alike beautiful. Mr. Milnes's very faults have obtained our pardon; his quaint conceits, far-fetched allusions, and homely images, all shew that the mood of his mind, when far from its happiest state, possesses a peculiarity which almost belongs to him alone: and this, without proceeding further with our remarks, we will attempt to prove by an extract—itsself one of the veriest trifles which the volumes contain.

"*Song, after the Old Manse.*
My heart is freighted full of love,
As full as any argosy,
With gems below and gems above,
And ready for the open sea,
For the wind is blowing summerly.
Full strings of nature's beaded pearl,
Sweet tears: composed in amorous ties
And turkis-locks, that no churl
Hath fashioned out mechanic-wise,—
But all made up of thy blue eyes:
And girdles wove of subtle sound,
And thoughts not trusted to the air,
Of antique mould,—the same as bound,
In Paradise, the primal pair,
Before Love's arts and niceness were:
And caracets of living sighs;
Gums that had dropt from Love's own stem;
And one small jewel most I prize,—
The darling gaud of all of them,—
I wot so rare and fine a gem
Ne'er glowed on Eastern anadem.
I've cased the rubies of thy smiles,
In rich and triply plated gold;
But this no other wealth defiles,
Itself itself can only hold—
The stealthy kiss on Maple-wold."

There is the true smack of the old writers about these stanzas; they remind us of the happy touches of Herricks or Suckling: but here follows something far greater, every line of which appeals to the heart, and carries its own praise:—

"*The Long-Ago.*
Eye which can but ill define
Shapes that rise about and near,
Through the far horizon's line
Stretch a vision free and clear:
Memories feeble to retrace
Yesterday's immediate flow,
Find a dear familiar face
In each hour of Long-ago.
Follow you majestic train
Down the slopes of old renown,
Knightly forms without disdail,
Sainted heads without a frown;
Emperors of thought and hand
Congregate, a glorious show,
Met from every age and land
In the plains of Long-ago.
As the heart of childhood brings
Something of eternal joy,
From its own unsounded springs,
Such as life can scarce destroy:
So, remindful of the prime
Spirits, wand'ring to and fro,
Rest upon the resting time
In the peace of Long-ago.
Youthful Hope's religious fire,
When it burns no longer, leaves
Ashes of impure desire
On the altars it deceives;
But the light that fills the past
Sheds a still diviner glow,
Ever further it is cast
O'er the scenes of Long-ago.
Many a growth of pain and care,
Cumbering all the present hour,

Yields, when once transplanted there,
Healthy fruit or pleasant flower;
Thoughts that hardly flourish here,
Feelings long have ceased to blow,
Breathe a native atmosphere
In the world of Long-ago.

On that deep-retiring shore
Frequent pearls of beauty lie,
Where the passion-waves of yore
Fiercely beat and mounted high;
Sorrows that no snows still
Lose the bitter taste of woe;
Nothing's altogether ill
In the grief of Long-ago.

Tombs where lonely love repines,
Ghastly tenements of tears,
Wear the look of happy shrines
Through the golden mist of years:
Death, to those who trust in good,
Vindicates his hardest blow;
Oh! we would not, if we could,
Wake the sleep of Long-ago!

Though the doom of swift decay
Shocks the soul where life is strong,
Though for frailty here the day
Lingers sad and overlong,
Still the weight will find a leaven,
Still the spoiler's hand is slow,
While the Future has its Heaven,
And the Past its Long-ago."

Who can read this without feeling a holy awe gathering around the heart, a sensation akin to that which is awakened by the perusal of the Holy volume; making even "sorrow lose the bitter taste of woe," and sending us along, amid "sainted heads without a frown," past "tombs where lonely love repines," in silent meditation? But we must confine our extracts within a smaller compass, displaying here and there a gem, and leaving our readers to imagine the costly workmanship by which it is surrounded. Here, then, is the gloomy imagery of grief, which we extract from a beautiful poem, entitled "The Flight of Youth." Fain would we give the whole, but its length prevents us.

"Bow your heads very low,
Solemn-measured be your paces,
Gathered up in grief your faces,
Sing and music as ye go;
In disordered handfuls strew
Strips of cypress, sprigs of rue;
In your hands be borne the bloom,
Whose long petals once and only
Look from their pale-leaved tomb
In the darkness lonely;
Let the nightshade's beaded coral
Fall in melancholy moral
Your wan brows around,
While in very scorn ye fling
The anamath upon the ground."

Here is another delightful extract from "The Lay of the Humble," which it goes against our very heart to curtail: so finished a poem it is seldom our lot to read in these days:—

"Athwart my face when blushes pass
To be so poor and weak,
I fall unto the dewy grass,
And cool my fevered cheek;
And hear a music strangely made,
That you have never heard,
A sprite in every rustling blade,
That sings like any bird.
My dreams are dreams of pleasantness,—
But yet I always run,
As to a father's morning kiss,
When rises the round sun;
I see the flowers on stalk and stem,
Light shrubs, and poplars tall,
Enjoy the breeze,—I rock with them,
We are merry brothers all.
I do remember well, when first
I saw the great blue sea,—
It was no stranger-face that burst
In terror upon me;
My heart began, from the first glance,
His solemn pulse to follow,
I danced with every hallow's dance,
And shouted to their halloo.
The lamb that at its mother's side
Reclines, a tremulous thing;
The robin in cold winter-tide,
The linnet in the spring.
All seem to be of kin to me,
And love my slender hand,—
For we are bound, by God's decree,
In one defensive band."

Now for a specimen of the author's sculpture—two statues, which Flaxman could all but have given life to; we have the breathless marble before us in the eight following lines:—

"I saw two children intertwine
Their arms about each other,
Like the lithe tendrils of a vine
Around its nearest brother:
And ever and anon,
As gaily they ran on,
Each look'd into the other's face,
Anticipating an embrace."

Assuredly the following is worthy of ranking with poetry of the highest order. It will bear reading more than once; and, upon a second thought, we give it entire.

"Life in Death."

Indeed you do me wrong,—I merit not
Those hard censorious eyes and dull regards,
Because I have not wept, or sighed, or raved,
Or sat in a mute madness, though I knew
That she, whom we so loved, is gone away.
I have lost nothing, why then should I weep?
She is to me the same she ever was,
A never-ceasing presence, a life-light,
In the dark watches of the pleasant night,
Or some far darker passages of day.

If I would weep, or mourn her fancied loss,
The sure fire, that burns from her calm eyes,
Laps up my tears, and tells me she is here:
If I am sick at heart, she sits beside me,
And lays the velvet back of her white hand
Upon my cheek, to ask if all be well,
Or parts the hair upon my heated brows.
Since that one instant, in itself a life,
When, as commissioned messengers, my eyes
Went to her, and brought her into my soul
A gift, the greatest of all possible gifts,
Which God-empowered man can give to man,
A notion of the absolute beautiful:
Since then, all nature has been one to me,
One form impregnated with her sole spirit:
I feel the ambient sweetness of her breath
In flowering roses and the woods of spring;
Her voice is gushing from the nightingale;
There's not a cloud that walks the unsullied air,
But takes from her its majesty of gait,
For space was made to shew how she could move.
I do not say, that when I saw her lie
Hushed to cold sleep by nature's lullabies
(The same that plaintive nuns eternally
Sing as she rocks to rest her dearly loved),
I did not for one moment stare aghast,
And know the blood stood still about my heart;
But soon the wailing left me there alone,
And in the quiet of the gloom I saw
The blessed image, moving, ministering,
By me, about me,—just as heretofore.

Oh ye who talk of death, and mourn for death,
Why do you raise a phantom of your weakness,
And then shriek loud to see what ye have made?
There is no death to those who know of life—
No time to those who see eternity."

No one can peruse this poem without being struck with the force and beauty of many of the thoughts, if even they are not able to grapple with the deep spirit that reigns throughout the whole. The images called up by the imagination, which is so enwrapped as to "feel the velvet back of her white hand upon the cheek," or "parting the locks from the heated brow;" the glance that "brought back into the soul her spirit," the idea of "space" being only made "to shew how she could move," are to us the strongest proofs of the great power of the poet. None but a master-hand would dare to meddle with such a subject after what Shakspeare has done in "King John," when Constance, lamenting for Prince Arthur, says,—

"Grief fills the room up of my absent child:
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words," &c.

But we have done, and must add, that it has seldom been our lot to bestow so much just and unqualified praise upon any work as we have ventured to give the present. The volumes are full of true and sterling poetry, and will, we doubt not, do much to bring about that change in this (the highest) department of literature, which, if we err not, we see fast approaching. It is really a relief after the namby-pamby stuff which we have of late had

to peruse in some of the Annuals,* and other things, miscalled poems, to alight upon such a green and refreshing pasture as we have here found. There is a right spirit about the work, which all who love poetry must feel, and to all such among our readers, we would recommend to procure the volumes. If they cannot afford to purchase them, and are connected with any libraries, let them be voted in, in the place of the next bad novel. We had marked several passages for extract in the second volume, nor can we part from it without plundering its pages of the following:—

"The Golden Book."

Is now unwritten in, and stands unmoved,
Save when the curious traveller takes down
A random volume from the dusty shelf,
To trace the progress of a bruted name;

The Sycutant
Is shattered, and of its resplendent form
There is no remnant, but some splintered morsel,
Which in his cabin, as a talisman,
Mournfully hangs the plous gondolier;

The Adrian sea
Will never have a Doge to marry more,—
The meagre favours of a foreign lord
Can hardly lead some score of humble craft
With vilest merchandise into the port,
That whilom held the wealth of half a world.

Thy palaces
Are battered to the careful Israelite,
Or left to perish, stone by stone, woe down
In desolation,—solemn skeletons,
Whose nakedness some tufts of pitying grass,
Or green boughs trembling o'er the trembling wall,
Adorn but hide not.

And are these things true,
Miraculous Venice? Is the charm then past
Away from thee? Is all thy work fielded
Of power and beauty? Art thou gathered
To the dead cities? Is thy ministry
Made up, and folded in the hand of thought?
Ask him who knows the meaning and the truth
Of all existence:—ask the poet's heart:
Thy book has no dead tome for him,—for him,
Within St. Mark's embossed porticoes,
Thy old nobility are walking still:—
The lowliest gondola upon thy waters
Is worth to him thy decorated galley;
He never looks upon the Adriatic
But as thy lawful though too faithless spouse;
And when, in the sad lustre of the moon,
Thy palaces seem beautifully wan,
He blesses God that there is left on earth
So marvellous, so full, an antidote,
For all the racks and toils of mortal life,
As thy sweet countenance to gaze upon."

Another extract from "A Dream in a Gondola," and we take our farewell with regret.

"The heavy ample byblus-winged boat,
In which I lay aloof,
Became a deft canoe, light-wove
Of painted bark, gay-set with lustrous shells,
Faintly rocked within a lone some cove
Of some rich island where the Indian dwells;
Below, the water's pure white light
Took colour from reflected blooms,
And, through the forest's deepening glooms,
Birds of illuminated planes
Came out like stars in summer-night;
And close beside, all fearless and serene,
Within a niche of drooping green,
A girl, with limbs fine-bounded and clear-brown,
And hair thick-waving down,
Advancing one small foot, in beauty stood,
Trying the temper of the lambent flood."

* Upon the subject of the Annuals generally, we had intended to write a few remarks after we had finished our reviews or notices of the whole number; and, perhaps, we may yet do so, for the series is not yet complete. In the meantime we beg to state, that, in the *Literary Gazette* observations upon productions of this class, we never propose to try them by a higher standard, either in art or literature, than that to which they pretend, and, in point of fact, justly belong. They are the pretty and elegant trifles of the day, with engravings more or less beautiful, and literary compositions seldom aiming at higher rank than that of appropriate illustration. We would as soon think of dissecting a butterfly like a snake, or a diamond beetle like an elephant, as we would think of applying the elaborate rules of criticism to such performances. If they please their hour, and serve as tokens of kindly affections, they have done their duty; and, to overlook all their merits in order to pick out all their little blemishes and faults, as you would errors in history or false opinions in philosophy or religion, seems, indeed, to us to be equally uncalled for, unjust, and ridiculous.
—Ed. L. G.

† "The Libro d' Oro, the Venetian Peerage."

Germany, Bohemia, and Hungary, visited in 1837. By the Rev. G. R. Gleig, M.A., Chaplain of Chelsea Hospital. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1839. J. W. Parker.

WE have received these volumes too late in the week to be able to do more than give them a slight introduction to the public. In them, Mr. Gleig appears to us to have superadded to the pleasant qualities of an intelligent tourist, the more important considerations attached to his character as a Christian minister. His rambles, his description of scenery, his sketches of persons and classes, are all such as we might have expected from his popular pen; but the great stress of his work is laid upon the moral and religious condition of Germany. We regret to say, that his views in these respects are very unfavourable. Laxity of morals, and scepticism and infidelity in religion, seem to possess the country almost wholly. The clergy have little influence upon the minds and manners of the people; and there seems to be little beyond the earthiness of the earth in the whole wide system of society.

With these brief preliminary explanations, we can only further copy a few extracts to illustrate our author. At Berlin, he says:—

“I do not wish to represent the Prussian government as in any respect discountenancing religion, or the Prussian people as utterly depraved. I believe, on the contrary, that the wishes of the first are all sound and wholesome, and that the last, considered in the mass, are quite as moral as most of their neighbours that belong to the same great family. Intoxication, for example, is the reverse of frequent among the Prussians, and even the street-quarrels of the lowliest classes generally evaporate in words. But in other respects I do not find that the moral tie holds them with too tight a pressure. I had occasion to inquire of one whose opportunities of judging were excellent, how Berlin, and indeed Prussia in general, might in this respect be accounted of? and I received an answer, which I give almost in his own words:—‘Berlin,’ said he, ‘is a scene of constant intrigue. We don’t all drink, we don’t all play,—but we all intrigue. From the prince to the peasant, each has his *affaire d’amour* in hand, and we care very little though all the world should know it. Of the rest of Prussia I am less competent to speak; but you will probably find that what takes place in the capital, takes place in the provinces also.’ Startled by an avowal so candid, I became naturally anxious to ascertain to what causes my friend attributed a state of things, the evils attending which he did not scruple to deplore. In this respect, however, I found him either less willing or less able to be communicative. I hinted at the mischievous tendency of the law of divorce, but he would not agree with me. ‘It was better,’ he said, ‘that every facility should be afforded for the dissolution of the marriage contract, than that persons should live together unhappily.’ I asked, Whether there was no principle of religion in the land, to operate as a check upon the indulgence of men’s vicious humours? ‘Oh, yea,’ he replied, ‘we are a very religious people. Don’t you see a church in every parish? But our religion takes no heed of such matters as these, and we should soon quarrel with it if it did.’ ‘And your clergy,’ continued I; ‘are they without weight enough to make their example felt, even where their precepts may fail in securing attention?’ ‘Our clergy!’ replied he, with a smile;—‘why, yea, they are very excellent people in their way,—very good men, without doubt; but, really, no human being pays the slightest regard either

to what they say or what they do.’ ‘Well, but the Gospel, on which your religion professes to be founded,—is it quite held at nought among you?’ My answer was another smile, of which I could not, without real pain, stop to analyse the import. He immediately added, however, as if conscious that he was treading upon delicate ground, ‘The Gospels are by no means slightly estimated among us. We all admit that the code of morals taught in them is perfect,—but—but—we don’t profess to be guided by it.’ If I had held this conversation with a very young, or a very ignorant person,—if a mere man of pleasure, or (and the expression may, perhaps, carry more weight with it) a mere man of the world, had so spoken to me;—nay, if my own personal observations had not confirmed his statements, to an extent that was very painful,—I should have been slow to give them credit, even at the moment, and still more slow to repeat them now. As it was, I could only lament the existence of a state of things so melancholy, and look round for causes which might account for it. The result of these inquiries I now proceed to lay before my reader; praying that, before my views be condemned, they may be judged with candour; and assuring him, that, as they have not been taken up either lightly or in a spirit of prejudice, so am I quite ready to lay them down again whenever I shall have been convinced that they are founded in error.”

Of the Saxon people we are told:—

“In the minutest points of domestic economy—in the management of their time, and the adaptation of themselves to circumstances, the Saxons are as mulish and bigoted a race as it has any where been my fortune to mix withal. A Saxon would think you mad, were you to suggest the possible occurrence of events which should impose upon him the necessity of dining, except at his accustomed hour; or of devoting a season which he has been wont to set aside for relaxation, to any serious or grave employment. A Saxon has no notion whatever, that either he or his neighbour may be hurried. He has been accustomed to perform every given operation in his own particular way, and not all the reasoning which you can use will convince him that it might be improved upon. According to his own view of the case, he belongs to the wisest, and the bravest, and the most civilized nation under heaven; and hence, every attempt on your part to wile him out of the circle within which he has hitherto moved, will be sure to fail. The Saxon is neither a lively nor a domestic animal, even in his recreations. Though the evening of every day be given up to amusement—during the summer in the open air, in winter under cover, his tastes are such that, except when dancing, he rarely associates with him either his wife or his sister. No doubt the amiable couple walk arm-in-arm to the public garden, or to the grass-plot in front of the inn, where the band is accustomed to play; but having reached that point, they separate, as if by mutual consent; and while the husband applies to smoking and drinking beer beside other husbands, the wife attaches herself to a knot of wives and maidens, who saunter about, or sit apart at a table by themselves. In like manner, when a *soirée* takes place during winter, the men range themselves at one end of the room, and the women at another; nay, to such an extent is this indisposition to associate carried, that I have heard of places where it was seriously proposed to have one public assembly-room for the men, and another for the women. At Schandau, just before we quitted it, the propriety of such an arrangement was gravely mooted; whether or

not it has been carried into effect, I have not learned.

“When we come to the region of morals, I should say, that, though higher than that of Prussia, the standard in Saxony is not very elevated. There is here the same lamentable deficiency of religious principle, which we find all over Protestant Germany. People may or may not go to church on a Sunday,—and their children they send to school because the law requires it,—but the practices which, more than all others, mark the degree of reverence in which men hold their religion, are here unknown. I never heard of a family in which prayers were daily said, nor knew an instance of a child being trained by its parent to the habit of private devotion; and, as to the mode of observing the Lord’s-day, I confess that I do not see on what grounds a Christian can defend it. Not content with holding their little revels in the evening, before the inn, or amid the public gardens, they seem to regard the prosecution of their ordinary employments as no breach of the Divine will. I have repeatedly seen both men and women hoeing in the fields, and working in the shoe-shop, just as busily on a Sunday as on any other day in the week.”

Our time only permits us to add one trait of Bohemia, through which Mr. Gleig took an interesting pedestrian excursion. At Gabel,

“My toilet was as yet incomplete, when I walked the landlady, first to demand whether I could speak Latin; and, on my answering in the affirmative, to announce that the priest of the pariah was below in the hall, and should be glad to converse with me. I desired her to inform the reverend gentleman that I should make all the haste I could to equip myself; after which I would wait upon him with great pleasure. Having accomplished the necessary changes in my apparel, and otherwise made myself comfortable, I descended the stairs, and found that the gentleman with the red nose and grizzly head, was none other than the priest who desired to make my acquaintance. Neither his appearance nor his situation,—a conspicuous place in a pot-house, which all the idle and beer-loving members of the community seemed to frequent—at all prepossessed me in his favour; but I took care to exhibit no symptoms of disgust in my manner, and our conversation began. His reverence spoke horrid Latin, of course; mine, from long disuse, was probably not much better; but, as I pronounced all my words according to the accentuation of my schoolboy days, we at least understood one another. I found him full of curiosity, and wonderfully ill informed, not only as to the political and intellectual state of England, but even in reference to its geographical situation. But his ignorance manifestly proceeded rather from the lack of opportunity than of the desire to be better informed; for of his questions I began to fear, at last, that there would be no end. By this time a whisper was circulating through the town, that two Englishmen were arrived; and as very few of the Gabelites had ever seen an Englishman before, the coffee-room became speedily crowded. Large was then the consumption of beer, and dense and dark the cloud of tobacco-smoke which circled overhead. Yet, to do them justice, the curiosity of these simple people never once prompted them to commit a breach, however trifling, of real good manners. We were, indeed, besought to eat our supper at the table beside the priest, and we readily consented; while, by degrees, all the vacant spaces were filled up by another priest, by several

well-dressed tradesmen, and, as we afterwards ascertained, by an officer of the Austrian army, who, having retired from the service on a pension, had married and settled in the town. But the individual who interested us the most was the postmaster; for whom, as he spoke both English and French fluently, the padre despatched a messenger, and whom we found not only a most agreeable, but a very intelligent and well-informed man. He had travelled much as a merchant; had visited France, Spain, Switzerland, Italy, and Russia; in the last of which countries he had resided several years, as chief clerk to an English house at St. Petersburg. I do not know that I ever felt myself in a situation more amusing, as well as more perfectly novel, than that which I now occupied. The good people, indeed, seemed so eager to obtain information, that I had few opportunities of adding to my own; yet their curiosity, tinged as it was throughout with the most perfect good humour, and even politeness, highly diverted me, and I did my best to appease it. One circumstance, it is true, affected me painfully. I allude to the creditable figure cut by the priests; who, it appeared to me, had no business in such a place at all, further, at least, than as casual inquirers. Among all the beer-drinkers present, however, my red-nosed acquaintance and his curate were the most industrious. It was quite edifying to see with what rapidity their pitchers were emptied, and how sedulously the hostess—uninvited, though certainly unchecked—replenished them; and when I add, that each pitcher contained a good quart, the amount of fermented liquor swallowed by these thirty souls may be guessed at. Nor, I regret to add, was the tone of their conversation much out of keeping with their habits in other respects. I inquired into the state of morals in this place, and received, in bad Latin, such an answer as I do not choose to translate, and affected scarcely to understand. Here, then, was a palpable illustration of the axiom which has so often been laid down—that, of all the means that ever were devised to degrade religion in the persons of its teachers, the compulsory celibacy of the clergy is the most effectual. In HERNSKRIETCHEN and AUFENBERG, it is very true, that no such lamentable results have followed: but what then? At the former place, a most deserving man is condemned to spend his days uncheered by any of those domestic endearments, the influence of which is felt the most where it is most needed. He does not complain, I admit; he has too much principle and even manliness to complain of that which is irremediable. But who can doubt that he feels his lot bitterly, or that his pastoral duties would be discharged just as faithfully, and far more cheerfully, were it different? So, also, at the latter place: the curate is yet a youth, full of that fire of enthusiastic self-devotion which, while it burns, more than supplies the place of all social and domestic relations. But how long will this last? And see how the system operates in Gabel, ay, in hundreds and thousands of places similarly circumstanced, where no such enthusiasm is at hand to counteract it. Here are two clergymen, well stricken in years, for the elder cannot be less than sixty, and the younger but a few years short of it. Their home, as they informed me, is in the cloisters of the church; but such a home! Nobody inhabits it who, except for mercenary reasons, would shed one tear were they to die to-morrow. Of books they possess but a slender store, and, were it otherwise, who can always

live among his books? Their professional vocations wear down their energies, and they stand in need of relaxation. Where do they seek it? Not in the quiet and happy circle of their own families—for they have none—nor among their neighbours, who may esteem and respect, but will scarce unbend before men who are become masters of their most secret thoughts. They, therefore, betake themselves to the pot-house, and in drinking and ribald conversation, look for that amusement which, under a better state of things, the reformed pastor is sure to find in the bosom of his own family, and among his friends. I do not mean to justify the individuals, who, on the contrary, deserve utter reprobation; but surely a system which throws such temptations in men's way cannot be seriously defended by any one who has the interest of religion at heart. From the priests, as they began, under the influence of repeated potations, to exhibit their true character, I gladly turned away," &c. &c.

Hood's Comic Annual.

(Second notice.)

OF HOOD, in his own happy vein, we may well say, "none but himself can be his parallel:" witness the following *incendiary*, if ever there was an incendiary composition, with which he terminates his alarming history of the revolutionary incidents at Stoke Pogis. (See *Literary Gazette*, No. 1144.)

"Come, all confagrating fellows,
Let us have a glorious rig;
Sing old ROSE, and burn the bellows;
Burn me, but I'll burn my wig!
Christmas time is all before us;
Burn all puddings, north and south;
Burn the turkey—burn the Devil!
Burn snap-dragon—burn your mouth!
Burn the coals! they're up at sixty;
Burn Burn's Justice—burn Old Coke;
Burn the chestnuts—burn the shovel!
Burn a fire, and burn the smoke!
Burn burnt almonds—burn burnt brandy.
Let all burnings have a turn;
Burn Chabert, the salamander—
Burn the man that wouldn't burn!
Burn the old year out, don't ring it;
Burn the one that must begin;
Burn Lang Syne, and, whilst you're burning,
Burn the burn he paided in.
Burn the boxing—burn the bandle!
Burn the baker—burn his man;
Burn the butcher—burn the dustman.
Burn the sweeper, if you can!
Burn the postman—burn the postage—
Burn the knocker—burn the bell;
Burn the folks that come for money—
Burn the bills, and burn 'em well.
Burn the parish—burn the rating.
Burn all taxes in a mass.
Burn the paving—burn the lighting—
Burn the burners—burn the gas.
Burn all candles, white or yellow—
Burn for war and not for peace;
Burn the car of all the talow—
Burn the king of all the greece.
Burn all caners—burn in Smithfield.
Burn tea-tattle hum and bug;
Burn his kettle, burn his water,
Burn his muffin, burn his mug.
Burn the breaks of meddling vicars,
Picking holes in Anna's urns!
Burn all Stearn's opodeldoc,
Just for being good for burns.
Burn all swindlers—burn asphaltum!
Burn the money lenders down—
Burn all schemes that burn one's fingers!
Burn the cheapest house in town!
Burn all bores and boring topics;
Burn Brunel—ay, in his hole!
Burn all subjects that are Irish!
Burn the niggers black as coal!
Burn all Bos's Imitators!
Burn all tales without a head!
Burn a candle near the curtain!
Burn your Burns, and burn your bed!
Burn all wrongs that won't be righted!
Burn poor Soup, and Spanish claims!
Burn that Bell, and burn his Vixen!
Burn all sorts of burning shames!

Burn the Whigs! and burn the Tories!
Burn a parties, great and small!
Burn that everlasting Fogy—
Burn his Sutees once for all!
Burn the fop that burns tobacco!
Burn a critic that condemns!
Burn Lucifer and all his matches!
Burn the fool that burns the Thames!
Burn all burning agitators—
Burn all torch-parading elves!
And, oh! burn Parson Stephens' speeches,
If they haven't burnt themselves."

It would be dangerous to leave off with so much tinder or gunpowder by candle-light; and, merely as an insurance against fire, we add

"The Bachelor's Dream."

My pipe is lit, my grog is mix'd,
My curtains drawn, and all is snug;
Old Puss is in her elbow-chair,
And Tray is sitting on the rug.
Last night I had a curious dream,
Miss Susan Bates was Mistress Mogg—
What d'ye think of that, my cat?
What d'ye think of that, my dog?
She look'd so fair, she sang so well,
I could but woo and she was won;
Myself in blue, the bride in white,
The ring was placed, the deed was done!
Away we went in chaise and four,
As fast as grinning boys could dog—
What d'ye think of that, my cat?
What d'ye think of that, my dog?
What loving *tées-à-tées* to come!
But *tées-à-tées* must still defer!
When Susan came to live with me,
Her mother came to live with her!
With sister Belle she could not part,
But all my ties had leave to log—
What d'ye think of that, my cat?
What d'ye think of that, my dog?
The mother brought a pretty Poll—
A monkey too—what work he made!
The sister introduced a bean—
My Susan brought a favourite maid.
She had a tabby of her own—
A snappish mongrel christen'd Gog—
What d'ye think of that, my cat?
What d'ye think of that, my dog?
The monkey bit—the parrot scream'd,
All day the sister strumm'd and sung;
The petted maid was such a scold,
My Susan learn'd to use her tongue;
Her mother had such wretched health,
She sate and croak'd like any frog—
What d'ye think of that, my cat?
What d'ye think of that, my dog?
No longer deary, duck, and love,
I soon came down to simple 'M!
The very servants cross'd my wish,
My Susan let me down to them.
The poker hardly seem'd my own,
I might as well have been a log—
What d'ye think of that, my cat?
What d'ye think of that, my dog?
My clothes they were the queerest shape,
Such coats and hats she never met!
My ways they were the oddest ways!
My friends were such a vulgar set!
Poor Tomkiss was snubb'd and buff'd—
She could not bear that Mister Hogg—
What d'ye think of that, my cat?
What d'ye think of that, my dog?
At times we had a spar, and then
Mamma must mingle in the song—
The sister took a sister's part—
The maid declared her master wrong—
The parrot learn'd to call me 'fool'!
My life was like a London fog—
What d'ye think of that, my cat?
What d'ye think of that, my dog?
My Susan's taste was superfluous,
As proved by bills they had no end—
I never had a decent coat—
I never had a coin to spend!
She forced me to resign my club,
Lay down my pipe, retrench my grog—
What d'ye think of that, my cat?
What d'ye think of that, my dog?
Each Sunday night we gave a rout
To fops and flirts, a pretty list,
And when I tried to steal away
I found my study full of what!
Then, first to come and last to go,
There always was a Captain Hogg—
What d'ye think of that, my cat?
What d'ye think of that, my dog?
Now was not that an awful dream
For one who single is and snug—
With pussy in the elbow-chair
And Tray reposing on the rug?
If I must totter down the bill,
'Tis safest done without a clog—
What d'ye think of that, my cat?
What d'ye think of that, my dog?"

MISCELLANEOUS.

Hind's English Stage, Nos. I. and II. : Othello, Hamlet. London, 1839. Simpkin and Marshall.

TASTE and judgment have been well exercised in the production of this handsome edition of the plays of the immortal bard. The illustrations are exceedingly well executed, and the history of each play is at once original and neatly written.

Tranquil Hours. By Mrs. Thomas. Pp. 242. London, 1839. Saunders and Otley.

ALTHOUGH we cannot award these poems any high praise, we are bound to admit that they possess considerable merit, and here and there display much true feeling; and it has been our lot to peruse many a volume that did not exhibit these excellences. The versification is often harmonious, and we sometimes stumble upon a thought that soars above the common height of "prettiness." Coming from a lady, we are too gallant to pass the volume by without offering an extract, which we do from —

"A Summer Morning.

It is the dawn! a few bright crimson streaks
Night's fearful mystery already breaks;
Aurora's rosy fingers have begun
Her blushing chaplet for the waking sun.
Lo! where the roses, gorgeous in the east,
Ruddy as Bacchus' cheeks from recent feast;
Light fleecy clouds receive the golden prize,
And richer colours deck the laughing skies.
Up springs the lark, and shakes his dewy wings,
And as he rises, most delighted sings:
Not Pagan knees stuccoer homage pay
To thee, thou shining Majesty of day,
Than the sweet skylark, in its matin song.
While prattling echoes the glad strains prolong.
Awaked by thee, each flower more vivid grows,
Like beauty's cheek, when fresh from soft repose."

An Account of the Kingdom of Caubul, and its Dependencies in Persia, Tartary, and India; comprising a View of the Affghan Nation, and a History of the Douranee Monarchy. By the Hon. Mountstuart-Elphinstone. A new and revised edition. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1839. Bentley.

THE Hon. Mountstuart Elphinstone is known to every person acquainted with our Indian empire to be one of the ablest functionaries who ever exercised civil authority or conducted diplomatic affairs in that vast country. Whatever comes from his pen, therefore, comes with a weight which entitles it to the utmost consideration and confidence; and now that the subject of these volumes has acquired a new and pressing importance, in consequence of the turn of events, it is with much satisfaction we receive another and revised edition of his valuable labours. With notes, added from more recent and excellent sources (Mr. Conolly, Sir A. Burnes, &c.), Mr. Elphinstone has not only perfected his "Account" to the present time, but has constructed a map of great utility as a reference, and which, though very modestly spoken of by the author, will be found to be by far the best to consult in regard to any operations in Afghanistan or Caubul. Altogether the work has been reproduced at the most appropriate period; and we cordially recommend it to every reader who feels an interest in Indian (may we not say, in British?) affairs.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ABYSSINIA.

BARON A. VON KATTE, a Prussian nobleman, has lately published an account of his visit to Abyssinia. He did not penetrate so far into the country as the French travellers, Combes and Tamisier, who, in some respects, appear also to have met with a better reception from the natives, and whose account, written in a

romantic style, is calculated to please readers who are fond of strange adventures; but Katte has, at least, the advantage of love of truth, and of the unadorned simplicity of his narrative.

Katte commenced his journey into the interior from Massuah, and proceeded, by way of Cadagena, Aigenti, Madurri, and Gurra, to Adowa, the end of his journey, where he was kindly received by Prince Udde, and Mr. Isenburgh, the Prussian missionary. Though the same places have been visited and described by Bruce, Salt, and others, Katte's work contains many new observations. The political state of Abyssinia, too, has undergone a great change since Salt's visit. Katte gives the most favourable account of the natural beauties and riches of the country, with which the population makes the most afflicting contrast; and though the inhabitants in general profess Christianity, they are described as a very degraded people, without any inclination to civilisation, and at the same time immoral, thievish, treacherous, and, beyond all conception, cowardly. We subjoin a few of the most interesting descriptions:—

"The mountains between Ellet and Cadagena, are covered with thick forests of lofty cedars, tamarinds, and wild citron trees. The aloe is magnificent, and the cactus, of manifold species, grows like a wood. The finest grass rises to an astonishing height, but withers and rots, as no hand takes the trouble of cutting it down. The wild orange is every where met with among these beautiful mountains, and, notwithstanding its bitter taste, is a favourite food of the people. A botanist would reap an ample harvest here, for there are probably many unknown plants in these mountains and in the deep valleys. But all these plants grow so close together, and flourish in such rank tropical luxuriance, that it is scarcely possible to penetrate through them. The valleys, too, have the character of this fine vegetation. None but those who have seen the valleys of the Tyrol, and have fancy enough to imagine them covered with the vegetation of the torrid zone, and with the tropical sky, can have any idea of this enchanting scenery. On the top of the mountains, the character of the vegetation alters; the tropical plants, and the lofty citrons and tamarind trees, gradually disappear, and are succeeded by the gigantic cedar, which, however, decreases in size the higher you ascend, and becomes at last dwarfish and stunted. Aloes, and cactus, however, of the most diverse forms, never cease, and do not disappear even on the highest summits. The latter, especially, covers large tracts, through which it is difficult to find a way. It diffuses a disagreeable, overpowering smell, and the natives do not venture to pass the night near spots covered with cactus. There are numbers of elephants on the mountains south of Aigenti. The path they have taken is too clearly marked to be mistaken. Trunks of high and thick trees, which are snapped like a reed, and often obstruct the way; large tracts of grass trampled down, bushes which appear quite destroyed, are the traces which these enormous animals leave behind them. A young man, the muledriver, who spoke Arabic pretty fluently, and was very talkative, told me many stories of the size and strength of these animals, and in what manner they were killed, when, suddenly, one of my servants came running towards me, made me a sign to be still, and then led me a few steps on one side, to a spot whence I had a fine prospect over a beautiful valley. In the slope of this valley there were about twenty elephants. The dark gray, shape-

less masses of these gigantic animals, were moving round a group of trees, from which they broke boughs with their trunks, and ate the leaves at their ease. It was the first time that I saw elephants in a wild state. These creatures were of prodigious size. I estimate them at eighteen or twenty feet, and I believe that they were rather above than below that height. A small elephant, about six feet high, was the only one that remarked us, and appeared to be alarmed, while the others did not even condescend to look at us. I was told that the elephant is dangerous only in the rutting season, or when he perceives a camel. The elephants have the bitterest enmity to that harmless animal. When the camel scents the elephant it stops still, trembles in all its limbs, and utters an uninterrupted cry of terror and affright. No persuasion, no blows, can induce it to rise; it moves its head backwards and forwards, and its whole frame is shaken with mortal anguish. The elephant, on the contrary, as soon as he perceives the camel, elevates his trunk, stamps with his feet, and, with his trunk thrown forwards, snorting with a noise like the sound of a trumpet, he rushes towards the camel, which, with its neck outstretched, and utterly defenceless, awaits, with the most patient resignation, the approach of its enemy. The elephant, with its enormous shapeless limbs, tramples on the unfortunate animal in such a manner, that in a few minutes it is scattered around in small fragments. At first I did not entirely believe this account; but in the sequel I spoke on the subject with the leader of a caravan from Sennaar, who told me the same, and assured me that sometimes, in the neighbourhood of the Kolla, entire caravans perish in this manner. Innumerable birds, decked with the most splendid and varied plumage, which glows as they fly, in a thousand shades of colour, seem alone to animate the groves, while their incessant cry, and loquacious chatter, interrupt the deathlike silence that would, otherwise, prevail in these solitudes. One beautiful large purple bird, with a note like the deep tones of a flute, is distinguished, above all the rest, by its fearlessness. It flew sportively before us, alighted on the nearest branch, and looked at us with its large cunning eyes, as if it would have said, 'Go no further, for nothing but mischief awaits you.' It is no wonder that birds act so important a part in the eastern tales, and are endowed with finer senses, so that they flutter about man as protecting genii, and, with their familiar chatter, inspire him with resignation, hope, and confidence. I well remember the first time that I saw, in Yemen, the bird bulbul, of which the Arabian tales have so much to relate. It was sitting on the extreme point of the loftiest tree, and scarcely did it raise its far-sounding, rolling tenor voice, when all the Arabs in my company joined in, stood still, and addressed a number of questions to it, to all which it was never weary of answering. This bird is held in the highest estimation in Persia and Turkey; to kill it would be looked upon as a great crime. I wondered at never seeing this beautiful bird in Abyssinia; but the people are too prosaic for him; he would die of ennui."

Many passages in Katte's Journal confirm the excessively cowardly disposition of the Abyssinians. The following is a fragment of his adventures:—"We were still about a league from the village, when we met a body of about twelve armed men. Scarcely were they perceived by my guide and the servants, when the latter, paralysed with terror, stood still. Pale as death, and trembling in all their limbs, they with difficulty supported themselves by

leaning on the asses that carried my effects. I could not conceive what they meant. One of these people advanced to me, looked at me attentively for some time, and then made a sign to the rest to go on. He himself followed them, after he had addressed a few words, which I did not understand, to my guide, who was too much frightened to answer. It was not till they were quite out of sight that my people came to themselves. From their animated conversation, and the haste with which they went forward, I saw plainly that there had been some danger. I learned afterwards, at Nabish Adi, that we had met the most notorious robbers in the whole province, who had probably been deterred from attacking me by the fire-arms which I constantly wore in my girdle. I frequently had to do with robbers afterwards, but was always convinced that a well-armed, resolute man, need not fear whole bands of them. On the road you may generally get rid of them, that is, if the servants themselves are not in league with them, nor paralysed by fear. Least of all do they venture to attack a white man. Perhaps the chief cause of this is the colour of the whites; for the sudden appearance of a white, in parts where none have been seen before,—where the people, perhaps, do not even know that there are such in the world,—may seem to the blacks as ominous, and demoniacal, as that of a negro in some village in the interior of Germany, where, in the first fright, all would probably run away, and fancy that the devil was come."

It is well known that for several centuries Christianity has had numerous adherents in Abyssinia, and, at present, it is the most generally prevalent religion. Kasse draws a very unfavourable picture of these black Christians. "I found every where in Abyssinia a confirmation of what I so frequently found in the East, namely, that the professors of Christianity are, in all moral respects, far below the Mahometans. If any one looks there for fidelity and probity, let him not knock at the door of a Christian, or he will find himself most cruelly deceived. This is not owing to the oppression which Islamism exercises over Christianity, for this oppression is by no means so severe as people in Europe fancy; it rather proceeds from the hatred with which the different Christian parties persecute each other,—from the endless family intrigues, generated by covetousness, and supported by falsehood,—in the practice of the austerities prescribed by their religion itself, which harden their heart,—and, lastly, from the moral corruption in which the young, particularly the males, are brought up. The influence of the priests is, on the whole, very great, especially over the lower classes of the people; but the state of indigence in which almost all of them live, has never allowed them to acquire such political power as in other Christian countries. They are absolutely dependent on the princes, who sometimes let them feel the whole weight of their power. Some who had ventured to excommunicate princes, have atoned for their rashness with their lives. The last Adune himself was in danger of this fate; but the intervention of some great men saved him. The author learned how great the poverty of the priests is from one of them, who, though he had the highest rank next to the Confessor of Prince Udde, and was constantly about the prince's person, had no mule, and anxiously waited till Udde should give him one. The lower clergy live in such deplorable misery, that many of them are, literally speaking,

sometimes on the point of perishing for hunger. Under these circumstances, it is not to be wondered at if their character is at a very low ebb. It is affirmed that many of them have never read the Bible, and are not acquainted even with the New Testament. Hence the Alakas, or learned men, are ashamed to be taken for priests, and, therefore, wear a different dress. Such of the clergy as apply themselves to the study of works on theology, do it only that they may be the better able to dispute,—for this is the soul of the Christian religion in Abyssinia. Nobody takes the trouble to preach plain morality; and it is, therefore, wholly unknown there. In such disputations they have much practice, and often contrive, in a truly sophistical manner, to entangle their opponent in his own arguments. Every European traveller, who is not well versed in the dogmas of the several Christian parties, and especially in the writings of the fathers of the fifth century, should, therefore, take good care to avoid engaging in a religious controversy with such a disputatious Abyssinian priest. A false quotation, and, still more, want of acquaintance with one of these authorities, immediately fixes on him a reputation for ignorance,—the very worst character that a European can have in Abyssinia. As their object is by no means to convince, but only to embarrass and entangle their adversary, that they may afterwards decry him as a blockhead, it is the most advisable to avoid these useless disputations, from which nobody can expect any good. The author saw priests repeat the same question perhaps twenty times, which the Protestant missionary as often answered. They went away, saying, 'You are right'; but they were sure to return on the following day with the same objections. Hence it appears that the mass of the people must remain in a deplorable moral condition. Lying, deceit, laziness, and theft, are their universal characteristics; positive virtues are sought in vain. The Abyssinian people have for many centuries professed Christianity; they know the Bible and many canonical writings; but Christianity, as it is taught them, is unhappily distinguished by nothing but the most absurd and subtle disputes, party hatred, and persecution. It has not impelled the people to any useful activity, to any improvement in learning; they are as rude, perhaps more rude, than when they renounced paganism."

LITERARY AND LEARNED. UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

CAMBRIDGE.—The Hulsean prize was adjudged to D. Moore, of Catharine Hall, in this University, for his Essay on the following subject, "That a Revelation contains mysteries is no solid argument against its truth."—*Cambridge Chronicle*.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—United Service Museum, 9 P.M.; Entomological, 8 P.M.; British Architect, 8 P.M.
Tuesday.—Royal Medical and Chirurgical, 8½ P.M.; Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.; Zoological, 8 P.M.; Society of Arts, 8 P.M. (On the Use of Bone in the Arts, by the Secretary).
Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 7½ P.M.; Geological, 8½ P.M.; Literary Fund Committee, 3 P.M.; Medicobotanical, 8 P.M.; Graphic, 8 P.M.
Thursday.—Royal Society, 8 P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; Royal Society of Literature, 4 P.M.
Friday.—Royal Astronomical, 8 P.M.
Saturday.—Guy's Hospital, 8 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

Historical Sketches of the Old Painters. By the Author of "Three Experiments of Living," 12mo. pp. 296. Boston (U.S.), 1838. Hilliard, Gray, and Co.

The object of the author of this little volume

is stated to be "an attempt to make more graphic and real the history of men, whose names are familiar to most of us, and with whose works we are becoming more and more acquainted." This is addressed to the inhabitants of America; but the work is one which will be read with great pleasure in Europe. The author, although he disclaims any pretension to a knowledge of the fine arts, is evidently a man of cultivated and elegant mind. His "Sketches" comprehend the principal painters from Apelles down to Claude. They consist of a combination of fact and fancy. In the early part of the series, fancy, of course, predominates; in the latter, fact. As a specimen of the manner in which the subjects are treated and decorated, we will quote a touching passage from the sketch of Antonio Allegri da Coreggio.

"Here comes Antonio, with his new picture," said Maddelena to her father Nicolo; 'do, dear father, speak kindly to him.' 'Nay, daughter,' replied Nicolo, 'thou canst not expect me to be as dovelike as thyself. I will speak to him as one man may speak to another. It would have been well for thee had I not yielded to thy foolish fancy in the first place. Hadst thou married Pietro, thou wouldest have taken thy proper station in the world, and been mistress of one of the finest inns in Coreggio. I should not see thee, as I do now, wanting the necessities of life.' 'Father,' said Maddelena, 'thou art mistaken; I want nothing. I am the happiest being in the world.' 'Then why dost thou weep?' said Nicolo, for the tears of the young wife were falling like a morning shadow. 'Look!' said she, 'Antonio is just coming up the hill—see how feeble he walks—he can scarcely carry his picture—ah, he stops to rest—do you see how pale he is?' 'Yes, yes, I see; he had better have taken my advice, and worked at my trade; I offered to give him a year's instruction for no remuneration but his services; but nothing would do but he must paint pictures, that are good for nothing in the world. Now jars, and pipkins, and milk-pans, and flower-pots, are good for something, and will always bring money.' 'Yes, father; but Antonio's works will bring him fame—glory.' 'Fame! glory!—nonsense! Canst thou live upon these commodities?' 'We want but very little to live upon; indeed, father, if Antonio were well, I should not have a wish ungratified. He is so kind, so gentle, so fond of our little Giovanni, and of the infant. Oh, there are few so blest as I am! To have such a husband, father,—one whose genius will lead him to immortality!' 'It is in a fair way of leading thee to immortality, my poor child,' said Nicolo with feeling. 'Thou art almost as pale as he. I little thought, when I let thee out of my fold, that thou wouldest find no other shepherd.' 'Say what you please to me,' said Maddelena, 'you are my father, my dear father, and I can bear it all; but I beseech you do not say such things to my poor Antonio; they make him miserable, they break his heart.' 'I wish you had married Pietro,' reiterated Nicolo, 'he has a stout heart.' 'Rather say, you wish I was in my grave; for I would sooner be there, than married to him. No, no, you do not wish such misery for your poor child. Look, father! Antonio is up again, and coming—ah, when you see his picture, I am sure you will say to him, 'You did right, Antonio, to pursue painting; it will lead you to immortality.' Antonio slowly ascended the hill, and Maddelena met him. 'Let me look at it,' said she, and he turned the picture towards her. 'How beautiful!' she exclaimed,

'they are just such faces as we shall see in heaven.' When they entered the house, the painter modestly set down the picture with its face to the wall. 'A warm day, Antonio,' said Nicolo; 'thou shalt have a cup of my good old wine to refresh thee.' 'Rather a cup of milk,' replied Antonio, 'I do not love your heating draughts; they only add to the heat here,' and he laid his hand upon his breast. 'My dear husband,' said Maddalena, soothingly, 'thou hast painted too closely for these few days past; but it is for you, father, Antonio has been engaged. He said he would paint a picture for your room, and he has brought it.' 'It is but a little thing,' said Antonio rising, 'but I will show it to you.' 'Wait a moment,' exclaimed Maddalena, 'I hear our little Giovanni, and baby too is awake;' and, going out, she returned in a few moments with the child in her arms, seated herself near the window, with Giovanni leaning upon her lap, and said, 'Come, Antonio, I am ready.' Slowly, and with some trepidation, the painter displayed the picture. It was a Madonna with the infant in her arms, and John near her—Maria and her children—bearing a very striking resemblance to the living group before them. Nicolo gazed upon it; his stern features relaxed; he attempted to speak, and burst into tears. 'My daughter!' he at length exclaimed, 'my little Giovanni! just as they look now;' and suddenly turning to Antonio, he seized his hand. 'Yes,' continued he, 'thou wert right to pursue painting; it will lead thee to immortality.' 'Did I not say so?' said the delighted wife; and her arms were in a moment around her father's neck.

We entirely agree with the author, that "it were well if the thirst for amusement could be partly satisfied with such entertainment as flows from a history of the development and rewards of genius, or at least suffer the reader to draw a lesson from the lives of those who have used or perverted this noble gift of the Creator."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Findens' Royal Gallery of British Art.
Part II. Moon.

WE have been impatiently looking for the second number of a publication, the first number of which so powerfully excited our admiration, and our expectations are completely gratified. The plates of which the present part consist are "the Smuggler's Intrusion," engraved by F. Bacon, from a picture by Sir D. Wilkie, R.A.; "Neapolitan Peasants going to the Festa of the Pié di Grotta," engraved by S. Sangster, from a picture by T. Uwins, R.A.; and "The Ruins of Carthage," engraved by J. T. Willmore, from a picture by W. Linton. They are all first-rate productions. In the one at the head of the list, the combined ferocity and cunning in the countenance of the bold and burly ruffian, contrasts finely with the innocent but alarmed expression of the family of the peasant into whose cottage he has unbidden rushed, for the evident purpose of hiding himself and his illicit spoil. "The Festa of the Pié di Grotta," which takes place on the 8th of September, is one of the principal and most interesting of the numerous holidays commanded by the priests and enjoyed by the populace of Naples. This is the only festival at which the peasantry are privileged to enter the Villa Reale—the public gardens of Naples—and they take full advantage of the license: crowds from the surrounding country come in at an early hour, and bear along with them the fine fruits of the season; and the long reed of the marshes, which grows so lux-

uriantly in the delicious climate of Naples, is borne by hundreds, in honour of the Madonna della Grotta." Mr. Uwins's masterly and elegant composition represents a family of these picturesque and apparently happy peasants. They form a charming group; and Mr. Sangster has done every possible justice to the beautiful original, at which we well recollect gazing with great delight when it was exhibited at Somerset House in 1834. To "The Ruins of Carthage" we adverted in a former Number of the *Literary Gazette*: but it may be contemplated again, and again, and again, with still increasing enjoyment. The Claude-like composition is among Mr. Linton's happiest efforts; and Mr. Willmore's execution, especially in the serene gradation of the sky, and the tremulous glitter of the water, is transcendent.

Outlines of Celebrated Works, from the best Masters, of Ancient and Modern Sculpture.
Nos. I. to VI. Murton.

A VERY clever and pleasing little publication, in our opinion well calculated to assist in cheaply diffusing the general principles of taste in the fine arts. The outlines have been drawn on the stone with great delicacy, spirit, and correctness, by T. J. Rawlins; and, with reference to modern sculptors especially, afford an easy means of estimating their respective and distinguishing qualities.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE DYING GIRL TO HER LOVER.

FAREWELL beloved, the evening breeze is stealing
Softly around us, and the low, sweet sigh
Of waters murm'ring by
Falls on my soul, in gentle tones revealing
Visions of future hours, when I shall be
Thine, but in memory.
Wilt thou not sometimes wander forth alone
Beside this tranquil lake, and fondly dwell
On all we've loved so well? [tone,
And, as the breeze bears forth each plaintive
Will not my spirit seem to hover near,
Thy cherished voice to hear?

Yet must I leave thee, tho' thy saddened brow
Grows paler than it's wont, and each fond smile

Fades from thy lip the while;
Still would I see thy soul less troubled now,
Lest mine be won from loftier feelings back
Unto its earthward track.

Fain would I watch thy lonely couch beside,
When sickness hath o'erspread thy pallid cheek
With fever's fearful streak;
Oft have I prayed, let good or ill betide,
That I might live to catch each breath and tone,
In joy or grief, thine own.

Yet hast thou deemed my warmest love grew cold, [given,
When all my soul's fond hopes to thee were
Too much estranged from heaven;
But there are thoughts and feelings still untold,
That flow like buried streams, for ever on,
Unchanging and unknown.

I had not said so much in by-gone hours,
But now my pulse beats feebly, and each breath
Seems to me fraught with death;
And if to call thee mine, when sorrow lours
Can brighten once again thy sunken eye,
Then can I calmly die.

Calmly could leave this fair and glowing scene,
Of eve's soft shadows and of morn'g's beams—
The bliss of early dreams,—
If less of sorrow on thy brow were seen,

And hopes of future hours could chase the gloom
That shrouds the lonely tomb.

methinks the night grows chilly, and the breeze
Seems not to pour its wonted fragrance round;
Scill fainter grows the sound
Of night-birds warbling in the moonlit trees,
While on my soul fond hopes and yearnings
swell,—
Mine own in death, farewell! S. C.

BIOGRAPHY.

MRS. GEORGE MACLEAN.

ACCOUNTS have reached England of the sudden death, at Cape Coast Castle, on the 15th October, of this richly gifted Being, whose writings, under the signature of L. E. L., have long been a well-spring of pleasure to all whom Genius had a power to charm. Her earliest efforts, whilst yet little more than a child, were made in the pages of the *Literary Gazette*, which many of her future productions have enriched and adorned. To express what we feel on her loss is impossible—and private sorrows of so deep a kind are not for public display:—her name will descend to the most distant times, as one of the brightest in the annals of English literature; and whether after-ages look at the glowing purity and nature of her first poems, or the more sustained thoughtfulness and vigour of her later works in prose or in verse, they will cherish her memory as that of one of the most beloved of female authors; the pride and glory of our country while she lived, and the undying delight of succeeding generations. Then, as in our day, young hearts will beat responsive to the thrilling touch of her music; her song of love will find a sacred home in many a fair and ingenuous bosom; her numbers which breathed of the finest humanities, her playfulness of spirit, and her wonderful delineations of character and society—all—all will be admired, but not lamented as now. She is gone, and, oh, what a light of mind is extinguished; what an amount of friendship and of love has gone down into her grave!

The death of her uncle, the Rev. Dr. Whittington Landon, Dean of Exeter and Provost of Worcester College, Oxford, is announced in the same day's journals. He was one who took a constant interest in the welfare and rising fame of his matchless relative.

DRAMA.

PANTOMIME.

PANTOMIME-NIGHT at the theatres, like boxing-day with another large class of the community, is a sort of jubilee, which attracts the attention of all ranks,—the old world and the young.

In criticising these performances, and especially in comparing them with former productions of the same kind, we ought not only to endeavour, as it seems to us, to divest ourselves of early predilections and prejudices, and of the mist which intervening time has cast over our senses; but we should consider that the alterations in the theatres themselves must have led to considerable changes in the invention and getting up of such spectacles. The immense size of the great stages renders the execution of tricks and transformations much more difficult; and the exertions of the principal performers also not only more fatiguing, but necessarily of a different kind. It is easy to manage fifty square feet of machinery; not so, five hundred or five thousand. It is easy to

* Since writing this, accounts have been received which intimate that Mrs. Maclean fell a sacrifice to the incautious use of a medicine which she took for the relief of spasms.

descend a trap five feet deep, or leap through a window three feet high; not so pleasant, a fall of twenty feet, or a jump of a dozen, with a very disagreeable uncertainty as to what is to be your reception below, or on the other side.

There are numerous other inconveniences with which the large houses have to contend; but, perhaps, the greatest of all at the present time, is the strange and anomalous state of the public press, as it affects dramatic speculation and property. Adventuring sums of importance and magnitude on experiments is, at the best, but too precarious; it is, indeed, a pity to see the spirit of party and partisanship vitiating almost every newspaper report of the performances, and often most unjustly prejudicing the interests it ought to be their pride to cherish and protect. Belonging to the body, we are sorry to offer these observations; but it is a public duty; and by a very little pains we will shew how apt that public is to be misled by following the guidance to which we have alluded.

After witnessing the new pantomimes, we took the trouble to refer to the journals for contemporary opinions, to ascertain whether or not they agreed with our own; and we think our readers will be as much surprised as we were to discover how flatly they contradicted each other: witness the following specimens of

COMPARATIVE CRITICISM!!

On *Jack Frost*, at Drury-lane, says the *Times*, it is—

"A new and splendid Christmas pantomime. . . . In all the genuine attributes of a comic pantomime, in fun and frolic, well-devised tricks, adroit transformations, excellent scenery, and pleasing music, the production deserves great commendation."

From this the *Morning Chronicle* diametrically dissents; for it declares, after describing the opening—

"Such is the poem, as far as its unintelligibility would allow us to comprehend it. . . . Of the tricks, caperings, and tumblers, we cannot, we regret to say, speak very favourably. The former were none of them new; and excited but little wonder amongst the holiday children."

And what says the *Herald*, *vice versa*?

"The pantomime abounded as much in broad nonsense as we had ever had the fortune to be acquainted withal."

But from this the *Post* utterly and expressly dissents; for it assures us that

"There is not enough of broad fun in it, and it is too long."

Now come we to the particulars touching the clowning of Wieland; and they are prettily contradictory!

"Mr. Wieland appeared as the Clown, and, certainly, since the days of the elder Grimaldi, we have never seen his Clownship so humorously supported. . . . His success was complete."—*Times*.

"Mr. Wieland, strange to say, is but an indifferent Clown—the party-coloured garb, and the motley face, evidently suit him not."—*Chronicle*.

"Wieland was the all-in-all of the whole thing. Not only did he throw far more general significance into the humour of the Clown than any individual since old Grimaldi's time." &c.—*Herald*.

The mention of "old Grimaldi," smacks of an understanding with the *Times*' critic.

More general again.

"Many of the transformations were clever, but the instantaneous changes of entire scenes was the most remarkable feature in the mechanical arrangements of the whole piece."—*Herald*.

"The staidness and the paucity of the tricks wearied the audience early in the evening; and the dullness of a harlequinade within a harlequinade, enacted by some Dutch artists, of the names of Lehmann and Winther, and the bad working of the scenery, from first to last, completed the distaste so effectually, that much loud disapprobation followed the fall of the curtain."—*Chronicle*.

"In every change (of the scenery) we see something to praise and to admire."—*Times*.

"The scenery is all good—and there are some clever jokes."—*Post*.

Come we to the Dutch actors, and there is no better agreement; no less direct contradiction.

"The Lehmann and Winther family are clever, but less favourably received than the intrinsic merit deserved,

Their performance was distinguished by ease, grace, and agility."—*Times*.

"There was the celebrated (!) Lehmann and Winther family. Such a set of stupid people could not be matched on the humblest of our stages. They were dismissed with hootings."—*Herald*.

Of Van Amburgh:—

"But independent of these legitimate props and supporters, the leases called in a great number of auxiliaries."

"Van Amburgh holding sovereign sway and mastery over his wild beasts," &c.—*Times*.

"The performances of Van Amburgh are almost of too painful a nature to be a fit introduction to a Christmas pantomime, and a child beside us turned pale with terror," &c. &c.—*Chronicle*.

Of the music, *encores* a little.

"The music is happily composed and selected—nothing of the noisy and monotonous character we have usually observed in pantomime music."—*Times*.

"The music of the pantomime is noisy, and, therefore, good."—*Chronicle*.

"The music all through reflected credit on Mr. Ellison."—*Post*.

The *Times*, as we have seen, represents the piece as most deserving in every feature, and most successful to its close. Not so others:—

"It can never be a very favourite pantomime; but, with omissions and abbreviations, &c., it may yet serve its turn."—*Chronicle*.

"On the whole, the thing went off with moderate success."—*Herald*.

And so much for the pantomime at *Drury Lane*.

With regard to *Covent Garden*, the *Times*, never averse to giving Macready a slap, has him on the hip about his Christmas performances.

"*Jane Shore*, and *Fair Rosamond*—a most injudicious and improper choice. No two particular portions of history it was more desirable should remain undisturbed and forgotten."—*Times*.

Now, this is too severe: we never much admired the dull tragedy of *Jane Shore*, but its poetical justice ought at least to absolve Rowe from the charge of immorality. In every tragedy there is guilt and crime; and the poet is only answerable for the just retribution with which he visits them. As for the *Rosamond* story, as treated in the theatre, it was not liable to the slightest objection. But, *allons*: the audience pleased the critic as little as the performances, and he kindly extends his reprehension to them.

"The house was crowded in every part, but (strange to say!) not with the aristocracy of the land; for, excepting a few rows on the dress-circle and upper boxes, we never remember to have seen a greater assemblage of the 'unwashed' enclosed within the walls of any theatre."—*Times*.

As Macready gives no orders, we do not see how he could prevent this squalid appearance (though it did not strike us), without refusing the poor-looking creatures' money at his doors. The check-takers, for instance, addressing them thus—

"Do you think to get into the boxes with a pair of—like these? Be off with you! Return this fellow his money."

"Now, pray ma'am, stand back—if you don't put off that shabby boozet, there is no pit admission here for such as you."

"You dirty unwashed blackguard!—You go to the gallery! Police, police! take this sweep into custody."

But let us go to what is our more immediate object, the critiques on the pantomime. The opening scenes before the characters are transformed.

"The various characters are introduced, disguised in the most absurd and most amusing manner."—*Times*.

"We pass somewhat reluctantly from this beautiful introduction—this exquisite framework of the piece, into the burletta portion."—*Chronicle*.

"We are sorry to find the contest (in the introduction) between Nature and Art carried on in so low a style."

"Ugly masks, which offend the sight too long."—*Post*.

"Nature and art are most happily brought in contrast, and the painter has most admirably illustrated both with a pencil full of imagination, taste, and vigour."—*Herald*.

The pantomimic part gives rise to equally discordant statements; and it should be remembered that many of these matters are statements of facts which admit of no variety of opinion if truly reported, and not matters of judgment, in which no two people need agree.

"Scenes well painted, did much for carrying through a pantomime ill-contrived, and still worse executed."

And at the close—

"Hissing and applause seemed nearly equal, and, if we were to decide the casting vote, we feel obliged to say it would be given to the former. Curtains, and greater facility given to the shifting, or a few more nights' will put this 'grand Christmas pantomime' entirely hors de combat."—*Times*.

"The repetition was announced, and no mistake: and if compressed by an hour, a continuous enjoyment may be expected for the young holiday makers, and not less for their maturer friends."—*Chronicle*.

"The practical jokes not unworthy of the comic muse."

But

"The children seemed delighted."—*Herald*.

We had marked the critiques upon the minor theatres to shew that, though in a lesser degree, and with evidently less of private feeling, similar discrepancies prevail; but, for the present, we shall be content with what we think will be deemed a curious exhibition of the modes in newspaper criticism. We should be sorry to impute improper motives to any respectable journal; but it is impossible not to see, that in some instances the persons whom these journals employ are induced to misrepresent the theatres, either by eulogy or censure. And, even in their case, we would not impute corruption; but men's minds may be biased in other ways, and likings or resentments so augmented, as to lead to a dereliction from what is due to truth and the faithful discharge of a public trust.

Our own notice of the week is, that the *Covent Garden* pantomime has fulfilled the promise it gave, and is nightly acted to crowded and applauding houses. At *Drury Lane*, matters remain as *per last*.

There is one thing just now connected with the Drama, and more largely with social morals than has been animadverted upon, upon which we would bestow a moment's notice. We allude to the proceedings in progress for the shutting up of many shops at eight o'clock in the evening. This will throw a vast number of unemployed and idle persons upon the town an hour or two earlier than heretofore; and it cannot be doubted that many of them will become frequenters of the theatres, to the manifest advantage of the theatrical interests. It will be well if no more objectionable pursuits be found for the rest.

Adelphi.—Mr. Bihin, a very great French actor, made his appearance in London, on Monday, at the Adelphi. With the remembrance of the dwarf Hervio Nano, who was so recently on the same boards, still fresh in our minds, imagine our astonishment to see his place supplied by one, who we of a verity believe to be eight feet high, and finely proportioned withal. A burletta entitled *The Giant of Palestine*, concocted by Mr. Stirling, partly from Tasso's "Jerusalem," and partly from his own head, served to introduce the new-comer, who was warmly welcomed. Mr. Bihin is light and active for his size, and exhibits none of that dull heaviness so common in the overgrown. The piece is well arranged as a vehicle for shewing the powers of the giant, and was greatly enlivened by some capital comic acting on the part of Mrs. Keeley and Mr. H. Beverley; the lady's expression of fright after her swagger of "Who cares for a giant?" when she finds him standing behind her, was as admirable as any thing we ever saw. Two other attractions made their appearances in the same evening. The first, a very handsome young lady, by name Miss Fortescue; the second, a farce, called *Jim Crow in his new Place*: but the greatness of the first performer (Mr. Bihin), so absorbed our ideas, that we can only add that

all of the novelties were quite successful, and that poor Yates was so dreadfully fatigued by his exertions that he was forced to resign, by permission of the audience, his part in *Nicholas Nickleby* to Mr. Wright, who went through it very respectably, and made it as laughable and ridiculous as he could.

Olympic.—On Wednesday, Madame Vestris made her first appearance after her unpropitious trip to America, and was received with the most enthusiastic welcome by a house crowded in every corner. A bouquet of flowers was thrown upon the stage, which she took up, and clasped, and kissed, with evident emotion. A new Christmas piece, founded on a novel version of *Bluebeard*, by Mr. Planché and Mr. Charles Dance, was produced on the occasion, and met with much applause. As the crowd prevented our witnessing it, we (having the fear of newspaper guidance before our eyes) dare not offer any criticism upon it. Madame Vestris is, of course, the heroine; and we are assured looked well, though thinner than when she left us.

VARIETIES.

Upeal, 28th October.—The two great chests which King Gustavus III. after having sealed them at every joint, delivered on the 1st of January, 1789, to this university as a present, with directions not to open them till after the expiration of fifty years, have been brought out of the cellars of the university, and deposited in one of the galleries of the library. As the time expires on the 1st of January, 1839, the senate has sent an address to the crown prince, as protector of the universities, requesting him to be present at the opening of the chests on New Year's Day. The prince has accepted this invitation. The two mysterious chests are of different sizes, and secured by numerous iron bands; the largest is so heavy, that four horses would scarcely be able to draw it. Since they have been placed in the library, which is open to the public, numbers of persons go every day to look at them.

The Himyarite Language.—M. Freynel, writing from M. Jidda to M. Mohl, in a letter published in the *Journal Asiatique* for July, announces the discovery of "the language spoken at the court of the Queen of Sheba, and which the savages of Mahrah still speak." This is the Himyarite language, or, as M. Freynel terms it, the *Ehkhik*, which is the name of a noble race, who still use it in Hakk, Mirbat, and Zhafer, on the southern coast of the Arabian Peninsula. The language is Semitic, but, *sui generis*, forming an additional class to the three enumerated by Gesenius. The grammar of the language is very peculiar, and in many respects refined; it has some affinities with those of the Hebrew, Arabic, Phœnician, and Ethiopic. There are three articulations of the letter *s*, to pronounce which requires contortions of the mouth that destroy the symmetry of the face. "It is horrible," observes M. Freynel, "to hear and see the language spoken!"—*Asiatic Journal*.

[Having copied this from the last Number (CIX.) of the "Asiatic Journal," we may point attention to the great increasing interest of this, and, indeed, of all publications connected with the East, in consequence of the existing state of affairs in our Indian empire, and the adjoining countries, including the Punjab, Afghanihan, Caubul, Persia, Ava, &c. &c.; respecting which the periodicals contain much information.—*Ed. L.G.*]

Shakspeare's Biography.—We mentioned, a few weeks since, the discovery of some interest-

ing memoranda illustrative of the life of the immortal bard, which had been made by Mr. Severn, the librarian of the London Medical Society, among the volumes under his care. The facts of the case are, we understand, as follows. An incumbent of Stratford-upon-Avon, who was inducted into the living about 1640, and directed his attention to the cure of bodies as well as souls, left behind him a collection of *Ephemerides*, in which he has inserted, among sundry medical formulæ, a number of scattered anecdotes and traditions respecting Shakspeare, some of which he had learned from the gossip of the town—among others, from one of his female patients, a descendant, either granddaughter or great niece of the poet. The books in which these notes are inserted are understood to have been in the possession of the Society from the time of its foundation, but it being supposed that the M.S. notes they contain were nothing but prescriptions, have never been regarded as of any value, until their being accidentally brought under the notice of Mr. Severn, led to the discovery of their importance in illustrating the personal history of one, by connexion with whom the veriest trifles become of value. We understand the curiosity of the lovers of Shakspeare and his times will shortly be gratified by their publication.

Weather Prophets.—The new year recalls our memory to the weather prophets, who begin very unluckily. Murphy predicts frost with snow for the 1st; fair, with a return of frost, for the 2d; frost, accompanied with snow, for the 3d; fair, frost, for the 4th; and changeable, snow, for this day. All wrong! Mr. Simmonite is hardly more lucky, unless we have to-day the "downfall and wind" which he predicts.

A Hurricane.—In a conversation the other day, after mentioning the movement of immense stones by the tempest in the West Indies, Mr. L. mentioned that, just before his arrival there, a twenty-four pounder had been blown, by the violence of the storm, from the battery into the sea. "That (rejoined Mr. J. M.) explains to me what I never could understand before—the meaning of its 'blowing great guns!'"

A Jew Bargain.—We had a good laugh, the other day, on Westminster Bridge, where a Jew chapman was selling oranges, and a customer had bated him down from eighteenpence to fourpence for a dozen. Having picked these, the unconscionable fellow insisted on having one in, or declared he would not take them; and, after much chaffering, the Jew tossed in the orange, with the following speech:—"Vell, den, take 'em; but you have dem *sheeper* as meshelf, if I *sthole* dem, sho help me Got!"

A Poor Party.—Another instance of the whim in conversation among the lower orders was overheard at Hammersmith. Two or three men and women, out holiday-making, had pretty evidently spent all their money, and one said to the other—"What, have you nothing left for another glass?" "No," was the reply; "no, not even so much as to pay the 'pike for a walking-stick!'"

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

History of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, by S. A. Dunham, Vol. I. (forming Vol. CX. of the "Cabinet Cyclopaedia.") fcap. 8vo. 6s. 6d.—Holidays House: A Series of Tales, by Miss C. Sinclair, 18mo. 5s. 6d.—Tables for calculating Charges on the Parishes in Poor Law Unions, by T. Fowler, 8vo. 10s.—A Priced Catalogue of London Periodicals, on a Sheet, 1s.—On Granular Degeneration of the Kidneys, by R. Christison, M.D., 8vo. 8s.—R.

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METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1838.

December.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 27	From 31 to 40	29.35 to 29.97
Friday... 28	... 27 .. 40	30.07 .. 30.21
Saturday... 29	... 25 .. 45	30.11 .. 30.12
Sunday... 30	... 42 .. 52	30.08 .. 30.08
Monday... 31	... 31 .. 49	30.28 .. 30.48
January, 1839.		
Tuesday... 1	... 29 .. 50	30.32 .. 30.20
Wednesday 2	... 40 .. 48	29.96 .. 29.96

Winds, S.W.
Except the 27th, 28th, and 31st ult., generally cloudy, with frequent rain.

Rain fallen, .4775 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

Latitude... 51° 37' 33" N.

Longitude... 3° 51' W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received the following letter so late, that we insert it without being aware if it need a comment or note from *Ed. L. G.*

To the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*.

Sir,—At the close of your second notice (Dec. 23d) of the "Memoirs of Charles Mathews," you have, from some extraordinary misrepresentation, been led into a statement in reference to my husband's bond with Mr. Arnold, which I consider myself bound to correct. You say, when reverting to the terms of the bond of Mr. M., were not so very bad for an experiment yet to be tried. To this I have simply to reply, that no clause whatever in my favour, or in relation to myself, existed; and, on the contrary, this very fact formed the basis of Mr. Mathews's subsequent dissatisfaction and distrust of mind, when he felt his health likely to be seriously affected by the excessive labour of his undertaking. The absence of any provision for his family, in the probable event of his premature death, was the principal cause of his mental sufferings, and which led to the necessity of cancelling the original bond; but not, as you infer, to the advantage of an equal participation in the profits arising from his own exertions.

I am sure, sir, you will promptly, as kindly, rectify a misstatement calculated to raise a false estimate of Mr. Mathews's feeling and conduct on the occasion in question. In placing myself before the public, I was desirous to send in silent submission to every opinion; but where facts (however unintentionally) are misrepresented or perverted, and my husband's memory affected in the most remote degree, I may be pardoned for feeling, perhaps morbidly, sensitive and tenacious.

In answer to your final observation, in allusion to the various public critiques quoted from in the course of the "Memoirs," I beg to refer you to pages 383 and 4 of the second volume; wherein I have given my reasons for such quotations, and at the same time explained that the original notices were part of a large collection formed since my husband's death for my own gratification, and long before I had an idea of publishing: so that the weakness you imputed to him in attaching consequence to such authorities (not half of those in question, I am sure, ever met his eye), must in justice belong solely to myself.—I am, Sir, &c., ANNE MATHews.

25 Michael's Place, Brompton.

As we do not think that Sir F. Chantrey ever denied his obligation to Mr. Stothard for the drawing (design) of the children's tomb in Litchfield Cathedral, we see no occasion to insert Mr. Robert Stothard's proof of the fact. We cannot insert Rose's lines.

NEW QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

On the 1st of January.

THE ISIS; New Quarterly Magazine.

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1. What are our Two Universities doing?
2. Vincent Klee; or, the Adventures of an Under-Graduate
3. Neck-melodious, and other Poems. By B. Stumman
4. The Prima Donna
5. Zara
6. The Siren Edonis
7. Does Church Property belong to the State?
8. The Athenian Democracy
9. Narrative of a Journey through the Lower Rion in 1827. By a Carlist
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Reviews, Notices, &c. &c.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Art of Deer-Stalking. By William Scrope, Esq. Large 8vo., pp. 436. London, 1839. Murray.

HAPPY the man who is competent to review this volume; for he must have seen and enjoyed some of the things of which it gives so vivid a description; he must have inspired the invigorating breath of the Highland hills; he must have looked around on the glorious and ever-varying prospects which they present; he must have felt his limbs strengthening day after day, and the languors of the south or the capital forced to yield to the bracing air and exercise of the mountains; he must have become familiar with the whirr of the grouse, the haunts of the blackcock, the strong spring of the Alpine hare, and the bare summit seat of the ptarmigan; he must have climbed the highest steep where the eagle soared, and where solid oceans of gneiss, porphyry, or granite saluted his eye on every side, as far as his horizon ranged; he must have witnessed the gentle roe leap, startled from its couch, and the red deer rush like an avalanche through the rocky pass; he must have partaken of the hospitality of these regions, where the native heart is a contrast to the stony soil, and, from the peasant to the peer, the stranger is welcomed with the best the booby can afford, and the utmost enjoyments which the castled abode of refined tastes, cultivated minds, and noble fortunes, can supply.

Hence health of body and vigour of mind;—health before which Bihin, the giant, might quail, and vigour enough to sustain the Premier through all the toils of the approaching session. We fear the noble lord had no opportunity to lay it in; but he may, possibly, have a portion of it near his official hand, at least if we can depend on the sporting accounts of the last season in the north.

But why should we endeavour to imitate the style in which Mr. Scrope has clothed his living sketches; he speaks of his experience as of past years, but he writes of them as freshly and passionately as if they were of yesterday—as if he had just returned from the chase, and was recounting its trophies over the first circle of claret in lodge or hall. Let us, therefore, turn to him.

“Shall (he begins) a poaching, hunting, hawking squire, presume to trespass on the fields of literature?” These words, or others of similar import, I remember to have encountered in one of our most distinguished reviews. They ring still in my ears, and fill me with apprehension as it is; but they would alarm me much more if I had attempted to put my foot within the sacred enclosures alluded to. These are too full of spring-traps for my ambition, and I see ‘this is to give notice’ written in very legible characters, and take warning accordingly. Literature!—Heaven help us!—far from it; I have no such presumption; I have merely attempted to describe a very interesting pursuit as nearly as possible in the style and spirit in which I have always seen it carried on. Ten years’ successful practice in the forest of Atholl have enabled me to enter into all the details that are connected with

deer-stalking. That it is a chase which throws all our other field-sports far in the back-ground, and, indeed, makes them appear wholly insignificant, no one, who has been initiated in it, will attempt to deny. The beautiful motions of the deer, his picturesque and noble appearance, his sagacity, and the skillful generalship which can alone ensure success in the pursuit of him, keep the mind in a constant state of pleasurable excitement.

“I have attempted also to illustrate all the essential points that occur in stalking deer, both in slow and quick time, and to describe all the various turns and accidents of the chase drawn from actual experience. This, I thought, could be best done by the recital of moderate sport, since a long catalogue of deer, killed in succession on the same day, unaccompanied by some striking or unusual incident, would only be a tedious repetition of events similar to each other. In practice, however, I did my best, as fine venison was always in request. If my success was occasionally very considerable, it must be recollected that the deer were numerous, and that I was assisted by clever scouts. The being my own stalker, also, was an advantage that long practice enabled me to profit from: no one, I think, can make the best of events when his movements are controlled by others, and are a mystery to himself.”

This is most true, and there is nothing like independence in the sports of the field as in the business of life. Many a fair chance is stopped or missed through the want of it.

In the earlier chapters, the natural history and habits of the red deer are described in an agreeable manner; and we pick out a few of the most curious particulars. The question of horns will be read with interest even by inhabitants of London, who, notwithstanding steamers, have never seen the sparkling isles and purple heaths of Scotia.

“The shedding of the horns continues till the beginning of June; but deer of a year old will carry them till August or September; these new horns are very sensitive, and the harts at this time avoid bringing them into collision with any substance. When they fight, they rear themselves upon their hind legs, and spar with their fore feet, keeping back their heads. They carry their horns just as long as the hind carries her fawn, which is eight months. They are not always shed at the same time, but one of them occasionally drops a day or two after the other. I myself have seldom found any other than single horns in the mosses of the forest. It is a remarkable fact, however, that the number which are picked up in any forest bears no proportion to those which are shed; and this cannot arise from their being overlooked, for they are a valuable perquisite to the keepers, and there is no part of the forest that is not traversed by them in the course of the season. What, then, becomes of them? Hinds have been seen to eat them: one will consume a part, and, when she drops it, it will be taken up and gnawed by the others. The late Duke of Atholl, indeed, once found a dead hind which had been choked by a part of the horn, that remained sticking in its throat. It is not, however, credible that all

those which are missing are disposed of in this way; they rather seem to be thus eaten from wantonness and caprice, and I am not able to account satisfactorily for their disappearance. The new horns which deer acquire annually are covered with a thick sort of leaden-coloured skin, which remains on them till the deer are in good condition: it then begins to fall off, and, for a short space, hangs in shreds, ragged and broken; but they remove it as quickly as they can, by raking their antlers in the roots of the heather, or in such branches of shrubs as they can find adapted to the purpose. When they have shaken off this skin, which is called the velvet, and which disappears in the months of August and September, they are said to have clean horns; and, as these deer are in the best condition, they are the particular object of the sportsman.”

From this subject we may naturally pass to the amours of these noble animals.

“This is a very wild and picturesque season. The harts are heard roaring all over the forest, and are engaged in savage conflicts with each other, which sometimes terminates fatally. When a master hart has collected a number of hinds, another will endeavour to take them from him: they fight, till one of them, feeling himself worsted, will run in circles round the hinds, being unwilling to leave them: the other pursues; and, when he touches the fugitive with the points of his horns, the animal, thus gored, either bounds suddenly on one side, and then turns and faces him, or will dash off to the right or the left, and at once give up the contest. The conflict, however, generally continues a considerable time; and nothing can be more entertaining than to witness, as I have often done, the varied success and address of the combatants. It is a sort of wild just, in the presence of the dames who, as of old, bestowed their favours on the most valiant. Sometimes it is a combat à l’outrance, but it often terminates with the effect of the horn of Astolfo. In solitary encounters, there being no hinds to take the alarm, the harts are so occupied, and possessed with such fury, that they may be occasionally approached in a manner that it would be vain to attempt at any other time. From the summit of a mountain, in Atholl forest, I once saw two harts in fierce contention, in a mossy part lower down the hill. I came into sight at once, not expecting to see deer in the situation in which these happened to be. I could neither advance straight forward nor retreat without danger of giving the alarm. One possibility alone was open to me; this was to get into the glen to their right, when I should be entirely hidden from their view, and then come up, concealed by the hilly, as nearly opposite to them as possible. I was certainly a very considerable distance to the north of them, but my position was so bad that I looked upon my chance as a mere nothing. I lay down, however, flat on my back, among the rugged and loose stones of Cairn-marnac, with a rifle in my hand; Thomas Jamieson, with the other rifles, placed himself behind me in the same uncomfortable position. We had a full view of the deer for some time, so that with their ordinary vigilance they would un-

doubtedly have seen us; the stones, however, formed an uneven outline, which was in our favour, and thus we did not absolutely attract their notice. Whilst the stags were fiercely engaged, we worked our way down on our backs, looking apace: when they rested for a space, and sometimes they would do so on their knees, from mere exhaustion, we moved not a limb; and in this manner we wormed ourselves gradually into the glen, not without certain uncomfortable bruises. Then, being out of sight, we sprang up, and made the best of our way to the point immediately below them; and moving cautiously up the hill, which was sufficiently steep for our purpose, we came all at once in full view of one of the combatants, who was then alone; he sprang off at full speed, but all too late for his escape, for my ball struck him dead on the spot. His antagonist, I imagine, had been beaten off. I expected to have killed them both. A conflict of this savage nature, which happened in one of the Duke of Gordon's forests, was fatal to both of the combatants. Two large harts, after a furious and deadly thrust, had entangled their horns so firmly together that they were inextricable, and the victor remained with the vanquished. In this situation they were discovered by the forester, who killed the survivor, whilst he was yet struggling to release himself from his dead antagonist. The harts remain at Gordon Castle, still locked together as they were found. Mesentius himself never attached the dead body to the living one in a firmer manner."

The care of their young is natural and interesting:—

"The period of gestation in a hind is eight months. She drops her fawn in high heather, where she leaves it concealed the whole of the day, and returns to it late in the evening, when she apprehends no disturbance. She makes it lie down by a pressure of her nose; and it will never stir or lift up its head the whole of the day, unless you come right upon it, as I have often done. It lies like a dog, with its nose to its tail. The hind, however, although she separates herself from the young fawn, does not lose sight of its welfare, but remains at a distance to the windward, and goes to its succour in case of an attack of the wild cat, or fox, or any other powerful vermin. I have heard Mr. John Crerer say, and it is doubtless true, that if you find a young fawn that has never followed its dam, and take it up and rub its back, and put your fingers in its mouth, it will follow you home for several miles; but if it has once followed its dam for ever so small a space before you find it, it will never follow human being. When once caught, these fawns or calves are easily made tame; and there were generally a few brought up every year by the dairy-maid at Blair. I speak of hinds only; stags soon turn vicious and unmanageable. When the calf is old enough to keep up with a herd of deer, and to take pretty good care of itself, its mother takes it off, and leads it into ground that can be travelled, without difficulty, avoiding precipitous and rocky places.

"Deer, except in certain embarrassed situations, always run up wind; and so strongly is this instinct implanted in them, that if you catch a calf, be it ever so young, and turn it down wind, it will immediately face round and go in the opposite direction. Thus they go forward over hill-tops and unexplored ground in perfect security, for they can smell the taint in the air at an almost incredible distance. On this account they are fond of lying in open corries, where the swells of winds come

occasionally from all quarters. I have said that deer go up wind; but, by clever management, and employing men to give them their wind (these men being concealed from their view), they may be driven down it; and in certain cases they may easily be sent, by a side wind, towards that part of the forest which they consider as their sanctuary. It is to be noted, that on the hill-side the largest harts lie at the bottom of the parcel, and the smaller ones above; indeed these fine fellows seem to think themselves privileged to enjoy their ease, and impose the duty of keeping guard upon the hinds and upon their juniors. In the performance of this task the hinds are always the most vigilant, and when deer are driven they almost always take the lead. When, however, the herd is strongly beset on all sides, and great boldness and decision are required, you shall see the master hart come forward courageously, like a great leader as he is, and, with his confiding band, force his way through all obstacles. In ordinary cases, however, he is of a most ungallant and selfish disposition; for, when he apprehends danger from the rifle, he will rake away the hinds with his horns, and get in the midst of them, keeping his antlers as low as possible. There is no animal more shy or solitary by nature than the red deer. He takes the note of alarm from every living thing on the moor,—all seem to be his sentinels. The sudden start of any animal, the springing of a moor-fowl, the complaining note of a plover, or of the smallest bird in distress, will set him off in an instant. He is always most timid when he does not see his adversary, for then he suspects an ambush. If, on the contrary, he has him full in view, he is as cool and circumspect as possible: he then watches him most acutely, endeavours to discover his intention, and takes the best possible method to defeat it. In this case he is never in a hurry or confused, but repeatedly stops and watches his disturber's motions; and when at length he does take his measure, it is a most decisive one: a whole herd will sometimes force their way at the very point where the drivers are the most numerous, and where there are no rifles; so that I have seen the hill-men fling their sticks at them, while they have raced away without a shot being fired."

All Mr. Scrope's statements of the habits of the deer resemble those we have so briefly quoted; and so real that we seem to partake of the scenes he paints so truly. Stories of the prodigious age of deer he appears to think no better founded than many of the superstitious legends which he also repeats from Highland authorities; and no one who has ever roamed in the dusk or darkness, amid the brawls of streams, the faithlessness of bog, the strange forms of stone rock, and precipice, can doubt but that imagination must lay a potent wand upon the belief of a Highlander!

"And now (he says, in one of his Ossianic pictures), what do you think of this wild region? Do you not almost feel as if you were wandering in a new world? Here, every thing bears the original impress of nature, untouched by the hand of man since its creation. That vast moor spread out below you; this mass of huge mountains heaving up their crests around you; and those peaks in the distance, faint almost as the sky itself,—give the appearance of an extent boundless and sublime as the ocean. In such a place as this, the wild Indian might fancy himself on his own hunting grounds. Traverse all this desolate tract, and you shall find no dwelling, nor sheep, nor cow, nor horse, nor any thing that can

remind you of domestic life; you shall hear no sound but the rushing of the torrent, or the notes of the wild animals, the natural inhabitants; you shall see only the moor-fowl and the plover flying before you from hillock to hillock, or the eagle soaring aloft with his eye to the sun, or his wings wet with mist."

And the tenant of this scene:—

"Give me the glass; I see him plainly enough: he is shot through the body, rather far behind, and cannot go far. Now one of the deer is hoking his wound—now he begins to falter—now he turns aside and sends a wistful look after his companions, who are fast leaving him, happy and free as the air we breathe. He is making another effort to regain them: poor fellow! it may not be; yon shall never join them more. Never again shall you roam with them over the gray mountains,—never more brave the storm together—sun your red flanks in the corrie—or go panting down to your wonted streams: 'brief has been your dwelling on the moor!'"

These are from an Englishman; a native idea of Badenoch is somewhat different: first to the Gown-cromb (blacksmith) of one of its villages.

"He was taxed, but in a merry mood, with many dexterous feats of poaching, and driving the duke's deer to the north, when the wind served, which he did not altogether deny. 'Well,' said Tortoise, 'take some more whisky, and a pinch of snuff from my mill; but you must not steal the duke's deer, mon.' 'Monte-toute! Y'ere a trou Sassenach, an the like o' ye chieft aye ca' liftin' stealing, which is na joost Christian-like.' 'Well, what would you give for such bonny braes, and birks, and rivers as are in the forest of Atholl, if they could be transferred to your wild country?' 'And are there na bonny braes and birks in Badenoch? Y'ere joost as bad as our minister; but fat need the man say any thing mair about the matter, fan I tell 'im that I'll prove, frae his ain Bible, ony day he likes, that the Liosmor, as we ca' the great garden in Gaelic, stood in its day joost far the mair o' Badenoch lys noo, an' in nae fther place aneth the sun; is no there an island in the Loch Lathine that bears the name o' the Liosmor to this blessed day; fan I tell you that, an' that I have seen the island mysel, fa can doubt my word?' 'But, Mac, the Bible says the garden was planted eastward, in Eden.' 'Hoot! ay; but that dinst say but the garden might be in Badenoch! for Eden is a Gaelic word for a river, an' am shure there's nae want o' them there; an, as for its bein' east o'er, that is, when Adam planted the Liosmor, he sat in a bonny hothan on a brae in Lochaber, an nae doot lukit eastwar to Badenoch, an' saw a' thing sproutin' an growin' atween im an the sun fan it cam ripplin' o'er the braes frae Athole in the braw summer mornin'." 'But, Mac, the Bible further says, they took fig-leaves and made themselves aprons; you cannot say that figs ever grew in Badenoch.' 'Hout-tout! there's nobody can tell fat grew in Badenoch! the days of the Liosmor; an' altho' nae figs grow noo, there's mony a bonny flag runs yet o'er the braes o' both Badenoch and Lochaber. It was fig's skins, an no fig blades that they made claes o'. Flag, I maun tell you, is Lochaber Gaelic for a deer to this day; a fan the anid gudeman was getting his reproof for takin' an apple frae the guidwife, a' the beasties in Liosmor cam roon them, an, among the rest twa bonny rae; an fan the gudeman said, 'See how miserable we twa are left: there stands a' the bonnie beasties weel clad in their ain hair, an' here we stand shame-faced and nakit—awee! fan the twa rae heard

that, they lap out o' their skins, for very love to their sufferin' maister, as any true clansman wad do to this day. Fan the gudeman saw this, he drew as flag's skin on her naimsel, an the tishier o'er the gudewife: noo, let me tell ye, thae were the first kilts in the world.' 'By this account, Mac, our first parents spoke Gaelic.' 'An' fat ither had they to spake, tell me? Our minister says they spoke Hebrew; and fads Hebrew but Gaelic, the warst o' Gaelic, let alane Welsh Gaelic.' 'Well done, Mac; success to you and your Gaelic!' 'Success to me an my Gaelic! I tell ye that the Hieland Society, or Gaelic Society, or a' the societies in the world, canna ca' again my Gaelic! nor the name or origin o' the first dress worn by man, for—

'Ere the laird cardit or the lady span,
In flag's skins their hale race ran.'

'We would require proof for this, Mac.' 'Proof, mon! disna your Bible say, 'cursed is the ground for Adam's sake,' an that curse lies on Badenoch an Lochaber to this day; for if there be in all Scotland a mair blastit poverty-stricken part than 'ither o' the twa, may Themus Mac-na-Tolshach's auld een never see it! an for the truth o' fat I'm saying, its joost as true as any story of the kind that's been tauld this mony a day; let them contradic me fa can.' Thus the Gown-cromb's wit at length fairly got the better of his patriotism."

We must not omit an example of the legendary lore.

"The belief in 'spirits of a limited power and subordinate nature' dwelling amidst woods and mountains is, as you know, common to all nations, and more particularly to such as are of a wild and romantic character. The lonely man who journeys over the vast uninhabited space, feels himself almost unconnected with human society; and when darkness falls upon the moor, objects of dubious form loom around him and disturb his imagination. Thus traditions of witches and fairies are numerous in the forest of Galloway; one at least I will give you, as a specimen of their character. Murdoch, a noted deer-stalker, went at sunrise into the forest, and discovering some deer at a distance, he stalked till he came pretty near them, but not quite within shot. On looking over a knoll he was astonished at seeing a number of little neat women dressed in green, in the act of milking the hinds. These he knew at once to be fairies; one of them had a hank of green yarn thrown over her shoulder, and the hind she was milking made a grab at the yarn with her mouth and swallowed it. The irritable little fairy struck the hind with the band with which she had tied its hind legs, saying at the same time, 'May a dart from Murdoch's quiver pierce your side before night!' for the fairies, it seems, were well apprised of Murdoch's skill in deer-killing. In the course of the day he killed a hind, and in taking out the entrails he found the identical green hank that he saw the deer swallow in the morning. This hank, it is said, was preserved for a long period, as a testimony of the occurrence. This was met our deer-stalker's only adventure; for upon another occasion, in traversing the forest, he got within shot of a hind on the hill called the Doune, and took aim; but when about to fire, it was transformed into a young woman; he immediately took down his gun, and again it became a deer; he took aim again, and anon it was a woman; but on lowering his rifle it became a deer a second time. At length he fired, and the animal fell in the actual shape of a deer. No sooner had he killed it than he felt overpowered with sleep; and having rolled himself in his plaid, he lay down on

the heather; his repose was of short duration, for in a few minutes a loud cry was thundered in his ear, saying, 'Murdoch, Murdoch! you have this day slain the only maid in Doune.' Upon which Murdoch started up and relinquished his spoil, saying, 'If I have killed her you may eat her:' he then immediately quitted the forest as fast as his legs could carry him. This man was commonly called Munack Mac-Jan, or Murdoch the son of John; his real name, however, was Macpherson. He had a son who took orders, and obtained a living in Ireland; and it is said that the late celebrated R. B. Sheridan was descended from one of his daughters. The most extraordinary superstition prevalent was that of the Liannan-Spell, or fairy sweethearts; and all inveterate deer-stalkers, who remained for nights, and even weeks, in the mountains, were understood to have formed such connexions. In these cases the natural wife was considered to be in great danger from the machinations of the fairy mistress."

Perhaps they were not always fairies?

Short accounts of the deer-forests of the north, such as Blair Atholl, Lord Glenlyon's; the Black Mount, the Marquess of Breadalbane's; Glenartney, Lord Willoughby d'Eresby's; Braemar, the Earl of Fife's, &c. &c., form a very suitable appendage to the history of the sports which they so delightfully furnish. The embellishments, too, after Landseer and Mr. Scrope himself, are exceedingly characteristic and pleasing. And then there is poetry by Monk Iewis, T. H. Liddell, and Disraeli; a curious notice of the very curious Black Book of the Campbells, at Taymouth Castle; and other accessories, which render the volume altogether one of varied attraction and interest. Few persons could have written such a book, for it is replete with classic literature and elegant taste, as well as with the hardy exploits of the gallant deer-stalker. What he should be in the physical way is so amusingly described in the following extract, that, wishing the gods had made us many such men, we conclude with the full-length portrait:—

"After all, a man should be trained in the way he should go as soon as he is out of petticoats; if not, the symmetry of the Antinous will avail him aught. I have not the slightest doubt, indeed, but that Pan would have caught Daphne much sooner than Apollo. He would have made a much better run, and probably a better thing of it altogether. Now this is all very well; but your consummate deer-stalker should not only be able to run like an antelope, and breathe like the trade winds, but should also be furnished with various other undeniable qualifications. As, for instance, he should be able to run in a stooping position, at a greyhound pace, with his back parallel to the ground, and his face within an inch of it, for miles together. He should take a singular pleasure in threading the seams of a bog, or in gliding down a burn, *contre a terre*, like that insinuating animal the eel,—accomplished he should be in skillfully squeezing his clothes after this operation, to make all comfortable. Strong and pliant in the ankle, he should most indubitably be; since in running swiftly down precipices, picturesquely adorned with sharp-edged, angular, vindictive stones, his feet will unadvisedly get into awkward crannies, and curious positions:—thus, if his legs are devoid of the faculty of breaking, so much the better,—he has an evident advantage over the fragile man. He should rejoice in wading through torrents, and be able to stand firmly on water-worn stones, unconscious of the action of the

current; or if by fickle fortune the waves should be too powerful for him, when he loses his balance, and goes floating away upon his back (for if he has any tact, or sense of the picturesque, it is presumed he will fall backwards), he should raise his rifle aloft in the air, Marmion fashion, lest his powder should get wet, and his day's sport come suddenly to an end. A few weeks' practice in the Tilt will make him quite *au fait* at this. We would recommend him to try the thing in a spout, during a refreshing north wind, which is adverse to deer-stalking; thus no day will be lost pending his education. To swim he should not be able, because there would be no merit in saving himself by such a paltry subterfuge; neither should he permit himself to be drowned, because we have an affection for him, and moreover it is very cowardly to die. As for sleep, he should be almost a stranger to it, activity being the great requisite; and if a man gets into the slothful habit of lying a-bed for five or six hours at a time, I should be glad to know what he is fit for in any other situation? Least, however, we should be thought too niggardly in this matter, we will allow him to doze occasionally from about midnight till half-past three in the morning. Our man is thus properly refreshed, and we retain our character for liberality. Steady, very steady, should his hand be, and at times wholly without a pulse. Hyacinthine curls are a very graceful ornament to the head, and, accordingly, they have been postically treated of; but we value not grace in our shooting-jacket, and infinitely prefer seeing our man, like Dante's Frai, '*che non hanno copercchio piloso al capo*,' because the greater the distance from the eye to the extreme point of the head, so much the quicker will the deer discover their enemy, than he will discover them. His pinnacle or predominant, therefore, should not be ornamented with a high finial or tuft. Indeed, the less hair he has upon it the better. It is lamentable to think that there are so few people who will take disinterested advice upon this or any other subject; but, without pressing the affair disagreeably, I leave it to a deer-stalker's own good sense to consider whether it would not be infinitely better for him to shave the crown of his head at once, than to run the risk of losing a single shot during the entire season. A man so shorn, with the addition of a little bog earth rubbed scientifically over the crown of his head, would be an absolute Ulysses on the moor, and (*ceteris paribus*) perfectly invincible."

Rob of the Bowl; a Romance of the Days of Charles II. By J. P. Kennedy. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1839. Bentley.

THE period of the second Charles is a fit and good period for romance, as it is near enough to our own time to create a real interest, and remote enough to allow the skilful writer to invest it with such charms as imagination may suggest. In the present instance, too, the effects are aided by the scene being laid in America, where the ancient capital of Maryland opens the descriptions; and the characters are introduced in distinct and clever relief. The British settlers, and a little of their wild neighbours of the western woods, are brought into action in a vivid manner; and altogether we have as stirring a story as the lovers of fiction founded on, or connected with, actual circumstances, could desire. Among the notables of the Lord Baron of Baltimore, absolute Proprietor of Baltimore and Avalon, is a Captain Jasper Dauntrees, who plays a conspicuous part in

these pages, and would be no bad companion to Dugald Dalgetty, of famous memory. Rob of the Bowl himself is very original; and the interest attached to a haunted house in his vicinage, fills up those mysteries which render tales of the kind popular with the great majority of readers.

From such a production it is scarcely possible to extract a suitable specimen without trenching upon the author's secrets, and our own page, much more than would be agreeable to his or our readers. We shall, therefore, select the portrait of the heroine, the youngest daughter of the worshipful Anthony Warden, collector of the customs at St. Mary's, as an example of the talent and style which belong to the whole:—

"Of the beauty of the Rose of St. Mary's (for so contemporaries were wont to designate her) tradition speaks with a poetical fervour. I have heard it said that Maryland, far-famed for lovely women, hath not since had a fairer daughter. The beauty which lives in expression was eminently hers; that beauty which is scarcely to be caught by the painter,—which, changeful as the surface of the welling fountain, where all the fresh images of nature are for ever shifting and sparkling with the glories of the mirror, defies the limner's skill. In stature she was neither short nor tall, but distinguished by a form of admirable symmetry, both for grace and activity. Her features, it is scarce necessary to say, were regular,—but not absolutely so; for, I know not why, perfect regularity is a hindrance to expression. Eyes of dark hazel, with long lashes that gave, by turns, a pensive and playful light to her face, serving, at will, to curtain from the world the thoughts which otherwise would have been read by friend and foe; hair of a rich brown, glossy, and, in some lights, even like the raven's wing,—ample in volume, and turning her brow and shoulders almost into marble by the contrast; a complexion of spotless, healthful white and red; a light, elastic step, responding to the gaiety of her heart; a voice melodious and clear, gentle in its tones, and various in its modulation, according to the feeling it uttered;—these constituted no inconsiderable items in the inventory of her perfections. Her spirit was blithe, affectionate, and quick in its sympathies; her ear credulous to believe what was good, and slow to take an evil report. The innocence of her thoughts kindled a habitual light upon her countenance, which was only dimmed when the rough handling by fortune of friend or kinsman was recounted to her, and brought forth the ready tear,—for that was ever as ready as her smile."

The various adventures belong to the school of Scott, and remind us of the "Monastery" and the "Pirate." After one of these, the return home of the party offers us a separable quotation:—

"As the captain continued to urge his journey, which he did with the glee that waits upon a safe deliverance from an exploit of hazard, he turned his face upwards to the bright orb which threw a cheerful light over the scenery of the road-side, and in the distance flung a reflection, as of burnished silver, over the broad surface of St. Mary's river, as seen from the height which the travellers were now descending. Not more than two miles of their route remained to be achieved, when the captain broke forth with an old song of that day, in a voice which would not have discredited a professor:

'The moon, the moon, the jolly moon,
And a jolly old queen is she!
She hath strolled o' nights this thousand year,
With ever the best of company.'

Sing, Hic and hoc sumus nocturno,
Huzza for the jolly old moon!"

'Why, Garret, vintner, art asleep, man?' inquired the captain. 'Why dost thou not join in the burden?' 'To your hand, captain,' exclaimed Weasel, rousing himself and piping forth the chorus:—

'Hic and hoc sumus nocturno,
Huzza for the jolly old moon!"

which he did not fail to repeat at the top of his voice at each return. Dauntrees proceeded:

'She trails a royal following,
And a merry mad court doth keep,
With her chirping boys that walk in the shade,
And wake when the balliff's asleep.
Sing, Hic and hoc sumus nocturno,
Huzza for the jolly old moon!"

Master owl he is her chancellor,
And the bat is his serving-man;
They tell no tales of what they see,
But wink when we turn up the can.
Sing, Hic and hoc sumus nocturno,
Huzza for the jolly old moon!"

Her chorister is Goodman Frog,
With a glow-worm for his link;
And all who would make court to her,
Are fain, good faith! to drink.

Sing, Hic and hoc sumus nocturno,
Huzza for the jolly old moon!"

This ditty was scarcely concluded — for it was spun out with several noisy repetitions of the chorus—before the troop reined up at the gate of the fort. The drowsy sentinel undid the bolt at the captain's summons, and in a very short space the wearied adventurers were stretched in the enjoyment of that most satisfactory of physical comforts, the deep sleep of tired men."

We are sorry that we cannot do more for the bucaniers, and other well-drawn personages, who figure in this work; but in truth, extract is impossible, and we must dismiss it with the commendations we have bestowed.

Arboretum et Fruticetum Britannicum; or, the Trees and Shrubs of Britain, Native and Foreign, Hardy and Half-Hardy, Pictorially and Botanically delineated, and Scientifically and Popularly Described; with their Propagation, Culture, Management, Uses, &c. By J. C. Loudon, F.L.S. and H.S.S. 8 vols. 8vo. Illustrated with above 2500 Engravings, and about 400 8vo. and 4to. Plates. London, 1838. Longman and Co.

THE great mass of information respecting trees and shrubs, collected together in these volumes, and the numerous and beautifully executed wood engravings, render this work one of great interest, not only to the botanist and practical cultivator, but the amateur and general reader. Common as trees are, and continually as we see them before our eyes, there are few subjects on which general readers are worse informed. The hard names and cramped phrases of the botanist seem to close the door against all passing intruders, who wish merely to take a glimpse of the objects of his science; and few persons who have not studied botany have an idea of there being more than half-a-dozen or a dozen different kinds of trees, even in the most extensive plantations. All these persons will be delighted with Mr. Loudon's *Arboretum*; as in the popular part of the work, which occupies nearly two-thirds of the whole, he describes so many different and beautiful trees growing in the immediate neighbourhood of London, as must give a great additional interest to every morning drive taken two or three miles out of town, or even round the Regent's Park.

We shall now offer a few extracts, taken from the different portions of the work. It must be observed that Mr. Loudon not only gives descriptions, &c. of his trees, and their uses for timber, but he details the uses made of their

fruit; and, as many of our readers may remember Mr. James's amusing description, in one of his late works, of the cake called *la galette*, which is made of chestnut flour, we shall quote Mr. Loudon's description of the uses to which the fruit of the chestnut is applied in the south of Europe.

"The principal countries where the chestnut is employed as an important article of food are, the South of France and the North of Italy, where it serves, in a great measure, as a substitute for both the bread and potatoes of more northern nations. In these countries it becomes a matter of importance to preserve the chestnuts during winter; and, accordingly, great care is taken in gathering, keeping, and drying them, so as to ensure a constant supply. When the chestnuts are ripe, those that are to be preserved are collected every day from the ground on which they have fallen from the tree, and spread out in a dry airy place, till the whole is gathered together. But, as it is often a considerable time before the chestnuts are all ripe enough to fall from the tree, if the season be so far advanced as to be in danger of snow or heavy rains, after the fallen chestnuts have been collected and set on one side for drying, the tree is beaten with long poles, to knock off the remaining fruit. This operation is called *gauler les châtaignes*. But the fruit thus collected is only considered fit for immediate use; and the greater part of it is carried to the local market, or sent to Paris. The husks of the chestnuts beaten off the trees being generally attached to the nuts, they are trodden off by peasants furnished with heavy sabots, when the nuts are wanted for immediate use; but, when the chestnuts are to be preserved a few months, they are generally kept in their husks in heaps in the open air, or in barrels of sand, which are actually sometimes sprinkled with water in very dry seasons, in order to preserve the full and plump appearance of the nuts. One of the modes of drying chestnuts, in order to preserve them for several years, is, to place those which have been collected from the ground on coarse riddles, sieves, or hurdles, in a dry airy place, and afterwards to expose them to the sun; or to boil them for a quarter of an hour, and then dry them in an oven. In Simois and Périgord, where the chestnut flour is used for making the kind of cake called *la galette*, and the thick porridge called *la polenta*, which are the common food of the peasantry, the chestnuts are dried with smoke. A thin layer of nuts, which have been deprived of their outer husks, is laid on a kind of kiln pierced with holes; and a fire is made below with the husks, and part of the wood of the tree, which is only permitted to smoulder, and is not suffered to burst into a flame. In a short time the chestnuts begin to sweat; that is, their superabundant moisture oozes out through their skins. The fire is then immediately extinguished, and the chestnuts are suffered to become quite cold. They are then thrown on one side, and a fresh layer is spread out, and subjected to the same process. When a sufficient quantity of chestnuts is thus prepared, to cover the floor of the kiln, at least one foot deep, they are laid upon it, and a gentle fire is made below, which is gradually augmented during two or three days, and is then continued during nine or ten days, the chestnuts being regularly turned, like malt, till the nuts part readily from their skins: they are then put into sacks, which have been previously wet, and thrashed with sticks, or rubbed upon a large bench or table; after which they are winnowed, and are

then ready for the mill. During the process of drying, the fire is watched night and day; and the under side of the floor of the kiln (or hurdles, if these have been used as a substitute for a paved floor) must be frequently swept, to clear it from the soot. The dust which escapes from the chestnuts, when they are winnowed, together with the broken nuts, are carefully preserved for feeding cattle, and are called in France *biscat*. The most general modes of cooking chestnuts in France are, boiling them in water, either simply, with a little salt, or with leaves of celery, sage, or any herbs that may be approved of, to give them a flavour; and roasting them, either in hot ashes, or in a coffee-roaster. They are also occasionally roasted before the fire, or on a shovel, as in England, but, when thus prepared, they are thought not so good. In whatever way the chestnuts are roasted, the French cooks always slit the skin of all except one; and when that cracks and flies off they know that the rest are done. Chestnut flour is kept in casks, or in earthen bottles well corked: and it will remain good for years. *La galette* is a species of thick flat cake, which is made without yeast, and baked on a kind of girdle, or iron plate, or on a hot flat stone. It is generally mixed with milk and a little salt, and is sometimes made richer by the addition of eggs and butter; and sometimes, when baked, it is covered with a rich custard before serving. *La polenta* is made by boiling the chestnut flour in water or milk, and continually stirring it, till it has become quite thick, and will no longer stick to the fingers. When made with water, it is frequently eaten with milk in the manner that oatmeal porridge is in Scotland. Besides these modes of dressing chestnuts, which are common in Italy as well as in France, many others might be mentioned; particularly a kind of *bouilli*, called *châtigna*, which is made by boiling the entire chestnuts, after they have been dried and freed from their skins, in water, with a little salt, till they become soft, and then breaking and mixing them together like mashed potatoes; and a sweetmeat called *marrons glacés*, which is made by dipping the marrons into clarified sugar, and then drying them, and which is common in the confectioners' shops in Paris."

Every one has heard of Venice turpentine, and may know that it is procured from the larch, but the following description of the mode of procuring it will, probably, be new to our readers.

"To obtain the turpentine, trees are chosen which are neither too young nor too old; as only full-grown trees, not yet in a state of decay, will yield good turpentine. When the sap begins to be in motion, in spring, if a few drops of turpentine are seen exuding from the bark, it is a proof that the tree is full of resinous juice; and, if the trunks were split, there would be found, five inches or six inches from the heart of the tree, and eight inches or ten inches from the bark, several dépôts of liquid resin, contained in cavities which are sometimes one inch thick, three inches or four inches broad, and as much in height. In a trunk of forty feet in length, as many as six of these large reservoirs of liquid resin have been found, and several smaller ones. When the wood of a tree cut down in this state is sawed up, a cut with a hatchet will make the turpentine flow abundantly; and the sawyers often find the movement of the saw impeded by it. Young and vigorous larches have none of these reservoirs, which appear not to be formed till the tree has attained its full growth; and it is, consequently, in this state only that the tree is

in a fit condition for being pierced for the extraction of its resin. The peasants of the valley of St. Martin, in the Pays de Vaud, use augers nearly an inch in diameter, with which they pierce the full-grown larches in different places, beginning at three feet or four feet from the ground, and mounting gradually to ten feet or twelve feet. They choose, generally, the south side of the tree, and, when practicable, the knots formed by branches which have been broken or cut off, and through which the turpentine is seen exuding naturally. The holes are always made in a slanting direction, in order that the turpentine may flow out of them more freely; and care is always taken not to penetrate to the centre of the tree. To these holes are fixed gutters made of larch wood, which are one inch and a half wide, and from fifteen inches to twenty inches long. One of the ends of each gutter terminates in a peg, through the centre of which is bored a hole about one inch and a half in diameter. This end of the gutter is forced into the hole made in the tree, and the other end is led into a small bucket, or trough, which receives the turpentine. In the countries where larches are abundant, particularly in the Briançonnais and the Vallois, may be seen, in the fine weather of spring, a prodigious quantity of little buckets at the foot of the trees, each attached to a tree by a slender tube, or gutter, through which the clear limpid turpentine, glittering in the sun, trickles down, and soon fills the bucket; while, every morning and evening, the peasants hasten from tree to tree, examining their buckets, taking away, or emptying those that are full, and replacing them with empty ones. This harvest, if so it may be called, continues from May till September; and the turpentine requires no other preparation, to render it fit for sale, than straining it through a coarse hair-cloth, to free it from leaves, or any other accidental impurities that may have fallen into it. When a hole made in a tree does not produce turpentine, or when the turpentine ceases to flow, the hole is stopped with a peg, and not opened for a fortnight or three weeks. When these holes are reopened, the turpentine is generally found to flow from them in greater abundance than from the other holes in the tree, and they continue to give still more and more, till the flow of the sap is stopped in autumn by the cold. A full-grown healthy larch, if tapped when of the proper age, will yield seven or eight pound of turpentine every year, for forty or fifty years."

With regard to the profit to be obtained by planting, there is much interesting information in this work, which should be read attentively by every landed proprietor. The love of one's country, and the wish of upholding England as monarch of the seas, are strong motives for planting oaks for the use of the navy; but the length of time which must elapse before the trees can be cut down, confines this kind of planting to the rich magnates of the land. No such objection holds good against the larch. An oak tree is not fit for naval timber till it is from ninety to a hundred and fifty years old; and it has been calculated that it requires the produce of fifty acres to build one 74-gun ship; but the quick growth of the larch prevents the necessity of waiting thus long for the return of capital, and renders it the most eligible of all timber trees for planting, where the proprietor possesses land in a suitable situation.

"There is no name (says Mr. Loudon) that stands so high, and so deservedly high, in the list of successful planters, as that of the late

John, duke of Athol. His grace planted, in the last years of his life, 6500 Scotch acres of mountain ground solely with the larch, which, in the course of seventy-two years from the time of planting, will be a forest of timber, fit for the building of the largest class of ships in her majesty's navy. Before it is cut down for this purpose, it will have been thinned out to about 400 trees per acre. Each tree will contain at the least 50 cubic feet, or one load of timber; which, at the low price of one shilling per cubic foot (only one half of its present value), will give 1000*l.* per acre, or, in all, a sum of 6,500,000*l.* sterling!! Besides this, there will have been a return of 7*l.* per acre from the thinnings, after deducting all expense of thinning and the original outlay of planting. Further still, the land on which the larch is planted is not worth above from ninepence to a shilling per acre. After the thinning of the first thirty years, the larch will make it worth at least ten shillings an acre, by the improvement of the pasturage, upon which cattle can be kept summer and winter."

Indeed, there is no part of the *Arboretum Britannicum* more interesting, in a national point of view, than the facts which Mr. Loudon has brought together respecting the rapid growth of the larch, on soil fit for little else than planting; the durability of its timber, which is always greatest on such soils, and the numerous uses to which it is applicable both in civil and naval architecture. Mr. Loudon has made no imaginary calculations, but has drawn all his conclusions from facts on record, and chiefly from the experience of the Duke of Athol, in his extensive larch plantations already mentioned. Perhaps the most astonishing fact respecting the larch is, that a man who begins to plant this tree at twenty-one years of age, should he live to seventy, may see a frigate built from trees of his own planting. The larch, in short, as naval timber, is to the oak, what the railroad is to the common road.

We have confined ourselves to quotations of the useful kind; but if we had room we might give proofs that the work is as entertaining as it is instructive, and that it may be read with pleasure both by the young and the old. Mr. Loudon not only treats of the history, geography, uses, propagation, &c. of trees and shrubs, but he gives us information respecting the insects which live on them; the fungi and mosses which grow on them; the diseases by which they are attacked; the birds which they feed, or which make their nests in them; the superstitions respecting them; and their legendary and poetical associations.

Can it be necessary to recommend such a book to those who already know Mr. Loudon's encyclopædias? We need only say, that in the *Arboretum et Fruticetum Britannicum* he has far surpassed himself; he is, in short, the Evelyn of the nineteenth century, and we do not know that we can award him higher praise.

Sketches of Scenery in the Basque Provinces of Spain, with a Selection of National Music, arranged for Piano-Forte and Guitar: illustrated by Notes and Reminiscences connected with the War in Biscay and Castile. By Henry Wilkinson, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, and late Staff-Surgeon in the British Legion. Imperial 4to. pp. 80. London, 1838. Ackermann and Co.

THIS volume gives us some vivid descriptions of the many horrors, miseries, and privations witnessed and suffered by the luckless British Legion during the late campaign. Placed in a situation (that of staff-surgeon) where the more

painful scenes attendant upon warfare would necessarily pass under his eye, Mr. Wilkinson could scarcely avoid mixing such with his lighter and more agreeable task of scenic description; from the former we select the following:—

"Here I also found that gallant young officer Dupont, who had suffered amputation of the thigh the previous evening. He received me in a singular manner, evincing the most philosophical indifference for his serious loss.

Unfortunate, but it is the chance of war; hard knocks were to be expected! Of what use would it be to grieve now? it would never restore me my lost leg, and would certainly be prejudicial to my recovery." Such were his words, and there was nothing assumed in his manner,—his bearing was natural, easy, and frank, and I could not but admire his surprising coolness. I may as well conclude his history here. He did well the three or four weeks he remained in Irun. After that period had elapsed, the wounded officers were collected from the different hospitals, placed in a boat on the Bidassoa, and brought round the coast to San Sebastian. I remember being told of their arrival, and hastening down to offer my assistance in their removal. I found the boat aground in the deep mud of the harbour, and it was even difficult for an active man to get on board. The wounded were, consequently, detained some time in their uncomfortable position. How fared it with the brave and philosophical Dupont? After shaking hands with Ormsby and De Burgh, I spoke to him. I was struck with the querulous tone of his voice, so different from what it was on my first seeing him after his loss. His pulse was quick, his skin was hot and dry, and fears arose in my mind for his life. I observed a sheet stretched along the bottom of the boat, and inquired what it covered. He shuddered, and recoiled with horror, as he replied, 'The body of poor Pheelan, who died on our short passage here. This it is that has shocked me the most, and I am afraid I shall soon follow him.' There was an earnestness and solemnity about his voice and manner that made me feel sure he spoke prophetically. Dupont was removed to his billet, was attacked by feverish symptoms, and, in spite of the most unremitting care and attention, fell a victim within three weeks' time. He was buried on the castle hill of San Sebastian, amongst the fallen brave."

And again:—"I pass over the sickening horrors of that flight: suffice it to say, that many officers and men sunk to the earth in a state of complete physical exhaustion, and, with the powers of the mind in full activity, they waited till the bloodhounds came up to despatch them. Thus perished the talented but eccentric Carnaby, the warm-hearted Dalrymple, the wild and jovial O'Brien, and many men of the Rifles and Scotch. Captain Harris, who escaped, was several times on the point of giving up the race, but he was prevented by a gallant fellow, an orderly of Colonel Wilson's, who, although wounded through the arm, persisted in forcing him onwards. That officer told me that he passed Carnaby and Dalrymple, and heard the dying shrieks of O'Brien. How affecting the description he gave of their hopeless parting: 'Oh, Harris, help me, help me, or I fail!' 'Cheer up, Carnaby, and you may yet escape; I cannot help you—I can scarcely move myself.' 'Then farewell, Harris, for here I wait my death.' The imagination quails before the picture presented to the mind, of the bitter moments of agony endured by these fine young men, till their

murderers came up. The thoughts of the homes they were never more to see,—of relatives and friends whose hands they would never again grasp,—the more tender recollections of the husband or lover,—all concentrated in the brief period of a few short minutes, must have been keener far than the bayonet that terminated their existence."

An anecdote in the commencement of the march is amusing, though it also terminates sadly.

"He was established with a brother-officer in an excellent billet, containing two deliciously clean beds. They had not been long in possession, when a comfortable and substantial-looking man, rather beyond the middle age, entered the house, and claimed possession. A hot altercation was the result; but the affair was settled by Jenner's kindly giving up one bed to the new comer. Provisions were scarce with the assistant-surgeon and his friend,—imagine, then, their delight on seeing an immense cauteen brought into the room, containing abundance of good things, in the shape of tea, coffee, sugar, preserves, and cherry-brandy. Their delight amounted to ecstasy when a huge Yorkshire ham and a number of eggs were produced. The party made an excellent supper, and as the wine warmed the heart of the old commissary, (for such he proved to be) he began to descant on the annoyances he had endured during our march. He had lost some of his baggage, and been frightened to death by a few shots fired at our force, in passing through an extensive forest. He had imagined that our marches would be very much the same as those of detachments moving from town to town in England, over good roads, and with the advantage of baggage-wagons. Once on the subject of home, by a natural enough transition, he described in glowing terms the comforts he had left behind in his house at Norwood. 'What an old fool I was to come out here, where no living creature cares for me! How differently was I estimated at home! My wife and daughters looked up to me as a superior being. Every wish I formed was anticipated. I jumped into the omnibus in the morning, reached the city, transacted my little business, and by half-past four was set down at my own door. Oh, what a confounded old fool I was, to leave my little villa at Norwood, to come soldiering in Spain!' Poor fellow, he never saw his cherished home again; he fell a victim to the demulating pestilence that raged at Vittoria."

Some thirty pages, at the end of the volume, are devoted to a pleasant collection of Spanish music. Mr. W. says:—

"He fears these latter most beautiful melodies will lose considerably by their English adaptation. The language to which they have been hitherto united is the Basque or Bascuense, a dialect as totally different to [from] pure Castilian as the Welsh language to [from] the English. Heard in that wild country, amidst the sublime works of nature, and gushing forth without art from bands of children, these airs possessed an indescribable charm, and produced an effect it would be hopeless to attempt to imitate in an English drawing-room."

Nevertheless, several of these airs are very delightful, and grow upon the ear on repetition. The embellishments are,—"*Renteria*;" "*Plains and City of Vittoria*;" "*Alza, Renteria, and Lezo*;" "*Position of Lord John Hay, at Passages*;" "*Port of Passages*;" "*Carlisle Fort, El Parque, with Fontarabia, and Mouth of the Bidassoa*;" "*Irun, with Mount San Martial and the Bridge of Behobia*;" "*Fontarabia, with the Convent and*

Bridge of Capauchinos;" "*Fontarabia*;" "*Hernani*;" "*San Sebastian*;" "*Burial-place of British Officers on the Castle Hill of San Sebastian*."

Parallèle des Langues de l'Europe et de l'Inde, &c.; avec un Essai de Transcription Générale. Par F. G. Eichhoff, &c. 4to. Paris, 1836. *Essay on the Nature, Age, and Origin of the Sanscrit Writing and Language.* By E. W. Wale, D.D. M.R.I.A. 4to. Dublin, 1838.

SINCE the appearance of Grimms' earlier volumes, and the more immediate and consequent researches of Bopp, the learned world have turned their eyes, with no common curiosity, to Hindostan; and, with a sage consistency, equally remarkable and creditable to the actual enlightened state of the age, while they have steadily refused to recognise the history of India as affording a clue to that of Europe, they have as steadily insisted that, on the sister subject of languages, the former should afford the most satisfactory key to the latter. A modification of the two points might, possibly, produce a nearer approach to the truth; but it is our misfortune, that even the few who have attempted this course have been induced, at the same time and by way of counterpoise, to embrace an opposite error with a zeal equal to that of their adversaries—and which, in truth, always distinguishes every portion of mankind whenever they are obviously in the wrong.

The two works before us are singularly illustrative of the two classes,—the orthodox and the infidel,—who with rival zeal approach the Jaganât idol of Sanscrit science and monstrosity, to venerate or destroy. M. Eichhoff is a true believer; he takes all that has been asserted on the subject for granted; and, seeing the system complete, and in vogue before him, he never doubts of its perfection, but cordially adopts the creed of languages, and employs, for its illustration and support, all the elaboration of labour and thought robbing the genius of his fancy in a tissue of no ordinary eloquence and elegant simplicity.

Dr. Wale, on the contrary, is an impugner of Sanscrit antiquity; but, in order to assail it with effect, he has raised up to the level of its walls, after the fashion of ancient besiegers, a mound of his own, in the shape of the Greek system, and which, we fear, would offer little or no resistance to any sally of his opponents. He has connected, too, this Greek system with some portion of the Hebrew, but with rather more ingenuity than success; and crowned the whole with a kind of horn-work, in the shape of hypotheses and assertion springing from his own head entirely, and carried to a height that satisfactorily rivals the labours of Diabolus, when, according to honest John Bunyan, he "built up a wall before Mr. Understanding's house, so that he could see nothing from his parlour windows." But though he thus established

"a formidable dyke
Betwixt his own and others' intellect,"

in one part of his argument, we are bound to say, that there is much reason, force, and truth, in portions of Dr. Wale's work; and these require careful inspection, and a complete refutation, before the integrity of the Sanscrit can be insisted upon by its admirers.

We cannot conceive where, in the Scriptures, is to be found any authority for that simultaneous perfection of utterance, and intuitive ability, which, according to M. Eichhoff, Dr. Kidd, and some other writers, were bestowed upon Adam by the Deity. In the age of John-son, it might have been allowable to reason

upon Speech as a single operation, or gift, and to confound the state of its subsequent cultivation, in some one of the stages, with the enunciation of the First Man. But there exists no ground whatever for this supposition in the Scriptures themselves; and from all we can see in examining the wrecks of language and dialect, the system being every where obviously progressive, there is, or may be, much room to doubt whether the language of our first parents was not a simple articulation—a medium, possibly, between the insonant utterance of animals (not uniform, because varying with various emotions) and the improved monosyllables of the Chinese, artificially modulated by tones and notes, ascending, descending, and sustained, or simply continuous. Chinese writers have compared their tongue with the Sanscrit, though but partially in every sense of the word: a bolder and more efficient comparison, though, unfortunately, but too limited hitherto, has been instituted, or rather inculcated, by a few of our own countrymen. Without granting the originality claimed by the Chinese, we are certainly disposed to admit so far their claim to an earliest antiquity, inasmuch as we hold the monosyllable form of their language to be an incontestable evidence of original formation.

We not only concur entirely in the remarks of Dr. Wale, that Hebrew letters were originally syllables—and the slightest comparison between the Zend and Hebrew will shew, that, in corresponding words, the first is only a cultivated form of the latter; but we do not hesitate also to declare our opinion, in opposition to M. Eichhoff and a favourite European notion, that what we now call vowels were at first undistinguished from other consonants. The early Syriac alphabet, or syllabary, is one proof of this; the pointing of the short vowels, as in Hebrew and Arabic, a second; the nasal aspirates and vocalisation of the older Persians, a third. The Ethiopic, a fourth instance, brings this down to a late period; and, if further confirmation be wanting, it is found not only in this, forming the sole explainable basis of the cuneiform character, but also, and more undeniably, in the unquestionable evidence of the Sanscrit itself; where, not only in the case adduced by Dr. Wale, but continually, the long vowel does not give vocality to the consonant it follows, but preserves its own sound perfectly distinct from the short vocalic produced by the utterance of the foregoing consonant.

If Dr. Wale had recollected the passage to which we have referred respecting the Syriac alphabetic invention, he might have added to the argument adduced from Nicophorus, the fact, that the Ethiopic alphabet was rather a restoration than an invention. But we entirely coincide in his opinion of the great mistake of Abel Rémusat, and, in truth, we ourselves look upon the basis assumed by the latter as the fundamental error that pervades his "Dissertation on the Tartar Dialects," and perpetually embarrasses his conclusions. The distinction of consonant and vowel is clearly a refinement, for it must have succeeded the earliest utterance and simple recognition of both sounds.

We must, consequently, dissent entirely from the opinion of M. Eichhoff, that, in the first instance, the perfection of the organs and their extreme delicacy permitted a crowd of varied inflexions, imperceptible at the present day; the vowels, in their sonorous modulation, being the spontaneous cries of the soul, while the more firm and articulate consonants characterised a deeper impression, and marked thoughts by a single trait.

Notwithstanding our occasional agreement with Dr. Wale, and the praise we have bestowed upon a portion of his Essay, we must observe, that there are many important points touched upon to which he does not appear to have given sufficient consideration. We cannot understand the necessity of presuming the Sanscrit to be derived from the Abyssinian, merely because there was a communication between the two countries in the sixth century of the Christian era. The communication between England and the United States comes down far later, yet England and the English alphabet are not derived from America. To Oriental scholars, whom we presume Dr. Wale addresses, the communication in question, long before the time of the Caliph Omar, is familiarly known, and does not require the evidence of two pages from Montfaucon to establish it now. Nor is there any force in the assertion that no alphabet can be proved to be original, for this proof is clearly an impossibility in itself. His Greek origin for the Egyptian alphabet is at least amusing, if not novel. His assertion of the cuneiform Persian, as Syriac letters, is consistent, if not satisfactory; and the cause assigned for the superabundance of Sanscrit letters is not only new, but likely to remain so. What is meant by the Indian finding no example in any Asiatic writing for syllables beginning with a vowel, "for none of the Shemite class afford an example" of it, we do not attempt to comprehend. Were there none but Shemite languages in Asia twelve hundred years since? Was there no Græco-Bactrian sovereignty, nor alphabet? No Greek alphabet there for the casket copy of Alexander's Homer? Did not the ancient Persian prefix a vowel to many consonants? Did not the Hebrew itself take a form both vocal and aspirate in the same manner? Or is this not a Shemite language? And has Dr. Wale even seen the inscriptions of Persepolis? We trust that before he again enters the difficult field of Sanscrit controversy, the obvious marks of superficiality and inconsiderateness, both as to the astronomy and grammar, and not of the Brahmins alone, will be erased by Dr. Wale from his books.

Although we have at the very outset expressed our dissent from the opening portion of M. Eichhoff's volume, we freely grant him all the praise—and this is no trifle—that his work deserves. Based upon a principle which, even if erroneous, is at least admitted by the far larger proportion of scholars and the most eminent Orientalists, both of this country and the Continent, the laborious researches of M. Eichhoff serve every where to confirm the proposition he has undertaken, and by a series of instances evident to the simplest comprehension. To a course of demonstration that has reflected immortal honour upon Grimm and Bopp, is superadded a general view of language itself, and its divisions into the different families of the human race, with a care and accuracy of arrangement, a depth of thought, and a tried perspicuity of detail and definition, that leaves ever after the writer's object and views an integral portion of the reader's mind. The glow of a brilliant fancy illuminating the deeps of science is aided, too, by the charm of a classic purity of expression almost unknown to philology. Often as the subject before us has formed the theme of learned dissertation, we do not remember ever to have met with it in such happy groupings as fill the commencing portion of Dr. Eichhoff's work, and demand for it a place in every library.

Regarding the Hebrew Scriptures as the safe and sound records of man's earliest history,

we have, nevertheless, objected to giving them a species of commentarial belief, a faith of deductions, unsupported altogether by their proper evidence, but founded merely upon argumentative conclusions, drawn from them in days when comparative philology had no existence, and the theorists, consequently, who formed these conclusions had no scientific basis upon which to ground their doctrines. It is clear that such writers, however learned, were not so capable of judging as ourselves, with the lights of the present day before our eyes; and, therefore, that the errors which they have attached to the Scriptures ought to be most carefully distinguished from the holy text; and this for the sake of faith, no less than of science. We read of names bestowed on beasts, and instructions given to man, by his great Creator; but what right have we to suppose these were not all expressed by simple sounds? We find in the later relations of society novel discoveries of every kind arising on the scenes, and novel situations formed out of novel and more intricate complications—just as the game of chess is more complicated than that of draughts.* To those novelties in life fresh names are applied; which, in the earlier stages of society, were as unknown as the positions they represent. Who can say, therefore, that syllables do not combine progressively, as words increase, in proportion to the increase of the ideas they represent? M. Eichhoff is surely, then, asserting a questionable case, if not a positive error of fact, when he affirms, that "language is not a gradual invention, the result of long combination." Let us but examine the remains of the oldest and rudest languages that are left to us, and we shall see grounds for, at least, withholding our consent to this long-received, but very doubtful assumption. The author himself seems to support our scepticism, when he affirms, "We can only receive as fact that primitive words must have been few in number, and all monosyllabic." And he goes on to shew that simple terms must have been subsequently analogically applied to analogies, as height and depth, cavity and projection, light and warmth, cold and darkness, are expressed by the same sounds. Facts which evidence incontestably that what we now call figures of speech are, in truth, only substitutions, arising from paucity of language, in every age and country of the world.

There is much truth, as well as beauty, in the view of language originally, as taken by M. Eichhoff; and we extract the following passage from his second head; namely, division of languages:—

"The history of languages is the basis of that of nations amidst the thick darkness that covers the early ages of the world, amongst the errors and fables wherewith each people has surrounded its cradle; it forms the clue that directs us with method and probability at least, if not with certainty, marking the analogies and differences in the human family; characterising each successive generation; and printing on the changeable soil those traces of its rapid passage which so many succeeding events seem to have effaced for ever. What, in fact, can general history teach us of the first establishments of men, of their customs, their divisions, the formation of tribes, and their respective dispersions? Who has followed their silent march across deserts, rivers, and mountains, and seen the vast web of nations spreading progressively over the

* Or, as proficients in the former play more complicated games than mere novices.

earth? A single volume, in a few sublime pages, has given us a glimpse of this imposing mystery; but, confined to great truths, it proclaims the original unity of nations without tracing the outline of their vicissitudes. There, where history is mute and revealed tradition has paused, what guide remains to us for this most interesting research if not comparative ethnography, which can in some shape reconstruct the world as at its birth, by the union of geography with the science of languages (*la linguistique*), the general movement of its population?"

The ample view of nations and languages that follows is, as we have already remarked, so full of clearness, perspicuity, and beauty, that we shall not be surprised to see it published, with, indeed, the whole of this portion, in a separate volume, as admirably calculated for every library and table where knowledge is desirable in her most graceful form. One theory, doubtless, is as good as another, where all are so questionably supported; but we must confess, nevertheless, that we do not see how an Indo-Persian race could have formed "that ethnographical tribe cradled in the lovely and smiling valley of Cashmere;" a fact we consider more than apocryphal: but it is only doing justice to M. Eichhoff to notice how forcibly, adopting this point as the common centre, he has thrown off, like radii, the diverging races that, from the land of their birth-place, traversed Asia and Europe, the islands of the East and the West, to people the earth and to enjoy it.

We must, however, object, and formally, to the application of the term Indian for the Sanscrit language, even if we grant, as a matter of general belief, that this ancient tongue is really the original of Hindostan. This fertile source of controversy is not the point of our objection; but, till it can be shewn demonstratively that the fact is so, we must oppose a nomenclature that has no basis, but, philologically speaking, of assumption; and that discards the recognised forms and terms of science on this head, to introduce an arbitrary appellation in a novel and contradictory sense to its received usage, thereby confusing by science what science would strive to simplify. On what ground can the Sanscrit be more Indian, *par excellence*, than the Tamul, a language pronounced by the highest living authority for the former, and assuredly one of its warmest, but at the same time, wisest advocates (Professor Wilson), to be of quite equal antiquity with the Sanscrit, and essentially different from it? If M. Eichhoff cannot prove that this last perfect language has given rise to the imperfect, instead of being improved from some, or all of them, as seems most natural, what right can he have to take their proper denomination to designate this one? And is not the term Sanscrit as well, or rather infinitely better understood, and a more appropriate epithet for that perfected tongue, than the vague generality implied by the word Indian? Would the learned writer inflict upon us a second confusion like that already existing, and bewildering philologists in the term *Persian*, used to designate at once the *generic* and the *specific*, and often also two individuals of this latter class into the bargain—the *Parsi* and the *Persic*, as they are sometimes called? Is the Hebrew, we would ask, Indian? Is the Pali, Indian? Yet do not these enter deeply into the composition of the Sanscrit? To say nothing of affinities with the Chinese. Why, then, should M. Eichhoff endeavour to render a complex and generic denomination

simple, in order to consider *simple* that which calls itself *compound*?

It is this disposition to prefer one particular system that leads M. Eichhoff, we conceive, to affirm so confidently that the warlike Persians wrote in the arrow-head character before they had a special alphabet. This is a point that cannot be taken for granted; we know the cuneiform to be as old as the Persian invasion of Scythia; it may be much older: but whence came the reputed Greek characters added at the siege of Troy? If M. Eichhoff will examine, he will find them to be Persian. And this simple fact shews the danger of taking possibilities for certainties.

Another assertion, not less confident, nor less unfortunate, is that the Greeks took their alphabet from Phœnician, or Chaldean. Now, whence comes the Chaldean alphabet? A glance at several of its forms shews them contracted from the arrow-head character, and not through Phœnician or Samaritan medium. How, according to our author's theory, is this possible? The fact is the more striking from M. Eichhoff's own remark, that, "in spite of the Indian origin of nearly all the European tongues, their first written alphabet was the Phœnician or Hebrew." A salutary scepticism would surely have doubted, or looked further, if only from this one statement.

The errors of learning are a thankless, though necessary, task for the critic; and we turn from these oversights, the result of receiving blindly the reigning impossibilities of opinion, to a general view of our author's object. This, as he states it himself, is to afford a view of the original or radical forms of words, so that students of various tongues may have their labours simplified by seeing at a glance the affinities of words and languages. We are happy to say that this laborious, but useful, task is performed most satisfactorily by the method adopted; and strongly recommend M. Eichhoff's work as equally instructive and entertaining in both the general, or lighter, and the scientific portions.—A rare praise.

Music and Friends.

[Second notice.]

AMID the influx of new publications, we shall only return to this work to give one extract from the second volume.

"In the summer I paid a visit to Mr. Anacreon Moore, when he resided at Mayfield Cottage, Derbyshire. He met me at the bridge-foot, where I alighted from the coach, a little beyond Ashbourne, and took me a near way over the fields. When we came to the top of the hill which commanded a view of the spangled vale below, I exclaimed,

'I can tell, by that smoke that so gracefully curls
Above the green elms, that your cottage is near!'

He was pleased with the quotation (the well-known song of 'The Woodpecker'), and we stopped a few minutes to survey the richness of the landscape. On arriving, it was delightful to be welcomed by his graceful wife, who was assiduous in entertaining her company. The condition imposed upon his visitors was to tarry with him only a certain number of days, having but one spare nest, which was to receive another bird the moment the former had flown. Another stipulation was, that immediately after breakfast he should be left alone till within an hour of dinner; he was then devoted to you for the remainder of the day. As he was desirous of shewing me the country, he broke through his plan, and formed a picnic party, with a neighbouring family, for the next day. His object was to shew me the

romantic district, Dovedale, not more than two or three miles from his abode. The morning was fine, and we had an ass to carry the provisions. We proceeded by the way of Okeover Hall, and I was treated with a sight of that exquisite painting, the *Madona* by Raphael. In our walk, the most beautiful spots were pointed out by the bard. When we lolled round our table-cloth, spread upon a luxuriant bank by the murmuring Dove, it was delightful to hear the tone of his voice. He felt inspired amid the scenery, and, having passed the live-long day, we left the happy valley with reluctance, to stroll home in the evening. The next morning I was shewn into the library, and while there, a letter came from Mr. Jeffrey, complimenting him upon the learned review of the *Fathers* which he had written for the 'Edinburgh Review.' So much erudition was displayed in that article, that the editor sent him a *carte blanche*, pressing him to choose his own subject, and he should not be surprised if his next communication was a learned disquisition on astronomy. He put into my hands a MS. book, in the handwriting of Lord Byron, a memorial of his extraordinary life. I had scarcely feasted my eyes many seconds, when a carriage drove up full of ladies, to make a morning call. He said, 'I must take this book from you, I dare not let it lie about.' It was instantly put under lock and key."

We do not think Moore will feel complimented by having the authorship of "The Woodpecker" attributed to him.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Scrap-Book; Moral and Religious. Extracts from esteemed English Authors. By Charles Woodfall. Pp. 280. London, W. Ball and Co., Hatchard and Son, Nisbet and Co.; Edinburgh, Johnstone; Dublin, Curry and Co.

WE are well pleased to see the name of Woodfall, so well known and much respected in our literature, attached to a selection like the present, which does so much credit to the feeling and judgment of the selector. We think there must be nearly a hundred excellently chosen passages from the finest lights in the beautiful circle of our sacred writers.

The Menageries. The Natural History of Monkeys, Opossums, and Lemurs. 2 vols. Vol. I. Pp. 443. London, 1838. Knight.

A VOLUME, under the auspices of "the Society for the Diffusion of Entertaining Knowledge," and contains popular accounts of nineteen of the curious creatures belonging to the monkey tribes, with woodcuts of their half-human varieties.

Arabian Nights, Parts I. and II. (London, J. Thomas; W. Smith; Simpkin and Co.)—While Lane's admirable edition of these famous tales are going through the press, the editors of the present parts have thought it a good time to bring out the old text in a cheap form with notes, &c., by M. G. Moir Bussey, and engravings from the designs of R. Smirke. Price is the great recommendation.

The Sporting Review, No. 1. (London, Ackermann.)—The Sportsman, No. 1, New Series.—The first of these exhibits a *split* between Nimrod and his old *oams* in the "Old Sporting Magazine," and the "New Sporting Magazine;" against both of whom he discharges a rattling shot from his well-charged fowling-piece. The review then takes up the usual sporting subjects, and treats them with diligence in the collection of intelligence and spirit in other parts. "The Sportsman" is a new start with a periodical of some standing, with the former course of which we are very little acquainted. It has two nice plates of horses and a dog.

The Farmers' Magazine, No. 1.—Addressed to the agricultural classes, and containing accounts of cattle shows, improvements in machinery, breeding, farming, &c. It is also a break in the series, and we know little of its precursors.

The Belle Assemblée is another and similar break in a series which has reached ten volumes; all about fashions, dresses, and tales of deep interest for readers who delight in such productions.

Ure's Dictionary of Arts, Manufactures, and Mines, Part V. (London, Longman and Co.)—The value of this work increases with every publication. This Part treats of gold, gems, flax, foundling, gas, glass-making, and other important branches of industry.

The Popular Cyclopædia, Vol. VI. Part II. (Glasgow, Blackie and Son.)—The popular work is drawing towards its close. The present Part contains from "Sundial" to "Waver," and concludes the sixth volume.

Milman's Edition of Gibbon, Vol. X. (London, Murray.)—Mr. Milman has almost terminated his labours. Two volumes more, and we shall have the most complete edition of Gibbon yet published.

The Genius and Wisdom of Sir Walter Scott, &c. &c. Pp. 204. (London, Orr and Co.)—A multitude of excellent passages selected from Scott's works; but, as was said of the "Beauties of Shakspeare," where are the rest?

Smith's Standard Library. (London, W. Smith.)—In an eightpenny octavo, we have "Paul and Virginia;" and Madame Cottin's "Elizabeth" and the interesting "Life of Colonel Hutchinson" in one at half-a-crown. They are neatly printed in double columns. This is truly carrying out the principle of cheapness.

Bentley's Standard Library of Popular Modern Literature.—Bentley's "Astoria," No. LXXII.—Washington Irving's "Astoria" in a single volume, and Bulwer's "Last Days of Pompeii," deserve each the public thanks. A portrait of Irving adorns the one, and a frontispiece and excellent vignette the other. The original Van Amburgh is here seen in Glaucon.

John Seare's Last Words, &c. Pp. 36. (London, Ward and Co.)—A dissenting pamphlet, the gist of which is to argue that the Church of England loses more souls than it saves.

Philogen's Cosmopolitan, Political, and Statistical Review. Part I. pp. 32. (London, Wiley and Putnam.)—A new political periodical, which takes a high and authoritative tone on questions of foreign policy. It is of free principles, and as we are not competent to say what weight is due to its statements, we shall content ourselves with observing that its views are, in many instances, more comprehensive and original than those to which we are accustomed in the usual organs of public opinion.

Effects of the Introduction of Ardent Spirits and Implements of War among the Natives of the South Sea Islands and New South Wales, by D. Wheeler. Pp. 21. (London, Harvey and Darton.)—Whether Europe and the United States have done more good to savage races by their attempts to civilise and Christianise them, or evil, by the communication of vile disease, the use of ardent spirits and other demoralising means, is a question it would be difficult to determine. We are much inclined to believe that the balance of ill greatly preponderates. This little pamphlet, extracted from the writings of "A Minister of the Society of Friends," affords melancholy proof of the continual and fatal introduction of these curses among the natives of the regions designated; and we are not surprised to find that American temperance ships are the most active in the cruel traffic.

Mr. G. Godwin, jun.—Papers on Architecture. Pp. 40. These clever essays are brought together from "London's Architectural Magazine," which, we believe, finishes with this month. They well deserve the attention of the architectural student.

The Vicar's Dream. Pp. 25. (London, Whittaker and Co.)—Some sad, doggerel trash, about the late government in Canada.

Rara Mathematica, &c. No. II. (London, Parker.)—Hardly so well-chosen as the articles in the first number (see our No. 1126), but still well deserving of a place among curious works of science.

Essays on the most Important Diseases of Women, by Robert Ferguson, M.D. &c. Pp. 292. (London, Murray.)—The able professor of obstetric medicine and diseases of women and children in King's College, London, has here given the public at large the advantage of his science and experience. This volume treats of puerperal fever, and is of high and interesting character. Dr. Ferguson's lecture, on opening the medical classes in October 1836, is added to the publication, which we consider to be one of great value.

An Exposition of Quackery and Imposture in Medicine, by the Author of the "Philosophy of Living." With Notes, by W. Wright, Surgeon-Aurist. &c. Pp. 228. (London, J. S. Hodson; Edinburgh, Black; Dublin, Fanning and Co.)—The original work of Dr. Caleb Ticknor of New York, and a very sensible and piquant exposure of many practices which deeply affect the dearest interests of society.

The Annual Register, &c. for 1837. (London, Rivington, and all other Booksellers.)—This useful volume pursues its quiet course, and collects all the usual matters for reference now and hereafter.

The Village Magazine, Nos. I., II., III., IV. (London, Tins.)—A cheap, little, monthly publication, of which we have already expressed a favourable opinion;—not forfeited by the succeeding numbers.

The Student's Cabinet Library of Useful Tracts, XXXI. (Edinburgh, Clark; London, Simpkin and Marshall.)—This nice little work goes on very faithfully. The present Part is the first of a philosophical series, and gives us *Sanitary Economy*.

The Scottish Banker, &c., by W. H. Logan. Pp. 134. (Edinburgh, Fraser, and Crawford; London, Washbourne; Dublin, Curry, jun., and Co.)—A brief but clear exposition of the system of banking in Scotland, where banking has been practised with so much benefit to the people and the country. Mr. Logan is an experienced and practical man; and his little book a very

useful one. We rejoice to observe that a Bank, to be conducted on the same principles, is just announced to be formed in London, with a capital of 3,000,000*l.*, and a most satisfactory list of directors.

ARTS AND SCIENCES. SOCIETY OF ARTS.

MR. AIKIN 'On Bone and its Uses in the Arts;' No. 2. The secretary commenced this, his second lecture on the same subject, by a few introductory remarks as a summary of the last; he then proceeded to observe that the scrapings, shavings, or saw-dust of bone is an article which bears a good price in the market, being much used by pastry-cooks and others as a material for jelly, which it readily gives out to boiling water. The jelly thus produced is probably quite as good as that from calf's foot; and the shavings, when dry, have the advantage over calf's foot, of not suffering any change by keeping. On the subject of bone manure, Mr. Aikin stated that it had of late years attracted, in a very particular degree, the attention of the English farmer. Bones are collected in the streets of London and other great towns, and after being sorted, those that are not required for other purposes are used as manure. In the Thames, above London Bridge, may always be seen a few sloops and cutters, chiefly from Hull, which are occupied in this trade: they take the bones on board generally in a more or less putrid state, and stow them in bulk in the hold. Here they soon begin to ferment, giving out an odour by which the bone ships are detected at a considerable distance; and when the cargo is discharged at Hull, it is frequently reeking and smoking hot from decomposition. This probably softens the texture of the bones, and renders them more easy to be crushed in the mill through which they are passed, previous to disposing of them to the farmers. They are employed chiefly in two ways, either as a top dressing to grass land, or are drilled with turnip seed, the plants from which, under the stimulating effects of this powerful manure, quickly pass through their first stage into the rough leaf; and thus, in a great measure, avoid the attacks of the fly and other insects, by which young turnip plants of tardy growth are often entirely cut off. We pass to another branch of the subject, more scientific. The four simple substances of which the animal matter of bone is composed, are carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen, and oxygen; and of those, the three latter, when in an uncombined state, and at the usual temperature and atmospheric pressure, are in the form of gas. Now and then it happens that three substances, habitually gaseous, are combined with one naturally solid, and when these four substances are likewise capable of uniting together by twos and threes, or, in other words, of forming binary and ternary compounds, the attraction that holds together all the four is easily disturbed by a moderate increase of temperature, in consequence of which, the same elements, by arranging themselves differently, produce two or more different substances. This is the case in the present instance. On exposing bone shavings even to a lamp heat, they are observed immediately to become black; shewing that the new compounds, which are the result of this decomposition, are not capable of combining with the whole of the carbon, but that part remains in the state of charcoal, intimately mixed with the earthy matter. This mixture goes by the name of bone-black, or animal charcoal. Part of the carbon combines with part of the oxygen, and forms carbonic acid; while part of the hydrogen and part of the nitrogen produce ammonia; the carbon and the ammonia, as they

are formed, combine and produce carbonate of ammonia; which, therefore, is another of the useful substances resulting from the decomposition of bone. Part of the oxygen and hydrogen combine and produce water; and part of the oxygen, hydrogen, and carbon, by combining, produce a volatile oil, of a strong and peculiar odour, which goes by the name of animal oil. The remainder of the carbon and hydrogen, with probably some nitrogen, combine and produce an inflammable gas. Thus the decomposition of the single substance, bone, produces five new substances,—namely, animal charcoal, carbonate of ammonia, animal oil, water, and an inflammable gas. We might pursue these interesting researches further did our space permit. It has, in conclusion, been shewn that bone contains a considerable quantity of valuable nutriment (this chiefly in the last lecture); that, in its entire state, it is applicable to a variety of useful purposes; that the worker in steel employs it for case-hardening small and delicate articles; that, in proportion to its weight, it is the most valuable and active of all manures; that, in the absence of other combustibles, it may be, and is, largely used as fuel in the plains of Tartary and South America; that, by its decomposition in close vessels, it produces hartshorn, ammonia, and animal charcoal; and that, when burnt to ashes, it becomes useful to the assayer, furnishes a valuable polishing powder, and is the material from which phosphorus, that curious and interesting substance, the most combustible of all solids, is produced. Upon the whole of these heads we, of course, in our report of this able lecture, have no room to dilate.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

JANUARY 9. Mr. Whewell, president, in the chair.—During the late discussions in Paris respecting the Stonesfield fossils, one of the arguments iterated by M. de Blainville, in favour of their saurian nature, was founded on the supposed existence, in America, of a fossil reptile with double fangs, and named by Dr. Harlan, *Basilosaurus*. In our notice of the memoir read before the Geological Society on the 19th of December, it is stated, that Mr. Owen withheld his consent to the validity of M. de Blainville's argument until the nature of these remains was better known. Since that meeting, Dr. Harlan has arrived in London, and with a right scientific spirit and love of truth, he has not only permitted Mr. Owen to have the original specimens in his possession, but has allowed him to slice some of the teeth for microscopic investigation. Dr. Harlan read a notice of the discovery of the fossils; and Mr. Owen, an elaborate paper on their anatomical structure. Of the first we shall give a note next week. Mr. Owen commenced his memoir by alluding to the frequent reference of M. de Blainville to the *basilosaurus* in support of the supposed saurian nature of the Stonesfield fossils, and his own unwillingness to admit the validity of the argument till the teeth of the fossil had been re-examined, with an especial view to their alleged mode of implantation. He then mentioned the liberal manner in which Dr. Harlan had permitted him to examine the specimens brought to England. The following is a very brief analysis of the anatomical details of this important paper:—The crowns of the hinder tooth in the upper jaw are compressed, obliquely conical, and contracted in the middle, so as to give a transverse section, somewhat of the hourglass form, and the opposite wide longitudinal grooves which produce this shape, becoming deeper as the

crown approaches the socket, at length meet and divide the root of the teeth into two separate fangs. A transverse section of a tooth made near the base of the crown, presented two irregular rounded lobes joined by a narrow neck or isthmus. From the form and structure of the crown, it is evident that the pulp was originally simple, but soon divided into two parts, from which the growth of the ivory of the tooth proceeded, as from two distinct centres; each of which is separately surrounded by concentric strata of growth, the anterior one sending an acute-angled process into the isthmus uniting the two portions. The cavity of the pulp, which is very small in the crown of the tooth, contracts as the fangs descend, and is almost obliterated near their extremities, proving that the teeth were developed from a temporary pulp. The anterior teeth had single fangs. The lower jaw, Mr. Owen has been able to study only in a plaster-cast of a fragment. It contains four teeth, of which the two posterior are nearly contiguous; the next has an interval of an inch and a half; and the most anterior, which is of smaller size, is at a distance of two inches from the preceding. This fragment confirms the evidence afforded by the portions of the upper jaw, that the teeth in the *basilosaurus* were of two kinds; the anterior being smaller, more simple in form, and more remote from each other, than those behind. As there is no known instance of either fish or reptile having its teeth implanted by two fangs in a double socket, Mr. Owen proceeded at once to compare the teeth of the *basilosaurus* with those of the mammalia, which most nearly resemble them in these respects. Among herbivorous cetaceans, the molars of the manatee have two long and separate fangs, lodged in deep sockets, and the anterior teeth, when worn down, present a form of the crown somewhat similar to that of the American fossil; but when perfect, the grinding surface is very different from those of *basilosaurus*, supporting two transverse conical ridges, and the hinder molars recede still further in, having three transverse ridges. The dugong presents a nearer general resemblance to the fossil in its molar teeth, the anterior ones being smaller and more simple than the posterior, and the complication of the latter being due to exactly the same kind of modification as in the *basilosaurus*; a transverse section of the posterior molar gives also an approach to the hourglass figure. In the back teeth of the dugong, there is likewise a tendency to the formation of a double fang, and the establishment of two centres of radiation for the calcigerous tubes of the ivory. Though Mr. Owen confined his comparison chiefly to the mammiferous class, yet, in consequence of the presumed saurian nature of the fossil, he showed that the teeth of the *basilosaurus* differ from those of all known saurians in their more complex and various forms; from the *mosasaurus*, in being implanted in distinct sockets, and not ankylosed to the substance of the jaws; from the *ichthyosaurus* and all the lacertine saurians, in being implanted in distinct sockets, and not placed in a common continuous groove; from the *plesiosaurus* and crocodilian reptiles, in which the teeth are in distinct sockets, in the fangs not being single and expanding as they descend, but double fanged, diminishing in size, and becoming consolidated by the progressive deposition of dental substance from a temporary pulp in progress of absorption. If, therefore, an opinion had been to be founded upon the obvious external characters of the teeth alone, he should have concluded that the fossil was a mammiferous animal of the cetaceous order in-

termediate to the herbivorous and piscivorous sections of that order as it now stands in the Cuvierian system. As those anatomists who regard the *basilosaurus* as an exception among reptiles, in having teeth with two fangs, may consider the solidification of the fangs and the absence of numerous successional teeth as inconclusive evidence of the mammiferous nature of the fossil, Mr. Owen had transverse sections made of a tooth, to ascertain whether the evidence of the intimate structure of the dental substance in the *basilosaurus* would be contradictory to the previous inferences of the mammiferous characters, or give cumulative proofs of their correctness. Mr. Owen first premised that in the teeth of those fishes which are implanted in distinct sockets, the medullary canals are arranged in a beautiful reticulate manner extending through the entire substance of the tooth; that in the *ichthyosaurus* and crocodile, the calcigerous tubuli radiate from a simple central pulp to every part of the circumference, and that the crown of the tooth is covered with enamel, but the part placed in the alveolus is surrounded by a thick cortical substance; that in the dolphin the crown is covered with enamel, and the inserted base with cementum; that in the cachalot and dugong the whole of the exterior of the tooth is covered with cementum, traversed in the latter by numerous fine tubes closely aggregated, and giving off numerous branches, the purpurine corpuscles, or cells, being scattered in the interspaces of the tubes which here and there communicate with the true calcigerous tubes of the ivory. In a fine section of a tooth of the *basilosaurus*, taken from about the middle of the exposed crown, Mr. Owen found that the tooth is invested by a layer of cementum, and not enamel; and that it presents the same microscopic characters as the cementum of the crown of the tooth of the dugong. The entire substance of the ivory of the tooth consists of fine calcigerous tubes, radiating from the centre of each lobe, and without any mixture of coarser medullary tubes. They present a regular undulating course, and, like the calcigerous tubes of the dugong, exhibit most plainly the primary dichotomous bifurcations, and the subordinate lateral branches, which are given off at acute angles. Upon the whole, the microscopic characters of the texture of the teeth of the *basilosaurus* are strictly of a mammiferous nature; and confirm the inference respecting the position of the fossil in the natural system drawn from the external aspect of the teeth. Mr. Owen then proceeded to show that in the original separation and subsequent union of the epiphyseal laminae of the large vertebrae, the fossil also indicates a character of the herbivorous cetaceans and mammiferous quadrupeds. In the smaller vertebrae the epiphyses are wanting; and Mr. Owen agrees with Dr. Harlan, in inferring that there were originally three separate points of ossification in the body of the vertebrae,—a character never observed in the vertebrae of saurians, but most prominently among those of the cetaceans. Mr. Owen drew other arguments in favour of the mammiferous and cetaceous nature of the fossil, from the great capacity of the canal for the spinal cord, and in numerous characters presented by the vertebrae. The hollow structure of the lower jaw has been adduced as evidence of the saurian nature of the fossils; but it occurs also in the cachalot, and is, therefore, equally good for the cetaceous character. In the compressed shaft of the humerus, and its proportion to the vertebrae, the fossil approximates the true cetaceans; but, in the expansion of the distal extremity, and the form of the

articular surface, this humerus stands alone. Lastly, Dr. Harlan having examined with Mr. Owen the section of the teeth, fossil and recent, has admitted the deductions in favour of the mammiferous nature of the *basilosaurus*; and having suggested the propriety of its name being changed, Mr. Owen proposes to call the fossil *Zygodon*, in reference to the posterior molar teeth resembling two simple teeth tied together. A paper, 'On the Geology of the Neighbourhood of Lisbon,' by Mr. Daniel Sharpe, F.G.S., was commenced.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

JANUARY 4. Mr. Gray, president, in the chair.—Mr. Daniel Cooper, curator, communicated a paper, being 'Remarks on the Dispersion of Plants in the Environs of London, and the Formation of Plains, exhibiting the Distribution of Species over Localities.' The metropolitan botanist can certainly boast of a Flora, perhaps, not to be equaled throughout the whole of England. Surrey is particularly rich in orchideous plants. In Kent, two species of *orchis* have been found, which are not found in Surrey; viz. *Opherys furtiva* and *Opherys tetraphylla*. This tribe is not confined to the counties of Surrey and Kent in the London district, as might be supposed; they also occur in Essex and Middlesex, but not so frequently. Towards Harefield and St. Albans they make their appearance in great quantities. We have, in the combined counties of Surrey and Kent, twenty-eight species out of thirty-six British orchideous plants, the remaining eight being mostly confined either to local or northern districts. Nor is Kent behind her sister-county in other rare plants. *Athias herata*, *Polypogon Monspeliensis*, and *P. littoralis*, *Euphorbia tenuissimum*, *Hutchinsia petraea*, *Valeriana calceitrapa*, *Salvia pratensis*, *Hieracium niger*, *Paris quadrifolia*, *Gentiana amarella*, and *Gentiana pneumonanthe*, may be considered but a few of them.

MEDICO-BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

THE ordinary meeting of this society was held on Wednesday last, Gordon Gill, Esq., in the chair, and Her Majesty's acceptance of the patronage of the institution was announced.—After the election and admission of new members, Dr. Sigmond resumed his lecture on tea, and gave an elaborate account of the tea plant recently discovered in Upper Assam, prepared in the East Indies, and now imported for the first time into this country. A specimen of the tea, a second importation, was exhibited; but the learned professor said, that it was not equal in quality to that exhibited at the last meeting, being a part of the tea first imported—the latter having been injured in its voyage; and, consequently, undergone another firing at Calcutta. This arose only from insecure packaging, and did not affect the importance of the trade which the discovery would open to us with India. Dr. Sigmond mentioned, that the tea imported had been prepared in its wild and uncultivated state, and was believed, although prepared as a black tea, to be the tea which, in China, was made into green tea. The tree was nevertheless incontrovertibly proved to be the true tea plant; and the climate and soil of the tract of country where it was found, corresponded in every material particular with that of the largest and best tea farms in China.—The lectures are to be published at the request of the members.—At the conclusion, tea was made from the specimen exhibited, and appeared of an agreeable flavour. Digitized by Google

At the usual monthly meeting, a number of new members were elected. Total receipts for the past year, 14,094*l.* 2*s.* 8*d.*; total expenditure for the same period, 12,588*l.* 12*s.* 1*d.*; excess of income over expenditure, 1505*l.* 10*s.* 8*d.* The council reported from the medical superintendent and head keeper that, from the spring of 1837, though the mortality among the larger carnivora used to be dreadful, not a single lion, tiger, or leopard, has been lost. This improvement is, of course, owing to the attention of those whose duty it is to look after the health of the animals in a scientific manner. Among the donations recently made to the museum is an Indian fowl, remarkable for having had one of its spurs engrafted upon its head. The spur, in consequence of its removal to a part in which the supply of arterial blood was greatly increased, had grown to an unnatural size, and hung down in crescentic shape, presenting a very singular appearance. A specimen of the white bait, presented to the Society by Mr. Williams, was exhibited by Mr. Yarrell, in order to shew the large size sometimes attained by this species; its dimensions were—entire length, six inches; depth, measured about midway between the dorsal fin and the extremity of the head, one inch two lines.

JAN. 5. Professor Wilson in the chair.—A letter by Lieut. Wellsted, of the Indian navy, was read to the meeting, 'On the Identity of the Himyaritic Writing and Dialect of Job, with that still spoken by the Inhabitants of Mahrah.' In this letter, Lieut. Wellsted mentions his discovery of inscriptions on the south coast of Arabia, in an unknown character, having much resemblance to the Abyssinian; and gave his reasons for supposing that they contained the ancient Himyaritic language. He observed that, according to Edrisi, the Himyaritic tongue was spoken at Mahrah in his time, and that an Arabic proverb existed to the same effect concerning Zhafar, both places at no great distance from the spot where these inscriptions were found. M. Fresnel, now in Arabia, has a servant from that part of the country, who, of course, speaks the dialect, and from his mouth he has taken down a considerable vocabulary, the paradigm of a verb, with several sentences, some of which have been published in the "Journal Asiatique." The great Himyaritic empire is said by the Arabian historians to have lasted above 2000 years, to have extended its limits to India, and to have numbered among its sovereigns the celebrated queen of Sheba. One of their monarchs is supposed to have led an army of 12,000 Arabs into Chinese Tartary, where their vestiges still remain. Many persons have doubted the existence of this empire, but recent discoveries had shewn that it had been the seat of large and populous cities, a list of which he had given in his travels, vol. ii. p. 440. He also alluded to a wall of blocks of hewn marble, thirty feet in height, and carried round a hill half a mile in circumference, on a spot marked by our geographers as a desert. This was a matter of much interest; and he was informed, when on the spot, that whole districts were strewn with similar edifices. He then alluded to the discovery of inscriptions by Mr. Cruttenden at Sana, similar to those which he had himself discovered, and concluded with a hope that some other officers of the Indian navy would follow up the example that had been set before them: in reference to which he had the au-

thority of Sir James Carnac, recently appointed to the governorship of Bombay, for stating that he would be most happy to aid the views of the Society in this, or any other object that might conduce to the advancement of our acquaintance with the less known portions of the Eastern world. Professor Wilson read some notes, in order to shew to the Society the state of our knowledge with regard to the Himyaritic language and character. He said that Arabian authors had not unfrequently mentioned that Himyaritic or Homerite inscriptions, and that some had attempted explanations of them; and that, however valueless these might be, and many were palpable inventions, they at least indicated a commendable curiosity, which might in some cases have been productive of useful results; at all events, the results of their researches should not be condemned without examination. M. Rüdiger, in the Göttingen "Zeitschrift," gave two specimens of alphabets not unlike those under consideration, with their Arabic equivalents, taken from MSS. in the Royal Library of Berlin, and referred to others in the Paris Library. Professor Wilson said there was one in the Public Library of Cambridge, among the valuable collection of Burckhardt; and that it was possible that some assistance might be derived from these sources. He observed that the inscriptions found by Lieut. Wellsted, those by Mr. Cruttenden at Sana, and by Mr. Hulton at Deea, agreed sufficiently with the Ethiopic character to warrant the belief in a common origin. He thought, therefore, that there would be no insuperable difficulty in deciphering these inscriptions, particularly if the Himyaritic language be still spoken. Inscriptions in a rude character, in some points resembling those of the south of Arabia, have been found in the north also; and an extensive series of those found in the Wady 'l Mukatteb, is engraved in the third volume of the "Transactions of the

Royal Society of Literature." All that had been written on the subject previous to 1785 has been collected by De Sacy, and was published in Paris in 1808; since which the subject seems to have dropped, until the discovery of Lieut. Wellsted, and the labours of M. Fresnel, who is now in Arabia, and has written several interesting letters on the subject of Arabian history before the time of Mohammed. In one of these letters, M. Fresnel promises to send a grammar and vocabulary of the Himyaritic language. He remarked that foreign orientalists, who, he was ashamed to say, were deep in such matters long before we knew of their existence, were of opinion that these characters were really those of the Himyaritic language, and that the language was still spoken. If this were the case, these inscriptions ought to be readily translatable; and, until this was done, he thought it prudent to suspend our judgment on their origin, or their importance in confirming any historical conclusions derived from traditional sources. Lieut. Wellsted then said, that in addition to what was already published, he had found inscriptions in other parts of Arabia, which he would shortly forward to the Society; and he took the opportunity to express his regret that while much expense and danger had been incurred in sending expeditions into Africa, the much more interesting and equally unknown territories of Arabia should have been scarcely attempted. His own experience led him to believe that the difficulties attending such a measure were greatly overrated; and he would be happy to prepare a detailed plan for carrying it into effect.

Notes.—As this subject is one of the deepest interest both to philology and ancient history, we have caused the annexed specimen of these Hymyaritic characters to be engraved from the inscriptions at Nukub-el-Hedjer, copied by Lieut. Wellsted, who deserves the highest praise for his exertions and discoveries in this important inquiry.

—Ed. L. G.

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XI. በገዢነት ላይ የሚከተለውን ድምር ይጻፉ

MR. LUNBECK in the chair.—On Thursday evening the meetings were resumed, after the Christmas recess. A paper 'On the Law of Human Mortality,' communicated by Mr. Roget, was read. This memoir is based on the experience of the Equitable Society. The paper is divided into tables subdivided into decades, but such is the irregularity, that unless reference be had to the doctrine of probabilities, no great dependence can be placed on it; allusion is likewise made to the Northampton tables, as well as to the methods of Gompertz and Mills. The decrements of life at every age, it was stated, succeed each other with great regularity. In the decade from ten years of age to twenty, the mortality was found to be $\frac{1}{10}$ by the Northampton tables, and $\frac{1}{11}$ by those of the Equitable.

MR. HAMILTON, vice-president, in the chair. — Mr. Rosser exhibited a brass figure of a stag, having a strong spike rising from the back, in the possession of Mr. Wake, of Southampton, found about sixteen inches below the surface at Neveston, near Redbridge, Hants. Mr. Rosser described it to be part of an ancient candlestick, and that the figure must have originally stood on an artificial mound or other broad base.

as the size of the spike adapted it to a large and weighty taper; the earliest candlesticks were not furnished with sockets, but the candles were stuck on spikes; and Mr. R. referred to three former exhibitions of similar articles.—Mr. Nichols communicated an account of two very fine tessellated pavements lately discovered in the triclinium and adjoining room of a Roman villa, near Bath, and which were found singularly covered with slabs of lias.—A farther portion of the 'Life of Sir Peter Carew' was read, and the remainder postponed.

On Thursday, the minutes of the last meeting were confirmed; and Lord Carrington, Mr. B. Bond Cabball, and other members, elected. The paper read was by the Rev. Mr. Tomlinson, and related to a very important date in Egyptian antiquities. An inscription attached to an astronomical hieroglyph on the roof of the Memnonium, and confirmed by a like hieroglyph and inscription on a mummy-case, determines the date of that celebrated building to be of the period of Rameses the Great, and above 1460 years before the Christian era. But it is more valuable, as it fixes the rising of the star Sophea, or Syrius (the dog-star), at the commencement of the month Thoth in the

Egyptian calendar, and commences a year of 365 (not 360) days, at so precise a time as to enable us to determine a certain point of chronology within the brief space of four years, from which many other historical events may with accuracy be calculated. From the zodiacs figured, and referred to by Biot, Burton, and others, Mr. Tomlinson shewed that the Greeks had changed the Egyptian forms to those we now see; the elder zodiacs having tortoises, alligators, &c., as signs. This discovery, if the inscription can be entirely depended upon, is of great importance to the Egyptian antiquary.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Tuesday.—Linnæan, 2 P.M.; Horticultural, 3 P.M.; Civil Engineers, 7 P.M. (Anniversary); Electrical.
Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 7½ P.M.; Medico-Botanical, 8 P.M. (Anniversary); Medico-Botanical Anniversary, Election of Officers, &c.
Thursday.—Royal Society, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.
Friday.—Royal Institution, 8½ P.M.; Botanical, 8 P.M.
Saturday.—Royal Asiatic, 2 P.M.

FINE ARTS. THE DAGUERTYPE.

Paris, 6th January, 1839.

WE have much pleasure in announcing an important discovery made by M. Daguerre, the celebrated painter of the Diorama. This discovery seems like a prodigy. It disconcerts all the theories of science in light and optics, and, if borne out, promises to make a revolution in the arts of design.

M. Daguerre has discovered a method to fix the images which are represented at the back of a camera obscura; so that these images are not the temporary reflection of object, but their fixed and durable impress, which may be removed from the presence of those objects like a picture or an engraving.

Let our readers fancy the fidelity of the image of nature figured by the camera obscura, and add to it an action of the solar rays which fixes this image, with all its gradations of lights, shadows, and middle tints, and they will have an idea of the beautiful designs, with a sight of which M. Daguerre has gratified our curiosity. M. Daguerre cannot act on paper; he requires a plate of polished metal. It was on copper that we saw several points of the Boulevards, Pont Marie, and the environs, and many other spots, given with a truth which Nature alone can give to her works. M. Daguerre shews you the plain plate of copper: he places it, in your presence, in his apparatus, and, in three minutes, if there is a bright summer: sun, and a few more, if autumn or winter weaken the power of its beams, he takes out the metal and shews it to you, covered with a charming design representing the object towards which the apparatus was turned. Nothing remains but a short mechanical operation—of washing, I believe—and the design, which has been obtained in so few moments, remains unalterably fixed, so that the hottest sun cannot destroy it.

Messrs. Arago, Biot, and Von Humboldt, have ascertained the reality of this discovery, which excited their admiration; and M. Arago will, in a few days, make it known to the Academy of Sciences.

I add some further particulars. Nature in motion cannot be represented, or at least not without great difficulty, by the process in question. In one of the views of the Boulevards, of which I have spoken, all that was walking or moving does not appear in the design; of two horses in a hackney coach on the stand, one unluckily moved its head during the short operation; the animal is without a head

in the design. Trees are very well represented; but their colour, as it seems, hinders the solar rays from producing their image as quickly as that of houses, and other objects of a different colour. This causes a difficulty for landscape, because there is a certain fixed point of perfection for trees, and another for all objects the colours of which are not green. The consequence is, that when the houses are finished, the trees are not, and when the trees are finished, the houses are too much so.

Inanimate nature, architecture, are the triumph of the apparatus which M. Daguerre means to call after his own name—*Daguerotype*. A dead spider, seen in the solar microscope, is finished with such detail in the design, that you may study its anatomy, with or without a magnifying glass, as if it were nature itself; not a fibre, not a nerve, but you may trace and examine. For a few hundred francs travellers may, perhaps, be soon able to procure M. Daguerre's apparatus, and bring back views of the finest monuments, and of the most delightful scenery of the whole world. They will see how far their pencils and brushes are from the truth of the *Daguerotype*. Let not the draughtsman and the painter, however, despair—the results obtained by M. Daguerre are very different from their works, and, in many cases, cannot be a substitute for them. The effects of this new process have some resemblance to line engraving and mezzotinto, but are much nearer to the latter: as for truth, they surpass every thing.

I have spoken of the discovery only as it regards art. If what I have heard is correct, M. Daguerre's discovery tends to nothing less than a new theory on an important branch of science. M. D. generously owns that the first idea of his process was given him, fifteen years ago, by M. Niepe, of Chalons-sur-Saône; but in so imperfect a state, that it has cost him long and persevering labour to attain the object.

H. GAUCHERAUD.

[From the "Gazette de France," of January 6, 1839.]

Previously to receiving the above, we had written the following paragraph.—*Ed. L. G.*

Nature Painted by Herself.—A French journal contains a remarkable account of experiments with the *Camera Lucida*, the result of which is the exact and actual preservation of the impressions reflected by natural images upon copper plates. What the process is we are not told, but, as far as we understand it, by exposing the copper to these reflections, and immediately rubbing it over with a certain material, the likeness of whatever is so impressed is retained with perfect accuracy. Some difficulties occur where there is motion in the objects, whether animals, or leaves of trees stirred by the wind, &c.; but, if really true, this is a very extraordinary discovery for the fine arts. Some of our readers may be aware that, some fourteen or fifteen years ago, Sir H. Davy and other scientific men amongst us, strenuously endeavoured to attain this desideratum; and by means of *nitrate of silver*, upon which light and shade produced certain effects, seemed to have all but accomplished their end. It was not however complete; for the changes in colour were too evanescent to admit of permanent fixture. We shall be glad to find the French experimenters more successful.

ENGRAVING.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR,—Perhaps you will allow an old amateur of the fine arts, who has, for upwards of forty years, endeavoured, by all the means in his power, to assist the exertions of British artists,

and advance the reputation of art in this kingdom, to offer to the public, through the medium of your valuable *Gazette*, a few remarks upon the *taste* of the present day, with respect to engravings. My collection is arranged chronologically—an arrangement which has the effect of shewing the state of the art in every year. I have been looking over it lately, and while prepared to admit the superiority of some few productions of the last three or four years, it strikes me forcibly that, in a general point of view, the art of engraving is not so well supported as it was twenty or thirty years ago. I ascribe this circumstance to the rage existing for *pretty* prints; nature is sacrificed in order that young ladies may have nice looking things for their albums. I do not think we are deficient of talent,—indeed, Mr. Doo has just given us a proof of his surpassing abilities,—but the right sort of talent does not receive the encouragement it deserves. We have no Strange, no Woollet—at least, no engravings in the styles of these great masters have been given to the world; but we have hosts of fancy bits sold at per dozen, which only deserve to be carted away as so much rubbish; and we have also the most charming landscapes to look at, but, unfortunately, they are like nothing upon the face of this earth. In the topographical engravings published formerly, the buildings had the appearance of being made of stone or bricks, but now we have buildings of silk and satin, trees of velvet, and skies of a softness and brilliancy surpassing those of Italy, above the Tower of London and St. Paul's! For fancy subjects, I am surprised that the style of Bartolozzi is not imitated; for that great master is certainly unrivalled for the grace, purity, and simple elegance, of his treatment of such subjects; the horrible taste which prevailed for a time of printing in red ruined some of his finest historical works; but those who possess proofs in black of such of his productions, have perfect treasures. It is a pity that Bartolozzi did not devote more of his attention to a higher branch of art than fancy subjects. I have copies of his Holy Family after Del Sarto—a glorious work of genius; the divine expression of the painter being perfectly imitated by the engraver. I think this one of the finest groups of the Holy Family that has ever been produced. It is a pity that steel engraving was not produced in Bartolozzi's time. Caroline Watson, who flourished during part of the reign of George the Third, contributed some splendid things to our treasures of art: her "On Earth Peace," after Raffaele's picture, in the collection of the Marquess of Bute, is an exquisite gem. We have more mezzotinto engravings now than we had formerly; and in this branch of the art a great improvement is visible: from Earle to Cousins, the leap is great indeed. It does not appear to me that we lack talent; on the contrary, I think we have more talent than we ever possessed; but it is not called into play properly. If the patrons of art would give more encouragement than they do to great works, whenever they are produced, and less to the trifling things, which are cheap, we should soon observe a great improvement in this respect. I will not trespass further upon your time, Mr. Editor, but leave these hasty remarks for the consideration of the noblemen and gentlemen, upon whom the arts depend for protection. And with admiration of the enlightened opinions you have ever expressed in your columns of new engravings, and the steady support you give to the cause of art, allow me to subscribe myself, yours, &c.

GRAPHIC SOCIETY.

THE first meeting of this Society, on Wednesday evening, was an auspicious commencement of the session. It was numerously attended by members and their friends; and the treat afforded by the numerous and beautiful works of art greatly interested us. Beside the richly furnished folios of drawings contributed by Mr. Windeas, Mr. Wadmore, and other amateurs and collectors, there were a folio of drawings of Alpine scenery, by Mr. Brockedon; a folio of beautiful sketches, by Mr. George Barnard, made in a recent tour chiefly on the coast of Genoa; and some fine studies from nature, by Sydney Cooper and by Mr. Lance. But, to us, the most interesting set of sketches exhibited were those by Dr. Holroyd who has just returned from his travels in Nubia. He ascended the Nile to Sennar, and has returned from a line of route hitherto untravellered by an Englishman, and has made drawings of pyramids, temples, and ruins of high antiquity; of costume, arms, implements, &c. &c., which will greatly extend our knowledge of countries so little known, and of people and places unknown until Dr. Holroyd's journey, which has extended to 2500 miles above Cairo.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A New Series of Designs for Ornamental Cottages and Villas. By P. F. Robinson, Architect, F.A.S. F.G.S. &c. Fifty-six Plates. The Landscapes drawn on Stone by J. D. Harding and T. Allom. Bohn.

IN his prefatory address, Mr. Robinson says, "My former work on 'Rural Architecture' having passed through four editions, and having been generally received with much favour, I am induced to publish a new series, consisting of buildings already executed or now in progress. Two of these designs arise from alterations made in old buildings; and it may be observed, that good effects are frequently produced by such alterations, at a very moderate expense, and that cottages especially may be rendered attractive by a judicious improvement of the form, as regards doors, windows, and chimneys. This, however, requires the hand of experience, and cannot be effected by a mere workman. It is like the last touches given to a picture by the hand of the master, and requires delicacy and feeling in the application. The improvement which has taken place during the last ten years in our rural architecture is very evident; and it is pleasing to observe the interest which this humble but attractive pursuit excites. When good effects can be produced at a moderate expense, and the scenery of our native country embellished by improving the condition of the peasantry, the work may be considered truly national."

The value of these pleasing designs is much enhanced by the accompanying estimates of the probable cost of erecting them. We were much amused with "the smallest building in which a human being could be placed." Mr. Robinson says that it might be erected for 100*l.*, or, under favourable circumstances, for something less. We fear there are thousands of human beings in this and the neighbouring island, who are living in buildings in the erection of which not a tenth part of that sum has been expended. But, then, to be sure, they are not "ornamental."

MUSIC.

The Musical Bijou; an Album of Music and Poetry, for 1839. Edited by F. H. Burney. D'Almaine and Co.

Songs, duets, quadrilles, waltzes (and by

Strauss, too), pieces, a march, cachuchas, and, in truth, light music of every kind, abounds in this nicely arranged volume; almost all the popular composers of the day have contributed a portion of this varied *lome*.

Grand Fantasia for the Piano-forte, introducing favourite Aïras from Rossini's celebrated Opera of "Guillaume Tell." Composed by Sigismund Thalberg. D'Almaine and Co.

THE opera of "Guillaume Tell" is so deservedly admired, and Thalberg so highly appreciated by every lover of music, that we need scarcely say, the best airs of the composer are, by the masterly hand of the arranger, rendered brilliantly effective in this piece.

Loose came to our Gate. Sung by Miss Rainforth.—*In Summer's Cot.* Sung by Miss P. Horton.—*To the Merry Greenwood.* Sung by Mr. Frazer.—*The Cup of Peace.* Sung by Miss Rainforth and Miss P. Horton. At the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, in the Opera of "The Foresters." The Music by E. T. Loder. D'Almaine and Co.

IN our somewhat unfavourable notice of the opera of "The Foresters," we mentioned Mr. Loder's music as being a pleasant relief to the general heaviness of that play. Judging from the selection now before us, we may say, they will be found equally agreeable for private singing. The last-named duettino, more particularly, from its wild simplicity, must be listened to with delight, when and wherever it is sung.

A la Canto Anima Bella. Written and Composed by Guido Sorelli, Esq.; Arranged for the Piano-forte by Edward Solomon, Esq.

A MOST sweet and graceful composition, but it is too short; another verse would be a decided improvement. We seldom have to complain of not having enough; in this case we would hint that there is sufficient room on the wide margin for another printed verse.

Offspring Brightest. The Words by Guido Sorelli, Esq.; the Music by Charles Solomon, Esq.

WE do not admire Mr. Sorelli quite so much in English; in truth we are somewhat puzzled to find out what the words mean. The music is pretty enough.

Oh Adolescentissima. Words and Melody by Guido Sorelli; Arranged by Charles Solomon, Esq. THE air of this is pretty, and well suited to the words.

DRAMA.

THERE are no dramatic novelties this week, and we have only to warn our readers that the Haymarket closes in three days.

VARIETIES.

H. B.—The more rife the political turmoil, the more material for the humour of the caricaturist; and so it was not to be expected as the meeting of parliament drew near that "H. B.'s" pencil would be idle. Two novelties (Nos. 566 and 7), full of figures, have just appeared, and do honour to his scenic effects. The first is "Another Peep into the Playground."—"You're none of my child;" every body disclaiming Lord Durham. On one side, Lord Melbourne is shouldering him off, backed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Secretary of State, &c.; while on the other, Roebuck and Molesworth are ready to meet him; with Wellington, Brougham, Peel, and Lyndhurst, looking on in admirable attitudes and singularly droll expression. Lord Durham's scowl asance at the first lord is also in capital style, and forbodes the coming storm. The other piece is a "Coach

Dinner; Castle Inn, Windsor:" the present ministers seated at table devouring a large dish of "salery," O'Connell as their driver declaring that he would not turn out. On the other hand, the opposition are just entering the door from a cold ride, and the landlord, John Bull, with the Queen at his elbow, is bidding the party at table make room for those hungry travellers who are waiting for their places. There are nearly twenty characters in this very clever and amusing performance.

The Antarctic Expedition.—We rejoice to find that progress is making in the arrangements for this interesting expedition, so warmly recommended from the British Association at Newcastle. The scientific committee appointed to that effect have seen the government authorities, and, we believe, the necessary measures have been agreed upon.

Metropolitan Literary and Scientific Institution.—We are well pleased to observe that a liberal and well-arranged institution has been opened, under the above title, in that spacious mansion known by the name of Salvador House, Bishopsgate Street. A very brilliant and interesting conversation took place on the occasion, Thursday, the 3d, when Chalon's original portrait of the Queen, and a portrait of Grace Darling, by a north-country artist, were exhibited by Mr. Moon. The president, Mr. Thos. Bell, delivered an excellent address on the benefits to be derived from such associations, in all the praise of which we cordially agree. "The Times" newspaper observes, "It is situate in a locality where such an institution was much needed; and, as it contains reading and news-rooms which are open from eight in the morning till eleven at night, we have no doubt it will be found of great utility to the inhabitants of the city, especially as the news-room is well supplied with the morning and evening papers, and the reading-room with the quarterly, monthly, and weekly periodicals, and various pamphlets. The syllabus of the lectures for the current half-year is issued among them—we notice some of great interest. A library of circulation and reference is attached to the institution, which appears to have been carefully selected, and contains copies of most of our standard works. We understand that classes for the study of languages, music, drawing, &c. are in progress of formation. We sincerely hope the institution will meet with the encouragement it deserves, and that it will be eminently useful in diffusing useful knowledge among mankind."

Animal Magnetism.—Dr. Elliotson has resigned his professorship at the London University, in consequence of the authorities discharging Miss Okey, and interfering with his magnetic experiments. Miss Okey, it is stated, had pretended to new inspirations and powers, in consequence of which, being taken to the bed-sides of the sick in the wards, she could foretell their death or recovery. In the former case she pronounced the fatal doom by saying that *Great Jackey* had got them (a new and familiar name for the Angel of Death); and in the latter event that only *Little Jackey* had obtained possession. A majority of the medical pupils, it is said, are irate at the exit of Dr. Elliotson, whose Mesmerism was, at any rate, a source of curious amusement, and who in other respects was well calculated to be a favourite with his class.

The Aldine Magazine, Part I., containing the weekly Numbers for December, is cordially welcomed by us, as a fellow-labourer in literature. The papers under the signature of *An Old Bookseller*, possess a good fifty years'

interest for all literary people; but the plan is altogether praiseworthy for its original features, and the contents generally are very amusing. There is a mistake in the supposition that Canning, as well as Chateaubriand, had been aided by the Literary Fund. M. Chateaubriand acknowledged the obligation at an anniversary where Mr. Canning presided, and most liberally subscribed to the society.

The Funnyskire Fox (W. Spooner) is a new toe-totum game, like the game of goose, &c., which Mr. Spooner has ingeniously invented as a change of amusements for the juveniles at this season. It seems well devised to interest them, and the sport is full of incidents to retard or throw out the keenest hand.

The Game of the Golden Eagle is another nice game with cards and pictures, to teach the elements of natural history as applicable to British diurnal birds of prey.

Teachers' Scientific Games: Astronomy.—A play with cards and question and answers, and intended to inculcate a knowledge of the celestial sphere. Young folks are indebted to the same publisher for this agreeable induction into the paths of science.

An Index Geological Map of the British Isles. By J. Phillips, F.R.S., G.S., &c. (London, J. Weale).—An admirable and useful production. It is an index to every geological paper connected with the pursuit of the science, and with mining and other important subjects in England. The distinctions of colour and shading, to mark the formations, is new to us, and most highly approved.

An Illustrated Chart of English History from Egbert to Victoria. By L. Gordon. (London, J. Souter).—This is one of the nice Christmas productions for deserving youngsters: a roll on which the history of England is neatly pictured, and the descent of the crown chronologically traced, in a manner likely to make an impression on their mind. A descriptive volume of sixty pages accompanies and explains it. Owing to an error in printing, the death of Charles I. (at p. 30), is dated 1604; greater care should be taken with works of instruction.

A Catalogue of London Periodicals, with their Prices, &c. &c. (London, Longman).—An exceedingly useful broadside. For London, as well as provincial booksellers, stationers, and newsvenders, it is a sheet of indispensable information.

Dearden's Miscellany, No. I. (London, Orr; Nottingham, Dearden).—A very pleasing, provincial, literary miscellany; with a superior choice of subjects, and a fair portion of talent in the general execution.

Heads of the People, No. III. (London, Tys).—This periodical goes on drawing characters with considerable talent. The present No. contains "the Spoilt Child," "the Old Lord," "the Beadle of the Parish," and "the best" "the Linendraper's Assistant." The pertinacity of these gentry is illustrated by an anecdote declared to be literally true, viz. that it was the rule in one shop to discharge any shopman who suffered a customer to depart without buying something!

The Social Gazette (No. I.) is acknowledged. Its seeking to be useful, and its appeal to the parochial clergy, guardians of the poor, &c. &c. seem to be very commendable.

The Weather in the Far West.—A traveller in the Knickerbocker steamer on the Mississippi writes, that they had been contending for some days with large masses of floating ice; and now, says he, "we are (Nov. 17) firmly imbedded in the middle of the river, with provisions and fuel failing, and all methods

to move the vessel unavailing." In this dilemma the writer ludicrously describes the gradual disappearance of the ship's stores. The Dutch steward, on being asked by a passenger for some butter, replies, "De putter! he peen all gon!" and on further being desired to bring a lady a cup of tea, despondingly says, "De dee! she peen all trunk up." However, the Knickerbocker finally escapes. Cold comfort this in the early part of November. We ought not to grudge Mr. Murphy a few frosty days.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The Boy's Country-Book, being the Real Life of a Country Boy, edited by W. Howitt, fcap 8vo. with Woodcuts, 6s.—Love's Exchange; a Tale, by C. J. Boyle, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.—Historical Records of the British Army: the First, or Royal Regiment of Foot, fcap 12s.—Goethe's Faust, translated into English Prose, by A. Hayward, 3d edition, fcap, 8s.—The History of Egypt under the Ptolemies, by Samuel Sharpe, 4to. 1s. 6d.—The Life of Thomas Reynolds, by his Son, 2 vols. 8vo. 30s.—The Book of Fables, square, 1s. 6d.—Thistlethwaite's Sermons for Charity Schools, with a Life, 12mo. 10s.—Parochial Ministrations, by the Hon. and Rev. S. Best, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—Rousseau's Remarks on Copyhold Enfranchisement, 8vo. 3s. 6d.—The Genius and Wisdom of Sir W. Scott, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—Incidents of Travel in Greece, Turkey, Russia, and Poland, by J. G. Stephens, fcap, 7s. 6d.—Recollections of Ireland, 12mo. 3s.—Father Butler, by W. Carleton, fcap, 3s. 6d.—The Unions and Parish Officers' Year-Book, 1839, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—The Art of Deer-Stalking, by W. Skrepe, royal 8vo. 2s.—Philip's Life and Times of Bunyan, 8vo. 12s.—Harley's Lithographic Drawing-Book, 7s. 6d.—C. Davy's Treatise on the Construction of Artificial Foundations, 8vo. 12s.—The Antediluvians; a Poem, by J. M. Henry, M.D. 12mo. 8s.—Wild Scenes in the Forest and Prairie, by C. F. Hoffman, 2 vols. post 8vo. 16s.—The Bubbles of Canada, by the Author of the "Clockmaker," 8vo. 12s.—Anthony's Select Oration of Cicero, by Boyd, 12mo. 6s.—Mechanics applied to the Arts, by the Rev. H. Moseley, 2d edit. post 8vo. 6s. 6d.—T. Bartlett's Memoirs of J. Butler, Bishop of Durham, 8vo. 12s.—Scott's Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, new edit. 1 vol. 8vo. 12s.—The History of Dissenters, from 1808 to 1836, by the Rev. Dr. Bennett, 8vo. 12s.—Schism as opposed to the Unity of the Church (Pria Essay), post 8vo. 10s. 6d.—The Betrayal; a Sacred Poem, by the Rev. S. Bellamy, post 8vo. 6s.—Memoir and Correspondence of the late R. Cathcart, Esq. 3d edit. 12mo. 3s. 6d.—Manual of Morning and Evening Prayers for Young Persons, 12mo. 1s. 6d.—Dee's Hand-Book of Cribbage, 12mo. 1s. 6d.—Doubleday's Nomenclature of British Birds, royal 8vo. 3s. 6d.—Todd's Student's Manual, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—Bentham's Works, by Bowring, Part 7, royal 8vo. 9s.—The Little English Flora, by G. W. Francis, 12mo. 6s. 6d.—Mullum in Parvo: Astronomy, Tides, &c. by T. Hedgcock, 8vo. 8s.—Rev. E. Bickersteth's Occasional Works, 12mo. 7s.—A Voice from the Alps, by M. M. D'Aubigne, edited by the Rev. E. Bickersteth, 12mo. 3s. 6d.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1839.

January.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday ... 3	From 38 to 48	29.99 to 29.62
Friday ... 4	... 39 .. 45	29.48 .. 29.64
Saturday ... 5	... 30 .. 40	29.64 .. 29.51
Sunday ... 6	... 29 .. 40	29.60 .. 29.30
Monday ... 7	... 43 .. 45	29.90 .. 29.30
Tuesday ... 8	... 30 .. 38	29.38 .. 29.49
Wednesday 9	... 30 .. 34	29.55 .. 29.38

Winds, S.W. and S.E.

Except the 5th and 9th, generally cloudy; rain fell on the 4th; snow and rain on the 6th, and two following days.

Rain fallen, .43 of an inch.

Edmonton.

Latitude ... 51° 37' 32" N.
Longitude ... 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We thank "A Lover of British Art" for his suggestions. We fear, however, that any attempt to carry it into effect would be productive of at least as much delusion as truth, besides being liable to other objections.

"The Cheltenham Looker-On," a very model journal for a fashionable watering-place, has commenced its third series with unflinching spirit; and we have to thank its conductors for No. 1.

The editor of the "Veterinarian" has our thanks for his No. for the new year, which contains so much valuable matter on the subjects to which it is directed.

The lines of "E—ly" are declined; we are, indeed, indispensed to admit any poems upon this deplorable event, which, as yet, time has not divested of any of its distressing features.

The same answer applies to J. S. H.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

THE MODEL of the BATTLE of WATERLOO is now open for exhibition at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, by brilliant Artificial Light. Constantly illuminated from 4 o'clock in the Afternoon, and throughout the Day in dark or unfavorable weather.
Open from Ten in the Morning until Nine in the Evening, without intermission.
Admission, One Shilling each.

KING'S COLLEGE, London.—Senior Department. The Classes in Theology, the Classics, Mathematics, English Literature, and History, will be resumed on Wednesday, the 23d inst.
The Courses of Instruction in Hebrew, the Oriental, and other Foreign Languages, will also be resumed.
Civil Engineering and Mining.—The Lectures in Chemistry will recommence on Monday, the 14th inst.; and the other Lectures will be resumed on Wednesday, the 23d inst.
Medical School.—The Spring Division of the Courses of Lectures will begin on Monday, the 23d inst.
Junior Department.—The Classes in the School will be reopened on Wednesday, the 23d of January, at Nine o'clock a.m. Jan. 9, 1839.

CAUTION.—MR. NEWMAN, Artist's Colporteur, 24 Soho Square, in consequence of his Name and Address having most unwarrantably been placed in his complacent manner at the Door of the Shop recently opened by Mr. Joseph, 14 Soho Square, calculated to mislead, and which has in fact in several instances misled, the Public, most respectfully informs his Friends that his Business is conducted on the same terms, and at the same House, where it has been published for so many years, and that he has no connexion with Mr. Joseph.

TO THE BOOK-CLUBS AND PROPRIETORS OF CIRCULATING LIBRARIES OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.
8 New Burlington Street, Jan. 1839.

MR. BENTLEY begs to acquaint Members of Book-Clubs, and Proprietors of Circulating Libraries, that, with the view of meeting a very general wish that Works of Fiction should be sold at a more moderate rate, he has been induced to publish, from the commencement of the present Season, Novels by the most popular Writers, at a price which will place them within the reach of all the Educated Classes.

The great and increasing number of Literary Institutions and Circulating Libraries, throughout the country, is a proof of the eagerness of the Public to peruse new works of merit. This craving has been checked, in the case of Works of Fiction especially, by the operation of the very high price at which they have for some years been published. Mr. Bentley has therefore reduced the price of the Works to be published by him from the commencement of the present Season, from 10s. 6d. to 6s. per Volume, the form and style of printing and paper being the same.

The Works already published upon this plan are—
Mr. Dickens's *Oliver Twist* * A Romance of Vicarage, second Mr. Cooper's *Red Rover*, 2d edition, 10s. 6d.
and *Honourable Blood* (new Captain Glascock's *Land Sharks* edition) and *Sea Gulls*, new edition,
Mrs. Trollope's new Story, and Hoffman's *Wild Scenes in the*
and *Widow Barnaby* Forest and Prairie, (just
The Vicar of Wrexhill, new ready.)
edition.

These will be followed by New Works of Fiction by the undermentioned distinguished Writers—
Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, Mr. Theodore Hook
Bart. Captain Glascock, R.N.
The celebrated Author of "Sam Mr. Ainsworth
Slick," Mr. G. F. R. James
Mr. Charles Dickens, "Bos" Mrs. C. Gore
Mr. Maxwell, Author of "Stories of Waterloo" "The Old Solon"
Mr. Lover.

* *Oliver Twist* being illustrated, the price is 25s. instead of 24s.

PATENT COLOUR PRINTING.

Just published, price Ninepence, Part II. of

Knight's ILLUMINATED PRINTS for Schools and Families, crown folio, containing, The Porpoise—Street in Constantinople—The Kentish Ratscatcher. Each Number consist of Three Prints, being Subjects of Natural History, Scriptural Scenes, Historical Scenes, Buildings, Landscapes, Birds, and other Portraits of Eminent Men, Persons in the Useful Arts, &c. &c.

And, also, Part II. of

Knight's Illuminated Maps for Schools and Families, demy folio, price 9d.—Scriptural Series, containing Palestine in the time of Christ—Journings of the Israelites. Each Number will consist of Two Maps; and the Series will be so arranged that, whilst it will form a complete Historical and Geographical Atlas, portions may be bound together as separate Atlases in accompany and illustrate the Family Cyclopaedia, the Pictorial Bible, and the Pictorial History of England, now publishing by Messrs. C. Knight and Co., as well as the Histories of Palestine, Rome, and Greece, about to be published.
Charles Knight and Co. 24 Ludgate Street, London.

MUSIC.

L. E. L.'s SONG, "Sleep, Heart of Mine," the Music by Eliza Flower (now first published).
Joseph Alfred Novello, 69 Dean Street, Soho Square.

BOOKS IN THE PRESS.

THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN RE-

1. Early Progress of Paper Power.
2. Manners and Society in St. Petersburg.
3. Language and Literature of the Morians.
4. The Austrian Commercial Treaty.
5. Mrs. Jameson's "Winter Studies and Summer Rambles."
6. The Pictorial History of India.
7. Improvements of Ireland—Canals and Railroads.
8. The Canadian.
By J. E. Taylor, 101 Lion Court, Fleet Street.

On the 1st of February will be published, price 5s. cloth.

POETICAL WORKS OF PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

Edited by Mrs. SHELLEY.
To be completed in Four Monthly Volumes.
Edward Moxon, Dover Street.

THE TWO CONCLUDING VOLUMES OF THE ILLUSTRATED EDITION OF PALEY'S NATURAL THEOLOGY.

- Containing,
1. A Treatise on Instinct, in Four Dialogues.
2. Experiments and Demonstrations on the Structure of the Cells of Bees.
3. A Dissertation on the Origin of Evil.
4. Notes and Remarks on various Points of Theology.
5. An Analytical Account of Cuvier's Researches on Fossil Osteology, with its Application to Natural Theology.
6. An Account of other subsequent Writings on this Subject.
7. An Analytical Account of Sir I. Newton's "Principia."
By HENRY LORD BROUGHAM, F.R.S.
And Member of the National Institute of France.
London: Charles Knight and Co. 25 Ludgate Street.

13 Great Marlborough Street, Jan. 11.
MR. COLBURN will publish immediately the following NEW WORKS:—

I.
Horace Vernon;
Or, Life in the West. 2 vols.

II.
Excursions in the Interior of Russia.
By Robert Bremner, Esq.
2 vols. 8vo. with Illustrations.

III.
The Romance of the Harem.

By Miss Pardee,
Author of "City of the Sultan," "The River and the Desert," &c. 2 vols.

IV.
The Third and Fourth Volumes (completing the Work) of The Diary of the Times of George IV.
Edited by John Galt, Esq.

Also, just published,

Pictures of the World, at Home and Abroad.
By the Author of "Tremaine," "DeVore," "Human Life," &c. 2 vols.

II.
Gurney Married;
A Sequel to "Gilbert Gurney."
By Theodore Hook, Esq.
Author of "Hayings and Delings." 2 vols.

III.
The Only Daughter; a Domestic Story.
Edited by the Author of "The Subaltern." 2 vols.
Henry Colburn, Publisher, 15 Great Marlborough Street.

THE REAL STATE OF THE NAVY.

On Wednesday next, with a Preface, &c.

SIR JOHN BARROW'S LIFE OF LORD ANSON. To which is added, a Chapter on the Actual State of the British Navy compared with that of other Countries, being a complete Refutation of the Charges of its neglected and reduced condition.

John Murray, Albemarle Street.

BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

Price 1s. 6d.
THE BOOK OF FABLES and INSTRUCTIVE STORIES, adapted to the Capacity of Young Children.
By the Author of "Roberta," "A Tale of Venice," &c.
H. Hooper, 13 Pall Mall East.

SOUTER'S Improved and Enlarged Editions of Dr. Irving's Catechisms, 8d. each.
1. On the History of England—2. On the Geography of England and Wales—3. History of Ireland—4. Geography of Ireland—5. History of Scotland—6. Geography of Scotland—7. History of France—8. Geography of France—9. History of Greece—10. Antiquities of Greece—11. History of Rome—12. Antiquities of Rome—13. Sacred History—14. Universal History—15. General Geography—16. Jewish Antiquities—17. Classical Biography—18. Astronomy—19. Botany—20. British Constitution—21. English Grammar—22. French Grammar—23. Italian Grammar—24. General Knowledge—25. Chemistry—26. Music—27. Mythology—28. Natural Philosophy—29. Algebra, Part I.—30. Algebra, Part II. Price 6d. each.
Published by J. Souter, School Library, 131 Fleet Street.

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SOUTER'S Progressive Primer in Spelling and Reading.
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3. Souter's Progressive First School Reader, 2s. 6d.
4. Souter's Second School Reader, 4s. 6d.

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3. The National Spelling. 1s. 6d.
4. The National Reader, with 100 Engravings. 3s. 6d.

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and the events of the war skilfully intermingled with the fictions of the author's invention. Among the earlier scenes figures a certain Padré Chavés, of whom we shall beg leave to make an example, *pour encourager les autres*.

"The boon companions" recommenced their wine. The servitor, despite his threat of staying but for one bottle more, was easily persuaded to see out another, and another; while the *padré* was too delighted at the acquisition of the gold, the presence of an old associate, and the opportune absence of Marguerita, not to feel inclined for even extra indulgence,—albeit a difficult point to reach with so habitual a toper. All concealment and restraint forsook him: he felt, that if there were a creature in the world to whom he could unburden himself, it was Nicolao, who well knew the priest's peccadilloes, and had, in fact, by the discovery of them, on more than one occasion, got Chavés completely within his power. 'Don't talk to me of women,' cried the *padré*, in answer to some of the servitor's free jokes; 'I have forsaken them, treacherous minxes! I believe my niece would hand me over to the new inquisitors if she found me confessing millers' wives, after hours, nowadays. Let us stick to wine, Nicolao,' continued the priest; 'dost know what I mean to do with thy fifty pieces? The greatest charity I can confer upon society is to explain the nature of beverages which the ingenuity of man hath concocted under the specious generical name of wine. I am certain that little is known about vinous poisons; and what is more deleterious than bad drink? Here the *padré* took a draught at the flagon before him, which proved his perfect confidence in the present tittle being especially good. Another and another pull at the cup succeeded, till, it is to be feared, his intended inquiry into the pernicious qualities of vinous poison was, for the present, lost in the general philosophy of drinking, on which point he became peculiarly discursive. 'My son,' remarked the maudlin *padré*, looking with grave aspect at Nicolao, who was fooling him to the top of his bent, 'drinking is an honest occupation, and injures no one. Look at the lower animals; they always enjoy a draught more than a feed. The horse snorts with delight in his bucket; the cat purrs as she laps: the ducks lift their heads in gratitude to heaven even for a throttling of muddy water from a green pond. Oh! drinking is a blessed act throughout all creation; and man, being alone in the possession of reason, has invented wine: but it ought to be good, Nicolao. Even instinct teaches where the best liquor is to be found. Look at the bee,' droned the *padré*, closing his eyes and shaking his head, as though he were delivering a homily,—for the purple draughts he had taken sadly bewildered his brain; 'look at the bee, how he goes from flower to flower, tasting and tasting the mawkish stuff, till he comes to the hollyhock; and there he sticks till he swills his full, like a jolly fellow, and drops where he drank. Now for the moral, Nicolao, may'st thou!' and Padré Chavés opened his eyes wide, in a sort of ecstacy, which made his companion roar with laughter; 'I will sing my moral: you may laugh if you will; but that

little insect shames man, even the wisest, who drinks bad liquor.' Then, fixing himself securely in his chair, he trolled forth, with a deep bass voice, this moral lay:

'What is the love of the tulip to me?
Said the happy, and droning tipsy bee;
'The rose may blush as I hasten by;
The lily may hang her head and die;
But, oh! at their jealous pangs I mock,
Mine be the juice of the hollyhock—
To sip the sweets of the hollyhock—
The tipsy sweets of the hollyhock;
Mine, mine, mine the juice of the hollyhock!'

And what is the blush of the fairest cheek?
And what care I for the love it may speak?
Black eye, or hazel, or azure hue,
May weep, like flowers, in pearly dew;
For, oh! at the pangs of love I mock,
As sips the bee of the hollyhock—
The tipsy sweets of the hollyhock:
Oh! mine be the vineyard's purple stock,—
Wine! wine! wine! like juice of the hollyhock!

Let others look to the stores of the hive,
And, like humble-bees, with the thrifty thrive:
Away with care, and let toil be o'er;
The reeking grape gives us wine in store:
For, oh! at the woes of life I mock,
As sips the bee of the hollyhock—
The tipsy sweets of the hollyhock:
Oh! mine be the vineyard's purple stock,—
Wine! wine! wine! like the juice of the hollyhock!

'Bravely sung, my friend! bravely sung!' cried the delighted servitor; 'why, thou art a naturalist, and a philosopher, and the most immaculate of *padrés*!' 'And are you not both ashamed of yourselves?' exclaimed a shrill voice at the door of the apartment. 'Senhor Nicolao, is such your friendship for the *padré*, when you know that a little wine makes him almost beside himself?' With this affecting appeal to Nicolao's conscience for having beguiled the abstemious priest into a debauch, entered Marguerita, a buxom damsel of about five and twenty years. Her uncle regarded her with the leaden eye of intoxication, for the sudden appearance of his affectionate relative had quite finished him. Nicolao, who had been taught to drink among bull-fighters, was sufficiently composed to make all proper excuses. The *padré* was carefully led to his bed, after which the servitor ratified a peace over a glass of *liqueur* with the mollified lady; and then, seeking his horse, was in a few minutes on his road to Lisbon."

This is a just sample of the writer's spirit: and the jolly *padré*'s experiments upon wines, as afterwards related, are equally redolent of humour, and will be read both with amusement and instruction,—for they are curious on the subject.

Camoens, the poet, is introduced, perhaps rather artificially, as he has little connexion with the story (except as the master of Zadig, a faithful Moor); but, as an individual portrait, who brought the orange into Portugal and died in poverty, it stands out boldly and nobly in relief. We will extract as much as we can of his death. Zadig has returned from the disastrous African war.

"Camoens was in far greater poverty than when the Moor had left him. Then, it is true, the superfluities of life were denied, but there yet remained food and raiment: while that which robing and sustenance were to the body, the mind still held in possession, despite misfortune,—hope, to feed and clothe the soul. Though its daily garnish of fair fruit, like the

apple of the Dead Sea shore, became ashes, and the green leaves of promise withered with the setting sun, the morning renewed them: now, no renewal came! Such was the substance of Camoens' welcome to the Moor, who found him in an obscure lodging within the western suburb of Lisbon. 'Ah, Zadig! I am now poor indeed,' continued the bard, pursuing the theme of his increased misery; 'food, raiment, hope, all gone,—even shelter is to be denied me! My last coin is expended! I thought all had abandoned me, and that to-morrow I must have been cast forth to die in the street, or, perchance, carried to an hospital. The broken chalice which contains the dregs of life were better crushed at once than perish thus: but in those dregs a pearl exists no poison can destroy; 'twill rise again to gem the courts of heaven:—such is my belief, Zadig. Hast thou in thy strange creed, made up of chaotic elements, confounding mystery with mystery, a better soul-sustaining hope when the worn frame is tottering o'er that gulf where nature shrinks from that which is most natural—from death?' 'Master,' answered Zadig, evading the question, which he knew was but a gauntlet thrown down inviting argument, 'it is with life we have to do, not death. How wilt thou live on with lack of bread, when disease is feeding on thy wasted powers? Have all means been tried to awaken the compassion of the court? Was it to die near the abode of the rich and proud, the high of birth, they lured Portugal's only bard with the mockery of a pension?' 'Even so, Zadig: my name still swells the courtly retinue. Sebastian dead, I shall be considered the pensioner of Dom Henry; allowed admittance to the presence-chamber, could I crawl there, and yet denied the paltry pittance that would gain me food. My meals have often now a grace more solemn than prayer or thanksgiving—a yesterday of fasting!' 'Dear master,' exclaimed the Moor, 'this must not be:' and his broad chest heaved with emotion as he gazed on the pallid face of Camoens, o'er which a smile played, though it was but a sad one. The smile of the blind is ever painful to the beholder, for the brightness which should illumine it is not there, and the bard was then rapidly losing the sight of that eye which had directed the labours of his immortal pen: thus threatening to involve one, who mentally had been the only light which had risen for ages over the intellectual gloom of Portugal, in perfect night. That Camoens' vivid fancy should yet return, and its scintillations burst forth, even at his own distresses, need not surprise us. Camoens had been taught by affliction to become a Christian philosopher; and Misfortune had so long made her home with him, that she was familiar as a friend. Not even when disturbed by intrusion on the privacy of his thoughts—when visited by those who sought the gratuitous offices of his muse, while they withheld the assistance which might long have kept on earth the soul of the immortal genius whose aid they craved—could he be aroused to anger. A fidalgo, named Ruy Dias de Camara, was the last who came to his miserable dwelling on this ungracious errand. He requested the poet to translate into Portuguese for him the Penitential Psalms, and Camoens thus expressed himself in answer to his solicitations: 'When I wrote verses, I was young and had sufficient food; was a lover, and beloved by many friends: thus I felt poetic ardour. Now I am without energy. Behold! I require two vintners to buy coal, and I have them not.' His appeals to the ministers of Dom Henry had been equally manly and affecting, but subdued. His disease, aggravated by want of

nourishment, long prevented him from leaving his lodgings: his letters to the court were unanswered, and he remained untended and unvisited. The return of Zadig, and the devoted attachment he expressed for Camoens, cheered the desolate sufferer; but he at once saw the improbability of assistance from such a source."

Zadig goes out and begs for him, and returns with a small quantity of bread and wine, of which he gives to his faithful friend.

"Drink, Zadig; the poison of disease is not on my lips. It is true that I am dying; but my frame hath yet the energies of years in it. I have heard, the last of life—the strong desire to live—doth sometimes give reanimation to the sick whom the sage mediciner hath pronounced as on the bed of death. My soul has wearied of this earth, nor will it lend the vital spark to longer bondage. I have already lived too long: I look for fellowship in vain;—friends I have none save thee. Ah! Catherina, heaven is thy fitting home; soon shall I join thee in those realms of bliss. And thou, Antonio! friend of my youth, sharer of every thought, and comrade in fields of toil and danger—yes! we shall meet within the world of spirits, and from the realms of space regard this sublunary scene; amid the wonders of revolving spheres, with all the secret springs of essence and of matter bared to eyes opened on immortality, still pondering one mystery,—how man, who feels that he doth journey to eternity, can toy with life as though it led but to annihilation."

"It was about the tenth month after Zadig had taken on himself the charge of Camoens, whom all others seemed to have forgotten, that the Moor had the mortification of returning home, without even the coarse food which had till then sustained these companions in misery. Supperless had they gone to their hard beds, for Zadig had not that day earned enough to procure a meal. Heavily the bard slept, but the eyes of his watchful friend were ever opening to regard the sick man. The chimes of the church of Santa Anna told the hour of midnight, when Zadig started from the ground. Camoens had called him by name. Seated upright in the bed, his eye dilated, and beaming with a strange lustre which seemed to absorb the rays of the solitary taper placed near him, the bard fixedly regarded the Moor. One hand was resting on the pillow, supporting him in his upraised position, and with the other he slowly beckoned. 'Zadig,' said Camoens, 'I have been in a trance.' 'No, master, thou hast but slept,' quickly answered his alarmed attendant. 'I have been in a trance, Zadig,' solemnly reiterated the dying man, 'and I have seen a vision mingling earth and heaven. I had been ages dead, if bliss like that I felt we may call death, and had in spirit come to hover o'er the earth. Princes and people, ages and bards, a gathering of nations, were calling on Camoens. That fame, winging its way through Christendom, for which my soul in life had panted, now was mine. Honour to Camoens!—every tongue joined in the song of praise. Amid this strange apotheosis, I heard a seraph's voice, and thus it spake: 'Wilt thou return to earth?' The wings that bore me trembled; but I answered, 'Rather be mine with humble strain to swell our loud hosannahs round the celestial throne.' The poet's eye grew dim. 'Zadig!—his head bowed towards the Moor: the hand which had grasped his relaxed its pressure; and the soul of the bard of Lusitania passed to the realm of spirits. His incidental mention of the convent of Santa Anna determined the last resting-place

of Camoens. It was the nearest religious house to the shed which had sheltered the dying bard. Here, beneath a marble slab, were deposited the mortal remains of the author of the 'Luciad,' undistinguished from the humblest unlettered peasant of Portugal; his obsequies unattended, as his death was unlamented, by all save one faithful attendant."

Our author restores Sebastian to his country; but as a private man, who retires to the mountain passes of Astorga, and passes his life far from the ambition of a throne.

Of the other tales we must speak briefly. The "Pirate's Island" is a strange wild story, in which the curse of a father and the fate of a Cornish family, above a century ago, are vividly painted. In this, as well as in "Attah," the next in succession, and indeed in all, the author's acquaintance with the tropical clime and scenery, enables him to draw very striking and real pictures of the situations where he embodies his action. In "Attah," in particular, there are descriptions which effect in prose what Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner" produced in poetry—the most powerful images and emotions. The loves of the slave-dealer and his faithful negro girl are told with deep interest. "The Recluse" and "The Cape of Storms" are also very impressive; but "Vata," the concluding piece, of the Druidical period, is altogether so original a conception, and so boldly executed, that we would especially recommend it to the public.

The Doctrine of the Deluge, vindicating the Scriptural Account from the Doubts which have recently been cast upon it by Geological Speculations. By the Rev. L. Vernon Harcourt. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1838. Longman and Co.

A FRENCH writer says that, in etymology, "Les consonnes comptent pour peu de chose, et les voyelles pour rien," a principle which, in the volumes before us, has been carried to its full extent. No sportsman can more enjoy the excitement of a chase, than Mr. Harcourt delights in the hunt after an evasive root. If the scent suddenly is lost in the Hebrew language, he falls upon it again in the Coptic, and away he goes in full cry after his victim, until he finally runs it down in the Phœnician, after a series of incredible leaps over every impediment of reason and probability. We regret that this monomania, if we may so call it, disfigures what might otherwise have been an able and instructive work. A great portion of Mr. Harcourt's pages are devoted to an attempt to trace the fables of the heathen mythology to the age of Noah; and in the prosecution of this design, although it is of little value in itself, he has brought together a store of important materials, which may hereafter be rendered eminently available for a different purpose. That part of the work which proves the deluge to have been a type of the Christian sacrament of baptism, and enters into a discussion upon the nature of regeneration, evinces strong powers of argument and a correct judgment, and presents a forcible contrast to the irrational and extravagant tone of his etymological deductions. We extract the following passage, as a fair specimen of Mr. Harcourt's style:—

"The long period of time which was suffered to elapse while the vengeance of God hovered over the devoted earth, was admirably calculated to prove the character of the patriarch, and to give him an opportunity of preaching repentance to the ungodly,—of shewing his zeal in the service of God, and evincing the firmness of his faith; and thus the same flood,

which was the instrument of destruction to the unbelieving world, became the instrument of salvation to those who believed the word of the Lord. But there was another most important advantage gained by the mode of punishment selected. The flood, which purified the earth and expiated its guilt, and renovated the face of nature, inculcated, at the same time, a moral lesson to be transmitted to all succeeding generations: it taught men that there can be no reconciliation to God without atonement, and that the stains of sin must be washed away, and that every sinner must be regenerated in order to escape the curse which sin provokes. St. Peter declares that baptism saves us by the resurrection of Jesus Christ. At first sight the direct connexion between these doctrines is not very obvious; but it must be remembered, that a resurrection from the grave bears a very close analogy to that reappearance from the ark, which was a second life to those who had been entombed, as it were, in that huge coffin, or representative of Hades, the place of departed spirits. It was, therefore, equivalent to regeneration; and St. Paul insists upon the resemblance in express terms: 'We are buried,' says he, 'with Jesus Christ by baptism into death; that, like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life.' His argument requires that those who have been baptised should live as regenerated persons. Since, then, the idea of escape from destruction was the predominant notion which the Jews associated with the recollection of the deluge, there is another passage in the prophet Zechariah which must be considered an allusion to the same event: 'It shall be in that day, that living waters shall go out from Jerusalem, half of them toward the former sea, and half of them toward the hinder sea: in summer and in winter shall it be. And the Lord shall be king over all the earth—all the land shall be turned as a plain from Geba to Rimmon, south of Jerusalem: and it shall be lifted up, and inhabited in her place,—and men shall dwell in it; and there shall be no more utter destruction, but Jerusalem shall be safely inhabited.' Prophecy is accustomed to mingle images of the future with images of the past. In the present instance, to disentangle the combination, we must consider what destruction is intended. Now, it can scarcely be the destruction of the city; for so far was it from being utterly destroyed at the time when the judgments fell upon it, which were just before denounced, that one moiety of the people were not to be cut off from it: and the event verified the prediction. But the Hebrew word, which is rendered 'utter destruction' in our version, is translated by the Vulgate and Septuagint 'anathema,' because it means a curse as well as desolation. If, then, we bear in mind the compassionate declaration of Him, who had just shewn himself to be so signally the Lord and King over all the earth,—'I will not again curse the ground any more for man's sake,'—we can scarcely doubt that a comparison was intended between the covenant with Jerusalem and the former covenant with the earth. In the preceding verse it is said, that all the land shall be *turned* as a plain; but the more obvious meaning of the Hebrew word is, that it shall be encompassed or surrounded; and if rivers were to burst forth from Mount Sion to the east and to the west, the land would be encompassed with waters, like the earth at the deluge; and then the lifting up of the holy hill above those waters, in order to its being safely inhabited, is in exact correspondence with

an opinion still current among the Hindoos about their holy place, Benares. The mythological reason, says Wolf the missionary, given for its sanctity is, that during a great deluge the space forming the holy ground was raised by supernatural means, so as to remain above the waters, which had drowned the rest of the world. In connexion with which he observes, that the Hindoos have a number of expiatory rites, chiefly of the nature of penances for sin. But the prophetic style required that the cleansing agency of those waters should be principally regarded. They were living waters; waters of salvation; waters flowing from the fountain noticed in the preceding chapter, which was opened to the inhabitants of Jerusalem for sin and for uncleanness. They are the exact counterparts of those rivers in Ezekiel, which flowed from the temple, and carried life and healing with them to every place over which they passed."

Before we close this brief notice of a work, the labour and ingenuity in whose composition, however, occasionally misdirected, we cannot but admire, we feel it our duty to speak in favour of the spirit in which it is written. We are not of that class who dilate upon the poverty and inefficiency of the reason of man, who would forbid its being exercised upon those lofty subjects which call forth its highest powers, and who deem it presumptuous to frame even a conjecture upon those dark but important points which afford a congenial sphere for exertion to the most elevated properties of the mind. Man is indeed but "a little lower than the angels." At the same time, we are still more opposed to those who, when the conclusions of our limited discernment seem at variance with the revelations of infinite wisdom, endeavour to reconcile the Scriptures to reason, instead of reason to the Scriptures; and we are afraid that a feeling which would promote disunion between religion and science, by advocating the interests of the latter as all-important; is but too prevalent. Science must ever be subservient to religion; and, in its attempts to render itself independent, it will be deprived of the only certain warrant for truth it possesses, and be destroyed in the anarchy and confusion of the unsettled ideas which will spring up in the absence of all restraint. If, however, their proper relation be maintained, each will prove of the greatest advantage to the other, mutually giving and receiving fresh assistance; and it is as an attempt to preserve this connexion unimpaired, the dissolution of which would be fatal to one party and injurious to the other, that we bestow our chief praise on Mr. Harcourt's volumes.

Love's Exchange. A Tale. By Charles John Boyle. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1839. Longman and Co.

WE have to add a new name to the list of successful novelists, though not a name new to successful literature; for Mr. Boyle is, we believe, the brother of Miss Mary Boyle, of whose authorship we had last year occasion to speak so highly. It is not always that talent runs in the blood.

In *Love's Exchange*, there is much of reflection upon the world, or rather upon the feelings with which we begin, pass through, and finish, life's eventful history. These all bespeak a refined mind,—a mind that loves the pure and good, and hurries by the impure and worthless. Then our "plot is an admirable plot," and the secret so uncommonly well kept that we should be more than usually reluctant to betray a *scintilla* of the knowledge we have acquired of it, through two evenings' very

pleasant reading. The prominent characters—such as Lady Helen Loftus, Basil Honeton, Bouchier (the weak and wavering hero), and others, are extremely well drawn; and, altogether, our report must be most favourable to a *début* of so promising a kind, and so able a performance. We are at a loss for examples—as we always are with works of the class—but the following quarrel between a father and son, will shew the author's powers over passion and dialogue:—

"The father and son met down here at the hall: both obstinately persisted in their former resolves. The one loudly demanded pecuniary assistance; and the other, as loudly, met the demand with the most angry and stanch refusal. Sir Maurice, in common conversation, often waxed warm; but in this instance, he became more dreadfully violent than ever. The elder son, his favourite, and the only human being, who, at such a moment, could have possessed the slightest command over his enraged parent, upon that morning was unfortunately absent from the hall. No one, then, being at hand to curb the old man's ungovernable deportment, it soon had its way. After every sort of bitter invective, he peremptorily ordered Sir Ralph to quit the house, declaring, as he hoped to be saved, that he would neither help him, see him again, nor consent to receive any letter or paper sent by him, or concerning him. See him he never did after that day. The dreadful meeting here was their last. Sir Ralph, himself the inheritor of his father's impetuous temper, was worked up to a high pitch of frenzy by this determined rejection, even of his slightest demands. As he quitted Sir Maurice's presence, the overwhelming nature of his embarrassments must have struck him the more forcibly, as he looked around at the princely dwelling he was now about to quit, he might fancy, for ever. Difficulties, hopeless and instant, crowded, one upon the other, into his mind. His anger passed its former bounds; and, in the heat and excitement of the moment, he raised his voice; and, as he crossed the hall, used some loud and dreadful expression. The words—as probably, at that instant, it was intended they should—failed not to reach the quick ears of the old man, for he was still in the room above stairs; he started from his seat, and stepped out upon that same balcony, at which Margaret appeared this morning, when Maurice interrupted her song, and made her come down to us. I should tell you that there were several servants in the hall: some passing slowly through, others loitering more decidedly by the open door of the porch, all, as you may suppose, watching, with much curiosity, the issue of so unusual an occurrence as Master Ralph's visit at Honeton. 'Hear me!' cried Sir Maurice, loudly addressing his son from above, 'Hear me, before you quit this house for ever! Shame and disgrace as you are to the name you bear, I would speak to you once more. You—you—' his speech died away unfinished, so agitated was his manner. 'You have, at least, bestowed upon me a name you might call me by,' retorted the other: 'I am your own son, Sir Maurice Honeton!' 'Son!' burst forth the angry parent, stamping with rage, and knocking his clenched fist against the balustrade—'My son, say you? By Heaven! I will never again consider you as one. Such you shall cease to be called by me, ere another moment.' 'But by others, nevertheless, my honoured father, replied Sir Ralph, sarcastically, 'it will not be so easy to make the world forget I am your son.' 'It shall be easy,' vociferated Sir Maurice; 'I

will disown you this instant. I here utterly renounce you, as God above, whose wrath be on you, is my witness! Mark me, yonder,' he continued, beckoning to the servants; and, raising his voice still higher, 'here, before you all, I cast this son of mine from me. Shut my door against him—drive him from it! Witness what I say—recollect that, from this very hour, I will not, do not, look upon him as my child—I have turned my face from him—I have disclaimed every tie that should connect us! Go from my sight, Ralph Honston, for ever!—Leave a house you should never have called a home—even now you stand as a stranger in it. Leave it—quit my roof—go!' Sir Ralph, as yet, made no reply; but he looked up at his father, and smiled. This was past endurance: words—such as were now dying away upon his own ear, angry, violent words—had far better have been uttered, than that this suppressed laugh should have been perceived by the enraged Sir Maurice. It bespoke such complete indifference to the language which had burst in a paroxysm of fury from his lips, that he was instantaneously wrought up to a more fearful pitch than ever. 'My son! then,' he cried, with an increasing stress of bitter irony on the word, every time it issued from his mouth—'my son!—since I am to call you so, listen to me—listen to your father. You have come to crave your portion: verily, you are my child, and you shall have it. Retract, then, this instant what you have said; and declare that I confer what you have demanded generously. If you do not, a lie is on your tongue; for, what I give you, I give freely—readily—willingly. Take my curse!—do you mark me?—My curse—from my heart I bestow it!' 'A goodly heritage,' cried the other, his anger equally rising; 'but the better to enhance your generosity, it should have cost you, like any other gift, some small repugnance to part with it, my good father!' 'Now, hark ye!' replied the old man, catching at the last word, which Sir Ralph had strongly accented, well nigh choking, at the same time, with his own. 'You are a father too: may you be a wretched one! May you love the boy that calls you so, as I once loved you!' He wiped from his brow the cold drops that had gathered there. 'Let him live, as you have done, to sting his father to the heart!' 'Then, at least, wish me one other, to become my favourite,' retorted the angry man, with a bitter allusion to his own brother. 'Ay!' screamed Sir Maurice, 'I do. Have a favourite—take him to your heart—love him—and let him—die!' Pausing to gain breath, for his rage had seemed to hurry him forward in his bitter imprecations till he was almost exhausted, Sir Maurice repeatedly struck the wood-work, against which he leaned for support."

The portrait of a favourite gamekeeper affords another fair example of truth and expression.

"Upon the wall, under this window, were suspended a motley assemblage of the dead. Polecats, stoats, weasels, owls, and other species of vermin, were nailed up, not only, as if it were deemed thereby impossible to offend any one of the senses, but disposed with a certain degree of order and attention, that bespoke vanity in their destroyer, even when arranging the putrid carcasses of his victims. Hitherto, on entering the humble dwelling, he had found the falconer confined to his seat, though, for all that, busily employed in the education of a young hawk. As he now once more lifted the latch, and pushed open the low door, he discovered the leg to be so far restored to its former

health and activity, that it no longer reposed on the flat surface of an oaken bench. Bernard was altogether in quite a different attitude: he knelt upon the floor, before a short perch, on which stood the hooded bird, which he seemed to be in the act of worshipping, rather than instructing. 'Oh, the brave baggage! the dainty jade! the sweet slut!' cried Bernard, on a sudden, as his ever welcome visitor stood before him on the threshold of his secluded dwelling. 'Look ye, Master Maurice! look ye! See how gallantly she steps from off her perch upon my fist, and back, and without a thought of bating from me. Have ye, pretty mistress? eh! cunning one; have ye then?' he continued, playing with the bird. 'You are an apt hussy, and shall be set to the line right soon.' And, as he ran on in a similar strain, his eyes glistened with delight, and sparkled with scarcely less of brilliancy, than those of the plumed favourite beneath her red hood. 'Why, Bernard, man,' exclaimed his young master, 'you throw away as much honeyed talk, and as many coaxing words, as if a sweetheart, in good truth, stood before you.' Bernard smiled, and again enticed the bird upon his hand. At any other time such a sight would have been hailed with joy by Maurice, have called forth exclamations of loud delight, or questions as to the manner of treating the numerous pupils; but, just now, his thoughts dwelt more with those for whom the iron rule of instruction had been laid aside—hawks, whose gallant prowess, and ready obedience in the fields of air, had been put to the test, and only repaid each repeated trial the more thoroughly. It was, consequently, to his no small satisfaction, that, after the usual inquiry, the falconer declared one day more to be all the rest he required for his hitherto refractory limb, and that the next, 'an' it pleased Master Maurice, should not find him wanting at his usual post.' These good tidings were conveyed to Maurice in a whisper, for a strange step had first attracted the scholar's attention, and she presently started at the sound of another voice in the cottage. In an instant, abruptly quitting the pedagogue's arm, she sprang back to her wooden perch, whilst, to Bernard's discomfiture, a feather or two began to ruffle. 'Tut, tut, baggage!' he exclaimed as pettishly as an offended coquette, and holding forth a bit of raw meat close to the affrighted favourite's beak, and with his other hand gently stroking her on the breast with a small black feather, 'Will you suffer my boy Hal to approach you any moment, night or day, and must needs put up your plumes at your own young master, because, forsooth, he speaks before ye? I took you to be better reclaimed, hussy!' The bird seemed to comprehend the actual words of reproach, or by the tone in which they were uttered, to interpret their meaning; for she smoothed her disturbed feathers, cocked her head on one side, then slightly raising her wings, jumped back upon Bernard's extended arm, and snapping at the bit of red food, gulped it down her yellow throat in a second."

We now select one of the many reflections with which the tale is sweetened and enriched.

"There are some natures so utterly without guile—bosoms, from the first, so void of those latent seeds, which, after but a slight contact with the world, ripen into early suspicion and distrust, that blindness towards the most glaring facts may almost amount to infatuation. In a great degree had the artless Mabel been the dupe of her own inexperience; yet that inexperience was of a kind few could have desired she should discard, before the bitter moment of

necessity had fully come, and she was to learn that the most beautiful, the most unselfish, the most cherished feelings of her heart, had only tended to help in the work of her self-delusion. If a generous nature, from its very character disposed to trust all, had served to deceive her the more completely; in like proportion were her eyes to be opened only the quicker and more widely, when the veil, that had long covered them, should be rent in the very least."

A scene of misery, connected with our preceding extracts, will finally exhibit the author in a striking light. The elder brother has sunk through the ice, and the narrative proceeds.

"'Tarry not, tarry not, Alice; every moment is fearfully precious—death, perhaps, death in it. Fly to your father, find Bernard, and make him follow me. Do you then run, and call every human being you can meet with. Send them all after us, down to the lake. Oh, God! my poor Maurice, there has been fearful delay as it is!' and, seizing the bundle of ropes he had heaped together, he swung them across his shoulder, snatched up a long pole, with a hook at its point, and hurried back to the fatal spot. All was in the state he had left it, save Fleece. The poor dog, as if exhausted by its howlings, or bereft of every instinctive hope, had crept as close to the broken edge as it was able; and now lay quite still, its head resting on its paws, its eyes fixed upon the large open space, from which it suffered nothing to turn it. A low plaintive whine escaped at the intervals of Basil's fruitless endeavours to find his brother. In vain the wretched young man approached within a dangerous distance of the wide opening. In vain he called upon Maurice, letting down the ropes, and pushing the blocks of floating ice from the hole he, every moment, made larger with his repeated blows. The ropes came up again; but no other hand but his own grasped them. Again and again he repeated these endeavours, when Bernard, suddenly dashing down from the woody bank, stood breathless at his side. 'What is it, Master Basil?' cried the affrighted man, loaded with every implement that could promise succour, or that human forethought could have devised: 'what is it?' Uttering the words, his eye encountered Fleece—the beaver hat—the long knotted stick, his own gift that very morning to his favourite. 'The Lord above! Master Basil, whom seek you? Not him—not him—no—not Maurice Honston.' 'Yes, yes,' cried Basil, 'I do seek my brother; I do seek Maurice; and, oh, God! as I fear, never to find him.' Bernard, at these words, let fall the contents of his hands. He was like one smitten by the bolt of Heaven. He turned ghastly pale. His eyes were fixed upon the broken ice—his teeth chattered, and his knees shook with such violence, that he would have lost his footing upon the bank, if Basil had not caught hold of him. An infant's hand might have felled the tall muscular form of the falconer to the earth. 'Rouse yourself, Bernard!' cried Basil, in a beseeching tone, 'rouse yourself! bethink you who it is that needs every effort we can make. Perhaps we might yet save him.' These few words, delivered with that sort of cold tone and calm authority, which often the more clearly denote a well-grounded despair, had instant effect upon the falconer. He seemed by a violent struggle to recover from his stupor; for with a burst of agony he exclaimed—'The poor boy! the poor boy!' As he spoke, tears started from the man's eyes, and rolled down his weather-beaten

cheeks. Seizing some of the implements he had let fall, he proceeded to assist Basil; but, for some moments following, their joint exertions were undisturbed by further conversation. Both remained silent. Basil, grasping a rope held by Bernard, approached the opening in the ice, till it bent under his feet, and he was forced to make a backward step. Bernard dealt blow after blow upon the hard surface of the lake, to enlarge the already wide circle—then plunged the grappling iron below. ‘Am I not to look upon that face again?’ at last sobbed out the faithful servant, as it were, addressing himself. ‘Shall I never hear that cry, with which he kindly hailed me as I passed him an hour ago?’ Oh! my young master—oh! Maurice, Maurice Honeton! where are you?’ ‘Alas!’ replied Basil, ‘I begin to fear that the under current has carried him far down. Maurice! my poor brother! that you could answer—that you could reach this hand!’ Before much more time had been expended by Basil and his companion, in a hundred such attempts to draw Maurice Honeton from his watery grave, a multitude of workmen and others had come to their assistance. Every further effort, however, proved equally vain. The lake was broken up in all directions; flat-bottomed boats were conveyed to the edge, and soon launched amid the fragments of disturbed and floating ice. Grappling irons, hooks, poles, ropes, were lowered, again and again, into the deep water; but each time they returned to the hands that held them, raising nothing but muddy heaps of weeds, or dripping rubbish. At last, however, a party of men, who were considerably lower down upon the lake than the rest, called loudly to their companions, and beckoned that they should join them. Basil guessed the truth, and, followed by Bernard, made his way to the spot. As they drew near, the stiffened body of Maurice Honeton was in the act of being lifted from the water. His face was dreadfully gashed and bruised, the current having driven him with violence against some projecting edge of ice, or equally sharp substance, and carried him, as Basil had said, far from the spot where the stick had fallen from his hand, when he sank through the treacherous opening, to yield his last breath beneath. Basil gazed upon his brother, and spoke to him; yet he was quite conscious that life was extinct; and stooping, he gently closed the lid, for the distorted glassy stare of that once laughing eye was not to be endured. Such affection as Basil felt, hovers round the cold corpse to the last, often refusing to acknowledge the changes that are palpable; watching, speaking, as if life were yet there, till the grave claims the precious relic, locks it up, and, in its avarice, yields it no more to mortal gaze. Basil, for a few moments after he had performed the sad office mentioned above, preserved a silence, which the numerous crowd, now collected, respected too much to break. ‘My mother!’ he at length said, in a low voice, ‘oh my poor mother! how will she bear to look upon him? And he!’—for the thought of the father’s adoration for the one child flashed across the other,—‘he loved him; assuredly my father loved Maurice.’ Basil buried his face in his hands, as if to stifle the accumulated agony of his thoughts; then again he bent over the dead body, and again he brushed back the long, wet, clustering hair, from the inanimate countenance. There could be traced upon it now, no other expression than one of intense suffering. The agony of death was depicted in the most frightful distortions.”

The Life of Thomas Reynolds, Esq., formerly of Killea Castle, in the County of Kildare. By his Son, Thomas Reynolds. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1839. Hooper; Dublin, Milliken and Son.

THIS is a difficult publication to deal with, and will, probably, not meet with one impartial review in the whole circle of periodical judgment. It is almost impossible to divest oneself of partisanship either on the one side or the other: and the events involved in this narrative are of too deep a nature to admit of public justice or private fairness. The two aspects which the book presents are exactly such as will admit of the eulogies of friends and the bitterest reproaches of enemies. The former will exalt the filial piety of the writer; will dwell on the great service rendered to the kingdom by the explosion of a most dangerous conspiracy; will exculpate Mr. Reynolds from all selfish, and claim for him all patriotic motives; and, in fine, will hold him up as the loyal subject, and, for his loyalty, a maligned and persecuted man. The latter will hardly excuse the efforts of the son, and declare them to be misrepresentations and falsehoods; will paint the father as a sordid traitor, who sold the lives of his friends and associates; will call him by the odious names of spy and informer; and describe him as infamous beyond all example of infamy.

Jaffier, in “*Venice Preserved*,” is only half forgiven when he has redeemed his weakness by self-slaughter; and what could Mr. Reynolds expect from the associates of those whom his revelations brought to expatriation, slaughter, and the scaffold?

Perhaps, amidst these conflicting sentiments, the chief value of the work, leaving opinion upon the individual to be determined by the feelings of readers, may be thought to be the light it reflects upon the existing condition of Ireland at this hour. When we look at similar organisations in parishes, districts, provinces, and the capital, we are staggered with the inference that similar horrors may be concealed under the surface, and that similar crimes, murders, and assassinations, may be followed by like national calamities. May Heaven avert the omens! but the resemblance is fearful.

In 1798, when the rebellion was crushed, Mr. Reynolds (born in 1771) was honoured with public addresses, &c. &c. In 1808, he was closely pursued by the hatred of the United Irishmen, whose cause he had betrayed. He was employed by government in several public capacities at Lisbon and in the north; and, finally, retired to France in 1820, where he lived during the last fifteen years of his varied and memorable life. The statements of his biographer, and the reasons he assigns for his adopting the striking course he pursued on the dangerous emergency in question, will be deemed satisfactory or the reverse, according to the grounds at which we have already glanced: and as no argument of ours could alter the verdict either way, we shall abstain from any political comment, and only observe that the author has drawn some curious materials in support of his positions from the “*Life of T. Wolfe Tone*,” as published in America, and, it seems, much mutilated, and reduced to half its original size, in its preparation for the British market. The preface concludes with the following pregnant hint.

“I have a vast mass of curious documents, which are not in these volumes— anecdotes of all the leading men connected with the United Irish Society, many of whom have to this day remained unknown as United Irishmen. I have, however, carefully abstained from nam-

ing a single individual in these memoirs who has not been already repeatedly named, and I hope I shall be enabled to continue this reserve.”

Mr. Reynolds’s early years appear to have been passed in that sort of reckless dissipation too common to the gay and lively spirit of his country; but as he married, in 1794, at the age of twenty-three, the career was not too long continued for future happiness; and at this epoch his biographer says:—

“It will be observed that, as yet, I have avoided every allusion to my father’s political career, and I have been, perhaps, too prolix in the account I have given of his private life. It is true that the subjects on which I have hitherto written do not usually afford much interest to the reader; but those details have been forced from me by a series of calumnies, which I cannot allow to remain uncontradicted. It has been said that my father was a low-born and needy adventurer; therefore I have thought it incumbent on me to shew that he was well connected, and closely related to the first families in Ireland; and that up to January 1798, he was living in ease, affluence, and respectability.”

More public affairs succeed. In 1791, the United Irish Association was formed, and soon occupied a prominent place on the canvass of Ireland’s troubles and misfortunes. Upon this subject, Wolfe Tone’s work is referred to, and the author endeavours to shew that the exterior objects and pretences proclaimed, were only meant to cover secret designs of rebellion and butchery.

“Samuel Neilson (he says), of Belfast, was particularly active. In a letter which he writes to Mr. Tone, on the 21st of November, he says, — ‘You can form no conception of the rapid progress of the Union here; and I do assure you we are further forward than even I expected we should have been in a twelvemonth. The universal question throughout the country is, ‘When do we begin?’ Do we refuse hearth-money or tithes first?’ Indeed the people of Belfast were not idle; they spared neither pains nor expense to spread their new doctrine through the whole north of Ireland; and they had the satisfaction to see their proselytes very rapidly extending in all directions. The more effectually to spread their principles, ‘twelve of the most active and intelligent among them subscribed 250*l.* each to set on foot a paper, whose object should be to give a fair statement of all that passed in France, whither every one turned his eyes; to inculcate the necessity of union amongst Irishmen of all religious persuasions; to support the emancipation of the Catholics; and finally, as the necessary, though not avowed, consequence of all this, to erect Ireland into a republic independent of England.’”

“The Association spread to such a degree that, on its dissolution in 1798, the returns exceeded 400,000 men, a vast many of whom were perfect fanatics, ready to perform the wildest, the most atrocious act suggested in their committees, or commanded in the name of the Directory. Every man who was not a member, or who did not evince a marked bias and protection towards the members and their opinions, was considered as an enemy, and devoted as a fair object of destruction, in person and property, whenever a secure opportunity for attacking either the one or the other might be afforded. The Directory was a self-created mysterious body, whose persons, means, motions, and intentions, were alike unknown, save only so far as they thought proper to communicate them through their agent; and all orders so communicated must be implicitly

obeyed. There were five directors at its dissolution, four Protestants and one Roman Catholic. I should here observe that throughout this narrative, I mean by Protestants, to indicate all those who are not Roman Catholics, whether they be of the Church of England, or Presbyterians, or other Dissenters.

"The moment a man became a member of it he unexpectedly found himself placed under the censorship of all his associates; the slightest hesitation, opposition, or disapproval, of the orders or reports, communicated from the upper committees, was considered as treason and disaffection; keeping company or habitually associating with persons unfriendly to the Association was held to be just cause of suspicion. A man's acquaintance, his servants, his relatives, and frequently his very children, were so many spies on all his words and actions, which, if suspicious, were directly denounced in some committee. The leaders, conscious of their own criminal projects, and in constant dread of discovery, notwithstanding their precautions, promoted by every means in their power this jealous and suspicious system of espionage among the associates."

Such was the society which Mr. Reynolds joined as a colonel in 1797, in the place of Lord E. Fitzgerald, and, as his son contends, in ignorance of the secret views of the combined leaders.

"But (immediately he tells us) the list of proscription, and other matters, now for the first time laid open to my father, spoke their real intentions in a language not to be misunderstood. What was he to do? To denounce the men who had opened their secrets to him was repugnant to every feeling—to suffer matters to take their course was to make himself an accomplice in their crimes—to quit the Association was to offer himself and his family to the knife of the murderer. The provincial committee, of which he had a few moments before become a member, was to meet in Dublin the next day, the 19th of February. There was very little time for deliberation: he resolved, at all events, not to take another step with these men until he should have ascertained the truth or falacy of what he had heard. He, therefore, sent by the post, from the house he was in, an excuse to the provincial committee, addressed to Oliver Bond, for John McCann, grounded on the shortness of time, the distance, and the urgency of his own private affairs. He was fully aware that, by declining to attend so important a meeting, he was likely to be looked upon with jealousy; but it was not to be avoided. He returned to Kilkea, oppressed, alarmed, unable to doubt, and fearing to credit, what had been told him; yet, when he looked around through the country, every thing confirmed the truth of it, and showed him that disorders, which had hitherto appeared the effect of insubordination among the labouring classes, were in reality the results of a plan concerted by the leaders of the United Irish Association, of a very different complexion from any thing he had hitherto been led to believe. All tended to riot and confusion. Murders and robberies were committed night and day; few men dared to venture from their homes, and these homes were converted into fortresses; the entrances and lower windows of most houses were strongly barricaded; in short, every man, fearful of the visits of the gangs of plunderers who infested the country, put his residence in the best state of defence he could."

Attempts to assassinate him were the result of his drawing back; and he speedily communicated all he knew of the conspiracy to go-

vernment; which led to the apprehension of many persons, and the premature outbreak of the rebellion. His biographer declares that this was done without fee or reward, and that, so far from being benefited, his father was exposed to considerable loss in consequence of the part he took in these calamitous times. At page 220, however, we think there is a suspicious circumstance which would induce us to imagine that Mr. Reynolds was not without some immediate recompense.

"Government (says the author) had strong suspicions that he was privy to Lord Edward's escape and concealment; but the United Irishmen made the first attack on him. On the 16th of April, he was occupied in walling up a closet, which was made in the thickness of the wall of his common sitting-room, and which had evidently been originally intended as a secure place for depositing valuables. The entire room was newly papered, in order the better to conceal the closet, in which he had deposited his family plate, to the value of about 1000*l.*, together with 3500 guineas in gold, which had been unexpectedly paid to him a few days before, and other valuables."

His situation now became one of extreme peril. The Croppies tried to murder him; the government in the provinces (ignorant of his services in the capital) persecuted him, and he had a narrow escape from being executed by a court-martial. All around the most horrible atrocities were committed; and it makes human nature shudder to read the accounts of cruelties and barbarities perpetrated by revengeful rebels and an exasperated soldiery.

"It has (says the author) been my father's lot since then, to witness the ravages of war in the Peninsula, where Spaniards, French, Portuguese, and English, with their German auxiliaries, men trained to rapine, alternately plundered and devastated the country, but in all that disorder, of which he was an eyewitness during six years, he has frequently assured me that he never saw such coolblooded, wanton, useless destruction, as was committed by Captain Erskine and his companions at Kilkea, and over the surrounding country. It was Croppy property, and that was quite sufficient in their eyes to make destruction a virtue. My father's steward, William Byrne, was flogged and tortured to make him discover the supposed dépôt of arms. Lieutenant Love, of the ninth dragoons, son of the quarter-master of the same regiment, being a tall man, tied his silk sash about Byrne's neck, and hung him over his shoulders, while another officer flogged him until he became insensible. Similar acts acquired for Mr. Love the sobriquet of the 'Walking Gallows.'

"At this period the disturbed state of the country rendered all communication difficult and precarious. Expresses were frequently waylaid, robbed, and sometimes murdered, on the roads at noon-day. The military had authority to act independently of the civil power, and courts-martial in the country towns and out-quarters, executed their sentences in a most summary manner, without appeal to Dublin. Men were frequently arrested, tried, and executed, by these military tribunals within the space of two or three hours. In many places they were permanently sitting, and though perhaps composed of very honourable men, yet assuredly they knew nothing of law, and having very rarely the assistance of a judge-advocate, too frequently decided according to the excitement of the moment. The speed with which their decrees were executed unfortunately prevented revision. Stationed

throughout the country to prevent disorder, they were in perpetual war with the inhabitants; and thus, their passions in a continual state of excitement, they could not be very impartial judges.

"Skirmishes took place also at Rathfarnham, Tallagh, Locan, Lusk, Dunboyne, Barretstown, Collon, Bellinglass, Dunlavin, Kildare, Rathangan, Killock, and Oviestown. In all these engagements the rebels were defeated with considerable loss, except those of Dunboyne and Barretstown. The attack on Prosperous was marked by an act of the most infamous treachery. Doctor John Esmond was a Roman Catholic physician and apothecary, a man of good fortune and of high family connexion, and a lieutenant in Mr. Griffith's troop of yeoman cavalry, then stationed at Clane. Not far from his residence was the small town of Prosperous, where a considerable cotton manufactory was established. It was occupied by twenty-eight of the Cork militia, and nine of a regiment of Welsh cavalry, called the Ancient Britons, the whole commanded by Lieutenant Swaine. Esmond was on an intimate footing with Lieutenant Swaine, who frequently dined at his house, from which circumstance, combined with his rank in society, his situation of lieutenant of yeomanry, and his profession, which obliged him to be out at all hours of the night, he found no difficulty in obtaining the password from Swaine, who dined with him on the 23d of May. Thus provided, at one o'clock in the morning of the 24th, at the head of a large body of rebels, he surprised his friend, and burned him and all his men in their quarters. He then seized two gentlemen, residents of the town, a Mr. Stamer and a Mr. Brewer, and an old man who had been a serjeant in the line; these he murdered with deliberate cruelty, and mangled their bodies in a horrid manner. His further proceedings were stopped by the approach of a body of troops, on which he fled from the place and his followers dispersed."

And this is civil war. God forbid that the threatening clouds of our day should ever break into so dreadful a storm!

We have no heart to pursue the details. The second volume is full of repetitions, and there is a severe examination of Moore's "Life of Lord E. Fitzgerald," some of the particulars in which the author vigorously impugns. He shows, we think, that Mr. Reynolds could not have done some of the acts imputed to him in regard to that unhappy nobleman. Besides Mr. Moore, the author runs a tilt at Colonel Palmer, Mr. Perry, &c. &c., with which we will not meddle.

At the close of his life, Mr. Reynolds became religious; and in the spirit of that conciliation we beg to conclude this notice. Unable ourselves to determine what is strictly true, what may be coloured, and what may be erroneous, we shall only add, that the analogy between Ireland in 1798 and Ireland in 1830, renders the work, in our eyes, a very important one, whatever may be its imperfections and errors.

Poems: The Maid of Jaen; Timon; and The Bride of Palencia. By Frank Hall Standish, Esq. 8vo. pp. 205. London, 1830. Black and Armstrong.

THERE is much beautiful description in these poems,—scenes in sunny Spain, where the heart ripens like the grape, and the passions race headlong like the mountain-torrents. The author has seen what he describes, and brought a good judgment to bear upon the arrangement of his subjects, breaking and dividing them

into a thousand pleasing and picturesque forms. Here and there, however, the subjects want a little more depth, the energies are not always forcible enough for the actions; the passions tear along, but the features are not sufficiently lighted up, the thoughts do not cut deep enough into the heart. Still many of the scenes are so skilfully portrayed, that to read the pages is like gazing upon a picture; you have the group before you—the scenery all properly arranged—wherever you turn your eye there is something either pleasing or terrible, a rugged and overhanging cliff, a winding and narrow defile, plains on which the sunshine sleeps, and over these move bandits or vine-gatherers, peasants or soldiers, all in harmony with the landscape. We give the following brief extract, as a specimen of the author's descriptive powers:—

"The golden sun at eve had set,
And busy groups in converse met:
Through Jaen's walks the young and gay,
Saunter'd or talk'd their hours away.
The moon appear'd with cheerful light,
And radiant stars were clear and bright;
The evening breeze had newly sent
Its sapphire cross the firmament;
Now tightened cords of the guitar
In merry measures sound from far;
The hum of voices on the ear,
Is whistling spread by those more near;
Some counting tales of absent friends,
Others, what fruitful fancy lends.
With a wail and sigh and stiff restraint,
Some lovers murmur forth their plaint;
Others more happy in their choice
Are wooing with a cheerful voice;
Beggars solicit at each chink,
And crave what charity may spare;
While boys with kindled torch invoke
Benevolence from those who smoke;
In carriage gay some drive abroad
And view, but mix not with the crowd.
At little distance from the throng
A grave procession moves along;
Roses and orange-flowers display'd,
Beside the brow of every maid;
Clergy in holy garb appear,
And well-dress'd elders close the rear;
Voices of youth at times are heard
With quick conceit and merry word.
Lawyers and magistrates are there,
The soldier too, with lip of hair;
A wedding clearly all denotes;
The kerchief white as banner floats;
A church appears in distance gray,
But shining from the taper's ray."

Wild Scenes in the Forest and Prairie. By C. F. Hoffman, Esq. author of "A Winter in the Far West." 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1839. Bentley.

INASMUCH as these are peculiarly American descriptions, drawn from nature, and not copies of European antecedents, we are much pleased with them. Inasmuch as they place before our eyes in a lively manner scenes and characters which are new to us, we like them. And inasmuch as they preserve some curious legends and traditions of the red men, we are greatly interested in them. Altogether they form a very clever and agreeable miscellany.

Their *locale* embraces three different parts of the country: 1st, the sources of the Hudson in the state of New York; 2d, the banks of the Wisconsin; and 3d, on the Sacondaga, among the hunting-grounds of the Mohawks.

Though the latter are the most wild and romantic stories, we are not sure that we do not prefer those which relate to the upper streams of the Hudson; and at any rate we will commence our notice with these because they describe scenes which we had no idea existed so near the capital, and see-board of one of the oldest settled states, and because we think we have read some of the others in previous publications.

It is rather an odd coincidence that, having devoted our last week's page to Mr. Scrope's

striking delineations of deer-stalking in the "Land of the Mountain and the Flood," we should so immediately be attracted to Mr. Hoffman's well-drawn pictures of "*still-hunting*" (an excellent name for the cautious and stealthy sport) in the new world.

"The Hudson is formed by three mountain-torrents which unite within a few miles of their birthplace. The source of the highest fork is proved by observation to be 4700 feet above tide-water. It rises in an open mountain-meadow, with two adjacent mountains swelling in easy slopes from its sides. There is a still larger fountain-head west of this, in the same vicinity, rising in a singular gorge called 'The Indian Pass': while the northernmost source is in Lake Colden, or rather in Avalanche Lake; a small mountain tarn separated from the former by heavy earth-slides from the adjacent mountain summits, whose granite rocks glitter where the soil and trees have been swept down their denuded sides. The elevation of these two lakes, which have a fall of eighty feet between them, is between 2900 and 3000 feet above the ocean; being, undoubtedly, the highest lakes in the United States of America."

Hither our author made an excursion, and aptly enough tells us that it is "*an unfinished country*."

"There are lakes on the tops of mountains, and swamps among wildernesses of rocks, which are yet to be drained by other means than the thick exhalations which carry them into the atmosphere, or the dripping mosses through which they ooze into the valleys, where day by day the new soil for future use accumulates. Had our New York Indians, who now find it so difficult to hold on to their level and fertile lands in the western part of the state, but 'located' their reservations among these mountains, they might have escaped the cupidity of the whites for centuries yet to come, and have hunted the deer, the moose, and the bear, or trapped for the martin, the sable, and the ermine, all of which still abound here, without molestation, save from the occasional white hunter that might intrude upon their grounds when chasing the wolf or panther from the settled regions, to the east and west of them. There are settlements upon some of these lakes, which were commenced more than thirty years since, and which can now boast of but two or three families as residents, and these are isolated from the rest of the world, with twenty miles of unbroken forest between them and more prosperous hamlets. But the immense beds of iron-ore and other minerals recently discovered, with the increased demand for timber in our Atlantic cities, and of charcoal to work the mines here, must now bring the country into general notice, and hasten its settlement. The demolition of the pine forests, and the conversion of less valuable wood into charcoal, will rapidly clear the country, and convert the lumber-men and charcoal-burners into farmers; while the old race of hunters already begin to find a new employment in acting as guides to the owners of lands, and projecting roads for them through districts where an ordinary surveyor could hardly be paid for the exercise of his profession. One of these hunters, a sturdy original, by the name of Harvey Holt, a redoubtable hunter and celebrated axe-man, has already marked out a road for some of the large landed proprietors through the very heart of the region. He is said to have run his lines with the skill and accuracy of an accomplished engineer; and, before another year elapses, the road will probably be opened. Other foresters, again, finding their ancient

haunts thus invaded by the pioneers of improvement, have fled to wilds beyond the Wisconsin; and a friend who hunted lately upon a tract a little to the north-west of this, in Hamilton county, told me that he heard a veteran hunter of seventy complaining bitterly that he was too old to move, now that the settlers had pushed within thirty miles of him. It seems strange to find so wild a district in 'one of the old thirteenthers,' the 'empire state of New York.'"

Fishing and shooting here, under the auspices of John Cheney, a remarkable denizen of these almost pathless forests, our author vividly relates his adventures. For example, "*camping out*:"—

"'It ain't so bad a place for camping out,' said John Cheney, as he rose from slaking his thirst at a feeble rill which trickled from beneath the roots of a rifted cedar over which he leaned — 'it ain't so bad a place to camp, if it didn't rain so like all natur. I wouldn't mind the rain much, nother, if we had a good shantee; but you see the birch bark won't run at this season, and it's pretty hard to make a water-proof thatch, unless you have hemlock boughs — hows'ever, gentlemen, I'll do the best by ye.' And so he did! Honest John Cheney, thou art at once as staunch a hunter, and as true and gentle a practiser of woodcraft, as ever roamed the broad forest; and beahrew me when I forget thy services that night in the Indian Pass. The frame of a wigwam used by some former party was still standing, and Cheney went to work industriously tying poles across it with withes of yellow birch, and thatching the roof and sides with boughs of balsam-fir. Having but one axe with us, my friend and myself were, in the mean time, unemployed, and nothing could be more disconsolate than our situation, as we stood dripping in the cold rain, and threshing our arms, like hackney-coachmen, to keep the blood in circulation. My hardy friend, indeed, was in a much worse condition than myself. He had been indisposed when he started upon the expedition, and was now so hoarse that I could scarcely hear him speak amid the gusts of wind which swept through the ravine. We both shivered as if in an ague, but he suffered under a fever which was soon superadded. We made repeated attempts to strike a fire, but our 'loco foco' matches would not ignite; and when we had recourse to flint and steel, every thing was so damp around us that our fire would not kindle. John began to look exceedingly anxious: — 'Now, if we only had a little daylight left, I would make some shackleberry-tea for you; but it will never do to get sick here, for if this storm prove a north-easter, God only knows whether all of us may ever get away from this notch again. I guess I had better leave the camp as it is, and first make a fire for you.' Saying this, Cheney shouldered his axe, and, striking off a few yards, he felled a dead tree, split it open, and took some dry chips from the heart. I then spread my cloak over the spot where he laid them to keep off the rain, and, stooping under it, he soon kindled a blaze, which we employed ourselves in feeding until the 'camp' was completed. And now came the task of laying in a supply of fuel for the night. This the woodman effected by himself with an expedition that was marvellous. Measuring three or four trees with his eye, to see that they would fall near the fire without touching our wigwam, he attacked them with his axe, felled, and chopped them into logs, and made his wood-pile in less time than could a city lawyer, who had all his timber

carted to hand. Blankets were then produced from a pack which he had carried on his back; and these, when stretched over a carpeting of leaves and branches, would have made a comfortable bed, if the latter had not been saturated with rain. Matters, however, seemed to assume a comfortable aspect, as we now sat under the shade of boughs, drying our clothes by the fire; while John busied himself in broiling some bacon which we had brought with us. But our troubles had only yet begun."

We have not space to go through the night's endurance, but patience and the huntsman's ingenuity vanquished and wore through them all; and Mr. H. says:—

"The last words I heard John utter, as he coiled himself in a blanket, were—'Well, it's one comfort, since it's taken on to blow so, I've cut down most of the trees around us that would be likely to fall and crush us during the night.'"

Among the sports, "*crusting*" is one of the most prevalent modes of capturing or destroying animals.

"*Crusting*" is the term applied to taking large game amid the deep snows of winter, when the crust of ice which forms upon the surface after a slight rain is strong enough to support the weight of a man, but gives way at once to the hoofs of a moose or a deer; while the animal, thus embarrassed, is easily caught and despatched with clubs. In our northern states, more game is destroyed in this way than in any other; and you may read in the newspapers every winter some account of the inhabitants of a whole village turning out and butchering hundreds of deer when thus entrapped. Only a few years since, it was said that more than a thousand were so destroyed in the township of Catskill in one season. All true sportsmen, however, hold '*crusting deer*' in contempt and abhorrence—for the venison is generally not in season at the time of year when it is thus procured; and this mode of taking it belongs rather to the butcher than to the hunter. *Crusting moose* is rather a different thing, as it requires both skill and courage on the part of the hunter, and the animal has a chance, at least, of escape or resistance. Still, as the law will not, or cannot, protect this noblest of all forest game from destruction in this manner, it must, at no distant day, become extinct within the boundaries of New York. The broad west has no moose-ground so celebrated as that in our northern counties, and when you leave the sources of the Hudson, you must travel westward to those of the Mississippi before you find the gigantic moose as numerous as they were in our forests but a few years since. The woods of Maine, however, are probably richer in this noble game than any within the United States' territories. The moose, who is both more shy and more sagacious than the deer, has his favourite haunts in the depths of the forest. He moves about, not like the elk, in roving gangs, but stalks in lonely majesty through his leafy domains; and, when disturbed by the hunter, instead of bounding away like his kinsman of the forest and the prairie, he trots off at a gait which, though faster than that of the fleetest horse, is so easy and careless in its motion, that it seems to cost him no exertion. But though retreating thus when pursued, he is one of the most terrible beasts of the forest when wounded and at bay; and the Indians of the north-west, among some tribes, celebrate the death of a bull-moose, when they are so fortunate as to kill one, with all the songs of triumph that they would raise over a conquered warrior. The deepest snows of winter, of course, offer

the best occasion for moose-hunting. The sagacious animal, so soon as a heavy storm sets in, commences forming what is called a '*moose-yard*,' which is a large area, wherein he industriously tramples down the snow while it is falling, so as to have a place to move about in, and browse upon the branches of trees, without the necessity of wandering from place to place, struggling through the deep drifts, exposed to the wolves, who, being of lighter make, hold a carnival upon the deer in crusting-time. No wolf, however, dare enter a moose-yard. He will troop round and round upon the snow bank which walls it, and his howling will, perhaps, bring two or three of his brethren to the spot, who will try to terrify the moose from his vantage ground, but dare not descend into it. But, when the hunter, prowling about on his snow-shoes, discovers a moose-yard, he feels so sure of his quarry, that he will sometimes encamp upon the spot, in order to take the game at his leisure; and, when there have been several hunters in company, I have heard of their proceeding patiently to fell the neighbouring trees, and form a lofty fence around the yard, which enabled them to take the animal alive, when subdued by long confinement and starvation. An opportunity of doing this occurred near M'Intyre last winter, when a yard, with three moose in it, an old cow-moose and two yearlings, was discovered and surrounded by a band of hunters. Some of the party were desirous of taking them alive, as one of the proprietors of this extensive property—a gentleman of great public spirit—wishes to make an attempt to domesticate the animal, and, if possible, introduce the use of it to agricultural purposes. This is an exceedingly interesting and hardly doubtful experiment, for the moose has been frequently tamed, and, unlike the common deer, can be halter-broken as easily as a horse. The hunters, however, were too excited with their good luck, to listen to any suggestion of the kind—few of them had ever killed a moose. Their rifles were in their hands, and they were bent at having a shot at the game, which dashed to and fro, snorting and whistling, within the snowy bounds of the yard. The whoops and shouts of their enemies, redoubled by the echoes from the adjacent mountains, made them furious at being thus beset; and, at each discharge of a gun, they would plunge at the assailing marksmen so desperately, that he would be compelled to take refuge behind the nearest tree. The scene became thus so exciting, that all order was lost among the huntsmen. Each fired as fast as he could load, hardly waiting to take aim, lest some quicker-sighted comrade should bear off the prize. The moose, though repeatedly wounded, would charge again and again into the snow-banks around them, and drive their enemies from the brink, retiring, at each turn, to a corner of the yard where they were least molested, and there rally at once for another charge. Faint with the loss of blood, however, they were successively discomfited and borne down by the hunters, who, retreating upon the crust when pursued, would turn upon the moose the moment they tried to retrace their steps, and assail them with axes and bludgeons while floundering in the snow to recover the vantage ground of the yard. The two yearlings, with their dam, after making a most gallant resistance, were ultimately despatched."

"*Withing*" deer is another method of circumvention, and consists in throwing a natural lasso, made of sapling birch, over the animal when swimming, or, perhaps, in the woods. We select a portion of the account of this prac-

tice as a specimen of the writer's power in describing scenery.

"Running the canoe under the trees, whose morning shadows still hung over the lake, we stretched ourselves upon the grass, listening and looking with the most eager attention for the first intimation of approaching sport. There was a slight ripple upon the lake, which was not favourable to our seeing the deer should he take the water at any great distance from us; and the incessant call of the jay, with the ever-changing cry of the loon, created so many noises in the woods, generally so still, that the opening of the hounds might have escaped us unheard. These early sounds, however, soon ceased as the sun came marching up above the mountain tops, and spread the silver waves from the centre of the lake far and wide, into all its sheltered bays and wood-embowered friths. The faint ripple of the waters upon the rocky shore was the only murmur left. My companions were conversing in a subdued voice, and I was lying a little apart from them revelling in the singular beauty of the scene, and trying to fix in my memory the peculiar outline of a ridge of mountains opposite, when I heard the faint crashing of a bough upon the other side of the lake, and running my eye along the water, discovered a noble buck, with fine antlers, swimming beneath the bank. My comrades caught sight of him a moment afterwards, and we all waited with eager anxiety to see him put out far enough for us to row round him, and cut him off from the shore. But the buck had evidently no idea of making a traverse of the lake at this time. He was far in advance of the hounds, and had taken the water at this place, not from being hotly pursued, but only to throw them off the scent, and then double on his own track. He therefore, kept swimming along the shore, close under the steep bank, looking up at it every now and then, as if in search of a '*runway*' which would carry him back again into the depths of the forest."

The ensuing hunt is capitally painted with true sportsman's fervour:—

"The buck, after crossing at the inlet, made a circuit of several miles, and before we could pull half way down the lake, took the water at a runway opposite to the islet, behind which Catlin was watching in his skiff. Cool and experienced in the sport, this hunter never broke his cover until the deer got fairly out into the lake, when he launched out and turned him so quickly, that the buck made for the island which his pursuer had just left. Linus, however, was too quick for him, and threw his withe over the deer's antlers before he could touch the bottom with his feet. But the buck was a fellow of great weight and vigour, and feeling himself thus entangled, he made a lateral spring into deeper water, which dragged the hunter out of the boat in an instant. Linus fortunately seized one of the oars, which, being rigged with swivels instead of rowlocks, still kept him connected with the skiff. But his situation was a precarious one; the buck becoming the assailant, struck at him with his forefeet, and got him again fairly under water. He rose this time however, with the oar between himself and his antagonist, and while clutching the gunwale of the boat with one hand, seized the withe which had escaped from his grasp, in the same moment that the buck made a pass at him with his horns, which ripped up the bosom of his shirt, and was within an inch of goring him to death. But before the desperate animal could repeat the thrust, the hunter had gained the skiff, now half full of water, and seizing the first missile that came to hand, he dealt the buck a

blow upon the head, which, followed up by a slash from his hunting-knife, put an end to the encounter.

"A group worthy of Inman's pencil was collected around the roaring fire, by which the dripping Catlin was drying himself; while Cheney, with the fat buck before him, and the dogs licking the blood at his feet, as ever and anon he paused in his operation, and turned round to us, to point out some graceful line of fat with his hunting-knife, would have formed the prominent features of the picture. The potatoes, in the meantime, were roasted whole, or sliced up with various savoury matters, which were put into the kettle to boil; and though we had omitted to bring tumblers with us, Cheney's are hollowed out and fashioned some most ingenious drinking-cups, which were ready by the time divers choice morsels of venison had been grilled upon the coals. There were a few drops at the bottom of an old flask of cognac for each of us; we had Mackinaw-blankets, stretched upon balsam branches, to recline upon; there was no call of duty or business to remind us of the lapse of hours; and stories and anecdotes of former huntings in these mountains, with practical discussions as to what part of a deer afforded the most savoury venison, prolonged the repast till sunset."

Cheney's adieu to his companions is worthy of their association (see page 121), but we also must say good-by to the Hudson; and make an extract from another quarter, though we have to wait a week for it.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Entomologist's Text-Book. By J. O. Westwood, F.L.S., Secretary to the Entomological Society of London. 12mo. pp. 432. Orr and Co.

MR. WESTWOOD's position, and all his previous writings, declare him to be so intimately conversant with this subject, that we need only announce this Text-Book to the lovers of the science, in order to secure their attention to so valuable a guide. A mass of the contents originally attracted much notice and praise in "The British Cyclopædia of Natural History," but Mr. Westwood has rearranged, recast, and added, to these papers, so much as greatly to increase their usefulness, and fit them for their present popular purpose.

Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia; No. CIX.: Natural History; Fishes, Amphibians and Reptiles. By W. Swainson, Esq., F.R. and F.L.S., &c. Pp. 368. London, 1839. Longman and Co.

MR. SWAINSON's system of classification is prominently brought forward in this volume, which is prefaced by an able essay on the nature and relations of Monocardian animals, and particularly of fishes. The analogies between fish and other classes of animals are very remarkable, and Mr. S. exhibits them in a most interesting manner. Towards the close of the volume we find much recent matter elucidated from the latest discoveries, both in living nature and in geological specimens.

No. CX.: History: Denmark, Norway, and Sweden. By S. A. Dunham, author of the "History of Spain and Portugal." Same Publishers.

THIS volume enters with great spirit into the most ancient legendary lore of Scandinavia; and when we reflect how intimately it is connected with our own, we need hardly point out the interest attached to matters so entirely in common with our northern ancestors. It is a

book of wild tales, rather than a history; but these tales are at the foundation of history.

The Life and Times of the late Countess of Huntingdon, Part I. 8vo. (London, Simpkin and Co.)—With a portrait of this strange old lady, to be finished in eight Parts, and give a minute account of the origin of the great dissenting sect of which she was the head and founder.

Byron and the Abbey, by H. Austen Driver, author of "Harold de Burun," &c. Pp. 34. (London, Longman and Co.)—A brochure in which the author warmly contends for the admission into Westminster Abbey of Thordwaldsen's sepulchral statue of Lord Byron.

Scenes at Home and Abroad, by Herbert Byng Hall, author of "Spain and the War in Spain" &c. Pp. 292. (London, Saunders and Otley).—Some of these tales having already been favourably received as they appeared in the periodicals of the day, the author has completed a pleasant volume of them; with which readers will be equally gratified.

Gleanings from Germany, by James D. Haas. Pp. 369. (London, Hodson; D. Nutt).—A good collection from eminent German writers, and some of them not much known in England. The translation abounds with idioms of the original language; which, however, imparts a sort of quaintness to the style that is rather amusing than otherwise.

Holiday House: a Series of Tales, by Catherine Sinclair, &c. Pp. 387. (Edinburgh, W. Whyte and Co.; London, Longman and Co.; Dublin, Curry and Co.)—The authoress of several successful publications for juvenile readers, has here added to the list another clever performance; in which, advocating the culture of the imagination as well as of the mechanical and useful faculties, she tells stories fit for youth before boys and girls were treated and educated, as if they had all old heads on their young shoulders.

Lectures on English Poetry, &c. by Henry Neele. Pp. 229. (London, Thomas Tegg; Simpkin and Co.)—It speaks well for the public taste, that this tasteful little volume should have come to a third edition. Mr. Neele's observations are generally very just, and, if not profound, with a true feeling for poetry.

Stephen's History of Australia, &c. (London, Smith, Elder, and Co.)—A second edition, indicating the importance attached to this country as a region for colonisation. Mr. S. is a strenuous assertor of its superiority over every other land.

Philopæne's Cosmopolitan, Political, and Statistical Review, Parts I., II., III., and IV. (London, Wilson), is acknowledged.

Dublin Medical Press, No. I.—Dublin appears to be pressing earnestly forward in the establishment of a great medical school. Independently of the able journals already emanating from its press, the present publication, in a weekly form, seems well calculated for the popular diffusion of information in medicine and all the studies connected with that important branch of science.

ARTS AND SCIENCES. GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

JANUARY 14. MR. W. R. Hamilton, president, in the chair.—Read extracts from the following papers:—1. "Notice of a few simple Observations which it is desirable to make on the frozen Soil of British North America. Communicated by Dr. Richardson, R.N. F.R.S." Travellers into the arctic regions of Asia and America have mentioned, that the sub-soil of certain districts is permanently frozen; and Gmelin long ago declared, that, in Siberia, the thickness of the frozen earth was upwards of one hundred feet; but these statements were either overlooked or disbelieved until very recently, when Professor Baer of St. Petersburg, and Mr. Erman of Berlin, transmitted to the Geographical Society of London some account of the sinking of a well at Yakutsk, to the depth of three hundred and eighty-two feet in the frozen ground. The inquiry is to be prosecuted still further in Siberia, and Professor Baer suggests, that it would be desirable to collect information from the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company, as to the extent of the layer of frozen ground in North America, the thickness it attains in different parallels of latitude, and how much of it disappears towards the latter end of summer; and the council of the Geographical Society, desirous of promoting so important an inquiry in the department of physical geography, have caused instructions to be drawn up and printed for the guidance of the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company, who may be desirous of contributing to the advancement of science by their observations.

—2. A letter from Mr. Consul Brant, at Erzurum, dated 14th Nov. 1838, stating, that he had just returned from a journey in Armenia and Kurdistan; during which he had ascended the mountain of Supan Dagh, rising, to the north of Lake Van, about 10,000 feet above the sea, travelled along the western shore of Lake Van, visited Bitlis and Sert, thence returning to the foot of Ararat, he had traced the valley of the Murad Chai, or eastern branch of the Euphrates, from its source, near Diyadin to Kharput, a distance of about 300 miles; he had also obtained a survey of the river as far as Samosat. He concluded by saying that the tranquillity now introduced into Kurdistan, by the reduction of the rebel chiefs, will enable travellers to visit every part. The Bey of Hekeriyeh is obedient to the Pasha of Van; and Julamerik, in the heart of the mountain fastnesses, may now easily be reached.

—3. A letter from Col. Michell, surveyor-general at the Cape of Good Hope, communicated by A. Borradaile, Esq., and earnestly recommending the erection of a lighthouse at Cape das Aguilhas, to save us in future from such catastrophes as the loss of the *Arnlott*, *Doncaster*, *Northumberland*, and so many other valuable vessels. The Hon. Michael Van Breda, on whose property the ground in question stands, had most generously authorised the writer to state that he will be happy to contribute towards a work so loudly called for by suffering humanity, by giving, in perpetuity, as much ground as may be requisite for a lighthouse, with right of access to the same. The expense is estimated at between 1700*l.* and 1800*l.*; and the yearly cost of lighting, salary, and occasional repairs, at from 230*l.* to 240*l.*—4. From Mr. G. W. Earl, on board H.M.S. *Alligator*, dated Sydney, Aug. 21, 1838:—On the passage out from England, the vessel had touched at Adelaide, on the south coast of Australia; and Mr. Earl gives a very favourable report of the rapid progress of that colony, but he was more particularly struck with the docility of the natives. In consequence of good treatment on the part of the settlers, the aborigines have abandoned their former wandering habits, and have literally become "hewers of wood and drawers of water" for the whole population, depending for their subsistence on the bread and other provisions furnished them, in payment for the labour they perform. In features, these aborigines are remarkable for an extraordinary projection of the brow immediately above the eyes, unlike any the writer had seen either on the east or west coast. Mr. Earl also sends a short vocabulary of their language, which differs entirely from that spoken in the other known parts of the country; it abounds in vowels, and is very soft to the ear. Among many other topics mentioned in his letter, Mr. Earl strongly recommends a small dépôt for provisions, to be immediately established at the point of junction of the rivers Murray and Darling, which would greatly facilitate the communication between Sydney and Adelaide, prove of much mutual benefit, and no doubt soon become a town of much importance.—5. An account of the ascent of Mount William, the highest point in the range of mountains which form the chief physical feature in the south-eastern angle of Australia, by Dr. Lhotsky. This paper was illustrated with various views of scenery, taken in the Warragong Mountains (misnamed Australian Alps, on our maps), and of the remarkable botanical productions of that little known region. Dr. Lhotsky states that the temperature of boiling water, on the summit, was 196° Fahr., indicating an elevation of

about 8400 feet above the level of the sea. The president called the attention of the meeting to the chief donation of the evening, a copy of Mr. Murchison's geographical as well as geological work, "The Silurian System," in two large volumes, with a beautiful map engraved by Mr. Gardner. Having observed that certain border-countries of England and Wales, the Siluria of Caractacus, contained clear evidences of a succession of some of the most ancient strata in which organic remains occur, Mr. Murchison has devoted the last seven years in preparing this work, which is intended to show that the Silurian region may serve as the type of a normal group of hitherto unclassified deposits, which there rise to the surface in successive ridges, and connect the coal formations and other overlying strata with the older slaty rocks. In pursuing this object, Mr. Murchison coloured, geologically, the strata of the Ordnance Survey of eleven counties, of which the large map now presented to the public is an exact reduction, and in which minute details are combined with new views of general classification throughout the country, extending from the southern limits of Cheshire to the extremity of Pembrokeshire. The first volume of this work, embracing descriptive geology and physical geography, includes a full survey of the operations by which the surface of this part of Britain has passed from a submarine condition into dry land, and explains how the present drainage has been effected; each subject being illustrated with woodcuts and coloured sections. In it, the owners of the soil will also find a clear account of the tracts wherein coal may be advantageously sought for, as well as emphatic warnings against the repetition of many trials which have been made to find it amid Silurian rocks. The second volume describes the organic remains of these ancient strata, nearly four hundred species of which are represented in spirited etchings, and highly wrought lithographs.

LINNEAN SOCIETY.

MR. FORSTER in the chair.—A male spadix of the *Encopalotes horridus* (Zamia horrida of authors), which had flowered at Kimmel Park, the seat of Lord Dinorben, was sent for exhibition to the meeting, by command of H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex. The plant had been sent to Lord Dinorben from the Cape of Good Hope, about six years ago, by Lord John Spencer Churchill. The spadix was of unusual size, and bore a strong resemblance to a gigantic pine cone.—Read, 'An Account of the Indian Species of *Juncus* and *Lusula*,' by Professor Don, Libr. L. S. Eight species were described, of which seven belong to *Juncus* and one to *Lusula*. They are all from Northern India, and were collected by Dr. Boyle in the Himalaya range, between the Ganges and Jumna, or in Kunawur, a country situated beyond that chain of mountains. Of the seven species of *Juncus*, four are entirely new, and two are common European species, namely, *Juncus glaucus* and *hyssopus*. The *Lusula* is *spicata*, which occurs on the mountains of Scotland, Wales, and throughout Europe, extending as far as the extremity of Lapland; and being also found in Greenland and Northern Asia. Among the donations was a copy of Mr. Murchison's splendid new work on the "Silurian System of Geology."

ELECTRICAL SOCIETY.

TUESDAY, 15th Jan.—Read 'An Examination of the two Theories of Homogeneous Attraction, and Repulsion of the Particles of the Electric

Fluid,' by Mr. Pollock. Each hypothesis has been supported by such powerful arguments and facts, that both are entitled to fair and candid examination. The advocates of repulsion believe that the particles of the electric fluid are essentially self-repulsive, and only attractive when in motion. In opposition to this, it is asked, If a repulsive force alone existed in the electric fluid, why should two parallel currents attract each other? Why should not this assumed repulsive force carry them from each other in all directions, instead of towards each other? Why should the fluid be confined, by non-conductors, to the surface of bodies, as by the air? Why not radiate in all directions from that surface? The supporters of attraction, asking such questions, consider the electric fluid to be more like a liquid than a gas, nearly incompressible, not elastic, and, therefore, not self-repulsive among its particles, and object to electric atmospheres. The recent researches of Faraday are strongly favourable to these latter views. If the repulsive force alone determined the properties of the electric fluid, why should decomposition be an almost necessary accompaniment of its conduction through compound bodies, as water? Why also, in that case, should induction through a dielectric take place by the action of contiguous particles alone? Would not the self-repulsive force of the electric fluid produce electric action, independently of the decomposition and the contact of contiguous particles? Would it not rather pass through their interstices, where the resistance might be less? Such, however, does not appear to be the case. Mr. Pollock in a former paper (*Lit. Gaz.* 1112) showed, from the action of light upon charcoal, that a change in the arrangement of the particles of charcoal, similar to decomposition, as in Faraday's experiments upon compounds, and a recombination, must occur during the passage of the electric fluid through it. That charcoal, therefore, was a conductor; whilst diamond, which is said to be, chemically, the same body, not undergoing the change, is a non-conductor. If the electric phenomena were dependent upon the self-repulsive action of its particles, why should they not pass through the interstices of the particles of the diamond in the same way as they pass through charcoal? But this difference of the electric properties of the diamond and charcoal has more to do with a difference in their atomic arrangement, than with the self-repulsive force of the electric fluid. Mr. Pollock believes, that the theory of "attraction" is most applicable to the explanation of electrical phenomena, if electricity be considered an isolated science, perfectly distinct from that of heat, light, &c. But, he says, it becomes a question whether the science can be best advanced by a strict adherence to those laws which custom has sanctioned as the only electrical ones; or by enlarging those laws, so as to include the phenomena which constitute links between the kindred sciences of electricity, heat, and light, and may be said to belong to either indifferently? The electricity of a thunder-cloud gives no evidence of either heat or light; but when it passes to the earth, as a thunderbolt, it gives evidence of both, which are as strictly electrical phenomena as any other can be, being dependent upon the transfer of the electric fluid. Taking the enlarged view, Mr. Pollock thinks no one will dispute that a repulsive force is more characteristic of the phenomena of heat and light, generated from an electric source, than an attractive force; and, in accordance with this view, he believes the "theory of repulsion" to

be the better founded. The mode he recommends, as most likely to clear up these difficulties retarding the progress of electrical science, is to examine the latent heat of bodies, and to trace out its changes occurring during the change of form in bodies: because, it appears that the latent heat of bodies, and their electric fluids, are synonymous. And he thus concludes, if this course were followed up, the apparent anomalies attending the opposing theories of attraction and repulsion, would vanish. The supposed jarring separate fluids of heat, light, electricity, and magnetism, would be put to flight, their apparent inconsistencies cleared away, and one beautiful cause for all natural phenomena be shewn.—Read, also, a communication from Mr. Mackrell, detailing experiments made by himself and Mr. Pollock, with reference to the interference in voltaic batteries, when arranged in series. They consider they have traced a regular progression, and have proposed a formula. Into the details, our space will not permit us to enter.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

OWING to an accident last week, the second page of transcript paper on which the report of the Geological Society should have been written was a blank, and we were compelled to omit Dr. Harlan's notice on the vertebrae of *Basilosaurus* (one), found in the marly banks of the Washeta River, Arkansas, and others, in hard limestone, in Alabama. In the latter, a fossil corbula, common to the tertiary deposits of the country, was found, as well as Nautilus, Scutella, and Modiola, of extinct and new species. Dr. Harlan is of opinion that the teeth, &c., belong to a marine carnivorous animal; but the fossil bone to a saurian reptile, upon which he had bestowed the above name. Dr. H. also offered some remarks on a fossil discovered, some years ago, near the banks of the Yellowstone River, Missouri, imbedded in hard blue limestone; which he considered to belong to the batrachian order, and to which he proposed to give the name of *Batrachosaurus Missouriensis*.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

We have been requested to correct an error (copied into our paper of the 29d ult.) in printing the subjects issued by the Vice-Chancellor for this year's Epigrams. They are as follow:—

For the Latin Epigram, Οὐχ ἰκανοὶ γίνονται τὰ σφύρανα.

For the Greek Epigram, τὰνῶντα συνίστην.—*Cambridge Chronicle*.

HIMYARITIC LANGUAGE.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR,—I have read with attention and interest your report of Lieut. Wellsted's letter to the Royal Asiatic Society, 'On the Identity of the Himyaritic Writing and Dialect of Job with that still spoken by the Inhabitants of Mahrah.'

I would, however, submit, with all deference to other authorities, that our information must be far more clear and accurate on this subject, than it now is, before we can venture to support such an opinion.

A circumstance like this would be totally contrary to experience, both in ancient and modern times. Thus we find the language of the Jews, after the seventy years of the Babylonian captivity, suffered a material change, in consequence of the introduction of Chaldean methods of inflection and expression. Those nations which appear to have retained their original language unchanged for any considerable period, are either such as, from their pecu-

liar situation, have had but little intercourse with the rest of the world, or those whose country has presented obstacles of such a nature as to be absolutely insurmountable by invading tribes.

With respect to the inscription, I am of opinion it bears a closer resemblance to the Samaritan than to the Ethiopic character; but a greater variety of specimens, copied with the strictest fidelity, and then compared with inscriptions on Samaritan coins, must be afforded before we could determine it. Morinus says—"Antiquas literas Hebraicas easdem fuisse cum Samaritanis ex sicis seu numismatis constat, quæ ex rudibus Hierosolymitanis effossa, characteres Samaritanos plerumque periculis sunt, ex quibus literas seu crucis figuram olim representasse, literasque hebraicas Samaritanas ab antiquis parum differre colligitur."

Now this identical *seu* occurs twice in the inscription given by Lieut. Wellsted in your journal, and the Ethiopic *seu* bears no resemblance to it. Numerous inscriptions will, no doubt, be found by future travellers in these regions. The practice was very prevalent in the earliest times, and is verified in the pillar of Seth, and in that sublime passage in the Book of Job, where, in reference to the words, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," the patriarch says—

בְּעֵת-בִּיחָלִי וְתַחֲרִי לֵעַד בְּצַר תִּזְכָּר

Which might be rendered thus—"Let them be set (i. e. the words) in the rock (or horn stone) with a graving tool of iron and lead, as a memorial (or a witness) for ever."—I am, &c.

WILLIAM GODFREY.

27 Arundel Street, Strand, Jan. 14, 1839.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

MR. HALLAM, V.P. in the chair. — Mr. Haggard exhibited two sacrificial instruments found in the ancient tombs of Etruria; several of these extraordinary instruments have been brought over to England, but we believe no one has been able to explain the exact use of them. Mr. C. R. Smith exhibited a Roman weight found in the bed of the Thames; it was of brass, in the form of a wolf's head, and boldly executed. The reading was concluded of the 'Life of Sir Peter Carew,' giving minute particulars of his death and funeral. Mr. Belz communicated some particulars relative to the battle of Cressy, and the positions and movements of the two armies immediately previous to the battle, which being partly read, the remainder was postponed.*

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—Statistical, 8 P.M.; British Architects, 8 P.M.
Tuesday.—Royal Medical and Chirurgical, 9½ P.M.; Zoological, 9½ P.M.
Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 7½ P.M.; Geological, 8½ P.M.; Medico-Botanical, 8 P.M.
Thursday.—Royal Society, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; Royal Society of Literature, 4 P.M.; Numismatic, 7 P.M.
Friday.—Royal Institution, 8½ P.M.
Saturday.—Artists' Conversazione, 7 P.M.; Guy's Hospital, 8 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

THE DAGUEROTYPE.

Paris, 9th January, 1839.

M. ARAGO made, on the 7th of this month, a verbal communication to the Academy of Sciences, on the fine discovery of M. Daguerre, which confirms all the important points of the report which we gave last week. We extract some passages—"In the camera-obscura, the image is perfectly defined when the lens is achromatic; the same precision is seen in the

images obtained by M. Daguerre, which represent all objects with a degree of perfection which no designer, however skilful, can equal, and finished, in all the details, in a manner that exceeds belief. It is the light which forms the image, on a plate covered with a particular coating. Now, how long a time does the light require to execute this operation? In our climate, and in ordinary weather, eight or ten minutes; but, under a pure sky, like that of Egypt, two, perhaps one minute, might suffice to execute the most complex design."

Considering the great utility of the discovery to the public, and the extreme simplicity of the process, which is such that any person may practice it, M. Arago is of opinion, that it would be impossible, by means of a patent or otherwise, to secure to the inventor the advantages which he ought to derive from it; and thinks that the best way would be for the government to purchase the secret, and make it public. M. Arago mentions the attempts formerly made to obtain images in a similar manner, by the action of the light on nitrate of silver: on this point he says—"M. Daguerre has found a substance infinitely more sensible to the light than the chloride of silver, which is altered in an inverse manner, that is to say, which leaves on the several parts of the plate, corresponding to the several parts of the object, dark tints for the shadowy, half tints for the lighter parts, and no tint whatever for the parts that are quite luminous. When this action of the light on the different parts of the plate has produced the desired effect, M. Daguerre stops it at once, and the design, which he withdraws from the camera-obscura, may be exposed to the full light of day, without undergoing any alteration."

"If we consider M. Daguerre's discovery with respect to the utility which it may have in the sciences, it is evident that so sensible a reagent as that which he has found, may enable us to make photometrical experiments, which have hitherto been reputed impossible. Such," said M. Arago, "are experiments on the light of the moon; which the Academy had deemed of sufficient importance for it to appoint a committee, composed of M. de Laplace, M. Malus, and myself, to make them. The light of the moon is known to be 300,000 times weaker than that of the sun; yet we did not despair of obtaining some sensible effects, by means of a lens of very large dimensions. We made use of a very large lens, brought from Austria; and, placing some oblique of silver in the focus, that being the most sensible reagent known, not the slightest discoloration was perceptible. It occurred to me, that M. Daguerre might have more success with his new reagent; and, in fact, he obtained, in twenty minutes, on his dark ground, a white image of the moon, with a lens far less powerful than ours."

M. Biot added some details to those given by M. Arago. "I have several times," said he, "seen M. Daguerre, and I can say, that in the numerous trials which he has made to attain these astonishing results, he has discovered several extremely interesting properties of light, some of which might have been foreseen by natural philosophers, as soon as they inquired what must happen in certain given circumstances, but of which others were completely unexpected."

As for the principal discovery, I can speak of the perfection of the results obtained, not after my own judgment, but after that of a celebrated artist, M. Paul Delaroche, in whose

company I have examined some of the designs taken by the new process. M. Delaroche thinks they may give useful hints to the most skilful painters, in the manner of expressing by light and shade, not only the relief of objects, but the local tint; the same bas-relief in plaster and in marble, will be differently represented in the two designs, and you can tell, at the first glance, which is the image of the plaster.

In one of these designs, you may almost tell the hour of the day. Three views of the same monument are taken; one in the morning, one at noon, and the other in the evening; and nobody will mistake the effect of the morning for that of the evening, though the sun's altitude, and, consequently, the relative lengths of the shadows, are the same in both.—*Le Temps*.

Paris, 10th January.

The discovery of M. Daguerre has been for some time past the subject of marvellous statements. The ingenious contriver of the Diorama had devoted himself to the study of the properties of light, with the ardour and perseverance of which genius alone is capable. Yet the accounts, fabulous as they appeared, are conformable to the truth, except that M. Daguerre's pictures do not give the colour, but only the outlines—the lights and shadows of the model. It is not painting, it is drawing, but drawing carried to a degree of perfection which art can never attain. The facsimile is faultless.

Every picture that was shewn us produced an exclamation of admiration. What fineness in the strokes! What knowledge of the chiaroscuro! What delicacy! What exquisite finish! How soft is that stuff! How silent those bas-reliefs! There is a Venus crouching down, seen in different points of view. How admirably are the foreshortenings given: it is nature itself. All this is wonderful. But who will say that it is not the work of some able draughtsman? Who will assure us that they are not drawings in bistre or sepia? M. Daguerre answers by putting an eyeglass into our hand. Then we perceive the smallest folds of a piece of drapery; the lines of a landscape invisible to the naked eye. With the aid of a spying-glass, we bring the distances near. In the mass of buildings, of accessories, of imperceptible traits, which compose a view of Paris taken from the Pont des Arts, we distinguish the smallest details; we count the paving-stones; we see the humidity caused by the rain; we read the inscription on a shop sign. The effect becomes more astonishing if you employ the microscope. An insect of the size of a pea, the garden spider, enormously magnified by a solar microscope, is reflected in the same dimensions by the marvellous mirror, and with the most minute accuracy. It is manifest how useful M. Daguerre's discovery will be in the study of natural history.

The artist has already enriched science with the solution of several problems. The experiments on the light of Sirius have confirmed the testimony of natural philosophy, and abundantly proved that the stars are bodies of the same nature as the sun. At the request of M. Biot, M. Daguerre has submitted his apparatus to the influence of the light of the moon, and has succeeded in fixing the image of that luminary. We observed that the image had a trail of light, something like the tail of a comet, and we ascribed it to the movement of the body during the operation, which is of much longer duration than that by the light of the sun.

We have seen that the impression of the

* In last week's report of this Society's proceedings, for "Evening," read "Sunning."

image is made with more or less rapidity, according to the intensity of the light, which is more powerful at noon than in the morning or evening, in summer than in winter, in a latitude near the equator than near the pole. M. Daquerre has hitherto made his experiments in Paris only; and, even under the most favourable circumstances, they have always proceeded with a slowness which has not allowed him to obtain complete success, except with inanimate nature, or nature in repose. Motion escapes him, or leaves only indefinite and vague traces. It may be presumed that the sun of Africa would give him instantaneous autographs,—images of nature, in motion and life.—*Le Commerce*.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Only Daughter. Engraved by F. Engleheart, from a Picture by Sir David Wilkie, R.A. Moon.

THIS interesting—painfully interesting—perhaps, too painfully interesting work, forms one of the series of masterly productions from the pencil of Sir David Wilkie, classed for publication under the head of “Domestic Subjects.” Nothing can equal the depth of its pathos, except the merit of its execution. It represents a young girl, lying on what there seems but too much reason to apprehend is the bed of death. Her physician (an excellent portrait of Sir Anthony Carlisle) sits by her, and is in the act of feeling her pulse; while her agonised parents are breathlessly awaiting the result of his investigation. In the words of the detailed description which accompanies the print, “All things announce one of those dreadful moments into which are crowded the feelings of years,—one of those fearful trials of the heart which, be their issue what it may, never leave the spirit as young, nor the forehead as fresh, as they found them [it?].” It is said on the highest authority, that “it is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting;” and, by a parity of reason, the occasional contemplation of a pictorial scene so heart-rending as that before us may make the spectator, though “a sadder,” yet “a better man.” This, at least, is certain—that the painter has here accumulated, with consummate ability, not only in the principal features of the composition, but in its various and well-imagined accessories, every circumstance calculated to produce the melancholy and sympathetic feeling which it was his object to excite. The plate has been engraved in line, with great care and talent, by Mr. Engleheart.

BIOGRAPHY.

EDMUND LODGE, ESQ., F.S.A., &c.

WE have this week to record the death of this veteran in literature. Mr. Lodge died on Thursday, in his 79th or 80th year. He was, we believe, Norroy king-at-arms in the Herald's College, a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, and otherwise honoured by literary titles. In 1791, Mr. Lodge published, in 3 vols. 4to. “Illustrations of British History, Biography, and Manners in the Reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, Elizabeth, and James I., from MSS. belonging to the families of Harwood, Talbot, and Cecil.” His next work was the Biographical Illustrations which accompany portraits by H. Holbein, in the royal collection, folio; but his great undertaking, that extensive collection of portraiture and biography planned by Mr. Harding, and so well known under the title of “Lodge's Portraits.” If we remember rightly, it was commenced some twenty-four years ago, and continued with

great spirit during many years. In private life, Mr. Lodge was full of information; and his general habits of some literary peculiarities—such as much study and the lamp are apt to generate. He was much esteemed by his friends and the society with which he mixed.

THE DRAMA.

HAS little of novelty for record. At *Drury Lane*, a smart and successful farce, from the pen of Mr. George Dance, and entitled *Now or Never*, has been produced. At *Covent Garden*, the popular favourites continue to fill the theatre to its utmost capacity every night. The Queen has visited *Drury Lane* twice, and the Haymarket once (on Tuesday, when the very deserving manager, Mr. Webster, took his benefit), in a private style, and was allowed to enjoy the entertainments without much calling forward. The Haymarket closed its season on Tuesday, but on Wednesday Mrs. Fitzwilliam had a bumper benefit.

VARIETIES.

VERY ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

WE have in our time received a pretty considerable quantity of original correspondence, but seldom any more original than the following, which we insert *literatim*, together with the title-page description of the MS. poems offered to our patronage. Perhaps the sample will satisfy our readers, without our going into the main compositions:—

“To the Sect of the British Association Parleiment & London.

“HONOURED SIR,—we humbly beg Your pardon in trespassing on Your attention at this time I am prompted by stern Tyranic needlessness to this very unpleasant task Your honour will see I have been rather an unfortunate Anemal in life in having to leave my native home Several times for want of employment as a Damaak weaver having having a Shop and looms of my own the first time I went into Army eight years when my Regt was broke I returned to my trade and continued twelve Years more When I was discorced again—By the fall of trade and the failing of Manufacturers Any employment I have had since has been in teaching dancing after a long Series of Seckness I came from the City of Norwich to London Expecting to receive Some Scores of pounds dew to me by Thomas Earl of Elgin and Admiral Sir Philip Durham, who was the Earls Brother in law Elgin is my debtor for Teaching Hes family dancing and the Admiral for Table linen I wove for hes first Lady Charlotte Buce the Earls Sister Elgin has promised Several times to pay me but he has not made hes word good on that point I have not got the tythe of my labour from my Noble Cuntrymen they both had Maney letters seven Years back but the Barrester made up the business with them Wyse was hes name M P I have Sufered a good many privations Since I came to London not having any employment there has been great promises held out to me E'er grass doo grou the beast my die

“Hon^d Sir,—were You pleasd to help me to gite a few of my rustic rhymes in print and make me a flying Stationer I will be iternaly gateful to Your honour and as in duty bound will for ever and ever pray

“R. D. PATERSON

“10 Jun 1830

“18 St Anns St Westminster.”

“Original Poetry Sentimental and humours upon a hundred and fifty Subjects Serlio-comic and between the Second edition double-trile enlarged Some will be upon music and dancing others on drawing and on fencing

Upon history and pollicits Religion too the will be mixt

As lay preachers are nou so many My right may be as good as any on epegrams and epetaphs To make Conserves and Whigs to laugh The Radicals will see some chaff on eulogys and elegys on thorough fares and London flass I'll try some of all ranks to please on a-crostickes there will be many Of caustic ones there is not any on Restitution of all things Wpon popes-prists—Bishops and on Kings Here ye will see some real queere things of songs they'll be a gay tua three Wpon love-war and on Masonry on hunting Sailors and the sea I think my works will make four volumes The price will only be ten shillings It may be less will be no more Extorcion I always abhorre.”

Animal Instinct.—The following fact is related by M. Boden, physician at St. Donnal. It occurred at St. Bonnet-sur-Galaure, canton of St. Vallier, department of the Drome:—“Three dogs, two belonging to M. G., and the other to M. P., of the above village, went out to hunt without their masters. It seems, that after having eagerly pursued a wild rabbit, which took refuge in its burrow, one of M. G.'s dogs, carried away by his eagerness in the chase, entered so far into the burrow, that to retreat was impossible. After scratching to no purpose to extricate him, his two companions returned home, in a state of melancholy and despondency, which was observed by their masters, who could not guess the cause. On the following day the two dogs again disappeared. They returned in the evening to their respective homes, exhausted with fatigue, refusing food, their feet bleeding, and their bodies covered with earth and sweat. The same thing happened on the morrow, and following days. M. G., seeing that his dog did not return, and surprised at the daily disappearance of his second dog, which did not come home till night, and in a most deplorable condition, spoke of it to M. P., who told him that for a week past his dog had done just the same. At length, on the following morning, M. G. was awakened at daybreak by the whining of several dogs that were scratching at his door. He went down to see what was the matter, and his astonishment may be conceived when he saw his dog, which he had supposed to be lost, weak, faint, reduced to a skeleton, escorted by his two deliverers, who had accompanied him to his master's house, and now, seeing him safe in his care, went and lay down quietly on a heap of straw, scarcely able to move a limb. M. G. having then some notion of what might have happened, went out to endeavour to discover the spot where this affecting circumstance had taken place. He found, in fact, that the narrow opening by which his poor dog had entered, was transformed into an open trench, which was evidently the work of the two other dogs.

Schloss's Bijou.—We have just had a peep at the copies of this exquisite little annual which have been prepared for her Majesty and the Duchess of Kent; nothing can exceed the taste with which they have been adorned. They are really as fit for royal presents as the Sultan's diamonds, and will (we doubt not) be hardly less appreciated. Since writing, we are glad to learn that Her Majesty has graciously acknowledged the presentation, with a suitable pecuniary compliment to the ingenious Mr. Schloss.

Literature, &c.—According to the Supplement to “Bent's Monthly Literary Advertiser” for 1838, there appears an increase of new publications, the number of books amounting to 1550 (1850 volumes), exclusive of new editions, pamphlets, or periodicals, being 170 more than in 1837. The number of engravings is eighty-

seven (including thirty-five portraits), sixteen of which are engraved in the line manner, forty-one in mezzotint, fourteen in aquatint, and sixteen in chalk, lithography, &c.

American Ideas of Royalty.—At a ball in the United States, the conversation happened to turn upon the English army, when a young lady remarked to an officer, her partner, "Well now, I guess, your *Miss Kent* knocks you about just as we do our Niggers!" *Miss Kent*, meaning our gracious Queen Victoria!

Encouragement to Artists.—The New City Exchange Hotel, at New Orleans, was opened on the 1st of November last. It is an immense establishment; and some idea may be formed of its costliness and splendour from the fact, that the painting of the ceiling of the ball-room alone, cost 15,000 dollars! The subjects are of a mythological character.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Captain Marryat, it is reported, is likely to publish his recent travels in America in monthly parts.

Egyptian Hieroglyphics.—Mr. Goodhugh, we are informed, is preparing a course of lectures, in which an important step towards the discovery of the hidden meaning of these characters will be developed by an investigation of the Hebrew of the Pentateuch. When we consider that the Israelites remained nearly 300 years in Egypt, the natural inference is, that their language must have been as nearly as possible identical with that then spoken in that country; and as the Pentateuch was written immediately after the Exodus, it presents the nearest approximation to the language of the time in which these symbols appear to have been applied to the expression of ideas. Numerous illustrations from ancient monuments will render these lectures highly curious and interesting.

In the Press.

The Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art; exhibiting the most important Discoveries and Improvements of the Past Year, by the Editor of the "Arcana of Science," and late Editor of the "Mirror."

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

An Answer to the Misrepresentations contained in an Article on the "Life of Clarendon," in No. CXXIV. of the "Quarterly Review," by T. H. Lister, Esq. 8vo. 1s. 6d.—Three Letters to the Marquess of Chandos, on the Effects of the Corn Laws, by R. Torrens, Esq. F.R.S. 8vo. 2s.—Lalla Rookh, an Oriental Romance, by T. Moore, Esq. beautifully illustrated, 1 vol. royal 8vo. 21s.—My First Concealment, by W. A. Currie, 18mo. 2s.—Scenes from Real Life, by Mrs. Sherwood, Second Series, square, 1s. 6d.—Flaxman's Lectures, with large Additions, 62 Plates, royal 8vo. 21s.—Horsley's Collector's Manual; Predaceous Beetles, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Neodruidic Heresy in Britannia, 4to. 14s.—Journal of the Statistical Society of London, Vol. I. 8vo. 15s.—Sketches and Skeletons of Sermons, Vol. IV. 12mo. 4s. 6d.—The Christian's Daily Portion, by J. Burns, new edit. 12mo. 5s. 6d.—Janet; or, Glances at Human Nature, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.—Gazella; or, Kibber the Wanderer, by F. Worsley, fcap. 7s.—Scenes at Home and Abroad, by H. B. Hall, post 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Horace Vernon; or, Life in the West, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.—J. Bennett's Practical Geometry, 8vo. 15s.—Wesley's Journals, new edit. 8vo. 14s.—The Sabbath Book, Moral and Religious Extracts, by C. Woodfall, 12mo. 5s.—J. Stephens's History of South Australia (being a 2d edit. of the "Land of Promise"), 8vo. 8s.—Transactions of the Zoological Society of London, Vol. II. Part 3, 20s. coloured.—Grammar of the Five Senses, by F. Wingham, post 8vo. 6s.—The Christian Mission, by J. A. Boddy, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—Select English Poetry, 18mo. 4s.—Ecclesiastical Legal Guide, by a Barrister, Vol. I. royal 8vo. 15s.—Daniels's Chancery Practice, Vol. II. Part 2, 8vo. 10s.—The Domestic Altar, by E. Temple, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—The Naturalist's Library, Vol. XXIII. "Marine Amphibia," fcap. 6s.—The Life of Lord Anson, by Sir J. Barrow, 8vo. 14s.—Hints to Mechanics on Self-Education and Mutual Instruction, by T. Claxton, fcap. 4s.—Commentaries on the Law of Bailments, by J. Storey, edited by R. Charnock, 8vo. 18s.—Prior's Life of Edmund Burke, 3d edit. 8vo. 14s.—Manual of Private and Ball-Room Dancing, by B. Dun, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—Miles's Manufacturer's Assistant for Calculating Wages, 18mo. 2s.—Tales and Legends of the Isle of Wight, by A. Elder, fcap. 6s.—Lecount's History of the Birmingham Railway, 8vo. 5s.—Memoirs of Miss Sarah Brunster, of Chester, by the Rev. P. C. Turner, 18mo. 3s.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"S. C." is too long for us at this busy time. Mum's subject hardly comes within our province. Sir John Barrow's "Life of Lord Anson" has reached us too late to have the consideration due to such a work paid to it this week.

ERRATUM.—In our notice of Mr. Charles Woodfall's excellent selection from English authors, in our last, p. 24, col. 3, by some mistake the volume was called the "Scrap-Book," instead of the "Sabbath-Book," which is the title, and more accurately designates the object of the work.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

CAUTION.—MR. NEWMAN, Artist's Colourman, 24 Soho Square, in consequence of his Name and Address having most unwarrantably been placed in a conspicuous manner at the Door of the Shop recently opened by Mr. Joseph, 14 Soho Square, calculated to mislead, and which has in fact in several instances misled, the Public, most respectfully informs his Friends that his Business is conducted on the same Principles, and at the same House, where it has been established for so many years, and that he has no connection with Mr. Joseph.

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BOOKS IN THE PRESS.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Life of George Lord Anson, Admiral of the Fleet, &c. &c. By Sir John Barrow, Bart. F.R.S., author of the "Life of Admiral Lord Howe." 8vo. pp. 484. London, 1839. Murray.

AN authentic "Life of Lord Anson" was certainly a naval and national desideratum, notwithstanding the publication of preceding memoirs more interesting from their subject than from any other merit: and such a task could not have devolved into better hands than into those of Sir John Barrow, so long and intimately connected with the concerns of our navy, and so well qualified by his literature and talents to do justice to the undertaking. And a very excellent biography of this distinguished seaman we have; though, strange to say, the author has almost contrived to spoil it—perhaps we should use the word eclipse it? This is done by a "Supplemental Chapter" on the State of the Navies of Great Britain, France, Russia, America, &c., and on the Manning and Health of the Navy. So important is this view at the present epoch, that we feel assured the appendix of sixty-four pages will change places with the main feature of the work, and be read with immediate and infinite interest, whilst the "Life of Anson" may be left to more leisure moments.

Sir John Barrow truly speaks of himself as "an old servant of more than thirty years in this department" (the Admiralty) "under eleven different administrations—Whig and Tory;" and, as far as his official character is concerned, of no political party, his "only party being the Navy;" and it is very gratifying to a lover of his country to find him coming to such satisfactory conclusions as he does on the momentous questions involved in this inquiry. In vindication of his positions, Sir John assails those whom he accuses of misrepresenting the "Navy as neglected and in a progressive state of decay" in his usual trenchant manner when he is much in earnest; and his tilt *inter alia* with (report says) Admiral Hawker, in the present instance, reminds us of his encounter with Admiral Patten nearly "thirty years" ago in the "Quarterly Review." As with the heroes in ancient sepulture, he seems delighted to find a barrow for famous admirals. But in all cases the unchangeableness of his feelings towards the service, and the anxious zeal he displays for its efficiency and honour, reflect high credit upon him, both as a public functionary and an individual Briton.

Into the details of this important "chapter" it is more for the political than the literary press to enter; and we, therefore, dismiss it with so brief a notice, especially as we observe every newspaper is making it familiar to the public, and cutting it right and left, as personal resentments for parties assailed with, perhaps, too little ceremony, or political policy, happen to dictate.

Nor have we much to say respecting the memoir, the principal incidents recorded in which—such as occurred in the voyage round the world—are also generally known. Speak-

ing of Lord Anson in comparison with Lord Howe, the author observes:—

"The moral and physical character of these two officers was very similar. The same personal qualities and constitution of mind were common to each; resolution, with undaunted courage, united with patience, perseverance, and indefatigable attention to their professional duties; modesty and diffidence were the characteristics of both. Howe, on one or two occasions only, spoke in parliament—Anson never. Howe has been represented as silent as a rock; Anson is called, by the same writer, the silent son-in-law of the chancellor. Howe was a family man, and seldom appeared in society; Anson was said to have been 'round the world, but never in it.' Howe's character was strongly marked by benevolence, humanity, and generosity; and Anson's was not less so. Both were firmly attached to the naval service; and it is so far remarkable that both should have had the opportunity of giving the first blow to the French navy, by each having gained the first victory in the two several wars. The comparison might be carried further; but in one respect there appears to be a great contrast—the one was fond of writing, the other appears to have abhorred it; and this leads me to speak of the materials I have collected for the memoir of Anson. In the case of Lord Howe I had upwards of four hundred letters, all written by the noble earl to one individual, which proved a habit of writing; but, unfortunately, the rest of his correspondence had perished. In the case of Anson I have between five and six hundred letters, none of them written by, but all of them addressed to, the noble lord, by a great variety of correspondents, in and out of the profession; all carefully bound up in three large volumes, alphabetically arranged under the names of the writers, so as to afford an easy reference. From several of these letters it appears that Anson, unlike Howe, was as sparing of his pen as of his tongue. Of whatever letters he may have written, not purely official, few have been found; and I understand that those I have spoken of from his correspondents were scattered about the house, until collected by the old house-steward, Jenkins, who had been in his younger days a boy under Lord Anson's cook, and who lived in the Anson family until his death, in 1824; and that these letters owe their present collective form to the care of Mr. Upcott, a gentleman well known in the literary circle for his valuable collection of curious manuscripts, which, for their novelty and variety, ought to have a place in the British Museum, whose library is certainly not overstocked with MSS."

Anson was born at Colwich, Staffordshire, April 23d, 1697, and at a very early period of life entered the navy, and rose to be a lieutenant at the age of eighteen or nineteen.

We cannot discover in the volume a more curious extract wherewith to accompany this paper than the "following instructions, signed by the king, which (saith the author), ought to have been printed at the head of the authentic account of the voyage, especially as it was said by some that Anson had exceeded his in-

structions in burning Payta, and by others that he had failed in the execution of part of them. They are here given from the originals in the State Paper Office, not being found in the records of the Admiralty.

(Signed) George R.

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attack or enterprise by land, the commander of our land-forces shall also be one; which said land-forces shall, upon such occasions, be landed according to the determination of the said council of war; and, when on shore, shall be under the direction and conduct of the commanding officer of our land-forces, subject, however, to be recalled on board by any future determination of a council of war. And, as it will be absolutely necessary for you to be supplied with provisions and water when and where they can be had, you will inform yourself of the places where that can be most conveniently done; and, as we have been informed that the coast of Chili, and particularly the Island of Chiloe, do abound with provisions and necessities of all sorts, you are to call there for that purpose. As it has been represented unto us that the number of native Indians on the coast of Chili greatly exceeds that of the Spaniards, and that there is reason to believe that the said Indians may not be averse to join with you against the Spaniards, in order to recover their freedom, you are to endeavour to cultivate a good understanding with such Indians as shall be willing to join and assist you in any attempt that you may think proper to make against the Spaniards that are established there. You are to continue your voyage along the coast of Peru, and to get the best information you can whether there be any place, before you come to Lima, that may be worthy your attention, so as to make it advisable to stop at it; but if there be no place where any considerable advantage can be expected, you are then to go along the coast till you come to Calao, which is the port of Lima, taking or destroying all embarkations whatsoever that you shall meet with. As soon as you shall arrive at Calao you shall consider whether it may be practicable to make an attempt upon that place or not; and if it shall be judged practicable by a council of war, to be held for that purpose, with the strength you have with you, to make an attack upon that port, you are accordingly to do it; and if it shall please God to bless our arms with success, you are then to endeavour to turn it to the best advantage possible for our service. And whereas there is some reason to believe, from private intelligence, that the Spaniards in the kingdom of Peru, and especially in that part of it which is near Lima, have long had an inclination to revolt from their obedience to the King of Spain (on account of the great oppressions and tyrannies exercised by the Spanish viceroys and governors), in favour of some considerable person amongst themselves, you are, if you should find that there is any foundation for these reports, by all possible means to encourage and assist such a design in the best manner you shall be able; and in case of any revolution or revolt from the obedience of the King of Spain, either amongst the Spaniards or the Indians in those parts, and of any new government being erected by them, you are to insist upon the most advantageous conditions for the commerce of our subjects to be carried on with such government so to be erected; for which which purpose you shall make provisional agreements, subject to our future approbation and confirmation. But, in case you should not think proper to attack Calao, or should miscarry in any attempt you may make against that place, you are then to proceed to the northward as far as Panama; but, as there are many places along the coast which are considerable, and where the Spanish ships, in their passage between Panama and Lima, do usually stop, it will be proper for you to look into those places, and to annoy the Spaniards there as much as it

shall be in your power. And, if you shall meet with the Spanish men-of-war that carry the treasure from Lima to Panama, you are to endeavour to make yourself master of them. When you are arrived at Panama, you will probably have an opportunity to take or destroy such embarkations as you shall find there; and, as the town itself is represented not to be very strong, you are, if you shall think you have sufficient force for that purpose, to make an attempt upon that town, and endeavour to take it, or burn and destroy it, as you shall think most for our service. And, as you may possibly find an opportunity to send privately, overland, to Portobello or Darien, you are by that means to endeavour to transmit to any of our ships or forces that shall be on that coast an account of what you have done or intend to do. And, lest any such intelligence should fall into the hands of the Spaniards, we have ordered you to be furnished with a cipher, in which manner only you are to correspond with our admiral or the commander-in-chief of any of our ships that may be in the northern seas of America, or the commander-in-chief of our land forces. As we have determined to send a large body of troops from hence as early as possible in the spring, to make a descent on some part of the Spanish West Indies; and as we shall have a very considerable fleet in those seas, in case it should be thought proper that any part of those ships or troops should go to Portobello or Darien with a design to send the said troops overland to Panama or Santa Maria, you are then to make the best disposition to assist them by all the means that you shall be able in making a secure settlement, either at Panama or any other place that shall be thought proper; and you are, in such case, to supply them with cannon from the ships under your command (if necessary), or with any thing else that can be spared without too much weakening the squadron; and if the land-forces on board our said ships should be wanted to reinforce those that may come overland to the coast of the South Sea, you may cause them to go on shore for that purpose, with the approbation of the proper officers. When you shall have proceeded thus far, it must, in a great measure, be left to your discretion, and that of a council of war (when, upon any difficulty you shall think fit to call them together), to consider whether you shall go further to the northward, or remain longer at Panama, in case the place should have been taken by our forces, or you can any way hear that any of our forces may be expected on that side from the north side. But you will always take particular care to consider of a proper place for careening of the ships, and for supplying them with provisions either for their voyage homeward or for their continuing longer abroad. In case you shall be so happy as to meet with success, you shall take the first opportunity, by sending a ship on purpose, or otherwise, to acquaint us with it, and with every particular that may be necessary for us to be informed of, that we may take the proper measures thereupon. If you shall find no occasion for your staying longer in those seas, and shall judge it best to go to the northward as far as Acapulco, or to look out for the Acapulco ship, which sails from that place for Manila at a certain time of the year, and generally returns at a certain time also, you may possibly, in that case, think it most advisable to return home by the way of China, which you are hereby authorised to do, or to return home by Cape Horn, as you shall think best for our service, and for the preservation of the ships and the men on board them. Whenever you shall judge it necessary for our service to return

with our squadron to England, you may, if you shall think it proper, leave one or two of our ships in the South Sea for the security of any of the acquisitions you may have been able to make, or for the protection of the trade which any of our subjects may be carrying on in those parts."

Among the few survivors of the expedition, "it is remarkable enough that one of the seamen, by name George Gregory, lived to the age of 109 years, having died at Kingston the 13th February, 1804, without having known a day's illness since he went to sea in 1714."

Horace Vernon; or, Life in the West. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1838. Colburn.

THIS is a very clever book, and written by a man who must have seen a good deal of society. Whether it come within the pale of literature we will not say, but will rather tell our readers what it is. It is a novel of the genus of *Almacks* and others of the same kidney, in which well-known living characters, and some hardly less known circumstances, are displayed in so plain a way, that few people can mistake their application. Thus, a very notorious demirep, under the name of Miltoune, with a deserted daughter, Mary Graham (the issue of a noble amour—see police reports a few years ago), are the principal females, whilst Lord Palmerston, Lord Alvanley, Lord Lowther, Lord Ranelagh, the late and present Dukes of Buckingham, Lord de Roos, Colonel L. Stanhope, and many other persons of rank and fashion, are shown up with impartial malice. A ruined banker, who keeps such company; a villainous attorney, who, like too many of his brethren, disgraces the profession by preying on all who can be made his victims; two vagabond retainers of the lowest stuff; a retired *millionaire* jeweller and his family, together with their associates at Egham, fill up the rest of the *dramatis personæ*. If such publications were allowable, we should be obliged to say that this is one of the best written we have seen, and one shewing more acute observation and talent than, in our opinion, ought to have been so misemployed. It is a scandal to the press; and we avoid every portion of its bitter portraiture and allusions to matters which disgrace human nature. Yet, in fairness to the author, we quote a specimen of his workmanship:—

"Four gentlemen were seated in the respectable parlour of the King's Head as the reunited friends entered, who began to look upon the new comers, and then at each other, with that sort of silent speculative expression which implies a doubt whether strangers are permitted entrance; the awkward circumstance of a public room not being a private one seasonably occurring to memory, and preventing any audible manifestation of displeasure. During the pause that followed, and while the waiter was employed in procuring their 'cold without,' Jeffries and his companion had full leisure to contemplate the personal points of the four taciturn gentlemen. The most imposing of these was Mr. Grayling, a retired city fishmonger, reputed wealthy, and living in the immediate neighbourhood. He was seated in a conspicuous part of the room, in an arm-chair, made purposely for him, lest his inordinate weight should cause its more fragile brethren to crash like reeds beneath its intolerable pressure. A benevolent expression pervaded that small portion of the centre of his face in which his features might be said to be comprised—all the rest consisting of two very immense cheeks, and three or four chins. He was busily engaged in smoking—a duty, as it seemed, of almost sacred

obligation,—for he kept his eye constantly fixed upon the bowl of his pipe, and at intervals slowly protruded his short-looking arm, and, with a fanciful tobacco-stopper, kept the weed in a state of proper coherence. Nearly opposite to him and erect as his own principles, sat Mr. Clarencieux, a private gentleman of the neighbourhood. Extreme, it is said, sometimes meet, and in this instance they had done so; for certainly never were two intimate friends, the one so fat, and the other so lean, as Mr. Grayling and Mr. Clarencieux. This latter gentleman was habited in gray pantaloons and black gaiters, wore a blue coat buttoned close up to his chin, and rejoiced in a skull of such utter desolation of hair, and smoothness of surface, as to convey the idea of its being polished by the housemaid every morning with the furniture. In public company, Mr. Clarencieux delighted to exhibit his acquaintance with the 'Red Book' and Burke's 'Peagee'; and a private source of gratification to him was the conviction that he bore a considerable resemblance to Earl Grey, whose contour and expression he sedulously studied, and committed to memory and practice, as portraits of that nobleman successively made their appearance in the print shops. The other two gentlemen, who sat, so to speak, 'cheek by jowl,' were partners, Messrs. Mottram and Sniggles, the surveyors, both resident at Egham, in the same house, inseparable companions and bosom friends. The former of these was a person of the middle size, and about the average circumference. He had coarse light hair parted in the middle, and brought round on either side into a stiff curl, not unlike a small ram's horn; and a face reminding you of the visage of the king of hearts, more especially when its owner turned his eyes leeringly towards his loquacious partner. As for Mr. Sniggles, he was one of those minute persons who are said to be compelled to employ a stool when they would look over the fender; with a head scarcely bigger than that of a sparrow, and legs which, when clothed in white gaiters, suggested tobacco-pipes. Whether it was that this gentleman constantly wore a green coat, or that his unvarying vivacity invited such an application, we know not; but amongst his familiar acquaintance he was known by the style and title of 'Grashopper Sniggles.'

Another clever sketch:—

"Mr. Hopwood [the retired jeweller] was the most regular man of business possible; he had an account against every hen and every pig in his establishment. The account of each individual was duly charged with the barley and barley-meal consumed; and each hen had credits allowed for eggs laid, and each pig, at his demise, was credited with his pork, when the balance of profit or loss was duly ascertained. No fresh apples ever found their way to Mr. Hopwood's table—not from any spirit of parsimony, but merely from the pure spirit of business. When the apples were gathered, they were always spread in a room for the purpose, and when any were wanted for domestic purposes, those that were 'going' were always first selected. The same system was adopted with the eggs. They were always marked with the date of the day on which they were laid, and the most ancient of date were always used first. These accounts, with occasionally a trip to town, to arrange his numerous money transactions, formed Mr. Hopwood's occupations. But these, though in his opinion highly necessary, were mere mechanical affairs, and subordinate, compared with the still higher objects of his interest and ambition—the education of his daughter, and the ag-

grandisement of his family. The latter had been the principal subject of his thoughts for many a day; but, since his interview with Lord Walgrave, it had assumed something like a distinctness, whilst formerly the idea had merely flitted, as it were, over his dreaming fancy. But now the supposition was no longer airy and unreal; Lord Walgrave had pronounced it possible—nay, even probable; and the man of business confidently looked forward to the accomplishment of his hopes with an earnestness which never flagged. Something whispered to him that these glittering expectations were to be realised through the medium of Lord Walgrave; but in what manner, he hardly dared suggest to himself. And then, again, when he looked, with truly parental pride, on his daughter, and thought of her beauty, the extreme innocence of her character, the result of that system in which he had so scrupulously brought her up, some vague notion crossed his mind, that she might, by a splendid alliance, elevate her family to the position, the daily contemplation of which, even afar off, had become a positive necessity to him."

This lord does pay his visit, and

"With a sort of mincing step, and with many a profound courtesy, did Mrs. Hopwood enter the presence. She had been some few minutes in her chamber, as we before observed, for the purpose of adornment; but such had been her haste, that she had hardly time to do justice to her taste. She determined, however, to cover all deficiencies in style by profusion of ornament, and, after having touched her cheek with the slightest possible tint of the 'hare's-foot' (for cheeks will fade with years), she pinned a bunch of flowers here, and another there, till her head resembled a huge bouquet, when unfortunately, as she was about to give the finishing touch, she heard her husband's excited voice to Susan; snatching, therefore, a bunch of full-blown roses, she pinned them hurriedly in their place, and casting but too cursory a glance, the general effect seemed so undeniable, that she rushed down stairs, fearful of driving her husband to despair, by her continued absence. Lord Walgrave rose to receive her, and taking her hand, led her to a seat. 'I need not say how happy I am to make the acquaintance of the wife of my most estimable friend, Hopwood,' commenced the nobleman; but, before he could proceed, he was seized with such a fit of coughing that he was forced to resume his seat on the sofa, and cover his face with his handkerchief. The fact was, that though Lord Walgrave was a man of fashion, and consequently had his feelings and countenance under great control, yet there sometimes occur such unforeseen, such sudden attacks upon our risible muscles, that even the well-trained habits of a man of society, find it impossible to resist them. Unfortunately, as Mrs. Hopwood took her seat, the eyes of Lord Walgrave came upon a level with her head-dress, and there, erect, amidst a profusion of roses and geraniums, stood the identical 'hare's-foot' which had created the bloom upon her cheek, and which, having become entangled amongst the wires of the last bunch of roses, was with them transferred to its present unlucky position, producing, it must be confessed, a most extraordinary and startling effect. 'Dear me! dear me! what a cold your lordship has taken,' said Hopwood, agitated beyond measure, and fidgeting about with the poker in his hand; 'this room is so cold, I'm afraid your lordship did wrong in removing from the fire,' and here he emptied the scuttle

upon the blazing contents of the grate. 'I should never forgive myself if I thought.' 'Now do not disturb yourself, Hopwood,' interposed Lord Walgrave, somewhat recovering from the effects of his surprise, but not daring to turn his eyes in the direction of the lady of the house; 'I must have taken a little cold coming down, but it will pass.' 'Will you let me get you a little broth, my lord?' asked Mrs. Hopwood, 'a little broth with some chopped parsley in it—chopped parsley is a most excellent thing for a cold.' 'No, my dear madam, thank you, it may pass off directly; I am subject—' but here his lordship's cough again became so violent, that he was obliged to take refuge in the folds of his handkerchief. 'Do, my dear, pray fetch the cough-drops we take in treacle,' said Hopwood; 'what can we do? If your lordship would but come a little nearer the fire; and the more his lordship coughed, the more did Mr. Hopwood stir the fire, and the more did Mrs. Hopwood, in her anxiety to aid his lordship, parade before his vision the apparition of the 'hare's-foot,' which was the exciting cause of the mischief. At length his lordship's paroxysms were checked by the opportune arrival of Georgina, who advanced just within the door, half timidly, yet without the slightest approach to awkwardness, and bowing gracefully to Lord Walgrave, went to her mother. 'Ah! Georgina my love, you are come at last; let me present you to Lord Walgrave,' said her father. 'Really!' said Lord Walgrave, rising, 'and is this young lady your daughter, Hopwood?' 'Our only child, my lord,' answered the proud parent. 'Then, indeed, I may say sincerely, that I congratulate you upon your good fortune, in calling so very charming a young lady your own,' said Lord Walgrave, advancing towards her in his usually graceful manner, to offer his hand. Georgina, before she received or acknowledged the compliment of his lordship, had detected the anomaly of her mother's head-dress, and with a rapid and almost imperceptible movement transferred it from its singular position to the fire; while Mrs. Hopwood, thinking she had only arranged a stray flower, smiled her approbation."

It is to be regretted that one who could observe so acutely, and paint so well, should have adopted so objectionable a course.

The Curiosities of Medical Experience. By J. G. Millingen, M.D. M.A. &c. Resident Physician to the County of Middlesex Pauper Lunatic Asylum. 8vo. pp. 566. Second Edition. London, 1839. Bentley.

MEDICINE in sport made instruction in earnest, has obtained for this curious work the deserved honours of a second edition; and the publisher has, in our opinion, judiciously cast it into a single volume, with all its augmentations. Having gone at large into the old matter when it first appeared, we shall now confine our remarks to a portion of the new. On the principal subject, the author observes most truly in his preface, as an answer to the objections, that he had, perhaps, lent too easy credence to some of the strange stories he relates."

"Notwithstanding our boasted progress in scientific pursuits, and our supposed approach to perfection, there never perhaps was a period,

* Not, be it remarked, as if he believed in them, but "to show the fallacy even of experience, and the many dangers that may arise from the most ingenious theories and doctrines, in the very ratio of their apparent plausibility."

since the fanciful days of Paracelsus, Agrippa, and Van Helmont, when more deceitful and fascinating reveries were indulged in than at the present *enlightened* moment, nor more ingenuity and disingenuousness displayed in seeking to give substance to a vision or over-throwing its baseless fabric. It is painful to be obliged to admonish the would-be legislators of our belief, in the words of the sceptical Bolingbroke:—'Folly and knavery have prevailed most where they should be tolerated the least, and presumption has been excused most where diffidence and candour are on many accounts the most necessary.'

'Quale per incertam lunam sub luce maligna
Est iter in silva.'"

Can we cast our eyes round London at the present moment, and doubt the truth of this, when children's cauls are advertised as a protection against drowning, when quackery flourishes in every branch of medicine, and when Homoeopathy and Mesmerism are the leading or misleading wonders of the age?

But, turning from this general topic, we will confine ourselves to one of the added chapters in this edition, upon a subject upon which some of our readers will remember we made a very strenuous and decided stand, when Dr. Magendie's "Experiments on Living Animals" were much discussed by the public. We rejoice to find so able an ally to the cause we espoused, as Dr. Millington here proves himself to be; and we rejoice the more to find him so warm a friend to humanity, because he is at the head of an establishment where humanity is so essential to the well-being of a large number of our fellow-creatures. "The merciful man is merciful to his beast" says the ancient adage; and we may fairly assume that the physician who feels so much for the animal creation, will carry still warmer sympathies into those abodes of ruined reason and prostrate powers, where hundreds of helpless men and women put forth the strongest claims which unhappiness can advance to all the care and kindness which skill and philanthropy can administer to alleviate their grievous sufferings. But to our immediate point. After specifying the grounds taken up in defence of the cruel medical experiments upon animals, Dr. M. says:—

"It is painful to assert it, but all these allegations I consider as not only unsupported by facts and experience, but grounded on speculative sophistry; for, in regard to the injuries which animals in their wild condition may inflict upon each other, they may be the result of the wise provisions of the Creator, with which man, however presumptuous he be, has nothing to do; and even were it in his power to check their furious and destructive propensities, it is more than likely, from what we daily witness, that he would turn them to a profitable or a pleasurable account, as most probably the sight of a combat between a wild elephant and a rhinoceros (provided the spectators were perfectly secure), would attract a greater multitude, and draw more money, than a dog-fight or a bull-bait—a tiger-hunt, were it not attended with some personal danger which requires courage, would prove more delectable than the pursuit of a timid hare. But I now come to a much more important consideration—the benefit to mankind that has occurred, or that may be derived, from such experiments. And here I must give as my most decided opinion, that if any such beneficial results did arise from the inquiries, they were not commensurate with the barbarity of the experiments; nay, I shall

endeavour to shew, that they are frequently more likely to deceive us, by propping up fallacious and tottering theories, than to shed any valuable light on the subject of investigation. I readily admit that there does exist much analogy in the structure of man and certain animals in the higher grades of the creation; that the functions of respiration, digestion, absorption, locomotion, are to a certain extent similar, and that experiments made to ascertain the mechanism of these functions (if I may so express myself) may tend, in some measure, to teach us that which the inanimate corpse of man cannot exhibit; but, admitting to the full extent of argumentation the analogy of these functions, I do maintain that the phenomena of life differ widely between man and animals, and the very nervous influences which we seek to discover are, in life, of a nature totally different. Were it not so, would the senses of different animals, rendered more or less acute or obtuse according to their natural pursuits and protective habits, be so materially unequal? Indeed, the laws of nature that submit every creature to the immutable will of Providence are totally unlike; and each apparatus of life in divers beings seems to be especially calculated for the identical race: what is poison to the one is an aliment to another; and the vivid light which the eyes of one creature can bear, would produce blindness in another; the same effluvia which one animal would not notice, would guide another over trackless wastes in search of friend or foe. I, therefore, maintain, that the mere material examination of the living organs of animals can no more tend to illustrate their vital principle, than the keenest anatomical labours can enable us to attain a knowledge of the nature of our immortal and imperishable parts. I shall enter still more minutely into this subject. In the barbarous experiments to which I allude, animals bearing the strongest resemblance to man (at least in their conformation, for Heaven, in its mercy, did not gift them with what we call mind) are usually selected amongst such as possess a heart with four cavities and double lungs. The dog, the natural companion of man, his most faithful friend in weal and woe, the guardian of his couch and property, the protector of his infants, the only mourner o'er the pauper's grave!—dogs are in general selected for the scientific shambles; and this for obvious reasons,—they are more easily procured, and at a cheaper rate; moreover, they are more manageable and unresisting under the mangling scalpel. Well, thousands of these creatures have been starved to death with butter, sugar, and oil, to prove that they must die in all the aggravated pangs of hunger, pangs producing ulcerated eyes, blindness, staggers, parched up organs, unless their food contains azote. Will any one maintain that a similar nourishment would produce similar effects on man? Certainly not. The one was created by nature to consume animal substances highly azotised; the other, from the transition of life to which he is born to be exposed, is essentially polyphagous. Then, again, millions of animals have had their bones broken, scraped, bruised in every possible manner, to discover the process of the formation of bone, called *Osteogeny*: has a single fracture of a human limb been more rapidly consolidated by these experiments, which fill hundreds of pages in the works of Duhamel, Haller, Scarpa, and other physiologists? Animals will digest substances that would kill a human being; have the experiments in which their palpitating stomach and intestines have been torn from them, lacerated,

pricked, cut, separated from their surrounding vessels and nerves, increased our means of relieving the dyspepsia of the sensualist, the surfeit of the glutton, or the nausea of the disolute? On the other hand, the gin, the ardent spirits in which the drunkard wallows, would soon destroy what we think proper to call a brute! In many animals, moreover, there is a tenacity of life—highly convenient to the physiologist, since it enables him to prolong his experimental cruelties—which man does not possess; and we find the electric fluid acting much longer upon their muscles, even after death, than on a human body or its severed limbs. Another point to be considered is the assertion of the advantages to be derived from contemplating the living viscera in a healthy state. Good God! a healthy state?—what a mockery, what a perversion of language! Behold the dog, stolen from his master—the poor animal hungry, chained up for days and nights pining for his lost master, is led to the butchery. Still he looks up for compassion to man, his natural protector, licks the very hand that grasps him until his feeble limbs are lashed to the table! In vain he struggles—in vain he expresses his sufferings and his fears in piteous howls: a muzzle is buckled on to stifle his troublesome cries, and his concentrated groans heave his agonised breast in convulsive throes, until the scalpel is plunged in his helpless extended body! His blood flows in torrents, his very heart is exposed to the torturer's searching hand, and nerves which experience anguish from a mere breath of air, are lacerated with merciless ingenuity—and this is a healthy state! The viscera exposed to atmospheric influence are already parched, and have lost their natural colour, and not a single function is performed in normal regularity. One only effort is natural until vital power is exhausted—a vain instinctive resistance against his butchers! The heart sickens at such scenes, when cruelty, that would bid defiance to the savage's vindictive barbarity, sacrifices thousands of harmless beings at the shrine of vanity. For let the matter not be mistaken—these experiments are mostly made to give an appearance of verisimilitude to the most absurd and visionary doctrines; and if a proof were required of this assertion, it can be easily obtained by reading the works of various physiologists at different periods, who all draw different deductions from similar facts. For when the mind labours under a certain impression, or a reputation is founded upon the support of a doctrine, these facts are distorted with Procrustean skill to suit the views of the experimentalist. Let us, for instance, consider the subject of digestion, to ascertain the nature of which, thousands—millions of animals have been ripped up alive. This practice has been attributed to coction, to elixation, to fermentation, to putrefaction, to trituration, to maceration, to dissolution, and to many other shades and shadows of similar theories; and were additional millions of living victims sacrificed in further scientific hecatombs, posterity may deem our present vainglorious physiologists as ignorant of the matter as they might consider their numerous predecessors in the same career of groping curiosity. Has the cruel extraction of the spleen from a thousand dogs, to shew that they could live without that viscous, explained the nature of its functions, or enabled us more successfully to control its obstinate diseases? We know nothing of the phenomena of life; all our functions are regulated by an all-wise Power that sets at naught human presumption—and Hippocrates justly called this harmonic organisation a *concertus*,

or a circle, in which we could not discover the commencement or the end.

"In fine, whenever it is not evident that such practices can benefit mankind and increase our means of reducing the sum of human misery—it is a barbarous and criminal abuse of that power which the Creator has given us over the inferior grades of animated beings; and it is deeply to be lamented that no legislative measures can be adopted to restrain it, if it cannot be altogether prohibited. At any rate, professors alone should be allowed the 'indulgence,' but in no instance should such pseudo-scientific practices become a public exhibition or a student's pastime. Brought up in early life, amidst all the complicated horrors of a revolution, I have been sadly convinced that the contagion of cruelty is much more doubtless and active than that of pestilence!"

Earnestly do we trust that these unanswerable arguments, deduced from the knowledge and experience of an able physician, with the practice of fourteen Peninsular battles on his mind, will have their due weight with the profession; and sure we are that the feelings of all the rest of mankind will flow in cordial unison with them.

Geraldine; a Sequel to Coleridge's "Christabel," with other Poems. By M. F. Tupper, Esq. M.A., author of "Proverbial Philosophy." 12mo. pp. 217. London, 1838. Rickerby.

We regret that the author should have subjected himself to a comparison by the side of Coleridge, and that, too, on a subject in which there can but be one opinion, for none but the "old man eloquent" ever could have completed "Christabel." Nay, even he himself feared to put a finishing hand to his work; like a mighty magician he had conjured up a dim and enchanted landscape, enveloping many of its beauties in mist, and leaving the imagination to make out its fair proportions.

"A thing to dream of, not to tell,"—

it is the wondrous work of

"A singing mason building roofs of gold;"

and in such a manner that a life might almost be wasted in studying its mysterious architecture; but "not a few days," nor even years, could add a turret to it in the same wild and irregular style, to be in keeping with its grand and supernatural order. It is a "beauty and a mystery," and as such we would ever wish to see it remain. Passing, then, altogether by *Geraldine* (which, after all, is a clever production), the volume will be found to contain several poems of considerable merit: some of them, indeed, not unworthy of the hand of the great master, for a share of whose laurels Mr. Tupper has so daringly ventured to step up as a competitor.

Several of the sonnets, in particular, are excellent, although we cannot call to mind many instances of the author's addressing them to their own works after the manner of the three put forth on his own "Proverbial Philosophy." It may not be intended, but it carries the look of a concealed puff about it; and the work possessed too many beauties to need any thing of the kind. In almost every page we find evidence of great powers of thought and beauty of expression, occasionally, however, marred by what to us appears neglect, as if the composition had been hurried along hastily, and without having that attention bestowed upon it which it deserved. We give the following little poem complete; there is a right feeling about it.

"Wisdom's Wish."

Ah, might I but escape to some sweet spot,
Oasis of my hopes, to fancy dear,
Where rural virtues are not yet forgot,
And good old customs crown the circling year;
Where still contented peasants love their lot,
And trade's vile din offends not nature's ear,
But hospitable hearths, and welcomes warm,
To country quiet add their social charm;
Some smiling bay of Cambria's happy shore,
A wooded dingle on a mountain-side,
Within the distant sound of ocean's roar,
And looking down on valley fair and wide,
Nigh to the village church, to please me more
Than vast cathedrals in their Gothic pride,
And blest with pious pastor, who has trod
Himself the way, and leads his flock to God,—
'There would I dwell, for I delight therein!'
Far from the evil ways of evil men,
Untainted by the soil of others' sin,
My own repeated, and clean again:
With health and plenty crown'd, and peace within,
Choice books, and guiltless pleasures of the pen,
And mountain-rambles with a welcome friend,
And dear domestic joys that never end.
There, from the flowery mead, or shingled shore,
To cull the gems that bounteous nature gave,
From the rent mountain pick the brilliant ore,
Or seek the curious crystal in its cave;
And learning nature's Master to adore,
Know more of Him who came the lost to save;
Drink deep the pleasures contemplation gives,
And learn to love the meanest thing that lives.
No envious wish my fellows to excel,
No sordid, money-getting cares be mine;
No low ambition in high state to dwell,
Nor meanly grand among the poor to shine:
But, sweet benevolence, regale me well
With those cheap pleasures and light cares of this life,
And meek-eyed piety, be always near,
With calm content, and gratitude sincere.
Rescued from cities, and forensic strife,
And walking wild with God in nature's eye,
Blest with fair children, and a faithful wife,
Love at my board, and friendship dwelling nigh,
Oh, thus to wear away my useful life,
And, when I'm called in rapturous hope to die,
Thus to rob heav'n of all the good I can,
And challenge earth to shew a happier man!"

In conclusion, the author has our best wishes; we are certain that he possesses much power as an original thinker; and if he will but bestow an equal proportion of care upon his productions, we doubt not but that he will stand high amongst the poets of the present day.

Tales and Legends of the Isle of Wight. With the Adventures of the Author in Search of them. By A. Elder, Esq. Part the First. 12mo. pp. 198. London, 1839. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

THIS is a small volume, but an extremely pleasant one. The tales and legends have a most genuine appearance (notwithstanding the mysterious and fanciful personations with which they are introduced), and they are told with great liveliness, point, and humour. "The Hermit's Cave," the longest, is a capital story of glamour; and the "Stoned-cased Well," is a striking exposition of Druidical rites, made interesting by the appearance on the scene of Christian apostles, Welsh bards, and other actors, Cimri, men of Galedin, and giants of Coranied.

As we cannot, however, conveniently separate part of these for quotation, we must select from the shorter pieces.

"The Old Church of St. Helen's."—"Waiter, bring me another glass of brandy and water; and now," continued the old gentleman, "I shall tell the story about the old church-steeple." The old church of St. Helen's was built so close to the shore, that in the course of time the greater part was undermined and washed away by the sea. The steeple, however, had become so valuable a sea-mark, that it was determined to preserve it; so it was built up with bricks in the inside, and its foundations defended from the sea by additional masonry. It was next directed to be whitewashed to make it more conspicuous, and some men were sent over

from Portsmouth for this purpose. They erected their ladders against the tower, and one of them went up to commence operations. Upon looking over the top of the building, he was very much astonished to see a little old-fashioned gentleman in light leather shorts and black worsted stockings, apparently fast asleep there. The whitewasher burst out into a loud laugh, and his comrades came up to see what was the matter, and they all joined in laughing at the old gentleman and quizzing him. "It's a fine day, old gentleman," said one. The old gentleman, who looked very cross, replied, "Wait, and see what the evening will bring, before you call it a fine day. I remember, when the first stone of this tower was laid, the masons came over from Portsmouth in a boat, and were drowned going back, and so it will be with the last that touched it." "Why, this tower has been built at least two hundred years," said a mason; "it's quite impossible that you can know anything about it." "It is very difficult to say," said the old man, dryly, "what is possible, and what is not possible." Here the conversation ended, and the whitewashers went on with their work—dab, splash—dab, splash. At length one of them said he would just take a peep to see how the old gentleman got on. He went up and looked, but found nobody there. "How did he get down?" "Nay, how did he get up?" said the other. It was altogether very odd. When they had finished their work they got into their boat to return to Portsmouth, but at Portsmouth the boat never arrived. They were all drowned."

We like the whole so well, that we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of another neat and piquant narrative, the sly under-current of humour in which will, no doubt, be readily appreciated.

"The Mysterious Egg."—There used to be a cottage somewhere on the hill as you go up towards the Needles—a very poor concern, more like a pig-sty than a Christian's house, in which lived an old woman, who was known by the name of Alice Puckery. She was of a very unsocial nature, and had ways and habits peculiar to herself; always muttering as she hobbled along, no one could hear what. She used continually to place an egg on the ledge over the door. There was something very mysterious in this, but as there are always many to be found who say there's no such thing as witchcraft, it was thought by them that the only reason the old hag had for doing this, was to discover whether in her absence her house had been entered or not; for when the door opened, the egg sometimes fell to the ground. I am rather inclined to believe, from the words which she muttered over the egg when it fell, that there was some spell in it; because occasionally, when it was observed to fall, a sulphurous smoke and smell arose. Many were the speculations as to why she placed the egg there; no one had ever been known to keep an egg in that particular way before—over a doorway; why should it be over a doorway? It was thought by many, that it was placed there to bewitch any person she might take a dislike to. It was supposed by others, that the influence of the egg was varied, according to whether it was placed with the broad end, or the narrow end, or the side, towards the wall. How its influence affected people, no one could make out exactly; some were suddenly taken ill immediately, or soon after passing under it; to others, good luck happened. One man, of the name of Theophilus Browning, shortly after passing

under it, had the extraordinary luck of finding a red silk purse, containing twenty sovereigns, on the road as he went home. It is believed that on that day the egg was placed crossways, a thing which had not been known to be done before or since. A young woman, of the name of Sarah Primrose, called at the old hag's cottage, and passed under the egg; she had not proceeded half a mile from the door before she was met by a person, who told her that the young man to whom she was going to be married was dangerously ill: he died that night. Though the old hag kept four or five speckled fowls, it was very generally believed that the eggs were not laid by any of them, or were, indeed, the produce of any other bird. Sometimes the egg appeared to be longer in shape than at others, sometimes shorter. It was thought that the egg which was placed there on Friday was longer shaped and thinner like, perhaps a little trifle smaller, than those on a Monday and Tuesday, which were rather, as a body might say, short and dumpy ones. This was observed to be the case for three successive weeks, during which they had been watched. She had been repeatedly asked why she placed the egg on the ledge over the door, to which she always replied, 'that she put it there because she chose to put it there; no one had any business to question her right to put it there. The shelf was her own shelf, put up by John Stubbins the carpenter, at her own expense, and she would tell nobody why she put the egg there.' One day—a Thursday afternoon—a tabby cat was seen sitting on the ledge over the door, beside the egg: that night the clergyman of the parish died!

There are some droll and appropriate illustrations from the pencil.

Janet; or, Glances at Human Nature: the Second of a Series of Tales on the Passions.
By the Author of "Misrepresentation."
3 vols. 12mo. London, 1839. Saunders and Otley.

A WORK of imagination, and by a young authoress. We should be stern critics, indeed, were we to point out the slight faults of the volumes before us; the more especially as they are greatly outweighed by the merits. The authoress has chosen Miss Austen as her model in both her previous work ("Misrepresentation") and the one now pleading by its moral tendency and pleasing execution for encouragement and support. Judging by the decided improvement of style in the tale of *Janet*, we may fairly look for the same in succeeding volumes, and with more of hope than fear for the ultimate success of the writer. We finish our notice with a short extract.

"The heavy eyelids slowly rose, he cast towards his sister one fond, never-to-be-forgotten look—a faint and happy smile—and then the countenance was darkened, yet so calm and placid, Charlotte thought he slept. In truth, he did—the dreamless slumber of the grave! There is no task more mournful than to search amongst the papers, books, and other familiar things of one whom we have loved, and lost. Can we unlock the writing-desk, or escritoire, and not reflect whose hand has often turned the key before? What a host of thoughts and feelings, too, come rushing on the mind as we unfold the different memoranda, so carefully preserved! Often we learn more of the deceased from these sad reliques than we ever knew before: thoughts, feelings, and affections, till now never even guessed, are all at once made known, until there would seem something almost sacrilegious in a quest which

thus unfolds the treasured secrets of the dead. By Maurice's desire, this painful duty had devolved upon his favourite sister; and it was with heavy heart, and trembling fingers, and eyes bedimmed with tears, she set about the trying occupation. On opening the escritoire where Maurice had been accustomed to keep his private papers, she found little of any moment. A few bonds for trifling debts that were now cancelled; the letters he received at different periods when away from home, and other articles of that description. One drawer was double locked and sealed, it had remained so since the night preceding George's marriage. Need I say what that drawer contained? Must I describe the tress of glossy raven hair that once had clustered round her open brow, the silk purse she had netted for his birth-day gift, the book on whose blank page her hand had traced his name—the note—the bunch of faded flowers? Charlotte burst into an agony of tears: she had never known till now how deep had been her brother's love."

Hoffman's Wild Scenes, &c.
(Concluding notice.)

WE have now, agreeably to our promise, to match the story of hunting at the sources of the Hudson, with that of more remote and yet wilder scenes. Mr. H. tells us,

"The hunters of the far west, who trap for beaver among the defiles of the Oregon Mountains, regard no part of their long journey, from the borders to their savage hunting-grounds, where the fur-bearing animals are still found in the greatest profusion, with more aversion than that which leads over the great desert, where the tributaries of the Padouca, the Konzas, and the Arkansas rivers, are half absorbed by the arid sand. Lewis and Clarke, Major Long, and other scientific explorers of this desolate region, suffered much from the want of water while passing through it on their way to the Rocky Mountains; and they often mention the disheartening effect it had upon their followers, when, after traversing the scorching plain for weeks, it still lay stretched in unbroken and monotonous vastness before them. This portion of country, which extends along the base of the Rocky Mountains as far as we have any acquaintance with their range, is said to have an average width of six hundred miles. In the north, the surface is occasionally characterised by water-worn pebbles and hard gravel, but the predominant characteristic is sand, which, in many instances, prevails to the entire exclusion of vegetable mould. At the south, the arid plains are profusely covered with loose fragments of volcanic rocks, amid whose barren bosom no genial plant has birth; and, indeed, throughout the whole region, large tracts are often to be met with, which exhibit scarcely a trace of vegetation. In some few instances, sandy hillocks and ridges make their appearance, thickly covered with red cedar, of a dwarfish growth; but, in general, nothing of vegetation appears upon the uplands, but rigid grass of spare and stunted growth, prickly pears profusely covering extensive tracts, and weeds of a few varieties, which, like the prickly pears, seem to thrive the best in the most arid and sterile soils. The Indians, who inhabit this extensive region, are composed of several roving tribes, who, unlike the nations to the east and west of them, have no permanent villages, nor hunting-grounds which they claim as peculiarly their own. They hunt the buffalo and antelope, and, dwelling only in tents of leather, migrate from place to place in pursuit of the herds of those animals; and so extensive

is their range, that while they exchange their skins for blankets and strouding, with the British traders on the Cheyenne river of the north, they also trade their mules and horses, for vermilion and silver ornaments, with the Spaniards of Mexico on the Colorado of the south. The Arapahoes, Kaskais, Kiaways, and Tetaus, which are the chief of the desert hordes, are ferocious and predatory in their habits, and are continually at war with various tribes of the Missouri Indians, who inhabit the fertile countries which lie between them and our western frontier. The grizzly bear, the king of the American wilds, shares these dreary domains with the savages, hardly less ferocious than himself, and roams the west in quest of living prey. Here, too, the illusive mirage of the desert cheats the parched traveller with its refreshing promise, and the wanderers in these solitudes often tell of those monstrous shapes and unnatural forms, which, like the spectre of the Brocken, reflected on the heated and tremulous vapour, are magnified and distorted to the eye of the appalled and awe-stricken traveller. Strange fires, too, are said to shoot along the baked and cracking earth, and the herds of wild horses that can be seen trooping along the horizon, seem at times to be goaded on by gigantic and unearthly riders, whose paths are enveloped in wreaths of flame. The scientific explorer readily calls philosophy to his aid in examining these strange appearances; learning explains the phenomena of which he is himself a witness, and reason rejects the preternatural images, which he only knows from the representation of others. But the nomadic tribes, who make their dwelling upon the desert, or the uneducated adventurer, who wanders thither from some more smiling region, are differently affected. The monstrous shades and unearthly appearances that present themselves to his excited vision, are regarded through the medium of superstitious awe. The wild imagination of the Indian, and the credulous fancy of the Creole and Canadian hunter, people these mysterious solitudes with actual beings; while the grotesque figures, drawn upon the mocking mirage, after presenting themselves frequently to the eye, assume at length an individuality and a name; and it is said that the Indians and Canadian wanderers become at last so familiar with the images represented, as even to pretend to recognise the features, and swear to the identity of shapes, which are continually changing, and which probably never present themselves more than once to the same person."

This is the introduction to the "Ghost-Riders," a marvellous tale; but not so curious as one (an Ojibbeway legend) of Nannabozho, a sort of terrene Jove, of whom it is handed down, that being pursued by the waters raised in revenge for the murder of some of his spirits by Mibanaba, the Manitog of the water, he thus created the earth:—

"Now that the deed was done, Nannabozho found himself surrounded by dangers, and nothing but his swiftness of foot gave him any chance of escape from his revengeful foes, who were immediately in full cry after him. But soon, the spirits finding they could not overtake him by running, adopted a new device for getting Nannabozho in their power. They commanded the water to rise and flow after him; and straightway the lake began to swell until its waves rushed along his path so rapidly that it seemed impossible to escape them. Nannabozho did not know what to do in this emergency; but, at last, just as the water was about overwhelming him, he saw a crane, and deter-

ruined to claim his assistance. 'My brother,' said Nannabozho, 'will you not drink up this water for me?' The crane replied, 'What will you give me in return?' 'I will give you the skin of one of the chiefs that I have killed,' answered Nannabozho. The crane was satisfied with the promise, and he commenced drinking up the water. He drank, and he drank until he had nearly drunk it all, when he was unable longer to stand up. His body had swollen to an immense size, and as he went toddling along on his thin shanks with his long neck, bobbing about, he presented such a ludicrous appearance that Nannabozho burst out a laughing to see brother crane make such a figure. Nannabozho, indeed, must have been mad with merriment, for when he saw the crane's body become bigger and bigger, while his skin was stretched so, that he could not bend his legs as it tightened around his joints—he could not withstand the temptation of pricking the bloated mass. He drew his bow, and the arrow went through the crane's body. But quickly was he punished for his wanton sport. At once the waters began to rise again, and so fast did the big waves increase, that Nannabozho was compelled to ascend the highest mountain he could find, and still the waters followed him there. He then climbed the highest tree on the mountain. But the flood kept rising and rising; the branches on which he stood were soon dipping in the waves, which at last rolled completely over his head. Just as they swept finally over him, Nannabozho chanced to look up, and saw the shadow of an object floating near him; he stretched out his arm and seized it. It proved to be a piece of wood buoyant enough to sustain him, and he placed himself upon it. Nannabozho now floated about for some time. The water encompassed him on every side. It had covered up every thing. The rocks, hills, and trees, had all disappeared. The flood seemed to ripple against the sides of the sky all around, and whichever way he looked, there was nothing to be seen but a never-ending succession of waves, that had nothing but the wind to play against. At last he saw a musquash swimming about alone, and he asked him to go down to the earth, and bring him a little of it. The animal obeyed, and plunged towards the bottom, but it was soon seen on the surface of the water perfectly dead. Nannabozho, however, did not yet despair. He immediately after saw a beaver paddling toward him, and as soon as the beaver got near enough to hear, he said to him, 'My brother, will you not dive and get me some earth?' The beaver dived, but did not appear for a long time. The beaver, it seems, when he dives, can carry down so much air entangled in his coat, that, when compelled to stay long under water, he can thrust his nose into his fur and breathe for some time. At last, he appeared again upon the surface, nearly dead with exhaustion; he brought up a very little piece of mud on the flat end of his tail, which he gave to Nannabozho. Nannabozho scraped every particle of it carefully together, and placed it in the palm of his hand to dry. When it had become perfectly dried he blew it out into the water, and straightway a portion of the earth upon which we now live, was created. The dust, too, in the hand of Nannabozho, kept increasing the longer he blew; until more and more of the earth was made; and at last the whole world was finished just as large as it now is."

The Noachic analogies, and the beaver's origination of the diving machine (so lately made patent in England), are curious enough; but

here we must conclude, recommending the touching story of the "Missionary Bride," and the rest of the strange Indian traditions, to the perusal of our readers.

One word at parting with the author who has entertained us so much: What is the meaning of "cavorting?" (p. 36, vol. i.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Object and Effect of the Oath in the Roman Catholic Relief-Bill Considered, with Observations upon the Doctrine of certain Irish Authorities with respect to Tithes; and on the Policy of a Concordat with the See of Rome: with an Appendix. By the Right Hon. Sir Robert Wilmot Horton, Bart. G. C. H. 8vo. pp. 96. London, 1839. Murray.

THE subject of this able pamphlet is out of our literary line; but its importance entitles it to notice as the production of one who has for years deeply considered it; who took a prominent part in its parliamentary discussion in 1829, &c.; and who now casts the review of a statesman over it in all its bearings. The introduction states what these bearings are; and we copy it, earnestly recommending all the arguments to the attention they so well deserve from the public.

"In the first section of this publication I have endeavoured to demonstrate that the securities suggested by me in the year 1829, for the protection of the Church against the possible danger of Roman Catholic legislation, did not deserve to be characterised as impracticable. In the second section, that no justifiable accusation or even imputation of perjury can attach to a Roman Catholic Member of Parliament from his voting for any resolution or measure which any body of Protestants may deem necessary for the preservation, or at least ultimate benefit, of any Church Establishment. In the third section, that if it can be proved that a Catholic Member of Parliament unequivocally proposes to subvert the present Church Establishment, according to the fair and equitable import of the term, such an attempt is not in accordance with the oath which he has taken within the walls of Parliament. In the fourth section, that as Roman Catholics are now admitted into both houses of the legislature, it is a most necessary act of state policy to negotiate with the head of the Catholic Church on Catholic matters, and that from such negotiation good and not evil is to be anticipated, that any measures connected with Catholic interests should be considered after the establishment of a concordat with the papal see, and that one of the principal measures that ought then to be considered should be the payment of the Roman Catholic clergy. It will be perceived that whatever conclusion may be come to by readers with respect to the first section, the reasoning in the three remaining sections is in no degree affected."

The Ladies' Flower Garden of Ornamental Annuals. By Mrs. London. 4to. No. I. London, 1839. W. Smith.

THE first blush of what promises to be a most beautiful bouquet of the brightest flowers. There is not a lady in the land, who has access to five feet square of garden ground, or even who loves the rearing of these sweet companions in stands, pots, or glasses, that should not take this publication. Nay, if in smoky city "close ypent," still they should procure it for its own gracefulness and beauty; since the coloured plates of the *Ranunculaceae*—the flos adonis, the larkspur, the fennel-flower, the garidella, and the platystemon, in all their varieties—give promise of a work of great taste and interest. The letterpress is equally excellent.

Hints to Mechanics, on Self Education and Mutual Instruction. By Timothy Claxton. Pp. 226. London, 1839. Taylor and Walton.

THIS is a most meritorious work; a work full of good sense and useful information. After introducing the author himself, far better than a portrait, it treats of the desirableness of a sound education, of the habits, faults, and vices incident to mechanics, and their reform and improvement; of the evil effects of ignorance,

and the beneficial effects of knowledge; of the application to business; of the employment of time; and, in short, of every subject of interest to the mechanical orders and value to the community to which they belong, and in which they form so important a part. There is a degree of solidity and applicability in the whole that deserves our highest praise.

The Economy of Vegetation; or, Phenomena of Plants. By a Fellow of the Linnæan Society. Pp. 176. London, 1839. Relfe and Fletcher.

"SEE the lilies—how they grow," says an epigraph upon the title-page, but the vignette is of roses and other flowers, and nothing like a lily among them to "see." In its general merits this is a pretty volume, and pleasingly illustrates many of the habits, &c. of plants and other botanical matters.

A Portrait of Geology. By a Fellow of the Geological Society. Pp. 214. London, 1839. Same Publishers.

SIMILAR in appearance and in merit, this neat volume gracefully develops many portions of the sciences of geology.

A Sketch of the Geology of Fife and the Lothians, &c., by C. Maclean, Esq., F.R.S.E. (Edinburgh, A. and C. Black; London, Longman and Co.)—As a contribution to the geological knowledge of our island, this volume is valuable; for few parts possess so much interest as those where the local measures extensively prevail. The text, where the map and sections are clear, intelligent, and instructive. The geology of Arthur's Seat, and the Pentland Hills, is particularly worthy of attention.

Principles of the Laws of England, &c. By a Solicitor. 8vo. pp. 388. London, 1839.

APPARENTLY an excellent work for the instruction and guidance of clerks. Every thing seems to be noticed, and all sorts of practice described.

The Life of Mansie Wauch, Tailor in Dalkeith, &c. A New Edition, revised and greatly enlarged. Pp. 384. Edinburgh, 1839. Blackwoods; London, Cadell.

WHAT! old friend Galt with a new face? A new face, indeed, for there are eight illustrations by George Cruikshank, who can put a new face upon any thing. It is gratifying to be thus reminded of so popular a favourite as *Mansie Wauch*; and as Edinburgh seems to be following the example of London, in re-issuing by-gone publications in neat and cheap single volumes, we may fairly anticipate a very extensive circulation for them.

Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life. New Edition. Pp. 400. Same Publishers.

THE foregoing remarks apply equally to this volume, which, while Galt sketched the homely, familiar, and comic with a masterly pencil, gave us a variety of pictures of like fidelity and character where the grave, steadfast, and pathetic in Scottish feeling and manners, mingled finely with the "Lights" of gayer scenes. The vivid truth, the nature, the touching spirit of Professor Wilson as exhibited in these papers, need no eulogy from us. That they have been long out of print has been much regretted by the public, and we are sure there will be much rejoicing at the ease with which they may once more be acquired.

Statistics of the Colonies of the British Empire in the West Indies, South America, North America, Asia, Austral-Asia, Africa, and Europe. From the Official Records of the Colonial Office. By R. Montgomery Martin. 8vo. pp. 602, double columns. Appendix, pp. 304. London, 1839. Allen and Co. THE mass of valuable intelligence collected in this volume is prodigious; and for a single man, it is one of those gigantic undertakings to which we would, *a priori*, suppose no individual

would dare to set his face. But zeal, industry, and ability, when steadily and well directed, can effect much more than would be believed before trial. Like Mr. McCulloch's commercial and statistical works, Mr. Martin's colonial compilations have become national. We wonder how we did without them, and are for ever referring to them for some information or other. In a volume we have a library, as far as the subject is concerned—a library of uncommon merit and utility.

The first map, with the British colonies upon it coloured red, is a remarkable exposition. The world never saw any thing like it since the world was created. When we reflect upon the size and position of our own little island; and cast our eye over those dependent regions studing the habitable globe, we can hardly refrain from laughter—it looks as if a mite had the limbs of an elephant. In our copy, though marked on the scale, the colonies of other nations are not coloured: it would add to the interest of the map.

But, altogether, we have but a word to say on behalf of this volume:—it is a perfect treasury of every thing that can be desired in reference to a knowledge of the colonies of Britain.

An Essay on the Art of Dancing. Pp. 32.
Calkin and Budd.

THE opening of this pamphlet, given to the dancing world by the "Booksellers to her Majesty" has amused us; and, without going over the whole ground of physical education, we quote it in the hope that it may equally entertain our readers.

"As it is (says the writer) no uncommon occurrence to hear the utilitarians of the present day express their doubts as to whether the practice of dancing ought to be classed amongst our intellectual pursuits, a few observations upon this subject may not be unacceptable to the general reader. 'Intellectual,' according to Dr. Johnson, is thus defined, 'Relating to the understanding,—belonging to the mind,—transacted by the understanding.' If by the practice of dancing were merely meant the meeting of persons for the purpose of hustling each other in what is called a quadrille, or of bumping each other in a waltz, the doubt as to the intellectuality of such practice would be a reasonable one, and every argument advanced in its favour must at once fall to the ground. But this is the abuse of dancing; and it would be just as consistent to state that the practice of dancing has nothing to do with the mind, merely because there is a want of taste in the fashionable dancing of the present day when executed as a recreation, as to raise a similar doubt in reference to the practice of music, merely because people sometimes sing out of tune, and occasionally play out of time."

This is good sound reasoning, for if intellect belong to the understanding, it is literally true that so does dancing: if intellectual matters are *trans-acted* by the understanding, so is dancing! Our author, we are afraid, speaks too disparagingly of quadrilles and waltzes—instead of *hustling* in the former, the performers always look to us like so many automata; and instead of *bumping* in the latter, like persons coupled and entwined for life in one loving embrace, as if they were the double stars of the rotatory system.

A Historical View of the Results of Vaccination, as unfolded in Dr. Baron's Life of Jenner.
By Vigoriniensis. Pp. 105. London, 1839.
Livingtons; Worcester, Stratford.

TRULY does the able author describe this to be one "of the most important of topics;" for what can be more important than the health and safety of a whole people? The present small volume is a vigorous review of the history and progress of vaccination; and the author, who must have devoted great attention to the subject, as his practical remarks evince, earnestly enforces the necessity for legislative enactments to restrict the propagation of small-pox in the country. Recent visitations of that disease, with very fatal consequences, in many

districts of England, add much to the force of these arguments.

Political Discourses. By George Ramsay, B.M.
Trin. Coll. Cam. 8vo. pp. 383. Edinburgh,
1839. Black; London, Longman and Co.

THESE are very able discourses; and we would particularly refer to that on the vote by ballot, as an example of the whole, and one of the most convincing arguments that has appeared on the question in any shape, either in or out of parliament.

Emigration Fields: North America, the Cape, Australia, and New Zealand. By Patrick Matthew. Pp. 237. Edinburgh, 1839.
Black; London, Longman and Co.

THE information contained in this volume will be found valuable for emigrants, and is not without its interest for the politician. On the subject of Mexico, the author holds that emigration thither (especially of Irish Roman Catholics) should be encouraged, to prevent the country falling under the power of the United States or Russia; but New Zealand appears to be the land which he deems most favoured by nature for British settlement.

The Hand-Book for Australian Emigrants, by S. Buller, Esq. Pp. 240. (Glasgow, M'Phun; London, Cotes; Edinburgh, Whyte.)—Another publication of the same class, with information compiled from many sources.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.
GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

JANUARY 23. Rev. W. Whewell, president, in the chair.—A notice, by Mr. Lyell, 'On the Occurrence of Graptolites in the Slate of Galloway,' was first read. On examining some specimens of slaty sandstone lately collected by Mr. John Carrick Moore on the shores of Loch Ryan, Mr. Lyell recognised the distinct remains of graptolites; and, as fossils are exceedingly rare in the great range of slaty sandstone and shale extending across the south of Scotland, from St. Abb's Head to Galloway, he conceived the discovery of this zoophyte, characteristic of strata more ancient than the old red sandstone, to be important. The beds containing the graptolites are nearly vertical, and their strike is W.S.W. and E.N.E.—The reading of Mr. Daniel Sharpe's paper 'On the Neighbourhood of Lisbon,' was then resumed and concluded. The district described in this memoir is bounded to the north of Lisbon, by a line extending from Torres Vedras by Sobral to Villa Franca, and to the south, by the coast from Cape Espichel to St. Ubes. The formations of which it consists are arranged by Mr. Sharpe in the following order, the local names being derived from the points where the strata are best displayed. *Tertiary.*—Upper tertiary sand; Almada beds, consisting of sands, limestones, and clays; lower tertiary conglomerate. *Secondary.*—Hippurite limestone, red sandstone, Espichel limestone, slate-clay and shale, San Pedro limestone, older red conglomerate. *Igneous Rocks.*—Basalt and granite. The composition, range and extent, organic remains, mineral contents, and physical phenomena of each deposit, were described in considerable detail. In the "upper sands," which constitute nearly the whole of the area belonging to the tertiary class of formations south of the Tagus, and included within the author's range, no organic remains have been noticed, and the strata are quite horizontal, except at the edges of the basin. A mine of quicksilver was profitably worked in the lower beds at Coyna during the last century; but it was abandoned in 1801, in consequence of all the quicksilver having been extracted which the miners were enabled to

reach. The gold dust, for which the sands of the Tagus have been so long celebrated, Mr. Sharpe conceives, is also derived from the lower beds of this division of the tertiary series. The only spots where workings have been carried on regularly, and to any extent, are near Adica, on the coast of the Atlantic, about ten miles south of the mouth of the Tagus. The gold dust is obtained from sand washed down from the cliffs; but it is only after the lapse of considerable intervals of time that the works can be successfully pursued. The washings were carried on in the fifteenth century, until they were found to be no longer profitable, and they were renewed in 1814 and continued till 1826, when they were again abandoned. The Almada beds occupy the greater part of the tertiary district on the Lisbon side of the Tagus, and they form the cliffs on the opposite side, from Trafaria to Almada; also, a zone which ranges from St. Ubes to Palmella, and thence south-west nearly to Aldea do Meco. They are principally interesting on account of the fossils with which they abound; but sufficient attention has not yet been paid to these remains to enable their being accurately compared with the fossils of other tertiary districts. In few countries can the separation between the tertiary and secondary formations be more strongly marked than in the district around Lisbon. The rocks of the latter class were disturbed and denuded before the commencement of the tertiary epoch, and a vast mass of basalt, covering an extensive district to the west and north of Lisbon, is interposed between the youngest of the secondary and the oldest of the tertiary strata. The hippurite limestone consists in the upper and middle parts of marls and argillaceous limestones, containing layers of flints, and, in the lowest, of a beautiful hard marble. It occurs, within Mr. Sharpe's tract, only on the Lisbon side of the Tagus, where it forms considerable districts, and apparently underlies the greater portion of that occupied by the basalt. The most characteristic fossils are several species of sperulites, and other remains of the family of Rudista. Shells are also abundant. The hippurite limestone is underlain conformably by a thick deposit of sandstones, grits, marls, and limestones. Lignite occurs in it at several places, and occasionally in sufficient quantity to have led to unsuccessful researches for coal. A thick efflorescence of sulphur coats many of the beds, and gypsum has been worked to some extent not far from Santa Anna, near the southern limits of the district. This red sandstone formation occupies the greater part of Mr. Sharpe's district to the north-west of Lisbon, and south of the Tagus; it constitutes a band from Palmella to the coast, a little north of Cape Espichel. The strata are much disturbed both north and south of the Tagus. In the sandstone strata, vegetable impressions and seed vessels are found; and in the calcareous, corals and shells, some of which the author has identified with fossils of the English secondary series. The Espichel limestone is composed of alternations of shale and gray limestone. It constitutes the Cape, after which it is named by Mr. Sharpe; also the flat outer zone which surrounds the Cintra Hills; and the mass of calcareous beds forming the Serra d'Arrabida is considered by him to be most probably of the same age. The fossils found in this formation are for the greater part casts, and are not easily separated from the matrix. They are also referable to the English secondary series. The deposit of shale and slate-clay occurs only in the neighbourhood of Cintra, forming the middle

zone surrounding those granitic hills. The uppermost and lowest divisions consist principally of shale, and the middle of indurated shale, alternating regularly, and without any appearance of disturbance, with various igneous rocks. The whole of the strata dip from the granite nucleus. The San Pedro limestone forms the inner zone around the Cintra Hills. Near the village of San Pedro, the following series of beds is displayed:—

Dark gray compact limestone, several hundred feet thick.	Feet.
Gray limestone, with slight traces of crystalline structure	200
Coarse crystalline marble white, or white gray	100
Coarse marble, usually gray, but towards the bottom bluish white granite	100

The same gradual change may be traced wherever the limestone can be seen resting upon the granite. The lines of stratification are always distinct, and the dip varies from 40° to 70° from the central nucleus. The older red conglomerate occurs only near St. Ubes, forming the highest ridge of the Serra de Covoens, the eastern end of the Serra de San Luis, and the higher parts of the Serra de Vizo. The true geological position of this rock Mr. Sharpe could not determine, as it occurs only south of the Tagus, and in contact with no deposit anterior to the red sandstone and the Espichel limestone; but it is older than either of those formations. On concluding the description of the sedimentary deposits, the author expressed his regret at his inability to draw any accurate comparison between the Lisbon deposits and those of the more northern portions of Europe. That the hippurite limestone is the representative of the chalk, and the subjacent formations the representatives of the middle secondary series of England, he has little doubt; but he hesitates to point out definitively to which of the oolitic rocks they ought to be assigned. The tertiary beds he considers as probably of the same age as those of Baza and Alhama, in the south of Spain, described by Brigadier Silvertop. **Igneous Rocks.**—The geological position of the great mass of basalt was alluded to in noticing the break between the tertiary and secondary formations. The surface occupied by this rock is calculated to be equal to eighty square miles; but its boundaries are so irregular that they cannot be followed on an ordinary map. The basalt varies considerably in characters, and is sometimes columnar. It generally rests upon hippurite limestone, and sometimes upon the red sandstone; but, to the west of Louvres, it cuts through those formations, and it has apparently thrown up the beds lying to the south of the line of intersection. From this circumstance, Mr. Sharpe was induced to conclude that the basalt was intruded near Louvres. Basaltic dykes and associated disturbances were described in the bay of Cascaes. On the beach near Cazimbra, to the east of Cape Espichel, some masses of basalt have been intruded between the beds of sandstone, and have produced considerable disturbance. This is the only point south of the Tagus at which an igneous rock was noticed by the author. Although Mr. Sharpe had innumerable opportunities of observing the junction of the basalt and the formation below it, yet he did not notice a single instance of the subjacent deposit being altered. The only point near Lisbon where granite occurs is the well-known district of Cintra. This rock is generally a true granitic compound, but it passes near the western end of the range of hills into syenite. The great central mass is coarse-grained, and breaks into large irregular blocks; but that which constitutes the outer edge of the formation

is finely grained, splits into rhombs, and might be mistaken for a sandstone. Patches of coarser granite are, however, included in the latter variety, and veins of fine-grained traverse the central masses. A detailed account was given of the disturbances which occur on the flanks of this granitic region, and effect the sedimentary deposits; and a minute description of the dislocations between Palmella and Cape Espichel. The paper concluded with some observations on the earthquake in 1755; and it was shown that its effects were entirely confined to the surface composed of tertiary strata, not a building having been affected which stood upon the secondary rocks, or basalt.

STATISTICAL SOCIETY.

THE Right Hon. Holt Mackenzie in the chair. —The paper read was exceedingly long, exceedingly diffuse, and, it may be added—learned. It was by Mr. Guy, the Professor of Forensic Medicine, King's College, London. It is entitled, 'On the Value of the Numerical Method as Applied to Science, but especially to Physiology and Medicine.' The chief object of the paper is to establish a more complete system of averages in medical science. Thus, to take a familiar instance:—the duration of human life may extend from a moment to upwards of a century and a half, and any attempt to predict the duration of the life of an individual by the use of the average would be regarded as in the highest degree preposterous. Another illustration of a totally different kind is afforded by the pulse, which, in persons of the same age, and in a state of rest, has a range of about forty beats; and, in the same individual, under different circumstances of excitement, a range at least equal to its frequency in a state of rest. Any attempt, therefore, to supply an average frequency to a particular case must be regarded as unreasonable. In this respect, the application of the numerical method to dead matter may often be made with much greater confidence; for it frequently happens that the extreme are not very remote from the mean results. For instance, the engineer knows that the friction produced by the contact of iron, or of any other material employed in his machinery, is different for different specimens of that material; but he finds that the mean quantity of friction produced differs little from the extreme, and he applies the average value with a certainty that no very great practical error will take place in the working of his machines. Such cases as these rarely occur in the study of physic;—and so forth. Professor Balbi, Paris; M. Moreau de Jonnés, also of Paris; Colonel af Forsell, Sweden; and Professor Bache, Philadelphia (Benjamin Franklin's great-grandson), were elected foreign members.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

FRIDAY, Jan. 18. Mr. J. E. Gray, president in the chair.—Garden specimens of *Aspidium rigidum*, sent to Mr. G. E. Dennes by the Rev. T. Bree, from a root brought from Ingleborough, Yorkshire, in 1815, were exhibited.—Read, the continuation of Mr. Cooper's paper, 'On the Dispersion of Plants in the Environs of London, and the Formation of Plants exhibiting the Distribution of Species over Localities'; also, a paper, by Mr. J. F. Sidney, 'On the Botany of Morpeth, Northumberland.' The vicinity of the town of Morpeth does not produce many of our rarer British plants, as much is under cultivation, the soil argillaceous, resting upon freestone rock, and the surface, though undulating, nowhere of any considerable elevation.

Nevertheless, on the banks of the river Wansbeck, in Chapel or Bothel Wood, and in some other of the neighbouring woods and plantations, specimens that are seldom met with in any other parts of the county, are found in the very spots marked out as their habitats by Dr. W. Turner in the sixteenth century. Of *Orobranchia major*, which may still be found on the banks, near "Our Lady's Chapel," in Bothel Wood, he writes: "Orobranchia is so rare an herbe in England, that I never saw it in all England but in Northumberland, where it is called *New Chapel House*;" and, again, of another plant, "This *Lepidium* growth plentifully about the waterside that syneth thorow Morpeth, in Northumberland, in such places as great heape of stones are casten together with the might of a great sprat of floods." The rarer plants met with by Mr. Sidney are *Galanthus nivalis*, in a truly wild state; a variety of *Myosotis sylvatica*; also, of *Veronica montana*, with white flowers, *Bromus squarrosus*, &c. The list contained fifty-six species, and one hundred and ninety-two varieties.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

FRIDAY, Jan. 18.—The first "weekly evening meeting" of the fourteenth season of these social, philosophical, and popular assemblies. Mr. Faraday lectured to a numerous audience 'On the Gymnotus and Torpedo.' Our report of the Royal Society, when the conclusion of Mr. Faraday's paper, entitled 'Experimental Researches in Electricity, Fifteenth Series,' was read (*Lit. Gaz.* No. 1143), will have communicated to our readers what had been done in identifying the powers of the gymnotus and torpedo with those of common electricity, and Mr. Faraday's recent experiments on the gymnotus at the Adelaide Gallery. Our notice, therefore, of this interesting lecture will be brief, confined to a slight description of the gymnotus, the wonder of physiology, and the probability of future experiments developing the nature of nervous influence. The gymnotus, or electric eel, has a large bull head, with a long tapering body, underneath which are most beautiful fringes or abdominal fins. By these are obviated the tortuous progress of the common eel, and the movements of the gymnotus are rendered exceedingly graceful. The essential organs of this creature, those requisite for vital functions, are situated immediately behind the head (within a short space of which the alimentary canal begins and ends), and are very small in proportion to the electrical organs. The latter occupy the whole remaining length. They consist of four separate organs; a large one on each upper side, and smaller corresponding ones underneath. Their structure is cellular, intersected with horizontal laminae, and composed of matter different from any other in the body of the fish. The nerves that lead from the brain and spinal marrow to the electrical organs, are enormous in comparison with those that supply the fluid, or force, or influence, necessary for vitality. They may be cut through, and thus the electrical organs separated from the vital parts; the creature still lives and flourishes, and becomes even more lively than when in its natural state, and when it may be said to be inconvenienced by the large demand of the organs for the nervous fluid, or the something which is doubtless used, worked up in them to produce electrical effects. In proportion to the using up of this nervous influence is the exhaustion of the eel after every electrical discharge. Now, in all common electrical phenomena the converse can

be obtained. For instance, heat from electricity, electricity from heat, chemical action from electricity, and *vice versa*; light from electricity; but the opposite, it is to be regretted, is as yet more an assertion than an established experimental fact. However, enough is known to support the axiom above stated. Neither can be named as the original cause; each is cause and effect; the thing produced can be converted into the thing producing; they all may be the effects of one common cause, but to the knowledge of this, experimental philosophy has not yet come. Upon this principle of reconversion, then, will future investigations be conducted; and the expectations are, that, after having completely exhausted the fish, by passing a current of fluid through its electrical organs, and in a contrary direction to that in which it flows in the fish, experimenters will be able to bring back this nervous influence, to reconvert electrical fluid into nervous fluid, or natural substance, and thus arrive at a knowledge of the nature of that wonderful agent. Mr. Faraday, in the commencement of the lecture, observed that every remark he might make would be applied only to matter in relation to animal life, not to the principle of life—not to the immaterial spirit. And throughout he ably treated cause and effect in the true spirit of an experimental philosopher.

MEDICO-BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

THE ordinary general meeting was held on Wednesday. Dr. Sigmund in the chair.—Two papers were read by the Secretary: one 'On the Treatment of Apoplexy,' in which the author insisted on the necessity of the employment of different modes of treatment, according to the constitutional habits of each patient; and the other 'On the Cariaco, or Amara, of South America,' or 'Maiz de dos Meses,' and its dietetic and medicinal properties, in which the importance of the particular species of maize, or Indian corn above named (which has been hitherto unknown either in Europe or North America), was brought under the attention of its members. The learned author, Dr. Hancock, states that it yields ripe grain in the short period of two months from its sowing, as well in the cold and elevated plains of Meido, and the still colder regions of the Pampas, as in the hot and sultry parts of the Orinoko and Caracacas, and might, doubtless, be cultivated with great advantage and profit to the agriculturist in this country, and supply the place of deficient crops of ordinary grain in unfavourable seasons. It was formerly known amongst the Indians of Venezuela by the names of carriaco and amara; and the Spaniards and Creoles give it several appellations; as "maiz cariaqueto," "maiz de ses meses," and "pan de proviador." It is, however, very doubtful whether the plant is a distinct species, or only a variety of the Indian corn; but it is much more slender and diminutive than the latter. The produce of each is nearly equal, viz. from about fifty to sixty bushels to the acre. The learned author observed that, from the extreme indolence and apathy of the natives, much less of the corn is produced than might be yielded by a proper tillage, and that the different kinds of grain are allowed to become mingled together; and thus, from affinity of species, produce, even on a single ear, a diversity of distinctly coloured kernels. The plant has also the great recommendation of not impoverishing the soil, like most other vegetables of the kind, although as many as three or four crops should be taken off in a year, which are often obtained. Its growth might, he states, be ensured in this

country during the summer months, as the temperature of this season is by several degrees warmer than that of the Pampas. At the conclusion of the discussions to which these papers gave rise, the learned chairman announced the arrival in England of their respected president, Earl Stanhope, and his intention to take the chair at the next general meeting of the Society.

NUMISMATIC SOCIETY.

THE ordinary meeting was held on Thursday. Dr. Lee, president, in the chair.—Mr. Hamilton presented a medal of the Queen by Signor Pistrucchi; Mr. Nightingale, a coronation medal of the Emperor Nicholas of Russia; and Mr. Rolph, several coins found in the Isle of Thanet, and other parts of Kent: amongst which was a penny of Alfred, with some of the Edwards; and another, supposed to be a counterfeit one struck in the reign of John. The president announced the progress of the labours of the committee appointed to examine the collection of coins brought over by Lord Prudhoe from Egypt, and presented to the Society, and stated, that amongst them were several rare and almost unique coins of the Antonines.—Mr. Holroyd exhibited three curious iron coins of African money from Cordovan, and read an interesting paper upon them. The form of these was very rude, being not unlike the section of a mushroom, and they were but of recent introduction; for, when the country was under the dominion of Darfour, the only medium of barter or exchange was grain. On its conquest by Ali Pasha, he introduced the Egyptian coins; but, on account of the low rate at which every article of life was sold, they soon found it necessary to procure some lower medium of circulation. Iron ore being very plentiful in the neighbourhood, was employed in the fabrication of these coins, forty of which were worth one Egyptian piastre, or 2½d. sterling. A similar instance of this coinage is recorded by Major Denham at a village in Africa, where the value of the coin, however, varies, and is settled by the proclamation of the chief. This excites considerable stir and excitement, which the bulls and bears, as on the London Stock Exchange, take every advantage of; but a very great cause of its fluctuation is when the chief gives a feast.—The remainder of a paper was read from Mr. Tudor, 'On the Light which Coins throw on the History and Progress of Civilization.'

LITERARY AND LEARNED. UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD.—In a congregation held on Monday last, being the first of Hilary, or Lent Term, the following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Civil Law.—Rev. William Bendon Heathcote, Fellow of New College.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. William Seyer London, Christ Church; David Melville, Thomas Henry Allen Poynder, Brasenose College; Rev. William Hunter, Rev. Frank Burges, Fellows of St. John's College; Rev. James Jones, Jesus College.

Bachelors of Arts.—William Currier, Christ Church; John Hawksley, St. Edmund Hall.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

JAN. 19. Professor Wilson, the Director, in the chair.—The first paper read to the meeting was a short memoir of Dr. Rottler, who died on the 24th June, 1836, in his eighty-seventh year. He had been sixty years a missionary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, and a fellow-labourer with Schwartz and Gericke. The whole of that time he had actively employed, not only in faithfully discharging the duties of his office, but also in cultivating the science of botany, and in the preparation of a

valuable Tamil Dictionary. In these labours he had been occupied until within three or four days of his death; and in each department he has left behind him valuable results.—A paper, by Mr. E. Solly, was then read, 'On the Preparation of Caoutchouc.' After describing the different processes now employed for the preparation of this very curious substance, Mr. Solly stated that in all these the extraneous soluble matters contained in the sap were allowed to remain with the caoutchouc, and become incorporated with it as it solidified. He considered that these impurities probably exerted considerable influence on the strength, elasticity, and consequent value of the article; and described the kinds of caoutchouc in which these impurities were most abundant, and also those in which their deteriorating influence was the greatest. The want of perfect adhesion between the layers of caoutchouc which composed the India-rubber bottles, he attributed to the presence of a very thin layer of these impurities between them. Mr. Solly then detailed some experiments undertaken by him on the recent sap, with a view to ascertain in how far these impurities might be separated by any improvement in the process now employed for preparing caoutchouc, so as to give it increased strength and elasticity. He concluded with some remarks on the importation of the sap of the caoutchouc trees into this country; the probable causes of the repeated failure of almost all attempts, and on the means most likely to succeed, in attaining so desirable an object. Professor Royle, secretary to the Committee of Commerce and Agriculture of the Society, read a letter from the Horticultural Society of Calcutta, which accompanied a small bale of cotton, the growth of India, from American seed, requesting the committee would obtain the opinion of competent judges in England as to its staple and price, compared with that of the Indian and American cottons. The letter further stated that the culture of American cotton had not yet been established in India on an extensive scale, owing to several causes; but that their Society was still auguring, that by a steady perseverance, and the example of several gentlemen of the civil and military service who had shown its superiority, the natives would be induced to spread it extensively over all the districts favourable to the growth of indigenous cotton.—Dr. Royle then read a letter from Mr. Malcolmson, 'On the Cotton grown near Pastum, in the Kingdom of Naples,' a small quantity of the seed of which he had forwarded, with a request that it should be sent to the Horticultural Society of Bengal. Mr. Malcolmson entered into details respecting the soil and climate of that part of Italy, and alluded to the remarkable petrifying stream which runs near Pastum, and which caused a considerable calcareous deposition on the soil which it irrigated, a mixture which had been supposed essential to the cultivation of cotton. There were two kinds of cotton cultivated in the kingdom of Naples, the best of which was grown at Castellamare. Mr. Malcolmson had procured some of the soil from one of the richest cotton fields of that place, of which he intended to forward an analysis. Dr. Royle stated that he had, at the same time, received a note from the Hon. Fox Strangways, containing an extract from a paper of Professor Tenore, on the very cotton spoken of by Mr. Malcolmson. The extract stated that the usual cotton grown in the kingdom was the *Gossypium herbaceum*; but that the cotton of Castellamare, which had been cultivated from time immemorial in Calabria, was very probably the same as the American

cotton described in the "Orto Romano." For the cultivation of this cotton in Castellamare, they were indebted to the French, who had brought it from Calabria. Dr. Royle observed that the cotton was most probably the *Gossypium hirsutum*, or Upland Georgia cotton. As a mail was to depart for India to-day, he had been enabled, by the kindness of Mr. W. B. Bayley, to despatch, through the India House, the seed sent by Mr. Malcolmson, and it would reach India time enough for the sowing of the coming season.—Two papers were afterwards read, 'On the Cultivation of the Bourbon Cotton in the South of India.' The first by Mr. Hughes, of Tinnerly, who had grown that plant largely, and with great success, twenty years ago; and the other by Mr. Heath, who had followed the plan of Mr. Hughes, when commercial resident of Salem and Colimbatore, with equal success. The paper of Mr. Hughes went into minute details on the soil and climate; on the planting, pruning, gathering, and cleansing the cotton; and on its value in the market. If published in full by the Society, as it probably will, this paper must furnish a very useful body of information to cultivators of cotton. An abridgement of it was made in India by Mr. Heath, who caused it to be translated into the Tamil language, and a copy to be given to any farmer who made a trial of the seed. The experience of Mr. Heath generally agreed with that of Mr. Hughes, except that the former gentleman found he was able to grow cotton successfully at a distance of 180 miles from the sea, while Mr. Hughes found the coast to answer exclusively. Mr. Heath also found the natives more ready to adopt improvement than could have been expected from the paper of Mr. Hughes. At the conclusion of this paper it was observed, by Mr. W. B. Bayley, that so far as he understood, the manufacturers of Glasgow and the North of England considered the defects of Indian cotton generally to arise rather from want of care in gathering and cleansing than from any deficiency of staple; and that, consequently, more attention should be paid to these points than to the introduction of new plants.—The director stated to the meeting, that Sir James Rivett Carnac, who is nominated to the governorship of Bombay, has kindly offered to promote, by any means in his power, the objects of the Royal Asiatic Society; and that the council had, in consequence, resolved to prepare lists of desiderata to be furnished to him. He, therefore, requested that any member of the Society, who might have any suggestion to make bearing on the matters in which the aid of Sir James Carnac might be valuable to the Society, would, either now, or at an early period, communicate such suggestion to the secretary of the Society, by whom it would be brought before the council.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

MR. BAILY in the chair.—A communication was read relative to certain experiments made to obtain silver from a quantity of quicksilver saved from the Lady Charlotte, wrecked last year: the quantity of quicksilver obtained was about 55 lbs., by pressure, which gave it the appearance of dry mortar, and exposure to the fire, the decrease in eight days was 4 lbs. Another paper was read 'On the Conversion of the Chlorates,' &c., by Mr. Penny. This communication is insusceptible of analysis: we can only present one or two of the author's results. After mentioning the steps by which Mr. Penny found his equivalents, he gives an account of many experiments with oxygen, nitrate of potassa, nitrogen, chlorate of soda, nitrate of soda,

and other substances: he points out the discrepancies which exist between Thomson, Turner, and himself, which appear to be in some instances considerable. The experiment by which he effected the conversion of silver into chlorate, presented, for 100 parts of the former, 167.441 of the latter; and 100 parts of nitrate presented 84.374 of chlorate. Oxygen is the only substance on the equivalents of which chemists are agreed.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

MR. HAMILTON, V.P. in the chair.—Mr. Bruce communicated a contemporary account of a comet which appeared in 1472, in which the comet and its course were described much more scientifically than is usually met with in writings of that period. The account was extracted from a MS. preserved at Peterhouse College, Cambridge, about to be printed by the Camden Society. A further portion was read of Mr. Baits's 'Account of Occurrences previous to, and at the Battle of Cressy,' and the remainder postponed.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

THURSDAY. Dr. Spry in the chair.—After transacting the routine business, Mr. Hamilton exhibited the drawing of a remarkable gem (green jasper), unfortunately destroyed in the burning of Sir Robert Gordon's residence, when ambassador at Constantinople. The figures upon it are very curious. Mr. Hamilton also read an extract of a letter from Mr. Berton, a Swiss traveller, giving an interesting account of his researches upon the site of Tyre. Mr. Berton had occupied himself with an examination of the desert between the Dead and the Red Sea, and had ascertained that there was a fall of 1800 or 1400 feet; so that there might have been in ancient times, as had been stated, a water communication across that tract of country. His further researches induced him to believe that the first Tyre was situated on the continent, and afterwards connected with the islands by causeways. That the greater part of the island, on which stood the city when besieged by Alexander (that on the peninsula having been destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar), was now under water; otherwise it was impossible to account for its extent and population. In the same manner Mr. Berton traced two immense submarine banks, stretching on the north and south, like two mighty arms into the sea, and supposes them to have formed the great harbours of Tyre, where the numerous vessels, engaged in her prodigious traffic, found accommodation and shelter. If these can be proved to be artificial, it will settle this question; and Mr. Berton proposes to employ a diving-bell for that purpose. No inscriptions have been found, but some immense blocks of gray granite; and so perfectly are all remains of mighty Tyre obliterated, that the prophecies concerning it are fulfilled to the letter. *It is sought, and cannot be found!*—Mr. Cattermole, the secretary, then commented reading a paper, 'On the Latin Versions of Scripture supposed to be written by Dr. Woraley,' mentioned in Wood's "Athenensis."

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—Entomological (Anniversary), 8 P.M.; Royal Geographical, 3 P.M.
Tuesday.—Civil Engineers, 5 P.M.
Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 7½ P.M.
Thursday.—Royal Society, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.
Friday.—Royal Institution, 8 P.M.; Botanical, 3 P.M.
Saturday.—Royal Asiatic, 3 P.M.

SKETCHES.

SANDWICH ISLANDS.

(From the "Hawaiian Spectator," No. 1.)

"Notice of the remarkable Phenomena in the Tides of the Sandwich Islands, on the 7th November, 1837. By T. Chas. Byde Rooke, F.R.C.S.

"On the evening and night of the 7th Nov. a most remarkable commotion of the sea was witnessed at Honolulu, in many respects similar to that witnessed at these islands in May 1819. One inch and a half of rain had fallen during the previous twenty-four hours; the wind was fresh from the N.E. equally at intervals. The atmosphere was clear and cool. Therm. 74.5. The barometer had gradually fallen during the four previous days, but this evening had again risen to 30.06, at six o'clock, when the alarm was given that the sea was retiring. The first recession was the greatest, something more than eight feet; but being unprepared to make observations at the moment, the exact fall was not measured. The reefs surrounding the harbour were left dry, and the fish aground were mostly dead. The sea quickly returned, and in twenty-eight minutes reached the height of an ordinary high tide; scarcely remaining stationary, it again receded and fell six feet. This was repeated at intervals of twenty-eight minutes. On the third rising it was four inches above ordinary high-water mark, and fell again six feet four inches. After the fourth rising, the length of time occupied by the rise and fall varied, and the rise and fall diminished gradually but not regularly. At eleven P.M. the thermometer stood at 74; barometer, 30.04; wind freshening and frequent showers; the ebb now occupied twenty minutes, and the flow ten. At eleven, 30, it became calm with constant rain. Therm. 73.5; bar. 30.06. The ebb and flow still continued occupying the same space of time, but the rise and fall decreasing. This continued during the forenoon of the 8th. The rapidity with which the water fell varied in different parts of the harbour. On the east side, the greatest rapidity noticed was six inches in a minute; but on the north, at one time during the third recession, it fell twelve inches in thirty seconds. At no time did the water rise higher than a common spring tide; but the fall was about six feet below low-water mark. The same occurrence is related to have taken place in 1819, when the tide rose and fell thirteen times in the space of a few hours. On neither occasion was there any perceptible motion or trembling of the earth, or unusual appearance of the atmosphere. Since the above was written, distressing accounts have been received from Maui and Hawaii of the damage done to property and loss of life. On the leeward side of Maui, the same rise and fall took place as at Honolulu, but on the windward part of the island, the sea retired about twenty fathoms and quickly returned in one gigantic wave, sweeping every thing before it—houses, trees, canoes, and every movable object exposed to its fury. At a small village called Kahului, in the district of Waialuku, on the sea retiring, the amazed inhabitants followed it as it receded, eagerly catching the stranded fish, shouting and hallooing with pleasure, when suddenly the sea rose perpendicularly before them like a precipice, and, rushing to the beach, buried the assembled multitudes in the flood, and, overflowing the shore, swept away every house in the village but one; the canoes and property of the natives were all destroyed. Happily, owing to the amphibious education of the people, but two lives were lost here, but as the

same occurrence happened all along the sea-side we shall probably hear of more deaths.

"At Byron's Bay, on Hawaii, the same phenomenon took place. An unusual number of persons were collected together attending a protracted meeting, consequently every house was crowded. At half past six, the sea retired at the rate of four or five knots an hour, reducing the soundings from five to three and a half fathoms at the anchorage, and leaving a great extent of the harbour dry. Hundreds of curious souls rushed down to witness the novelty, when a gigantic wave came roaring to the shore at the rate of six or eight knots an hour, rising twenty feet above high-water mark, and fell on the beach with a noise resembling a heavy peal of thunder, burying the people in the flood, destroying houses, canoes, and fish-ponds, washing away the food and clothing of the inhabitants, large quantities of animals, fire wood, and timber collected on the strand for sale. The cries of distress were horrible; those in the water, unable to swim among the wreck of houses and pieces of timber, struggling for their lives, and those on shore wailing for their friends and relatives. The British whale-ship, Admiral Cockburn, was at anchor in the bay, and to the timely aid and humane exertions of her master (Lawrence) and crew many are indebted for their lives; but for the assistance rendered by their boats, many who were stunned and insensible would have been carried out to sea, and perished, as the natives had not a single canoe left that would float. Every thing was destroyed; those who escaped with their lives had neither food nor raiment left. In Kanokapa and Kaahelu alone, sixty-six houses were destroyed, and eleven persons lost their lives, four men, two women, and five children; at Waiolama and Hauna, a woman and child were drowned; at Kauwale, one woman lost her life. The amount of damage done has not yet been ascertained, nor is it known how many times the sea rose and fell. There was no shock of an earthquake felt at Hilo, or elsewhere, although it is ascertained that the volcano of Kilauea was unusually disturbed the previous evening,—the fires were suddenly quenched, and yawning chasms burst open in previously tranquil places, accompanied with violent explosions. Inquiries have been made of masters of vessels who were to the north and to the east of the islands on the 7th, at various distances, but none of them noticed any thing unusual in the sea or atmosphere. That this apparent submarine volcanic action has taken place at some distance from the islands is proved by the wave striking the different islands simultaneously and, apparently, in the same direction; but at what distance we have no means, at present, of determining. Perhaps the internal fires have found a new vent, which may be laying the foundation of a new group of islands in our neighbourhood. It is now nineteen years and a half since a similar phenomenon occurred here, but not so violently as the last, nor was it attended with any loss of life. On the second day after, an affecting scene was witnessed at Wailuku (Maui). The bodies that had been recovered from the sea were conveyed together to the church, followed by a great multitude; a funeral sermon was preached on the occasion: this solemn warning made a deep, and, it is to be hoped, a lasting impression on those who witnessed it of the uncertain tenure by which we hold our lives."

[We have copied the foregoing from the *Ceylon Chronicle*.—Ed. L. G.]

VARIETIES.

British Association.—On settling the accounts of the British Association at Newcastle, notwithstanding the liberal and handsome manner in which the whole was conducted, the local committee found a balance of 187l. 4s. 11d. out of 4563l. 1s. 10d. receipts: and it was agreed, that 100l. should be given towards the purchase of a valuable collection of shells, and the remainder to be divided between the Literary and Philosophical Society, Natural History Society, Mechanics' Institute, Medical School, and the Society for the Promotion of the Fine Arts.

The Fine Arts.—Our last page gives the first intimation we have seen, of the production of one picture at least, if not of several more distinctly connected with it, which may indeed be deemed of great national importance. The room in which the banquet in commemoration of immortal Waterloo is given, every thing on the table, every accessory, is, as it were, a part of the principal event; and then the glorious actors themselves, Wellington and his paladins! What Briton but would long to possess a faithful resemblance of the place and of them? Mr. Moon's good fortune in obtaining access to such a subject is much to be envied: and yet it is a pleasure to rely on his acknowledged skill, exertion, and liberality, for an engraving which will do it justice, and reflect honour upon our School of Arts.

Mori and Lindley's Quartett Concerts we are glad to see announced to commence the musical season. Their classical character is a great charm, and of much value as a corrective to our rather vagrant school, as well as pleasing to those who attend them.

Vesuvius.—On New Year's morning an eruption of Vesuvius took place, which at one time threatened Naples; but the wind shifting, the smoke and ashes were fortunately borne to the shores of Portici. On the 2d, detonations were heard, and the earth was tremulous under feet. The phenomena continued for another day or two, with considerable violence and dangerous aspects; but, except fears from the fiery glowing of the mountain, the invasion of Naples with cinder-showers, and periods of extreme darkness, no harm was done.

Science in the East.—Captain Wade, political agent at Loodianah, has submitted the subject of a scientific committee to accompany the field army in Afghanistan, to Lord Auckland.

The Weather Guide (London, Longman and Co.; Tilt; Ipswich, Pawsey) is a very good and useful index to the barometer through every month in the year. It is on the face of a sheet of card-board, of a very convenient size for reference, as the eye readily takes in the whole distinctly at a glance.

Prahl's Travelling Compendium.—As a friend to useful inventions and improvements, and having tried this excellently arranged convenience during a pretty long tour, and over pretty wild and rough roads, our travelling friends will thank us for telling them there is such a thing patented, which will save them much trouble, and add greatly to their comforts *in transitu*. What we liked much, was not merely the convenience for the arrangement of necessities, but those for papers, &c. &c.

Himyaritic Language.—Himyar and Ophir (says our learned correspondent Mr. Goodhugh), mean *red*. Edom is the Hebrew word for *red*; and it is a singular coincidence, that the Egyptians are always painted *red* in the tombs. If [quare, Himyar? Mr. G.] also means a man, as Adam.

The last Cab Comendrum.—Why are the hackney-coach drivers, cabmen, &c. now much better off than ever? Because they have always got a *plate of Wittles before them!*

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Reminiscences of Paris, Political, Literary, and Anecdotal, for the last Twenty Years, are announced by J. W. Lake, whose literary talents and opportunities for observation, we need hardly notice, are of a very high order.

Mr. Bent announces the London Catalogue of Books, thoroughly revised, corrected, and brought down to December 1838, which will contain upwards of 6000 additional new works since the publication of the Catalogue in 1834.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Dr. Hooper's Medical Dictionary, 7th edit. revised, corrected, and enlarged, by K. Grant, M.D. 1 vol. thick 8vo. 30s.—The Philosophy of the Human Mind, by J. Douglas, 8vo. 9s.—Sermons, Parochial and Family, by the Rev. J. Calthrop, 2 vols. 8vo. 21s.—Emigration Fields, by P. Matthew, post 8vo. 3s. 6d.—C. MacLaren's Sketch of the Geology of Fife and the Lothians, 12mo, 7s. 6d.—Young Gentlemen of the Nineteenth Century, square, by The Curresey, its Influence on the Trade of the Country, by J. Harley, 8vo. 9s.—Robertson's Letters on Paraguay, Vol. III. (Francis's Refuge of Terror), post 8vo. 10s. 6d.—The Little Book of Knowledge, square 3s. 6d.—Portrait of Geology, 12mo. 7s.—The Economy of Vegetation, 12mo, 6s.—Plain Discourses on the Church Catechism, by the Rev. W. Hutchinson, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Murchison's Silurian System, 2 vols. 4to. 8l. 3s.—The Law of Gaming, Wagers, &c., by F. Edwards, 12mo. 5s.—Goethe's Correspondence with a Child, 3 vols. post 8vo. 18s.—The Universal Calculator's Pocket Guide, by R. Wallace, 32mo, 1s. 6d.—Fairy Tales in Verse, square, 2s. 6d.—Lectures in English History, by H. Neele, 3d edit. 12mo. 4s. 6d.—History of California, by A. Forbes, with Plates, 8vo. 14s.—Statistics of the Colonies of the British Empire, by R. Montgomery Martin, 1 vol. royal 8vo. 42s.—The Hand-Book for Australian Emigrants, by S. Butler, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—Sowerby's Conchological Manual, 8vo. 25s.—Tales about the Mythology of Greece and Rome, by Peter Parley, square, 4s. 6d.—Letters to Mothers, by Mrs. Sigourney, 3d edit. 32mo. 2s.—Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life, new edit. fc. 8vo. 6s.—Life of Manie Waugh, new edit. fcap. 8s.—Legend and Romance, African and European, by Lieut. Johns, 3 vols. post 8vo. 24s.—Tredgold on the Steam Engine, by Woolhouse, 2 vols. 4to. 4l. 4s.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1839.

January.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 10	From 32 to 40	30.08 to 30.12
Friday... 11	... 35 .. 50	30.07 .. 29.99
Saturday... 12	... 44 .. 50	30.04 .. 30.15
Sunday... 13	... 33 .. 53	29.97 .. 29.90
Monday... 14	... 38 .. 45	29.91 .. 29.71
Tuesday... 15	... 32 .. 42	29.74 .. 29.61
Wednesday 16	... 37 .. 36	29.85 stationary

Winds, S.W. and N.W.

Except the 11th, 13th, and following day, generally clear; rain on the 11th and 14th; a little snow fell on the 16th.

A fine aurora borealis, with coruscations, from about half-past seven to half-past eight, on the evening of Monday, the 14th.

Rain fallen, .1375 of an inch.

January.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 17	From 25 to 37	29.98 to 30.00
Friday... 18	... 23 .. 35	30.04 .. 30.01
Saturday... 19	... 27 .. 45	29.96 .. 29.73
Sunday... 20	... 28 .. 45	29.90 .. 29.78
Monday... 21	... 40 .. 53	29.59 .. 29.78
Tuesday... 22	... 29 .. 40	29.95 .. 30.25
Wednesday 23	... 30 .. 41	30.39 .. 30.46

Winds, N.W. and S.W.

Except the 17th, 18th, and 23d, generally cloudy; rain on the morning of the 19th, and two following days; a little snow fell on the evening of the 23d.

An aurora borealis, very bright, with coruscations, extending from N. to N.W. from about eight to ten on the evening of the 19th.

Rain fallen, .45 of an inch.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We can only thank "L. C. C. R."

We are resolved against suffering the lamented death of L. E. L. to be made the subject of poetry in our columns, that we must refuse a place even to the beautiful tributes of Mary Ann Brown, E. Burton, and other sweet writers.

We have to acknowledge the "West of England New Magazine," No. 1, which seems to be a various and amusing miscellany, and one likely to draw out the talent of our western contemporaries, heretofore so fertile in literature and the arts.

We will endeavour to procure the information sought by "F. C. H."

We must see the work to which "A Subscriber" refers. It is quite against our principle to offer an opinion upon an accessible and unexamined production of any kind.

ADVERTISEMENT,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

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TO ADVERTISERS.—The Stamp Office Returns, for the Year ending the 30th September last, show that the Number of Stamps supplied to the "Newcastle Chronicle," during that time, was 105,000, being an average of 2800 Copies for each Publication, and 60 per Week above that of any other Newspaper published in the four Northern Counties. The "Newcastle Chronicle" circulates in the Town of Newcastle upon-Tyne, and the Counties of Northumberland and Durham, in nearly equal Proportions, and consequently guarantees to Advertisers a greater Publicity throughout that District than any other Journal can afford them.

MESSRS. LONGMAN and CO.'s ANNUAL SCHOOL CATALOGUE for 1850, containing many important Announcements of New Works in preparation, among which may be mentioned an extensive series of Works, by the Professors of King's College, London, is now ready, and may be had (gratis) of all Booksellers.

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must be applied, more manuscripts recovered, and much more information, historical and traditional, be brought to bear upon them. We should rejoice if the Skene MS. should, in the end, be the precursor of such a work; but, until all the requisite facts are brought to light, its execution need not be attempted."

Of the MS. thus spoken of, and which exists in the Advocate's Library in Edinburgh, it is truly said, that it throws more light upon the history of Scottish music than all the disquisitions of Tytler, Beattie, Gregory, Campbell, Kames, Franklin, &c. &c.—so much have plain facts of a hundred years antecedent, when restored to day, the advantage over the ablest and most acute investigations and hypotheses. Treating of the Skene notation, Mr. D. observes—"It may occasion some surprise when it is asserted, that it is at least one hundred years older than the earliest compilation of the kind which has ever issued from the press. This was Thompson's 'Orpheus Caledonius,' the first volume of which appeared in 1725, and the second in 1733. In the former of these years, Allan Ramsay had published about seventy Scottish melodies with basses, as a sort of musical appendix to his 'Tea-Table Miscellany,' which, in like manner, with respect to the poetry, formed the first complete collection of Scottish songs. It is not meant that our Scottish melodies had not, prior to this, found their way into other printed collections. In Tom D'Urfey's 'Pills to purge Melancholy,' originally published at the end of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth centuries, and of which an enlarged edition appeared in 1719, there are some Scottish airs; and among these we recognise 'Dainty Davie,' 'The Lea Rig,' 'My Mother's eye glowrin' o'er Me,' 'Over the Hills and far away,' 'Bonny Dundee,' &c. Along with them, we have such precious morceaus as the following:—'A Scotch Song, by Mr. Robert Brown'—'A Scotch Song, the words by Mr. John Hallam, set to music by Mr. John Cottrell'—'Bonny Scotch Lads that kens me weel, the words by Mr. Peter Noble, set by Mr. John Wilford,' &c. These are, no doubt, ludicrous caricatures, both of the Scottish music and phraseology, and are merely referred to in order to shew, that, about this time, the Scottish style of melody had begun to be very generally appreciated by the English public."

At the same time it must long have been the delight of its native land, of its warlike predatory bands, of its pastoral population, and of its court, several of whose sovereigns were so far in advance of the rude eras in which they lived—the patrons and writers of poesy, the companions of bards and their rivals in song. How sweetly has Lover embodied the idea; how touching are these lines!

Oh! Native Music, beyond comparing,
The sweetest far on the ear that falls,
Thy gentle numbers the heart remembers,—
Thy strains enchain us in tender thralls.
Thy tones endearing,
Or sad or cheering,
The absent soothe on a foreign strand,—
Oh, who can tell
What a holy spell
Is in the song of our native land!

The proud and lowly—the pilgrim holy—
The lover kneeling at beauties' shrine;

The bard who dreams by the haunted stream—
All, all are touched by thy pow'r divine!
The captive cheerless,
The soldier fearless,
The mother—taught by nature's hand,
Her child, when weeping,
Will hush to sleeping,
With some sweet song of her native land!

And old Scotland felt and appreciated this. "Although (the author remarks) the custom has been for many years in disuse, inasmuch as scarcely to have left a vestige of its former existence, music, both secular and sacred, unquestionably formed a branch of ordinary education in Scotland, upon the same footing as it now does in Germany and other parts of the Continent, not only during the sway of the Roman Catholic Church, but for many years after the Reformation."

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"The air, 'If floods of tears,' which we have in the Skene MS., is here (in Forbes's 'Cantus,' edit. of 1686) associated with two different sets of words; but the most interesting coincidence we observe is a sonnet of Montgomery, 'Away, vain world, bewitcher of my heart,' the air of which is that of

'Farewell, dear heart, since thou must needs be gone;
'My eyes do shew my life is almost done;

with which all our readers are familiar, being the sonnet which Shakspeare puts into the mouths of Sir Toby Belch and the Clown, in the scene where their midnight orgies are interrupted by the unwelcome presence of Malvolio. In Montgomery's Poems, the song, 'Away, vain world,' is mentioned as having been composed to the 'toon' of 'Sal I let her go,' part of the burden of 'Farewell, dear heart'; and if any doubt might at first have existed as to their identity, the fact is now satisfactorily established, the editor having recently discovered the sonnet itself in a MS. of the year 1639, belonging to the Advocates' Library, set to the very tune which appears in Forbes's 'Cantus.' Dr. Percy has given the words of this song; but it has not hitherto been known that the air to which it was sung was lurking unobserved in this curious volume. We have the further satisfaction of introducing a still older version of this air than that contained in Forbes or the above-mentioned MS. in the Skene collection, under a different name from any of the preceding—"O allie soul alace."

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Play us 'Joly Lemmane,'
Sum trotet, 'Tras and Trenas,'
Sum balloit, 'The Banis,'
Sum, 'Perdolly,' some, 'Trolly lolly,'
Sum, 'Cokkraw thou qli day,'
'Twybank and Terway,'
Sum 'Lincolne,' sum, 'Lindsey,'
Sum, 'Jolly Lemmane dawis it not day,'
Sum, 'Be yone woodsynd' singit,
Sum, 'Lait lalt in evynyngis,'
Sum, 'Joly Martene with a moek,'
Sum, 'Lulalow lute cok,'
Sum bakkit, sum blingit,
Sum crakkit, sum cringit,
Sum movit meit mak reveli,
Sum, 'Symon Sonis of Quhynefell,'
Sum, 'Maister Peir de Cougate,'
And uyr sum 'in Cougate,'
At leser drest to dance.
Sum, 'Ourfate,' sum 'Orliance,'
Sum, 'Rusty Bully with a bek,'
And every note in vyeris nek.
Sum usit the dancis to dance
Of Cipres and Boche,
Sum the fatit full yarre
Of Portugal and Navarre;
Sum counterfuitt the gyle of Spayne,
Sum Italy, sum Almaine;
Sum noist Napillis anone,
And uyr sum of Arragone,
Sum, 'The Cane of Tartary,'
Sum, 'The Soldane of Surry,'
Than all arrayit in a ring,
Dansit 'My deir derling,'

"No more vestiges of this branch of our literature are traceable till the commencement of the sixteenth century, when we turn to the poems of Douglas and Dunbar, for an addition to our catalogue of empty names. But, amidst these shadows of the departed, we are happy to have in our power to present our readers with

"Full of bellis, ful ful, that is to say, all hung round with bells. In the lord high treasurer's accounts for 1513, we observe the following entry: 'Item, to thirty dosen of bellis, for dancess, delyverit to Thomas Boswell, Hjt lb. 12s.'

"'Jolly Lemmane,' and 'Tras and Trenas,' must have been dances."

"'Perdolly,' and 'Trolly lolly,' were probably the chorus, or burden of popular songs. See Ritson's 'Ancient Songs,' p. 92. 'Trolly Lolly Lemman doe,' in 'Complaynt of Scotland.'"

"'Twybank,' Leyden considers to be the same with 'When Tayls bank was blumyt brycht,'

in the Bannatyne MS. p. 229."

"It is probable that the names here given referred to productions popular in England. In Ritson's 'Ancient Songs,' p. 30, there is a song on his mistress, whom he admires as the fairest maid between Lyncolne and Lyndseye, Northampton and Lounde, (i. e. London.) It is copied from a MS. of the reign of Edward II."

"Mentioned in Constable's 'Cantus.'"

"'Ourfate and Orliance' are also mentioned in a poem in the Bannatyne MS. on 'the laying of a Ghaist,' which begins—

'Listis, Lordis, I sall you tell.'

And similar to these, in all probability, are Platfute and Backfute, dances still known in some parts of the country. They take their names from the particular motion of the feet by which they are distinguished. In 'Christ Kirk on the Green' Platfute is referred to.

'Platfute he bobbit up with bende.'

Also in Sir David Lindsay's 'Complaynt of the Papingo,' along with another, called fute before.

'To learn her language artificial
To play platfute and quihusel fute before.'

"This must be intended for 'Syria.'"

"Supposed to be the same with 'My dayis darling,' mentioned in Constable's 'Cantus.'"

something more substantial, which never before reached publicity. These are two metrical performances, at least so they may be termed, although one of them is a mere fragment, and it may occasion some surprise when we mention the place where they have been discovered, viz. the 'Minute-book of Burgh Sasines of the city of Aberdeen!'" To what they owe their insertion in this inauspicious volume, whether to the truant propensities of some incorrigible youth, whose poetical aspirations were not to be restrained by the dull routine of legal drudgery, or whether they had been entered, along with other public documents, for better preservation (as it is technically called), we know not; but certain it is, that they appear there 'duly recorded' (1503-7) along with some verses by Dunbar."

We will not intermeddle with the author's dissertations on musical instruments, minstrels, &c., but recommend them to every reader, as extremely valuable to musical history generally.

For instance, on the word "Choro."

"Dr. Solander told Mr. Pennant, that in the oldest northern songs in the Hebrides, the bagpipe was mentioned under the name of the soeck-pipe; and we have already seen, that Giraldus Cambrensis, towards the end of the twelfth century, speaks of it as one of the instruments in use both in Scotland and in Wales. His words are as follows:—'Hibernia quidem duobus tantum utitur et delectatur instrumentis—cythara scilicet et tympano: Scwallia vero cythara, tibiis, et choro.' It will be remembered, that the same word 'chorus' is used by Bower, in his enumeration of the musical accomplishments of James I. (of Scotland); and in rendering that word by bagpipe, we are quite aware that we have entered upon debateable ground. Mr. P. F. Tytler, in his history, has faltered as to its meaning, and substituted for it (as he himself admits, somewhat rashly) the word 'cornu.' That he should have hesitated as to the proper signification of the word 'chorus,' is not to be wondered at. Pinkerton did not comprehend it; Leyden, Ritson, and Jones, misinterpreted it: and the Reverend Mr. Macdonald, who was one of our best informed writers on Scottish music, proposed it as a sort of enigma for the solution of the Scottish antiquary."

"In Scotland, the use of the bagpipe seems to have gradually superseded that of the harp; but this process, we should think, must have taken place chiefly within the last two hundred years,—previous to which, we doubt very much whether the natives of North Britain were more distinguished for their partiality for the bagpipe than their southern neighbours. Even Shakspeare, although he talks of the 'drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe,' and of 'a Yorkshire bagpiper,' has nowhere associated that instrument with the Scots; and when we go back several centuries anterior to this, we find it

"This and an unlooked-for discovery of music, which we shall afterwards have occasion to mention, may serve as examples of a truth well known to antiquaries, viz. that rarities of this description are often to be found where they are least of all to be expected. Sir John Graham Dalyell ('Scottish Poems of the Sixteenth Century,' p. 8) mentions a poem as having been found at the end of a manuscript of the Regiam Majestatem in the Advocates' Library, with two blank staves for music subjoined."

"The Highland Society of Scotland has been much and justly applauded for having, by annual premiums, kept up the great military instrument of the Highlanders; but why should they have allowed to sink into oblivion their great musical instrument—that for which all their oldest and most exquisite airs were composed? Why has there been no attempt to revive these, and along with them the recollection of the time when 'the shell went round, the bards sung, and the soft hand of the virgins trembled on the strings of the harp?'"

used in both countries by the same class of persons. Chaucer's miller played upon it,—

'A bagpipe wall couth he blowe and sowe'

and 'Will Swane,' 'the meikle miller man,' in our 'Pebilis to the Play,' calls for it to assist in the festivities of the day,—

'Gif I sall dance, have doume, let se
Blaw up the baggyt than.'

Indeed, although we are justly proud of our ancient proficiency on the harp, and adhere unhesitatingly to our claims to supremacy on that head, we are much disposed, upon a candid consideration of the facts, to resign to the English the palm of superiority in this less refined description of music, about the time to which we refer. The pipers who are mentioned in the lord high treasurer's accounts seem almost uniformly to have been natives of England. Thus, 10th July, 1489, there is a payment of eight pounds eight shillings 'to Inglis pypparis that com to the castel yet and playit to the king.' Again, in 1505, there is another payment to 'the Inglis pipar with the drone.' It should be added, that, while the 'bagpiper' formed part of the musical establishment of the English sovereigns and noblemen, during the sixteenth century, we find no such musician retained at the Scottish court. Our monarchs had probably not much relish for this sort of pipe music, and although the result of our investigation of the word 'chorus' has had the effect of clearly convicting our first James of being a performer upon that most unprincipally instrument, (for which, the only precedent we can find in history is that of the Emperor Nero*), we should remember that he had most probably acquired that, as well as his other accomplishments, in England, where he received the rest of his education. We do not conceive, upon the whole, that the bagpipe has ever been a very popular instrument in Scotland, except in the Highland districts; and we may state this with some confidence, as to one part of the country,—a royal burgh, which we have already had occasion to name, and where the magistrates actually prohibited the common piper from going his rounds, in terms by no means complimentary of the instrument. Our readers will be less surprised at the superior refinement here exhibited, when they are informed that these were the 'musical magistrates' of the city of Aberdeen, whose praises have been so loudly trumpeted by Forbes, the publisher of the 'Cantus,' in his dedication of that work. '26th May, 1630. The magistrates discharge the common piper of all going through the town at nycht, or in the morning, in tyme coming, with his pype,—it being an incivill forme to be usit within sic a famous burgh, and being often fund fault with, als weill be sundrie nightbouris of the town as be strangeris.'"

"We are now amply fortified against the attacks of Mr. Ritson's scepticism; and our readers will recollect that these MSS. are merely such as have fallen within the scope of our personal observation. In a letter which Mr. Ritson addressed to Mr. Walker, the author of the 'Memoirs of the Irish Bards,' in 1791, several years before the publication of the 'Essay on Scottish Song,' after noticing the apparent want of all direct evidence of the existence of our favourite airs, prior to the Restoration, he puts the question, 'Upon what

"It is mentioned by Suetonius, that when the Emperor Nero heard of the revolt by which he lost his empire and his life, he made a solemn vow, that if it should please the gods to extricate him from his difficulties, he would perform in public on the bagpipe."

"Aberdeen Town Council Register. See 'Analecta Scotica,' vol. ii. p. 322."

foundation, then, do we talk of the antiquity of Scottish music?" Indeed, we have been taunted on this subject in more than one quarter. Jones tells us that we have 'no such thing as an ancient and authentic MS. like what the Irish or the Welsh have.' Now, although we have no inclination whatever to provoke a national contest upon this or any other point, or to challenge the antiquity of many celebrated Welsh and Irish airs; yet, believing, as we do, the real state of the fact to be this, that neither the Welsh nor the Irish can produce any authentic collections of their national music of so old a date, and containing so many popular melodies, as the MSS. of Scottish airs which we have above described, we cannot allow the observation to pass unnoticed. We are not aware that Mr. Morris's MSS., said to be of the eleventh century, but which Dr. Burney thought much more recent, though filled with harp music, arranged in harmony or counterpoint, contain any Welsh air known at the present day. In Jones's Collection, two or three airs are copied from MSS.; but of these the age is not mentioned; and the editor expressly styles his work a 'Collection of Welsh National Melodies,' which 'have been handed down by tradition,' and which he collected 'from hearing the old musicians or minstrels play them on their instruments, and from their being chanted by the peasantry.' In the same way, the first collection of ancient Irish airs was formed by Mr. Bunting, being noted at the meeting of harpers in 1792, at Belfast, and afterwards taken down from their performance, and from the singing of the people in different parts of the country. In short, the authentication of these airs by MSS. is a thing which appears never to have been dreamt of either in Wales or in Ireland.

"We have now before us direct and incontrovertible proof that many melodies which have come down to the present day are two hundred, and, in some instances, upwards of two hundred, years old; and, further than this, we are enabled to ascend many years beyond the commencement of the seventeenth century, upon grounds which, though circumstantial and presumptive, are, in some respects, not the less satisfactory and convincing.

"It is not to be presumed of any collection of national airs that they are coeval with the period when the collection was formed. An individual who sits down to a task of this nature, has no inducement to give the preference to such as have been most recently composed. On the contrary, he rather looks back to former ages. It is 'the voice of years that are gone that roll before him with their deeds,' the airs which are endeared to him by national and family association, and embalmed in his memory by the consecrating power of time, in which he chiefly delights, and which he is most anxious to secure from oblivion. To suppose, therefore, that the greater part of the Scottish melodies contained in this MS. are not of a much earlier date than the reign of James VI., would be, to say the least of it, a gross violation of probability. Further, a document has transpired, in the course of our researches, from which it distinctly appears that the Scottish music most highly appreciated at that time was not the composition of that age, but of a period long anterior to it. This is a paper styled 'Information touching the Chappell-Royall of Scotland,' the original of which is deposited in the General Register House. It is dated at Whitehall, 24th January, 1631, and ears to be signed by Edward Kellie, who, as

appears from a writ under the Privy Seal, was appointed 'Receiver of the fees' of the said chapel, 26th November, 1629.

"It appears that the musicians of the chapel-royal were 'kept at daily practice' in all sorts of vocal and instrumental music, including English, French, Dutch, Spanish, Latin, Italian, and Old Scottish Music. There can be no doubt that this last expression referred to the popular national music of Scotland. That sacred music was here not meant is sufficiently obvious; the metrical psalmody of the Reformed Scottish Church was not old, and the music of the church in Scotland before the Reformation was identical with that of Rome, and, therefore, not Scottish.

"Before closing our notice of the ancient Scottish music, perhaps it is not too much to deduce another observation from the memorable critique, by Giraldus Cambrensis, on the Irish and Scottish music of the twelfth century. He has represented its style as lively and rapid, and contrasted it with the dull, heavy spirit of the English airs. Is it not probable, therefore, that our oldest tunes were of the lively sort, and our slow airs (and these possess the most decided ecclesiastical peculiarities) of more recent origin? We merely start the conjecture, and yet it is one which we have sometimes thought strengthened by other considerations. We have the evidence of Tassoni that, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, Scotland was distinguished for its plaintive melodies; but, at this time, or anterior to this, we scarcely find any other instance where this part of our music is mentioned with approbation, or commented upon in any kind of way, while the dance tunes appear to have been very much in vogue.

"We are now no longer at a loss for a standard by which we can test the genuineness of our national music, distinguish the true from the false, and separate the pure ore from all admixture of baser metal. Whether or not they come from 'the well of (Scottish) genius undefiled,' we cannot say; but they are a distance of one hundred years nearer the fountain head than any with which the public have previously been acquainted. And it is also worthy of remark (we speak here of the principal Scottish airs), that they are not cast in the formal and elaborate mould which characterises the artificial compositions of the age when the collection was formed. They are animated, chaste, and simple in their style and expression, and though 'old and plain,' and more remarkable for spirit and originality than for elegance, it may be said of them, as of the poetical relics of ancient minstrelsy,

'With rough majestic force they move the heart,
And strength and nature make amends for art.'

We have only been able to glance at some of the leading features of this truly national and interesting work; and very many incidental but curious matters are, of necessity, passed over. As for example:—

"We reckon the old favourite country dance, 'Roger de Coverly,' which Hawkins gives in the page immediately following that now referred to (p. 470), another Scottish tune with an English name. It has been long known in this country under the title of 'The Maltman comes on Monday'; and, as such, now lies before us in a MS. collection belonging to Mr. Laing, dated 1706. The date of Sir John Hawkins's copy is not given.

"*Port Ballangowne.*—To the wandering harpers (says Mr. Tytler, in his 'Dissertation on Scottish Music') we are certainly indebted for that species of music which is now scarcely

known—I mean the port. Almost every great family had a port that went by the name of the family. Of the few that are still preserved are Port Lennox, Port Gordon, Port Seton, and Port Athole, which are all of them excellent in their kind. The port is not of the martial strain of the march, as some have conjectured; those above named being all in the plaintive strain, and modulated for the harp. 'Port Ballangowne,' therefore, may be regarded with some interest, as by much the oldest recorded copy of this very rare description of music which has hitherto been published."

We should say that these were clan or family tunes played at the gate, as by the Welsh harpers of the present day, or at the board where master and servant, lord and vassal, sat down, above and below the salt, to their ample provisions. We conclude with a notice which will remind the reader of one of Moore's most beautiful and popular melodies.

"In regard (says Mr. D.) to No. CXI. 'Lyk as the dum Solesequium' (or Sun-Flower), no one who has seen the melody to which it was sung will have reason to regret its non-appearance in this publication; but as the words, by Alexander Montgomery, possess considerable merit, they are here subjoined:—

"*The Solesequium.*

Lyk as the dum Solesequium, with cair o'rum,
And sorow, when the sun goes out of sight,
Hings down his head, and droups as dead, and will not spread;

Bot looks his leaves, thro' languor of the night,
Till foolish Phaeton ryes, with vaip in hand,
To clear the cristall ayeis, and light the land:
Birds in their bower lulls for that hour,
And to their Prince are glad good-moon givis;

Fra thyn, that flour eist not to leav,
But laughs on Phoebus lousing out his leaves:
Se fairis with me, except I be vhair I may se
My lamp of light,—my Lady and my Love.
Fra echo departs, ten thousand dairs, in syndric airts,
Thirlis throu my hery hart, but rest or rove;
My countenance declares my inward grief;
Good hope almost depairs to find relief.
I dya,—I dya,—play does me pyn,—
I loth on euir thing I look,—alas!
Till Titan myne vpon me shyne,
That I reviv throu favour of his face.

Fra she appeir (into his speir), begins to cleie,
The dawning of my long desyrit day;
Then Courage crys on Hope to ryse, fra he espyis
My noysome night of absence wome away.
No wo, when I aualk, may me impesh;
Bot on my staitly stalk, I flourish fresh.
I spring,—I sprout;—my leavis ly out;
My color changes in ane hartsum hew.

No more I loat, but stands vp stout,
As glade of hit, for whom I only gow.
O happie day! go not away. Apollo! stay
Thy chair from going down into the west:
Of me thou mak thy Zodiak, that I may tak
My plesur, to behold whom I love best.

Thy presence me restores to lyf from d'ath;
Thy absence also shotes to cut my breath.
I wish, in vain, thee to reuano,
Sen primum mobilis sayis aliusis nay;
At leat thy wane turn soon agane,
[Farewell], with patience perforce till day!"

We are sorry that our form does not enable us to insert any specimen of the music in this venerable and delightful collection; but the volume itself must be referred to for that, and it will amply repay the seeker. It rejoices us to see so charming a resurrection of undoubted song; for it should be remembered, that the productions of such men as Ramsay ("Tea-Table Miscellany," 1794.) and Burns, by entirely engaging the popular mind, are but too well calculated to bury for ever the voice of earlier melody. The present suffices, and we forget the past.

We have but one other remark to make. We think Mr. Dauney might, with some advantage, have availed himself of the writings of those German critics who have endeavoured to prove the analogy between the Scots' system and that of the Chinese and Hindi. But we must end by acknowledging that his book is the

most important one on musical antiquities which has appeared for many years; and, in regard to Scottish music, the most important that has ever been published.

We must reserve our second head for another notice.

Excursions in the Interior of Russia, &c. &c.

By Robert Bremner, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1839. Colburn.

THIS ample and able work, the production of a man of sense, and an acute and impartial observer, has reached us too late to do more than make upon us a general impression of its merits. The author has departed from the common roads, and made a good use of his time during his Russian travel; and to illustrate this alone (leaving St. Petersburg, the Emperor, and his Politics, for the present, at least, out of the question), we merely select two or three notices of matters within the compass of our page, and possessing the greatest novelty.

"The laws of the empire requiring that all those condemned to exile, in whatever part of the country they may have received sentence, must pass through Moscow on their way to Siberia, the traveller has here the best opportunity that can be afforded in any part of European Russia, of learning something of the treatment and prospects of those unhappy men. On reaching this city, they are allowed a brief rest in the convict prison; their daily journeys being so calculated that the separate bands all arrive here, from the opposite corners of the empire, each Saturday night. After resting throughout the ensuing week, during which they are relieved from their chains, they are despatched in one common band on the second Monday after their arrival; on which occasion government allows some member or members of the committee of prisons to be present, to control the harshness of the jailors or the guards, and to see that none suffer any unnecessary degree of restraint. They are even empowered to hear any statement which the prisoners may make, and, in most cases, to grant immediate redress; or if the application be not of a nature to be granted on the spot, to pledge themselves that it shall be duly attended to after their departure. This, it will at once be seen, is a great indulgence to the prisoners; and the government, so far from thwarting the benevolent visitors, complies with almost every suggestion. These interferences do not, of course, extend to the quashing of legal proceedings, but merely to the prisoner's comforts, his health, or his wishes regarding his family."

After mentioning the philanthropy in this respect of a Dr. Hazy, the author describes his having obtained leave to witness the departure of a train from the log huts near the city, where they were assembled for that purpose.

"On being admitted, which was done with great caution, and after a strict scrutiny, we found the first court occupied by a file of prisoners already chained for their dreary journey. Poor wretches! with those heavy fetters on their ankles, they were to walk every step of a journey which lasted only a few days less than six months! They were all, men and women, in the convicts' dress, a long loose kind of great-coat, made of coarse lightish gray cloth. The men have one side of their head shaved; but to distinguish soldiers more readily from the others, they have the whole fore part of the head shaved, in place of the side. All are permitted to retain the enormous beard, in which they take much delight. Each is allowed a low felt cap; but they always remained uncovered when any visitor

came near: in fact, the whole time we remained in the prison, the manner of all we saw was not only respectful, but becoming. There was something of composed resignation amongst them, which touched us more than clamorous grief would have done. Of what is still more shocking in such places—levity—there was also none—not a single instance of the swearing and attempted tricks generally seen in such places at home. Leaving the court, we entered a large prison-room, most frightfully crowded with men, women, and children, who were to depart that morning. Dr. Hazy and another member of the committee were seated near the door, and by them stood the principal keeper, who had the long list of names in his hand, to each of which was added a brief notice of the crime and history of the individual. Always, as a new name was called, the person came forward from the crowd, and, before passing out to have his chains put on in the yard, was asked whether he had any application to make. Many of them had nothing to ask; others had petitions about wife, or child, or relations, which were almost invariably granted. If the request be of a kind which cannot be fulfilled without a short delay, the visitors' powers go so far as to entitle them to defer a prisoner's departure for a week.

"The applications were, of course, of very different kinds. One man, for instance, a Jew, came forward and begged that he might be granted eight days' delay, as his brother, also a convict, would arrive the following week, and it would be some consolation to them, even in disgrace, to travel together. Would this very natural prayer have been granted in England? Here it was instantly complied with; and the poor man—he had been condemned for a species of forgery—drew back overjoyed into the throng. A female who had volunteered to accompany her husband, and had an infant in her arms, wished that they might be allowed to remain a little, to give time for receiving an answer to an application which they had made to see whether the parish would allow their other child to accompany them. This also was conceded. In explanation of this case it may be stated, that by the law, if a prisoner wish to have his wife with him, and she is willing to go (she cannot be compelled, banishment to Siberia cancelling the bonds of marriage), government pays all her expenses on the journey, but she must assume the convict uniform, and go along with the train—not tied, nor in it, but behind it—in one of the carts for infants and baggage. With children the case is different—they belong to the parish, not to the parents. Each parish and each proprietor having an interest in keeping their population as high as possible, parents are not allowed to claim any above five years of age when boys, nor above seven when girls. Boys in particular, parishes are very unwilling to part with; as may be expected in a country where the numbers to be drawn for the army in each parish depends not on the amount of population at the moment of drawing, but on the amount a short time before; so that the conscription falls more heavily on those who remain, if they part too readily with youngsters. Sometimes, however, great indulgence is shown, both by proprietors and communities; hence, even in this place of misery, we saw several happy families—yes, happy, for they were all together, father, mother, and three and four children. To such groups exile was but a name. [A sad and horrid one though.—Ed. L. G.] There were other rooms full of con-

victs going away. Amongst them were some interesting prisoners, a few of whom will be mentioned below. The ceremony just described was gone through with all, and by the time we returned to the principal court, fetters had been placed on nearly the whole band. It is a cruel operation. The fetters consist of a couple of heavy iron rings, one for each ankle, united by a chain generally two feet long, or rather more, and made of links each four or five inches in length. The chains are not placed on the naked skin, but over the short boot. Instead of being fastened by a padlock, however, so as to be easily removed at night, the prisoner is never relieved of them till he reach his journey's end: the chains are riveted by the executioner, who drives an iron bolt through the ankle-rings, and, by strong hammering, flattens it at both ends, in such a way, that nothing can take it out—it must be cut through by main force. While the chaining is going on, the serjeant who is to take charge of the prisoners on their journey stands by all the time, to see that all are secured to his satisfaction; that is, in such a way as he thinks will justify him in answering for their safe keeping with his own life. Of the whole band, only one remained still standing by the block. He was pained by the tightness of the ring on one ankle. There was some hesitation about removing it, but the doctor interfered, and it was taken off. Then came the hammering anew—a barbarous sight; every blow went to the heart. The prisoner puts his foot on a block, in the middle of which stands a small anvil, the height of the ankle. The strong executioner, clad in a short coarse great coat, seemed to have little pleasure in his task. There was confusion in his looks and manner; his dishevelled hair, partly concealed by a ragged covering, hung wildly about his face; but though there was something savage about him, he looked, on the whole, shy and timid, as if unwilling to be seen in such work. The whole band being now fettered, they were again mustered in the yard, after which a new chaining commenced; they had still to be linked four and four together by the wrists. At the head of the line a little table was standing, covered with copper coin, from which every man was receiving, in advance, a certain part of this daily allowance, government giving each, for his maintenance, forty-eight kopecks, or a fraction less than five-pence a-day. To each woman who accompanies her husband, half that sum is allowed, and for each child something in proportion. As the moment of starting approached—the moment when for them the world—our world—should cease to have any interest, for when once these gates are passed they are considered as dead, cut off from society—we were more than ever struck with the calm bearing of the troop. So far from being sad or repining, they looked almost cheerful and willing to go. This feeling is inspired by the general leniency of their treatment. Some of the officers employed about them may be harsh, but the system, as was remarked by one of our party, well acquainted with the prison discipline of England, is in many things much more indulgent than our own. They are warmly clothed, provided with strong shoes for the journey, and plentifully fed. If sick, they are also cared for. All being now ready, the final scene was gone through, by the doctor asking—it is the last chance they have of making their wants known—"Whether they were satisfied, or had any request still to make?" All replied, "We are contented; we have nothing to ask."

"Each day's journey is from twenty-two to twenty-five versts (from fourteen two-thirds

to sixteen two-thirds miles English), but never more than the ordinary military march, and there are houses of shelter for them over-night. The escort is always relieved at short intervals.

"There was one case in which even his benevolence could scarcely say a word: it was that of a murderer, who pleaded hard for release. He had assassinated his wife, his dreadful crime being aggravated by circumstances of unusual atrocity. For this he had received sentence of death, as we should say in England, though the term will not apply in Russia, where, as formerly stated, the punishment of death is now almost unknown. But though his life had been spared, it was to be a life of suffering. Besides being condemned to constant labour in the most deadly occupation within the bounds of Siberia, he had been punished with the knout, branded with hot irons on each cheek, and had the word 'murderer' stamped on his brow. These disfiguring stains added to the sinister expression of his countenance; and there were some beside him with looks fully as forbidding.

"Among the prisoners who most attracted our notice, was a black-moustached, powerful-looking man, still young. His manly and handsome, though fierce countenance, would have excited interest, even if seen in company of a very different stamp; but he stood alone, and, to our surprise, seemed to be shunned by his companions. Think who he was—the executioner of Moscow, now loaded with chains, and on his way to Siberia! And for what? The poor wretch's crime shewed him to have still something good about him, notwithstanding his terrible office. It is the law, that when this situation becomes vacant, any one condemned to Siberia may have his sentence commuted, provided he accept the unenviable post. He is still a prisoner, but is allowed to live by himself, and to go about free within the walls of the prison. Some time before, this man had accepted the office, but was soon so disgusted with the bloody task, that he made his escape; was caught again, and now irrevocably banished.

"Two of the convicts had been condemned for returning from Siberia. They were detected on reaching their native districts. One of them was so old, that it was impossible he could stand this second journey; yet, old as he was, he could not forget his home: he had trudged through a thousand dangers, and across a thousand wastes, to see it but once ere he died—all this, too, with the certainty that he would be discovered and sent back, under worse circumstances than before, besides receiving severe corporal punishment. We were much moved to find a Polish nobleman in one of the rooms, undistinguished from the lowest thieves and horse-stealers. His pale and wasted appearance told how much his degradation was preying upon him. Conversation with him was, of course, not permitted; but we were told that he had been guilty of falsifying some government papers. The sight of this unhappy individual induced us to try whether we could obtain information about the way in which prisoners of rank were treated; but we learned little on this unwelcome subject. It was admitted, however, that they are compelled to march the whole way on foot, the same as the others, and along with the others; this, too, whatever their offence may have been—whether the charge be of a political or of a criminal nature, no distinction is made. The only indulgence we could hear of, and even of this we are doubtful, is, that they are lodged at night

in a less crowded place, and, though they walk with the rest, are not chained. To this latter part of a nobleman's indulgences, however, we accidentally discovered an exception, in the very case of the individual now mentioned. Forgetting what he had just been told about no nobleman being fettered, one of us asked whether he had chains on like the rest. 'Oh, no,' at once answered the doctor; but shortly after the poor man happened to move aside his long prison-coat, when it was seen that he was loaded like those we had left. The doctor, though indignant at the abuse, was yet overjoyed at the discovery, as it gave him an opportunity of ordering that the chains should instantly be removed, having been imposed in direct violation of the law. It is highly probable that, whatever the rules may be on this subject, the keepers take the law in their own hands when once out on the march; for, unless here, there is no place where a prisoner's voice is heard—there is none to take the smallest interest in them: in fact, they are not heard of more than if dead."

We hasten to drop the curtain over this dismal scene.

From the tone of our extracts, it will be seen that Mr. Bremner takes a very favourable view of the character of the emperor, as well as of the government and people of Russia.

Memoirs of John Bannister, Comedian. By John Adolphus. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1839. Bentley.

JOHN BANNISTER was born in 1760, and died in October 1836. He was the son of Charles Bannister, a very popular actor; and, under the patronage of Garrick, made his first appearance on the stage at the age of eighteen, and continued to adorn it during thirty-seven years. He retired from it, in 1815, admired, esteemed, and regretted; and lived respected and beloved to the close of his honourable career. Neither the public boards, the social circle, nor the domestic hearth (having married Miss Harper in 1783 and had a numerous family), ever boasted of a man more deserving of all the good that attended him than John Bannister.

And even after his death he has been fortunate! He has been fortunate in a biographer. The sound and manly sense of Mr. Adolphus has been well employed upon a sound and manly subject. There is no stage trickery in either, no puffing, no hollowiness, no exaggeration, no straining for effects—but only simplicity, nature, and truth. We delight to see such a work on a dramatic biography; for it is, to us, a perfect novelty to find, instead of the usual tinsel and frippery, sterlingness and solidity.

Let us be candid however; it was only when we had concluded the latter half of the second volume that we entertained these opinions. The previous portion, though abounding with excellent criticism, and reviving the memory of nearly all the pieces which had been performed during the period, as well as of the performers who strutted their hour in them, seemed to us too much of a *catalogue raisonné*, and therefore more dry than we anticipated in a memoir of Bannister. Valuable as a *résumé* of the stage, we hankered after more personal and anecdotal illustration, and this was not gratified till we came to the later pages.

The whole is, as might be expected from the known talent and reputation of the author, extremely well written; and it will now be our pleasant task to show that there is also no lack of very agreeable matter.

Up to 1797-8, Bannister lived in Frith Street,

which he quitted for Gower Street, where he passed the remainder of his days; and Mr. Adolphus tells us:—

"An anecdote is recorded concerning this change: it may not range in the first line of wit, but it shews at least the advantage derived from ready good-humour; a quality which gains so many friends, where wit creates so many enemies; which strews the path of life with the sweet and innocuous violet, instead of the fragrant but thorny rose. He threw out balconies from the front of his drawing-room windows; a projection not known in any other house in the street, in violation, perhaps, to some clause in the building lease. The parish authorities, having no authority at all, came to remonstrate, alleging that it was contrary to an act of parliament; Bannister dumb-founded the dignity of the churchwarden by saying, 'Sir, I have studied acts of plays, but I never meddled with acts of parliament.' The spiritual and temporal officer (for such is a churchwarden) retreated; and as the Duke of Bedford, or his agent, never took up the important question, the balconies remain even unto this day."

Here is a like anecdote of his father's ready wit:—

"While he was under examination as a witness in the Court of King's Bench, the lord chief justice retiring, caused a temporary suspension of the proceedings. One of the learned counsel, by way of pleasantry, asked Charles for a song. 'With all my heart,' he answered, 'if I can have an accompaniment.' The barrister replied that he had no music there. 'I wonder at that,' said Charles, 'for you seem to have the band under your nose.'"

In 1807-8, Bannister's famous "Budget" was brought out, and we gladly avail ourselves of an opportunity to recall it to notice by quoting from it, which we shall endeavour to do next week.

This "Budget" was amazingly successful; but, indeed, all Bannister's theatrical course was one success. It was most deserved, and we never can forget the genuine testimony to his great powers and worth which we witnessed when he took his farewell. Touching this event, Mr. Adolphus relates some interesting particulars. Thus—

"In anticipation of this event, he received many gratifying testimonials, although one was not unmixed with disappointment. He had solicited and depended on the aid of his natural ally in the field of comedy, Mrs. Jordan; but she wrote him a letter, in which whatever of bitter there might be in his failure to obtain the boon he requested, was amply compensated by the warmth and undoubted sincerity of the kindness which accompanied the refusal.

"May the 3d.

"My dear Sir,—Your letter came at the time Sir Gilbert Blane, my physician, was with me, or I would not have sent your servant away without an answer, for it was my intention to have written to you at all events this evening. I am very ill, and, in the sincerity of my good wishes, request you to give up all thoughts of me. My health is in so very precarious a state that I have not been two days together out of my own room since my return home: so situated, I have been obliged to refuse many applications, including one very pressing one from the Caledonian Society. I have been obliged to give up one of considerable advantage, that was to have commenced at this very time; and I have too much reason to fear that I shall be under the necessity of forfeiting one still more so; that, too, was to have begun at the end of this month, and to have

concluded the middle of June. You perceive how unfortunately I am situated, for if I should be well enough to play on the 1st of June in London, I should be able to fulfil my engagements in the country; and if not, the consequence would be that I must disappoint you. Added to this, my friend and medical adviser is very anxious that I should give up every idea of playing this summer, and, as soon as I am able, to repair to the sea-side, from which I felt much relief last year. Do me the justice to believe, that, independent of my own sufferings, it is a real mortification to me to be deprived of the—what shall I say, pleasure or pain?—of witnessing the last exertions of one of the most genuine performers of the age. May every happiness attend you!—Yours, sincerely,
‘DORA JORDAN.’

The conclusion is to our minds perfectly beautiful: it reminds us of one who was not only the comic muse in all accomplishments, but in being all nature and kindness of heart. But we are further informed:—

“Tom Dibdin, who officiated as prompter on the occasion, relates an anecdote, which, for its whim, is worthy to be preserved. ‘At the conclusion,’ he says, ‘Mr. Bannister made me a present of his own book, from which I had prompted, as a souvenir, on which I wrote, or rather made, the following impromptu:—

‘In early age,
To tread the stage,
Jack would have given the world (receive it
As genuine truth);
When past his youth
He gladly gave ‘The World to leave it.’”

{We should observe, that the play acted on the occasion was “The World.”}

Mr. Adolphus thus sums up his theme, and gives a lesson to the profession in the pattern he justly paints:—

“As a servant of the public, his conduct was most eminently exemplary. No youthful irregularity, or habitual propensity, even, for a single night, kept him from the performance of his duty, subjected an audience to disappointment, laid the manager under the necessity of tendering an apology, or placed him in the degrading position of soliciting pardon for the past, or forbearance for the present. Whatever gusts, or even storms, might be excited by popular feeling, his behaviour, far from being subject or cringing, was always firm and manly, yet respectful; and when public justice decreed the condemnation of any piece, there always appeared a reluctance to inflict pain on him, a sort of executive amnesty for honest Jack Bannister. In addition to his great zeal for the pleasure of the public, he always evinced, without ostentation, a true regard for the interests of the house, a total forgetfulness of all personal feelings, and a determination to exert all his powers in promoting the general welfare. Thus, when he had been celebrated in any character, if it was essayed by another player, he evinced neither envy nor dissatisfaction; but retired from the piece, or accepted a different character in it, as might appear necessary. His descent from the lover of Ophelia to her grave-digger has recently been noticed; so, when he was called upon to play Francis, he never demurred because he had performed the Prince of Wales in the same piece; when Dowton was brought forward in *Shen*, or *Elliot* played the three Singles, Bannister displayed not the slightest discontent, but was acknowledged by both performers as an intimate and excellent friend. In his whole career, his effort was to win the great prize of public favour by vigorously pressing forward, not by keeping others back. His powers were

obscured and his efforts restrained many years, because other performers retained a sort of chartered property in parts which he shewed himself able to play with consummate ability; but his pretensions were never so urged as to impede the progress of any other individual.”

“There is a sort of midway character, uniting the pathos of tragedy with the hilarity of comedy, in which he was peculiarly great, and, if the expression may be used without offence, unrivalled. Let those, and they are still many, who recollect him in a long line of characters—in *Sadi*, for example, *Le Glorieux*, *Schneebach*, or *Walter*—speak their feelings, and I am certain they must accord with mine on this subject. His power over the audience was derived from the simple, though not very usual means of appearing to be unconscious of their presence. He not only laid no traps for their applause, used no gestures, looks, or efforts to obtain it, but when it was given spontaneously, and even tumultuously, he was never driven from the business of the scene; if his voice could not for a time be heard, his action never was suspended, and the character in the play was never for a moment set aside to shew the contented, the overjoyed, the elated individual, Bannister. He acquired fame by deserving, not by courting it, and while he enjoyed the public approbation with all the sensibility of his excellent heart, he never in public or in private shewed an affected complacency or an overbearing pride.”

Towards the close, we have selections of correspondence, parts of diaries of occasional towns, &c., and a list of about four hundred characters in which Mr. Bannister had appeared. From these and recollections (for some of which the author expresses his obligations to our old friend Pyne, the author of “*Wine and Walnuts*,” who can so well furnish plans for any work belonging to any of the fine arts during this period) we select the following:—

“Bannister, it was observed, possessed the most imagination: he was richly illustrative, interspersing his stories with lively episodes invented for the occasion, always striking and apt. Munden, without any considerable portion of his impromptu wit, compensated by his grave, dry humour, the intelligence of his eye, and the droolery of his look. Among other pleasures which they exhibited, but in parties extremely private, were imitations of the look, speech, and gestures, of their sovereign, George the Third. In these efforts it was doubted which had the superiority. Neither attempted to make the king an object of ridicule, but each exhibited him as he was shewn by Gilray in caricature engravings, which the king himself delighted to examine; with all his peculiarities, but free from any thing which could be construed into ridicule or disrespect. In the preceding reign, the Jacobites, at the Cocoa-tree, engaged a player, who could mimic George the Second, regularly to attend their meetings, and to represent the king in his tent at the battle of Dettingen, at the levee, or on the throne in the house of lords, delivering his speech, that they might enjoy the pleasure of seeing him vilified, if they could not hope for the satisfaction of seeing him dethroned. Had such a club still existed, the members would never have opened their doors to Bannister or Munden; and if they had, they would have closed them again in anger and disappointment; but certainly neither performer would have accepted their invitation. When apprised of Munden’s decease, which happened on the 6th of February, Bannister recorded his regret, describing him as one of the best comic actors that ever trod the stage.”

Speaking of the loss of many old acquaintances and friends, Mr. A. records the death of Mathews.

“In noticing the event, Bannister, says, ‘One of my most valued friends, Mathews, died last Friday, in his fifty-ninth year. He was a really good fellow, and has not left many better behind. I was very much attached to him, and he knew it.’ These calamities were followed by one more near to him, when four fine youths, connected with his family, were drowned in one morning. But these losses, which the lapse of years or the unexpected visitations of Providence brought on him, although they powerfully affected his feelings, did not produce an unmanly dejection of spirits, or any thing approaching to general gloom or sourness of temper. His conversation with a friend, in which he expressed his natural regrets, without foregoing his characteristic gaiety, but which probably occurred a few years before all these causes of grief had accumulated around him, is deserving of notice. ‘You may perhaps think it rather odd,’ he said, ‘but there are few circumstances that have so strong a tendency to make me melancholy as the recollection of Foote’s theatre, for such I remember it in my early days, when in the snug corner of Suffolk Street, with just light enough in the passage to make darkness visible.’ I used to go there with my father, and get my pocket well stuffed with oranges: ah! none are so sweet now! nor is the laugh so loud, or the mirth so gay. After one-legged Foote came the elder Colman, and then my esteemed friend, George Colman the younger, as he still persists in calling himself. I was Mr. Bannister, junior, and Young Bannister, in those days, though now, as Squire Groom says, ‘Stiff as a turnpike.’ I (who’d have thought it?) have lived to see three generations of tom-fools, laughing, singing, ranting, ‘strutting their hour upon the stage, then heard no more,’ while here am I, alive, and leaping, I was going to say, but for the twinge in my heel, which reminds me that I, too, am descending into the grave. I was thinking of these things this morning, as I crept, or rather crawled along, and began to fancy myself like the wandering Jew, who had outlived I don’t know how many generations. Yes, an old decrepit, wandering smouchey.’ Just at the moment, an Israelite passed the window, crying ‘Old clothes!’ he relapsed from the melancholy moralist into the Jack Bannister of the olden time, adapted his countenance to the character, and began, in exact imitation of the itinerant, to cry, ‘Old clothes—clothes sell—clothes,’—in a tone which would have allured to their doors any servants who had to dispose of superannuated apparel.”

We have only to add that two capital portraits illustrate these volumes; one as a private gentleman advanced in years, after *Clint*; and the other after J. Russell, R. A., as “Dr. Lentive,” from a picture by G. F. Harding, in the Garrick Club.

Hood’s Comic Annual is at last published. The joke against other Annuals has been that they would anticipate Christmas by Midsummer; but our prince of punsters seems to like reversing the feat, and if he goes on at this rate, he will soon reach Lady-day for the New-Year’s-day preceding. But no matter when published, his is a book for all seasons. His wit is all his own, and no imitation comes near him. His very quaint, grotesque, and most oblique views of things and of words, are not mere whim and *verbiage*: there is always an under-current, not

alone of humour but of good feeling, both as regards individual conduct and the public interests. Like Dickens, in his "Oliver Twist" and "Nicholas Nickleby," all the diversities of scene, character, and writing, tend to a general benefit—there is the starved pauper to be rescued from workhouse oppression, the miserable orphan to be saved from Yorkshire education, or (it may soon be) the overwrought factory child to be made the object of human sympathy and compassion. Thus, Hood's Corresponding Club is enough to convert stormy political passions into a laugh; and, in short, all his sentiments, however playful or ludicrous, tend to the promotion of kindness and benevolence.



The Electric Eel.

Wild Sports of the West: with Legendary Tales and Local Sketches. By the Author of "Stories of Waterloo." Pp. 387. London, 1839. Bentley.

THIS new edition for "Bentley's Library" of one of the most stirring and spirited works of the class of which it is an ornament, again claims our notice and praise. Sports healthful, and many of them adventurous, have always, when well described, possessed great interest, not only for those who have enjoyed them, but for the town-confined and sedentary. See the hunt cross a country, and labour leans on his spade, his plough, or his scythe, to watch its progress, if he does not throw them for the excited moment aside, to join in the chase and the shout. The feeling is common to mankind. There is something belonging to the primitive state of nature in the pursuit and capture of the wild denizens of earth and air; and all take delight in it. Lucky are those who, debarred the pleasure in the field, can, in a volume like the present, enjoy it with Mr. Maxwell in the closet.

On a sporting subject, we may here notice No. 94 of the "New Sporting Magazine," which, taking a more general range than is usual with periodicals of its class, besides being animated and amusing on matters connected with its staple, thus, for instance, speaks of the late Captain Morris:

"How quietly has the death of Captain Morris been permitted to be passed over, by thousands, to whom his exquisite songs have contributed hours upon hours of harmony and joy! The sin of ingratitude lies at the door of all those who are *bon-vivants* in the highest and most refined sense,—who *thirst* after the prosperity of pure English lyric poetry,—and who feel an honouring respect for departed genius. Why sleeps the name and fame of this extraordinary man?—Connected as he was so long,

from his vast, refined, and social powers, with royal and noble circles—relished as his charming songs are by the hearts of 'all circles,' how is it that 'silence wraps the suffering clay,' and that relatives are apathetic—publishers dull and quiescent—and the lovers of the clarinet-jug—the mahogany and the sweet verses 'married to immortal time,' silent and uncomplaining? English Literature—particularly English Poetical Literature—has a sound right to demand the publication of the lyrical compositions of Captain Morris; and it is an imperative duty on his descendants or representatives towards the living and the dead, to comply at once with the demand."

There ought to be a race amongst the publishers of the day, as important and as fleet as that for the Derby or St. Leger,—to secure the invaluable prize of the MS. Murray should make play at the start, and lead them up the hill with Bentley close at his heels, and Colburn in a good place. The ruck should keep well together until the cross-roads—when Saunders and Oiley should draw upon the leading rank; Colburn and Bentley should then die away at the stand; and Murray, after a short struggle with Churton and that 'little Red Rover,' Tilt, should win easy by a length—Mosen, a good second. But, seriously and earnestly to speak, we envy that publisher whose name is destined to live upon the title-page of so precious an addition to our literature, as the works of Captain Morris."

MISCELLANEOUS.

Greece, Pictorial, Descriptive, and Historical. By Christopher Wordsworth, D.D., Headmaster of Harrow School, &c. &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 32. London: Orr and Co. Edinburgh: Chambers.

WELL, the age when *Numbo* authorship was considered to be *infra dig.* must now surely be considered as having passed away. Not when a principal publisher thereof, Alderman Kelly, reached the supreme city dignity of Lord Mayor, did the system receive so great an accession of honour as now when we see a scholar so eminent as Dr. Wordsworth become the editor of a monthly publication. The public orator of Cambridge, the Master of Harrow, the author of "Athens and Attica," and the member of many learned bodies, has ennobled our craft, and henceforward, though only weekly, we shall hold our heads at least a quarter of an inch higher than ever. This, however, is a beautifully embellished work; and, we need hardly add, as far as the letter-press as yet enables us to judge, one likely to do credit to our literature, nor disparage the name of its author.

The Pilgrim's Staff, and Christian's Daily Walk; a Series of Meditations, Illustrations of Holy Writ, Occasional Prayers, &c. By Henry Smith, of King's College, London. 12mo. pp. 376. London, 1839. Ball and Co.; Rivingtons, &c. &c.

THIS is a very Christian volume, evidently the result of much reading, and containing many excellent quotations from the works of numerous eminent men, from the period of the Fathers of the Church to the present time. Besides being welcome to the religious world in general, we think it may draw the attention of some of the clergy themselves, especially such as are young in their ministry, to valuable writers, with whom they may be less intimately acquainted than it is desirable they should be.

Poetical Volumes.—In spite of the anti-taste for poetry ascribed to the public, these volumes seem to accumulate upon our table faster than ever; and we must remove a

few of them.—*Hours of Solitude*, by H. J. Daniel. Pp. 800. (Lothwhitell, White.) A young aspirant's delings: how could the vulgarity (p. 183) escape either himself or his printer?—*Fragments in Verse, chiefly relating to Southern Africa*. Pp. 176. (London, Pickering.) Too crude and mediocre to have deserved publication.—*The Tahitians: or, Christianity in the South Seas*. Pp. 108. (London, Wright.) A sort of dramatic, blank verse version, of the effects of missionary labours in Tahiti: better in plain prose.—*England, an Historical Poem*, by John Walker Ord, Esq. (London, Routledge). As this is a third edition, we may leave the sanguine production of a young poet (for it was written at the age of twenty-one) to the encouragement the public have accorded to it.—*The Antediluvians: or, the World Destroyed*, by J. McHenry, M.D., author of the "Pleasures of Friendship," &c. 12mo. pp. 272. (London, Craddock.) The fortunes and catastrophes of the antediluvian world. These are here made the subject of a narrative poem in ten books, which, from its epic character and extent, ought, perhaps, to have received from us a longer and separate review. But though it is in subject well chosen, in design good, and in execution respectable, yet it is so much more of rational sensible writing than of poetry, that we think we may do it justice by saying no more than we have said. We will not hazard the opinion of the title-page, that it is "the antediluvian world destroyed by J. McHenry."—*Poems, longer and shorter*, by Thomas Burbridge, of Trin. Coll. Cam. Pp. 356. (London, Pickering.) Youthful effusions—poetical aspirations. They want definiteness, distinctness, polish, and application. Dreams must be made like realities to be interesting, and so must poetry be invested with life, intenseness, and truth—not vague, meaningless, and shadowy, to reach the imagination or touch the heart. Mr. Burbridge has the well within him, but he must take care how he pours out its waters.—*The Poetical Works of Vincent Bourne*. Pp. 350. (Washbourne, Cambridge, Giant.) A new and new edition of this elegant Latinist. In English, though classic in all, he was but one of those gentlemen who wrote with ease. *State Trials: Specimens of a new Edition*, by N. T. Mollie, Esq. of the Inner Temple, Special Pleader. 8vo. pp. 402. (London, Simpkin and Marshall.) Into the head of what living man, except a special pleader, could it have entered to put state trials into verse? Here are the trials of Anne Ayliffe, for heresy; Sir William Stanley, for high treason; and Mary, Queen of Scots, all done into metre; blocks, shocks—racks, axe—head, dead, &c. &c. The notes are curious; but we cannot entertain the author's opinion, that such subjects are most fittingly discussed and described in rhyme.—*The Temple: Sacred Poems and Private Regulations*, by George Herbert. Pp. 350. (Washbourne.) Quaint and curious. What a number of ideas are scattered over these pages, the product of a contemplative and overflowing mind.—*Gilbert*. Pp. 23. (London, Groombridge.) A little poem to point out the evils of intemperance—undeniable, but not so well done as "Will and Jean."

ARTS AND SCIENCES. GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

MONDAY 28. Mr. Hamilton, president, in the chair. Read, extracts from the following papers:—1. 'A Letter from J. B. Pentland, Esq.' dated La Paz, 20th July, 1838. "I start in two days for an exploratory tour along the eastern shores of the lake Titicaca, having already examined the opposite side; on my return to La Paz, I shall proceed to Cochabamba, *via* Yungas. I have obtained from General Santa Cruz, a promise to employ a young Englishman who has resided some years in Bolivia and Peru, in the exploration of the course of the Apurimas and other rivers descending from the eastern Cordillera to the Marañon. This young man has health, zeal, and courage, a very fair knowledge of the use of mathematical instruments, and draws well. My plan for him is, first, to explore the course of the Apurimac to its junction, and then to descend the Purus to where it joins the Amazons. He will probably descend the Apurimac, from near Abancay, and follow the great water course, into which the latter empties itself, to Surayacu, where Smyth's exploration began, and subsequently embark on the Purus, or its upper affluents. I have recently discovered the bones of the mastodon near the lake of Titicaca, at a height of 13,000 feet, and fossil shells in the Nevado de Antakana [?], in latitude 16° 21', at an elevation of 17,800 feet, above the sea. In November I hope to visit the Cordillera of Carangas [?], remarkable for its active volcanoes, and, on my return to Europe, to give you, at the Geographical So-

ciety, a good account of this part of the world." —2. 'Notes on a March from Zoháb, at the Foot of Zagros, along the Mountains to Khuzistán (Susiana), and from thence through the Province of Luristán to Kirmánsháh, in the year 1836,' by Major Rawlinson, of the Bombay army, serving in Persia. From Zoháb, which lies about 100 miles N.E. of the city of Baghaddá, Major Rawlinson travelled to the S.E. along the foot of the Zagros mountains, through Gilan, Zarnah, the plain of Chardawer, Sirwan, Seimarráh, Dizful, the ruins of Susa, Shuster, to Mangasht, on the river Jerahi, in Khuzistán, returning thence to Dizful, he continued to the northward to Khorremábád, Bisitán, and Kirmánsháh, a journey of about 600 miles—some of it through an almost unexplored country; in the course of which Major Rawlinson visited the ruins of several ancient sites—copied numerous inscriptions, and otherwise carefully investigated the comparative geography of Susiana, respecting which there is great confusion in even our best maps. The pashalik of Zoháb is a district of considerable extent, lying at the foot of the ancient Zagros. It is bounded on the N.W. by the course of the river Diyáláh, on the E. by the mountains, and on the S. by the stream of Holwán. It formed one of the ten pashaliks dependent upon Baghaddá, until about thirty years ago, when Mohammed 'Ali Mirzá, prince of Kirmánsháh, annexed it to the crown of Persia. The town of Zoháb was built about a hundred years ago by a Turkish pasha, and the government continued to be hereditary in his family till the conquest of the pashalik by the Persians. The capital was surrounded by a mud wall, and may have at first contained about 1000 houses. From its frontier position, however, it has been exposed to constant spoliation in the wars between Turkey and Persia, and is now a mass of ruins, possessing scarcely 200 inhabited houses. There are about twenty families of Jews here, and the remainder are Kurds of the Sunni sect. At the northern extremity of the district of Zoháb is the little plain of Semíráf, a natural fastness of the most extraordinary strength, which is formed by a range of lofty and precipitous mountains, extending in a semicircle from the river Diyáláh, here called the A'bi-Shirwán, and enclosing an area of about 8 miles in length, and 4 in breadth. The A'bi-Shirwán is only fordable in this part of its course for a few months in the year; and the passes of the mountain-barrier of Semíráf may be defended by a handful of men against any numbers that can be brought against them. The name of Semíráf could not fail to call to my recollection the Assyrian queen, Semiramis, whom the ancients believed to have adorned Persia with many magnificent works of art. I therefore searched eagerly for ancient monuments; and though I failed to discover any in the plain itself, yet, across the river, at the distance of about 12 miles, on the road to Suleimáníyah, I heard of sculptures and statues which would well merit the attention of any future travellers in this country. The place is called Fáí K'al'ah, the foot of the castle, or But Khánah, the idol temple. From the hills above Semíráf, the plain of Shahrí-zúr, with its numerous villages, is distinctly visible, and on a clear day the town of Suleimáníyah may be seen bearing N.W., at the distance of about 50 miles. The western boundary of Semíráf is formed by a prolongation of the chain called Kars-tágh, through which the river forces its way by a narrow and precipitous cleft; to the south of the river the mountains rise up most abruptly, and to a very considerable elevation, probably about 5000 feet above the plain, and from hence

the range stretches in a succession of rocky heights for about 60 miles, in a southerly direction, till it is lost in the sand-hills to the west of Zoháb. These heights compose detached hill-forts of great strength. From Sheik'hán to Zoháb the distance is 6 farsakhs; the road recrosses the range by a very easy pass called Sar-Kal'al, and from thence traverses an open country to Zoháb. The distance from Semíráf to Zoháb by this route, through Hershel, Húrín, and Sheik'hán, is about 60 miles. Gilán has been laid down by Major Rennell, as the representative of the Boeotian colony of Celonæ, and has been adopted as such, without further discussion, in all subsequent maps; but this I believe to be incorrect; for the march of Alexander on Ecbatana, which suggested the verification, should be drawn from Susa instead of from Opis, as Major Rennell supposed; and it will be found upon this line that Celonæ was much too near to Susa to coincide with the position of Gilán. Neither does the route across Mount Zagros by Gilán appear ever to have been generally followed. The passes between Gilán and Hárún-ábád are very difficult; and the intervening country is most indifferently furnished with supplies; so that, had the march of Alexander commenced from Opis, he would certainly have followed the high-road by the gates of Zagros rather than this difficult and barren track. At Zarnah are found the ruins of a large city. There is a tapah, which I conceive to mark the site of the citadel, little inferior in size to the one at Gilán; and the foundations of buildings, now nearly levelled with the surface of the ground, extend over a space of perhaps five miles in circumference. The series of valleys which extend along the great chain of Zagros to the confines of Susiana, and are divided by a line of parallel ridges from the plains of Assyria, form one of the least known, and, at the same time, one of the most interesting countries of the East. Here was the original seat of the Elamites, when they migrated from Babylon; and from hence they spread their conquests over Susiana, and the adjoining districts to the eastward, which thus assumed the title of Elymais. The Elymeans are distinctly specified by Strabo, in numerous passages, as inhabiting along Mount Zagros, on the southern confines of Media, and overhanging Babylonia and Susiana. The most ancient name of the country appears to have been the plain of Arioch, from whence the King of the Elymeans came to the assistance of the Assyrian monarch at Nineveh. His capital I believe to have been the very city of Zarnah, the ruins of which I have just mentioned; for I have discovered that as late as the thirteenth century of Christ it actually retained the name of Ariyúhán. I also suspect that this same place represents the Hara of the captivity, which must certainly be looked for in the vicinity; and further, there can be no doubt that it is likewise identical with the Arian of Benjamin of Tudela, where he states himself to have found 20,000 families of Jews.—Mr. Ellis exhibited a newly drawn map of the world, as known to the ancients, and gave some account of the authorities he had consulted in its compilation. He noticed, among other points, that the positions of Nelynda, Mundiris, and Barace, have been mistaken, and that he has little doubt but that they will be found to correspond respectively with the modern sites of Antapoly, Yellarpuly, and Cochin, on the western coast of Hindoستان. With regard to Meroe, it is highly probable that Strabo designates the position north of Shendy as Meroe, from the circum-

stance of its being the capital city at the time in which he wrote, and Ptolemy has fixed upon Maraweh as that of his later time. The distances in stadia, as given by Strabo from Eratosthenes, are almost minutely correct, and the distances between Maraweh and the stations on the Nile round the bend northwards, till we reach the junction of the Nile and Tacazze, are the same as those laid down by Ptolemy with erroneous latitude and longitude.

LITERARY AND LEARNED. UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, January 24.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor and Doctor in Divinity, by Accumulation.—Rev. T. Rowley, Christ Church, Grand Compounder.
Doctor in Medicine.—H. Powell, Exeter College.

Masters of Arts.—J. Smith, Exeter College, Grand Compounder; W. Adams, Fellow of Merton College, Grand Compounder; Rev. A. Gatty, Exeter College; Rev. R. J. Mac Pherson, Queen's College; Rev. G. Hulme, Balliol College; G. D. Miller, Wadham College; F. Faber, Fellow of University College; A. Kenington, Fellow of Trinity College.

Bachelors of Arts.—J. H. Mahony, Grand Compounder; M. I. Brickdale, G. E. H. Vernon, W. Barnes, Student; W. L. Darrell, E. H. Linzee, O. P. Owen, H. S. Lawford, Christ Church; E. P. Price, Lincoln College; F. C. Trower, Scholar, W. Hulme, Balliol College; C. S. Ross, Magdalen Hall; W. Brewster, Trinity College.

CAMBRIDGE.—*Smith's Prizes.*—Dr. Smith's annual prizes to the two best proficient in mathematics and natural philosophy among the commencing Bachelors of Arts, were adjudged to:—1st. Percival Frost; 2d. Benjamin M. Cowie, St. John's College; the second and first wranglers. (*Cambridge Chronicle.*)

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

MR. HAMILTON, V.P. in the chair.—Mr. John Frost communicated copies of two letters found by him in Holland; one written, in 1664, by James, duke of York, to the King of Adra, making proposals for trade and commerce, and presenting the king with a crown, which the duke tells him is, in his own country, a badge of pre-eminence and sovereignty. The vessel, however, never reached its destination, being taken by the Dutch, who still possess the letter and the crown; the latter having a velvet cap, and the jewels imitated in glass. The other letter was from the Duke of Monmouth to the Prince of Orange.—The reading of Mr. Beltz's communication of particulars relative to the Battle of Cressy, was concluded; and Mr. Beltz further communicated a letter from Dr. Bromet, with a drawing of a cross remaining at Cressy, in memory of the King of Bohemia, who fell in the battle.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—Entomological, 8 P.M.; British Architects, 8 P.M.

Tuesday.—Linnean, 8 P.M.; Horticultural, 3 P.M.; Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.; Electrical, 7 P.M.

Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 7½ P.M.; Geological, 8½ P.M.; Artists' and Amateurs' Conversations, 8 P.M.

Thursday.—Royal Society, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; Zoological, 3 P.M.

Friday.—Royal Astronomical (Anniversary) 3 P.M.; Royal Institution, 8½ P.M.

Saturday.—Guy's Hospital, 8 P.M.

FINE ARTS. THE NEW ART.

THE great sensation created by the new discovery in the fine arts, which our friends on the other side of the Channel have, with national and personal characteristics, chosen to call *Dagueroscope*, but which our unpretending countryman, Mr. Talbot (rather than *Talbotoscope*), has denominated *Photogenic*, has induced us to bestow further attention upon the subject, which we had the pleasure of first making known to the public. What is done in the *Literary Gazette* to-day will be important, as settling the claim to originality

in regard to all parties concerned in this interesting discovery. The favour of a letter from Mr. Talbot (a gentleman so justly honoured in the scientific circles), puts on record the unquestionable dates of his experiments; and we have seen and examined the exquisite specimens which mark his progress and demonstrate his success. The statements are corroborated by the usual Reports from the Royal Institution and Royal Society; which we have not been anxious to give so much in detail, in consequence of our possessing Mr. Talbot's own lucid and unassuming account of what he has achieved. In order to complete the matter, as far as present circumstances admit, we have also, at the risk of repetition, procured the most accurate details of M. Daguerre's process, and the opinion of the French philosophers thereon. As he is recommended to be more secret than Mr. Talbot has been, in order that he may treat with government for his sufficient reward, we cannot, of course, speak more plainly than the somewhat flowery description we have received enables us. But we think enough appears to render it palpable that there is a very considerable difference between the materials employed, the means used, and the results. Thus, at the Royal Institution, on Friday evening, were exhibited a variety of specimens of a process invented by Mr. Talbot, but which appears to differ from that of M. Daguerre, especially in this, that Mr. Talbot reverses the natural effect, representing dark objects light, and light objects dark.

Different preparations of silver seem to be adopted—nitrate, chloruret, and probably others; but whoever attains the object most effectually, it is a generous rivalry, and will, we trust, be continued to the end. Mr. Talbot's method of fixing his drawings, so that the sun can effect or alter them no more, is of the utmost value. His copying of engravings (there is a sweet one of Venice), by first getting them with the lights and shades reversed, but then copying from the reversed impression, as before, is singularly ingenious. Figures painted on glass are exquisitely rendered; and an oriel window of many feet square is reduced to a picture of two inches, in which every line is preserved with a minuteness inconceivable until seen by the microscope.

At present we will not dilate any further on this memorable topic, but beg to suggest experiments with the hydro-oxygen powers of light, or such lights as Lieut. Drummond's—and with this hint alone, request our readers' attention to—

1. Mr. Talbot's Letter.
2. The account of the French Invention.
3. Report of the Royal Institution; and,
4. Report of the Royal Society.

PHOTOGENIC DRAWING.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

DEAR SIR,—I have great pleasure in complying with the wish which you have expressed to me, that I would go into some details respecting the invention which I have communicated to the Royal Society; viz. the art of photogenic drawing, or of forming pictures and images of natural objects by means of solar light.

I do this the more readily, on account of the interest with which the scientific public have read the accounts which have recently appeared respecting the discoveries of M. Daguerre, of Paris, in some respects identical with mine—in others, I think, materially different.

Although I am very far indeed from being of the opinion, that

"Chance rules supreme in the affairs of men;"

yet I cannot help thinking that a very singular

chance (or mischance) has happened to myself, viz. that after having devoted much labour and attention to the perfecting of this invention, and having now brought it, as I think, to a point in which it deserves the notice of the scientific world,—that exactly at the moment when I was engaged in drawing up an account of it, to be presented to the Royal Society, the same invention should be announced in France.

Under these circumstances, by the advice of my scientific friends, I immediately collected together such specimens of my process as I had with me in town, and exhibited them to public view at a meeting of the Royal Institution.* My written communication to the Royal Society was, from its length, necessarily deferred to the week following.*

These steps I took, not with the intention of rivalising with M. Daguerre in the perfection of his processes (of which I know nothing, but am ready to believe all that Biot and Arago have stated in their praise), but to preclude the possibility of its being said hereafter, that I had borrowed the idea from him, or was indebted to him, or any one, for the means of overcoming the principal difficulties.

As the process of M. Daguerre is at present a profound secret, even at Paris, it is evident that no one could imitate him here, or exhibit pictures formed in the same way, or depending on the same optical principles, who was not already fully acquainted with a secret, not, indeed, the same, but similar or tantamount to his.

That M. Daguerre's pictures will stand the effect of time, is, I suppose, the fact, though I do not find it expressly mentioned in the report of M. Arago (*Comptes Rendus*, 7th January). My own have stood between three and four years. I therefore consider that the principles of the art are firmly laid.

Many instruments have been devised at various times for abridging the labour of the artist in copying natural objects, and for insuring greater accuracy in the design than can be readily attained without such assistance.

Among these may be more particularly mentioned, the *Camera Obscura* and the *Camera Lucida*, which are familiar to most persons; certainly very ingenious and beautiful instruments, and in many circumstances eminently useful, especially the latter. Yet are there many persons who do not succeed in using them, and I believe that few are able to do so with great success, except those who, in other respects, are skilled in drawing.

Up to a certain point, these inventions are excellent; beyond that point they do not go. They assist the artist in his work; they do not work for him. They do not dispense with his time; nor with his skill; nor his attention. All they can do is to guide his eye and correct his judgment; but the actual performance of the drawing must be his own.

From all these prior ones, the present invention differs totally in this respect (which may be explained in a single sentence), viz. that, by means of this contrivance, it is not the artist who makes the picture, but the picture which makes ITSELF. All that the artist does is to dispose the apparatus before the object whose image he requires: he then leaves it for a certain time, greater or less, according to circumstances. At the end of the time he returns, takes out his picture, and finds it finished.

The agent in this operation is solar light, which being thrown by a lens upon a sheet of prepared paper, stamps upon it the image of

* Both noticed elsewhere.—Ed. L. G.

the object, whatever that may chance to be, which is placed before it.

The very foundation of the art, therefore, consists in this—eminently curious—natural fact, viz. that there exists a substance so sensitive to light as to be capable of receiving even its faint impressions. The whole possibility of the process depends upon this; for if no such substance existed in *rerum naturâ*, the notion of thus copying objects would be nothing more than a scientific dream. Moreover, it is not sufficient that the paper should be so sensitive as to receive the impressions of external objects; it is requisite also, that, having received them, it should retain them; and, moreover, that it should be *insensible* with regard to other objects, to which it may be subsequently exposed.

The necessity of this is obvious, for otherwise new impressions would be received, which would confuse and efface the former ones.

But it is easier to perceive the necessity of the thing required than to attain to its realisation. And this has hitherto proved a most serious obstacle to those who have experimented with this object in view.

This was one of the few scientific inquiries in which Sir Humphry Davy engaged, upon which Fortune did not smile.

Either his inquiries took a wrong direction, or else, perhaps, the property sought for was of so singular a nature, that there was nothing to guide the search, or perhaps he despaired of it too soon; however this may be, the result undoubtedly was, that the attempt proved unsuccessful, and was abandoned. As Sir Humphry Davy himself informs us, "No attempts have as yet been successful."

These words are quoted from his own account in the "Journal of the Royal Institution for 1802."

The subject then dropped, and appears to have been no more spoken of for upwards of thirty years.

When, in 1834, unaware of Davy's researches, I undertook a course of experiments with the same object in view, I know not what good star seconded my efforts; but, after various trials, I succeeded in hitting upon a method of obtaining this desideratum. By this process, it is possible to destroy the sensibility of the paper, and to render it quite insensible. After this change it may be exposed with safety to the light of day; it may even be placed in the sunshine: indeed, I have specimens which have been left an hour in the sun without having received apparent deterioration. A fact, therefore, is thus established which is not without its importance in a theoretical point of view, besides its more immediate application to purposes of utility.

With this kind of paper, eminently susceptible of being acted on by light, and yet capable of losing that property when required, a great number of curious performances may readily be accomplished. The most remarkable of these, is undoubtedly the copying the portrait of a distant object, as the façade of a building, by fixing its image in the *Camera Obscura*; but one perhaps more calculated for universal use is the power of depicting exact facsimiles of smaller objects which are in the vicinity of the operator, such as flowers, leaves, engravings, &c., which may be accomplished with great facility, and often with a degree of rapidity that is almost marvellous.

The Specimens of this art which I exhibited at the Royal Institution, though consisting only of what I have happened to have with me in Town, are yet sufficient to give a general idea of it,

and to shew the wide range of its applicability. Among them were pictures of flowers and leaves; a pattern of lace; figures taken from painted glass; a view of Venice copied from an engraving; some images formed by the Solar Microscope, viz. a slice of wood very highly magnified, exhibiting the pores of two kinds, one yet much smaller than the other, and more numerous. Another Microscopic sketch, exhibiting the reticulations on the wing of an insect.

Finally: various pictures, representing the architecture of my house in the country; all these made with the Camera Obscura in the summer of 1835.

And this I believe to be the first instance on record, of a house having painted its own portrait.

A person unacquainted with the process, if told that nothing of all this was executed by the hand, must imagine that one has at one's call the Genius of Aladdin's Lamp. And, indeed, it may almost be said, that this is something of the same kind. It is a little bit of magic realised:—of natural magic.

You make the powers of nature work for you, and no wonder that your work is well and quickly done.

No matter whether the subject be large or small, simple or complicated; whether the flower-branch which you wish to copy contains one blossom, or one thousand; you set the instrument in action, the allotted time elapses, and you find the picture finished, in every part, and in every minute particular.

There is something in this rapidity and perfection of execution, which is very wonderful. But after all, what is Nature, but one great field of wonders past our comprehension? Those, indeed, which are of every-day occurrence, do not habitually strike us, on account of their familiarity, but they are not the less on that account essential portions of the same wonderful Whole.

I hope it will be borne in mind by those who take an interest in this subject, that in what I have hitherto done, I do not profess to have perfected an Art, but to have commenced one; the limits of which it is not possible at present exactly to ascertain.

I only claim to have based this new Art upon a secure foundation: it will be for more skillful hands than mine to rear the superstructure.—I remain, Dear Sir, Yours, &c.

H. FOX TALBOT.

44 Queen Anne Street, January 30, 1839.

FRENCH DISCOVERY.—PENCIL OF NATURE.

Who has not admired the splendid and wonderful representations in the camera obscura?—images so clear, so full of life, so perfectly representing every object in nature. These living pictures, by traversing the lens and mirrors, are thrown down with double beauty on the table of the camera obscura, by the radiant finger of light. The new art has been discovered to fix these wonderful images, which have hitherto passed away volatile—evanescent as a dream—to stop them at our will, on a substance finely sensible to the immediate action of light, and render them permanent before our eyes, in traces represented by tints in perfect harmony on each point, with different degrees of intensity.

We must not, however, believe, as has been erroneously reported to the public, with respect to these [Parisian] experiments, that the proper colours of objects are represented, in these images, by colours—they are only represented, with extreme truth, by light, and every grad-

ation of shade;—as an oil-painting is given by a perfect engraving, consisting of black lines; or, perhaps, more akin to a design made with mathematical accuracy, and in aqua tinta; for there are no crossings of lines in the designs by the pencil of nature. Red, blue, yellow, green, &c., are rendered by combinations of light and shade; by demi-tints, more or less clear or obscure, according to the quantity of light in each colour. But in these copies, the deficiency of the design—the purity of the forms—the truth and harmony of tone—the aerial perspective—the high finish of the details, are all expressed with the highest perfection. The formidable lens, which often betrays monstrosities in the most delicate and aerial of our master-pieces, may here search for defects in vain. The creations of nature triumph. Far from betraying any defect, the highest magnifier only tends to shew more clearly its vast superiority. At each step, we find new objects to admire, revealing to us the existence of exquisite details, which escape the naked eye, even in reality. Nor can this astonish us when the radiant light, which can only act according to the immutable laws of nature, substitutes its rays for the hesitating pencil of the artist.

M. Daguerre has represented, from the Pont des Arts, and in a very small space, the whole of the magnificent buildings on the right bank of the Seine, including that part of the Louvre containing the grand gallery of pictures. Each line, each point, is rendered with a perfection quite unattainable by all means hitherto used. He has also reproduced the dark mass of Notre Dame, with its immense draperies and Gothic sculptures. He has also taken the view of a building, in the morning at eight o'clock, at mid-day, and at four o'clock in the afternoon, during rain, and in sunshine. Eight or ten minutes at most, in the climate of Paris, is sufficient; but, under a more ardent sun, such as that of Egypt, one minute will suffice. To artists and seamen who travel, and who often find it impossible to prolong their stay at interesting places, this process must be most welcome.

The French journals, and reports of proceedings, however, admit that these admirable representations still leave something to be desired as to effect, when regarded as works of art. It is singular, they observe, that the power which created them seems to have abandoned them; and that *these works of light want light*. Even in those parts the most lighted, there is an absence of vivacity and effect; and it is allowed, that amidst all the harmony of their forms, these views appear subjected to the sober and heavy tone of colour imparted by a dull northern sky. It would appear, that by passing through the glasses of the optical arrangement of M. Daguerre, all the views are uniformly clothed with a melancholy aspect, like that given to the horizon by the approach of evening. Motion, it is obvious, can never be copied; and the attempt to represent animals and shoeblacks in action, consequently failed. Statuary is said to have been well defined; but, hitherto, M. Daguerre has not succeeded in copying the living physiognomy in a satisfactory manner, though he does not despair of success.

It could not have escaped chemists, that various chemical products are sensibly affected by light. Some gases may remain together in the dark, without any effect, but a ray of light will cause instant explosion. Other bodies, such as the chloruret of silver, are modified in colour. It at first takes a violet tint, afterwards becomes black. This property would, doubtless, have suggested the idea of applying

it to the art of design. But, by this method, the most brilliant parts of the object become discoloured, and the darker parts remain white: this produces an effect contrary to the fact. And again, the continued action of light tends to render the whole dark. Mr. Talbot's method would seem to be based on the use of the salts of silver, with the addition of some substance, or covering, to prevent the further action of light, after the design was complete.

This discovery will doubtless make a great revolution in the arts of design; and, in a multitude of cases, will supersede old methods altogether inferior. The temporary interest of many may, at first, be affected; but whatever has the true character of good, cannot essentially do mischief. The invention of printing soon gave employment to many more than were employed as copyists. Even in our own time, the substitution of steel-plates for engraving, instead of copper, although fifty times as many copies may be taken from them, has, by the substitution of good engravings for indifferent ones, so extended the demand, that more steel-plates are now required than were formerly used of copper.

We must add a few words with reference to science. This newly discovered substance, so easily acted upon by the rays of light, opens a wide field for photometric experiments, which hitherto have been hopeless, more particularly on the light of the moon. M. Arago recalls to our attention some experiments made by himself, jointly with other philosophers, by which the light of the moon (300,000 times less than that of the sun), concentrated by the most powerful glasses, gave no indication of chemical action on the chloruret of silver, nor any sign of heat on the most delicate thermometer. We should be glad to know if any experiments have yet been made with the concentrated light of the moon on the thermo-electrical apparatus, which may be constructed of extreme delicacy. The substance used by M. Daguerre is evidently sensible to the action of lunar light, since, in twenty minutes, he can represent, under the form of a white spot, the exact image of this luminary.

M. Biot, who, from the nature of his labours in the fields of science, takes a lively interest in the discovery in question, and anticipates much from the means afforded by it to carry out the analysis of some of the most delicate phenomena of nature. M. Daguerre has, it is asserted, already discovered some new properties of light, and is still carrying on the investigation.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

FRIDAY, 25th Jan.—Mr. Woodward, 'On a new Apparatus for the Public Demonstration of the General Properties and Laws of the Polarization of Light.' After a brief outline of the undulatory theory of light, Mr. Woodward proceeded to exhibit with the old oxy-hydrogen apparatus, fitted with lenses, the splendid phenomena of polarized light, using tourmaline as the analysing plate. The new apparatus (Gedard's) with which he also illustrated nearly the whole phenomena, is of a more simple construction, and much cheaper. The light is polarized by plate glass; for the expensive tourmaline, mica is substituted; and for the lens, a metallic reflector. This arrangement will tend much to make more generally known the beautiful wonders of this important science. At the conclusion of the lecture, Mr. Faraday directed attention to drawings in the library, sent there by H. F. Talbot, F.R.S., and by him named "Photogenic Drawings."

They were of the same character as those of M. Daguerre. The two processes, he observed, of M. Daguerre and of Mr. Talbot, effecting the same objects, may be different, or may be the same. As yet neither is known; and each has been perfected by two scientific experimenters in different countries, without a knowledge of each other's pursuit. The principal object of the exhibition of the photogenic drawings, on this occasion, was meant (as was understood) to establish a date, in order, that should M. Daguerre's discovery be made public previously to the reading, before the Royal Society, of Mr. Talbot's paper detailing his process, no charge of imitation could be brought against Mr. Talbot, in case of identity of process. And that each discovery should be thus proved to be original. No human hand has hitherto traced such lines as these drawings displayed; and what man may hereafter do, now that Dame Nature has become his drawing mistress, it is impossible to predict.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

Mr. LUBBOCK in the chair. — A highly interesting paper by Henry Fox Talbot, Esq. was read. It detailed the author's discovery upwards of five years ago, of the new process of delineating objects. From the first volume of the Journal of the Royal Institution, it appears that the late Mr. Wedgewood had some idea of the discovery; that ingenious gentleman, in conjunction with Sir H. Davy, made many experiments, but they found all their endeavours to obtain success ineffectual: so much so, that it discouraged them, and would have discouraged the author of the present memoir had he read the remarks of Sir H. Davy, contained in the Journal alluded to, prior to the experiments which ultimately led to his invention. At first it consisted in laying the nitrate of silver on paper, and by the means of the camera obscura and the solar ray acting on the paper, a perfect impression is obtained of any object in half a second; it was found, however, that the image thus obtained, by exposure to the light faded, and after awhile disappeared. By repeated experiments, and the most devoted attention, Mr. Talbot, by what he calls sensitive paper (a great improvement upon that which he originally employed), has overcome this great drawback; pictures he has had in his possession for years are now as vivid as they were when first produced. The image obtained is white, but the ground is beautifully coloured, and readily obtainable, either sky-blue, yellow, rose-colour, or black, — green is excluded; these variations of colour Mr. Talbot considers as so many chemical compounds. Objects the most minute are obtained, — the delicate hairs on the leaves of plants, — the most minute and tiny bivalve calyx, — nay, even a shadow, the emblem of all that is most fleeting in this world, is fettered by the spell of the invention, and remains perfect and permanent long after it has been given back to the sunbeam which produced it; in short, to use Mr. Talbot's own words, the picture is "ended as soon as began." The extent of the value of this invention cannot at present be anticipated; already the author has applied it with perfect success to the copying of sculpture, engravings, hand-writing; and in every case so complete has been the image, that it has been mistaken for the original. The value of it even now to naturalists and others travelling abroad, many of whom are ignorant of drawing, must be immense. Lord Brougham was present, and paid profound attention to Mr. Talbot's paper.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

We have been favoured with a glance at the Exhibition of the Works of British Artists about to open on Monday, and of which the private view takes place to-day. It rejoices us to say that it is among the best we have ever seen; and not only in general honourable to our Native Arts, but possessing Pictures which no other living school in the world could equal. Among these we may mention *The Fountain of Falacy*, a gorgeous specimen of Turner on an imaginative subject, and two incomparable dogs looking out from a window, by E. Landseer. They are as living as any dogs alive; and the terrier (shall we say), more so! The walls of the three rooms are covered with 427 paintings, and there are ten pieces of sculpture. Among the landscapes, some of Stark, Lee, Cooke, Cresswick, attracted our eye, by their rural and pastoral beauties. A Dutch Family, by W. Simson, is truth itself. Inskip, one charming female figure. Mrs. Carpenter, Miss Corboux, Mac-lise, Rothwell, Stone, A. Fraser, Clater, Webster, J. Hollins, Cooper, Lance, Holland, Howard, Mr. Scrope, Lady Burghersh, J. Severn, Copley Fielding, Hilton, Buss, Reinagle, Mrs. C. Pearson, C. Landseer, Hoffman, Eddy, J. P. Knight, J. B. Pyne, Linton, Rochard, Kidd, &c. &c. (we give the names as they occur in the Catalogue, without order or preference), all contribute productions which reflect honour upon their various talents; and we again repeat that, as a whole, this is a very satisfactory exhibition.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Dramatic Sketches. By R. J. Lane, A.R.A. Nos. V. and VI. Mitchell.

THE Illustrations in these numbers consist of eight of the principal characters in Mr. Rooke's opera, "Amilie, or the Love Test." They are equal in spirit and beauty to their predecessors. We are especially charmed with the piquante and truly feminine whole-length portrait of Miss Shirreff, as "Amilie."

BIOGRAPHY.

SIR WILLIAM BEECHEY, R.A.

THIS veteran artist died at Hampton, on Monday, the 26th of January, aged 86. He was born at Burford, in Oxfordshire, in the year 1763, and at the proper age was placed under an eminent conveyancer at Stow. He afterwards repaired to London, and articulated himself for a given period to a gentleman of the same profession, who died before the expiration of his time, when he made a second engagement with a Mr. Owen, of Tooke's Court. His talents, however, were not of the kind suited to the law; and having accidentally made the acquaintance of several students of the Royal Academy, he became so enamoured of the fine arts, that he prevailed on Mr. Owen to receive a young man whom he had procured as a substitute, and, in 1772, was admitted as a student, at Somerset House. Sir Joshua Reynolds was then in the zenith of his fame; and his works were diligently studied by the young aspirant. He soon, however, applied himself to nature. Dr. Strachey, archdeacon of Norwich, and his family, the Chevalier Ruspoli and his family, and the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, were among his earliest productions. The Ruspoli family was, we believe, the first picture that he sent to the Exhibition of the Royal Academy. From London, Mr. Beechey went to Norwich, where he began with painting small conversation pieces, in the manner practised first by Hogarth, and afterwards

by Zoffany. On his return to the metropolis, after an absence of four or five years, he took the house in Brook Street, which had formerly been the residence of Vanderghucht; and was gratified by general celebrity. He afterwards removed to Hill Street, Berkeley Square; thence to George Street, Hanover Square; and ultimately to Harley Street, Cavendish Square. To enumerate the portraits which he painted during his long career, would be to give a list of nearly all the members of the *beau monde*. At a comparatively early period of his practice, he attracted the favourable notice of the royal family, was appointed portrait-painter to Queen Charlotte; and, by George the Third's command, painted a whole-length portrait of her Majesty, and portraits of all the princesses. He subsequently produced a grand composition, representing the King at a review, attended by the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, &c.; which became so popular as to be repeatedly engraved. Of Sir William Beechey's powers as an artist, no adequate judgment can be formed by those who have seen only the works of his declining years. His female portraits, especially, were distinguished by elegance and delicacy of character, and beauty of colouring. Sir William was elected an associate of the Royal Academy in 1793, and a Royal Academician, on the death of Mr. Hodges, in 1797. He was the first member of the Royal Academy on whom the honour of knighthood was conferred after the death of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Sir William had a large and highly accomplished family. Lady Beechey herself formerly practised as an artist, and produced many charming miniatures. Sir William Beechey's youngest daughter was some years ago married to Lord Grantley.

Of the amiable and endearing qualities of this excellent man in private life, and of his superior talents as a painter, we have not, at present, time to say more. To the extent of the former we, in common with all who had the good fortune to know him, can bear most feeling testimony — a better or more worthy man did not exist. The latter are best evidenced by the innumerable productions of his easel, in which colour the most beautiful and stable, taste the most easy and refined, execution of the highest order, and in short, every thing which could rank him with the most distinguished competitors of his age, were perpetuated with a master's hand. In his family, as in his fame, Sir William Beechey was, as we have already stated, happy. Captain Beechey, and his brother, the traveller, have reflected back to him reputation and public honours similar to his own.

JAMES LONSDALE, ESQ.

ON Thursday, January 17th, died, aged 62, James Lonsdale, Esq., of Berners Street; an artist of long and justly established reputation. Mr. Lonsdale was a native of Lancashire, but came to London at an early period of his life. He was one of the founders and chief supporters of "The Society of British Artists." For many years he had confined his practice to male portraits. We transcribe the following comprehensive character of Mr. Lonsdale from "The Morning Chronicle": — "Combined with an enlarged and masculine understanding, he possessed a straightforward honesty of purpose, which never vacillated before rank or station, and ever secured to him the regard and esteem of those with whom he associated; amongst whom may be numbered many of the most distinguished men of his time for wit, talent, and high birth. He had a prompt, discrimi-

nating, and just perception of character; and his works shew that he carried that quality, with unusual force, into the subjects of his pencil. His manners were cheerful and bland in the highest degree, and his conversation was replete with sagacity, rich in anecdote, and always impressive from justness of thought, clearness of judgment, and undeviating veracity. He died, as he lived, with the calm and unruffled confidence of an honest man, leaving a blank in the enjoyments of his friends not easily to be supplied." Mr. Lonsdale has left a widow and family, in very easy circumstances. One of his sons pursues his father's profession, has visited Italy, and promises to become a distinguished artist: the *Literary Gazette* has repeatedly spoken of his merits with due praise.

THE DRAMA.

THERE has been no novelty in the theatres. Tuesday Her Majesty went in state to Drury Lane; and last night to Covent Garden. From the wild beast show at the former, and the play commanded at the latter, the jokes have christened our youthful Queen "The Lady of Lions." We wish we could see the great cause of the national drama patronised as it ought to be by the crown, the government, and the higher orders of society. That cause has been nobly vindicated, and its vindicator deserves every support in his still arduous undertaking.

Haymarket Theatre.—A good audience assembled at this theatre on Wednesday evening, to witness the performance of *Fra Diavolo* and *High Life below Stairs*, by amateurs. The music of the opera was very well executed, and several encores rewarded the efforts of the actors. The farce also was applauded, and seemed to amuse much. We should select from the *dramatis personæ*, Lord Allosch, the two brigands, and my lord duke's servant, as possessing talents worth cultivating for the stage.

The *St. James's* theatre, under Mr. Hooper, opens on Monday with an effective company, and some more wild beasts; "a forest of them," say the bills.

Sadler's Wells.—*Oliver Twist* and the capital pantomime have done wonders at Sadler's Wells: but a still greater attraction was produced on Monday; it is called *The One Crime*, and is adapted from the play in which Mlle. Rachel is said to be thrilling the hearts of the Parisians. Mrs. Honner is very touching as the *President's Daughter*, and, we fancy, no bad substitute for the extraordinary original.

VARIETIES.

H. B.—The prolific humour of H. B. entitles him to our continual notice; not as party writing, but as chronicling good jokes, at which we know the principal persons caricatured laugh as heartily as any of the public. Here are no fewer than five novelties (No. 568 to 572), to greet the meeting of parliament. *First*, "A Deserter;" Lord Durham in handcuffs, marched between the grenadiers, Wellington and Melbourne, with Brougham as rear guard, in light-infantry equipments. The various expression of the countenances is admirable. *Second*, "The Disowned;" John Bull, a beadle, bringing a child labelled "Letter to the Queen," to Lord Brougham's door, who confesses to "misfortunes of the kind," but disclaims. Two ladies (perhaps the queen and one of her court) perceive a strong likeness, and exclaim, "Oh, the naughty man!" Whoever wrote this said letter, it has been a lucky hit for the author to have it attributed to so high a name, for it

has sold it largely. *Third*, "A Coachman wanted—Candidates for the Place." John Bull is the looker-out; Brougham, Durham, Wellington, and Melbourne, the candidates. Here, also, the attitudes, expression, and label-conversation of the candidates, are excellent. *Fourth*, "The Dis-Organist;" Lord Durham at the organ, singing, "Fury! Rage! Despair!" Lord Melbourne, with the Queen on one side, shocked at the discord; Lord Brougham and Mr. Roebuck on the other, blowing the bellows, and rejoicing in putting the player's pipes out of tune. There is not so much in this, as in *Fifth*, "Comic Pantomime and curious Metamorphosis," one of the most ludicrous compositions of the series. The Queen, at the door of Windsor Castle, changing, under Harlequin's wand, into the Crown Tavern, and House of Call for Cabinet Makers, is surrounded by Lord Melbourne as Harlequin, Lord J. Russell as Columbine, Lord Palmerston as Pantaloon, and Lord Morpeth as the Clown. The whole scene is most grotesque; and the characters executed with infinite drollery.

Blagrove, Gattic, Dando, and Lucas's concerts, we observe, begin on Thursday; the second announcement of the concert season. The opera will not open till near the end of February: about the 22d is mentioned.

Nelson Tribute.—The designs in competition for the Nelson monument will, we hear, be placed together in some spacious hall or chamber, and submitted to the judgment of the committee and public criticism.

The Mackenzie Manuscripts.—The Rev. Mr. Taylor is still progressing in his labour with these manuscripts. He is evidently most indefatigable, and prosecutes his task of examination and collation with a zest that overcomes all its irksomeness.—*Oriental Herald*.

Growth of the Sugar-cane.—The schooner *Ulitea* had arrived from the Society Islands, having brought up a cargo of sugar from Otahite. This beautiful little island, last year, produced one hundred tons of this article, and this year it will be nearly double, as the growth of the cane is in its infancy: the sugar is said to be of a very excellent quality. When the settlement at Moreton Bay is thrown open for location, we entertain little doubt but that we shall be able to cultivate sufficient cane, in the warm latitudes to the northward of that place, as will in a few years supersede the necessity of sending to a foreign port for a cargo. The canes imported from the Mauritius by a Mr. Mayo, and planted at Moreton Bay by that gentleman, are said to thrive well, and will, no doubt, at a future day, be the germ of vast fields of this valuable article of domestic consumption.—*Ibid*.

Another Seasonable Con.—Why is Mr. Murphy, the almanac-maker, the most hardy man alive?—Because he is out in all weathers. May we not add, after this, that Murphy is the most weather-beaten man in the world?

Encore.—Why is a pilot-coat not like Murphy?—Because the one is *weatherwise*, and the other is *otherwise*.

Another.—Why is a man who drives fast up hill, like a man who makes a young lady a present of a young spaniel?—Because they both give a gal-a-pup.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

In the Press.

Mr. Colburn has announced, *inter alia*, the Life of Petrarch, by Thomas Campbell, Esq.—Diary of the Rev. J. Ward, A. M., Vicar of Stratford-upon-Avon, from 1648 to 1678. From the Original Manuscript in the Library of the Medical Society of London. Edited by Dr. Charles

Severn. [This is the MS. which contains the notices of Shakspeare; and which, having seen, we can state to be very curious and interesting.—Ed. L. G.]—Private Correspondence of James Vernon, Esq., Secretary of State to King William III. With Charles Talbot, duke of Shrewsbury, from 1696 to 1708. Edited from the originals by G. P. R. James, Esq.—Memoirs of Queen Henrietta, consort of Charles I. From Original Manuscript—David Garrick and his Contemporaries. By Theodore Hook, Esq.—Memoirs of the Life of M. G. Lewis, Esq.—Political Portraits. By Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer—Woman and her Master. By Lady Morgan—Travels in Egypt, the Holy Land, &c., in 1835. By Prince Puckler Muskau—Personal Adventures of Captain D. O'Brien, R. N., during the late war. Written by himself—The Two Baronets, a Novel. By Lady Charlotte Bury—Tahna and his Theatrical Contemporaries—The Romance of Fair Rosamond. By the Author of "Royston Gower" (T. Miller).

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Treatise on Geology, by J. Phillips, F.R.S. Vol. II. (forming Vol. CXI. of the "Cabinet Cyclopædia.") fcap. 6s.—The Poetical Works of Letitia E. Landon, a new edition, vol. fcap 8vo. 28s.—Goethe's Correspondence with a Child, and Diary, 3 vols. post 8vo. 18s.—Dr. R. Harrison's Surgical Anatomy of the Arteries, new edit. 12mo. 9s.—Dr. J. Owen on Treatment of Persons apparently Dead, 8vo. 1s. 6d.—Facts upon Agriculture and Incautious Legislation, by W. Dixon, 8vo. 2s. 6d.—The Weather Guide, or an Index to the Barometer, by W. H. B. Webster, 1s. 6d.—Catalogue of the Syriac MSS. in the British Museum, folio, 12s.—Dissertations on Subjects of Science, being the concluding Vols. of Paley's "Natural Theology," by Lord Brougham, 2 vols. post 8vo. 18s.—Reports of the Meetings of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, by G. R. Clarke, royal 8vo. 6s.—The Centenary of Wesleyan Methodism, by T. Jackson, post 8vo. 6s.—Axel; a Poem, from the Swedish of E. Tegner, by R. G. Latham, 8vo. 2s. 6d.—The Child of the Atlantic, by C. Adams, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—Horne's Introduction to the Scriptures, 8th edit. 4 vols. 8vo. 3s. 3s.—Ditto, Supplement to the 7th edit. 8vo. 2s. 6d.—Ditto, Manual of Bibliography, 8vo. 12s.—The Pyramids of Gizeh; Part I: the Great Pyramid, by Perring and Andrews, 52. 5s.—Our Wild Flowers, by L. A. Tansley, coloured Plates, post 8vo. 21s. more, 4s.—The Memoirs of a Beloved Sister, by A. Reed, D.D., 3d edit. 12mo. 6s.—Gutzlaff's Three Voyages to China, 3d edition, post 8vo. 7s.—The Sunbeam, Vol. I. 4to. 5s.—E. J. Parbury's Lecture on the Formation of the Mind, fcap. 1s. 6d.—The Romance of the Harem, by Miss Pardoe, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.—Surgeon's Vade Mecum, by Druitt, fcap. 8s. 6d.—Hades, &c.; Poems, by W. B. Scott, 12mo. 3s.—Martin's Conveyancing, Vol. III. Part I.: Precedents by Davidson, royal 8vo. 12s.—Memoirs of J. Bannister, Comedian, by J. Adolphus, 2 vols. 8vo. 28s.—Encyclopædia Metropolitana: Third Division: History and Biography, Vol. IV. 4to. 2l. 2s.—Poetical Works of Percy B. Shelley, in 4 vols. fcap. Vol. I. 5s.—Defence of Paley's Moral Philosophy, in Answer to Whewell and Sedgwick, by the Rev. C. Neville, post 8vo. 4s.—Ricardi Divisensis, with English Notes, by J. Stevenson, 8vo. 7s. 6d.—Turner's Chemistry, Part III. No. 1. 3s. 6d.—The Prince and the Pedlar, by the Author of "The Harem," &c. 3 vols. post 8vo. 24s.—Hood's Comic Annual, 1839, 12s.—The Cicerone of Rank and Fashion of the Metropolis, 3s. 6d.—Articled Clerk's Assistant, fcap. 6s.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1839.

January.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday . . . 24	From 27 to 43	30.42 to 30.32
Friday . . . 25	37 .. 49	30.05 .. 29.80
Saturday . . 26	30 .. 39	30.04 .. 30.10
Sunday . . . 27	27 .. 35	30.21 .. 30.13
Monday . . . 28	25 .. 37	29.98 .. 29.63
Tuesday . . 29	27 .. 37	29.52 .. 29.12
Wednesday 30	16.5 .. 31	29.11 .. 29.00

Winds, N.E. and N.W.

Except the mornings of the 28th, 29th, and 30th, cloudy, rain on the 25th, snow on the 26th and four following days, raining very fast on the evening of the 29th.

Rain fallen, .335 of an inch.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have to acknowledge No. I. of "Argus, or All my Eye," which seems bitter enough upon the individual who has advertised a new journal under the first name.

We have to acknowledge a small plaster bust of the composer of "Guillaume Tell" (published by L'Almanac and Co.), which seems to us to be a very good likeness, with, as might be expected from the art, the organ of music prominently developed—the lower portion of the countenance being, however, fat and sensual.

A Subscriber will find a packet at the *Literary Gazette* Office; the Editor having perfectly satisfied himself, and being always happy to aid a just literary object.

We have this week devoted so much to the one subject of the new art of painting, that many other matters must be excused for "mained rates."

ERRATUM.—P. 60, 9 lines from bottom, col. 2, for "convenience," read "inconveniences."

ADVERTISEMENT,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

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I am, Gentlemen,

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Dissertation on Subjects of Science connected with Natural Theology; being the concluding Volumes of the New Edition of Paley's Work.

By Henry Lord Brougham, F.R.S., &c.
2 vols. 12mo. London, 1839. Knight and Co.

LORD BROUGHAM is an extraordinary person. With a mind of almost unparalleled activity, what were severe labours to other men seem to be but amusements to him, and the toils of philosophy only agreeable relaxations. Dr. Mayo observes,

"It is often important, that the individual should be furnished with a collateral pursuit; an object, independent of his calling. And this consideration points to an advantage of unprofessional education, often too little considered. To bring up a young man exclusively to the pursuits which his active tendencies point out as appropriate, is often to leave him without any resource against the terrible shocks to which his character exposes him. But the operations of the intellect may be made available here, provided it be cultivated in those studies which are remedial to his peculiar failings. Thus a classical or scientific pursuit kept open in his closet, has often beguiled the anxiously ambitious statesman out of the regrets, the dependencies, and the disappointments, which his moral temperament involves."

This strikes us to be eminently illustrated by all Lord Brougham's various publications,—in *belles lettres*, in criticism, in severe science, and in none more than the present production, a very curious and interesting inquiry into subjects of extreme nicety and difficult investigation. The fine bounds which divide (if they be divided) Instinct from Reason are examined in the first volume; than which, one more pleasing and instructive it has seldom been our lot to peruse.

Animal Instinct and Human Reason! Such is the theme; but with all his acuteness, with all his ability, with all his powers, who is it that discusses the question? A man! If lions were to paint human beings, Van Amburgh would not, perhaps, strut his hour upon the stage such a hero as he now shines forth in the journalism of the day. And this is worthy of note. We apply reason to the investigation of *instinct*; and hence a multitude of errors, misconceptions, and false conclusions, are likely to result. It is like trying one language by another; the drama by geometry. Suppose animals were capable of bringing their instinct to the consideration of human intellect; there would probably be a very different view of the matter. The eagle, darting his glance from near the blazing sun over five hundred miles of the earth's surface, would laugh to scorn the visionary visions of man,—his experiments on light, his cribbed topography, and his aerostatics. The vulture or the pointer would ask, What does he know of the sense of smell; can he scent the carcass from afar, or can he track his food or his foe with unerring certainty through the intricate windings of a tainted region? The poor little fly would deride his highest microscopic efforts: and, in short, the brutes would

hold that, with the possession of his senses in so imperfect and inferior a degree, it were impossible that his reasoning faculties could carry him to any thing like the accurate knowledge which belonged to their more gifted natures. Providence endows no living creature with qualities which are not for necessary and useful purposes. Look, then, at the pig, the groveling and despised. We will not assert (as others have done as well as Hudibras) that it sees the wind; but endeavour to impress on our readers an idea of what must be the great extent of its attributes, of its occasions, and of its powers, from a reflection upon the extent of its voice. From the deepest base to the shrillest treble in the diatonic scale, and far beyond any scale that ever music attempted to measure, that animal, between the grunt and the squeal, must express a countless number of emotions or ideas. Else would not such compass have been given to it. And yet Reason can form no estimate of the Instinct thus indicated, no more than the instinct of the pig can inform it what man has learned in mathematics or astronomy.

This may be somewhat of the *ad absurdum*, but it does not affect the validity of our position, that Reason may not be the surest medium to apply to for the sake of understanding the strange phenomena and inexplicable wonders of Instinct.

But we must not dwell on fancies of our own, especially when we have so captivating a task before us as that of exhibiting a few (and regretting that they must be so few) examples of Lord Brougham's work.

It is in the shape of a dialogue between his lordship and Lord Althorp; and will, in this respect, remind classic scholars of one or more of the finest models of ancient literature. The first book sets out with facts (we are not quite sure that they are all sufficiently authenticated) relating to Instinct; and the second treats of consequent theories. The third rises higher into animal intelligence (facts, as before); and the fourth theorises thereon. Notes on these dialogues and on the glowworm, and observations upon the cells of bees, conclude this volume. Of Instinct, we are thus told:—

"A. You have been speaking of instincts in the plural; of course you do not mean to be taken literally, as admitting more kinds of mental instinct than one.—B. Certainly not; any more than when speaking of the mental faculties I admit of more minds than one, or more parts than one of a single mind. This last form of speech has been so used, or rather abused, especially by the philosophers of the Scottish school, accurate and strict as they for the most part are, that they seem to treat the mind as divided into compartments, and to represent its faculties as so many members, like the parts of the body. But it is one thing or being perceiving, comparing, recollecting,—not a being of parts, whereof perception is one, reasoning another, and recollection a third; so instinct is one and indivisible, whatever we may hold it to be in its nature, or from whatever origin we may derive it. This thing, or being, is variously applied, and operates variously. There are not different instincts, as

of building, of collecting food for future worms, of emigrating to better climates; but one instinct, which is variously employed or directed. I agree with you, however, that we have now done something more than merely clearing away the ground. We have taken a first step, or, if you will, laid a foundation. We have ascertained the peculiar or distinctive quality of instinct, and that which distinguishes it from reason. It acts without teaching, either from others, that is, instruction, or from the animal itself, that is, experience. This is generally given as the definition or description of instinct. But we have added another peculiarity, which seems also a necessary part of the description; it acts without knowledge of consequences; it acts blindly, and accomplishes a purpose of which the animal is ignorant."

Such are Lord Brougham's broad opinions; and though we pause and doubt, we cannot enter into a controversy about any of these arguments. For instance, whether Instinct does or does not act without teaching either from others; that is, instruction, or from the animal itself, that is, experience. To be sure, if you go further, you call it something more than instinct; and something more than instinct can be but little less than reason, if it be not identical. Again, can what we choose to denominate instinct be cultivated? We do not doubt it for a moment. All domesticated animals prove it. The association with man converts instinct into something so nearly resembling reason, that we can call it simple, natural, common instinct, no longer. There is memory—there are imagination and dreaming—there are adaptations of means to ends, which, when compared with the acts of the same species in wild and (if we may use the word) uncivilised conditions, shew such an advance both in instruction and experience, that it is very difficult to believe all to be one and the same instinct.

These, however, are very desultory thoughts (as, indeed, this notice must, with our limits, of necessity be); and, to vary it, we will extract a specimen of the political humours with which the author has thought fit to enliven his inquiry.

"B. Beginning with laying aside those actions of animals which are either ambiguous or are referable properly to reason, and which, almost all philosophers allow, shew a glimmering of reason; and confining ourselves to what are purely instinctive, as the bee forming a hexagon, without knowing what it is, or why she forms it; my proof of this, not being reason, but something else, and something not only differing from reason in degree, but in kind, is from a comparison of the facts, an examination of the phenomena in each case—in a word, from induction. I perceive a certain thing done by this insect, without any instruction, which we could not do without much instruction. I see her working most accurately without any experience, in that which we could only be able to do by the expertness gathered from much experience. I see her doing certain things which are manifestly to produce an effect she can know nothing about; for example, making a cell, and furnishing it with carpets and with liquid, fit to hold and to cherish safely a tender grub, she never having seen any grub, and

* In a little volume just published, entitled "Elements of the Pathology of the Human Mind."

knowing nothing, of course, about grubs, or that any grub is ever to come, or that any such use—perhaps, any use at all—is ever to be made of the work she is about. Indeed, I see another insect, the solitary wasp, bring a given number of small grubs, and deposit them in a hole which she has made, over her egg—just grubs enough to maintain the worm that egg will produce when hatched; and yet this wasp never saw an egg produce a worm, nor ever saw a worm—nay, is to be dead long before the worm can be in existence; and, moreover, she never has in any way tasted or used these grubs, or used the hole she made, except for the prospective benefit of the unknown worm she is never to see. In all these cases, then, the animal works positively without knowledge, and in the dark. She also works without designing any thing; and yet she works to a certain defined and important purpose. Lastly, she works to a perfection in her way; and yet she works without any teaching or experience. Now, in all this she differs entirely from man, who only works well, perhaps at all, after being taught—who works with knowledge of what he is about—and who works, intending and meaning, and, in a word, designing to do what he accomplishes. To all which may be added, though it is rather, perhaps, the consequence of this difference, than a separate and substantive head of diversity, the animal works always uniformly and alike, and all his kind work alike; whereas no two men work alike, nor any man always, nay, any two times, alike. Of all this I cannot, indeed, be quite certain, as I am of what passes within my own mind, because it is barely possible that the insect may have some plan or notion in her head implanted as the intelligent faculties are: all I know is the extreme improbability of it being so; and that I see facts, as her necessary ignorance of the existence and nature of her worm, and her working without experience; and I know that, if I did the same things, I should be acting without having learned mathematics, and should be planning in ignorance of unborn issue; and I therefore draw my inference accordingly as to her proceedings.—A. Come, come, Master B., I begin to surround you, and drive you from your original position, maintained both now and last summer, about the impossibility of defining. Have you not, as nearly as possible, been furnishing a definition? At least, are not the materials of definition brought together which you deprecated, and would have us reserve to the last?—B. Patience, good man, patience! What is this to what you have gone through? Fancy yourself once more in the House of Commons, on the Treasury bench, listening to———A. God forbid!—B. Or suppose yourself again in Downing Street, with Drummond announcing a succession of seven deputations, or of seventeen suitors.—A. The bare possibility of it drives me wild. Why, to convert you to the most absurd doctrine I could fancy, to make you swallow all the Zoonomia whole, and believe that men derive their love of waving lines and admiration of finely moulded forms from the habit of the infant in handling his mother's bosom, or even to drive you into a belief that the world was made by chance, would be an easy task, compared to the persuading any one suitor, at any one of the offices, that you had any difficulty in giving him all he asks, or convincing any one of those seven deputations that there exists in the world another body but itself.—B. Or to convince any one man, who ever asked any one job to be done for him, that he had any one motive in his mind but the public good, and

which he was sacrificing his private interest. I remember M. once drolly observing, when I said no man could tell how base man are till he came into office, 'On the contrary, I never before had such an opinion of human virtue; for I now find that no man ever drops the least hint of any motive but disinterestedness and self-denial; and all ideas of gain or advantage is the only thing that none seem ever to dream of.' But now compose yourself to patience and discussion, take an extra pinch of snuff, walk about for five minutes, a distance of five yards and back, with your hands in your breeches pockets, and then return to the question with the same calmness with which you would have listened to a man abusing you by the hour in parliament, or with which you looked an hour ago, in the Castle farm, at the beast you had bred, and which by your complacent aspect I saw you had sold pretty well."

Of the *Facts*, too, we will quote an example:

"B. In the forests of Tartary and of South America, where the wild horse is gregarious, there are herds of 500 or 600, which, being ill prepared for fighting, or indeed for any resistance, and knowing that their safety is in flight, when they sleep, appoint one in rotation who acts as sentinel, while the rest are asleep. If a man approaches, the sentinel walks towards him as if to reconnoitre or see whether he may be deterred from coming near—if the man continues, he neighs aloud and in a peculiar tone, which rouses the herd, and all gallop away, the sentinel bringing up the rear. Nothing can be more judicious or rational than this arrangement, simple as it is. So a horse, belonging to a smuggler at Dover, used to be laden with run spirits and sent on the road unattended to reach the rendezvous. When he descried a soldier he would jump off the highway and hide himself in a ditch, and when discovered would fight for his load. The cunning of foxes is proverbial; but I know not if it was ever more remarkably displayed than in the Duke of Beaufort's country; where Reynard, being hard pressed, disappeared suddenly, and was, after strict search, found immersed in a water-pool up to the very snout, by which he held a willow-bough hanging over the pond. The cunning of a dog, which Serjeant Wilde tells me of, as known to him, is at least equal. He used to be tied up as a precaution against hunting sheep. At night he slipped his head out of the collar, and returning before dawn put on the collar again, in order to conceal his nocturnal excursion. Nobody has more familiarity with various animals (besides his great knowledge of his own species) than my excellent, learned, and ingenious friend, the Serjeant; and he possesses many curious ones himself. His anecdote of a drover's dog is striking, as he gave it me, when we happened, near this place, to meet a drove. The man had brought 17 out of 20 oxen from a field, leaving the remaining three there mixed with another herd. He then said to the dog 'Go, fetch them;' and he went and singled out those very three. The serjeant's brother, however, a highly respectable man, lately sheriff of London, has a dog that distinguishes Saturday night, from the practice of tying him up for the Sunday, which he dislikes. He will escape on Saturday night and return on Monday morning. The serjeant himself had a gander which was at a distance from the goose, and hearing her make an extraordinary noise, ran back and put his head into the cage—then brought back all the goslings, one by one, and put them into it with the mother, whose separation from her brood

had occasioned her clamour. He then returned to the place whence her cries had called him.

"A. The 'Letters on Instinct' mention a cat which had been to the West Indies, and on the ship returning to the port of London, she found her way through the city to Brompton, whence she had been brought.—B. That is a work I have often wished to see, and never been able to get. Dr. Hancock quotes it for one of the most remarkable proofs of sagacity and resource in the goat, and this operation has been, it seems, observed more than once. When two goats meet on a ledge bordering upon a precipice, and find there is no room either to pass each other or to return; after a pause, as if for reflection, one crouches down and the other walks gently over his back, when each continues his perilous journey along the narrow path."

Returning once more to the more essential matter contained in the volume before us, we must, for the present at least, conclude, with one of the most comprehensive passages we can pick out as a general specimen of the *Dissertation*.

"B. First of all, be pleased to observe that many philosophers altogether deny, even to man, the power of forming abstract ideas. The dispute of the Nominalists and Realists, so well ridiculed by Swift, or rather by Arbuthnot in 'Scriblerus,' is as old as metaphysical inquiries, under one name or another. They consider it impossible for us really to form these abstractions, and hold that we only are using words and not dealing with ideas, just as you seem to think we do in algebraical language. Mr. Stewart is among those who conceive that we think in language. My opinion, if against such venerable authority I may venture to hold one, is different. I think we have ideas independent of language, and I do not see how otherwise a person born deaf, and dumb, and blind, can have ideas at all; which I know they have, because I carefully examined the one of whom Mr. Stewart has given so interesting an account. Indeed, he has recorded the experiment of the musical snuff-box, which I then made upon this unhappy but singular boy. But, next, I am to shew you that abstraction independent of algebra, or metaphysical reasoning altogether, is neither difficult nor painful. Without abstraction we cannot classify in any way, or make any approach to classification. Now, I venture to say, that no human being, be he ever so stupid, is without some power of classification, nay, that he is constantly exercising it with great care, and almost unavoidably, and acting upon the influences to which it leads. He can tell a man from a horse. How? By attending to those things in which they differ. But he can also tell a stone from both, and he knows that the stone is different from both. How? By attending to those things in which the two animals agree, and to those things in which they differ from the stone. So every person, having accurate eyes and the use of speech, can call a sheet of paper and a patch of snow both white; a piece of hot iron and of hot brick both hot. He has, therefore, the idea in his mind of colour and of heat in these several cases, independent of other qualities, that is, abstracted from other qualities; he classifies the white bodies together independent of their differences; the hot bodies independent of theirs; and he contrasts the white metal with the white snow, because they differ in temperature, without regarding their agreeing together in colour. All this is abstraction, and all this is quite level to the meanest capa-

city of men. But is it not also level to brute intellect? Unquestionably all animals know their mates and their own kind. A dog knows his master, knows that he is not a dog, and that he differs from other men. In these very ordinary operations, we see the animal mind at one time passing over certain resemblances and fixing on differences; at another time disregarding differences and fixing only on resemblances. Nay, go lower in the scale. A bull is enraged by a red colour, be the form of the body what you please. A fish is caught by means of a light, be it of any size or any form.

"A. I think we may go a step further; have not animals some kind of language?" At all events they understand ours. A horse knows the encouraging or chiding sound of voice and whip, and moves or stops accordingly. Whoever uses the sound, and in whatever key or loudness, the horse acts alike. But they seem also to have some knowledge of conventional signs. If I am to teach a dog or a pig to do certain things on a given signal, the process I take to be this. I connect his obedience with reward, his disobedience with punishment. But this only gives him the motive to obey, the fear of disobeying. It in no way can give him the means of connecting the act with the sign. Now, connecting the two together, whatever be the manner in which the sign is made, is abstraction; but it is more, it is the very kind of abstraction in which all language has its origin—the connecting the sign with the thing signified; for the sign is purely arbitrary in this case as much as in human language.—B. May we not add that they have some conventional signs among themselves? How else are we to explain their calls? The cock grouse calls the hen; the male the female of many animals. The pigeon, and the fieldfare, and the crow, make signals; and the wild horse is a clear case of signals. All this implies not only abstraction, but that very kind of abstraction which gives us our language. It is, in fact, a language which they possess, though simple and limited in its range.—A. As to the power of comparing, what is commonly called reason, *par excellence*, comprising judgment and reasoning, this needs not detain us very long. The facts here are not well liable to dispute. There is no possibility of explaining the many cases which we began by going over without allowing this power. They all prove it in some degree. Several of them show it to exist in a very considerable degree. The acts of some birds and monkeys cannot be accounted for by instinct; for they are the result of experience; and they are performed with a perfect knowledge of the end in view; they are directed peculiarly to that end; they vary according as the circumstances in which they are performed alter, and the alteration made is always so contrived as to suit the variation in the circumstances. Some of these acts show more sagacity, according to Mr. Locke's observation, than is possessed by many men. The existence of a comparing and contriving power is, therefore, plain enough. And, on the whole, I conceive that a rational mind cannot be denied to the animals, however inferior in degree their faculties may be to our own.

"The whole question is one of relations and connections. Adaptation—adjustment—mutual dependence of parts—conformity of arrangement—balance—and compensation—every where appear pervading the whole system, and conspicuous in all its parts. It signifies not in this view whether we regard in-

—We beg to refer to our theory on the pigs.—*M. L. G.*

stinct as the result of the animal's faculties actuated by the impressions of his senses, or as the faint glimmerings of intelligence working by the same rules which guide the operations of more developed reason, or as a peculiar faculty differing in kind from those with which man is endowed, or as the immediate and direct operation of the Great Mind which created and which upholds the universe. If the last be indeed the true theory, then we have additional reason for devoutly admiring the spectacle which this department of the creation hourly offers to the contemplative mind. But the same conclusion of a present and pervading intelligence flows from all the other doctrines, and equally flows from them all. If the senses so move the animal's mind as to produce the perfect result which we witness, those senses have been framed, and that mind has been constituted, in strict harmony with each other, and their combined and mutual action has been adjusted to the regular performance of the work spread out before our eyes, the subject of just wonder. If it is reason like our own which moves the animal mechanism, its modification to suit that physical structure and to work those effects which we are unable to accomplish, commands again our humble admiration, while the excellence of the workmanship performed by so mean an agent impresses us with ideas yet more awful of the Being who formed and who taught it. If to the bodily structure of these creatures there has been given a mind wholly different from our own, yet it has been most nicely adapted to its material abode, and to the corporeal tools wherewith it works; so that while a new variety strikes us in the infinite resources of creative skill, our admiration is still raised as before by the manifestation of contrivance and of expertness which every where speaks the governing power, the directing skill, the plastic hand. Nor is there upon any of these hypotheses room for doubting the identity of the Great Artificer of nature. The same peculiarity every where is seen to mark the whole workmanship. All comes from a supreme intelligence; that intelligence, though variously diversified, preserves its characteristic features, and ever shines another and the same."

Bremner's Excursions in Russia, &c.
(Second notice.)

THIS work will be in the hand of the majority of readers throughout the empire, and, not improbably, throughout Europe also. We have undoubtedly some, and very excellent, accounts of Petersburg already, but the observations of Mr. Bremner are in themselves so interesting, and in general so accurate, while the information they convey is upon subjects so important to the present and future position of England, that the slightest details of his book will be perused with avidity. The personal character of the Emperor Nicholas has never before been so fully laid open to the public, and the elaborate views of the Russian army and navy—points of such vivid inquiry at the moment—are given with a scrupulous care and fulness of detail, to which we are surprised to think any stranger, however acute and laborious, could have arrived in so short a time.

We do not intermeddle with politics certainly; but while such matters are on the tapis, we are induced to subscribe our quota of information in the shape of extracts.

We must premise, however, that the short period of Mr. Bremner's stay in Russia, and the difficulty of procuring intelligence upon various

matters, upon which he himself so strongly remarks, seem to have led him at times into error, especially in his political views.

Assam and its tea produce have recently occupied the public attention. In Russia they are supplied with an admirable article.

"The Russians are the most inveterate tea-drinkers out of China; and with such excellent tea as they have, the passion is quite excusable. Tea in Russia and tea in England are as different as peppermint-water and senna. With us it is a dull, flavourless dose; in Russia it is a fresh, invigorating draught. They account for the difference by stating that, as the sea-air injures tea, we get only the leaves, but none of the aroma of the plant, which left Canton; while they, on the other hand, receiving all their tea over-land, have it just as good as when it left the celestial empire. Be the cause what it may, there can be no doubt of the fact, that tea in Russia is infinitely superior to any ever found in other parts of Europe. Englishmen are taken by surprise on tasting it; even those who never cared for tea before, drink on during the whole of their stay in Russia. Like every thing else here, however, it is very expensive: the cheapest we saw even at Nishnei-Novgorod, which is the greatest mart in the empire, cost from 11 to 12 roubles (about 10 shillings) a pound; and when a bearded Russian wants to give a feast, he will pay as high as 50 roubles (2*l.*) for a pound of some high-flavoured kind of bohea. The difference between these and English prices, arises from the same cause as the difference in the quality—the long land-carriage, which is tedious and very expensive, through regions where there are neither roads nor resting-places. It should be stated, however, that, in travelling especially, no price will be thought too high for this, the only comfort of the wanderer in Russia. It banishes many a headache, and cheers under all the annoyances of a country which, by universal consent, is the most troublesome and fatiguing to travel in that can be visited. Tea may always be had at the inns in large towns, but being too dear an article for most of the country post-houses, every body should carry a stock for himself: we once paid 6*s.* 8*d.* for the tea necessary to make breakfast for four; but such a charge is rare. The Russian seldom eats with his tea; he never adds cream to it like the English; nor does he disgust people by making tea-drinking an excuse for tipping, like the Germans, who half fill their cup with brandy when they can get it. The only thing the Muscovite mingles with his tea is sugar, and sometimes a thin slice of lemon; and these being duly added, he sips the brown draught, not from a cup, but from a common drinking-glass, slowly and seriously, with all the solemnity of a libation."

Of the Emperor the account is well worthy of attention. Mr. B. says:—

"Before proceeding to state some facts illustrative of the character and policy of the Emperor Nicholas, it is but fair to confess that, like most of our countrymen, we repaired to his dominions with strong prejudices against him. All the accounts of his character current in other parts of Europe, are so universally unfavourable, that we regarded him as a cruel, relentless tyrant, with few redeeming qualities of any kind; and this, probably, is the idea entertained of him by ninety-nine out of every hundred foreigners who ever heard his name. Truth, however, compels us to avow that we found reason to modify our opinions concerning him. We will not acquit him from the charge of tyranny, but are now inclined to believe that

he is a tyrant from circumstances more than from disposition. He is the slave of a vicious system—tied to a course from which, as yet, he has not been able to break loose. The worst excesses he has been guilty of arise from an ungovernable temper, which, by nature sufficiently strong, has been further strengthened to such a degree by the long exercise of unchecked, uncontrolled authority, that now it often bursts out in the most fatal ebullitions. His defenders assert, however, that when the passing madness has subsided, he is the first to regret, and, if possible, to atone for what has been done. They will not allow that the stern, we might say the cruel system of discipline, which prevails in the fleet and the army, and extends to officers as well as privates, can with justice be attributed to him; for it is not of his creating, but has been handed down from the time when Russian officers were really as barbarous as Russian privates; and he continues it, because, from his military education, he believes it to be the best. In fine, those who know him most intimately assert, that, however violent he may be under the fits of passion alluded to, he is not tyrannical on system, or from innate fierceness of disposition.

“What is aimed at in these pages, is simply to communicate a few facts illustrative of the character of the man on whom the eyes of all Europe are at this moment fixed,—on whom the peace and welfare of the world are more dependent than they ever before were on a single individual, at any period in the long history of human society. The Emperor of Russia has but to say the word, and the flames of war shall burn more universally than they have ever done even in our warlike day—in Europe, in Asia, in America—wherever there is a right to acquire, or a heart to defend. In all parts of the earth, the elements of discord are lying prepared, with a profusion only too unsparing and too ominous; nothing is wanting but the reckless hand to place the torch to the pile, and in one short month the blaze shall be as wide and as fierce as the fellest enemy of our race could desire.

“There is nothing either in the attainments or measures of the czar, to justify his admirers in holding him up as a man of extraordinary, nay, almost superhuman talent. That he possesses restless activity of mind and body—and in a degree which in a monarch may be not unnaturally mistaken for genius—no one will deny; but we have never discovered in him any other qualities that entitle him to be considered as much above the ordinary average of human character, and certainly none that can entitle him to be pronounced, as he has sometimes been, the greatest genius, the master spirit, of our age. His most prominent qualities, we should say, are decision and firmness; quickness in devising expedients to meet the unforeseen emergencies of the moment, and steadiness in enforcing them. Next to these is the excess of his passion for reducing every thing to military uniformity. This propensity degenerates almost to a weakness: it is his great aim to give the whole empire the appearance of an encampment. This passion is so well known, that the very children in the streets are made to affect the air military, strutting about in a white cap with red band, *à l'empereur*. On entering a school, the boys and girls rise in files, to salute you after the military fashion, and march out as if wheeling to the sound of life and drum. In the very prisons a dash of the corporal's discipline is visible; and, even in the hospitals, you would say the old nurses ape the imperial guard.

The emperor's private habits and general style of living are extremely simple; and the delight which he takes in the society of his children is boundless. Those who have seen the imperial family in their private moments, when free from the constraint of pomp and ceremony to which princes are slaves before the world, speak of them in terms of rapture. An English gentleman who was honoured with many opportunities of entering the august circle, says, that more happiness, more affection, more simplicity, it would be impossible to conceive. The unconstrained and innocent amusements of their evenings, contrasted delightfully with the notions usually formed of imperial family scenes. In short, from all that he beheld, it appeared that a kinder husband or a better father than Nicholas does not exist. The emperor, too quick not to perceive what was passing in the mind of his guest as he mused on the scene before him, said one evening, stamping his foot and grinding his teeth, as the unpleasant thought rose to his mind, ‘I know that I am unpopular in England. They hate me, because they think me a tyrant; but if they knew me, they would not call me so. They should see me in the bosom of my family!’ The way in which the imperial family live at some of the country palaces, is also extremely unostentatious; as may appear from the following anecdote:—A stranger, who was rambling on the shores of the bay near Peterhof, entered the grounds of what he took to be the villa of some nobleman employed in the neighbouring palace. Meeting with no obstruction in the beautiful walks, he explored them in every direction, and was at last proceeding to get round to the other side of the mansion, to a position where he expected to enjoy an extensive sea-view. In order to effect his object, it was necessary to come nearer the windows than he had intended. At one of them, which was open, with a rich flower-plot before it, sat a lady dressed in the simplest white, and holding in her hand a book, which fortunately engrossed her attention so deeply, that he was able to withdraw without disturbing her. Until he came on the sentinel, whom he had not previously seen, he never suspected that the lady on whom he had been allowed to intrude, and whom he had seen surrounded with as little pomp as a private gentlewoman, was none else than the empress herself. In person the emperor is tall and well made. Few men of his height (six feet two inches) display such grace and freedom of carriage. In fact, his appearance is so superior, that many have bestowed upon him the wide and not easily disputed compliment of being ‘the handsomest man in Europe.’ Being one of the best horsemen of the time, he is never seen to more advantage than when mounted on his favourite steed. Accustomed to command, and to see his commands obeyed with crouching submission, he has acquired the air and mien of majesty more completely than any sovereign of the age. His eye has a singular power: its fierce glance can awe the turbulent, and, it is said, has disarmed the assassin. His manners, however, are far from those of the despot; nothing can be more winning than his attentions, where he wishes to please. No man ever seemed to possess more strongly the power of removing, from those who have access to him, the prejudices which may have been previously entertained against him. The Russians, it is said, see little of his fascinating powers; towards them he dare not be familiar without exciting jealousies which would be fatal to the empire. It is on strangers, passing visitors, that he

lavishes his amiability, for with them it can be done without danger, and he is too anxious to stand well with the rest of Europe to allow a foreigner to leave him under an unfavourable impression. Never was even imperial flattery more successful in attaining its aim: the raptures with which his condescension, his frankness, his courtesy, are spoken of by all who come near him, would indicate that it is not merely the emperor but the man who triumphs.

“With the common soldiers he is highly popular; but it is, above all, among the *moosiks*, the good-hearted fellows with the beards and sheepskins; in other words, it is by the great body of the people that he is most beloved. He never appears in public without being greeted by rapturous welcome as soon as he is discovered: until our own fair queen ascended the throne, there was no sovereign in Europe whose appearance was hailed with such joy by the people. Individual cases of oppression are overlooked in his general kindness. His anxiety to find out, and generosity in rewarding, humble merit, go far in reconciling the poor to his political measures. He is also kind and familiar with them on all public occasions: at the great summer *fête* of Peterhof, where thousands of the people are assembled, he dances and capers amongst them, as merry and free as any goat of them all.

“His health is of the most robust kind; being, doubtless, greatly aided by the activity of his habits. He thinks nothing of accomplishing in a couple of weeks a journey which ordinary people would take months to perform. Indeed, generally, among Russians, distance is never taken into calculation when there is question of travelling. In setting out on a five-hundred miles' excursion, therefore, as if it were but a drive to dinner, the emperor is but doing what most of his subjects would do. The people of St. Petersburg always know when he is in the capital, by looking whether the flag be flying on the palace or not; it is hoisted only when the emperor is there. Some mornings, when it has unexpectedly disappeared, they will be told that he is already many hundred miles away, having started in the night in consequence of some sudden intelligence. After the reviews of Kalisch, he posted off through Silesia and Bohemia, and was in the chambers of the imperial family at Vienna before a courier could have arrived to announce his visit. About the time we were leaving Russia, he accomplished a tour to Moscow and Nishnei-Novgorod; then, after visiting Kasan and many of the eastern provinces, came to Little Russia, holding reviews and levees at a great many places by the way; yet he was back again in the capital, from this three or four thousand mile survey, within a few weeks. He is the only Russian emperor whose travelling habits ever corresponded with the extent of his dominions: he drives literally *centre à terre*, and seldom fails to accomplish twelve miles an hour, even on the unmade roads of the south. His path is generally marked by dead horses. On these occasions he never encumbers himself with retinue or escort: his own light droschky, with six horses, and a similar vehicle following with an aide-de-camp, ready to be sent off right or left, constitute the whole of the imperial train. For such an impetuous traveller, railroads are the only suitable path. He has, accordingly, already got one formed between St. Petersburg and Tzarkoie-Celo (opened since we left Russia), and talks of continuing it all the way to Moscow. There being already, however, a beautiful macadamised road

on this long line, it is not likely that he will actually attempt a railroad also; but it is highly probable that the first roads which will ever be established in the other parts of the empire, especially to the south and east of Moscow, where there are now no roads worthy of the name, will be railways, for which the level nature of the country makes it highly suitable. Russia sometimes gains by being behind her neighbours. She has waited long for roads; but may now, at once, get the very best. Notwithstanding the parade made in Germany and France about railroads, there have been greater wonders than that Russia, though she talks less about it, may still get before them in the march of iron. The emperor's habits in travelling, as, indeed, at all times, are extremely simple. He eats but little, and always of the plainest. The bed carried with him on these occasions is far from being too luxurious. It is similar to those seen in his bedrooms in the palaces, consisting simply of a hard mattress, on a light iron frame, exceedingly narrow. He carried the same kind of bed all through England. Though sufficiently small and uninviting, it is not quite so uncomfortable as the short fir-wood crib of his good father-in-law, the King of Prussia.

"The emperor's personal interference in almost every kind of business, though in general productive of good, occasionally does harm: it paralyses those who act under him. When any sudden emergency arises, they never know how far to go.

"He is so apt to be carried away by passion in debate, that words often entirely fail him. He has a way, however, of filling up the pause: in an interview with the French ambassador, the discussion became so warm that his majesty, chafed by opposition, at last, in the agony of unwilling words, summed up his arguments very intelligibly, by striking his hand with great violence on the table—a most impressive figure of speech. On another occasion, when hard pressed for a good argument, he rushed to the window, threw it open, and, pointing significantly to some regiments exercising below, clenched his reasoning with the words, '*Voilà ma garde; ce n'est que la vingtième partie de mon armée!*' The emperor knew well that, after all, force is the best *ultima ratio* of kings. Though not an enemy to literature nor to literary men, he is not distinguished by any particular taste for letters. His attainments, however, in all useful branches of knowledge—history, science, languages—are highly respectable. The only one of the imperial family spoken of as being at all literary, is the Grand-duke Michael, who is said to have written some able remarks, chiefly political, suggested by a visit to Naples many years since. So far as can be judged by mere outward acts, the emperor's respect for religion is very great. His devoutness while in church is extreme. Some say his part is here overacted; for there is no end to the bowings and salutations between him and the officiating clergy when the service is over. No saint's day, or formality of the church, is ever neglected by him; and in travelling, he never passes a steeple without crossing himself as devoutly as the yemitchik who drives him. The fervour of his superstition, if not of his devotion, is well shewn by a recent act, which is spoken of with great applause by the priests. He has added a new saint to the calendar. It appears that some holy man who lived a hundred years ago, had left this earth in all the odour of sanctity, but amid the more exciting subjects which occupied men's minds at that time, his fame was soon forgotten. Lately, however, wonderful things had been performed

near the place where he lies interred, in the government of Voronezh: a talk went forth of the sick being cured, the lame restored, merely by visiting the favoured spot. All this, in due course, came to the ear of the emperor, who forthwith canonised him: and now, to the great edification of the ignorant, his bones are performing miracles every day among the thousands who are flocking to the shrine.

"In nothing is the vigilance of the emperor's police more actively displayed, than in its severity in all that concerns the press. Books, and publications of every kind, are under the strictest censorship. Not a line can be printed, not even the prices of tallow and sugar, without the permission of government. As to any thing like free discussion in the newspapers, it is out of the question in a country where, as already mentioned, few newspapers are allowed except the official organs of the ministry. In regard to the admission of foreign journals, however, there is more liberality than we were prepared for. All the German newspapers of any repute are to be seen at the clubs.

"The only French newspaper which we met with was the '*Journal des Débats*;' and the only English one permitted in public places is the '*Morning Post*.'

"Knowing that the stage is also under a strict censorship, we were not a little surprised to see a piece performed, which, though we could not understand the dialogue, was evidently very severe on the malpractices of some government functionaries. It is called the '*Reviser*,' and is meant as a satire on the practice of taking bribes, which is so prevalent among Russian functionaries. A young spendthrift, reduced to his last sixpence, is mistaken in a provincial town, to which he had removed, for the important personage sent down to revise the accounts of tax-collectors, government contractors, &c. No sooner has this misapprehension become general, than his prospects are completely changed. Wealth, in the shape of bribes, pours in upon him so fast, that he knows not how to dispose of it. One person offers him a hundred pounds to let his books pass unexamined. Another brings double the sum, to purchase his silence about an acknowledged deficit. A third great man puts his castles and horses at his disposal, and a fourth gives him his choice of his daughters in marriage, with the promise of a rich dowry to increase the charms of the favoured fair. In short, all goes so prosperously, that our hopeful youth, from being the most despairing, begins to be the most arrogant of men. Yet such things, it appears, are too common in Russia not to be understood and relished by the poor taxpayers, at whose expense all this is done. Now all this freedom on the part of a dramatist, surprised us greatly in a country where we did not expect to hear the smallest allusion on the stage, at least in the way of censure, to any thing connected with government; but the mystery was solved, when we were assured that, numerous and powerful though they be, the class alluded to in this piece had not been able to procure its suppression, for the very good reason that it had found favour in the eyes of the emperor, who comes to laugh at it as often as any grumbling liberal in all St. Petersburg. He patronises it because it aids him in a part of his policy, which will be discussed after we have offered a few remarks on the influence which the example of the court exercises on the nobles of the empire."

Here, for the present, we must stop.

Our Wild Flowers familiarly Described and Illustrated. By Louisa Anne Twamley, author of the "*Romance of Nature*," "*Flora's Gems*," &c. The Plates engraved after the Author's Drawings. 12mo. pp. 312. London, 1839. Tilt.

THIS is a singularly beautiful volume, both for illustrations, prose, and poetry, and whimsically graceful. We take the following as sentimental:—

"*The Daffodil.*"

I wandered lonely, as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.
Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched, in never-ending line,
Along the margin of the bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.
The waves beside them danced, but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay
In such a joyful company.
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth to me the show had brought.
For oft when on my couch I lie,
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude.
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

The following is of a livelier cast:—

"*Pride and the Poppies; their Grandeur and Fall.*"

'We little red-caps are among the corn,
Merrily dancing at early morn,
We know that the farmer hates to see
Our saucy red faces—but here are we!
We pay no price for our summer coats,
Like those slavish creatures, barley and oats;
We don't choose to be ground and eat
Like our heavy-head neighbour, Gaffer Wheat.
Who dare thrash us, we should like to know!
Grind us, and bag us, and use us so!
Let meaner and shabbier things than we
So stupidly bend to utility!
So said little Red-cap, and all the rout
Of the Poppy-clan set up a mighty shout!
Mighty for them, but if you had heard
You had thought it the cry of a tiny bird.
So the Poppy-folk flaunted it over the field;
In pride of grandeur they nodded and reeled;
And shook out their jackets, till nought was seen
But a wide, wide shimmer of scarlet and green.
The Blue-bottle sat on her downy stalk,
Quietly smiling at all their talk.
The Marigold still spread her rays to the sun,
And the purple Vetch climbed up to peep at the fun.

The sun went down, and rose bright on the morrow,
To some bringing joy, and to others e'en sorrow,
But blithe was the rich rosy farmer that morn
When he went with his reapers among the corn.

Forth went they betimes, a right merry band,
The sickles were glancing in each strong hand,
And the wealthy farmer came trotting along,
On his stiff little pony, 'mid whistle and song.

He trotted along, and he cracked his joke,
And chatted and laughed with the harvest-folk;
For the weather was settled, barometers high,
And heavy crops gladden'd his practised eye.

'We'll cut this barley to-day,' quoth he,
As he tied his white pony under a tree;
'Next the upland wheat, and then the oats.'
How the Poppies shook in their scarlet coats!

Ay, shook with laughter, not fear, for they
Never dreamed they too should be swept away;
And their laughter was spite, to think that all
Their 'useful' neighbours were doomed to fall.

They swelled and bustled with such an air,
The corn-fields quite in commotion were,
And the farmer cried, glancing across the grain,
'How those rascally weeds have come up again!'

'Ha! ha!' laughed the Red-caps. 'Ha! ha! what a fuss
Must the poor weeds be in! how they're crying us!'
But their mirth was cut short by the sturdy strokes
They speedily met from the harvest-folks.

And when low on the earth each stem was laid,
And the round moon looked on the havoc made,
A Blue-bottle propped herself half erect,
And made a short speech—to this effect:

'My dying kins-folk, and fainting friends,
The same dire fate alike attends
Those who in scarlet or blue are dressed,
Then how silly the pride that so late possessed

Our friends the Redcoats! how low they lie,
Who were lately so pert, and vain, and high!
They sneered at us and our plain array;
Are we now a whit more humbled than they?

They scorned our neighbours:—the goodly corn
Was the butt of their merriment eve and morn,
They lived on its land, from its bounty fed,
But a word of thanks they never have said.

And which is the worstest now, I pray?
Have ye not learned enough to-day?
Is not the corn sheafed up with care,
And are not the Poppies left dying there?

The corn will be carried and garnered up
To gladden man's heart both with loaf and cup;
And some of the seed the land now yields
Will be brought again to its native fields,

And grow and ripen, and wave next year
As richly as this hath ripened here;
And we poor weeds, though needed not,
Perchance may spring on this very spot.

But let us be thankful and humble too,
Not proud and vain of a gaudy hue;
Ever remembering, though meanly dressed,
That usefulness is of all gifts the best."

The Romance of the Harem. By Miss Pardoe, author of "The City of the Sultan," "The River and the Desert." &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1836. Colburn.

MISS PARDOE assures us that these are tales either truly Turkish, or on the true Turkish model. They are not like some we have seen; but if the plentiful use of Turkish words, "Ne oldou," "Mashallah," "Khoosh geldin," "Khoja," "Taib," "Bahastun," "Ajaib," "Alhemdallelah," "Ne istersiniz," "Inshallah," "Ne apatum," "Yavash," "Hai hai," "Chok chay," &c. &c. &c., mixed with English dialogue, make Turkey patter and character, we have surely enough to satisfy the Grand Seigneur himself. The stories themselves are not without interest, though occasionally rather wire-drawn; and we give the conclusion of one of the best, "The last Janissary," as a sample of the whole.

"The eyes of Yusuf did not close in sleep during that long, long night: but he lay upon his rude cushions, buried in sweet and retrospective thought. All the proudest days of his strong youth passed in array before him, and he remembered the high aspirations and ambitious hopes with which he had been used to colour his existence. Hastily he reviewed the hour which prostrated his fortunes—he could not bear the memory—and with a smile, mingled with a tear which would not be suppressed, the picture terminated with the fair creature who was pillowed on his bosom—the victim of her holy and earnest love! The morning dawned at length—the blessed day was come which was to restore to the heart and arms of Yusuf the friend of his manhood; and the hour was yet early at which the aged Fatma started on her anxious expedition. She tarried long—or it seemed long to the weary watcher whom she had left: but when she came, the tale she had to tell repaid him for all his suffering. Kindly and courteously had the Bey received her; again she had eaten of his pilkash, and drank of his cup; he had listened to all the story of Yusuf's sufferings, and vowed on the Koran to terminate them. Already had he asked a boon of the sultan, who had smiled upon his suit: and Fatma felt that the boon could be no other than the pardon of his friend. Affairs of state detained him; but, his duty done, he would hasten to the presence of the captive, soon to be so no longer; and meanwhile a slave had followed the footsteps of the old woman, and then returned to his master, to serve him as his guide. Again and again did the happy Fatma tell her tale; and the theme was still unchanged when a heavy stroke on the door of the house summoned her to receive the expected guest; and, hastily snatch-

ing a shawl from the sofa, and folding it about her face, she descended to draw the bolt. There was the silence of a moment: and the heart of Yusuf beat high as he sprang from the floor to meet his friend; 'He is here, Sairyn; janum—my soul, he is here!' he exclaimed, with a burst of his former joyousness—but his transport was short-lived. A piercing shriek rang from below—it was the voice of Fatma; and in another moment the tramp of many feet sounded upon the stairs! In an instant the yataghan of Yusuf was in his hand, and he stood glaring like a roused tiger, in the direction of the sound. 'Too late!' he shouted in his despair: 'Oh, that you had not tarried, my friend! my friend! Had you speeded, you might yet have saved me!' But as the agonised cry escaped from the lips of the doomed man, the generous dream was at an end; for, on the threshold of the chamber stood Tassin Bey, surrounded by a band of armed attendants. For a moment the arch-traitor paused, in doubt that the wretched object before him could indeed be Yusuf Aga! For a moment he remained paralysed with horror as he gazed upon the gaunt and haggard wretch, who, with elflocks hanging matted upon his shoulders, and a tangled and loathsome beard depending to his girdle, his cheeks sunk and hollow, and his eyes bright with a fierce and blinding light, met him midway of the apartment; his weapon raised over his head, and his blue and livid lips parted above his fast-clenched teeth! Ere he had recovered his horror, Yusuf struck. With a yell like that of a hunted savage, his weapon was buried to the hilt in the heart of one of the party who had advanced a step in front his comrades; and it seemed as though the blow had loosed the spell which had bound the senses of their leader; for ere the desperate Aga could withdraw his weapon, the bey had pronounced the fatal word, and instantly a score of his followers rushed upon their victim. But the soul of Yusuf appeared to have called back its strength in his last moment of trial, and he struggled like a demoniac. Suddenly there was a frightful gushing groan—a heavy fall—and he lay senseless at the feet of his persecutors! Yet no steel had touched—no cord had polluted him—he lay bathed in blood, but it had gushed from his mouth and nostrils! Nature, so long neglected, had been overtaken in this hour of passion, and he had burst an artery. When they raised him up, he was beyond their power. Allah, in his own good time, had taken to himself the last of the Janissaries!"

A Collection of National English Airs, consisting of Ancient Song, Ballad, and Dance Tunes, interspersed with Remarks and Anecdotes, and preceded by an Essay on English Minstrelsy. The Airs harmonised for the Piano-forte, by W. Crotch, Mus. Doc., G. A. Macfarren, and J. Augustine Wade. Edited by W. Chappell. Part I. 4to. pp. 60. London, 1838. Chappell; Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

THE Scottish music occupied us so largely in our last, that we could not bestow even the few words we proposed upon these English airs, which we hail with pleasure, as a reproduction of some very fine, very old, and far too much forgotten melodies. "That the people of England (say the editors) have in all ages delighted in secular or social music, can be proved by a thousand testimonies. The scalds and minstrels were held in great repute for many ages, and it is but fair to infer that the reverence shewn to them arose from the love and esteem in which their art was held. The Romans, on their first

invasion of this island, found three orders of priesthood established here from a period long anterior. The first and most influential were the Druids; the second, the Bards, whose business it was to celebrate the praises of their heroes in verses and songs, which they composed and sang to their harps; and the third were the Eubates, or those who applied themselves to the study of philosophy. The northern annals abound with pompous accounts of the honours conferred on music by princes who were themselves proficient in the art; for music had become a regal accomplishment, as we find by all the ancient metrical romances and heroic narrations—and to sing to the harp was necessary to a perfect prince, and complete hero!"

Elsewhere it is said:

"It has been too much the fashion with us, to pay little attention to our own tunes; and the last importation has been generally the best received; so that want of encouragement has been justly complained of by our native musicians in all ages, and not less so at the very time when we might have challenged competition with any other nation in Europe. Even the materials of the present work are in some degree drawn from foreign sources, and in particular from two collections of English airs, the one printed at Haarlem,† in 1626, and the other at Amsterdam,‡ in 1634, in which are to be found several melodies, acquiring additional interest from being mentioned by Shakspeare, by Isaac Walton, &c., and might have been sought for in vain at home. The existence, however, of two such collections a century before any published collection of Irish or Scotch, is a proof that, though lightly esteemed by ourselves, English airs must then have been held in considerable estimation abroad; and as public attention has been gradually turning to the old English ballad, since Dr. Percy first led the way,—as madrigals have been recently revived, and heard with pleasure, and even the national country-dance has been again introduced at court,—it is hoped that the present moment may prove auspicious for a publication of this description; more especially since the indifference with which the pursuit has been generally regarded, has caused a difficulty in procuring the necessary works of reference, which would only become greater by further delay."

The following extracts are also interesting:—

"In the year 1338, when Adam de Orleton, bishop of Winchester, visited his cathedral priory of St. Swithin in that city, a minstrel named Herbert was introduced, who sung the song of Colbrond, a Danish giant, and the tale of Queen Emma delivered from the ploughshares (or trial by fire), in the hall of the prior Alexander de Herriard. The fondness of the English (even the most illiterate) to hear tales and rhymes, is much dwelt upon by Rob. de Bruune, in 1330. All rhymes were then sung to the harp: even Troilus and Cresside, though almost as long as the *Æneid*, was to be 'redde, or else songe.' It may not be amiss to remark here, that no poets of any other country have made such frequent and enthusiastic mention of minstrelsy as the English. There is not an old poem but abounds with the praises of music. All our old poets, and Chaucer particularly, seem

* "By Henry Lawes (so highly eulogised by Milton), by Matthew Locke, author of the music in 'Macedon,' and numerous others. Lawes set to music the initial words of a catalogue of books, and, passing them off as a song newly imported, ridiculed the success with which it was received by the public."

† "Neder-Landische Gedenck-clank door Adriaenus Valerius." The words are all Dutch, but the tunes are acknowledged by the title 'Engelsche Stemmen.'"

‡ "Frische Lust-hof, door Jan Jans. Starter." In this collection the words are also Dutch, but the tunes have their names in English."

to have received great pleasure from the music of their time, whatever it was; and never lose an opportunity of describing its beauties and effects. In Adam Davy (or Davie), a poet in the time of Edward II., we find the following lines:—

'Mery is the blast of the stynoure,
'Mery is the touching of the harpoure.'

It is worthy of remark, that in his poem of 'The Life of Alexander,' occurs the well-known rhyme, and which, Warton says, 'is perhaps the true reading:—

'Mery swithe it is in halle,
When the berdes watech all'

And in another place we have:—

'Mery it is in halle to here the harpe;
The mynstrelles syng, the jogelours carpe.'

In the celebrated poem called the 'Vision of Pierce Plowman,' by Robert Langlande, a secular priest, and a fellow of Oriel College in Oxford, about 1360, we find the following reproachful and eccentric lines against some who were ignorant of the minstrel art:—

'They can (know) no more mynstrelsy ne musyke men to glad,

Than Mundle the milner, of mutte fecit Deus'

And further on the following lines:—

'Tham* was I as fayne,† as foule, of faysr morow,
And glader thes‡ the gleman‡ that gold hath to gyfte."

"It will not perhaps be deemed impertinent to observe, that about this period the minstrels were often more amply paid than the clergy. In this age, as in more enlightened times, the people loved better to be pleased than instructed. During many of the years of Henry VI. particularly in the year 1430, at the annual feast of the fraternity of the Holie Crosse, at Abingdon, a town in Berkshire, twelve priests each received four pence for singing a dirge: and the same number of minstrels were rewarded each with two shillings and four pence, besides diet and horse-meat. Some of these minstrels came only from Maydenhithe, or Maidenhead, a town at no great distance, in the same county. In the year 1441, eight priests were hired from Coventry, to assist in celebrating a yearly obit in the church of the neighbouring priory of Maxtoke; as were six minstrels, called Mimi, belonging to the family of Lord Clinton, who lived in the adjoining Castle of Maxtoke, to sing, harp, and play, in the hall of the monastery, during the extraordinary refection allowed to the monks on that anniversary. Two shillings were given to the priests, and four to the minstrels: and the latter are said to have supped in *camera picta*, or the painted chamber of the convent, with the sub-prior, on which occasion the chamberlain furnished eight massy tapers of wax."

To the discussion of the subject of church music we shall only refer the reader, as, indeed, we must to the whole of this brief essay of twenty pages on the rise, progress, and decline of minstrel art. With regard to the tunes here reproduced and preserved, it is, of course, beyond our power to offer any example of them: all we can say is, that we have been greatly moved and delighted by most of them. The association of ideas to which they give rise is of a very gratifying kind. In illustrating them we are often referred to "A Handefull of pleasant Delites, containing sundrie new Sonets and delectable Histories in divers kinds of Meeter, newly devised to the newest tunes, that are now in use to be sung, everie Sonet

* "Then." † "Cheerful." ‡ "Bird."
§ "Than. It is somewhat singular we have reversed the ancient spellings of the adverb *then* and the conjunction *than*."
|| "Harper, or minstrel."

orderly pointed to his proper tune, with new additions of certain Songs to verie late devised Notes, not commonly knowen, nor used heretofore, by Clement Robinson and diverse others. At London, printed by Richard Ihones: dwelling at the Signe of the Rose and Crowne, near Holburne Bridge, 1584."

Of No. XIX. we have the following account, which may serve as an example of the rest, amounting to sixty in all:—

"From our Base Invaders. A sort of Hymn, which appears to have been written at the time of the threatened invasion of the Spanish Armada, and is here given from a manuscript in the possession of — Pearsall, Esq., bearing the date of 1588. The mixture of devotion and defiance in the words forms a curious sample of the spirit of the times.

'From our base invaders,
From wicked men's device,
O God! arise and aid us,
And crush our enemies.
Sink deep their potent navies,
Their strengthen'd spirit break;
O God! arise and help us,
For Jesus Christ, his sake.
Though cruel Spain and Rome
With heathen legions arm,
O God! arise and help us;
We will perish for our home;
We will not change our Creed
For Pope, nor Book, nor Bell;
And if the devil comes himself,
We will drive him home to hell."

Corn-Law Agitation: its Causes and Consequences, by Barnett Blake. Pp. 16. (London, G. Mann, Riley, Southgate, Foster, and Hentall.) A short but pithy exposition, highly Conservative, and strongly anti-ministerial. The writer maintains that all "the masses," whether agricultural or manufacturing, would be deeply injured by a repeal of the Corn Laws.

A Few Facts on the Corn Laws, defending the Agricultural Interest. By Arthur Aschpittel. Pp. 27. London, 1839. Richardson.

ANOTHER strong statement in support of the agricultural population; from which an extract may best speak its character. After noticing all the abuse and obloquy thrown on landowners &c., the writer says:—

"How stands the fact? What is the amount of their extortion? It is easy to make assertions, but let us come to figures. We know nothing of the matter practically, except in buying a loaf. Now out of the money paid for that quarter loaf (about eleven-pence) how much does the landlord get? One would suppose at least three-fourths. A half? Four-pence? Three-pence? No! the abused landlord does not get a penny—no, nor even a half-penny—out of the value of the quarter loaf. I will shew by dry figures the stubborn fact, that if every landlord was to be deprived of his land to-morrow by the confiscation of a committee of public safety, or dragged to the guillotine by a maddened populace, and all rents at once extinct, and the whole land free, the quarter loaf could only be reduced one farthing and a fraction of another. Here are the figures. It is easily investigated. The rent received by the landlords for corn land throughout the whole of England, averages but 15s. per acre. This acre will produce from 3½ to 5 quarters of corn. I have heard of 6, and even in some cases 8 quarters being grown, but this is on superior lands. However, the amounts I just stated are the ordinary crops, and I will call the average so low as only 4 quarters per acre, to keep within the mark. A load of wheat will produce 6½ sacks of flour, and of course taking the 4 quarters we shall have 5½ sacks of flour as the produce of an acre—the sack of flour ought to make, at full weight and without adulteration, 100 4 lb. loaves—and of course, by the common rule of three, you will find that 520 loaves are the produce of an acre. The landlord finds

the acre of ground on which these are grown, and receives 15s. for it; this you will find is only a farthing and about a half-farthing for each loaf. And these are the extortioners, these are the grasping men who squeeze the tenant to the last shilling, and grind the poor till the whole country cries for vengeance!

"I am not one of those who advocate one side, one interest alone. I have already stated that I think it is the duty of a good government to protect all classes within its power. I like the maxim 'Live, and let live.' I know that bread is too dear, and I will now endeavour to point out some of the reasons why it is so. The first cause is that the speculators have the markets in their power. Men who have not a foot of land, and who do not contribute a single energy to the production of a single loaf, get more, far more, than the man who finds the land to grow it on.

"It would be useless to explain the present scale of corn laws; it is well known, that the duty rises as the price falls, and falls as the price rises—an equitable provision as it seems to me—for the public are preserved from the horrors of scarcity, and the farmer shielded from the ruinous effects of what political economists rejoice to designate 'gluts.' It is clear if a person buys a quantity of wheat abroad at a low rate, withholds it from the market till, by manœuvring, he gets up the price, the duty falls on taking the average, and he then can pour his stock into the market at a low duty and high price, and realise a large fortune at the expense of the consumer. I can illustrate this on the best authority—personal experience."

Manufactures and Corn-Growers. Pp. 33. London, 1839, Porter and Wright; Simpkin and Marshall.

ANOTHER pamphlet on the same side, and taking very large views of our condition in comparison with the people in continental nations.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Dr. Ure's Dictionary of Arts, Manufactures, &c. Part VI. London, 1839. Longman, and Co.

DR. URE notices in this part that a very liberal addition of 200 pages of letterpress, and 240 engravings, will be made to this dictionary, without any increase of price. For the ability to do this, he expresses himself obliged to a confidential arrangement with Mr. William Newton, patent agent, and proprietor of the "London Journal of Arts, Sciences, and Manufactures:" permitting him to incorporate in his work many interesting details and illustrative figures of modern patent inventions and improvements. We need not observe how useful and valuable such information must be. The present part contains articles on gunpowder, hat making, hosiery, indigo, iron, Davy's lamp, and other interesting subjects.

The Ladies' Flower-Garden, No. II. By Mrs. Loudon. London, 1839. Smith.

MORE beautiful than, and equally interesting with, the first Number, we have here the *papaveracea* with many a learned name and delicate blossom. The plates are charming, and the descriptions very interesting.

The Prince and the Pedlar; or, the Siege of Bristol. By the Author of the "Heiress," the "Merchant's Daughter," &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1839. Bentley.

THE stirring times of the Cavaliers and Roundheads afford such ample scope for fiction, that we cannot wonder at so many novelists choosing that period of history for the base of their works. The author of the *Prince and the Pedlar* has

referred to the best authorities for the facts with which he has interwoven the romance, and the names of Clarendon, Aikin, Bengier, &c., are attached to explanatory notes. The story is amusing, and the interest well sustained to the end. Although, in truth, we could scarcely hope to see the hero again after he had had a "sword through his body, up to the very hilt."

However, we must not judge of the heroes of romance as of common people; the offspring of the writer's brain, they are, of course, as easily made invulnerable as not; and, in the present instance, we meet Sir Roland at the finale with great satisfaction. The disguised pedlar is a well-drawn character; and between the history and the mystery of these volumes, the lovers of either may pass some pleasant hours in their perusal.

The Naturalist's Library. Vol. VIII. Mammalia, by Dr. R. Hamilton, Conducted by Sir W. Jardine, Bart, &c. &c. Edinburgh, Lizars; London, Highley; Dublin, Curry and Co.

ANOTHER very admirable volume added to this popular work. It embraces the subject of amphibious carnivora, and is replete with scientific intelligence and singular relations of the habits, &c. of these animals. The plates are absolutely superabundant, and Mr. Lizars has treated them with a degree of genius almost unknown to such subjects. The wild northern land and ice-scapes, with turbulent seas and bird-spangled skies and shores, in which he has placed his various seals, walruses, &c., are beautiful. The sea-serpent is a perfect picture, if not a reality in natural history, and the kraken, why? it would make the fortune of a naval piece at any of our theatres. The letter-press also demands our very warmest praise.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ELECTRIC EEL.

[Hood's Electric Eel (see our last) ought to have illustrated this interesting subject; but we have given it as large a space as the curious nature of the experiments seemed to us to demand.]

An Inquiry into the Electro-Chemical Properties of the Torpedo. By le Père Santi Linari, Professor of Physics at the Imperial and Royal University of Sienna.*

(Abridged from *La Bibliothèque Universelle de Genève.*)

AMONG the natural philosophers who have investigated the electrical phenomena afforded by the torpedo, le Père Santi Linari holds a distinguished place. The "*Bibliothèque Universelle*" has already published the result of his researches in March 1836, at the port of Talamore; and in September of the same year, at the port of Saint-Etienne, both situated on the coast of the sea of Tuscany. The author, having extended and completed his labours in the same port of Saint-Etienne, during the month of October 1837, has had the goodness to communicate to us the results, from which we extract what follows.

Sect. 1. Electro-chemic currents produced in the body of the torpedo, by contact with oxydable metals.—When the organ of a torpedo, after having been wiped in order to remove the moisture which covers it, is touched or pressed with oxydable metals, electro-chemic currents are produced simultaneously with the usual electric discharge. The intensity of these currents is not capable of diminishing the effects produced by violent discharges, but it influences the appreciation of those occasioned by a

* When our own able investigator, Mr. Faraday, is pursuing his researches on the electric eel we possess in this country, it appears to us interesting to see what has been done where another accurate observer enjoyed so much better opportunities, and obtained such important results.—*Ed. L. G.*

discharge less energetic. These electro-chemic currents affect, more or less, the magnetic needle of a multiplicator of Nobili's, constructed by that celebrated natural philosopher, which le Père Linari has used in all his experiments. They depend on the extent of metallic surface brought into contact with the body of the fish; and on the intensity of the chemical action exercised upon it by the salt water, which always remains commixed with the glutinous humour of its skin. This moisture is the more inevitable, as the animal, at the moment of the experiment, frequently throws out of its gills a viscous liquid, which besprinkles almost the whole of its body. An experiment was made by means of two disks of copper, highly polished, of about three inches in diameter. They were pressed against the dried surface of a torpedo's body; upon which, independently of the discharge, and by the sole effect of the electro-chemic currents which manifested themselves in consequence of the contact, the needle of the galvanometer deviated from 30° to 90° , and even more; especially when the pressure of the disks was accompanied by slight friction. The same effects were obtained by two plates of any other oxydable metals; such as brass, lead, tin, unrefined silver; but it was necessary that they should be larger than the copper disks. On the contrary, le Père Linari could not obtain any deviation of the needle with points of a fork of good silver (of which he availed himself in March 1836, to draw the spark of induction from the torpedo); nor with two sheets of the same metal, very pure, especially when they had only a small surface; nor with sheets of gold; nor of copper gilt, although the points of contact were very numerous. These various experiments induced the author to terminate by two points, or two sheets, of pure platina, the tractors (*réophores*), which he used to draw from the torpedo the discharge, free from all mixture, and from the presence of electro-chemic currents. The needle of the galvanometer remained motionless when, with these two plates, two respective parts whatever of the torpedo's body were touched; or when, one of the plates resting on the surface, the other grazed the brain, touched or lightly pressed the nerves surrounding it, or was introduced into the mouth, and plunged into the œsophagus, or the ventricles of the animal. The result was the same whether the torpedo was living or dead, and whether its skin was dry or moist. Besides the instrument of which we have spoken, le Père Linari employed the following little apparatus, in order to study the effect of the passage of the current of the torpedo through distilled water. It consisted of a glass tube, 8 milligr. in diameter, full of the liquid, and closed at its two ends by a cork covered with Spanish wax. Each cork afforded passage to a platina wire, soldered in the interior of the tube to a plate of that metal, 26 milligr. long, and 5 milligr. broad. The free portions of the wire, which might be at pleasure brought together, or separated, furnished easy means of interrupting or re-establishing the circuit.

Sect. 2. Measure of the intensity of the currents of the torpedo.—To measure the intensity of the currents produced in the strong discharges of the torpedo, le Père Linari made use of M. Becquerel's electro-magnetic balance. For the purpose of ascertaining the relative intensity of the currents of strong and weak discharges, he had recourse to two of Nobili's instruments,—his comparing galvanometer, and his verificator, a thermo-electric pile, formed of 25 elements, and indicating a constant

difference of 36° for a difference of temperature comprised between thawing ice and boiling water. Of the various experiments made by means of these instruments we quote the following:—

Experiment 1st. A voltaic element was plunged, for twelve seconds, into a vessel three inches in diameter, containing seven décimètres of distilled water; the current produced caused the index of the balance to deviate $0^{\circ}.7$. Half the element was withdrawn from the liquid, which reduced the deviation to $0^{\circ}.25$. The corresponding weights necessary to re-establish the equilibrium were, the one 6 milligr., the other 2.25 milligr. For the galvanic current, was then substituted that produced by the discharge of a torpedo, $10\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter. The index deviated $0^{\circ}.25$, as above, was brought back to zero by the addition of a weight of 2.25 milligr. These experiments furnish the results.*

$$6 : 2.25 :: 5.35 : 1 \\ 2.25 = 2.25$$

whence it follows, that in comparing the intensities of galvanic currents with those of the torpedo, we have the result of equality in the one case; and 5.3 : 1, or, neglecting the fraction, 5 : 1, in the other. Thus the current occasioned by the discharge of the animal was five times less energetic than that produced by the voltaic element in complete immersion.

The professor formerly obtained different results from torpedoes which gave more intense discharges. This discrepancy may be explained by the fact, that, in the present instance, the animals were not in possession of their ordinary vigour. On the contrary, they were thin, and the state of their stomach shewed that they had frequently wanted food: circumstances attributable to the precocity of the winter, which had frozen the waters of the gulf, and to the northerly and westerly winds which had agitated them.

Experiment 2d. The current produced by a strong discharge from a torpedo, 9 inches in diameter, was made to pass through one of the four wires of the comparing galvanometer, and the index correspondent to that wire deviated 33° . In submitting to the same proof, currents less intense, emitted from a torpedo of smaller diameter, for three successive discharges, deviations of 10° , 8° , 5° , were obtained; the index having every time been brought back to zero. Now, Nobili's tables of the intensity of currents give:

$$\text{For the deviations } \dots\dots\dots 33^{\circ} : 10^{\circ} : 8^{\circ} : 5^{\circ} : \\ \text{The corresponding numbers } 227.09 \quad 12.81 \quad 9.4 \quad 5.2$$

Therefore, the measures of intensity of the currents discharged by the torpedoes experimented upon, are those expressed by the above numbers. Consequently, in comparing the first with the second, that is to say, in writing—

$$227.09 : 5.2 = 43.7 : 1$$

we have the result approximating to 44 : 1. From this it appears, that the intensity of the current of the first torpedo was 44 times greater than that of the last of the three currents given by the second.

Experiment 3d. A battery formed of 9 Leyden jars, presenting a total surface of 94 square inches, caused the deviation, by several successive discharges, of the index of the multiplicator and that of the comparing galvanometer, the one from 40° to 56° , the other from 1° to $1^{\circ}.5$. Small bundles of metallic points were used as exciters, and the discharges were made to pass through the cylindrical mass of distilled water contained in the small tube

* We report the numbers as le Père Linari has given them.

already mentioned. Now, as the galvanometers were placed in identical circumstances pending the instantaneous duration of the discharges; and, as the index denoted equal deviations for the slight shocks given by small torpedoes, or by large torpedoes enfeebled, it follows, that although each kind of current had a different origin, their intensity was equal in the circumstances of the experiment. If then, continues the author, the intensity of these little shocks of torpedoes, either small or enfeebled, or an ordinary electrical discharge which has caused to deviate, by a single degree, the index of the comparing galvanometer, is expressed by the number 277.09 (the number which we have found, in the second experiment, correspond to a deviation of 33°), we shall have, between the intensity of the one of the currents and that of the other, the relation of 1:277.09, or an approximation to 1:277. This reasoning shews that the shock given by the large torpedo, and which was very feeble, compared with that given by animals of its diameter, when they are full of vigour and life, was 277 times greater than the slight discharge given by the small torpedo, or by ordinary electricity.

Sect. 3. Calorific properties of electrical currents produced by the discharges of the torpedo.—In order to ascertain, in a sure and direct manner, the existence of calorific properties, in the currents of the torpedo, le Père Linari conceived the idea of introducing into the circuit a horizontal thermo-electric element, composed of bismuth and antimony, and soldered crosswise to the bulb of a very sensible Leslie's air-thermometer. The instrument was made on purpose, and under the eyes of the author, by M. Bertoni, a skilful mechanic attached to the university. The scale was divided into centigrade degrees. Thanks to the delicacy of this excellent thermometer, the Sienna professor attained the double object which he contemplated. First, to confirm the discovery made by him, in September 1836, of the calorific properties of the circular currents which issue from the upper surface of the torpedo's organ; secondly, to establish the existence of the same properties in the discharges which cause the currents, and direct them from the brain to the lower surface of the animal. The latter manifest themselves, when in order to produce the discharge, the platina *réophore* is applied to some one of the pairs of nerves which belong to the encephalic lobe of Flourens, and especially (which is more remarkable) to that, the ramifications of which are principally directed to the operculum, to the gills, and to the electrical organ. The experiment succeeded with a great number of torpedoes, with which both circles of currents were thus studied. The following is the series of effects which every discharging stroke produced on the thermometer. The terms which are preceded by the signs + or — indicate the temperature, sometimes positive, sometimes negative, produced by the currents, accordingly as they passed from the antimony to the bismuth, or to the bismuth from the antimony. We will adhere to this notation in all which remains for us to say.

Series of temperatures given by the current, which circulates from the brain to the lower surface of the electrical organ.

First series .. +0° 5', +2° 0', +1° 0', +0° 25';

Second series -1° 0' -1° 5' -0° 7' -0° 3'.

The highest temperature is +2°, the lowest -1° 5'.

Series of temperatures of currents which run from the back to the lower belly.

First series,

+0° 5', +1° 0', +1° 0', +1° 1', +1° 6', +1° 2';

Second series,
-2° 0', -1° 4', -1° 0', -1° 5', -1° 1', -2° 1'.
The highest temperature is +1° 6', the lowest -2° 1'.

The remarkable fish subjected to the experiment, having been excited in a continuous manner for about four minutes, frequently gave, one after the other, a certain number of discharges, taking between each of them only brief instants of rest. Le Père Linari, looking at this continued series of electrical jets as a current of an uninterrupted pile, conceived the idea of also comparing the temperatures indicated by the thermometer, of that description of currents, with those of continuous galvanic discharges. For that purpose, and according to the method previously described, he, for four minutes, caused the voltaic currents to pass, sometimes in one way, sometimes in the other, through the thermo-electric element which we have mentioned. The one gave for the maximum temperature +6°; the others, for the minimum temperature, -5°. He afterwards caused to pass, under the same circumstances, the currents of the torpedo, and obtained, for the two discharges, the following series of temperatures, in which every term is the sum of the effects produced on the thermometer by correspondent shocks, effected in the same space of time:—

First series .. +1° 0', +1° 25', +1° 2', +2° 3';

Second series -1° 0' -2° 5' -2° 6' -4° 0'.

The highest temperature is +2° 3', the lowest -4° 0'.

In comparing the highest and the lowest temperatures, produced either by the voltaic currents, or by those of the torpedo, the author deduced the results expressed in the two series of relations following. For the two currents going from the antimony to the bismuth, the relation is :: 6:2.5. For the two currents going from the bismuth to the antimony, the relation is :: 5:4. Thus, the relations between the temperatures produced by the current of the torpedo passing from the back to the lower belly, and by the voltaic current, would be $\frac{2}{3}$ in the one case, and $\frac{4}{5}$ in the other.

Sect. 4. Action of the electrical discharges of the torpedo upon the multiplicator.—The brain of three torpedoes was uncovered in the experiment: one had been dead an hour, the second was still living, and the third was dying, or had died shortly before. First, the electrical current produced by the discharge proceeded always from the brain to the lower surface of the organ. Secondly, the deviations were sensibly indicated by the multiplicator, when, as usual, the platina *réophore* touched the anterior pair of nerves of the encephalic lobe of Flourens. Thirdly, the three torpedoes communicated to the index of the galvanometer different deviations, in emitting a current directed from the same pair of nerves to the lower belly. The dead torpedo gave deviations of 5° to 12°; the living one of 95° to 110°; the third made the needle revolve four or five times.

Sect. 5. Coloured rings obtained on metallic plates by the discharges of the torpedo.—The whole of the observations, above described, made by le Père Linari, and with his own instruments, lead him to think, that the properties of the electrical currents of the discharge of the torpedo approach especially galvanic currents. With the intention of corroborating that opinion, he remarks, first, that there is a great analogy, almost an identity, in the effects which those currents produce on an animal; they benumb the part which receives the shock; secondly, that to estimate those currents, the tension of which is very weak, only a very delicate condensating electroscope must be employed; thirdly, that those currents experience an interruption in passing through distilled and

pump water, like ordinary galvanic currents; fourthly, and finally, that there is also almost identity in the ease with which they pass through galvanometric wires, even not varnished with gum lac. To justify this view of the subject, the author endeavoured to produce with the currents of the torpedo the coloured rings which L. Nobili had obtained with those of the pile. He used an apparatus similar to the one used by that illustrious natural philosopher; and succeeded, not only with large and vigorous torpedoes, but with an animal of small dimensions. The coloured rings, of clear and distinct prismatic colours, were easily obtained with the solution of acetate of lead. When they were produced on oxydable metals, they did not resist friction so well as Nobili's; but they adhered well to *cuteurs blancs*, the friction of the hand, or of cloth, not tarnishing their splendour. These experiments were tried several times, and always with more or less success; and induces le Père Linari to believe, that he shall be able hereafter to obtain uniform colours with strong and well-fed torpedoes. Those which he used in the whole course of his experiments were 44 in number, and of from about 5 to about 11 inches in diameter.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

FEBRUARY 6. Rev. W. Whewell, president, in the chair.—A paper, 'On a Probable Cause of certain Earthquakes,' by M. Louis Albert Necker, was read. M. Necker is of opinion, that the falling down of the roofs of caverns, made by the solvent or erosive powers of underground bodies of water, may account for some of those earthquakes which have no apparent connexion with volcanic action. The effects, he conceives, may be in part produced by the blow of the detached mass on the subjacent solid strata, and partly by vibrations in the air contained in the caverns. He mentioned, on the authority of M. Virel, an instance of a shock similar to that of an earthquake, felt in a coal-mine by the giving way of some subterranean works at the distance of a quarter of a league. He also noticed instances of effects exhibited on the surface of the ground by the sinking in of ancient mines, and he expressed a wish that records of such events should be preserved and published, for the sake of comparison with other phenomena. M. Necker referred to several printed lists of earthquakes, and shewed that some of them were felt in districts which, on account of their geological structure, may contain vast caverns. Among the documents of this nature, he included that of M. Rizzo. On comparing the dates of the shocks experienced near Nice with those of renewed energy in Etna and Vesuvius, he found that some of the earthquakes preceded, by very short intervals, powerful eruptions; but that in a great many instances they appear to have been quite independent of volcanic action, and that a considerable number of periods of activity, both in Etna and Vesuvius, had no effect on the country around Nice. He therefore thinks it is not improbable that that town may be placed within the influence of Etna and Vesuvius, and may have experienced earthquakes due to volcanic operations, but that standing on deposits which may contain caverns, many of the shocks may have resulted simply from internal subsidences: he is further of opinion, that some of them may have proceeded from a union of the two causes, the undermined surface having rendered perceptible slight volcanic operations which would not otherwise have been felt. M. Necker, from these and numerous similar data, concludes, that there are

three classes of earthquakes: one due to subsidence in the earth, another to volcanic agency, and a third to the union of the other two.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

LORD BRAYBROOKE in the chair.—The usual monthly meeting took place on Thursday afternoon. Balance carried to account, Feb. 1st, 1163*l.* 2*s.* 2*d.* Visitors to gardens and museum during January, 2890. The report stated that there was no doubt that the female giraffe in the Society's collection was with young. It further stated that the council had on Wednesday obtained, by purchase, a male chimpanzee. He is from eighteen months to two years old, and appears to be in good health.—Amongst the donations recently made to the Society is a hornet's nest, from Ceylon, presented by the Right Hon. S. M'Kenzie, the governor; it resembles an immense cone, five or six feet in length, and of corresponding circumference at the base: it contains innumerable little cells, like a honeycomb.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

FEBRUARY 1. Mr. J. E. Gray, president, in the chair.—After the ordinary business, Dr. H. A. Meeson read a paper 'On the Formation of Leaves,' denying the truth of their origin and nature as described in several elementary botanical works of considerable repute. Dr. M. disputes the stated fact that leaves are expansions of the bark. In exogens, he says, the bark is composed of two portions—an exterior coating of cellular integument, or the epidermis, and of an interior lining of woody fibre, called the liber, or inner bark. If leaves be expansions of the bark, they must either be expansions of the epidermis, of the liber, or of both. They cannot be of the epidermis, because they must then, of necessity, be composed entirely of cellular tissue, whereas they are known to abound in vascular. They cannot be of the liber, because, according to the theory of a plant being formed of a multitude of buds, or fixed embryos, each having an independent life, by the elongation of which upwards new branches are formed, and, downwards, wood and bark, their elongation being a development of leaves; leaves exist prior to the formation of bark, or liber, and, consequently, cannot be expansions of the liber. Nor, according to the other theory, attributing the formation of woody layers, &c. to the cambium, can leaves be expansions of the liber; because they must exist before any cambium can be formed, and of course long before any bark is formed—as by this theory, that substance is supposed to originate from the cambium. Neither in endogens can leaves be expansions of the bark, for if this were the case, that class of plants being destitute of bark, could have no leaves. In relation to this class, the arguments were amplified. In conclusion, Dr. Meeson considered leaves to be the essential parts of a plant; they exist in the embryo, and, by expanding and unfolding themselves, suck up sap through the radicles; and, having exposed it to the action of the air and light, convert a portion of it into "proper juice." A bud is a series of these organs arranged around an axis; and as this axis elongates, the leaves become removed from each other, and in their axilla, other buds are formed. A plant is nothing more than a multitude of buds, or fixed embryos, sending their roots downwards, to form the bark and wood. The leaves then should be considered the most essential part of the plant, from which all its other parts are either directly or indirectly formed; they are not expansions of any thing, but very important organs, having, as it were, a

distinct existence of their own. The reading of this paper led to a long discussion.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

CAMBRIDGE, January 31.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Honorary Masters of Arts.—The Hon. J. T. M. Sutton, Trinity College; Sir J. H. Lightham, Bart., St. John's College; A. L. Melville, Trinity College.
Doctors in Divinity.—Rev. J. W. Worthington, Trinity College; Rev. G. Dodsworth, Catharine Hall.
Bachelors of Arts.—M. S. Cole, Christ's College.
Bryan King, M.A., of Brasenose College, Oxford, was admitted *ad eundem*.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

FEB. 2. Sir George Thomas Stanaton, Bart. M.P. vice-president, in the chair.—The Secretary read an interesting review of the "Mukamat Hariri," with some extracts, translated into English, by Mr. W. F. Thompson, of the Bengal Civil Service. The review entered largely into the difficulty of properly appreciating such a work as the "Mukamat," of which the great beauty consisted in the style, which must necessarily disappear in a translation. The singular state of the literary society of Arabia, as it existed in the fourth century of the Hegira, was described, wherein the learned met in their various tribes for philosophical, religious, and literary discussion, and when men of talent and boldness wandered from city to city, contesting the palm of eloquence in every place they visited, and living upon the rewards lavished upon their merits. This condition of society naturally produced a set of idle and unprincipled, but talented men, who made such a mode of life their only profession; who were by turns saints, philosophers, and impostors; and who sometimes devoted their powers to the greatest, and sometimes to the meanest, of purposes. Such a one is the subject of the "Mukamat," named Abuzeid. This man, one of the most eminent of his line, "is conducted through fifty tales, embodying different scenes, characters, and participators, reappearing in as many different forms at the commencement of each; glimmering through the disguise as the matchless development of imposture proceeds, and revealed to us at the termination in all the dignity of his effrontery, the same unequalled adept in religion as in fraud." The end of the history of Abuzeid is curious, and characteristic of the superstitious creed of the Moslems. He is working on the feelings of the people of Bassora by touching appeals to heaven, and prayers for grace and pardon, all in the way of his profession, in order to reap a more abundant harvest of alms, when suddenly, against his wish, his petition is granted, and he becomes all at once a real saint; his deception is gone, and, with it, his trade. Abuzeid now returns to his native town, where he passes the remainder of his days in the austere and secluded practices of his religious duties. The stories are put into the mouth of Haris ben Hammam, who is the friend, and, at the same time, the dupe of Abuzeid; who admires him, and wishes for his society, and yet who never meets him without suffering in his purse for the pleasure of his company. Haris is himself a man of considerable literary acquirements, but greatly inferior to Abuzeid, who, at the end of each tale, when found out in imposing on his friend, carries it off with ease and indifference, or with a poetical apology which more than atones for the offence. Some extracts were given, translated in the peculiar metre and rhyme of the original, by which alone any thing like an idea of the work of Hariri can be communicated.

These translations are executed in a very spirited style, and evince much talent, as well as an extensive acquaintance both with the Arabic and English languages.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

MR. HAMILTON, V.P., in the chair.—Mr. Doubleday exhibited a figure in *terra cotta* of a recumbent female, about thirteen inches long, found in digging for a sewer in Fenchurch Street, about eighteen feet below the surface.—Mr. Agnew communicated an account of some Greek monumental inscriptions found in a family catacomb in Alexandria, accompanied by a plan of the catacomb, and copies of the inscriptions. They were dated early in the third century of the Christian era, and it was supposed that the persons referred to were Christians, and had shared in the persecution of Diocletian.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—Royal Geographical, 9 P.M.
Tuesday.—Royal Medical and Chirurgical, 8 P.M.; Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.; Society of Arts (Illustrations, Mr. J. Savage on centurion's fur Budge, &c.) 8 P.M.
Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 7 P.M.; Medical-Botanical, 8 P.M.; Literary Fund Committee, 3 P.M.; Graphic, 9 P.M.
Thursday.—Royal Society, 8 P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; Royal Society of Literature, 4 P.M.
Friday.—Geological (Anniversary), 1 P.M.; Royal Institution, 8 P.M.; Botanical, 8 P.M.
Saturday.—Royal Asiatic, 2 P.M.; Artists' Conversations, 7 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

PHOTOGENIC DRAWING.

AN esteemed friend of ours, advertg to the accounts of the New Art in our last, states, that thirty years ago he, in conjunction with two other artists, were earnestly engaged in making experiments similar to those we have described. He says, "Some of the results which we obtained from plaster of Paris casts, and from *lith*, although imperfect, were absolutely startling, and I hit upon a mode (by the aid of diluted nitric acid) of arresting the operation of the solar light, after it had accomplished all required of it. Eventually, however, the fatal circumstance that the effects produced were the reverse of true—that which ought to have been black remaining white, and that which ought to have been white becoming black—added to the pressure of our respective avocations, induced us to relinquish our attempts." . . . "A provoking thought has just struck me, which, if it had occurred in 1809, might, peradventure, have pleased me and my two friends in the position now occupied by Mr. Talbot and M. Daguerre. If, after obtaining an image on the muriate of silver, and preventing the further operation upon it of the solar light, we had exposed *that image* in sunshine, and had obtained *an image of the image* on a fresh field of muriate of silver, introduced into the camera obscura for the purpose, the whole effect of light and shade would have been rectified."

This is exactly what Mr. Talbot has done, as we noticed in the instance of his "View of Venice," from an engraving. And, *à propos* of the subject, we believe that it is the violet ray of light which is the most instrumental in producing the effects peculiar to "the New Art."

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

(Second notice.)

THE vulgar proverb declares that "second thoughts are best." It is a cowardly and pitiful piece of left-handed wisdom; and we have always regarded it with contempt. Nor let a

man's mind be in a healthy and properly disciplined state, and there is nothing like a first impression. So far is the assumption that second thoughts are best from being founded in fact, that we are persuaded the very reverse is the case; and that it might be much more confidently asserted that second thoughts are worst. How many noble and generous sentiments and projects have second thoughts chilled and degraded into grovelling and commonplace feelings and conduct!

Our second thoughts of the present exhibition at the British Gallery are not better than were the first thoughts, which we expressed last Saturday;—for they are the same. We think now, as we thought then, "that it is not only honourable to English art, but possesses pictures which no other school in the world could equal;"—a remark equally applicable to the pictures which have appeared before, and to those which are now, for the first time, presented to the public. For obvious reasons, we shall confine our particular observations principally to the latter.

It is our general usage to begin with the mantel of the North Room; but, while endeavouring to make our way to it, our attention was irresistibly diverted to a picture which we have already named; viz.

119. *Dogs*. E. Landseer, R.A.—In this striking and attractive performance, a fine Spanish bloodhound, and a Scotch wire-haired terrier, are represented looking from the door of their kennel in such perfect relief, as almost to amount to deception; added to which, the contrast between the animals is equally happy: the one gravely conscious of power, the other waspish and impertinent—we wonder he don't bark. As a work of art, it is enough to say that it is equal to any of the highly gifted artist's former productions.

Having escaped from this canine fascination, we shall now proceed more regularly.

2. *The Rival Performers*. J. Callcott Horsley.—Here are, belonging to one person, two names, neither of which we have ever thought of without respect and admiration. Mr. Horsley has illustrated the interesting story of the contest between the bird and the musician in a style of execution that must rank his performance in the first degree of excellence. The canvass represents an interior, which (like the charming picture by the same able young artist that we noticed two years ago), in brilliant colouring, and deceptive light, may vie with the best productions of Da Hooge. In this apartment are seen a beautiful female, and a youth—one of the rival performers, who has suspended his music. Both are attentively listening to the feathered vocalist; who, it is well-known, fell a victim to his honourable emulation;—the sad type of many a high-spirited human being.

1. *Basle, Switzerland*. G. Jones, R.A.—In this, as in similar subjects treated by Mr. Jones, we find the most perfect character of the picturesque, united with the most rich and fascinating style of handling.

11. *Anticipation*. T. Webster.—Of this title (as of some others in the catalogue) we should say to those who have not visited the gallery, "Do you give it up?"—you do! Well then, gentle reader, the anticipation is one which you have no doubt often indulged, and which, we trust, you will often indulge again,—the gratification of a good dinner. The feeling is here expressed, not by the silent though very intelligible twinkling of the eye of a confirmed gourmand; it manifests itself in the hearty glee of a group of young rustics,

who, from the door of their cottage, are eagerly watching the approach of a huge meat pie. While the expression is true to the life, the scenery is equally true to inanimate nature.

23. *Study of a Female Head*. Mrs. Carpenter.—Madonna-like and pensive in its character, the beauty and harmony of this lady's pencil have never been more successfully displayed than in the attractive work before us. Its freshness shows its recent execution; and time will enhance its value.

16. *Filatrice Sorrentino*. J. Inskipp.—Although similar in some respects to the characteristic studies of this artist, we have never seen any by him the flesh of which has been so transparent, and so carefully finished. It is throughout a brilliant and clear specimen of Mr. Inskipp's powers, both in effect and in colouring.

[To be continued.]

VIEWS OF WINDSOR AND ITS ENVIRONS.

We have seen specimens of a volume, preparing for publication by Mr. McLean, to be entitled "Windsor, with its surrounding Scenery, the Parks, the Thames, and Eton College, &c." Drawn in lithography, with the late improvements in the double tint, by J. B. Pyne." Windsor and its neighbourhood undoubtedly present many picturesque, magnificent, and charming subjects for the pencil; and, if we may judge from the specimens before us, the projected work will be worthy of the high reputation as an artist which Mr. Pyne has already acquired.

THE DRAMA.

We expressed a wish, in our last Number, that the legitimate Drama should be supported, as it ought to be, by the higher, and indeed by all orders in society; but we confess that we are not so greatly astonished at such a sentiment being as yet inadequately developed. Public feeling is generally, and, in matters of this kind, which do not appeal at once forcibly to the passions, always slowly matured. The stage had gradually sunk to so low an ebb, that the most strenuous efforts to turn the tide could only hope for a gradual rise. It had ceased to be a national concern, and, like a drowned body in which life is all but extinct, it required a world of trouble and exertion even to revive the lingering spark of existence. But also like the resuscitated corpse, when once again restored to animation, it will naturally assume all its former functions, and move, act, and have a being worthy of its high and important vocation. Thus, thanks to Macready, the personification in himself of the Humane Society, as far as the restoration of the Drama to life is implied, we have a National Theatre; and we have what no other nation can have, we have Shakspeare! Leaving the arena and the amphitheatre to wild beasts and giants (we mean no disparagement to the latter, who is perfectly in his place, and very amusingly employed at the Adelphi), it is, we think, of essential consequence to us, if we really believe what every body says of the Drama, that it should have some place of refuge, some stage, whereon to exhibit its moral attributes, "to hold, as it were, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure."

Unless this be an almost universal opinion, we have no right to call ourselves a highly civilised people, or, in fact, any other than a people degenerating, as the Romans of old

when they became devoted to cruel sports and spectacles, into dissoluteness and barbarism.

These thoughts presented themselves strongly to our mind on Friday evening, when we beheld our young, gentle, and sweet-looking Queen in her box at Covent Garden Theatre, and heard the shouts of her loyal subjects. All seemed to be order, and gracefulness, and beauty, and splendour, and generous sympathy. The house, thanks to the providence of its management, was not allowed to be crowded beyond its capacity, by disappointed and, consequently, noisy and boisterous spectators. Hence the idea of order amidst the tumults of applause. The sovereign herself won the admiration of all who saw her, by the quiet modesty of her demeanour and the unaffected simplicity of her countenance and looks. Hence the ideas of gracefulness and beauty. Her surrounding state-attendance of high nobility, and the rest of the boxes filled with the rank and fashion of our great metropolis, was grand and imposing. Hence the idea of splendour—of splendour unallied to barbaric pomp, and well befitting a free and wealthy country. And, lastly, the shouts from every portion of the house—from boxes, pit, galleries, and stage (the latter occupied by visitors who were permitted to offer this tribute of respect while the national anthem was sung), were of a kind to warm the coldest heart. Hence the most gratifying and glorious idea of all,—the idea of generous sympathy, between a very interesting Creature, set by Fortune upon the highest pedestal of humanity, begirt with cares and liable to sorrows—hence, we say, the idea of generous sympathy between that fragile form in which all the dangers of majesty are enshrined, and a manly, bold, and (with all their faults) a chivalrous and high-minded people.

If we are to continue witnesses of scenes like this, the Drama in its strength, its poetry, and its purity, must be sustained. No such feelings can be entertained in companionship with savage brutes, or in view of the emblems of that more savage treatment which must have overmastered their natures. Refinement cannot co-exist with brutality, nor amiable manners with rude pleasures, nor benevolence with depraved tastes, nor social happiness with demoralisation. Let us ponder these things, and consider what and how much are due to the Drama as one of the most obvious and popular means to a great and desirable end.

Having penned the foregoing remarks, warm from the pleasure we experienced on the occasion referred to, we cannot tell with how much regret we heard of the visit of her majesty on Monday to Drury Lane, to witness the public feeding of the ferocious animals exhibited there, as thus, with genuine showman slang, announced in the bills: "The Trained Animals, in their natural and most ferocious character, will be fed in presence of the audience." Surely this is ill-advised. It is not only an unequally, but a rude, not to say a vulgar spectacle; and most unfit to be countenanced by the royal presence of a youthful female. What are butchers' boys and bull-baiters to take delight in, if their congenial sports are thus to be made portion of the national drama?

"'Tis true, 'tis pity;
Pity 'tis, 'tis true."

The next step will be combats among the beasts, and then combats between them and men:—

It may be suggested, by-way of a change of attraction, after the new and disgusting course of feeding the beasts has ceased to attract, that the managers and a few biped performers should be put in the cage, and the wild lion let in to make them crouch, jump about, and gambol.

the last signs of a degenerate and brutalised people. What throne can desire subjects of this description; but if not, no sovereign should patronise and encourage such demoralising sights.

At the other house, the noble and affecting tragedy of *Lear* was performed, and we rejoice to say to a crowded theatre. What a contrast was here! The wide range of human passions laid bare by the master-spirit of the world; the deepest of human sympathies excited and exercised. The *Tamer* of human nature here displayed his marvellous powers; and the audience were taught to feel for virtue in distress, for age in misery, for loyalty in adversity, for filial piety, and gratitude, and affection sorely tried. Finally, to witness treachery punished and crime requited. These are lessons fit for the stage, and a rational people.

St. James's Theatre opened on Monday under a new management. There are beasts here also.

Adelphi.—*Jane Lomax*, adapted from Mr. Smith's novel of that name, was produced on Monday. It was well received, and has been played during the week to crowded houses. The principal character, *Jane Lomax*, is sustained by Mrs. Yates: it is a trying part; and it is no small tribute to her talents to find the sympathies of the audience enlisted on her side; the more so as her crime is unrepented of until the death of the object for whom it has been committed. Her acting is most affecting and effective. The conscience-stricken *Lomax* is a part suited to Mr. Lyon; he both looks and acts it well. Mr. Beverley, in a comic part, and Mrs. Keeley, his wife, are very droll. Mr. O. Smith, too, does the utmost he can for a heavy part, not very well drawn for him. Indeed, we regret to see these clever persons wasting so much really good acting upon any thing so nearly approaching pantomime; though we are bound to say it is impossible to resist laughing at them. Mr. Collins sings a good sea song, and Mrs. Keeley a smartly written comic one.

Quartett Concerts.—*Fourth Season.*—On Thursday evening the first of these concerts took place at the Hanover Square Rooms; it was well attended, and the choice of music excellent. A quartett in E flat, by Mendelssohn, admirably performed by Messrs. Blagrove, Gattie, Dando, and Lucas, was deservedly encored. A grand duett of Onslow's was played with taste and execution by the Misses Broadhurst. A romance by Schubert ("In silent Wo") was exquisitely sung by Mr. Balfé. We have seldom heard any thing more beautiful.

VARIETIES.

A Landrail was, it is stated, shot about a fortnight ago near Wareham. It is a remarkable fact in the natural history of this rather delicate bird, if it has wintered with us, though the winter up to the period mentioned, has been generally and unusually mild.

American Newspapers.—The editor of the "Peoria Register," a well-conducted paper in the state of Illinois, Western America, announced on the 1st of last December, "That, in consequence of his being so much occupied in removing, he was only able, on that day, to print half a sheet instead of a whole one. Another editor, in the same hemisphere, informed his readers some time ago, "That his attendance upon his sick wife and children, rendered it necessary for him to suspend the printing of his paper altogether until their recovery; adding, that he had no one to assist him in any department of his establishment."

Ingenious Modes of Reaping.—It seems the opinion of the present age, that we are not only vastly superior in all things to our ancestors, but that mechanical knowledge is the characteristic mark of our advancement. The barbarians, as the Romans chose to term all people save themselves, were, however, in many instances, their masters, and imparted to them many of the arts, on which they sometimes admirably improved. Among the inventions to facilitate agricultural labour, to which it might be thought there was no parallel to the nineteenth century, it is surprising to find a machine which equals any thing which modern mechanism has produced. In Logan's "Scottish Gael," we are told that, "While the Romans reaped their corn with a sickle, the Gauls, whose fields were remarkably large, went to work in a more expeditious manner, and cut down their crops by means of a scythe used with both hands, an implement for which we thus seem to be indebted to these people. They had also another ingenious method of cutting down their largest fields, which shews not a little perfection in the mechanical arts. A large machine, resembling a van, was constructed, in which a horse was yoked so as to push it before him. The aides were furnished with sharp teeth or knives, and this carriage being driven into the field, the ears of corn were cut off, and, at the same time, were thrown into the body of the car, which was made to receive them." It is a pity that Pliny, who describes this mode of reaping, does not more particularly describe the machine.

Rupography.—Mr. James Prinsep, the secretary of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, by whose extraordinary ingenuity, industry, and zeal, so much has lately been accomplished in Indian archaeology, has employed a new method of block-printing, for the purpose of exhibiting facsimiles of coins. Taking the hint from the practice of Mussulmans of rank—who apply their seals, in lieu of signatures, to written documents, not as we do, by an impression on wax, but by smearing the surface of the seal with ink, and printing in the manner of a type, so as to leave on the paper white letters on a black field—he determined to try the experiment of taking from Mohammedan coins (which are almost invariably confined to letter mottoes) a counterpart of the die in sealing-wax or type-metal, and using them for ink impressions along with the ordinary letter-type: the absence of elegance being more than compensated by the scrupulous fidelity of the representation. His success was encouraging, and he has now prepared for the press a vast number of coins from various collections in this novel and simple manner. Specimens of a few are given in the Society's Journal; they are sufficiently clear and distinct to serve the purposes required. Mr. Prinsep has given to this new invention the name of rupography, from *rupa*, 'sealing-wax.'—*Asiatic Journal*.

Navigable Entrance to the Murray.—The entrance to Lake Alexandrina and the River Murray from the sea, had been thoroughly explored by Capt. Gill, and found to be perfectly safe and practicable, there being, at the shallowest part of the bar, more than three fathoms, and about seven both outside and inside the channel.—*Oriental Herald*.

From Meleager.
As on wing of azure hue
Through the ether Cupid flew;
Lesbia caught him; see, he lies,
Happy prisoner, in her eyes!

Anonymous.
In the height of summer's glow,
Sweet is water cooled with snow.

To the sailor, winter bound,
Sweet to see the spring come round.
But the best, the choicest bliss,
Is a lover's thrilling kiss:—
Venus praised be for this!

To a Bee.
(From Meleager, in the "Anthologia.")

Tell me, cruel insect, why,
Leaving all the flowers of spring,
Thou dost choose to flutter nigh
Chloe's ear with curious wing?

Dost thou come to tell her how
Cupid bears a sting for all,
Now in honey dippe'd, and now
Dipp'd in bitterness and gall?

Ay, 'tis true—my guess was right:—
Get thee gone, thou amorous bee,
Wing away some other flight—
'Tis no news to her and me!

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

In the Press.

Sherman's History of Jesus College, Cambridge, written in 1662, edited from the Autograph in the Library of Sion College, by J. O. Halliwell, Esq., of Jesus College, Cambridge.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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	From 22 to 35		29.09 to 29.55	
Thursday .. 31				
<i>February.</i>				
Friday 1	 17 .. 37		29.68 .. 29.96	
Saturday ... 2	 25 .. 30		29.96 .. 29.92	
Sunday 3	 30 .. 43		29.93 .. 29.73	
Monday 4	 37 .. 43		29.72 .. 29.79	
Tuesday ... 5	 29 .. 43		29.96 .. 30.02	
Wednesday 6	 37 .. 43		30.03 .. 30.09	

Winds, N.W. and S.W.

Except the afternoon of the 1st and morning of the 2d, clearing & snowing fast on the mornings of the 31st ult. and the following day: rain fell on the 3d and three following days.

Rain fallen, 6 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.
Latitude... 51° 37' 39" N.
Longitude... 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

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ERRATA.—No. 1150, page 65, col. 1, line 30, for "college," read "cottage;" page 73, col. 1, line 30, for "a process," read "the process," and line 31, for "but which appears to differ," read "which evidently differs;" line 30, insert "so," before "continued;" p. 76, col. 1, line 6 of the Drama, for "jokes," read "jokers;" line 15, in Correspondents, for "malwed," read "malwed rite."

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

California: a History of Upper and Lower California, &c. &c. By Alexander Forbes, Esq. 8vo. pp. 352. London, 1839. Smith, Elder, and Co.

A GOOD map and a plain historical account of this great tract of country, yet so thinly peopled, that whatever may become its importance in future years, it strikes us that we shall be long enough dead and buried, before it can require the grave examination of the Critic or Reviewer. Whether Russia or America, or both, may intrude upon these Provinces, the upper one of which is stated to hold out some strong temptations to colonisation, it seems at present difficult to decide. Whatever may be the ulterior objects of either, they have so much territory already unsettled in and about their dominions, that we cannot think distant California in any immediate danger. Such being our opinions on the subject, we shall merely extract a passage or two to illustrate the author. Premising that what settlements have been made are chiefly through Mexican Missionaries, we give the following specimen of their trials, whimsically called "the War!"—

"Having dedicated one of the huts which they had erected as a church, they endeavoured, by presents and affectionate expressions, to bring the natives towards it, who came within sight; but they paid no attention to any thing except to receive whatever was offered them, except provisions; but on no account would they touch any of our victuals; and on a bit of meat being forced into a child's mouth, it spit it out as if it had been poison. This circumstance was considered as a miracle from heaven; for if they had been as desirous of provisions as they were of cloth, they would have left the strangers to have starved of hunger. Their desire for all sort of cloth was extreme, so much so, that the sails of the vessel in the bay were not safe, they having gone one night in their rush canoes and cut a large piece out of one of them. At length precautions were taken to prevent like acts; yet, as no punishment was inflicted, they proceeded to still greater lengths and stole openly, confiding in their numbers, and being armed with bows and arrows, wooden swords which cut like steel, and clubs which are very formidable. And now, finding that they were opposed, they resolved to try their fortune, and by taking our lives possess themselves of all our spoils. This they attempted to do on the twelfth and thirteenth of August, but were obliged to retire. On the fifteenth of this month, after the Father Fernando had gone on board to say mass, with two soldiers, four only remaining on shore, and our venerable president and Father Biscayno having finished mass at the mission, there fell upon them a great number of Indians, all armed for war, who began to rob every thing they could find, taking away from the sick even their sheets. The corporal immediately called out to arms, and when they saw the soldiers putting on their leather armour, and taking their muskets, they retired a little and began to shoot their arrows. The four soldiers, the carpenter, and the blacksmith, also commenced firing with much valour; but par-

ticularly the blacksmith, who, although he had not armour to defend him, advanced, calling out, 'Long live the faith of Jesus Christ, and die the dogs his enemies.' Whilst this was going on, the Father President with his companion went inside the house, recommending all to God, and praying that there should not result any deaths, either among his own people, or among the Gentiles; and that the souls of the latter might not be lost which otherwise would be saved by future baptism. The war, however, still continued, accompanied by the terrible yells of the Indians, when a boy, called Joseph, came running in great haste, and prostrated himself at the feet of our venerable president, saying, 'Father, give me absolution, for the Indians have killed me.' The good father absolved him, and he died immediately, an arrow having passed through his throat, but his death was kept secret. Of the Indians many fell; and the rest, seeing the destructive effect of the fire-arms, retired, carrying with them the whole of their dead and wounded, in order to prevent us from knowing their loss. They were enabled to conceal the deaths, but the number of wounded was soon known, because in a few days they returned in peace, requesting to be cured, which was done by our good surgeon. This charitable conduct on our part, caused them to be somewhat grateful, and the sorrowful experience of their unsuccessful attack created fear and respect, which made them deport themselves differently from what they had hitherto done, and they still continued to resist the mission, but without arms. Of the Christians, four were wounded, viz. the Friar Biscayno, one soldier, an Indian of California, and the valiant blacksmith; but none of them dangerously, so that in a short time all were well, and the death of the boy was concealed."

While California belonged to Spain, the missions were supported by pious contributions, and the Government sent soldiers to protect them; but the Mexican Revolution and the separation of all the Americas from Spain, this state of things terminated, and a new condition was effected, by which

"Upper California was formed into what is called a territory, and Lower California into another, on the ground of their respective population not amounting to the number entitling them to be federative states; these being established on the basis of population. The territories are not entitled to have governors or legislatures, but are allowed to send one member to the general congress. This member is entitled to sit and take a part in discussions, but has no vote. The territories are, from their being deprived of governors or legislatures, subject to the immediate government and legislation of the general government in Mexico. This reduced Upper California to be directed by an agent of the government, who resided there under the denomination of commandant-general. This state of things California has not had as yet much cause to lament; for until wiser legislation is adopted, and greater harmony exists between the general government and the different state legislatures, it is no great misfortune to be deprived of the labours of a provincial popular assembly. The two Californias send

each a member to the general congress, elected by popular suffrage. The first deputy elected for Upper California was a captain of the Californian troops, and a Spaniard by birth; but on his arrival at San Blas he found a law had been passed excluding natives of Spain from congress, and he was obliged to return. A lieutenant was then elected to succeed him, who proceeded to the city of Mexico, where he died. A sergeant of the same corps was then elected, who served out his term of two years in the Mexican congress, and then returned to his native country."

In 1836, a revolution broke out at Monterey, and "They followed up these proceedings by expelling the whole officials of the Mexican government, and all the troops from the country, and transporting them to the Mexican territory. On receiving notice of this revolution, the Mexican government immediately had recourse to their usual mode of warfare, fulminating furious proclamations and addresses to the citizens, appealing to their patriotism, and ordering to be prepared, without delay, a formidable expedition to proceed against such audacious and unnatural sons of the republic, whom it was incumbent on them to put down and chastise as their treason deserved. The first patriotic ebullition, however, soon subsided; no expedition was prepared, California was soon forgotten, and it has remained for nearly two years to do as it pleases, to have a government of its own manufacture, or to live without a government at all. Being thus left to the freedom of their own will, the Californians, true to the spirit which has animated all the Spanish American colonies since their emancipation, immediately began to divide themselves into parties; and although there are only about 5000 Spanish Creoles in the whole country, they had their party of the north, which declared for an entire independence on Mexico, and the party of the south, which adhered to Mexico on certain conditions. The want of frequent communication with Mexico renders it quite uncertain what may at present (June 1838) be the state of the country; but it is, at least, evident now, if there was any doubt formerly, that it is at this moment in a state which cannot prevent its being taken possession of by any foreign force which may present itself."

With regard to the natives of Upper California, we are informed that they "maintain themselves by the seeds and herbs of the field, to collect which, when in season, is the duty of the women. The seeds they grind, and of the flour make gruel; and sometimes a kind of pudding or dough, which they form into balls of the size of an orange. Some of this flour has an agreeable flavour and is very nutritive; that produced from a black seed has the taste of toasted almonds. To this diet they add fish which they catch on the shores of the bay, and which are exceedingly good; they have also shell-fish in abundance. In addition they have the produce of the chase and wild fowl; such as deer, rabbits, geese, ducks, quails, &c. It also sometimes happens that a whale is driven on shore, an event which they celebrate with great rejoicings, as they value its flesh and blubber above all things. They roast the flesh

of this animal in holes made in the earth; and when their first voracity is appeased, they hang up the remainder on the trees, and cut pieces off as they do with the seal, which they esteem next to the whale. In the woods they also find acorns which they grind in like manner and make gruel and balls of. There are likewise nuts of the same quality as in Spain; and on the high ground and sand-hills, strawberries of excellent flavour, and much larger than those of Europe; which ripen in the months of May and June. There is likewise a blackberry which is found in great abundance. In the highlands there is an edible root which they call 'Amole,' about the size of an onion, and which, after being roasted in their ovens, has an agreeable sweetish taste. Another variety of this amole serves all the purposes of soap; but of this the natives have no great need, as their clothing is very scanty. This indeed is exclusively confined to the females; the men going without any except what nature gave them. The other sex, however, even the young girls, have always some covering which is made of the tule, or bulrush, and which consists of one piece before and one behind, in the manner of a petticoat: they have also a piece thrown over their shoulders. The men in the mornings are accustomed to plaster themselves over with mud. This they say keeps out the cold; and accordingly when the sun grows hot they wash it off. These people have their marriages, but they consist of no other ceremony than the consent of the parties, and they are only binding till they disagree or choose to part. They have no other mode of cancelling a marriage than by using the phrase, 'I throw you away.' It is nevertheless true that we found many couples, both young and old, who lived in great unity and peace; esteeming their children, and their children them. Parentage or relationship forms no obstacle to their intermarriages. It is very common for the wife to urge her husband to marry her sisters, and even their mother; and the common custom is, when a man first marries, that he takes the whole of the sisters for wives. These many wives of one husband live without jealousies or disputes, each looking on the whole of the children as if they were their own, and the whole living in one house. In fact the first baptisms made at this mission were of three children all born within two months, sons of an Indian man and of three sisters, to all of whom he was married; as well as to their mother."

With this we conclude.

The Boy's Country-Book; being the real Life of a Country Boy. Written by Himself.
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BEFORE proceeding to notice the present volume, we are in duty bound to give the author's account of himself:—

"I was born on the borders of the Peak of Derbyshire. My father was a man of property, who was engaged in collieries, and had besides a fancy for all sorts of mining concerns. In the village which we inhabited there were two or three good families, but, unfortunately for me, there were no children in them. There were several farmers too, but they were exactly in the same predicament, so that my own brothers being so much older as to be at distant schools, or much too young to be field-playfellows, I was thrown in a great measure upon the children of the cottagers for companions; and this was rather a dangerous situation in two respects. I was in a fair way to contract all their vulgarities, without gaining much

information beyond that country knowledge which is the peculiar property of all boys,—knowledge of all sorts of sports, mischief, climbing, rabbit-keeping, birds'-nesting, fishing, and such like things. It was still more dangerous by making me a superior, likely to be flattered and sought after, without any playfellows of equal pretensions, whose self-will would place itself sturdily in opposition to my own, and tend to keep down pride and notions of self-importance. It was a perilous pre-eminence. However, of all this I never thought then, and to me the society of peasants was quite as good as that of princes. They were bold, active lads, full of life and overflowing spirits, and that was enough. Perhaps they were, in reality, rather more agreeable from the secret feeling that they were all my humble servants."

Now, it strikes us forcibly that there is rather too much bounce about all this: are not all poor and industrious families "good families?" or could any other but a proud and vain boy ever think of making his playfellows his "humble servants?" This love of display would alone convince us that Mr. Howitt was the author of the volume, without recalling to our memory that several portions of it have long ago appeared in one of the juvenile *Annals* with his name. But this is not a work to call down any severe criticism; for in spite of a few drawbacks, it is a very amusing volume,—one of the best boy's books which we have seen for some time, and written generally in a plain and easy style, which it requires no great effort of mind to understand. This is great praise, and the volume is deserving of it; and, although Mr. Howitt fancies that he has not of late received the most courteous treatment at our hands, yet we have in every instance, to the best of our judgments, dealt honestly by his works; and never condemned (as we had previously never praised and received thanks therefore), without just cause. There are, even here, many faults of taste, which, if we were to set ourselves the task of pointing out, would not be very favourable; but they are so amply balanced by passages of beauty, and life-like reality of description, that it would be unfair to dwell upon them: witness the following, which makes ample amends for what we have before quoted:—

"I promised to tell my readers how I learned to ride; and I can assure them that the riding-school of a country lad is often a very funny one. The regular riding-master may teach you to ride gracefully, but as to sticking on a horse, commend me to the country lad's riding-school; which is now a common, now a lane, now on ass-back, now on horse-back, now on dog-back, now on cow-back, and not very seldom on the shaggy back of a good thumping mastiff, or the odoriferous chine of a sturdy goat. Anything that has a back, and can move, is a nag for a country lad; and good swinging gates and spinning turnstiles afford him no inconsiderable exercise and instruction in the necessary art of sitting at ease on the ridge of a moving thing, whether with legs or without them.

"My first horse was, of course, a stick; my second, one of those spotted straight-legged steeds already mentioned; my third, a rocking-horse; and of this particular horse it is difficult to say too much in praise. It is wonderful what horsemanship may be acquired on the rocking-horse. It does that for a lad which is the main thing of all, it gives him confidence. He learns to balance himself, to feel at ease, to hold his whip and bridle; and, in fact, he acquires all the chief principles of this popular

science. I have seen children of not more than six and seven years old, on first quitting their wooden horses for their real ponies, mount them with confidence, and gallop them, and leap them across ditches with all the mastery of grown men. My next horses were of that miscellaneous class just adverted to. There was a row of turnstiles between our village and the next, which afforded us many an hour's merry practice; three or four lads sitting on one at once, and one or two others twirling them round. Then, there was scarcely a gate that we could get open, but it was swinging to and fro with all its, or rather our, might for hours together; then there were see-saws, or queveels, as we termed them, made of a long plank laid across a log, where we experienced many ups and downs in the world in a very little time. And, let it be noted that all this was no despicable practice; the twirling round is a good preparation for a similar rotatory motion in a quadruped steed, which it sometimes takes into its head to treat you to; and the swinging and banging of a good active gate is no bad introduction to those sideward motions of a horse, called aying, or starting away from under you, if you are not a pretty good horseman, at the sight or supposition of something supernatural—such as the flutter of a bird out of a hedge, or the rustle of a leaf, or the taking off of a beggar's hat just in the face of you. We rode very actively, too, on any long strong bough that we could pull down in a tree low enough for us to mount upon—not unfrequently even mounted grave-stones, as a troop of soldiers, just as Bewick has described a set of lads. Of course, there was not an ass that could be caught on the common or in the lanes that was not pressed into our service, and be that can set an ass a-going against his will, and stick on his back too, is no mean rider. Every one that has made the experiment knows, and he only, all the cunning and the tricks of that reputedly stupid animal. First, you are saluted as you approach it with the most admirably directed kicks. Whichever way you approach, you find the tail and heels of the animal presented to you; or if there be several lads endeavouring to hem him up in a corner, without which I hold it a moral impossibility to catch a good knowing ass at all, the head and heels seem to present themselves very wonderfully towards three-fourths of the company, and the rest are treated to those side lunges and open-mouthed snatches, that require the quickest eyes and the nimblest heels to get out of the way. But suppose the great act of securing and mounting accomplished, the next great act is to move him. Bewick has shewn you, in a ragged lad standing at the ass's tail with a formidable gorse bush very skilfully applied, the most efficacious of all modes of propulsion; but, this once attained, then indeed is the moment of real difficulty. Off goes the ass for a few paces, then backward he goes as fast, then sideways as rapidly,—this way, that way, and then down goes his head to the ground, and up goes his stern into the air. He that can sit through all these evolutions can sit through anything. And, if he has sate through them, let him still be alive, for the next thing will be for the ass to lay himself leisurely down, and as leisurely begin to roll himself over. This is his last resource, if he does not see a pool that he can run into, where he will remain very quietly for at least half a day with his rider; or, if he does not see a good post or trunk of a tree, or a rough hedge, or a wall, that he can deliberately grind the boy's legs against. Cris Newton will remember his experience of wall-grinding as long as he lives."

All this is very excellent, and written in a right spirit; and the book abounds in numberless passages of similar power and simplicity. We could not, however, help smiling at the author's argument in favour of robbing birds of their eggs, but not of their young: it is throughout very ingenious, but still, we think, not fully "proven." We have an interesting account of the Quakers' school at Ackworth, in Yorkshire, with anecdotes of poor Wiffen, and others; and many painful descriptions of the "little tyrannies" which exist in places of this kind, which, considering the strict reserve under which the children of the Friends are brought up (in general), we read with no small degree of astonishment; especially when we found that our author was compelled to "show fight" in his own defence. The volume is very neatly and appropriately illustrated; and we earnestly recommend it as a present to all book-loving boys, confident that it will furnish them with much useful information and amusement: nor need graver heads be afraid to bend over it, for it will recall pleasant times and happy hours, the memory of which we all fondly cherish.

Goethe's Correspondence with a Child. 3 vols. 12mo. Vol. III. Diary. London, 1839. Longman and Co.

In this volume Bettina Arnim, "the child," who was, we fancy, a well-grown lass, and is a married woman, becomes more truly German, less English, and more grotesque and entertaining than ever. Take the Dedication.

"To the English Bards.

"Gentlemen!

"The noble cup of your mellifluous tongue so often brimmed with immortality, here filled with odd but pure and fiery draughts, do not refuse to taste if you relish its spirit to be homefelt, though not homeborn.

"BETTINA ARNIM."

A Preamble follows this, which explains the causes of the fair author's becoming her own translator, from which we copy a few lines, by way of a droll sample.

"I was not acquainted with the English tongue, therefore relied upon the consciousness of my translators; the recapitulating of their version I tried to follow with comparing it to the German text. Often my ear was hurt by words lack of musical rhythm, that in the German text by their harmonious sounds, and even by the union of their single parts, awake poetic sensation, I must yield to have them supplied by such as want all lofty strain; to all my objections my relentless translator opposed the impossibility of translating it, the rigour against any arbitrariness in that language, and besides its penury that allows no great choice, it consisting but in thirty thousand words—I thought, if I only did know them, to be sure I would find the right. The printing had almost come to end, when, by a variance between the printer and translator, it was interrupted; then, by the inspiration of despair, I ventured to continue translating. I never could have guessed those difficulties that fell more heavily upon me, than upon any knight-errant who tries, with the help of propitious spirits, to overcome impossibilities. What erroneous ways have I hastened through; how often have I ferreted for words that do not exist, or bolted expressions offered in so many diverging shapes that the choice disturbed me highly; how often in the night, the word for which I had pried with despair the whole day in every nook of my head, awakened me in a hurry out of deep sleep, and how felt I delighted when suddenly it was found; I held it between my lips as a pearl or diamond found in the dark, and in the morning I ran to the book to write it down; nay, I was like a

blind man going to work without a guide. What a copiousness of words with their flexure overflowed me; how abundantly gracious seemed to me those varieties of flexions; I would have them all inwoven in my version, and desponded in choosing the finest, the noblest, the most eloquent, and euphonical among all. Often having studied a whole night, when in the morning I would peruse it, I was obliged to study it anew by help of the dictionary. My inquiries led me upon thorns and thistles on a misty path, where I could not see a step before my feet, but where I fell upon so beauteous expressions I would compound with my text, though I did not know how to make use of them; the strange etymologies, even as blossom-dust transported by sedulous bees from foreign lands to their homely field, variegating the flowerage of their words. Vulgar people know not of the treasures upon their lips, by which genius produces the honey-dropping fruit. Then I fell in love with this language that tormented me so much, that I almost got a fever of despair."

All this is very good, and the confession about translating in her sleep lets us into a secret: i. e. that many other translators who have not acknowledged it, have produced their works in the same somnambular manner. Our Bettina proceeds to lament Goethe and entreat Mr. Longman to supply his place of patron and protector to her yearning affections. We trust he will not be so hard-hearted as publishers in general are accused of being; but who could resist this appeal?

"Now as I have no friend yonder, and no connexion, I am like a bird that flies from its nest over the ocean, or a plant, to climate in a foreign land, must dole till it is rivetted in the soil; therefore I beseech Mr. Longman, who grants me the honour of publishing my book, to get this little preamble inserted in the Quarterly or Edinburgh reviews, for informing, that if there are still other Englishmen, who, as Byron would have done, are inclined to preserve in their deep mind and protect such youthfully inspirited feelings, I should like, they seen the pages of my diary."

Though the *Literary Gazette* is not mentioned, we venture to volunteer ourselves instead of the "Quarterly," with which, as far as we have heard, Mr. Longman has little to do. So now for a page of the Diary:—

"Thou hast said it to me then at parting, thou hast asked from me to write thee all, and truly what I think and feel, and I would fain; but, dearest, the strange ways, scarcely enlightened by the dawning torch of sense, how shall I describe them to thee? These dreams of my happiness!—for happy do I dream myself—they are so stormy, so whimsically humoured—it is so slight, what I often find out. My happiness, as I fancy it, how shall I describe it to thee?—see the moonsickle in the cloudless sky, and the broad-boughed, rich-leaved lime; think!—see beneath its whispering foliage, also whispering and embracing one another—these two—how one requires the other, and ardently loving stretches up to him, how yon with friendly will inclines to him, and listens to the hisping of love; and think also, the moonsickle, the stars dare not set, till these souls seated in each other, spread their wings and ascend to higher worlds."

Mem. This is to Goethe and not to Mr. Longman; and is meant, as the writer adds, to "express her happiness in a full embracing sense." She then gets a little more beyond us—a little mystical, as it were, and says:—

"Longing and fore-feeling lie in one an-

other, one forces up the other. The spirit will espousal with sense: I will be loved or I will be felt, is the same."

And dashing hence a hundred pages on we have a sort of context.

"When I behold myself and my doing and my aspiring, then I am instantly struck with thoughts of which I feel, they have a settled reference to a settled appearance within me; as certainly also in the different epochs of the plant's life, their nutriment adopts a diverse spiritual direction; that, for instance, in blooming, their food, which indeed consists in the self-same elements, intends a metamorphosis, enhanced within itself—for this nutriment shews itself in the life of the plant, no longer merely vegetating, but perfuming, fragrant, inspirited with the plant's spirit. Thoughts of this kind bless me, when I make peace with myself, and accept of slumber, as conciliating myself. Thus I felt last night before sleeping, as if my own mind was in love with me, and then I slept tranquillity deep into my soul; and awoke from moment to moment, and became aware of thoughts. Without meditating further on them, or exploring their contents, nay, without comprehending many of them, I wrote them down with a pencil, and instantly I slept on; but soon after they awakened me again; these thoughts were like exclamings of my soul, in the sensations of becalming."

What is Mesmerism or Animal Magnetism to this? These conjurors want some body: here we can do it all without body, by fancy, imagination, and spirit alone. No passes, no traverses, no nonsense, whatever! For

"Love is of a supernal nature the lofty pregnancy; the more pure the fire our spirituous organism will be nurtured with, the more grand and pure the spirituous race will be framed in us."

But to come to what seem to be more tangible affairs, we have the following on the theme that the Poet had told "the Child" to call again in twilight.

"Thou knowest nought—I know all, I am the leaf etched with the remembrance of all blissfulness. Yes, I am of this remembrance the essence, and am nothing else. Nay, I went around thy house waiting for twilight, and when I came to the gate I thought, 'if it might be dark enough already; and if thou mightest deem this to be twilight?'—and fearing to fail thy orders, I went once more round thy house, and when I then stepped in, thou scolded me that I were come too late, since long it were dusky, thou hadst since long awaited me; then thou wouldst ask for a white woollen garment and put aside the day-dress, and say, 'now as night is come down by waiting for thee, we will be quite nightly and comfortable; and most nicely lanuginous will I be to thee, for thou shalt to-day confess to me.' Then I stooped down on the ground between thy knees, and embraced thee, and thou me. Then thou saidst, 'do trust in me and tell me all what offered violence to thy heart; thou grantest that I never have betrayed thee; no word, no sound of what thy passion has raved to me has ever come o'er my lips; now tell me, for it is not possible thy own heart all this time should have been without passion, tell me now who he was?—do I know him?—and how was it?—what hast thou more learned and experienced which made thee forget me?' Then, dear friend, I spoke the truth, when I asserted thee that my heart had been quite at ease, that nought had touched me since then, for in that same moment before thee, all was but a weening, and a pale phantom the whole world, and

in thy presence vanished all what had happen'd to me; in full consciousness I durst avouch me linked with thy beauty, for I looked in thy face. But thou by all means wouldst know the story which in vain I tried to invent, for I was rather ashamed that no love-story had happened to me. Now I thought of one and began: once I walked as in a dream, now I am awake again; here in moon-light on thy bosom I know who I am and what thou art to me, how I belong ever to thee and never to another, as thou fascinatest me! but once—and then I began my love-story. And thou, most glorious one, didst not suffer me to speak on, and criedit: 'no! no!—thou art mine!—thou art my muse, no others!—no other shall dare say, that he was possessed of thee as I am, that thou wast devoted to him as well as to me, that he was so secure of thy love as I was. I have loved thee, I have forborne thee, the bee brings not more carefully and heedily the honey from all the flower-cups together, than I gathered delight from thy lips, from thy thousandfold love-over-pourings.' Then my braids fell down, thou took'st them up, and called them brown snakes, and hid them in thy garment, and drew my head to thy breast, on which I should repose from aye to aye, and disburden myself of thinking and doing; that would be fine, that would be true, that would thus be the right sweet lounge of my existence. That is the fruit of paradise for which I languish: to rest, to sleep with consciousness of being near the most glorious."

And so concludes the *Diary*—Italics and all. There are some letters after Goethe's death, in which pretty much the same tone is preserved, as for instance:—

"Goethe! it is no more sweet, our meeting; it is no caressing, no mirth; the graces around thee no more array, no more shape each love-whim, each sport of wit into poems. The kisses, the sighs, the tears and smiles no more chase and rally each other; it is solemn stillness, solemn solemnity which entirely seizes upon me.

"Behold, amidst this breast, the pure chalice of love filled to the brim with harsh drink, with bitter tears of grievous privation. When the harmonies transmute into each other, then shakes the chalice, then stream tears; they flow to thee who lovest the votaries of death, thou who saidst: 'to be immortal, for awaking again a thousand-fold within each bosom.' Nay! then I weened: within my bosom alone thou shouldst awake; and it is become true, and close after thee and me, life is secluded. Alas, thou wakest, but I cannot cope with thy holy presence. I venture too much and shrink longing for a breast that lives amongst the living ones, that may bear with my secrets and warm me; for to stand before thee, gives harrowing chill."

And so she left the ghost and took a husband; the "*chill*" being different from what she describes in his, the poet's, lifetime.

"All these speeches were electric showers, I shivered at thy words, they flew into my breast as were they birds, and would build a nest there, or they would call my soul a young bird with its fiery wings to soar up—and I durst not utter a word, thy smiling seemed to me so grand, that I was ashamed to let hear my voice; in this stillful breath-stopping pause, I was not thinking, I was only filled with thy presence. Look how in the dubious gloom, all the branches glow and bloom, star on star is playing down, through the bushes emeraldly, fulgurating thousandfoldly, yet thy mind is far from all. 'I will kiss thee,' said I. We went home, at the door I asked: 'shall we part now?'—thou

camest up the stairs with me and enteredst my room; I leaped to the sofa, and there I snugged myself in thine arms, and closed them fast round my neck. Then it was so stillful near thy heart, I heard it throb, I heard thee breathing, then I hearkened to it and had no other mind than to hear thee live.—Oh thou!—my heart pangs;—here, long after midnight, alone with thee in the remembrance of yon hour so many years gone, so penetrated with that love of thine, that my tears must flow, and thou! no more on earth, beyond, where I reach thee not, where my prayers do not resound!—alas! tears! will they flow to the beloved into the other world?"

Surely German Platonism is as warm, in expression at least, as the most ardent passion in other nations!

Domestic Scenes in Russia; in a Series of Letters describing a Year's Residence in that Country, &c. By the Rev. R. Lister Venables, M. A. 12mo. pp. 348. London, 1839. Murray.

THE author, having married a Russian lady, paid a visit to her family, and having resided a year, chiefly in the interior, has communicated to us some pleasant descriptions of the manners and habits of the people. As we have had occasion, however, to call attention to another work upon that great empire,* of a more important character, and cannot afford to have our whole *Gazette* bound in Russia, we must confine ourselves to a desultory rather than an analytical notice of Mr. Venables' volume. In this way our first extract gives an account of the domestic arrangements of a gentleman's dwelling:—

"For the interior arrangement of the houses, the custom is to have as many rooms as possible, opening *en suite*. If the reception-rooms are on the first floor, the ground tier is low and reserved for servants' rooms, offices, &c. The kitchen is generally in a detached building. The bed-room of the master and mistress of the house is usually connected with the drawing-room or saloon, by folding doors, which stand open all day, so that any one who pleases may enter.† Sometimes a folding screen runs across the room, so as to conceal the bed, washing-stand, &c., and sometimes when the lady has a separate dressing-room, the bed is exposed without hangings, but covered by a handsome silk quilt, while the toilette table displays the usual silver boxes and cut-glass bottles, which belong to a handsome dressing-case. The rooms by no means boast the same comfort and luxury of furniture which exists in England; the sofas are stiff and hard, and the chairs and tables heavy and clumsy, castors being seldom used; and the walls, instead of being papered or painted, are in general merely white-washed or coloured. I do not mean to say that elegant furniture is unknown in Russia, but that it is not generally diffused as in England. Indeed its preposterous expense must confine it to the houses, and for the most part to the town-houses, of a very few rich people. Gams, of Petersburg, will fit up a house with the utmost luxury and good taste, but then his charges would be double what would be paid to a first-rate London upholsterer.

* By the census of 1836, published at the end of the volume, the population amounted to 59,133,366, including above half a million of the clergy, their wives and daughters.

† "In the bed-room is usually a little open cupboard, which is filled with images, little black and brown faces set in gold and silver frames; before which a lamp or two is kept burning. In the corner of every room in the house is hung an image. For this reason it is considered extremely disrespectful to keep on a hat for a moment on entering a house, or even a shop."

Refinement cannot be considered as naturalised in any country till it can be obtained at a reasonable price, and can therefore become habitual to the people. To return to Russian rooms. The floors are generally bare, with the exception of a small carpet in one corner; they are composed of neatly inlaid wood, or boards painted in imitation of a parquet. Almost every apartment, without excepting the bedrooms, is a passage: and this is an inconvenience to which the Russians do not appear at all sensible. Since there are no bells, except one sometimes, which communicates from the saloon into the ante-room, the servants cannot live in one part of the house and their masters in another, an arrangement so materially contributing to the comfort of both, nor can the doors be shut on all that ought to lie behind the scenes. Here the footman must be close to the saloon, the valet must be within call of his master, and the maids must be next door to their mistress's bed-room; and each in general sleeps by night where he or she sat by day."

After telling many stories of wolves and bears, the author mentions the following cruel practice, and adds a whimsical anecdote.

"In the government of Novogorod, which abounds in forests, and is much infested by these animals, the peasants have, I am told, a most singular method of ridding themselves of their disagreeable neighbours. They find the young ones in the spring, and, watching their opportunity, carry them off in the absence of their parents. They then fasten them on a raft by nailing their feet to it, and set them afloat on the river. The old bears hear their cries, and follow the raft down the stream; at length the young ones die, and their parents become furious, and attack whatever they meet; but they are now at a considerable distance from their original haunts, so that those who were the authors of their misfortune, are not those who suffer from their vengeance. I was told this story by a lady, who assured me that she herself had seen a raft floating with the young bears dead upon it. The Russians have some singular notions about bears; among other stories they say that a fashionable pair of bears relieve themselves from the troubles of education by employing as a preceptor for their young ones a bear of inferior rank, who is weak and requires protection, and who takes charge of the young family, while their parents go out to catch food. The bear leader, who is called in Russa *peatoon*, or *pedagogue*, takes his charge to play in the sun, on the outskirts of the wood, keeping watch himself, and warning them by a cry, if any danger approaches. This very sensible custom appears not to have been as yet introduced among the Novogorod bears, since it would otherwise prove a great protection to their progeny against the cruelties practised upon them in that part of the country."

Mr. Venables' account of the conscription squares well with Mr. Brønner's military relations. There is something very like Falstaff with Mouldy, Bullcalf, and other worthies of his day, in the existing practice of Russia.

"Bribery often prevails to a great extent in the business of the recruitment; masters paying to have bad characters, who are unfit for soldiers, received; and conscripts who are fit, paying to be rejected. Clerks are sometimes detected in receiving from fifty to a hundred roubles from poor fellows for promised protection, which they have no power to give; and these gentlemen, if delivered over to justice, are punished by being made soldiers themselves. The doctor, too, in examining the conscripts, not unfrequently when he looks at their teeth,

finds, not a silver spoon, but a gold piece in their mouths; this he, of course, is intended to take, and in return to pronounce the man unfit for service. But the system of bribery is not always confined to these petty offences, the roubles are sometimes paid in thousands, and the receivers are neither the clerks nor the surgeons to the board. It is said, that the president, if he manages matters well, may clear, during the two months of the sitting, upwards of two thousand pounds; and when this is the case, of course clerks receive their mites with impunity, and gold pieces are quietly transferred from the mouths of the conscripts to the pockets of the doctor, instead of being publicly laid on the table of the board, as happens almost daily here, under the vigilant eye of a president known to be incorruptible himself, and not inclined to overlook the delinquencies and peculations of others. Having, as I have already told you, attended a sitting of the board of enlistment, I will endeavour to make you acquainted with their manner of proceeding, by giving you some description of the scene. The members, with the doctors and the secretary, are all in uniform, and wear swords; the civil uniform differing little from the military, except in the absence of epaulettes. A standard measure, which can only be lowered to five feet three inches, is placed in the room, flanked on either side by a tall corporal. The ante-room is crowded with peasants, and there are a certain number of soldiers and *gens d'armes* in attendance to keep order. I must premise, that when a man is received as a soldier, a patch is immediately shaved on his forehead to mark him: if he is rejected, a patch is shaved at the back of his neck to shew that he has been examined, and to prevent his being brought forward a second time. At the conclusion of each day's sitting, the recruits, who have been enlisted, are marched in a body to a church, where they take the oaths of allegiance and fidelity before a priest. To return to the proceedings of the board,—we will suppose the business to begin with the examination of the conscripts furnished from the estate of a private individual. At the president's order, one of the corporals in attendance opens the door into an ante-room, and calls out for the peasants of Ivan Petroitch Pashkoff to be in readiness: the president then reads out A.B., the first name on the list of conscripts sent by Mr. Pashkoff. 'A.B. come in,' shouts the corporal, and in walks A.B., stark naked. He is first placed under the standard, the corporal on each side taking care that he holds himself upright, which of course he is not very willing to do. 'Five feet four inches,'* says the corporal. The president enters the man's height opposite to his name in a book; the conscript is then handed over to the doctor, who pronounces him sound and fit for service. The field officer then examines him, to ascertain that there is no peculiarity in his person, such as being very much bandy-legged or knock-kneed, or having an extraordinarily shaped head, which would interfere with his wearing uniform. He pronounces his approval of the recruit; the president enters every thing in his book, and simply calls out 'Lop' (forehead): the corporal instantly shoves A.B. out of the room shouting 'Lop.' 'Lop, Lop,' is repeated in the ante-room, and the man is taken straight into another apartment where his forehead is shaved, and he finds himself a soldier. In the meantime, C.D.

appears before the board: he is either too short (if a sheet of paper can be passed between the man's head and the measure marking five feet three, he is rejected) or the doctor or inspecting officer finds that he is physically unfit to be received. The president calls out 'Zatillac' (neck), C.D. is shoved out of the room, 'Zatillac, Zatillac,' is repeated in the ante-room, the back of the man's neck is shaved, and he is set at liberty. If a man declares himself labouring under any defect, or subject to any complaint unfitting him for a soldier, and the case is such that the truth cannot be ascertained on the spot, he is sent to the hospital for examination, and a report on his case is received the following day. Of course these poor men often counterfeit fits and other infirmities, in order to avoid being enlisted, but if they are discovered, they are liable to severe punishment, and their claim to a discharge after twenty-five years' service, is sometimes taken away. When the turn of the crown peasants comes, three brothers enter together, one of whom is to be selected. They are accompanied by their father and mother, and their wives and children, if they have any; decency being laid aside, for the three young men are stark naked. The board, after referring to the register, and hearing all that the men, as well as their father and mother, have to urge in their excuse, decide that it is justly the turn of this family to furnish a conscript; the three brothers are therefore measured and examined, as in the case which I have described: and the result we will suppose is, that the eldest is tall and healthy, but he has a wife and three or four children; the second measures but five feet two inches; and the third brother is a fine tall lad of eighteen. Of the three, therefore, the youngest is under age, and the second is under size; they, therefore, are legally exempted from the conscription, and the eldest brother must be taken away from his wife and family and made a soldier, unless the lad of eighteen will voluntarily consent to serve in his stead. A scene now ensues, which is at the same time both pathetic and ludicrous. The elder brother and his wife, the father and mother, and the little children, all throw themselves on the ground and prostrate themselves repeatedly at the feet of the young man, beseeching him to have pity on the family of his brother, and to consent to be enlisted in his place. The poor lad looks with a bewildered air from one to another, not exactly knowing what to do, having no fancy to be a soldier, and unable to make up his mind to refuse. However, he is urged on every side, for the members of the board add their exhortations to the entreaties of his family, some bidding him be a good Christian and sacrifice himself for his relations, and others encouraging him with the promise of good treatment in the army. At last, completely overpowered, he musters up courage, crosses himself, and consents to be a soldier. The conscription frequently gives rise to most pitiable scenes, where married men, or the sons of widows or aged parents, are torn away from families, of which they were the chief prop and stay. The recruits often cry and lament bitterly their hard lot when they come before the board to be examined; but the moment they are enlisted and their fate decided, they generally cheer up and recover their spirits, as if they thought it useless to grieve over what could no longer be remedied or avoided."

It is wise to make the best of a bad bargain, either in Russia or elsewhere; and advising our friends to lay the maxim to heart, we take our leave of Mr. Venables and the military philosophers of Russia.

The Revelation of Saint John Explained. By Henry William Lovett. 8vo. pp. 452. Whittaker and Co.

WE certainly live in the restoration of polemical times, and times in which biblical and religious topics occupy more attention than for nearly two centuries before. This is an enlarged and corrected edition of Mr. Lovett's bold attempt to expound the mysteries of Revelation—a subject to be approached with doubt and wonder, and one which has misled thousands of enthusiasts in all ages of Christianity. It is not for us to offer an opinion upon it; but we may say that the author has displayed much learning and zeal in his endeavour to develop the portentous warnings of the Apocalypse. Alarmed, as it appears, from the growing "spread" of the Romish faith, not only in this country, but throughout Europe, and by the Oxford schism in the Protestant Church, in all of which he believes is to be seen the fulfilment of the prophecies, Mr. Lovett contends that *Saint Gregory the Great*, as the founder of papal domination, and of her long train of innumerable corruptions and abominations,—who is fondly and proudly referred to for authority, on every disputed point, by *Papists*, is, nevertheless, an irrefragable authority, for having, in bitter and violent language, in scorn, and indignation, affixed the title of *Antichrist* to whom-ever should assume that of *Universal Bishop*. The same stream, he declares, from the one same fountain, which has poured on the head of Popery all its mysteries and blasphemies in such copious torrents, has, with them, poured forth also its appropriate designation, by which it is so awfully characterised and denounced in sacred writ. The utter depravation of morals in all Catholic countries, exhibits at once the cause and consequence of that debasing religion, monstrous in her ritual, and cruel in her maxims. Mr. Lovett assails these in the unmeasured language of reprobation such as we have repeated in the foregoing sentences (and we desire it to be understood that we are quoting our author, and not offering opinions); and the following passage (p. 181) looks as if it were written for the sole purpose of holding up Mr. Newman, in *all his offices*, to public derision, as one of the swarm of small smokers, who are filling the church with their cloudy nonsense:—

"But the art of printing, by its seductive invitation to the publication of magazines, lectures, tracts, and other pious ephemerals, has prodigiously multiplied the number of small smokers; tens of thousands of sectarian pulpits are incessantly at work; and almost every university not only swarms with divines, but usually has among them some eminently learned professor, the *Ναὺς* of the day, whose powers of funigation might have been deemed by Fronto worthy of a place in his 'Laudes Fumi et Pulveris.'"

The prince of Roman poets had an inspiration of religious sentiment in prophetic warning to his countrymen—

"*Delicta majorum, immeritus lues,
Romane, donec templa refeceris
Ædæque labentes, deorum et
Fœda iligro simulacra fumo.*"

In a number of the "Investigator," which is held forth as having been conducted with talents and learning of the first order, it is acknowledged, that if it can be shewn that the two witnesses of God have been called up by a great voice to heaven, they would be ready to admit, that we are in the *time of the end*. This point of Scripture is the object of Mr. Lovett's labours; and he maintains that every symbol, however recondite, is readily fused and divested

* "This is expressed in Russian in a manner which, if literally translated, would be unintelligible in English. Five feet three inches, it will be remembered, is the minimum height for a soldier."

of its sacred veil, and stands confessed in the full costume of its real character, foreseen 1800 years ago, and revealed to the race of man under mystic symbols, for the wise purposes of Providence sealed up till "the time of the end." This fearful period he goes on to trace to its termination, and declares that the second advent of our Saviour will occur in the autumn of the year 1843; when the great prophetic epoch relating to this astounding crisis will all finally close. Our Saviour, he further contends, declared that he knew not, nor did the angels in heaven know, the day and hour of his second coming; but so far from saying that it never should be known before its accomplishment, he specially directs attention to certain signs of the times, which would immediately precede that great epoch; and for what possible utility were these declared, if not to enable those who hold his faith in purity and sincerity, to understand, since no word he ever used but had its solemn import,—“but my words cannot pass away?”

Relation des Mongols ou Tartares, par le Frère Jean de Plan de Carpin; notice en Tartarie pendant les Années 1245-1247. Première édition complète, publiée d'après les Manuscrits de Leyde, de Paris, et de Londres, et précédée d'une Notice sur les Anciens Voyages de Tartarie en général. Par M. D'Avezac, du Société Géographiques de Paris, de Londres, de Francfort, &c. Paris, 1838. 4to.

EVERY one who has looked into old chronicles knows what a fearful interest every thing connected with the Tartars produced during the thirteenth century. Even in England, the accounts which were daily received of their ravages, and their quick advance into Europe, filled every ear with terror. Various persons were sent at different times, less as ambassadors than as observers, who might ascertain the truth of the varying intelligence which was brought by vulgar report; and they returned with full and accurate accounts of what they had seen and observed; and these narrations afford us nearly all we know of this singular people at the time when their empire was in its greatest power. The two most valuable relations, written during the thirteenth century, are those of William de Rubruc and John de Plan de Carpin; the latter, though little, if at all, inferior to the other, yet much less known to the general reader: indeed, until the appearance of the publication whose title is given above, this narrative had only been published in a very mutilated form. A new edition of the “Voyage of William de Rubruc” has been recently published by the Society of Geography of Paris, in their valuable collection of memoirs and documents. M. D'Avezac's edition of Plan de Carpin is published in the same collection, but a certain number has been printed in a separate form; and on one of these we make our notice. We need scarcely observe that the editor has long vindicated his claim to the character of an able geographer and orientalist by several learned and interesting publications.

In such hands, the documents of the early history of so singular a people as the Tartars of the thirteenth century take a new form. Instead of a dry text, printed from a faulty manuscript, often so corrupt as to be unintelligible, we have a good text formed by careful collations, with a long and learned introductory treatise on the subject, wherein scarcely any point connected with it is left without a satisfactory explanation. We have a detailed account of the different travellers among the Tartars at this early period: a particular notice of John de Plan de Carpin, and his

mission, and of the state of Europe and Asia at the time he went; a commentary upon all the names and things the traveller mentions, drawn up as well from Oriental as European sources. Accounts of the Mongols and their famous leader, Tchenkiz-Khân, from independent authorities; and *éclaircissements* of many curious questions of history and fable connected with the subject. For ourselves, we have seldom read any work of the kind with so much satisfaction. Along with the texts of Plan de Carpin and Rubruc, we cannot doubt but that this essay will form the groundwork, ere long, of an entirely new popular history of the Mongol conquests.

The relation of John de Plan de Carpin, like that of his contemporary Rubruc, interests us by its *naïveté* and minuteness; and we can never for a moment doubt of the truth of what he tells us from his own observation. The curiosity of both these writers had been so great, and it had been exercised with so much success, that they had penetrated even into the privacies of the people whom they visited; and the picture they give of their character, their domestic manners, their superstitions in particular, and their ceremonies and festivals, are interesting beyond measure. Plan de Carpin left Lyon, in France, on his way to the East, on the 16th of April 1245, and passed through Germany into Bohemia. From thence he proceeded on to Cracow, and, after resting awhile there, reached Kiew, the metropolis of Russia, then in the power of the Tartars. On the 23d of February in the year following that in which he set out on his journey, after many hardships, our traveller reached the first Tartar camp, and from thence he was passed on from one station to another, till, on the 4th of April, he arrived at the grand camp of Bâton, the chief in command next to the great Khân himself, and in whose household he first became acquainted with the splendour and power of the Tartar princes. He passed thence through the country of the Comans, and other barbarous nations, until, in the beginning of July, he entered that of the Mongols. On the 22d of the same month, he reached the imperial camp of Kugük-Khân, with whom he remained till the November following; and then returned by nearly the same route till he arrived at Kiew on the 9th of June, 1247, whence he passed through Russia, Poland, Bohemia, and Germany, crossing the Rhine at Cologne, and so to Lyon, the point from which he started.

John Noakes and Mary Styles; or, “an Essex Calf’s” Visit to Tiptree Races: a Poem, exhibiting some of the most striking Lingual Localisms peculiar to Essex. With a Glossary. By Charles Clark, Esq. of Great Totham Hall, Essex. London, 1839. Smith.

It is not our intention to make any critical remarks on this pleasant trifle, but merely to extract a few stanzas to shew what the author calls “the most striking lingual localisms peculiar to Essex.” John Noakes is a farmer’s man, and lives in service; he falls in love with Mary Styles, who also is “out in service,” and is no “slammacks,” but

“A werry nice youn’ common seem’d
This Mary Styles to all;
An’ some—sich eyes an’ cheeks she had—
Har pritty ust to call.”

During their courtship they agree to go to Tiptree races together, and Mary is rather particular about John’s dress; as—

“Sed she,—‘I’d lieve yow’d nut at all
With me that day be found,
If you’re nut drest as smart as I
When in my yellar gown.’”

On their way to the races, they visit Mary’s family, as—

“A dinner nice the oad folks have,
At race-time, ollis’ ood,—
That day they had a toad-in-hole,
A dish that’s deadly gud.
But when oad Styles to gossie it
Bargun, he soon ded cry out:—
‘Missus! I thinks as how, tea-day,
Yow’ve put the meller’s eye out!
The taters, too, they’re nut anuff,—
The meat, ‘tis nearly rear!’
An’, about it, to maake a-tardo
Inclined he ded appear.
His dame rejoind,—‘That mauther, Sall,
I can’t trust to har yit;
The oven—by har baakin’ thus—
She dent hafe rascal it.’
Now, with har daddy, Sall’er seem’d
The favourite all o’er;
Aldoe a harum-scarum slut,
An’ so he jarred no more.
The dinner o’er, soon in the yard
To walk some wor inclined,
To see the flowers—but nut tell they
Had had a glass ov wind.”

They, of course, find plenty of amusement at the races, and the various sights call forth many dry remarks from John; and

“John was a-dry, an’ soon cried out—
‘Goon git some beer we’ool!’
He’d so to wait, it maade him riled,
The booths wor all chuck full.
Whollic waltin’, for a weasit-plee
He’d haggled, tell he swore,
Aldoe his fingers itch’d to haa’t,
He’d give the chap no more.
With waiters, when his beer was broke,
John’s stinginess increased;
He sed, it had bin squiggled tell
‘Twas jes as thick as east.
An’ thrip-pence for such stuff as that—
‘Twas quite out ov the way;
But he drink’d it up; so John, at las,
Down’d with the dabs to pay.”

John fancies that they have stolen his purse, but it turns out differently.

“John, jest arter he’d some ballets bote,
With him, oh, what a fuss!
For I’ll be dash’d if some rip han’t
Bin grabbin’ at his puse.
‘Well, this here is a pritty goo,
If they ha’ nab’d my gold!’
Cried John, who cudn’t tell his lorse
Tell all his cash he’d told!
But John’s puse, his savvins, bobe an’ all,
He found it still contain’d;
An’ his ‘baccar box, an’ muckinger,
Wor all the scamps had gain’d.
Though from him they’d cribb’d but liddle,
John was in sich a cue,—
If the rapscallion he’d a-cotch,
He’d put him in a stew.”

Again:—

“When far they’d trudged, John wou’d that a
New shummaker he’d git;
An’, whole stompin’, cuse’d the shoes he’d on
They ded so crompt his fit.
‘No, though the oad man gives me tuck,
An’, haps, he cobles stronger.
He so perishes my fit,’ said John,
‘I can’t stan’ it no longer.’
‘The las time I was on the heath,
That was a day—my eyes!’
Remember’d John,—‘It snew tolke fun,
An’ lore! how that ded frise!’”

It would be well if the examination of the languages of the different English counties was more closely followed, as many of the words still in use are very expressive, and we doubt not were originally spoken by the Danes and Saxons. Several words, which we have marked in the glossaries to Chaucer and other of the old English writers, are not yet obsolete in the provinces, and bear a very different interpretation to that given by the various commentators.

Bremner’s Excursions in Russia, &c.
[Third notice.]

THOUGH we have given this work its true character—that of containing much more important information on the subject of Russia—

we find that it would cripple us too much in other things, were we to do it that justice, by extracts, which it seems to us to deserve. We must, therefore, be content to refer to it for its general intelligence, and select a few further illustrations for the sake of our own readers. At the celebrated Summer Garden, St. Petersburg, Mr. B. says:—

"We should prefer visiting these gardens on the famous *fête* of the 20th of May, when the girls of the middle classes are brought out to catch husbands. This is one of the most singular usages we have ever met with. The Russians call it the inspection or show of young girls. Regularly as the first days of summer return, all the young women who have not got husbands are paraded here by their parents, each in her best dress and best looks. Bachelors, young and old, enter the alleys, with cautious step and anxious eye—glide in silence through the files of beauty ranged thick on each side—see some one whom they like better than others—stand a while—go away—come back—and take another look; then, if the honoured fair one still please, the victim ends by making proposals. To whom? To the young lady to be sure, guesses some impatient youth, but he guesses wrong. Such indelicacy is never heard of in Russia. A man to make love for himself would be contrary to nature; that is, to Russian nature, which is quite a different thing from human nature every where else. It is to the parents, then, that he addresses himself? No such thing! The unhappy reader is still wide of the mark. They manage these things very differently in Russia. A gentleman who intends taking a wife, employs some old hag from a class of women who live by match-making. He tells her what funds he has, what he is employed in, what he expects from his friends; and, naming the fair one whom his eyes have chosen, begs that she will explain all these matters, not to her, but to her family. This go-between, this most unclassical Proxenetes, whose wages are as regularly fixed as the percentages of a broker, enters on her mission in due form. Explanations are given on both sides; friends are consulted; negotiations of the most formal nature are carried on. Diplomacy is nothing to it. From unforeseen objections about prospects or dowry, the explanations of the high contracting parties often become as tedious as Belgian protocols. Months, in fact, may be spent on these preliminaries; but all this time the poor damsel has had no voice in the matter. She has not seen her intended; they have never met so long as to whisper a stolen vow to each other. There will be time enough for the unimportant process of becoming acquainted, when their fate has been irrevocably fixed. What have such silly considerations as like or dislike to do with marriage? In choosing a wife, it is a beast of burden, a domestic drudge, that the Russian wants, not a rational companion—an equal. Were he to consult his affections in selecting his spouse, could he have the pleasure of beating her whenever he feels inclined? Married women in the middle ranks appear to lead a most listless existence. Without education, and, by the jealous usages of the country, almost prohibited from taking exercise, their chief occupation seems to consist in leaning over the window all day long, with their elbows resting on cushions, and sometimes a poodle dog on each side."

Respecting the Russian Army, we have, *inter alia*, the following statements:—

"Whether the spirit and tone of feeling in

the Russian army are likely to be improved by the experiment now making, of filling it up with Polish Jews, may be inferred, from what an officer told us in describing these reluctant warriors. 'They are so fond of the smell of gunpowder,' said he, 'that each man needs to be put between two Russians, who pull him into action, and have instructions to shoot him if he runs away.' These men, be it remembered, are quite distinct from the real Poles. There are whole villages of them; and it was notorious during the late melancholy war in Poland, that a couple of Russian soldiers had but to appear in a place of some hundred inhabitants, and be allowed to do as they pleased; the people falling on their knees in terror, and granting all they demanded. The Russians, however, are far from sharing in this Jewish want of courage; yet their courage, even at best, is not of a kind that can be much relied upon. In mere looks, and such advantages as good drilling can give, few troops surpass them. The imperial guard is one of the finest corps in Europe. The Finland sharpshooters also, who were of such importance at Ostrolenka, are greatly admired. An English gentleman, who has been long in the Russian service, says, they are among the best ever known; with single ball the men can bring down a crow on the wing with the greatest certainty. The same officer states that, various as is the composition of the Russian army, there is not a single portion of it that will not endure any privation of food and rest, without the slightest murmur. Their power of enduring fatigue he considers quite wonderful.

"The regular period of service is twenty years; but if war be going on at the close of that period, two years more are required for privates. No pensions are granted, but there are regulations compelling the men to give so much of their pay to certain funds, from which, on being discharged, each man has four or five hundred roubles (16*l.* or 20*l.*) to receive, with which he enters on a little farm. Such, at least, was the statement made to us by an officer of great experience; but we are compelled to add, that it was flatly contradicted by another to whom we repeated it, and who insisted that the soldier is dismissed without a farthing. After this, go to Russia for truth! Each proprietor is compelled to furnish annually five recruits out of every thousand of the population on his estates, and pays to government the sum of thirty-three roubles (1*l.* 5*s.* 10*d.*) for the outfit of every man drafted. The nominal pay—near a rouble a-day—is better than in other continental countries; but after paying his rations, &c., the poor fellow has only a kopeck, or less than half-a-farthing, of pocket-money remaining. Small as the pay may seem, he comforts himself on reflecting that it is munificent compared with that of the sailor. In regard to food, the soldiers are looked upon as being very well off, every man getting three pounds of bread daily, as well as a liberal allowance of beef and vegetables. Every time the emperor is present at a review or parade, each man gets a rouble (or rather it is paid to the fund) and a glass of brandy. The best thing connected with the army, however, is that every serf on entering it becomes free.

"So little do the Russians like the idea of becoming soldiers, that all conscripts must be sent to head-quarters heavily chained, to keep them from running away. In the remote villages we frequently met small bands of them marching in this state, and for a long time supposed them to be convicts, so harshly did the emperor's ardent warriors appear to be treated.

The officers are but wretchedly paid. After many years' service, they have not more than 700 roubles (28*l.*) a-year. Without private fortune it is quite impossible to live in the army. Even generals are paid at a rate which seems incredible. Colonels in command have an allowance for table-money, which in part makes up for the smallness of their pay. Not satisfied even with the numerous army already at his disposal, the emperor would seem to intend that the whole of his empire shall be converted into one vast encampment; and with this view, by means of his military colonies, he is planting it with soldiers as people plant cabbages. There is great diversity of sentiment about the success of these establishments; but of the schemes which he hopes to accomplish by them and his numerous army, there is but one opinion."

The author mentions the vast increase of the Russian Navy, and asserts that she has at least sixty steamers in her service; but sees no occasion for alarm in the circumstance. One remark, however strikes us.

"England ought also to look well to the state of her relations with Denmark, and endeavour, by every means, to cultivate a good understanding with a power whose friendship will be of the utmost importance in the event of a war. During a recent visit to Copenhagen, we were sorry to hear from all men of experience, of every shade of opinion, that England has been completely supplanted by Russia at the Danish court."

We now conclude with one home picture.

"At nine o'clock, Yakowbevo yielded us a supper of milk and eggs; while the village-girls, all wearing a kind of gipsy turban, which is common here, treated us with a serenade—the first instance we met with of a custom universal in Little Russia. These damsels are so mad about music, that in the short darkness of summer, they sing literally all the night through. Here they come accordingly, in full force. A band of them returning from the harvest-field, linked arm-in-arm, and with a measured step, are marching past our door, singing a low drowsy air, quite different from that we heard so incessantly among the Muscovites; and in which, though we had occasionally had songs from very young girls, we never heard the grown-up women join. This evening song was not, indeed, quite so sweet as that of Milton's 'sirens three,'

'Who, as they sung, would take the prison'd soul
And lap it in Elysium!'

but it was more tolerable than the singing with which we were so often assailed in other parts of this musical country. The Russian is essentially a singing animal. Scourge him till he howl again, and, be assured, his wonted drawl about grandmother and the goose is resumed before you have turned the corner. Talk of Italy! Russia shall henceforth be the land of song. You may travel from one end of Italy to the other, and never hear a peasant, man or woman, carol a single air. Even in the large towns, unless from some bacchanalian party going home from a glee-club or the theatre, the traveller seldom hears Italians singing. They keep all their notes to themselves, to make us pay dear for them in London. Among the Russians, on the other hand, nothing but singing greets the unhappy traveller's ears, from Cronstadt to Odessa. Wearisome as our postillions' songs had always been, they became even more irksome to us after we learned that the words, if words they can be called, which they consist of, have not the smallest meaning. It would be impossible to draw any kind of sense from their

most favourite songs. In some parts of the country, ballads of considerable beauty may still be heard; but they are now very scarce. Many of these, according to Karamsin, 'are exceedingly beautiful, and especially those of a historical nature. They generally relate to the happy times of St. Vladimir, and were composed during the subjugation of our empire—in those disastrous days when the imagination, weighed down beneath the yoke of the infidel, had no other spur than the remembrance of the eclipsed glory of the country. The Russian,' he most truly adds, 'sings in joy, and even in the midst of sorrow.'

MISCELLANEOUS.

Suggestions for Facilitating the Enfranchisement of Copyhold Property, tending to the Mutual and Equal Benefit of the Lords and Copyholders. By Andrew Vau Sandau, Esq., Solicitor. Pp. 24. London, 1839. W. Stephenson.

UPON this important subject a Parliamentary Report has been made, which Mr. Van Sandau examines, and, contemplating early legislative measures to be called for, points out where he considers its recommendations would be beneficial, and where otherwise. It is not exactly within our province to decide upon his Plan; but it does seem that the giving an option to Copyholders, and making enfranchisement (with certain provisions and restrictions) compulsory on the Lords, would tend greatly to benefit them, the landed interest of the country, and many schemes for national improvement.

The Last of the Plantagenets, &c. Pp. 395. London, 1839. Smith, Elder, and Co.

A THIRD edition speaks the prosperous career of this historical narrative, to which we paid due respect on its first appearance.

Old English Poets. Edmund Spenser's Works. No. I. Double columns. Pp. 48. London, 1839. W. Spiers.

NEARLY nine cantos of the "Faëry Queen" are contained in this shilling No., neatly printed, and on fair paper. We trust that Spenser will henceforward be more read, and less spoken of by those who have not read his treasures of Poetry.

A Treatise on Geology. By J. Phillips, F.R.S. G.S. Vol. II. pp. 308. London, 1839. Longman and Co.; J. Taylor.

No. III. of "Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia." This volume completes one of the ablest of its contributions to Science. The professor of geology in King's College (London) is unquestionably one of the best authorities on the subject; and he has treated it in the most clear and luminous manner within these two moderate-sized volumes.

Calandrino, Bruno, and Buffaluccio, in search of the Heliotrope. Engraved by E. R. Whitfield, from a Painting by H. P. Briggs, R.A.

ONE of the short and pleasant tales of the Decameron made "sensible to sight." There is great breadth in Mr. Briggs's style; and his compositions (like those of his early instructor, Opie) are always simple and masculine. He is too apt, however, as in the present instance, to represent his figures in motion leaning forward so excessively, as to give them the appearance of leaving one of their legs behind them. The plate is engraved in a masterly manner by Mr. Whitfield.

Journal of Three Voyages along the Coast of China, in 1831, 2, and 3; with Notices of Siam, Corea, &c. By C. Gutzlaff, &c. Pp. 312. London, 1839. Ward and Co.

A VERY deserved third edition confirms the merits of this publication, to which we had the

pleasure to bear our testimony when it first issued from the press. Since then, new and increased public interest has attached itself to the quarter which is the subject of Mr. Gutzlaff's elucidation, and which, consequently, give added value to the work.

Mr. C. M. Willich's Annual Supplement to the Tithe Commutation Tables for the year 1839 lies on our table, and we desire to point the notice of all persons concerned in tithe matters to this most useful publication; in which the calculations of months are combined in half a dozen clear and intelligible pages.

A Fantastical Excursion into the Planets. Pp. 149. (London, Saunders and Oley.)—"A fantastical excursion into the planets."

The Poetical Meditations of M. Alphonse de la Martine. Translated into English Verse, by the Rev. H. Christmas, A.B., &c. Pp. 268. (London, Parker.)—A fair, perhaps a rather tame, translation of poems, which, even in the original, are more pious than poetical.

Specie in Money Making, No. I. (London, Medwin and Co.)—The greatest spec in this novelty is whether it will be profitable to its author and publishers. It shows some talent in opening; but the principal story is rather point-
less.

The Universal Calculator's Pocket Guide, by R. Wallace, A.M., &c. Pp. 112. (Glasgow, M'Phun; London, Cotes; Edinburgh, Whyte.)—A small, but good, companion to point out the uses, &c., of mathematical tables.

Pain Tracts, No. VI., by a Union of Clergymen. Pp. 58. (London, Smith, Elder, and Co.)—An examination of Dr. Pusey's opinions on baptism and regeneration, and arguing against the new Oxford lights, that the instruction given by the fathers cannot, and ought not, to be a general canon of interpretation.

The Lady and the Saints; in Three Cantos. With Ten Vignettes by R. Cruikshank. Pp. 235. (London, Bull.)—There is no "Hudibras" in our day. This is a sad piece of doggerel, aimed at the low fanatics who usurp the post of saints, or religious teachers.

Gibbon's Roman Empire, with Notes, by Milman, Vol. XI. (London, Murray.)—A map of the Crusades is a very serviceable addition to this, the penultimate volume of the work.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

BENJAMIN ROTCH, Esq. V.P. in the chair.—On Tuesday evening, Mr. Savage delivered an illustration on centering for bridges and domes. He produced models, exemplifying the various modes of construction, and adverted particularly to that of Mons. Perrouet. He entered into the merits of the building of Blackfriars' Bridge, by the late Mr. Milne, and adverted to many important improvements recently made in centerings; clearly shewing the test by which their strength might be ascertained. He referred to a model of his own, which, naturally enough, he considered good, and paid a high compliment to Mr. Alfred Ainger, for one constructed by him, and rewarded by the Society a few years ago. In treating the subject of domes, he evinced consummate knowledge of their construction and comparative value; and alluded to that of St. Paul's, which, he observed, in fact, consisted of three. The lecture was highly interesting, particularly to architects and professional men generally.

On Wednesday, an election for a collector took place. There were seven candidates, one of which was the son of Mr. T. Woodfall, who has been assistant-secretary to the Society for more than thirty years; the excellent feeling which was evinced on the occasion towards him was truly gratifying. Though the candidates stood the ballot, Mr. Woodfall, jun. was elected by a majority of 150 votes. As the worthy vice-president in the chair (Mr. Richard Twining) observed, it was one of the most partial elections he ever witnessed, being all on one side; at the same time it must, he observed, be considered an impartial vote by ballot, as members delivered the name of the favourite candidates unfolded, and open to the inspection of those surrounding them. Indeed,

it was as it should be,—almost a unanimous testimony of the good feeling the members entertained towards an old and efficient officer.

LINNEAN SOCIETY.

MR. FORSTER in the chair.—Professor Carus of Dreden, Dr. Endlicher of Vienna, Dr. Torrey of New York, M. Dutrochet, and M. Milne Edwards, were proposed to fill up the vacancies in the list of foreign members. Read a paper, by Professor Lindley, 'On the Anatomy of the Roots of *Ophrydea*.' Much difference of opinion exists amongst visitors respecting the nature of the substance termed salep, which is well known to be the produce of the roots of certain plants of the orchis family. Most French writers regard it as consisting entirely of starch; but Dr. Lindley has ascertained that the peculiar properties of the roots of the *Ophrydea* are owing to the presence of a gummy substance closely akin to *bassorine*, collected in masses or nodules, which, although apparently homogeneous, are really composed of minute cells. Dr. Lindley has not detected the substance in the roots of the other tribes of *Orobanchaceae*. Read, also, a paper 'On the Botanical Geography of New Holland,' by Dr. Lhotsky. The characteristic vegetation of New Holland, as Mr. Brown has long ago remarked, is in a great degree limited to the principal parallel, that is, between 33° and 36° south latitude; beyond these limits the peculiar features of the vegetation diminish. Dr. Lhotsky observes, that the difference between the interior and coast vegetation of New South Wales is very striking; and he attributes the advantages of the interior districts, such as Argyle and the Mendro Downs, to the prevalence of plants belonging to European genera, which afford an abundant supply of herbage for cattle.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

FEB. 11. Mr. Hamilton, F.R.S., president, in the chair.—The paper read was 'A Memoir to accompany a Chart of the South Coast of Arabia, from the Entrance of the Red Sea to Misirat, in 50° 43' 30" east long.' by Captain Haines, Indian Navy; communicated by the Court of Directors of the East India Company. The survey here described took place in the years 1834-6; commencing at the strait of Bab el Mandeb, where the Abyssinian and Arabian shores approach within 1½ geographical miles, it extended eastward for about 500 miles. The most remarkable features in this space are the two lofty peninsular promontories, named Jebel Hasan and Jebel Shamahan, rising respectively 1237 and 1776 feet above the sea, which like two sentinel islands guard the entrance to the magnificent bay of 'Aden, which they enclose. Immediately to the eastward of the latter promontory lies 'Aden, once a populous and thriving town, now almost a heap of ruins, inhabited by about 600 persons, situated on a plain, nearly one mile square, encircled on the land side by singularly pointed hills, with its eastern face open to the sea; while immediately in front is the rocky fortified island of Sirah, which commands the eastern bay and town of 'Aden; this is a triangular rock about 450 feet high towards the southern end, half a mile long by 600 yards broad. Of late years the sand has filled up the small creek which used to separate it from the main-land, consequently at low-water it is now joined to the coast of Arabia. On the summit of the island is an old fort with a wall which reaches down to the round tower on the other side, the only fortification now perfect. But if these were all put in repair, a mere handful of men could defend it; three reservoirs for water

still remain, but one of them is almost entirely filled up with sand and stones. There are several mosques in 'Aden, but the only one kept in repair is that lying immediately to the southward of the town, being the mosque and tomb of Sheikh Idrūs. To the S.W. the Wādī Kubbah, or Tomb Valley, extends among the numerous pointed hills that inclose the plain; to the N.W. a track leads through a pass in the hills, at an elevation of 226 feet, and descends upon the shore of the western inner bay, and on the sandy isthmus which joins this rocky peninsula to the main-land. And here we are indebted to the perseverance of the late Doctor Hulton, our surgeon, and Mr. Cruttenden, of the *Palinurus*, for the discovery that what has hitherto been vulgarly termed a Roman road is in fact the aqueduct of Solymān the Magnificent, extending in a general N.W. direction upwards of eight miles into the interior. It is built of red brick and stone, about four feet six inches wide, and the inclosed water-course measures 19 inches by 16; there are no remains of arches, the ground not requiring them; and its general appearance is that of a mound about five feet high and bricked over. Commencing at the northern extremity of the peninsula, just inside the ruined wall named Dureib-el-'Arabī, which extends from sea to sea entirely across the isthmus, only 1300 yards wide at this part, the aqueduct for the first mile curves slightly to the eastward, whence it assumes a N.W. direction as far as the village of Bir Amheit, a distance of 16,320 yards. Here was the source that supplied the various reservoirs placed at certain distances along its side; the well is 60 feet deep, and near it are the ruins of a small fort. The white tomb of Sheikh Othman is conspicuous on the right side of the aqueduct, about 2½ miles before reaching Bir Amheit, and a bridge is thrown across the north-eastern end of the inlet Khōr Maksa, where it joins a large swamp. The labour and expense employed by the Turks to ensure a plentiful supply of water—one of the prime necessities of life in this arid and burning climate—are highly praiseworthy. Besides the magnificent aqueduct above mentioned, there are numerous hanging tanks, if the term may be allowed, formed by excavations in the limestone rocks, which receive the mountain-stream, and have a deep hollow beneath prepared to receive the surplus water overflowing from that above. There are also several tanks of great size around the town, and about 300 wells lie towards the plain, many of which are hewn out of the solid rock, from 60 to 125 feet deep. Another fine tank, just beyond the before-mentioned wall, was exclusively intended for the use of vessels in the harbour. Such magnificence in works of public utility bears the strongest evidence to the former state of opulence and prosperity of 'Aden; indeed we know that scarcely two centuries and a half ago this city ranked among the foremost of the commercial marts of the East. In the time of Constantine it was considered a Roman emporium, and celebrated for its impregnable fortifications, its extended commerce, and excellent ports, in which vessels from all the then known quarters of the globe might be met with. But now what a lamentable contrast! its trade annihilated, its governor imbecile, its tanks in ruins, its water half brackish—deserted streets, and still more deserted ports—yet these latter remain as Nature made them, excellent, capacious, and secure. The remains of several old fortifications and other buildings are met with along the rugged paths of Jebel Shamshān; in 1838, accompanied by Lieutenant Swan, Dr. Arbuckle, and Mr. Hamilton, officers of the *Pa-*

linurus, I ascended this mountain, and discovered to my surprise that an excellent road had already been made from its base to its summit, built in a zigzag direction, from 10 to 12 feet broad, and in some places raised to the height of 20 feet. Centuries have elapsed, probably, since this great and skilful undertaking was completed; yet it is extraordinary to observe how slightly it has suffered from the destructive consequence of time. Another object here of some interest to the historian is a Turkish cemetery on the S. side of the plain of 'Aden; many of the tombs are constructed of white marble, and the head-stones inlaid with jasper tablets, on which are inscriptions surmounted by the cap and turban. At 'Aden also are three long brass guns, probably relics of Solymān the Magnificent, perhaps brought here by his fleet in 1530. The peninsula of 'Aden bears much resemblance to the rock of Gibraltar, and could easily be rendered as impregnable; but its rocky heights are more elevated and much more peaked in their outline than those of that celebrated European fortress. The present Sultan of the Abdālī territory, in which 'Aden is situated, is an indolent and almost imbecile man, 50 years of age, who resides at Lahij. At 'Aden good water may be procured; fire-wood, vegetables, and fruit are scarce and dear; in August and September, grapes and pomegranates may be had; bullocks and sheep are plentiful, and occasionally poultry. Of its present population of 600 persons, 250 are Jews, 50 Banians, and the rest Arabs: here is a dowlah, or assistant-governor, a collector of customs, and a guard of 50 Bedawi soldiers. The exports consist in coffee and jowar in small quantities; the imports of cotton cloths, iron, lead, rice, dates, and occasionally cattle and sheep from Berbera, Bander Kasim, and Zeylah, which afford the Arabs an opportunity of improving their breed of cattle. The revenue is derived from a heavy duty on both exports and imports, and a land-tax of 25 per cent. (?), and amounts, I believe, to about 12,000 dollars (£2500) annually: yet the dowlah contrives to increase this sum by his extortions on every occasion. The sultan possesses three small vessels. But, as before mentioned, the superiority of 'Aden is in its excellent harbours, both to the E. and to the W.; and the importance of such a station, offering, as it does, a secure shelter for shipping, an almost impregnable fortress, and an easy access to the rich provinces of Yemen and Hadramaut, without the long voyage to Mokha, is too evident to require to be insisted on. The memoir was illustrated by a well-drawn general chart of the coast of Arabia; with detailed plans of 'Aden, Markallah, &c. on a large scale; and accompanied by some spirited and characteristic sketches of the remarkable features of these shores by Captain Haines and the officers of the *Palinurus*.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

FEB. 1. — Dr. Grant, 'On the recent Discoveries and History of Animalcules,' creatures living, so infinitely small, that the mentioning their size subjects a lecturer, in the minds of many of his hearers, to a charge of inaccuracy, or, perhaps of worse. Still is it not the less true that animated beings of marvellous minuteness exist; that millions of animalcules live in a single drop of water; and that these creatures are of a complicate structure, and closely allied to animals of a higher class. They are various in species, possessing relatively cerebral ganglia, respiratory, visual, masticating organs, &c. and stomachs, to the number of one hundred and fifty in one animalcule.

They abound in pools, in rivers, extensively in the ocean, and in all waters on the surface of the globe; also in waters in mines, in water-percolating rocks, where no ray of light penetrates. Countless thousands inhabit mud; and dust, clouds of desiccated earth, contain their millions ready to resume their living state. They are capable of a torpid existence in earth dried up by a summer sun; and they hibernate frozen in ice. Poisons, if chemically combined with the water, destroy animalcules, otherwise their particles in any mechanical dissolution are too large to be swallowed; but even in the case of chemical combination, animalcules often revive after imbibing the strongest poisons. These powerful agents, therefore, have little effect upon these creatures, and the ordinary means of destruction none; but a shock of electricity bursts their bodies, and kills them instantaneously. What a confirmation to the thinking mind, of the importance of the universal fluid, and of its efficacy and agency in the economy of Nature! We will not follow the learned professor in his anatomical analysis of these animated atoms, but merely lay before our readers the astounding facts of their rapid increase, and of their enormous accumulation. The carcasses of all the whales and elephants that ever lived would only form pigmy hills in comparison with the immense mountains of their invisible unities. From one individual, in four days, one hundred and forty millions of millions would have existed, sufficient to form two solid cubic feet of siliceous rock. It may be necessary here to state, that most of the solid skeletons of *poly-gastrio* animalcules are external siliceous covers which envelope the entire body; they long resist decay, and they exhibit the general form and characters of the species to which they belonged. Both marine and fresh water species abound in the tertiary deposits of all latitudes, forming alone entire strata, or occurring with the remains of other classes; and they are observed, along with the scales of fishes, in the substance of chalk flints, or siliceous poriphera of the newest secondary rocks. Their remains form vast deposits and layers of solid stone. This wonder in some measure ceases when merged in the general view of the tertiary and most of the secondary formations. Testaceous rocks in some instances of more than one hundred and thirty millions of cubic fathoms in bulk are composed entirely of shells, the skeletons of molluscous animals. All the limestone of the globe is formed from animal bodies, and chalk contains myriads upon myriads of cephalopods and others. Animalcules then, are, as before said, the greater portion of siliceous rock; their nature has been revealed by the microscope, and their internal complicate structure fully developed by that instrument, assisted by the patience and ingenuity of experimenters. Substances considered formerly, indeed almost to our own times, mere gelatinous portions of vegetables or of zoophytes, have been proved, by modern accurate observers, to be distinct animalcules. Colouring matter, carmine put into water, was quickly conveyed into the numerous cavities, or stomachs, of the animalcules, and thus their whole interior investigated. The distribution of their species follow, in some respects, the laws of that of the higher classes; but in others present a singular phenomenon. Fresh water species have been identified with those of the sea, and several found in the deserts of Africa have also been discovered in the waters of Prussia. Upon their nature, relative to the colouring of waters, the luminosity of the sea, &c. &c., our limits

check our desire to dwell. One instance only will we state, and with it conclude our notice. Of the polygastric animalcules, the *gallionellæ* contain a very large portion of iron, and compose the rusty appearance of chalybeate springs.

Feb. 8, Mr. Parsey, 'On Natural Perspective.'—The perspective of Dr. Brook Taylor, who, about a century ago, reduced the science to mathematical precision, Mr. Parsey stated is defective, not in its mathematical principles, but in the misapplication of them, the laws of a particular case being made the laws of general cases. After enlarging upon and explaining this position, he proceeded to illustrate the two principal elements of visual science or natural perspective, foreshortening and convergence. He shewed the quantity of foreshortening to be invariably an equalisation of the rays proceeding from each extreme, and that the appearance and the equalised rays always form an isosceles triangle; also, that when surfaces are viewed from a point oblique to the axis of vision, as foreshortening in the length, so convergence in the breadth will take place. "This," he observed, "is a law of nature, from which we cannot depart but at the expense of rationality." Convergence in the breadth has been omitted hitherto with respect to parallel perpendiculars, which he maintained was a departure from natural effects. The old system of drawing perpendiculars by a section of the visual rays vertical to the ground plane, which could be revolved in any horizontal direction, is an error; for by the natural laws, Mr. Parsey argued, the revolution of the head, in viewing objects above or below the level of the eye, is as natural as the horizontal movement; and that in strict science the plane of the picture or the image seen is invariably at right angles to the axis of the eye, and not to the ground plane, which the sight puts into perspective as well as objects upon it. Natural perspective does not admit obliquity of view; upon this all its laws are based: for when objects lie oblique to the vision (which in most cases of observation they do), they are not seen in their places, but in the *planes* of their appearances, where the created *appearances* interpose between the objects and the eye. If the rays proceeding from solid objects to the eye, and forming a pyramidal system, be cut at right angles to the axis, it will always present the natural image seen by the eye. The lecture throughout was illustrated by several ingenious models.

CIVIL ENGINEERS.

MR. WALKER, president, in the chair. — The meeting on Tuesday was numerously attended, and many gentlemen, eminent in practical science, were present. The principal paper of the evening was upon the subject of heat, as evolved from the new material, Turf or Peat Fuel, obtained by compression. Various calculations and comparisons with coal, chemical additions, &c., were stated; and at the close of the reading an interesting conversation ensued, in which Lord Willoughby's successful experiments were described, and the superior manufacture of iron, steel, &c., from the peat and charcoal produced from the machine invented by his lordship was mentioned to the meeting. It was concluded that the subject should be resumed on a future occasion.

ELECTRIC POLARISATION OF SOLID AND LIQUID CONDUCTORS.

It appears, from numerous experiments, that the polarisation of polar wires depends on two circumstances: first, the current of the pile;

secondly, the nature of the liquid in which the wires are plunged." — *Bibliothèque Universelle de Genève*.

NEW THEORIES OF FERMENTATION.

THE "Bibliothèque Universelle de Genève" contains a very detailed and interesting article on the manner in which MM. Cagniard-Latour and Turpin have lately employed their investigations of microscopic vegetables, for the purpose of explaining the phenomena, hitherto so obscure, and apparently so complicated, of fermentation. The following are the principal results:—

1. Yests of all kinds originate in organic tissues, from which they isolate themselves, after a living connexion with those tissues, in the shape of minute globules, frequently invisible by the microscope, endowed with an individual vital centre, susceptible of development, and which may be considered as the seeds of various descriptions of *mucédinées*.

2. These *séminules* do not begin to sprout until, by slow degrees, they have attained to the diameter of the hundredth part of a millimètre.

3. All yests, from whatever organised substance they proceed, are identical; and, consequently, their mode of action, during the phenomena of fermentation, is the same as that of the yeast of beer, which was more especially examined.

4. If these yests, or masses of microscopic *séminules*, are introduced into a sugared liquor, at a proper temperature, the *séminules* which compose them sprout, and develop themselves in as many little *moniliforme* vegetables, having a tendency to ramify. This multiplication takes place at the expense of the sugar, a part of which is converted into alcohol, while carbonic acid disengages itself from the little vegetables, and rises abundantly in the shape of bubbles and froth.

5. The recognised existence of the globules which compose these vegetables, explains, by their disaggregation, and their reduction to the state of new *séminules*, the considerable excess of new yeast which appears at every fermentation.

6. All fermentation being the effect of a vital act proceeding from the development of a considerable number of organised individuals, a development which is the cause of the motion and heat observed in it, it cannot take place without the presence of organic matter, formed of dissociated globules, proceeding from animal or vegetable tissue. The action, entirely physiological, of these infusory globules, begins and ends with their existence, and the total exhaustion of the saccharine and nutritive matter contained in the liquor.

LITERARY AND LEARNED. UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

Oxford, February 17.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—H. T. Estridge, New Inn Hall, Grand Compounder; A. R. Campbell, W. Dunlop, Balliol College; Rev. W. C. Lefroy, Christ Church; H. Elphinstone, Merton College (incorporated from Trinity College, Dublin), Grand Compounder.

Bachelors of Arts.—J. B. Maule, J. P. Harrison, Christ Church; E. H. Haslins, Queen's College; W. Pearson, Exeter College; W. J. Upton, Fellow of New College; H. W. Lloyd, E. Smart, Jesus College.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

THE Earl of Aberdeen, president, in the chair. — Mr. Gage Rokewood communicated an account of an English convent of the order of the Conception, established at Paris in the time of Cromwell, and to which many English retired

in the reign of James the Second; part of which being read, the remainder was postponed.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

ON Thursday, M. L. Hayes Petiet in the chair, Mr. Cattermole concluded the reading of the paper 'On the Latin Version of the Scriptures,' and a further communication was made on the subject of the site of ancient Tyre. Some interesting notices were also given by Mr. Hamilton, from letters of Colonel Leake and Mr. Millingen, in which the early occupation of Italy by the Greeks is curiously illustrated. Col. Leake describes a remarkable tomb which he had discovered at Rome, which was formed like an oven, and appeared, from the inscription, to be erected by a baker for the reception of his wife.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—Statistical, 8 p.m.; British Architects, 8 p.m.
Tuesday.—Linnæan, 8 p.m.; Horticultural, 3 p.m.; Civil Engineers, 8 p.m.; Electrical, 7 p.m.
Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 7½ p.m.
Thursday.—Royal Society, 8½ p.m.; Antiquaries, 8 p.m.
Friday.—Royal Institution, 8½ p.m.
Saturday.—Guy's Hospital, 8 p.m.

FINE ARTS.

BRITISH INSTITUTION. [Third Notice.]

35. *The Warren Bank*. F. R. Lee, R.A.—Those who remember a similar subject by the same artist, in the exhibition of the British Gallery last year, may entertain some idea of the truth and simplicity which characterise the present performance. With the addition of colour, and the advantage of chiaroscuro, it must approach as nearly to the camera-obscura effects of M. Daguerre as art can approach to nature.

58. *Fountain of Fallacy*. J. M. W. Turner, R.A.—Certainly, one of the most beautiful and perfect examples of this extraordinary artist's poetical and imaginative genius. The rainbow tints that play in prismatic order about the fountain (which occupies the centre of the piece), are quite enchanting, as well as entirely novel in their character; and, with the Claude-like distance, and classical arrangement, render it one of Mr. Turner's most captivating pictures. As to the lines from an MS. poem, "The Fallacies of Hope," quoted in the catalogue, they seem to us to belong to that order of composition—the unintelligible.

65. *A Dutch Family*. W. Simpson. — In passing from the subject last mentioned to the present, we make a step at once from the imaginative to the real; for a more completely matter-of-fact painting, upon such a scale (the figures are half the size of life), was, we think, never produced. The picture elicits no other sentiment than that which a mother, her infant, and a grown-up child, placed in good composition, are calculated to call forth; but the interior, with its rich and picturesque furniture and accessories, is treated as if every article had been made (as no doubt it has) the object of a distinct and separate study; yet not in such a manner as to interfere with the living portion of the piece. Altogether, we think the performance deserves the "prodigious" of Dominie Sampson.

106. *The Stile*; 107. *Crossing the Brook*. T. Creswick.—To these, and to other productions by the same skilful hand which enrich the gallery, whether we consider the beauty of their composition, or the truth and mastery of their execution, the term "exquisite" may be most properly applied.

131. *The Upper Floor of Rembrandt's Mill*;

132. *Rembrandt's Mill.* E. W. Cooke.—Every thing connected with Rembrandt and with his mill (which, it appears, exists, and is used as a mill down to the present day), claims attention, especially when illustrated by an artist of high, and, in some respects, congenial talents. Each of these paintings exhibits a rich and picturesque variety of materials. The first is, in point of light and colour, the more brilliant; the second is sombre in tone, but admirable for its *chiaroscuro*.

151. *A Study.* "What's in a Name?" R. Rothwell.—If the quotation be put as a general query, we answer, "Every thing." "Get a good name," says the proverb, "and go to sleep." That, however, is not the kind of "name" desired for her lover by Juliet; who would be much dissatisfied if Romeo, on acquiring "some other name," were forthwith to resign himself to slumber. It is not difficult to imagine the reflections which occupy the mind of this charming creation of Shakspeare's genius, as, with downcast and pensive look, she is contemplating the flowers in her hand. The colouring is admirably clear and harmonious.

130. *The Valley of the Bens, Mont St. Gothard, with a Party of travelling Zingari.* H. C. Selons.—Nothing can be more highly picturesque than the character of the scenery, nor more in unison with the wild region than the figures scattered over it. The style and execution of this clever work remind us of Louthborough.

120. *A View of Goodrich Castle, on the River Wyre.* Copley Fielding.—We have long borne testimony to Mr. Fielding's talents in water-colour painting; we have now to express our further admiration of them as manifested in this performance, which especially excels in the character of the composition, the beautiful clearness of the aerial perspective, and the lightness of the atmosphere.

185. *Frosty Morning.* F. Goodall.—We are not sure that this is not the first production of a young artist; but, whether that be so or not, its character and treatment do Mr. Goodall infinite credit. "We take no thought of time, but from its loss," says Young; and the same might be said of water, and many other useful things. This is here happily illustrated in the various groups waiting their turn on the first opening of the plugs after a long continuance of hard weather. Among others is a millman, seated on his pail, smoking his pipe, and no doubt anticipating the profits which he will derive from its projected adulteration; a workhouse-boy with his tea-kettle, a dog lapping, &c. The gloom of a winter's morning is well expressed.

231. *The Banished Douglas.* J. Lilley.—We are sorry to see a picture so finely treated as this is, and belonging to the class which most deserves public encouragement, lung so high that its merits as a painting cannot be fairly appreciated. It has a centre place, it is true; but we can form no idea of its beauty in colour, and only see that the composition is excellent, the head of the banished Douglas noble and dignified, and the fair figure leaning on his knee most graceful and interesting. The artist who, at so early an age, won national admiration by his Portrait of Wellington, as well as by other excellent works, ought to receive every encouragement in the pursuit of his art.

263. *English Fare.* G. Lance.—A picture in three compartments; in which fowl, fish, and fruit are exhibited in all their tempting varieties, and in the artist's best style of execution. Need we say more?

[To be continued.]

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Royal Gallery of Pictures; being a Selection of the Cabinet Paintings in her Majesty's Private Collection at Buckingham Palace, Part I. Bohn.

It is well known that the peculiar taste of his Majesty George IV. led him to the especial, although not to the exclusive, admiration of the Flemish School of Painting; and those who recollect, and have been admitted into, Carlton House, must remember the highly finished and exquisite pictures, principally of that school, with which the walls of its comparatively small and domestic apartments were enriched. Many of them have also appeared at the annual exhibitions of the old masters at the British Institution; so that their merits are pretty generally known and appreciated. Having devolved to our present gracious and beloved Sovereign, they are now among the chief ornaments of her Majesty's private collection at Buckingham Palace. Such being the case, the plan of publishing a selection from these *chefs-d'œuvre*, under the superintendence of Mr. Linnell, himself an artist of well-known talents, appears to us to be an excellent one, and cannot fail to be favourably received by the lovers of the fine arts. The work is to consist of four parts, each containing eight plates. In the present part, the very first that meets the eye—Rembrandt's "Wise Men's Offering," engraved by Burnet,—conveys a singularly striking and correct idea of the character of the original picture: the effect of light is perfectly phosphoric. Vandyke's "Marriage of St. Catherine," engraved by Ward; Gerard Douw's "Grocer's Shop," engraved by Greatbach; Isaac Ostade's "Country Inn Door," engraved by Allen; Cuyp's "Landscape, with Foresters and Dogs," engraved by Taylor; Paul Potter's "Milk-maid and Farm Stables," engraved by Greatbach (the terrified cock in which, making the best of his way, with legs and wings, to escape from an approaching danger, must overcome the gravity of the most saturnine spectator); and Sir Joshua's "Death of Dido," engraved by his namesake Reynolds; are also, each in its way, admirably executed.

Scenery of Portugal and Spain. By G. Vivian, Esq. On Stone by L. Haghe. Colnaghi and Co.

We have repeatedly had to notice the very beautiful publications from the pencil of Mr. Vivian, which have, from time to time, made their appearance. Another, and a most charming one it is, now lies before us. It is replete with picturesque character, and the execution of the different views is exquisite. How much of the merit of this is attributable to the draughtsman, and how much to the lithographer, not having seen the originals, we are not qualified to determine; the probability is that it is pretty equally shared between them. However that may be, the result of their united labour and talents is delightful. Among our favourite plates are—"Tower of Belem;" "Lisbon, the Garden of the Mai d' Agua;" "Lisbon, View from the Public Gardens;" "Palace of Cintra, from the South;" "Cintra, the Penta Convent;" "Cintra, from the North;" "Arrabida;" "Leiria;" "Coimbra, from the East;" the several views of "Oporto;" "Scenery of the Donro;" "Villa da Conde;" "Ponte de Lima;" "Vigo;" "Redondela, in Galicia;" "Light-house of St. Sebastian and Coast of Biscay;" "Granada—View from San Cristobal" (would we were gazing at the reality!), &c. &c.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

LAY OF THE LAST SEASON.

DEAR me! dont you know? Bless my heart, how surprising!

Why that star of the gas-house—that dabbler at rising—The monster balloon, has been higher than ever, And touched at a place where balloon had been never! It seems that our Public, that patron discerning Of stage-play, and tight-rope, and tumbling, and learning, Of late years has made up its glorious mind That intelligent people no pleasure can find In a show, though the world had been ransacked in seeking one;

Though the Emperor of China had sent us from Pekin once; Though the Indian Venus should lend us her graces To dance naughty dances and go through their paces (A kind of experiment, thanks to the Fates, To restore proper taste lately thought of by Yates). Unless, just to keep curiosity rife, There's a proper and rational hazard of life. Then desperate men swing the cord *à volonte*; And women walked tight-ropes in petticoats scanty; A fire-king long got his bread by his baking, And drank prussic acid—a grand undertaking; But when 'twas discovered he poured down his throttle Clear water with "poison" 'twas marked on the bottle, While still in large letters 'twas seen on the "bill" A dose he would take that would twenty men kill, The generous public, with vast indignation, Gave poor Monsieur Chabert a smart castigation. Yes, basting the man who had patiently baked Till it was not by poisons his thirst could be slaked, We called him "impostor," and "thief," without measure.

Because he refused to be killed for our pleasure. Well, after a while every art had been tried Within the law's limits, and few men had died For the good of the public; indeed it was hinted That even in hanging our taste would be stunted; And deeds on which souls full of horror might sup Would be only in private theatres got up. The scene an apartment, a field, or a wood, And enter a scoundrel dabbled in blood: Act the second a jury of twelve honest men; The villain is tried for his life—but what then? The judge and the jury,—nine-tenths of mankind, Think "killing no murder"—the man is assigned His share of the colonies! All must be right—Yet 'tis awkward when murderers wander by night, When housebreakers give you a knock on the head, By way of a hint to lie quiet in bed, And not to disturb by your vain agitation A crackman pursuing his usual occupation. When strong men, and children, and maidens, and wives, Are one way or other deprived of their lives; Till of murders each year we may count up a score, And a wonder it is that we don't hear of more; For sympathy's rampant o'er those who've committed them,

And as to the victims, why nobody pities them. Now this is a matter we soon could arrange; Though judges might think such a remedy strange, A commission should sit, formed of men who have known A knife at the throat, when unarmed and alone, In the grasp of a wretch who between every slash, Ere he gives you another, cries "Hand out the cash." Thus "making night hideous,"—'tis all we would ask—We assign to these men of experience the task Of visiting death on the murderer's head.

This done, why a man might feel safe in his bed. And should a commission of half-murdered men Prove hard to collect in a hurry, why the public We've only next "session" the trouble of framing A new act to legalize cutting and maiming. But what, in the name of the man in the moon, Has all this to do with the monster balloon? A great deal, my friends, as excitement's the passion That rules in religion, and morals, and fashion. Why, to feed this excitement and love of the dreadful, The balloon was revived, which it seems had been dead full

Half a century or so since Lunardi and others, All worthy associates aeronaut brothers, Discovered balloons were of no use at all, But to give a man height for a wonderful fall; And owners of places of public resort The means of obtaining more coin than they ought By the peril of life in a manner quite shocking—The fact has been proved from Lunardi to Cocking. Up, up went Graham, and up, up went Green! The public was charmed as no public had been Since the gleaming days of excitement by slaughter, Of bloody land fights, and engagements by water. But, alas! very smoothly the vast machines rose And ladies went up without rumpling their clothes! The people got tired, when just then to save The balloon from returning again to its grave, Where with other extraordinary discoveries unnumbered, Amid mighty useless machines, it had slumbered, Some accident happened so strange, opportune, That nothing would do but a monster balloon, In which just a dozen or two might ascend, Nor people make trips at they used with a friend. Thus if life was lost, why, in case of a Quest, Each lucky survivor could speak for the rest: The *High seas* have laws, but we needs must declare We don't know the laws that apply to *high air*. Now, as it is not our intention to write From the morning of Monday till Saturday night,

We say, once for all, that this wonder of Green's has but every other what?—smithereens! And that ladies and gentlemen choosing a ride, If they can't do like Cocking and choose the outside, Why they can't be more safe than they'd be in the car, Let them loll in a coach, or stay just where they are. Well, now comes our story; again it was found No people got dashed into mummies or drowned: Mrs. Graham went up with more valves than common, And all of them open—a wonderful woman! A gentleman—gone in the country to star it— Ascends on a hoop, like a swinging Poll-parrot; But there's nobody killed, and there's nobody hurt, And balloons and ballooning get cheaper than dirt. "Then, what's to be done? Let us find, if we can, A something more costly than woman or man. Now, hey for a tiger," said bold Mr. Hughes: "I'm sure we'll astonish the town with the news: For never ascent of the kind has been seen As this Messrs. Tiger, Van Amburgh, and Green." And, oh! the sensation at Vauxhall created:— In truth, no description could prove too inflated. Away went the trio, as high as the trees— "Off ropes,"—and away they went high as you please. We didn't see "tiger," but felt quite delighted, Like a man who is fond of a show but near-sighted: We were sure he was somewhere, for two days ago— We think it was Monday, or Tuesday, or so— A bill hit our eye in a "bus," which declared, The tiger was ready and all things prepared. We had taken our lunch in the Gardens that day, And we'd made up our mind one more bottle to stay; So we drank as we looked at the monster, until We found by our glass that 'twas high time to fill. Again we gazed up to the skies—but in vain; We ne'er saw the monster of Nassau again! It was lost in the clouds, or had melted away— "Success to the voyagers—hip! hip! hurra!" And now a glass round, just to make us forget, Though we've had a grand sight, we've had no dinner yet. "No dinner?" "Why yes, sir, no dinner—have you? A man can't eat dinner at half-a-plate!"

Who need now for viands care?
Send the joyous wine around;
Heave no sigh for roasted hare,
Sparkling brimmers here abound.

What is turtle-soup to us?
Green, indeed, the fat may be,
But the greener bottle thus
Ministers to revelry.

Be the glorious haunch forgot,
Let it hang another day;
Who would chase his happy lot,
Or send his glass for plates away?

See! the glittering stars illumine
Our banquet-hall: fresh bottles bring;
Him who talks of care or gloom
From our fairy palace fling.

Now the crash of martial strain
Tells of battle-fields and camps;
Arrack punch and rapture reign—
Wreath our brows with coloured lamps.

Sweet, how sweet, is woman's song!
Melting music—wine—delight—
Joy is fleeting—can't last long—
"Love not"—"Jenny Jones"—"Good night."

Up, up they went: said good Mr. Green,
"Why this is the highest I ever have been;
Confound the valve! won't it open? I say—
Just pull the tiger a little that way."
Mr. Van Amburgh, he hauled at the brute,
For quiet it was as a lamb, and as mute
As an oyster (the simile's borrowed, we think).
"Why, Green, you are troubled; be comforted, drink."
"No comfort for me," cried poor Green very loud;
Van Amburgh said nought, he was blowing a cloud—
And of clouds they had more than enough, to their fright.
For yet the valve stuck, and 'twas coming on night.
"We must cut the balloon," exclaimed Green to Mynheer.
"I wish I had cut it," said he with a sneer.
"What the devil had I got to do with the skies?
Cut away and be d—d—d." And then Mr. Green tries,
After begging Van Amburgh, in spite of his rage,
Would give him his word, and his honour engage,
To keep down the royal Bengal in the car.
But ere Green could say, What a tiger you are!
While mounting the ropes, why he felt a great clasp
Applied to his shoulder, which left it quite raw:
Then into the car with a big bounce he fell,
And the "Tamer" he set up a terrible yell,
For the Bengal had lent him a box on the ears;
When, wonder of wonders! Mr. Green hears
The tiger in Dutch, very gruff but not loud
(Van Amburgh speaks Dutch like a native you know),
Remark "Now, my friends, I'll take charge of the craft;
If I don't, I'm a Dutchman!"—Here the brute laughed.
Then Van Amburgh looked big, for he's strong and he's
brave,
And he rushed at the tiger—the tiger looked grave.
"Hands off, Mr. Man! there's a change in affairs,"
Said the beast with a curl of his whiskers; "Who dares
To touch a free tiger? sit both of you still,
And I'll explain every thing: act as you will,

I'm master in spite of your stick and your damns.
Now don't make me angry." So down on his hams
Bengal, with propriety, settled to talk.
The two men looked on with complexions of chalk
As they saw him take up a cold fowl, which he slid
In the side of his mouth, just by way of a quid.
Then they cried out for snacks, with a terrible racket,
Till the tiger he swore, by the stripes in his jacket,
He'd tip 'em both over; so easing their lungs,
Which breathed very faintly, by holding their tongues,
They listened while Bengal explained how the earth
Had lost all attraction—"For what was there worth
The loss of a twopenny," said he, smiling vastly,
"When Van and I cut the theatre of Astley,
And you, Mr. Green, left the earth for the air
With that wonderful globular gas-house up there?
You see now," continued the talkative beast,
"We have been in ascent some twelve hours at least;
Thus I think it is proved, to our great satisfaction,
That in losing us three the earth lost its attraction.
Now, where we are going I'm sure I can't tell,
But, partly by finding my speech, and as well,
I believe, I may add, in some measure, by smell,
We cannot be far off the Moon I suppose;
For under that planet, as every one knows
—I mean every tiger—a large world exists,
Which no one can see from the earth for the mists
That circle around it—tradition declares
How tigers, and lions, and leopards, and bears,
And other nobles of creation, there lord it
O'er men like yourselves—ay, and you can afford it!
I've tried you, and, truly, I think I may speak
For my kindred and self: bully-man, though he's weak
In his limbs, is a limb of the devil for head.
And now, Mr. Green, I believe I have said
All that strikes me at present; so hand me that pie
I saw you, my friend, put so cunningly by:
I never take wine, so the bottles are yours.
But as to the viands, I'll munch them of course."
The gentlemen muttered, but not very loud,
For they both of them felt most remarkably cowed.
And the supper was laid, and the tiger began it
With such terrible snarl, that they watched for the planet
With eyes full of eagerness, looking for land
Ere their hungry guest might more victuals demand;
And falling in pie, and in bolts, and in roasts,
Mr. Bengal might happen to eat up his hosts.
Now that night—what a terrible night for the skies!
The signs of the sodal swore by their eyes,
They never were taken so much by surprise!
Mankind had arrived in that region before—
Aquarius, Gemini, one or two more;
But the Ram was all but in a passion to see
A tiger go up where no tiger should be—
At least so he thought, but his head was wool gathering,
And so varmint he thought that he broke all his tethering.
The Bull tossed his horns, as if mad to engage;
But soon 'twas all "bellows to mend" with his rage,
As they say in the "ring" when a man's out of breath;
Yet he roared till the Twins were both frightened to death,
And was stopped by a hoarseness—too bad to be cured.
But, Gemini, what the poor boys had endured!
The Crab was quite backward in making a row—
He never talked much, for he didn't know how;
But he said to himself, "I do wish I'd the flippers
Of that nasty beast with rich reach of my nippers."
The Lion alone of the lords of the sky
Expressed himself pleased as the tiger drew nigh;
He thought 'twas his wife from an African wild,
Whom, ages ago, he had left with a child
Who called him papa; and he got quite affected,
Wagged his tail, and cried out, "You have long been ex-
pected."
But, oh! what a rage he was in when he saw
The balloon going down over Thinglecumtaw
(That world where the beasts have the strong uperhand).
He said that his feelings he could not command,
And but that the Virgin was close by his side,
He'd have swollen with rage till he'd bursted his hide.
Meantime Mr. Green, with the tiger's consent,
Over Thinglecumtaw had cut open a vent.
Down went the balloon with a terrible bounce,
In the midst of a pound that belonged to an Ounce:
A sleek little fellow, with nice spotted clothes,
Red eyes rather roundish, and very black nose,
Which he turned up in scorn at the sight of our race,
But welcomed Bengal with a feline embrace.
The balloon rolled about, as balloons often will,
And Mr. Green showed, as was usual, his skill
In getting it properly packed, with the aid
Of some very strange men very decently made,
But then they all jumped, hopped, and scrambled, not
walked:
While out of the lot not a man of them talked.
Mr. Green very properly made memoranda
Of all things around him which seemed to demand a
Particular notice; but poor Mr. Van,
Not knowing exactly, good worthy man!
The use they might be to the wise of our world,
Crushed the paper together, and twisted and curled
The book that had made our philosophy ripe,
And with it unconsciously lighted his pipe.
'Tis said the next night, in an Amphitheatre,
Conducted like Astley's and not a bit better,
Bengal made his master Van Amburgh perform—
And we hear that he took the whole city by storm.
He danced to a whipping, he jumped through a hoop,
And the Ounce, who was manager, said to his troop,
That the best of all lions he'd ever known draw,
Was Van Amburgh who came in the monster Nassau.

And how they got back,—why, we really can't say.
Already we'd slept till the peep of the day,
And a brute of a fellow insisted on breaking
The thread of our dream—we are hard of awaking,
So we begged to dream on: "No, I don't care a farthing;
You must go with the rest—we must shut up the Garden."
R. J.

BIOGRAPHY.

JOHN VENDRAMINI, ESQ.

THIS distinguished artist and engraver died on the 8th, at his residence, the Quadrant, Regent Street, in his seventieth year. He was born at Roncade, near Bassano, in 1769; and to the age of nineteen, pursued his studies under such masters as his native place produced. He then came to London, and completed his professional education under Bartolozzi, with whom he remained till that celebrated artist left England. Upon this event, Mr. Vendramini established himself in Bartolozzi's house at North End, and dedicated himself entirely to engraving and the Fine Arts. In 1802 he married an English lady, of Portuguese extraction, and in 1805 paid a visit to Russia, passing one year at St. Petersburg and another at Moscow. Here his talents were highly and justly estimated, and he enjoyed the uninterrupted patronage of the emperor, who gave him full employment whilst he remained in the country. Nor was this the only cause he had to speak, as he always did, with gratitude and delight of his reception in Russia; for, from many of the most powerful nobles he received great kindness and hospitality, and was almost a constant and fêted guest in the palace of the Great Chamberlain Naritchkin, whose beautiful and accomplished wife occupied so influential a position in the imperial court. Indeed, there has seldom been exhibited a stronger instance of the value attached to the services of an artist than was exhibited in the case of Mr. Vendramini, who was absolutely refused a passport to enable him to leave the country and rejoin his family. On the contrary, the most brilliant offers of emolument were held out to induce him to stay; and it was only through the friendship and seal of his compatriot, the Duke of Sarsapriolo, at that time the Neapolitan ambassador, that he could effect his escape in the character of a courier charged with despatches. On one occasion, the Emperor ordered him to be presented with a diamond ring, worth 5000 rubles; and he was commanded to make a copy of an *Antique* Cameo belonging to the Imperial Collection at St. Petersburg, and esteemed the finest in Europe. It was considered so precious, that the copy was to be executed in the Palace; and it seems that some malicious courtier, desirous of disgracing the artist, contrived, as if accidentally, to throw down his study, and break a laurel wreath which encircled the brow of Alexander the Great. Siberia swam before his vision, but he repaired the injury in so skilful a manner as to avoid any censure; and the curious part of the story is, that, in a conversation with Pistrucci, many years afterwards, he was informed that this wonderful piece of antiquity was, in reality, a production of that artist! It had passed through many hands before it arrived at the honour of being Greek, and vaunted accordingly!—No bad lesson on the subject of *ancient art*.

On his return to England, Mr. Vendramini pursued his career with unwearied diligence and adequate success. Many of his works were much prized, and all of them honourable to his genius. "The Vision of St. Catherine," after Paul Veronese; the "St. Sebastian," after Spagnoletto; "Leda," after Leonardo da Vinci; and others, may be mentioned as faithful and

* This refers to an unobtrusive method of making known Vauxhall nights by throwing "bills" into omnibus windows.

masterly transcripts from these great painters, in which their different styles were admirably preserved. So devoted was he to the grand in his art, that he made, if not the last, nearly the last effort in England, to publish a work in that class worthy of being esteemed a national performance. We allude to his large and noble Engraving of the "Raising of Lazarus from the Sebastian del Piombo," in the National Gallery. In correctness of drawing we never witnessed his superior; for so true was his eye, that, instead of making drawings, he frequently engraved from the Picture at once.

In private life, Mr. Vendramini was as worthy a man as ever breathed—most amiable, gentle, benevolent, and intelligent; and none was ever more generally esteemed by his brother artists, and by all who knew him. He has left two daughters: the eldest, the widow of the late J. Stuart Jordan, Esq., who unfortunately fell a sacrifice to the climate of Jamaica whilst acting as a stipendiary magistrate; and the youngest, the wife of Thomas Grant, Esq. of Chedingsell Grange, Essex.

THE DRAMA.

THERE has been much of novelty since our last, but little to require detailed criticism: at any rate, we have been so thrown out by the Lenten vacancies, as to be unable to bestow it, were it necessary.

Drury Lane.—*Farinelli*, an opera by Barnett, with a libretto of the most stupid kind that ever disgraced even this species of literature, is remarkable for some of the finest instrumentation that has been heard in any theatre. It is, indeed, perfectly beautiful; and if there had been any thing like a proportion of airs and melodies to support the piece, it would no doubt have been most popular. As it is, the music is a great treat for musical ears.

Covent Garden.—A drama, entitled *The King and the Duke, or the Siege of Alençon*, has been produced here, and with success. It is put upon the stage with all the advantages which a liberal management ensures; and being well constructed and well acted, seems destined to that sort of run which rewards productions of its kind, when they please the audience by their splendour, humour, and variety.

Olympic.—Our *Cousin German*, previously known as *Best Intentions* at the Adelphi, has afforded so fine a scope for the exercise of Mr. Mathews' talents, that we may recommend it as a very amusing addition to the amusing performances of the animated Olympic.

St. James's.—During the last week, three new burlettas have been produced with success; they are of a light and pleasing character, and generally amusing. Considering the company has been hastily collected, in the middle of the season, we think much credit is due to the manager. The beasts are as clever and well taught as their neighbours, and jump through hoops, obey, fondle, and do every thing (but eat their master)* to the entire satisfaction of good audiences. The orchestra is excellent.

The Olympic Company migrate to the *Queen's Theatre* in Tottenham Street, and that of the *Adelphi* to the *Surrey*, for the Wednesdays and Fridays during Lent.

Hanover Square Room.—On Monday, Mori and Lindley's second Classical Quartet Con-

* We are told there is one person, more intelligent than the rest of his species, who has gone to the pit of Drury Lane every night since Van Amburgh commenced, lest he should miss the sight on which the beasts will devour him!

cert drew together a room full of fashionables. The programme was attractive, and its promises fulfilled. Corelli's duet for the violoncello and contra-basso, so often played by Messrs. Lindley and Dragonetti, was, as usual, encored, as was Miss Wyndham's delicious aria, "In questa tomba oscura." Beethoven's quartet in E flat was splendidly executed by Messrs. Mori, Moralt, Lindley, and, owing to the indisposition of Mr. Tolbecque, young Mr. Mori. The last quartet was far too long, so much so, indeed, that scarcely fifty persons were left to hear a sweet duet, executed in the purest style, by Miss Wyndham and Mrs. A. Toulmin.

Copyright.—Mr. Serjeant Talfourd has again brought his Copyright Bill into the house, which, with the experience of the past, in objections and parliamentary *ruses*, ought now to stand a better chance of becoming an effective measure.

H. B.'s.—Two novelties have just appeared, and full of animal life. No. 573, "Feeding the Animals—change of Diet." O'Connell as Van Amburgh, with a loaf of cheap bread on a pitchfork, and all the cabinet, as lions, tigers, &c., crouching or growling about him. Lord Melbourne, as the old lion, is superb; and Lord J. Russell and Poulett Thomson, tugging at a roll, "the corn-law question," are equally good. The queen is quietly looking at the feeding, and wondering at their "change of food." No. 574, Lord Brougham and Lord Durham on donkeys, tilting, à la Quixote, to the manifest damage of the latter, is one of the funniest of the series. Both the combatants and their steeds are imitatively ludicrous.

New Art.—The Russian journals announce that Professor Jacobi, of St. Petersburg, can produce in relief, and in the most exact manner, the most minute traits of an engraving on copper, and transverse them to other plates composed with the assistance of galvanism. The Emperor Nicholas has given the necessary funds for carrying this discovery to perfection; and, from the success of the first experiments, it is anticipated that this fine invention will be applied to the art of engraving with results of an extraordinary nature.

David Roberts, Esq.—The lovers of the fine arts will be glad to hear that Mr. Roberts has returned to Cairo, after proceeding above the second cataract, in good health and spirits. He had found some admirable subjects for his pencil in Egypt; and was about to start for Syria, to visit Jerusalem and the Dead Sea, &c.

C. Stanfield, Esq.—We learn also with pleasure, that Stanfield is well at Naples, and has been busily employed in sketching Italian scenery.

Wellington City Statue.—The sub-committee appointed to carry this design into execution, have, we understand, come to a final arrangement with Sir Francis Chantrey. Government having presented the material of cannon taken at Waterloo, of the value of upwards of 1500*l.*—making the whole subscription up to 10,500*l.*—the guns, and the sum of 2000*l.* are immediately to be given to the artist, a second sum when the small model is finished, and the remainder when the work is completed. Sir Francis undertakes that this shall be done by midsummer 1843. The same horse as that upon which Sir Thomas Monro is mounted is not to be employed, but another modelled and cast.

The Nelson Tribute.—The sub-committee upon the models, at Mr. Rainy's rooms, in competition for this monument, have, we hear, been engaged throughout the week in considering so as to make a report to the general

committee and subscribers at large. Rumour speaks highly of designs by Baily, Laugh, Carew, and others.

New Animal Grammatical Exercises (for beginners, and a specimen of Mnemonics).—Q. Why does a spaniel make a period?—A. Because it comes to a point. Q. Why is a pig an interrogation?—A. Because when you ask the question you say *A Sow* (as how?). Q. How can you beat all animals in speed?—A. By putting a little *Coal-on*. Q. What animal most resembles a note of admiration?—A. A cock crowing. Q. What is indicated by Kids at play?—A. *The High-fun*. Q. What by a Cur pursuing its own tail?—A. A circumflex. Q. What by a duck enjoying itself?—A. A Guttural. Q. What by a Lover popping the question?—A. A vowel. Q. What by a Toad in a hole?—A. A parenthesis. Q. What by a frightened Goose taking the water?—A. A dash. Q. What by idle boys throwing stones at frogs?—A. Interjections!

Judicial Will.—At a recent bankrupt examination, it appeared that the Unfortunate had dealt largely in discounts, and on one occasion was obliged to take as part payment, at a heavy price, a fine picture by an old master, of *Elijah fed by Ravens*. "These (observed Sir G—R—, glancing at the ravens) were, I suppose, the first accommodation bills that ever existed."

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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We are not sufficiently master of the bookbinders' question to offer any opinion upon them.

It is true, Capt. Morris wrote sons of a description not to be defended, but we could not allude to these in speaking of the lyrical beauties of such as might be published.

Our correspondent is right. The remark on Hood's *Electric Eel*, and the note on introducing the interesting experiments on the *Torpedo* in our last, might mislead the unscientific reader into a notion that the *Gymnotus Electricus* of the South American Coast, and the *Torpedo* of the Mediterranean, &c., were of similar species. We trust, however, that the slightest notice will point out the difference between an eel and a ray, though both exhibit these extraordinary electrical phenomena.

ERRATUM.—In our last Number, page 99, col. 1, line 10, for "exercised," read "exorcised."

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Office, Number 7 Wellington Street, Waterloo Bridge, Strand, in the said County, on Saturday, February 15th, 1859.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Silurian System, founded on Geological Researches in the Counties of Salop, Hereford, Radnor, Montgomery, Caermarthen, Brecon, Pembroke, Monmouth, Gloucester, Worcester, and Stafford; with Descriptions of the Coal-Fields and Overlying Formations. By Roderick Impey Murchison, F.R.S., F.L.S., Vice-President of the Geological Society of London, General Secretary to the British Association for the Advancement of Science, &c. &c. 2 Parts. 4to. With a Map. London, 1839. Murray.

IN whichever point of view we consider this work, it is alike honourable to its author. As a contribution to geological science, any effort to classify and systematise the older rocks and their organic remains must have deserved a very high eulogium; but when we see this done for the first time, after so vast a field of labour, and with so much skill and ability, we know not in what terms sufficiently laudatory to express the obligations of the public, and of geologists in particular, for the production of so truly valuable a work. It must contribute largely to the advancement of geology; and is, indeed, in our judgment, not only a credit to the individual, but to the national character.

The Silurian system has been brought forward by Mr. Murchison and others on so many occasions, and been so much discussed at meetings of the Geological Society and British Association (of which discussions reports have been given in the *Literary Gazette*), that we do not feel it to be so essentially necessary as it would otherwise have been for us to take up the subject, now that it is so entirely before us, and endeavour to make readers aware of the extent of the service thus performed. So many questions and considerations, too, are involved in the details, that it is utterly impossible for even the largest review to do justice to them; and, confessing our incapacity, we shall beg leave merely to advert to some of the leading points.

On opening the book, we are pleased with a brief dedication to Mr. Murchison's indefatigable fellow-labourer on many a hill and dale, Adam Sedgwick, one of the greatest names known to geological science, and, altogether, one of the most remarkable and distinguished men of the age in which he lives. Simple in manners, unaffected in mind, endowed with the highest talents, eloquent and energetic almost beyond the utmost limits of other men, zealous in the pursuit and promotion of scientific inquiries, and turning all things to the single and absorbing end of teaching his fellow-creatures to look through Nature up to Nature's God;—such is Adam Sedgwick, to whom these volumes are inscribed.

And the offering is worthy of the man; and it is with regret that we again confess our inability to do justice to its merits. We can merely glance at some leading points.

"Having discovered (says Mr. M. in his Preface) that the region formerly inhabited by the Silures, celebrated in our annals for the defence of the great Caractacus, contained a vast and regular succession of undescribed deposits of a remote age, I have named them the 'Silurian System.' The introductory chapter details the

state of the subject when this inquiry commenced, the origin and progress of the work, and the objects to be attained by its completion. The first part, embracing descriptive geology, concludes with a review of the most striking phenomena of the ancient epochs which I seek to illustrate; the second describes the fossil animals which are embedded in the strata. The map, coloured sections, and numerous woodcuts, mark the subdivisions of the surface and the structure of the sub-soil; while the fossil animals are figured in separate plates. Finally, lest some of my readers should imagine, that he whose proper study is the frame-work of the earth, is indifferent to the beauties of its outline, I beg to offer a few pictorial sketches of this fine region, alike eulogised by the poet for its fertility and the valour of its people."

These illustrations are not beautiful, they are magnificent: and the map is one of extraordinary completeness and scientific interest.

As connecting the secondary deposits with the older slaty rocks, the strata investigated by the author appear before us in so perfect a shape as to form a system, and a very important one, in geological science. Mr. M. says:—

"Geologists will determine whether the results now offered to them are worthy of their approval. If it be acknowledged that no sound general views of the early periods of the earth's history can be obtained, without a close investigation of the beds which connect the sedimentary deposits previously known with the oldest stratified rocks, then I may venture to hope, that the endeavour to clear up this difficult subject will be considered a step, however small, in the foundation of the science. We already know that certain deposits, with their organic remains, may be expected to shew themselves (though sometimes under different aspects) in distant lands. Thus the tertiary and secondary strata have been identified over remote parts; while our own island is remarkable for having afforded in great measure the original types of the secondary age which directed that investigation. It appears highly probable, nay, it is even to a great extent already ascertained, that phenomena of the same kind prevail with respect to the system described in this volume; and that Siluria, with its accumulations of remote antiquity teeming with organic remains, presents a table made up of some of the earlier and hitherto undeciphered pages, which the history of the earth in other countries offers to our study. But the Silurian, though ancient, are not, as before stated, the most ancient fossiliferous strata. They are, in truth, but the upper portion of a succession of early deposits, which it may hereafter be found necessary to describe under one comprehensive name. For this purpose I venture to suggest the term 'Protozoic Rocks,' thereby to imply the first or lowest formations in which animals or vegetables appear. That there is a limit in the descending scale of formations, beneath which no traces of life have been discovered, is now pretty generally recognised; and, looking merely to this fact, geologists may agree to use the word 'Protozoic,' however they may differ in their interpretation of the phenomenon. One class

of observers believe that life did not exist when the earliest deposits took place. They hold that the oldest crystalline strata (ancient gneiss, mica schist, &c.) were formed during a period of great heat: and the astronomer seems to strengthen this opinion, by shewing that the planet must have been in a state of total or partial fusion when it assumed its present shape. Such reasoners are led to suppose that the earliest accumulations occurred under conditions which forbade the possibility of any vital organisation; and they are further strengthened in their creed, when, on examining the innermost folds of the earth's covering which have been extruded, they find in them no vestiges of life. They conclude, therefore, that it was only after a long time, and when the surface had to a certain extent been cooled down by succeeding changes and the addition of fresh materials, that animals and vegetables were called into existence. Other geologists contend that as yet we gaze but dimly into the obscure vista of these early periods; and that even if organised beings did live when the first crystalline rocks were formed, we cannot now hope to discover evident traces of their existence, owing to the great metamorphoses which subsequent agencies have produced in these masses—metamorphoses which may be well supposed to have obliterated all traces of primeval creation. Without here attempting to decide this question, I would merely observe, that the term 'Protozoic,' as above interpreted, may be used by the maintainers of either doctrine. In conclusion, I repeat that my chief object is to develop the upper portion of this vast series; its lower divisions belong to the task which has fortunately fallen to Professor Sedgwick."

This general explanation must suffice for our purpose; but we must allude to the pre-eminently useful results of an inquiry which may guide us where to look for, and where to know there cannot be found the invaluable deposit of coal, and also to help the miner throughout all his subterranean toils, in redeeming mineral wealth of every kind from the bosom of the earth. At the conclusion of Part I., Mr. M. thus returns to the theory:—

"We would observe, that abundant proofs have been adduced to shew that the forces employed in dislocating the crust of the globe were of extraordinary intensity. These well-registered phenomena are, we contend, absolutely inexplicable without the intervention of paroxysms infinitely greater than any of which modern times furnish examples; and yet we shall find that such data, though drawn from the opposite extremes of the subject, are not in collision, and will not impede the onward march of our science. Judging from the facts before them, geologists are entitled to look to a deep-seated and widely extended explanatory cause; and hence many have been led to believe, that all the ancient phenomena proving outburst and dislocation, have proceeded from a central heat, of which the volcanic ebullitions of past periods and the present are merely the external signs. Now, if the astronomer has correctly supposed that this planet was originally a semifluid mass,

which by revolving on its axis assumed a spheroidal form; the geologist, examining into the nature of the oldest crystalline rocks, sees in them the clearest evidence of the effects of intense heat, which bursting out at intervals through sedimentary deposits, evolved the sheets of matter which constitute the axes and centres of many mountain chains. He infers that central heat has subsequently been the source and great agent of the mutations he traces, not only from the surpassing grandeur of the phenomena, but also because they harmonise with the probable relative conditions of such periods; for each succeeding accumulation of fresh sedimentary matter would, as before hinted, necessarily tend to repress the power of heat proceeding from within, whether in the form of actual molten matter or of gas and steam. Each great igneous eruption, carrying with it fresh materials for additional deposits to be spread out on the bed of the ocean, would in fact be auxiliary to the repression of similar eruptions in future, by adding new folds to the pre-existing crust which enveloped the central and heated nucleus. The question therefore is, Does Nature teach us, that the most violent dislocations are apparent in our geological phenomena? If (as I firmly believe) she does, and further impresses on us the belief of a former state of paroxysmal turbulence and chemical change, of much deeper rooted intensity and wider range than any to be found in our own period; then the theory of central heat, as propounded by the mathematician, finds its best supporter in the geologist. Nor is this view incompatible with those principles which inculcate the doctrine of the gradual elevation and depression of modern continents. We have recently seen two of our first philosophers maintaining, that a central heat being granted, the necessary result of the increment of fresh matter in one part, and its abstraction from another (as is now taking place), must produce such variations in the conducting media, that the result would be the gradual elevation of some parts of the earth's surface, and the depression of others. Hence, therefore, we infer that those principles which teach us to reason from the operations of the present day, are completely reconcilable with the doctrine of geological catastrophes; for a central heat being admitted, we see in it the source of great former revolutions, as well as of the gradual heavings and depressions of modern times. He who had never extended his research beyond the phenomena of intense violence, so apparent in almost every mountain chain, would scarcely be brought to believe, that the agency by which these changes were accomplished was the very same as that which produces modern vicissitudes. But he who examines the whole range of terrestrial phenomena will acknowledge, that they are all in harmony,—all proceeding from the same source. Geology, therefore, in expounding the former condition of the globe, convinces us that every variation of its surface has been but a step towards the accomplishment of one great end; whilst all such revolutions are commemorated by monuments, which revealing the cause and object of each change, compel us to conclude that the earth can alone have been fashioned into a fit abode for man by the ordinances of Infinite Wisdom."

The Second Part treats of Organic Remains, assuredly the most popular and not the least interesting branch of geology, which, as the author well observes, "reveals to us the extraordinary fact, and without its aid the fact never could have been known, that as the globe

passed from one condition to another, whole races of animals perished, and were succeeded by others with organisations adapted to the altered state of our planet. On this phenomenon is based the fundamental principle of the identification of strata by their imbedded remains; the passage from one deposit to another being marked by a change in the animals which lived and died during the accumulation of each. Thus, although the fossils of any one great series of beds possess a common character, yet those which are found in the lowest and highest strata of a great formation are for the most part dissimilar in species, and often in genera."

Mr. M. goes on to investigate the phenomena connected with the older strata, particularly of the lower carboniferous system, and says:—

"That the fossils of the Silurian system here represented, and amounting in all to about 350 species, are, with the exception of a very few (chiefly doubtful casts), essentially distinct from any of the numerous and well-defined fossils of the carboniferous system; and further, that the old red sandstone which separates these two systems is also characterized by fossils peculiar to it."

He then puts these questions, which explain his position.

"Beginning with the vertebrate, are not the fishes of the old red sandstone as distinct from those of the carboniferous system on the one hand, as from those of the Silurian on the other? M. Agassiz has pronounced that they are so. Are any of the crustaceans, so numerous and well-defined throughout the Silurian rocks, found also in the carboniferous strata? I venture to reply, Not one. Are not the remarkable *cephalopodous mollusca*, the *phragmocones* and certain forms of *Litules*, peculiar to the older system? Is there one species of the *Crinoides* figured in this work known in the carboniferous strata? Has the *Serpuloides longissimus*, or have those singular bodies the *Graptolites*, or, in short, any zoophytes of the Silurian system been detected in the well-examined carboniferous rocks? And in regard to the corals, which are so abundant that they absolutely form large reefs, is not Mr. Lonsdale, who has assiduously compared multitudes of specimens from both systems, of opinion, that there is not more than one species common to the two epochs? If, therefore, it should prove, after all, that a few species of *conchifers* (an order of beings capable, perhaps, more than any other of enduring vicissitude), continued in existence, from the formation of the Silurian rocks to the accumulation of the carboniferous limestone, how can their presence break down the individuality and separation of systems, established upon such a vast preponderance of direct zoological evidence in the other natural classes? Even should a few other *mollusca* in the two systems be considered identical, there is no doubt, that by far the greater number of them which truly belong to rocks rising from beneath the old red sandstone, are distinct from those which inhabit the strata above that system. Such evidences are, therefore, as before mentioned, nothing more than additional supports of the important truth which geology has already established; that each great period of change, during which the surface of the planet was essentially modified, was also marked by the successive production and obliteration of certain races. Let it not, however, be imagined that I wish to inculcate the doctrine of every ancient formation having been tenanted by creatures absolutely peculiar to it. The large natural groups of strata only, or, so to speak, systems, can be thus distinguished. We have,

indeed, ascertained to a great extent, the distribution of organic life in the epochs anterior to our own, and we now know, that with each great increment of newly deposited matter, new animals appeared, and that while some vanished with the lapse of time, others unsuited to sudden changes were destroyed."

With this we are compelled to close these very imperfect illustrations of a very important work, and one which will be found in every scientific library both at home and abroad, in the old world and in the new.

Report on the Geology of Cornwall, Devon, and West Somerset. By H. De la Beche, F.R.S. &c., Director of the Ordnance Geological Survey. Published by Order of the Lords of the Treasury. 8vo. pp. 648. London, 1839. Longman and Co.

THE science of geology has been very fortunate in England, for it has enlisted so many distinguished men in its pursuit that only a few years have sufficed to raise it to a high and prominent place in general estimation. Among those whose labours and attainments have tended most effectually to elevate it to that position stands the name of Mr. De la Beche, than whom a more assiduous, able, and successful geologist, has not appeared in our own or any other country. And high as his name already stood, this volume will reflect still greater honour upon it, whilst, at the same time, it will throw a clear light upon a district of which the mineral wealth is so enormous, that hardly all the rest of the British empire could so well deserve the patient elucidation of its treasures. The maps, plates, and illustrations are admirable, and all the praise we have bestowed upon the preceding work with equal justice belongs to this, which is one of great national and scientific importance.

A Winter Journey through Russia, the Caucasian Alps, and Georgia; thence across Mount Zagros, &c. into Koordistaun. By Capt. R. Mignan, of the Bombay Army, M.R.A.S. author of "Travels in Chaldee." 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1839. Bentley.

KOORDISTAUN, singularly situated between the two most powerful despotic empires of the East, has so largely preserved its independence, and is not only interesting from its connexion with ancient history, but from its present condition, that we shall best consult the tastes of our readers, and the cause of the author, if we very slightly refer to the other matters in this work, and look chiefly to what he tells us of that country.

We accordingly pass through Russia in 1829, and all the notices and adventures which Capt. M. relates in his transit, with his lady, two children, and servants. Neither shall Georgia detain us, nor Persia; for, indeed, we have often, and more recently than the captain, traversed these paths; but come at once to our subject.

Koordistaun presents an immense succession of hill and valley, dells and plains of exhaustless fertility, and mountains towering to nearly the height of Mont Blanc. The top of the great range of Zagros rises upwards of fourteen thousand feet above the level of the ocean. Between the Araxes and the base of this range, high masses of mountain support table-land of greater or lesser breadth, which sometimes widens into broad plains. Where these plains do not occur, the mountains attain their greatest elevation. The Euphrates and Tigris sweep round, and run nearly parallel to these ranges. The great Karducian chain is

cut through by the Tigris, near to the site of the ancient Nineveh, whence both streams enclose the boundless plains of Mesopotamia, or Ull Jezirah, as the Arabs of the country call it, and, uniting at Koorna, or Apamea, fall into the Persian Gulf. The lofty chains which thus traverse and enclose the country of the Karduci, contain many productions of the mineral kingdom. Their treasures still lie buried and unexplored, because this territory is in the hands of barbarians, who are utterly ignorant of the hidden wealth with which nature has endowed it. Many hills contain inexhaustible mines of salt, especially between Van and Ararat. A small lake also exists here, which, during the autumn, is covered with a thick crust of salt. Saltpetre, sulphur, and arsenic, are likewise to be met with, and the soil is deeply impregnated with alum. Near the sources and banks of the rivers and their tributary streams, are mines of auriferous and argentiferous copper; and the rocks in the vicinity of these mines contain veins of the most beautiful and variegated marble and alabaster. The chains are composed of limestone to the north, and granite to the south. Volcanic rocks occur near Aroomia, and there also mineral springs are very frequent. The inferior ranges contain gypsum, coal, iron, and a stratum of white calcareous stone; pumice and whetstones are also met with. On Mount Zagros occurs a stone of extreme brittleness, filled throughout with a blue stratum, which resembles the *firozah*,* or turquoise. Argillaceous earths likewise occur, of various qualities and colours. The mountains are clothed with forests, to an elevation of about six thousand feet; above that height, the country is less covered; though, in some of the recesses, forests exist, even in more elevated spots, and, where they reign triumphant, traces of habitations are 'few and far between.'

The geographical division of Koordistaun is nearly as follows:—Koordistaun Proper, comprising the country lying between the degrees of northern latitude, 34° 30' and 39°, and longitude, 41° and 48° 30'; inhabitants, about 500,000; Ardelan, 300,000; Adiabene, 200,000; total number of inhabitants, 1,000,000. Of this population, four-fifths are Soonite Koords; the remainder are composed of Chaldean Christians, who are in alliance with a Koordish chieftain, by name Mustapha Khan, of whom I shall have occasion to speak presently. They are divided into four tribes, the descendants of those Christians who fled from the persecution of Justinian, who are now established and governed by an hereditary priest, and to this day inhabit the recesses of Mount Jidda-Daug, whose altitude is little less than the Caucasian range. In computing the population of Koordistaun, and taking into consideration the peculiar habits of the people, we may reckon that a very great portion of the superficies of this country is uninhabited; indeed, no very correct estimate can be formed of the number of its inhabitants. The oppression and cruelties they have endured; the vengeance they have inflicted on their Turkish and their Persian neighbours; and, above all, their retention of independence, from the earliest ages up to the present day,—these circumstances combined, invest this country with a

peculiar interest. The mountainous regions have at no period been under subjection, either to the Turks or to the Persians."

Such is the outline of the country; and, "from time immemorial, Koordistaun has been a continued scene of war, turbulence, and robbery."

Yet our travellers were not ill received:—

"Being unable to procure any forage for the cattle, or even refreshments for ourselves, we left Boganan long before the dawn of day. Mirsady, the object of our march, lay about thirty-eight miles distant, over a road which appeared very rugged. About noon, we passed a lovely plain, and through it several small gurgling streams meandered, literally matted over with water-cresses. Our servants were quite surprised to see us eat of them so heartily, for they would not even taste any until I repeatedly declared they were most delicious. Previously to our *entrée* into the village, we were met by its chief, who conducted us to his castle, where he ordered his women to give up to us the best room they possessed in the harem court. They instantly set to work clearing away their domestic utensils with the greatest good-humour, and lighted for us a cheerful fire, before which we spread our *nummuds* (carpets). These women crowded about Mrs. Mignan and the children with the utmost *empressement*, and accosted me with an air of the greatest cordiality: they had no wish, and certainly no reason to conceal their faces, which were fair and handsome, with large black eyes, and dark flowing hair. They went about entirely unveiled, and possessed no *mauvees honte*, though it was considered a mark of rudeness to stare at them. Nevertheless, they were evidently much pleased at exciting our attention, and we clearly perceived that vanity was the characteristic of the sex in this, as well as in other countries nearer home. After being served with some delicious cheese made from the milk of sheep, and several excellent flat muffin-shaped cakes of bread, the chieftain of the village invited me to his own quarters, which were situated across an oblong square court-yard. A sheep was slain; and, having been stuffed full of almonds and raisins, was now roasting before a roaring fire, around which several attendants were crouched. We discussed our meal à l'Arabe, and afterwards some of the party got up and danced around the room with great energy. They then chanted a war cry, which our melmaundar, Seyyud Abdallah, assured me related to their robbing exploits, and to their successes over the Turks and Persians. They also had a regular chorus, in which all occasionally joined, and which pointed at the dishonour of a Koord flying from battle to his tents, where not only the tribe itself, but the very dogs shun the coward—

'None shall wed the flying slave,
E'en dogs shall bay the dastard knave.'

Seyyud Abdallah declared the whole party were marauders, and that some of them actually boasted of the number of Kuzzilbashies they had shot. This chieftain gave us dried fruits of several kinds, with delicious sweetmeats, and some most excellent sherbet. On the morrow I smoked a chibouque with the village chief, and we then resumed our journey towards Soolimaniah, the capital of Koordistaun."

Not so further on, in ascending a mountain, where "the difficulty of this passage was considerably increased by the conduct of a strong body of Koords, who from the top of the mountain had been watching our approach, and now commenced hurling large stones and fragments of rock upon those bearing our baggage. * * * Our old Katurjee Bashee, who had all along

been quaking for the safety of his jaded mules, became seriously alarmed. 'Stakhferullah!' he exclaimed, 'there is enough of them to eat us; may the holy prophet Mahommed (blessed be his name!) soothe their fury; ullah ukbar! God is most gracious! Had we only a dozen brave Kuzzilbashies, we might have a chance with them; but, as it is, I shall certainly become a beggar. Ullah kereem! Ai kumbuckdt! what dust has fallen on my head! oh, miserable man that I am!' By the time we had reached the top of the mountain, the onward progress of the mules had been completely arrested, and our trunks thrown down upon the snow. The fray now began in real earnest with huge club-sticks, sabres, and matchlocks: the latter being surmounted by a double prong, which was made exactly like an English hay-maker's pitchfork. The enemy soon lost the support of four of their party, who had been felled by 'stout crab-tree,' and were conveyed from the scene of action with broken heads; and the remainder would, in all probability, have given way to this *argumentum baculinum*, where so little was to be gained, had it not been for the presence of two or three of the ring-leaders, who possessed a stubborn and determined spirit, urging on the others to revenge their wounded companions. When my family had alighted from the kajavahs, and I had conducted them to a high bank on the roadside, I loaded my pistols and went amongst the assailants, declaring I would shoot the leader if he did not desist. They then shouted out, 'They are gunsmen: they have guns.' This cooled their rage in a marvellous degree; and, on their retreating to the mountain's edge, we pressed them hard, and succeeded in rolling them over its precipitous sides, whilst the snow shelved down upon their heads, and nearly buried them beneath it."

It will be seen that our author has a little *penchant* for French words and phrases; and he is, besides, rather apt to interrupt his own story by classical illustrations: such, for instance, as that we have just quoted, with references to Cyrus, and Cnaxa, and Xenophon, and the 10,000, and Diodorus Siculus, and Marcus Crassus, and Mark Antony!

The descent led them into a lovely country; and the author says,

"To guide us through this sylvan bower, we hired a Koordish shepherd, who appeared to have just returned from the village of Bannah, and who performed his task most faithfully, being allowed no temptation to do otherwise. During the march, we passed a well-mounted troop of suspicious-looking fellows, who, as they greeted our guide, inquired most particularly after our health, and excited something more than my curiosity. I therefore told our servant, Meerza Hoossain, to ask him if these strangers would have relieved the mules of their loads, had we been fewer in number, or less prepared? 'To be sure,' he replied; 'and we (meaning his own villagers) would do the same. Do you suppose that a Koord has any scruples, when a fair opportunity offers?' This frank avowal was uttered with the greatest *sang froid* imaginable, and created a hearty laugh amongst the Katurjees, who remarked that the guide would have no 'fair opportunity' this trip, so we journeyed on together, highly pleased with our new companion, until the necessity of our acquaintance ceased. A very trifling 'bucksheesh,' for having thus profited by his *connoissance du pays*, satisfied him."

The capital is a poor place:—

"Soolimaniah is most romantically situated on the northern bank of the Diak (the Delos),

* "The natives say that the name *firozah* was given to this stone by *firoz-shah*. Anser, near Nishapour, in Khoremsan, is the best turquoise mine in the world. These stones vary greatly in colour; but all, except the azure, are considered of little value. A Persian assured me, that the turquoise of Nishapour changed its colour to green or white, if kept in a box of musk, or if exposed to any great heat."

in a rich, extensive, and well-watered valley, irregularly formed by the base of the surrounding mountains. It is supposed to be on the site of the ancient *Siozuros*, *vel* *Shehrasour*. The city, unlike most Mahomedan towns, is unwall'd; its houses are flat-roofed, low, and well secured against the cold and snows of this elevated region; but its streets, like all Oriental towns, are irregular, narrow, and dirty, though its climate is decidedly fine, and the inhabitants, who approach to the number of twenty-five thousand, are hardy, active, and robust. Their expressions of countenance are, however, harsh, and their complexions dark. The government of Soolimaniah is administered by a pasha, who is by birth a Koord, subject to neither Turk nor Persian. To please the Russians he has occasionally sent a present in cash to the Prince Royal of Persia, and Field-Marshal Paskewitch is desirous of taking him under his especial protection, that in case of need he may be induced to furnish cavalry to harass, by their sudden and repeated incursions, the inhabitants of those countries by which they are bounded.* For such a duty they are eminently fitted. The military force for the defence of the town does not exceed two thousand men. About a fourth of that number are often in attendance at the palace, which is the pasha's residence. It is a mean and dilapidated-looking pile, composed of spacious courts and extensive enclosures. The trade of the place is very inconsiderable, and is entirely in the hands of a few Armenians, who are the agents for some wealthy Bagdad merchants. They send gall-nuts, gum, manna, dried fruits, nuts, tobacco, and many other productions of the country, down to Baghdad, receiving in exchange a few Indian commodities, which are conveyed up by the Tigris from Basorah. They also supply all the wants of the migratory tribes, receiving in payment the produce of their flocks and herds, which they either use, resell on the spot, or export."

We conclude with a few further miscellaneous and characteristic extracts:—

"The women of this country are neither immured within the harem walls, nor compelled to wear the head or face-veil; and, as regards freedom of speech and action, they are on a perfect equality with the ladies of Europe."

"The Koords, like all other nations, differ in their taste regarding the fair sex: with them, as with the Turks, a redundant plumpness is sought after and honoured, and is considered the greatest trait of beauty. It is natural enough, therefore, for the ladies to vie with each other in acquiring a superiority in this particular; they accordingly eat all kinds of sweet meats, dried and candied fruits, bulwab, manna, and several other vegetable substances grated down to a powder, in order that they may attain the utmost amplitude of Koordish ideas. A Koordish chieftain, after describing to me the beauty of his intended bride, as the colour of a thousand flowers, and her charms as the perfume which exhales from the 'attar-gul,' said, with the utmost seriousness, 'She is as large, sir, as an elephant!' He considered this comparison the very acme of perfection. A regulation girdle would be quite superfluous in this country to measure the ladies' waists, though Kempfer mentions an officer among the suite of the shah of Persia, whose duty it was at stated periods to measure the beautiful forms of the ladies of the harem, and if any of them exceeded the regulated size, they were instantly placed on! short

* "A Koordish chieftain assured Fraser, that if a thousand Europeans of any nation made their appearance amongst them, twenty thousand Koords would immediately rise and join them."

commons.' Kempfer calls this 'holder of the girdle,' *forma corporis astimator*. * * * The people are habitually abstemious, subsisting on the coarsest bread and manna, which latter they use instead of sugar; and when meat is introduced at their meals, it has seldom undergone any further culinary preparation than that of boiling in plain water. They are extremely dirty in their habits, and in this particular cannot be compared either to the Turks or the Persians. Their occasional ablutions do not remove the evils attendant on the length of time they wear their clothes. In fact, they scarcely ever change, but permit their garments to drop piecemeal from their bodies. * * * The language spoken at Soolimaniah is a mixture of Turkish, Arabic, Persian, and even Hindoo-stanee. The people profess the religion of Mahomed, but know nothing whatever of its doctrine. Some of them are called 'Yezideah'; but this is a distinct nomadic tribe, living chiefly by themselves, and ranging the whole country between this city and Merdin. These people have a religion in which they do homage to his satanic majesty, as a prince and servant of the Most High God; and, unlike the Mahomedans, they are by no means tenacious of the chastity of their wives and daughters. They maintain that, as the devil exerts great sway on earth, he ought to be treated with every respect, and as they wish to make friends wherever they go, they divide their homage between the powers of light and those of darkness. They lead a pastoral and predatory life, and are, proverbially, the most daring robbers in all Koordistan. * * * The attachment of the Koords to their chieftains is indescribably strong, and the influence of these chiefs over their tribe equally so. If one is ever slain in war, it is never forgiven nor forgotten. They carry on an everlasting feud, never ceasing until they have had their 'blood revenge.'"

And here we close our chapter from Captain Mignan's various and entertaining work.

Lord Brougham's Dissertations, &c.

[Second notice: conclusion.]

HAVING offered a few remarks on the first volume of this work, it might seem careless if we dismissed the second without some passing notice, though the topics it embraces are less apposite to our literary task. It commences with that most difficult of all problems, the "origin of evil," and, after pointing out the mistaken and ineffectual attempts to explain it, proceeds (as we think) only a little way in solving the question. The Manichean doctrine of the world being ruled by two Principles, the one good and the other evil, is certainly untenable; but it was, and is, a very natural hypothesis. Who that ever saw storm and sunshine, winter and summer, night and day, pain and pleasure, but must readily fall into the belief that there were two antagonist powers at work upon the fate of man? But then the argument arises, that if this were true, these powers must be equal, since, if one were stronger than the other, the weakest would be conquered and put down; and if they were equal, says Lord Brougham, "and always acting against each other, there could be nothing whatever done, neither good nor evil; the universe would be at a stand still; or rather no act of creation could ever have been performed, and no existence could be conceived beyond that of the two antagonist principles." His lordship goes on to demonstrate the futility of the *a priori* reasoning, hitherto upheld as the best answer to this theory, by Archbishop King, Bishop Law, Tillotson, and

other high authorities, and shews that they either avoid the question or shew altogether in setting it at rest. In the end, his lordship confesses that the solution only admits of approximation and discussion of limits; and contends that human ignorance, both as regards the natural and moral system of the universe, may render us incapable of distinguishing what is really good and really evil, which we should comprehend if we had a perfect knowledge of the whole.

"The evil which exists (he says), or that which we suppose to be evil, not only is of a kind and a magnitude requiring inconceivably less power and less skill than the admitted good of the creation; it also bears a very small proportion in amount; quite as small a proportion as the cases of unknown or undiscussable design bear to those of acknowledged and proved contrivance. Generally speaking, the preservation and the happiness of sensitive creatures appears to be the great object of creative exertion and conservative providence. The expanding of our faculties, both bodily and mental, is accompanied with pleasure; the exercise of those powers is almost always attended with gratification; all labour so acts as to make rest peculiarly delicious; much of labour is enjoyment; the gratification of those appetites by which both the individual is preserved and the race is continued, is highly pleasurable to all animals; and it must be observed that, instead of being attracted by grateful sensations to do any thing requisite for our good or even our existence, we might have been just as certainly urged by the feeling of pain, or the dread of it, which is a kind of suffering in itself. Nature, then, resembles the lawgiver, who, to make his subjects obey, should prefer holding out rewards for compliance with his commands rather than denounce punishments for disobedience. But nature is yet more kind; she is gratuitously kind; she not only prefers inducement to threat or compulsion, but she adds more gratification than was necessary to make us obey her calls. How well might all creation have existed and been continued, though the air had not been balmy in spring, or the shade and the spring refreshing in summer, had the earth not been enamelled with flowers, and the air scented with perfumes! How needless for the propagation of plants was it that the seed should be enveloped in fruits the most savoury to our palate, and if those fruits serve some other purpose, how foreign to that purpose was the formation of our nerves so framed as to be soothed or excited by their flavour! We here perceive design, because we trace adaptation. But we at the same time perceive benevolent design, because we perceive gratuitous and supererogatory enjoyment bestowed. Thus, too, see the care with which animals of all kinds are tended from their birth. The mother's instinct is not more certainly the means of securing and providing for her young, than her gratification in the act of maternal care is great and is also needless for making her perform that duty. The grove is not made vocal during pairing and incubation, in order to secure the laying or the hatching of eggs; for if it were as still as the grave, or were filled with the most discordant creaking, the process would be as well performed. So, too, mark the care with which injuries are remedied by what has been correctly called the *vis medicatrix*. Is a muscle injured? Suppuration takes place, the process of granulation succeeds, and new flesh is formed to supply the gap, or if that is less wide, a more simple healing process knits together the severed parts. Is a bone injured? A process commences by which an ex-

traordinary secretion of bony matter takes place, and the void is supplied. Nay, the irreparable injury of a joint gives rise to the formation of a new hinge, by which the same functions may be not inconveniently, though less perfectly, performed. Thus, too, recovery of vigour after sickness is provided for by increased appetite; but there is here superadded, generally, a feeling of comfort and lightness, an enjoyment of existence so delightful, that it is a common remark how nearly this compensates the sufferings of the illness. In the economy of the mind it is the same thing. All our exertions are stimulated by curiosity, and the gratification is extreme of satisfying it. But it might have been otherwise ordered, and some painful feeling might have been made the only stimulant to the acquisition of knowledge. So, the charm of novelty is proverbial; but it might have been the unceasing cause of the most painful alarms. Habit renders every thing easy; but the repetition might have only increased the annoyance. The loss of one organ makes the others more acute. But the partial injury might have caused, as it were, a general paralysis. 'Tis thus that Paley is well justified in exclaiming, 'It is a happy world after all!' The pains and the sufferings, bodily and mental, to which we are exposed, if they do not sink into nothing, at least retreat within comparatively narrow bounds; the ills are hardly seen when we survey the great and splendid picture of worldly enjoyment or ease."

We have quoted this passage because it is beautiful, but we cannot, at the same time, assent to its being convincing. Where is the pleasurable expansion of the mental faculties in millions of savages who inhabit the globe? Where is the delicious rest to the millions who toil from the cradle to the grave, without an intermission worthy of a moment's regard? Where is the balmy spring, the refreshing summer, the flower-enamelled earth, and the perfumed air, in the African, Asiatic, and American deserts, and the ice-bound regions of the northern and southern hemispheres? Where are the fruit-enveloped seeds of these sterile lands, occupying so extensive a portion of our world? And then, with regard to the *vis medicatrix*, the closing of wounds, and the knitting of bones, the recovery of vigour after sickness, and the formation of new hinges for our joints; is it not obvious, that it would have been better for us not to have been wounded, not to have had our limbs fractured, not to have suffered the pains of rheumatism, or ague, or fever, nor the pangs of an irreparable injury (though it seems it may be repaired), and that our restoration after all is but an indifferent solace for previous misery, with which, for aught we can tell, we might as well not have been afflicted. It is like what we remember reading in the newspapers of the dreadful loss of a ship of war in the Bay of Biscay, where between six and seven hundred wretched beings met a miserable death by fire, and in agonizing attempts to escape in the overcrowded boats, and the accounts summed up, in the conventicle slang, about the merciful dispensation and providence, which permitted fifty-eight individuals to save themselves from the blazing wreck. Well may Lord Brougham add, "But the existence of considerable misery is undeniable," though, in his opinion, it is much exaggerated by the vulgar and sceptical.

Upon this grand proposition we hardly know what to say. It is not easy to determine the *quantum*, either of evil or of good, throughout the human species; or to tell whether in the life of any man there is a greater proportion of

suffering or enjoyment. If it were not to perplex the matter, we think it might be argued with much plausibility and effect, that, for one hour's real pleasure and actual happiness tasted by any one human being in existence (more blessed than his fellows) out of five thousand, he must, and does, endure many hours of pain and sorrow. But we are not going to contend for the supremacy of a Malignant Principle!!! We would rather not worship Typhon, or Ahrimanes, or Oromazes; and are convinced, were it possible for human beings to cultivate and exercise the benevolent feelings of their nature more, and indulge their wicked and hurtful passions less, we should have greater cause to acknowledge a beneficent creation and continued beneficent superintendence. As it is, all we can do is to abjure the Epicurean dogmas, and look for the solution of the mystery in "another and a better world," "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest!" And, indeed, towards his conclusion, Lord Brougham appears to reason himself into these views, for he writes:—

"Taking both worlds together—for certainly were our views limited to the present sublunary state, we may well affirm that no solution whatever could even be imagined of the difficulty—if we are never again to live; if those we here loved are for ever lost to us; if our faculties can receive no further expansion; if our mental powers are only trained and improved to be extinguished at their acme—then indeed are we reduced to the melancholy and gloomy dilemma of the Epicureans; and evil is confest to checker, nay almost to cloud over, our whole lot, without the possibility of comprehending why, or of reconciling its existence with the supposition of a Providence at once powerful and good."

A short paper on Conflicting Instincts, and Conflicting Contrivances generally, follows that upon which we have made these few comments; and this again is followed by another on the doctrine of Ubiquity: in both of which there is much interesting matter. An Analysis of Fossil Osteology, and the application to natural theology, and an Essay on Newton's "Principia," complete this remarkable publication; which, whether we regard its subjects or the character and endowments of its author, is pre-eminently entitled to the most attentive consideration.

A Defence of Paley's Moral Philosophy, in Answer to the Objections of Mr. Whewell and Professor Sedgwick. By the Rev. Christopher Neville, Trin. Coll. Camb. 12mo. pp. 178. London, 1839. Ridgway.

THIS is a very able defence of some of the opinions of Paley, which, the author maintains (with some degree of truth, we think), have not been quite fairly interpreted, or rather have been carried out, in their supposed consequences, in order to justify the severe reprehension bestowed upon them. Among these, the most prominent is the doctrine of Expediency, certainly a dangerous one, and likely to lead us widely astray; and that other *questio vexata*, whether Conscience or the Moral Sense be innately implanted in the mind of man. As we cannot enter into this discussion, it is enough for us to say that, even against the strong men with whom he has entered the lists, Mr. Neville's treatise resembles a tough spear in the hands of a sturdy and accomplished combatant.

The Zenana, and Minor Poems. By L. E. L. With a Memoir by Emma Roberts. Pp. 297. London, 1839. Fisher and Co.

THIS is a selection of some of L. E. L.'s

sweetest poetry which has appeared in Fisher's Annual Scrap-Book. The memoir by Miss Roberts is rather meagre, but paints a portion of the life of her lamented friend with a just, kind, and good feeling, such as her amiable qualities were so well calculated to inspire in all who, at any time, had the happiness to enjoy her domestic or intimate companionship. Miss Roberts was an inmate in the same house with Miss Landon, for a period, soon after her earlier publications had created a great sensation in the reading world, and, as we have said, describes this part of her career with truth and interest; but there is nothing of her first opening powers, the upspringing of her almost infant genius, and the intoxicating circumstances which attended, but could not spoil, her irresistible progress. Neither is Miss Roberts fortunate in her later statements, though it is not the time to point out what is erroneous, or offer any opinions upon the subject.

As a volume of beautiful poetry, this selection deserves a place wherever true poetry and the better affections of our nature are admired and loved.

The Poetical Works of L. E. Landon. 4 vols. London, 1839. Longman and Co.

THIS is a new and charming edition of the "Improvisatrice," "The Troubadour," "The Golden Violet," and "The Venetian Bracelet," with the numerous shorter poems with which they were accompanied. Embellished by engravings after McClise, J. M. Wright, C. Pyne, and Howard, they embody so much of all that was best of the author's compositions, that till a complete edition of her works can be produced, they must occupy the foremost place in public estimation.*

On the Necessity of Protection to the Agriculturists, &c. By Lewis Kennedy, Esq., author of the "Tenancy of Land in Great Britain." Pp. 64. London, 1839. Ridgways, Wrights.

PARLIAMENT having determined to exclude the laborious and uncertain examination of evidence at the bar of either house, on the subject of the corn-laws, on the ground that all the facts and data are sufficiently known; it becomes the more expedient to direct attention to such publications as the present, where great statistical knowledge is embodied in distinct forms, and the mind of a writer of much practical experience devoted to the elucidation of this important question. Mr. Kennedy contends that not only the agricultural labourer, but all classes of manufacturing operatives (as workmen are now styled), would be deeply injured by the repeal of the protecting duties on corn. He held and published the same opinions in 1828: but as our road does not lie through the intricate mazes of political economy, or the tortuous paths of party politics, we will content ourselves with quoting a single, but, as it appears to us, striking illustration of the writer's arguments:—

"The Consequences and Danger to the Labourers and Working Classes by throwing out of Cultivation any large Proportion of the United Kingdom.—It is endeavoured to exemplify this by a parish with which I am well acquainted, where there are 1573 acres of convertible land at 23s. per acre (on which there has been an average deduction of 20 per cent

* Among other dear reminiscences, we may mention that Mr. Schoss has not only adorned his *Bijou* for the present year with the very minute, but not unfaithful portraits, set in the life of the case in or-moulé, but has formed a delightful case, similarly embellished, in which the four years' *Bijoux* edited by Miss Landon, are framed together.

for several years past); one-half of this is arable, and a proportion of a thin quality, and employs a population in labourers and artisans for making agricultural implements, &c., of at least 262 persons, men, women, and children, actually living in the parish. Now, the loss consequent upon throwing out of cultivation one-third of this arable land, that is, 262 acres (and it is impossible that it could be continued in cultivation without protection), would be a diminution of labour to the extent of 87 persons!! We will suppose 27 to remain for managing the land thrown out of cultivation into rough pasture, leaving 60 persons to be otherwise disposed of or employed:—explaining this by figures, it stands thus:—

Number of acres in the parish 1573, of which half is pasture, 786 acres, and the other half is arable, viz.—
Half the parish 786 acres.

One-third of half being 262 acres, thus become uncultivated land.

One person to 3 acres.. 87 { persons thrown out of employment upon the one-third arable.
Supposing 27 { persons employed on the one-third, when turned into rough pasture.
Leaves 60 { persons, who lose their work on the 262 acres.

It appears, therefore, if in this parish of 1573 acres 60 people are thrown out of employment, of these 12 probably will fall upon the poor's funds, and consequently be chargeable to the parish; 12 probably starved and annihilated; and 36 would be driven out to compete for work with the manufacturing classes, or contend with their already super-numerary brethren upon the cultivated land of the United Kingdom, reduced by eight millions of acres!!! Thus there would be, at least, from the one-third of the arable land of the kingdom not being cultivated as at present, 1,773,680 persons thrown out of employment, and to be otherwise disposed of:—

One-fifth, or 354,736 to be supported by poor funds.
Ditto or 354,736 to be starved, or to emigrate.
Three-fifths 1,064,208 to procure work by manufactures.

Total 1,773,680;

Thereby lessening the number to be employed by nearly two millions, and the land cultivated by eight millions of acres! We ask, then, would not the system of free importation of corn reduce most seriously the number of hands wanted and wages? Secondly,—the farmer will have his capital reduced to value at least one-half, and his profits diminished accordingly. The luxuries in clothes, furniture, and foreign articles of consumption, tea, &c., which have become necessities to himself and family, must be dispensed with, and his payments to the poor, tithe, &c., and his rent, all reduced to the standard of the value of his produce, or, more probably, the farm taken by the proprietor himself. Thirdly, the landlord, who, of course, must have his rent diminished, and if his incumbrances, fixed by the law of the land upon his estates, are not proportionately altered, in many instances he will have little or no income; and where it may be otherwise, he must either live wholly in the country or abroad, and give up those expensive establishments which form a great source of the business, and, consequently, the riches of the tradesmen in the different large towns or capital. The operative and mechanic ought duly to weigh this matter, before he is hurried away headlong by a specious policy, and one most destructive to his interests; for it is clear, by the shewing of the manufacturers themselves, that their great object in the repeal of the protecting duties to the agriculturist, is, by cheapness of provisions, to obtain the power to compete more

effectually with foreign markets. This can only be done by a reduction of wages to the operative classes, and who then would be the sufferers? who the gainers? Let them answer for themselves, if the working classes like to risk such a fearful expedient, and to throw themselves upon the tender mercies of those men who would not even shorten the period of labour to the helpless children in their manufactories, when it was proved beyond contradiction that their healths were destroyed, and they were made cripples for life by such oppressive toil. Let us also ask, for what was the system continued? That a greater quantity of goods might be produced, and their gains be the larger. Let the operatives again look back, and inquire at what periods their distresses were greatest from the want of work and low prices; they will surely find those times to be in the years of cheap corn, or the following years. Let them also inquire into the condition of those countries where corn is cheap and abundant.* First, does the labourer there get commensurate wages, so as to permit him to enjoy better lodging, food, or clothing, than similar artisans, operatives, or labourers, in this country, or even in Ireland? Inquiry will convince him that the contrary is the fact. It is notorious, that the labourers and artisans in those countries are the most wretchedly paid and clothed of any in Europe; it is therefore the regularity of work and good wages which are to produce his comfort and happiness, and this the writer confidently and conscientiously believes, is only to be found in a steady and continually improving home-market. Thus when compared, any other notion is trifling and delusory; as the foreign does not bear above a tenth of the trade of our home-markets; our foreign exports vary from forty to fifty millions per annum, and our home trade is computed at five or six hundred millions."

Thoughts on the Present Crisis of the Canadas, and on the Policy of a Legislative Union between the two Colonies, &c. By the Right Hon. Sir R. W. Horton, Bart., G.C.H. Pp. 13. London, 1839. Murray.

Ireland and Canada, supported by Local Evidence. Pp. 78. The same.

THE first of these is a preface to Sir Wilmot Horton's able and important pamphlet, reviewed in our No. 1149; and the last an almost equally interesting exposition of the beneficial effects, both to Ireland and Canada, produced by emigration from the former and settlement in the latter being properly carried on and encouraged. Well does this deserve the consideration of statesmen and legislators.

With regard to the *Thoughts on the Present Crisis*, all we shall add to our former opinion is that it would have been most fortunate for England and her North American colonies had Sir Wilmot Horton's views been entertained for practical purposes at the time he brought them forward. We might probably have been saved a Rebellion and the expense of Millions. We trust it is not now too late to cure the evil which has arisen.

The Youth of Shakspeare; or, Love and Genius. By the Author of "Shakspeare and his Friends." 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1839. Colburn.

THE talent of the writer has been acknowledged, and we presume the success of his preceding

* "Is it probable that such a quantity of corn as was laying in bond in 1838, under the present graduated scale of duties, and ready at the duty of 1s. to be made use of by the public, will be secured by a fixed duty? where would be the inducement to store it, when the duty was always the same?"

work has encouraged to try back on the same subject, and direct his efforts to an earlier illustration of Shakspeare and his times. With regard to the latter, borrowing the dialect of the drama of the period, the author has acquitted himself pretty much as before; but with regard to Shakspeare, the mind is so accustomed to dwell upon him as a transcendent and super-human being, that no art or skill can make him move, breathe, and act naturally as a common man among common people. We give an example, premising that Mabel, the daughter of Sir Thomas Lucy, has been carried off, in spite of an effort of the youthful poet to rescue her. He is felled to the earth, and found, bleeding and senseless, by Sir T. Lucy and his domestics.

"In the meanwhile, William Shakspeare, with all the lanterns bearing upon his face, was looking upon those around him, greatly bewildered, yet beginning to have some confused ideas of where he was, and what brought him there. Nevertheless, the faces, as far as he could distinguish, were unfamiliar to him. He felt weak, and ever and anon gave a strong shudder, as though his blood was chilled by so long lying in the dew and the night air. 'Methinks he hath on him something of an ague,' observed Dame Lucy. 'Could we get him home with us, now, some of my julep would do him famous good service, I warrant you.' 'Humph!' cried Sir Thomas, gazing upon the stranger with a terrible penetrating look, upon hearing of this hint of the good dame, backed by assurances of its efficacy from each of the serving-men. 'An' it please you, sweet lady,' said the youthful Shakspeare, faintly addressing Dame Lucy, emboldened to it by the evidence he had just heard of her considerateness for him, 'I beseech you tell me, am I not still in the park of his good worship, Sir Thomas Lucy?' 'That are you, beyond all question,' replied she very courteously, for she was well pleased with the civility with which the question had been put to her. 'Ay, you be just upon the very middle of Fairmead Grove, my young master,' added one of the men. 'I thought I could not help being at the same place,' observed the youth. 'But how didst come to that place, and what dost do at that place at so late an hour?' asked the justice, in a style that savoured wondrously of a disposition in him to doubt the honesty of the person he questioned. Thereupon William Shakspeare, without acquainting any with the reason of his visit to the park, told the knight how he had been a witness to the carrying off of Mabel by two villains, and how, when striving to stop one, he was felled to the earth by the other. 'So!' exclaimed Sir Thomas, looking with more severity than ever, 'thou hast got a fine story; but I doubt 'twill do thee any good at assize.' Just as the knight had uttered this, the youth gave a sudden start upon noting for the first time his hands were covered with blood; which discovery, and the manner of his behaviour at that moment, was well observed by the justice. 'Ha!' cried he, 'how didst get thyself so dabbled? Dost tell that cozening tale to me when thy hands and face bear evidence thou hast murdered our Mabel?' 'Murdered her!' exclaimed William, in extreme astonishment. 'Believe me I would much rather have died in her rescue.' 'I believe thee, fellow!' cried the justice, with extreme emphasis. 'O' my life I do believe thee to be a most notorious, horrible villain! But how didst get thyself in so suspicious a way? answer me that. The truth, fellow,—the truth!' 'As for what I see on my hand,' observed the youth, 'I am as much

surprised at it as yourself can be; but, on reflection, methinks 'tis easy to be accounted for.' 'Is't indeed?' replied the knight. 'Marry, I doubt it hugely.' 'Doubtless the blow I received hath made a wound,' continued the other. 'And holding my aching head awhile, hath brought my hand to the state you see.' 'Heart o' me! here be a wound indeed, master!' cried Sampson, closely examining the head of the suspected person by the aid of his lantern. 'By'r lady, and so there is!' added Dame Lucy. 'I would he were where I could apply to it some of my famous julep: 'tis the sovereignest thing on earth for a green wound.' With the friendly assistance of the serving-men, with whom there was not a doubt remaining of his perfect innocence, William Shakespeare stood upon his feet, and presently missed the book he had been studying before he fell asleep under the tree. The justice, somewhat perplexed in his notions, stood regarding him with a most scrutinising look. 'What dost want looking about so?' inquired he. 'A book, an' it please your worship,' answered the other. 'A book of sweet poems I was intent upon studying, before I beheld her you called Mabel being carried away, screaming, in the arms of a villain.' 'I did kick my foot against something not a moment since,' said Dame Lucy; 'perchance that may be it.' Hearing this, the serving-men and keepers looked carefully about with their lanterns. 'Thou saidst nought about her screaming just now,' observed the justice sternly, upon whom this addition came with a very marvellous suspiciousness. 'But tell us who thou art—thy name, fellow,—thy name?' 'My name is William Shakespeare,' answered the youth. 'What! John Shakespeare's son of Stratford?' asked Sir Thomas, quickly. 'The same, an' it please your worship.' 'Then 'tis clear—'tis manifest—'tis most absolute and undeniable, fellow!' exclaimed the justice, with a severity greater than all he had yet shewn. 'Mass, I thought I could not suspect thee without warrantable assurance. Thy name proves it. If thou hast not committed this foul murder, I will be sworn an ass all the rest of my days. Thou hast a most discreditable name, fellow. I know not a name of such ill repute that can be found any where. 'Tis a bad name; and being a bad name must needs be an ill name; and being an ill name cannot help being a name that a man shall chance to go to the hangman with.' 'Here's the book, sure enough,' cried one of the serving-men. 'Book me no books,' said the knight sharply, whose remembrance of what had been told him by Master Buzzard made him careless of this new proof of the youth's innocence. 'Take him away! I will look into this matter with more strictness. God's precious, so notorious a name no man ever had! But let me examine this same book of which he hath spoken so confidently.' Having got it in his hand, the justice had a lantern held to him, and scrutinised it very narrowly. 'Ha! O my life I thought as much!' added he, looking from the book to the supposed murderer. 'Thou hast stolen it! Here is in it the name of Sir Marquiduke de Lergesse.' 'He lent it me, as he hath done many others,' replied William Shakespeare. 'He lent thee, fellow!' cried the knight disdainfully. 'A person of his quality lend books to so horrible low a person as the son of John Shakespeare! How dost dare put so impudent an assertion on a justice o' the peace? Mass, 'tis manifest thou art a most thorough villain by thy name—'tis as clear thou hast stolen this book, and doubtless many others by thy professions—and there is no

doubt thou hast done a foul murder by thy being in the neighbourhood at the time the wench was missing, and found here under such suspicious circumstances. Bring him along, Sampson! Thou art my close prisoner. I charge thee escape on thy peril.' Our young student, to his exceeding astonishment, found himself taken into custody; but to be accused of destroying that exquisite fair creature who had so long been the exclusive subject of his sweetest meditations, appeared to him so unnatural a thing, he could scarce believe it possible it could be thought of for a single moment. Confused as he was by the effects of the blow, and still more bewildered by the behaviour of Sir Thomas Lucy, his apprehensions for the safety of the gentle Mabel completely thrust aside every thing like fear for himself, and all the way to the house he did nothing but think of the possible dangers she might be exposed to in the hands of those desperate villains he had beheld carrying of her off. When he arrived at the mansion, he was led up stairs into a room where there was no possibility of escaping; and Dame Lucy presently came and washed his wound, applied to it some of her famous julep, and put on it a clean bandage; for although, as a wife, she would not for a moment doubt of the correctness of her husband's opinion, she could not allow such an opinion, bad as it was, to interfere with the wounded youth's receiving the advantage of her skill in remedies."

We will not interfere with the story, but leave its intricacies to the lovers of all romantic incidents and mysteries.

The Architectural Magazine; a Journal of Improvement in Architecture, Building, and Furnishing, and in the various Arts and Trades connected therewith. Conducted by J. C. London, F.L.S., &c. Complete in 5 vols. 8vo. with numerous Engravings. London, 1839. Longman and Co.

THERE are three qualities that eminently distinguish all the works written or edited by Mr. London; comprehensiveness, condensation, and a multiplicity of engravings. To none of his works do these characteristics apply with greater force than to the *Architectural Magazine*, which is a miscellaneous assemblage of articles on every subject at all connected with building and furnishing.

This immense variety of subjects, and the number and beauty of the engravings, recommend the work, even as one of entertainment; and though, of course, from the manner of its publication, it is the work of many hands, a unity of purpose runs through the whole. This purpose comprises two points; viz. to make architecture interesting to the general reader, and to induce young architects to think and to regard their art, not merely as an affair of rules and compasses, but as a subject on which their reasoning faculties may be exercised. Some excellent papers by Mr. London himself, "On those Principles of Composition in Architecture which are common to all the Fine Arts," will serve as an example of what we allude to. Our architects too often are mere copyists; and what they copy, though excellent in itself, is often as ridiculously applied as the sailor's trowsers, which the New Zealander, who had obtained them, wore round his neck, as a new species of mantle.

Among the entertaining parts of the work, we may refer to the architectural tour of Mr. Humphreys, in the last volume, which is remarkable for its originality of thought and expression; and to the remarks on the churches

and palaces of Rome, by the same author; to the elegant, but somewhat fanciful papers of Kata Phusin (a lover of nature); and to the clever but caustic remarks of Candidus, which are sprinkled through the volumes, and which, though excellent as a seasoning, would be somewhat too pungent if taken altogether as a meal.

We shall now give a few extracts, though of course they can do little to shew the general style of the work, as it necessarily differs, according to the nature of the topics on which it treats. The following is from an article in the first volume, on the impositions to which gentlemen are exposed who find that they have been overcharged when they come to "settle their builder's account." In these cases, the usual method of proceeding is for each party to call in a surveyor; and the two surveyors meet to make out an account of the works done.

"We will suppose the account that they have to settle is a plumber's bill. The first article is 18 cwt. of milled lead. The plumber's surveyor requires 25s. per cwt.; the surveyor for the opposite party remonstrates, and points out to him that the prime cost was 15s.; the other replies that 25s. is the customary price, and that he cannot take less. To convince his opponent, he opens an old measuring book, and shews that 25s. has been charged in an account that he settled on behalf of Mr. Gettall with Mr. Easy, the surveyor, some years before; and he again repeats that it is the custom to charge 25s., and that he cannot deviate from it. In the same way he charges 1s. per foot for pipe that only cost 4d., and 1s. per lb for solder that only cost 5d.; and so he goes on in the same ratio with all other articles in the bill. After charging so extortionately for the time and materials for making a joint to a pipe, he has the conscience to ask, in addition, 2s. 6d. for that joint, though he cannot tell why he does so, except that it is the custom," &c.

What can the poor client do? He finds no redress is to be obtained from the surveyors, and he goes to law. We shall see what is the consequence.

"Plaintiff A and defendant B are at issue upon an account for works executed. The witnesses of A state that the work is done in a very superior manner. One witness swears that the work is fairly worth 1544l.; and another witness, to support him, swears the fair value is 1630l. Then come the defendant's witnesses, who state that the work is very badly executed, and done in a very improper manner: one of them asserts that the outside value of the plaintiff's work is 930l., and another surveyor says he makes the value 935l. Now, what are the judge and jury, who know no more about a building account than a boy of seven years old, to do in such a case? They are surprised and astonished that respectable men can be so very wide in their values; and what is the result? Why, they take the several amounts as given in evidence, add them together, and divide the amount by the number of witnesses: accordingly, the result in the above case would be, that a verdict would be given for 1257l.!!

We shall conclude by quoting from an article which is continued through all the volumes, and entitled "Architectural Maxims."

"Profusion of Ornament in an elevation, without any simple principle of arrangement being obvious to the eye, produces confusion. This is more or less the case with the exterior elevations of many Gothic cathedrals."

"An ancient Building, known to be beautiful, is often copied and recopied in situations that have no reference to the original locality

and uses of the structure. The architect is pleased with his copy, because his mind is full of the beautiful original; while the public, who do not understand it, conclude that it must be beautiful, because it is placed there by the authority of a man whose taste, from his employment by government, or the nobility, they suppose to be excellent."

"In *Architecture, as in other Arts of Taste*, the eye is frequently pleased without the mind being able to assign a reason. The effect is produced, but the cause is not immediately seen. No architect can be said to understand a building, and no critic to be competent to pass a judgment on it, who cannot refer every effect to its cause."

"In *Judging of Buildings*, the uneducated man speaks from his feelings; and the partially educated man refers to rules. The master, on the other hand, also judges by his feelings; but his feelings are cultivated by study and long-continued observation: the feelings are thus brought to act in unison with the judgment."

"In *Bookcases, Wardrobes*, and all similar articles, the space between three feet and seven feet from the ground is all that ought to be appropriated to shelves; as it is only between these points that a person can conveniently reach any thing. All above and below these points, if used at all, should be cupboards for bulky articles seldom wanted."

"Doors should be hung on the side nearest the fire, whether they are in the same wall, or at right angles with it; otherwise they will draw out the smoke every time they are used."

"*Unity of Forms and Lines*.—In every building, in order to preserve unity of expression, there ought not only to be prevalent the same forms, but the same character of lines. In correctly Grecian architecture, the forms extend in length, the prevailing lines are horizontal; in the pointed style, the forms exceed in height, and the prevailing lines are perpendicular to the horizon."

"If *Blank Windows* are ever allowable in original compositions, it can only be where they form part of a system of windows. To introduce them where they form no part of such a system—that is, where there are no real windows at all in the elevation, as in the exterior elevation of the Bank of England, and in the front of the National Gallery at Charing Cross—is contrary to every sound principle of architectural composition."

"*Pediments*.—There are few things more objectionable in Grecian or Roman architecture than that of placing a pediment where it could not, by any possibility, be on a large scale the end of a roof, or on a small scale the protection to a door or window."

"*Imitation and Invention*.—Architecture, as an art of mere imitation, may be judged of by rules and precedents; but, as an art of invention, it must be judged of by general principles. In imitating an old castle, priory, or abbey, in a modern villa, all the peculiarities, and even faults of the originals, may be copied, in order to keep up the illusion; but in composing an original design in the castle or abbey styles, the general forms, details, and manner of composition, require only to be attended to."

We have now only to recommend all persons who feel an interest in architecture, and more, all persons who desire comfortable dwellings, to procure this work; and we are certain that they will find the money expended in its purchase amply repaid, the first time they have occasion to apply any of the many very excellent passages it contains.

An Essay on the Neo-Druidic Heresy in Britannia. Part the First. By the Author of "Britannia after the Romans." 4to. London, 1838. Bohn.

It was our wish to have noticed in detail the contents of this very original volume, but the impracticability of doing justice to the learning and novelty which it displays, within the limits to which we are necessarily confined, has obliged us to abandon such intention, and confine ourselves to terms of general commendation.

The object of the writer is to shew that the Druidical system which formerly existed in this country was not one of the more ancient pagan systems of Europe; and, in his endeavours to establish this point, he rejects, and obviously with great propriety, many of the wild etymologies of the Welsh antiquaries, and of the theories founded on them.

"If any one," says the writer, "takes upon him to affirm, that either Gaul or Druid had been heard of more than about four centuries before Christ, he has no sort of authority, and, moreover, but little probability on his side. Ireland has a tradition (how preserved, I know not, but modest in itself, and militating against Celtic chimeras), that the Druids first set foot there 700 years before Patrick, or about 270, B.C. It surprises me that theorists should have assumed and imagined so much concerning the remote, and almost diluvian antiquity of Druidism; not only in the face of Strabo, Justin, Pausanias, Pseud-Origenes, Ammianus, and the Irish, some of whom assert, and the others seem to imply, the contrary; but, also (as I believe), without so much as the vague epithet *ancient* being applied to it in prose or verse."

The author, be it observed, too, is here speaking of that original, or as he terms organic Druidism, whose striking similitude to Pythagorism, from which it would seem to have been derived, he has previously shewn, and not of that Neo-Druidism which sprang up among us long after the former, which was not a mere paganism, but a combination similar enough to carbonarism, or any other active and ambitious species of freemasonry, had been extirpated by the Romans.

We would gladly have laid before our readers the author's views of this Neo-Druidism; its connexion with the Mithraic heresy; his examination into the nature of bardism; its date and organisation; and more especially his proofs, that "the Druidists devoted themselves to the cabala of the rabbins, and to various errors of Judaism in its degradation, though without any tinge of its purer theism and sublime devotion," but that it would be impossible to do so with any effect, except at great length. We must, therefore, refer them to the work itself, which will be found fully to justify the character for originality, learning, and persevering research, which was so generally bestowed upon the author for his "*Britannia after the Romans*." Some supplementary matter to which, by the by, is contained in the present volume, which we may remark, in conclusion, is one likely to prove of essential service in dispelling those clouds which have so long overshadowed the history of the Druids.

MISCELLANEOUS.

New Army List. By H. G. Hart, Lieut. 49th Regiment. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. This list, upon an entirely new plan, we hear very highly commended by military officers of all ranks, and by official gentlemen, of competent judgment, in departments connected with the administration of the army. On their au-

thority, therefore, we are called to bear this testimony to its merits. It gives far more information than was ever given before on the subject, and contains original features of importance. Among these are statements of the services, date of commission, &c. of every officer on full pay, including the ordnance and marines; notices of the wounds received in various battles; the honour of medals; and, in short, much other intelligence which cannot fail to be acceptable to the service and public.

Waking Dreams. By C. M. J. With Illustrations, designed and etched on Stone by the Author. Pp. 270. Saunders and Otley. TALES in prose, and legends in verse, of an amusing order—the former are chiefly Irish, and the latter chiefly Germanish. The etchings are congenial to the literature, and the whole a volume of cheerful entertainment.

The Cathedral Bell; a Tragedy, in Five Acts. By Jacob Jones, Barrister-at-Law, author of the "Stepmother," "Longinus," &c. &c. Pp. 64. London, 1839. Miller.

If indefatigable perseverance could "trammel up" success and ensure critical praise, we know no one who would be so justly entitled to both as Mr. Jones. But, alas! the Conscience of our Taste is so decidedly against the *Cathedral Bell*, that we can only speak of it as another of the author's strenuous attempts upon the tragic muse.

Vegetable Organography, &c.; Part I. Pp. 48. London, 1839. Houlston and Stoneman; Houlston and Hughes.

MR. BOUGHTON KINGDOM has here commenced a very acceptable service to the British botanist, by undertaking a translation of De Candolle's celebrated work on vegetable organography. As far as this, the sixteenth portion of the publication, permits us to judge, we have to state that it is executed with a perfect knowledge of the author and his language; and promises to be an indispensable addition to the botanical library. Two plates illustrate the subject of vegetable tissues.

Pelayo: a Story of the Goth. By the Author of "Mellichampe," &c. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1839. Wiley and Putnam.

THIS is a romance of history, and the period chosen one wrapped in clouds of error; giving a sort of *ad libitum* power to the author, of which we are bound to say he has availed himself. *Pelayo* is, independently of the historical portion, a romance of interest: the author shews great facility of writing, and the characters are well drawn, more particularly the hero, Pelayo; the old Jew, Melchior; the beautiful, devoted Thyrsa; the treacherous Amri; and the abandoned Urraca. Many of the scenes are highly dramatic, though somewhat spun out.

The Young Naturalist's Book of Birds: Anecdotes of the Feathered Creation, by Percy B. St. John. 12mo. pp. 168. (London, Rickerby; Harvey and Darton).—This is an amusing work of the anecdotal class of compilation to which it belongs, and, with its lively woodcuts, will assuredly please and interest the reader. The author (!) says—"I have laid under contribution several authors now like read, from Aristotle, whose history of animals laid the foundations of natural history, down to Le Vaillant, whose contributions to the science are among the most curious and delightful that have ever been made." And he adds, comically enough, "In some cases I have not stated my authorities, being willing that the reader should amuse himself, if he will do me so much honour, in tracing them out, by which means he may also light on facts that have escaped me, or which, though known, were necessarily, for lack of space, omitted." This appears to us to be prescribing a pretty wild-goose chase for the "young naturalist," who would very naturally ask, "But where, sir, am I to look? must it be throughout all the works on natural history, from Aristotle to Vaillant, and from Vaillant to the newspapers of last Saturday?"

Here is a sample of the information: neither grammar corrected, nor misstatement set upon its true footing. "*Birds of Paradise*."—In the Molucca Isles only, according to Herbert, are found those rare and beautiful

birds of the sun, which are commonly called manucardiate, or birds of paradise. He is of the bigness of a parrot; the feathers upon his head are so small, as rather to resemble hair than feathers; his train thick and very long, but variously coloured, in some parts of his body green, in others yellow. Feet he has none; yet his wings be large and of a bright colour. In flying he mounts exceeding high, and continues long in motion. A bird for its rarity much esteemed by travellers, and not without superstition by the natives."

The Mirror, Vol. XXXII. (London, Limbird.)—We can only again welcome another volume of our old and steady contemporary, the embellishments of which, when seen so closely together in this collected form, are really of a very superior interest. Nothing but an extensive circulation could enable so cheap a publication to give them.

The Penny Cyclopædia, Vol. XXII. (London, C. Knight.)—Contains from the word "Intestines" to the word "Llanos," and is executed in a manner worthy of the preceding volumes.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

LINNEAN SOCIETY.

THE Bishop of Norwich, President, in the chair.—Read, 'Extracts from Letters addressed to Dr. Royle, by Dr. Falconer, Superintendent of the H.E.I.C.'s Botanic Garden at Saharunpore.' These extracts comprised many interesting facts relative to the vegetation of the banks of the Indus, the Punjab, Peshawar, and Cashmere, whither Dr. Falconer had proceeded on a botanic mission in connexion with the expedition to Caubul, under Sir Alexander Burnes. He describes the flora of the Indus as very similar to that about Delhi, the plants of both localities being in many instances identical. *Peganum Harmala*, a plant common to Egypt, Arabia, Syria, Persia, and other parts of Asia and Northern Africa, was abundant everywhere; as well as *Calotropis Hamiltonii*, *Alphagi Maurorum*, the camel's thorn, and the Indian tamarisk (*Tamaris Indica*). At Lahore he met with a new genus of *Asclepiadeæ*, intermediate between *Calotropis* and *Paratropis*, and which he has named *Eutropis*. At Laodiana, he found our native flowering rush (*Butomus umbellatus*), in flower and fruit. On the banks of the Attock, he saw the wild *Oleaster* (*Elaeagnus angustifolia*?); and near Cohart, he found the Egyptian senna (*Cassia obovata*). The vegetation along the banks of the Indus, between Attock and Durbund, however, surprised him most; for there he met with *Grislea tomentosa*, *Rottlera tinctoria*, *Holmskioldia sanguinea*, *Acacia Catechu*, and other plants of a much more southern latitude. What Dr. Falconer says of the flora of Cashmere, we shall notice in a future No. of the *Literary Gazette*. Amongst the books on the table, was a copy of Professor Vander Hoeven's History of the genus *Limulus*, illustrated by plates; and presented to the Society by order of his Excellency the Minister of the Interior of the Netherlands.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THE anniversary meeting of the Society was held on the 15th instant, when the following fellows were elected the officers and council for the ensuing year.

President.—Rev. William Buckland, D.D.
Vice-Presidents.—Mr. Greenough, Mr. Horner, Mr. Lyell, Rev. Prof. Sedgwick.
Secretaries.—Mr. Darwin, W. J. Hamilton.
Foreign Secretary.—Mr. De la Beche.
Treasurer.—Mr. Taylor.
Council.—Dr. Daubeny, Sir P. Grey Egerton, Professor Grant, M.D., Rev. Professor Henslow, Mr. Hopkins, Mr. Hutton, Sir Charles Lemon, Professor Miller, Mr. Murchison, Mr. Owen, Sir Woodbine Parish, Mr. G. Rennie, Rev. Professor Whewell.

After the usual reports on the state of the Society and its finances had been read, Mr. Whewell, who presided, delivered to the Chevalier Bunsen the Wollaston medal and balance of proceeds which had been awarded to Professor Ehrenberg, of Berlin; and, in doing so, he said: "Mr. Bunsen,—I have great pleasure in de-

livering into your hands the Wollaston medal, which the council of this Society have awarded to your countryman, Professor Ehrenberg, for his discoveries respecting fossil infusoria. These discoveries, eminently striking and curious to all intelligent persons, are full of the most lively interest for geologists. Such discoveries are a just reward of Mr. Ehrenberg's merits, since he had prepared himself for this success by a profound study of natural history, by practical and scrutinising researches, and by extensive and enterprising travels. We gladly give this medal as a pledge that we sympathise in the admiration which these discoveries have excited throughout scientific Europe. To many others, and to myself in particular, there is an additional source of pleasure at having such a communication to make to Mr. Ehrenberg, in the circumstance of our having recently become acquainted with him, and having seen personally and in our own country, the evidences of his talents and genius, his simple and strenuous love of knowledge. We beg you to communicate to him this medal, the expression of our admiration of his labours, our deep interest in their results, and our warm wishes that he may long have granted him the health, and energy, and opportunity which their successful prosecution demands. Allow me to say, also, that we trust this token of respect will be kindly received by Mr. Ehrenberg's countrymen, as well as by himself; and that they will accept as a testimony how gladly we do honour to the profound knowledge and patient research which distinguish that great branch of the European family. I rejoice to be able to deliver this medal into the hands of a distinguished countryman of Professor Ehrenberg, and I cannot but add, as an additional ground of satisfaction, into the hands of one who, by his wide acquaintance with men of science and learning, and with their works, is so well prepared to sympathise with their honours and successes, as he is by his nature prompted to rejoice in excellence of every kind." The Chevalier Bunsen, in reply, expressed himself in the following terms:—"Sir,—I feel highly gratified by the honours conferred upon me, of receiving at your hands the valued acknowledgment of the merits of my distinguished countryman, Professor Ehrenberg; and I beg to return thanks, not only in my name, but also in that of Baron Bulow, as the representative of Prussia in this country, who is prevented by official business from being present on this occasion. Nobody can be more able or inclined to appreciate duly the value of this distinction than Professor Ehrenberg. I know from himself that it was by England in particular, that he wished his researches to be examined and approved; and it was especially this illustrious Society, so worthily presided over by one whose name is also in Germany equally dear to the friends of religion and moral philosophy, and to the followers of the exact sciences;—it was to this Society, I say, to whose tribunal he was desirous to submit the judgment of the merits and importance of his discovery. Indeed, the honour you have decreed him to-day is only the public confirmation and solemn badge of that kind and encouraging interest which he met with from the members of this Society, and for which he felt the most sincere gratitude. But this feeling, Sir, will not be confined to himself; the honour of the prize awarded to him this day amongst so many illustrious competitors of all nations, will be deeply felt by the whole literary public of Germany; it will, I trust, form a new link in that intellectual union between the two great and enlightened nations, who have so many ties of

common interest and so many objects of warm and deep sympathy, a union which must become more and more intimate, and prove productive of the most beneficial consequences, not only for the progress of science in the whole range of human intellect, but for the welfare of humanity at large. The flattering manner in which you have been pleased to allude to myself obliges me to say a few words on my own behalf. I feel only too much how entirely I must attribute those expressions to the kindness that inspired them, knowing how inadequate my own merits are to deserve them. But I rejoice sincerely at having this opportunity offered to me, publicly to express my feelings of gratitude for the kind and generous reception I have constantly met with in this country, which, for so many years, and for so many and good reasons, has been the object of my love and of my admiration, feelings which will ever remain engraved in my heart, and with a particularly gratifying reference to this day."—The thanks of the Society were then voted to Professor Whewell, retiring from the office of president; to Dr. Fitten and Mr. Murchison, from that of vice-presidents; and to Dr. Boase, Lord Cole, the Marquess of Northampton, Dr. Royle, and Mr. Weaver, late members of the council.—During the morning meeting, Mr. Whewell read his obituary of deceased members, including Sir Abraham Hume, Mr. Winch, Rev. Dr. Carey, Mr. Bevan, Count Munster, Count Montlosier, Baron Schlotheim, and Professor Desmarest; and at the evening meeting, his review of the Memoirs communicated to the Society during the past year.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

FRIDAY, 15th Feb.—Mr. Faraday, 'On Gurney's Oxy-oil Lamp.' On this occasion, Mr. Faraday observed, he came forward to give a brief but fair description of a lamp most eminently and best calculated for the central one of a lighthouse arrangement, quite disinterestedly, solely on his own account, and not on that of Mr. Gurney. He would and did not compare it with other modern inventions, to avoid offence; but only with the Argand as a standard, and with the French one of Fresnel, because intended for the same purpose. The subject, however, admitted of great variety, which Mr. Faraday proved with his accustomed ability and clearness. He first illustrated the circumstances, or particular conditions, under which light is obtained; the ignition of vaporous particles, or of solid particles, by ether throwing off a mass of matter in ignition of great mobility in an aerial state of substance, and by charcoal, glowing in oxygen gas, incapable of acquiring the gaseous state, now and then beautifully scintillating, emitting solid glowing particles. The oxy-hydrogen gas-lamp for microscopes, the combustion of the two gases igniting the particles of lime, was cited as an example of a light produced by a solid glowing surface: and of flame-lamps, or the combustion of vaporous substance, were mentioned those of tallow, oil, gas, &c. Mr. Gurney's is of the latter class, being a further adaptation of the principles of the Argand lamp; pure oxygen gas being, beautifully in effect, and ingeniously in arrangement, substituted for common air to feed the inner surface of the flame. Beautiful in effect, not only because of its brilliancy and intensity, but also because the most powerful mass of light is concentrated in the given space required for the particular purpose to which the oxy-oil lamp is at present intended to be applied; and ingenious in

arrangement, because after three years' indefatigable exertion and continued perseverance, to remove the rigidly and philosophically practical objections of Mr. Faraday, to whom the original lamp had been submitted by the Trinity Board for an opinion, Mr. Gurney has succeeded in constructing an apparatus calling for the warmest approbation of that severe scrutineer; and because, which has great weight to our mind, the form of the feeder whence oxygen flows to the centre of the flame, has been reduced to the simple elementary form of the flame itself, the core, as it were, of natural, or rather of common artificial flame: many forms had been tried, and as often were the orifices in a short time closed by a deposit of carbon. Means had been adopted, occasionally, to sweep away these deposits, as with a finger, but the desired end was not satisfactorily gained. At length, the form of the deposit was observed invariably to assume a peculiar conical shape: this shape was discovered to be identical with what we have termed the elementary form of flame: to the like form was the feeder fashioned, and then no longer any deposit, no longer any necessity for sweepers or fingers—the lamp was complete and perfect. The form may be more familiarly exemplified to our readers. Who has not in early days watched the phantom flame, the last flicker, the tiny Wilt-o'-the-Wisp-like light at the end of a burning stick or chip, dancing up and down, departing and yet loath to leave, now gone from, and again returning to, its parent, at last gathering itself up into a conical shape previously to final flight? Ah, we hope; for to those who have not, childhood was not a happy time; they could not have felt the memorable wonderings of younger days. Such, then, is the form of the vent through which the oxygen passes, and upon which no deposit accumulates. But we have a mass before us to prove the superiority of Gurney's oxy-oil lamp, to which we must confine ourselves, omitting much interesting matter. The desideratum for lighthouse improvement, has long been an intense light within a space of about $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter and $1\frac{1}{2}$ in height, in order that its rays may be thrown by a reflector, or directed by a refractor to the greatest possible distance in the greatest possible quantity; and in order to avoid diffusion, the size of the image being in proportion to the size of the light. The elementary lamp, the size of an ordinary Argand, is the common arrangement of cotton wick and oil, with the oxygen introduced into the centre of the flame, as before described, by which the flame is singularly compressed, and the brilliancy greatly exalted to two and a half times above the common Argand. The oxy-oil lamp (by the bye, named by Mr. Faraday, as he stated, without consulting the inventor, but which name is not likely now to be altered) consists of seventeen of these elementary lamps, arranged in a circle of $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches diameter, the given dimensions, and has been calculated, thus heaped together, to afford a mass of light equal to thirty-seven and a half Argands. The flame under ordinary circumstances, without the oxygen, and from common lamps so arranged, would rise to some height, and produce a longer light than desired, and also burn with a reddish hue, from imperfectly burnt carbonaceous particles. Such appears to be the principal defect of Fresnel's lamp, constructed also on the principle of the Argand, with three, four, or any number (four is the number used) of concentric wicks, with space between, so that air might be supplied to the interior and exterior surface of each flame. But in Gurney's, as soon as the

oxygen is turned on, the light is reduced from the height of about 3 to $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and its brilliancy exalted from reddish to the purest, brightest white, to the most intense flame lamp ever beheld. Thus has been obtained the desired improvement in the central light for guiding the wayfaring mariner: but there is one other consideration to be noted previously to pronouncing a final decision upon its practical utility and benefit,—and that is, the expense. The cost of oxygen is a very great addition to the expense of oil, &c. The value of a pint of oil is about tenpence, which is calculated to burn, say for one hour; the oxygen required with that measure, and for that time, in the oxy-lamp, would be 10 cubical feet, and its value would be twenty-pence. Here is an addition of double this cost of the oil; and the light cannot be obtained for less than 2s. 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. (we take Mr. Faraday's figures, which, of course, include the charge for cotton). But compare this with the other arrangements. To produce the same light for the same time, not now at all taking into consideration the form or dimensions of the light—it would require 37 $\frac{1}{2}$ Argands, which would consume 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ pints of oil, and cost 2s. 2d. The same light in Fresnel's would incur a charge of 3s. 11d. Thus it is shewn, satisfactorily, that, in every respect, Gurney's oxy-oil lamp is superior, for lighthouse purposes, to any other hitherto invented. It possesses, also, many advantages, which our space will not permit us to describe. One curious fact, however, we must delay our conclusion to notice, and that is, that an addition of two-thirds to the cost of the material consumed in the other arrangements should only cause the expense of the oxy-oil lamp to be very little more than that of the Argand, and considerably less than the French, to produce the same light in the same time. The cause of this, Mr. Faraday states to be the suppression of the consumption of the oil by the oxygen to nearly two-thirds. This we conceive to mean, that the oxygen causes every particle of the oil to do its work, by rendering the combustion more complete, and thus effecting a saving of two-thirds of the quantity consumed to produce the same result.

STATISTICAL SOCIETY.

SIR C. LEMON, Bart., in the chair.—Read, a summary of the census of the population of the kingdom of Saxony, to December 1837; including an account compared of the births, deaths, and marriages, with those of the six preceding years. Abstracted from the tenth number of the publication ("Mittheilungen") of the Statistical Society of Saxony for 1838, with remarks by W. R. Deverell, Esq. Secretary of the Society. Saxony, with a comparatively limited territory, possesses a great variety, not only of soil and climate, but of economical and manufacturing industry in every part of civilised life. It has, therefore, a peculiar claim to be regarded as a region for the prosecution of normal observations; the more so, as during several years it has been exempted from war, death, pestilence, and other calamities, which occasion social confusion and alter the natural standard average of mortality. With respect only to the single question of duration of life, the fact that in Saxony the proportion of annual deaths varies, in different localities, from 1 in 19 to 1 in 65, sufficiently displays the important influence of particular circumstances; and justifies the degree of attention which the Statistical Society of that kingdom has bestowed upon the subject of population. There are numerous carefully

collected tables woven into Mr. Deverell's paper; to these we cannot even do more than allude, for an abstract of their contents would be by no means satisfactory to our readers. Another paper, in connexion with the above, by the same author, was likewise read; it was on the population of Belgium; from it we learn that, by the census of 1836, the whole population of Belgium then was 4,242,600, or 125 persons to 100 hectares of land. The whole male population may be considered as consisting of two parts equal in number, namely, those under and those above the age of 23; the same is true of the females, except that the point of division is the age of twenty-five. Of the unmarried male and female, the number under and over the marriageable age is equal. The proportion of the married to the whole population is as one to two. The number of widows is double that of the widowers; and this excess is much larger in the town than in the country population. The total marriages to the total population, are as 1 to 134.9; the number of divorces as 1 to 282.84. The medium duration of life in Belgium is thirty-one years, and so forth. Sir Wilmot Horton, and several other individuals, were elected into the Society.

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

JAN. 7th. J. F. Stephens, Esq., President, in the chair.—F. Baily, Esq., Mr. Lamb, and others, were elected members of the Society. Various entomological works presented to the Society, were laid upon the table. M. Le Koux exhibited a curious pendulous cocoon of one of the Ichneumonidae, which did not produce the perfect insect until the expiration of eighteen months. Mr. W. W. Saunders exhibited a specimen of *Georiscus oleus*, from the various parts of the body of which, a number of minute white filamentous fungi had been produced. Mr. Waterhouse exhibited portions of an enormous nest of a species of wasp, seven or eight feet long, from India, and made some observations upon the mode of construction of the cells. Memoirs were read, by Mr. W. W. Saunders, upon some new Indian Hymenoptera; and by Mr. A. White, upon some new exotic species of Cimicidae, contained in the collection of the British Museum.

JAN. 28. This being the anniversary meeting of the Society, held for the election of council and officers for the ensuing year, and other routine business, the Rev. F. W. Hope was elected president; after which, the retiring president, J. F. Stephens, Esq., delivered an annual address, which was ordered to be printed for distribution.

FEB. 4th. The Rev. F. W. Hope in the chair.—Numerous donations were announced, including a large collection of North American insects, presented by Mr. Smith. Mr. Hope exhibited some new and beautiful species of insects from the island of Johanna, near Madagascar. Mr. Schomburgk presented to the Society the nests of a species of white ant, from the interior of Guiana, accompanied by specimens of the insects, and of a curious parasite found in the nest, belonging to the arachnidous genus *Solpuga*. Mr. S. S. Saunders exhibited a beautiful collection of insects made by himself in Albania; and Mr. Thwaites a considerable number of species obtained by Mr. Raddon and himself, from Indian corn brought from Bonny, on the coast of Africa, including some very interesting parasitic Hymenoptera. Dr. Cantor exhibited a large log of fossil wood from the interior of India, which presented the appearance of having been subjected to the attacks of insects, the burrows being considered, by the

members present, to be produced either by the larva of a longicorn beetle, or some of the Oniscidae. Mr. Tulk read a memoir upon the voracity of the larva of *Dytiscidae*, which destroy great numbers of young fish; and Mr. Westwood exhibited two species of *Tephritis*, injurious to chrysanthemum and celery plants, the larva of which are subterraneous. He also read some observations on the habits of a colony of the French wasp (*Polistes Gallica*), which he had brought to England.

NUMISMATIC SOCIETY.

THURSDAY week, the meeting was not so much occupied with ancient coins as with modern moneys; the grand question discussed being, whether there should or should not be a paid secretary. As there is nothing in this to interest the public, we shall only mention that a close division took place, in which 26 (we believe) were hostile, and 24, including the chairman, friendly to the proposition for remunerating the official organ of the society. Another discussion on the point is anticipated.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

FRIDAY, 15th Feb. Dr. Macreight, V.P., in the chair.—Read, 'Notice of a new species of exotic Polypore, by Professor Kickx, of the University of Gand,' translated by Mr. White.—The naturalists travelling in America at the expense of the Belgian government, have sent from the island of Cuba various plants, seeds, &c., which have been placed in the Botanic Garden of Gand, and among which was the subject of the present notice. The odour of this exotic polypore is so like that of myrrh, that it has been named the *Polyporus myrrhinus*. The means adopted by Professor Kickx, with inviolable success, to determine the diagnostic of vegetable emanation, is, placing the specimen for a few minutes over a vessel containing ammonia; this strengthens without altering the flavour, of which, without this process, the small intensity in many cases would escape detection. The new odorous mushroom was fully and botanically described; also some mosses in the earth, in which the plants before mentioned were sent over. Read, also, a paper 'On the construction of the Woody Fibre in the tribe Gymnospermia,' by Dr. W. H. Willshire. If a portion of the woody fibre of an abies be subjected to microscopical examination, it is seen to have upon its surface a row of small bodies; in the centre is seen a circle, more or less transparent, having upon its edge a second one of darker colour, and around this again another, but more transparent than the last: of the nature of these appearances, the most opposite views are taken. After stating the many conflicting opinions which Dr. Willshire considered may be resolved into those of the solid and those of the porous nature of these bodies, and after having described his own experiments, also the results of his comparisons, he concluded by saying, that he looked upon these little bodies he had mentioned as analogous to the glands of the stomata, which are known to be placed over a cavity or pore, and to have the power of closing or opening it, according to the necessity of the woody fibre. The central point, so commonly seen, is the pore or hole originally covered by the stoma-like bodies which are, in the majority of instances, mechanically knocked away, but yet occur in sufficient numbers to indicate the normal condition of the appearances, which he looks upon as the depression of the walls of the fibre inwards, having at its bottom a hole or pore originally covered by two little stoma-like bodies.

LITERARY AND LEARNED. UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, February 14.—The following degrees were conferred:—
Master of Arts.—Fitz Roy Blackford, Brasenose College, Grand Compound.
Bachelors of Arts.—Lord Leveson, Christ Church; H. Milward, Wadham College.

CAMBRIDGE, February 13.—The following degrees were conferred:—
Bachelors of Arts.—E. Ollivant, H. Buak, C. J. Bayley, B. Skinner, G. A. Addison, Trinity College; T. Evans, J. P. Parry, St. John's College; H. S. Anders, Caius College; W. H. Glover, Corpus Christi College; J. Gibson, Catharine Hall; A. J. Rogers, Jesus College; L. Spencer, Christ College; O. P. Vincent, Magdalene College; C. Badham, W. Keown, W. G. Tucker, Emmanuel College.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

MR. HAMILTON, V. P., in the chair.—Mr. Hamilton exhibited a large silver medal of her Majesty, by Pistrucci.—Mr. Rosser exhibited two jugs, a tripod censer, and a simpulum, or ladle, from the ancient tombs of Etruria: he had discovered, by some experiments, that the censer and ladle had been gilt inside and out.—Mr. J. B. Nichols exhibited a chasuble or sacerdotal cope: it was of silk, richly embroidered in gold lace, and coloured silk, with several human figures, and the armorial bearings of King John, and others of the same time.—The conclusion was read of Mr. Gage Rokewode's 'Account of the English Convent at Paris,' which was commenced at the last meeting; the abbeas was elected every three years, and a list of them was given, with the dates of their election and of their deaths; also of several English ladies buried in the cemetery of the convent: the hearts of an Earl of Stafford, and another English nobleman, were also deposited there.—Mr. J. B. Nichols communicated an account of Winchester House, in the City, now being pulled down: it was granted, in 1651, to the Dutch, for a place of worship.—Sir Henry Ellis read a letter, addressed to him by Mr. Crofton Croker, relative to the history of the Harleian Manuscript, No. 913; from which manuscript Sir Frederic Madden had, in 1823, communicated to the Society a very curious poem, composed in the year 1265, on the walling of New Ross, in Ireland, which was printed in the twenty-second volume of the 'Archæologia.' Mr. Croker stated that this manuscript was written by an Irish ecclesiastic, named Michael of Kildare, in the year 1308. About the period of the Reformation, it came into the possession of George Wyse, who was mayor of Waterford in 1871, and to whose family various grants of monastic foundations had been made, and who were distinguished for their literary taste. In 1698, Sir James Ware had transcripts made of some of the poems in this manuscript, which are stated to be copied 'out of a small old book in parchment, called the 'Book of Ross, or Waterford.' These transcripts are preserved among the Lansdowne MSS. in the British Museum, which contains a fragment of a song upon Waterford, now lost from the Harleian Manuscript. From Waterford, the original manuscript passed into the possession of More, bishop of Norwich, having been probably transferred from Ireland to England during the time of the commonwealth. It is mentioned, in 1697, in 'Catalogus Manuscriptum Angliæ et Hiberniæ,' as belonging to More; and, soon afterwards, a poem was printed from it in the 'Thesaurus' of Dr. Hickes, to whom it is said to have been lent by Bishop Tanner. Mr. Croker concluded by observing that a careful comparison of the poem on Cokaygne, printed by Hickes, with the Harleian Manuscript, No. 913, the only early copy now known to exist,

leaves no doubt that Hickes's original was derived from it. That no manuscript of this kind is to be found in the Public Library at Cambridge, where More's manuscripts after his death were deposited, and that the contents of the Harleian Manuscript agree with the Catalogue of 1697. It was therefore, probably, lent by Bishop More to Bishop Tanner; and not having been returned before the death of the former, or from some other unexplained cause,* passed into the library of the Earl of Oxford. The circumstance of this very curious manuscript being mentioned, at nearly the same period, as in the possession of several individuals, induced the belief that two, or even three copies of it were in existence.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—Royal Geographical, 9 P.M.
Tuesday.—Royal Medical and Chirurgical, 8½ P.M.; Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.; Zoological, 8½ P.M.
Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 7½ P.M.; Geological, 8½ P.M.; Medico-Botanical, 8 P.M.
Thursday.—Royal Society, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; Royal Society of Literature, 4 P.M.; Numismatic, 7 P.M.
Friday.—Royal Institution, 8½ P.M.; Botanical.
Saturday.—Royal Asiatic, 2 P.M.

FINE ARTS. ROYAL SOCIETY.

AFTER routine business, amongst which we noticed the election of Lieut. Col. Reid, the author of the very interesting 'Theory of Storms,' the following letter from Mr. Fox Talbot to the secretary, was read by Mr. Christie:—

PHOTOGENIC DRAWING.

(Further discoveries.)

Dear Sir,—In compliance with the request of several scientific friends, who have been much interested with the account of the art of Photogenic Drawing, which I had the honour of presenting to the Royal Society on the 31st of last month, I will endeavour to explain, as briefly as I can, but at the same time without omitting any thing essential, the methods which I have hitherto employed for the production of these pictures.

If this explanation, on my part, should have the effect of drawing new inquirers into the field, and if any new discoveries of importance should be the result, as I anticipate, and especially if any means should be discovered by which the sensitiveness of the paper can be materially increased, I shall be the first to rejoice at the success; and, in the meanwhile, I shall endeavour, as far as I may be able, to prosecute the inquiry myself.

The subject naturally divides itself into two heads; viz. the preparation of the paper, and the means of fixing the design.

(1.) *Preparation of the paper*.—In order to make what may be called ordinary photogenic paper, I select, in the first place, paper of a good firm quality and smooth surface. I do not know that any answers better than superfine writing paper. I dip it into a weak solution of common salt, and wipe it dry, by which the salt is uniformly distributed throughout its substance. I then spread a solution of nitrate of silver on one surface only, and dry it at the fire. The solution should not be saturated, but six or eight times diluted with water. When dry, the paper is fit for use.

I have found, by experiment, that there is a certain proportion between the quantity of salt and that of the solution of silver, which answers best and gives the maximum effect. If the

* We fancy, from the overturning of a wagon-load of Bishop More's manuscripts at a ford, in consequence of a flood, in their transit to Cambridge.—Ed. L. G.

strength of the salt is augmented beyond this point, the effect diminishes, and, in certain cases, becomes exceedingly small.

This paper, if properly made, is very useful for all ordinary photogenic purposes. For example, nothing can be more perfect than the images it gives of leaves and flowers, especially with a summer sun: the light passing through the leaves delineates every ramification of their nerves.

Now, suppose we take a sheet of paper thus prepared, and wash it with a saturated solution of salt, and then dry it. We shall find (especially if the paper has been kept some weeks before the trial is made) that its sensibility is greatly diminished, and, in some cases, seems quite extinct. But if it is again washed with a liberal quantity of the solution of silver, it becomes again sensible to light, and even more so than it was at first. In this way, by alternately washing the paper with salt and silver, and drying it between times, I have succeeded in increasing its sensibility to the degree that is requisite for receiving the images of the camera obscura.

In conducting this operation it will be found that the results are sometimes more and sometimes less satisfactory in consequence of small and accidental variations in the proportions employed. It happens sometimes that the chloride of silver is disposed to darken of itself, without any exposure to light: this shews that the attempt to give it sensibility has been carried too far. The object is, to approach to this condition as near as possible without reaching it; so that the substance may be in a state ready to yield to the slightest extraneous force, such as the feeble impact of the violet rays when much attenuated. Having therefore prepared a number of sheets of paper with chemical proportions slightly different from one another, let a piece be cut from each, and, having been duly marked or numbered, let them be placed side by side in a very weak diffused light for about a quarter of an hour. Then, if any one of them, as frequently happens, exhibits a marked advantage over its competitors, I select the paper which bears the corresponding number to be placed in the camera obscura.

(2.) *Method of fixing the images.*—After having tried ammonia, and several other reagents, with very imperfect success, the first thing which gave me a successful result was the *iodide of potassium*, much diluted with water. If a photogenic picture is washed over with this liquid, an *iodide of silver* is formed which is absolutely unalterable by sunshine. This process requires precaution; for if the solution is too strong, it attacks the dark parts of the picture. It is requisite, therefore, to find by trial the proper proportions. The fixation of the pictures in this way, with proper management, is very beautiful and lasting. The specimen of *lace* which I exhibited to the Society, and which was made five years ago, was preserved in this manner.

But my usual method of fixing is different from this, and somewhat simpler, or at least requiring less nicety. It consists in immersing the picture in a *strong* solution of common salt, and then wiping off the superfluous moisture, and drying it. It is sufficiently singular that the same substance which is so useful in giving sensibility to the paper, should also be capable, under other circumstances, of *destroying* it; but such is, nevertheless, the fact.

Now, if the picture which has been thus washed and dried is placed in the sun, the white parts colour themselves of a pale lilac tint, after which they become insensible. Numerous

experiments have shewn to me that the depth of this lilac tint varies according to the quantity of salt used, relatively to the quantity of silver. But, by properly adjusting these, the images may, if desired, be retained of an absolute whiteness. I find I have omitted to mention that those preserved by *iodine* are always of a very pale primrose yellow; which has the extraordinary and very remarkable property of turning to a full gaudy yellow whenever it is exposed to the heat of a fire, and recovering its former colour again when it is cold.—I am, &c.

H. FOX TALBOT.

44 Queen Ann Street, Feb. 20th, 1839.

We are much pleased with the frank and ingenuous manner in which our countryman has come forward to give publicity to his process, and state the results of his experiments. This is the way to promote the general benefit, and lead others into the method of pursuing similar inquiries, by which the discovery may be improved and perfected. In this class we rejoice to learn that Sir John Herschel has devoted his attention to the subject, and has already, we understand, made curious progress, inasmuch as he has obtained the pictures from the light of *Daniell's great galvanic battery*. Sir David Brewster too, we are informed, has taken up the investigation; and when such men set to work, we may look for much to follow.

Before laying down our pen, we should mention that, at the Royal Society, Mr. Talbot shewed us the perfect picture of a riband, some three inches broad, and of a ribbed and watered pattern, taken in this manner, but not by the sun, the only active agent being the *common day light*!! and in a London atmosphere of the month of February too. After this, who can doubt the extreme sensibility of the prepared paper?—Ed. L. G.

GRAPHIC SOCIETY.

THE second *conversations* of this Society took place on Wednesday, when the largest assembly of members and visitors took place since its foundation; and we have never seen a more numerous or interesting display of drawings, sketches, and engravings, than were sent by the members for the gratification of their friends—among these, the principal contributors were Mr. T. Creswick, Mr. Evans, Mr. West, Mr. Cope, Mr. Pyne, Mr. Cowen, Mr. S. Cousins, Mr. Doo, Mr. W. Finden, Mr. Corbould, Mr. Windus, and others. It is probable that the very numerous meeting arose from the expectation that some drawings, produced by the action of light, by Mr. Talbot, would be shewn, but they were not sent. Two small specimens, produced by Sir John Herschel, were exhibited, but they were feeble in effect, and said to be first attempts; but it was stated by a gentleman present, who had seen those prepared by Daguerre, in Paris, that his were so far superior, as to bear the character of a different process—still the most favourable report of the process relieved the anxiety of the artists. The painters were quieted that Daguerre could produce nothing in colour; and the engravers, that no impressions could be taken from the design effected by light on his coppers. The secret will soon arrive, and we shall then be able to follow up the early notices which we gave of this curious art, by a full disclosure. There were also shewn some prints of different sizes, taken from the same plate: this seemed to be even a greater puzzle than Daguerre's. It is said, however, that a mode of effecting this has suggested itself to Professor Wheatstone, who saw these prints at the Graphic; if so, we shall hear more about it. This invention is also French, and was dis-

covered by M. Gouard; but it has not yet been brought to any useful application, owing to the slow process of taking the impressions.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

[Fourth notice.]

410. *Christ Crucified.* A. W. Elmore.—That mind must be strongly imbued with the love of art which can thus persevere, subject to all the disadvantages under which this department of painting labours; having neither premium nor patronage to reward the young aspirant or foster his talents. Such was the reflection which the contemplation of this admirable piece suggested to us. It comprehends some of the highest qualities of the art; but, amidst the general impression of awe and sublimity, the agonising sufferings of the Saviour of mankind claim the principal regard.

345. *The Moment of Victory.* A. Fraser.—In this clever picture the triumph and the wail attendant on "the moment of victory," are brought at once into view. A combat between two cocks, which seems to have been fatal to one of them, has filled a cottage court-yard with variously interested human beings. A female, with an infant in arms, is bending in commiseration over the fallen bird; scared boys are seen clambering over the paling, to escape a dog set on by the master of the dwelling; while the hero of the day, unmindful of the general confusion, claps his wings, and crows forth his song of exultation. This animated scene is depicted in Mr. Fraser's best style; and in such subjects we know no better.

403. *The Watering Place.* T. S. Cooper.—A group of cattle occupies the foreground of this admirable performance, which, with its landscape scenery, cannot be surpassed, either in the skill of its composition or in the truth and beauty of its execution.

378. *The Fisher.* J. J. Chalon, A.R.A.—To the pastoral and finished performance of Mr. Cooper, we can bring nothing of more powerful contrast than this wild and woody scene. A solitary crane, which gives the piece its title, is watching its prey on the banks of a sequestered pool. The Salvator-like grandeur of the composition gives the idea

"Of forests and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear."

355. *On the Zuyder-Zee, off Amsterdam.* J. Wilson.—We are not acquainted with any peculiarity in the waters of this part of the ocean; but from the clearness and fluency with which its waves are here represented by the pencil of this veteran artist, it is evident that they may serve as a model for any sea-piece whatever.

36. *The Rat Trap.* T. Webster.—Admirably treated. It may be doubted if deer-stalking, tiger-hunting, or any other of the nobler sports, can excite a greater intensity of feeling than is here manifested in the expression of the boys, the dog, and the rat, at the moment of the expected outbreak.

274. *Corte della de' Frari, Venice.* J. Holland.—To a character of architecture combining the grand with the picturesque, Mr. Holland's pencil appears to have done ample justice. The style of execution is clear, brilliant, and solid.

29. *The Approach.* F. Stone.—A beautiful cabinet picture. Seated near a window is a very lovely female. What kind of person it is who is *approaching*, may be easily guessed from the pleasure which beams in her delighted countenance.

4. *The Dairy-Maid's Tale.* T. Clater.—Well told in all its graphic relations, and

impressing the truth of the old proverb, that "listeners seldom hear any good of themselves." The interior and its accessories are executed with the artist's usual skill.

105. *The Valentine*, also by Mr. Clater, is a clever composition. The interest of the pictorial drama appears to be shared by the old and the young.

3. *Wood Scene*. J. Stark.—A scene in which Nature, in one of her most pleasing garbs, is faithfully represented by the pencil of this skillful and experienced painter.—92, *Going to the Fair*, by the same artist, a picture of larger dimensions and more extensive prospect, exhibits equal ability.

10. *Christ in the Wilderness, meditating on the Means of Redeeming the World*.—382. *The Rejoicing of Miriam and the Jewish Women on the Overwhelming of Pharaoh and his Host in the Red Sea*. Wilhelm Hensel.—The first of these subjects belongs to the elevated and sublime; the second to the cheerful and triumphant; and Mr. Hensel, who, it is evident, has been a very successful student of the best productions of the Italian school, has given to each its appropriate character.

362. *Scene from the "Taming of the Shrew."* Douglas Cowper.—Although we believe the name of this artist has appeared in former catalogues, his works have never, till now, met our eye. It is with great pleasure that, in the present instance, we bear testimony to his talents. His treatment of the subject is happy and just, especially as regards the arch and apprehensive glance of Bianca, as she listens to Lucentio's "construing;" and his technical execution does him equal credit.

[To be continued.]

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Laws of Harmonious Colouring, adapted to Interior Decorations, Manufactures, and other Useful Purposes. By D. R. Hay. London, Orr & Co.; Edinburgh, Chambers. The fourth edition, with additions and improvements, of a work which, on its first appearance, we noticed with the praise which its ingenuity and taste seemed to us to deserve. In its present form, it is more than ever entitled to the attention, not only of the mere decorator, but of the professors of every branch of the fine arts.

The Art-Union, No. I., is the first of a monthly journal, about the size and form of the *Literary Gazette*, to be dedicated to subjects connected with the Fine Arts. This is a very agreeable example of such a production; but it is observable that, of many attempts of the same kind, and some of them of great merit, we have never seen one succeed. Perhaps the small cost of the present essay (8s. per annum) may allow it a longer and more permanent vitality, and a more extended sale among the numerous class of artists. Upon this point we would offer a few words. The introduction says, "Artists are compelled to labour in comparative seclusion: to those repose brings the only serviceable excitement; they can rarely mix in general society; and, consequently, know little of what is passing around them, even concerning matters upon which it is essential they should receive early and authentic information." Now, it has long been our conviction, that to this very plain state of the case is to be traced much of that inferiority which consigns so many artists, old as well as young, to inferiority, or to be at best *imitatores servorum pecus*. It is nonsense to tell us that, with the ease and trifling expense at which information

the most useful to them may be acquired, they cannot procure it. The fact is, they won't spare the time or take the trouble to read, and store their minds, not simply with intelligence relating to their own peculiar profession, but such as interests the general world, and would furnish ideas and hints for their practice in art. They fancy they are becoming mighty painters by continually daubing canvasses after canvasses, and in utter ignorance of all other things. There never was, and never will be, a great artist of this school; and when half a dozen of the poorest that ever took up a brush might, by clubbing a halfpenny or a penny a week each, and allowing themselves leisure to read a single journal, become better informed in three months than they now are during their whole lives, we cannot but think that the fault and error is their own, and that they can never reach the excellence which merits public encouragement whilst they take so dark a road to travel towards it. To become eminent in art, a man must know more than how to imitate the disposition of a group, lay on a few colours, or splash in an effect.

Mr. Hopper's Letter to Lord Melbourne, on the Rebuilding of the Royal Exchange (pp. 14, J. Weale), is a curious illustration of the results of competition for public works in the fine arts, as illustrated in the case of the Post Office, where there were eighty-nine competitors, and the work was given to none of them, but to another artist, called in and instructed after all their designs had been submitted. The resemblance between the design thus adopted, and Mr. Hopper's, is sufficiently striking.

Mr. Behne's Letter to the Committee, on the Nelson Testimonial (pp. 8, J. Fraser), is another not uninteresting lesson in such matters. Mr. B. declares that 25,000l. or 30,000l. is quite inadequate for so great a national tribute, and suggests a noble mausoleum between the front of Trafalgar Square and the statue of King Charles. But as this matter is as yet *sub judice*, and there seems to be, as usual, plenty of opinions afloat upon it, we abstain from observations till they can be more properly made. The general question involved is one of infinite interest to the arts and country.

THE DRAMA.

The Adelphi.—A new piece, called the *Foreign Prince*, has been produced here for the sake of varying *Jim Crow's* very popular performances, and affording the black hero other opportunities for displaying his whimsical traits of negro character. It is a laughable affair, and, what with song and drollery, most certainly it literally deserves the name of an "Entertainment," for a merrier audience than it makes can hardly be made.

The Wild-beast exhibitions "progress" as we anticipated. One fool-hardy barbarian of the name of Haynes, employed in subduing and playing with those at the St. James's theatre, has been severely lacerated by a leopard, and carried to the hospital. A tiger at the same establishment has killed a panther. Van Amburgh is still alive, and has given a feed to some fashionable persons and lovers of the drama!! Instead of manager proprietors, menagerie proprietors are proposed to superintend our refined pleasures.

Mr. Adams's Orrery.—Mr. Adams, to whom the rising generation, and, indeed, the many of maturer years, have been indebted during several

seasons for his Lenten illustrations of Astronomy, is this Lent to be found at the Haymarket, where his apparatus works in the most perfect manner. Upon such a representation and lectures we can have little new to say; but we may say we rejoice to see them so well attended. It ought not to be forgotten by parents, teachers, and individuals desirous of information in so interesting and sublime a science, that a few hours thus bestowed convey more accurate ideas to the mind than months bestowed upon any other kind of study.

At *The Queen's Theatre*, Mr. Howell is also delivering Lectures on Astronomy, illustrated by fine transparencies, and concludes his evenings with Child's beautiful exhibition of dissolving views.

VARIETIES.

The Wellington Statue (Clty).—The report of the sub-committee, alluded to in our last, was yesterday received and sanctioned by the general committee at the Mansion House, the lord mayor in the chair; and the agreement with the sculptor signed. The only difference we have to note is that 3000l. not 2000l. was agreed to be paid down. Thanks were voted to Her Majesty's government for the liberal donation of metal, amounting in value to 1520l.; also to John Masterman, Esq., the treasurer, and — Rainbow, Esq., the secretary, for their great and gratuitous service to the fund. The lord mayor, also, received a vote of thanks for his conduct in the chair, and his politeness in allowing the use of the Mansion House for the meetings.

Lucigraphs.—A correspondent of the "The Times" proposes to call the representation of images, obtained by Mr. Talbot, M. Daguerre, and others, *Lucigraphs*.

Sully's Portrait of the Queen has created a strong sensation in the United States, and, after some discussion with the St. George's Society, for which it was painted, it has been agreed to exhibit it at Philadelphia and New York, for the joint interests of the artist and his employers.

Mr. Blagrove's, &c., Second Concert, on Thursday, was as excellent as the first. The "Bird and Maiden," a new song, sung by Miss Birch (Spohr, with a clarinet obligato, Bowley), and a romance, the "Grave-digger," by Miss Wyndham, were encored. But, indeed, nearly every piece deserved the compliment.

Musical.—The "Musical World" of last week states, that "the classification of the musical MSS. in the British Museum is now in progress."—Are there any of great antiquity?

Novel Drama.—The principal pupils of the Deaf and Dumb Institution at Genoa, recently performed Monti's tragedy of "Aristodeme," and the one-act comedy of "The Deserted House," at the Theatre of the Hotel Gagnoletti. The critics do not accuse them of tearing a passion all to tatters, or splitting the ears of the groundlings: on the contrary, the sound emphasis was unexceptionable.

Cruelty to Animals.—The *Literary Gazette* was among the foremost, and most zealous, to espouse the cause of humanity to animals, and reprobate the barbarities perpetrated upon them in the name of science. Whether Phrenology sported with the mangling of their brains, or Medicine with their limbs and intestines, we protested against the prolonged and horrible tortures to which they were subjected, and maintained that no scientific inquiry whatever could justify or excuse such demoralising cruelties. And we further held, that no light could be thrown upon the subjects of investi-

gation by many of these experiments, the very recital of which filled the rest of mankind with loathing and disgust. The only question is, To what extent you may carry animal suffering for the sake of great benefits to the human race? and, surely, this has been most savagely and sinfully exceeded.

Such being our sentiments, we have much satisfaction in pointing the public attention to *Mr. W. Youatt's* work on "The Obligation and Extent of Humanity to Brutes, principally with reference to Domesticated Animals;" and to *Dr. W. H. Drummond's* volume on the "Rights of Animals;" both of which are well calculated to expose the unnecessary miseries to which the animal creation are doomed by the inconsiderate and relentless acts of man, and to induce the latter, both through reason and a sense of shame, to abate this revolting evil. Another slight performance also deserves our notice here; it is an address to the owners and drivers of carriages on "The Abolition of the Use of the Bearing-Rein," which it clearly demonstrates to be painful to the horse and injurious to his exertions, so that the amount of labour which he would yield without it is decreased, and he is worn out long before the easier and more natural mode would exhaust his strength.

Earthquake at Martinique.—On the 11th ult., a severe shock was experienced at St. Pierre, by which several persons were killed, and nearly a fourth of the town was more or less damaged. The whole island was exposed to the ravages of this terrible visitation, and especially at Fort Royal. It is stated that nearly 800 individuals had perished.

Excellent Translation.—In noticing a production of George Cruikshank's in the *Literary Gazette* some time ago, in order to distinguish that artist from his brother Robert, we said, "this is the real Simon Pure;" and in an extensive German Biographical Dictionary now publishing, the compiler has taken the hint, and gravely states that "He is called George Cruikshank, but it is not his real name; his real name being Simon Pure."

The Yankee Miscellany, No. 1. (pp. 48, Cassady and March), is a merry Boston monthly, in which we looked, of course, for examples of that peculiar style of exaggeration which has characterised the humour, not only of the periodical press, but of many volumes of the Crockett description. Among these we are told of a *Genuine Yankee*, who is never at a loss, and is armed with "double teeth all round."—Again, "*Siamese Monkeys*." 'Tis said a captain of a vessel in New York has brought home two monkeys, with but one tail between them. The captain intends to sell them wholesale, as he cannot re-tail them.—"*Remedy for a Lady's Sore Throat*." Enclose it closely, yet tenderly, with a shirt sleeve; and be sure you have an arm in it."—"*No Danger*." 'Think there's any danger, Mister Meanaggeery-man, from that boy-contractor?' 'Oh, no,' said the man; 'the serpent don't bite, he swallows his vittals whole.'—So much for transatlantic drolletry.

Oxford and Camb. Club, Feb. 14.

Sir,—I send you a few more translations from the "Anthologia." M. H. I.

Anonymous.

"Faithful love I can requite;
Those that bite me I can bite;
See the wretch who fondly lies
Drinking love from his sweet eyes.

* 8vo. pp. 218. London: Longman and Co.
† 12mo. pp. 21. London: Mardon: Smallfield and Son, and Green. Dublin: Hodges and Smith.
‡ Pp. 16. London: Ackermann.

Love like his who'er abuses,
Braves the anger of the Muses!"
Night and morning thus was I
Went in humble suit to cry;
But she cared for me no more
Than the tempest-beaten shore.
Now the case is altered quite;
She doth lovingly invite—
I am deaf and smile in spite!

Diongeius.

Oh that I were a breath of air,
When the cool shade my Chioe seeks;
Then would I kiss her forehead fair,
And breathe upon her damask cheeks!
Oh that I were some happy flower—
The flower which grows the best;
To feel her soft hand's magic power,
And on her snowy bosom rest!

Anonymous.

Think not to fly from Venus' son;
The rogue hath wings, and thou hast none!

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Select British Biography, from the Days of Bosdonia to the Victorian Era, by S. Mansel, fcap 8vo. 4s. 1. Smith on the Growth of Cucumbers and Melons, 4th edition, fcap. 4s. 6d.—A. Vetch's Collection for Junior Classes, 12mo. 1s. 6d.—Practical Treatise on Sheriff Law, by G. Atkinson, 8vo. 18s.—Prostitution in London, by M. Ryan, M.D. 12mo. 10s. 6d.—Recollections of a Country Pastor, fcap. 3s. 6d.—Wheatley's Illustration of the Book of Common Prayer, new edition, 8vo. 7s. 6d.—Explanatory and Practical Comments on the New Testament, revised by Dalton, Vol. I. 8vo. 12s.—History of Ireland, by John Graham, 12mo. 6s.—Cousin Elizabeth, 18mo. 1s. 6d.—The Call upon the Great, post 8vo. 4s.—Rev. J. Abbott's Rolls at Work, fcap. 2s. 6d.—Watson's Life of Philip II. new edition, 8vo. 8s.—Ditto of Philip III. new edition, 8vo. 8s.—Family Library, Vol. LXVII. (Life of the Duke of Marlborough, by C. Bucke), 3s.—The Youth of Shakespeare, by the Author of "Shakespeare and his Friends," 3 vols. 31s. 6d.—A Voice from America to England, by an American Gentleman, 8vo. 12s.—Advice to the Married, square, 1s. 6d.—The Toilet, square, 1s. 6d.—Waking Dreams, 1 vol. post 8vo. with illustrations, 10s. 6d.—Henry Aston, and other Tales, by the Hon. Louisa Sayers, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.—Gems of F. W. Krummacher, 18mo. 8s.—The New Cratylus; or, Contributions towards a more accurate Knowledge of the Greek, by J. W. Donaldson, 8vo. 17s.—The Works of John Donne, D.D. with a Memoir of his Life, by H. Alford, 6 vols. 8vo. 31. 12s.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1839.

February.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday ... 7	From 40 to 52	30.17 to 30.16
Friday ... 8	45 .. 53	30.18 .. 30.90
Saturday ... 9	46 .. 52	30.20 .. 30.93
Sunday ... 10	57 .. 47	30.22 .. 30.38
Monday ... 11	58 .. 46	30.33 .. 30.22
Tuesday ... 12	56 .. 49	30.21 .. 30.14
Wednesday ... 13	50 .. 47	30.33 .. 30.52
Thursday ... 14	56 .. 36	30.40 .. 29.66
Friday ... 15	56 .. 38	29.67 .. 29.60
Saturday ... 16	38 .. 47	29.80 .. 29.70
Sunday ... 17	29 .. 47	29.43 .. 29.40
Monday ... 18	26 .. 39	29.43 .. 29.42
Tuesday ... 19	28 .. 40	29.47 .. 29.50
Wednesday ... 20	34 .. 37	29.44 .. 29.60

Winds, S.W. and N.W.

Except the 10th, 13th, and 16th, generally cloudy, with frequent showers of rain; snow and hail on the 17th and morning of the 18th.

Rain fallen, .3125 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

Latitude ... 51° 37' 22" N.
Longitude ... 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"The Anonymous Letters" (pp. 70, Saunders and Otley) may be very interesting and amusing to those who understand them, which we do not profess to do.

To the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*.

Sir,—In the biography of the late Mr. Vendramini, in your last Number, you mention a gem from which he had engraved at St. Petersburg; and that, after his return to England, having mentioned the circumstance to Mr. Pistrucci, this gentleman stated that he had executed that gem. Now, as Mr. Vendramini returned in 1807, it is difficult to believe that Mr. Pistrucci (at the early age which he must have been if this were executed by him) could have done it. Your recent exposure of the real paternity of the George and Dragon upon the coins of George III. excites a suspicion that if Mr. Pistrucci fatherned the inventions of others, he may their works. It is, at all events, a statement that requires some explanation.

ERRATUM.—The notice of "Calandrino," &c. engraved after Briggs, which appeared among the *Literary Reviews* in our last (p. 104, col. 1.) should have stood in its proper place, under the head of *Fine Arts*.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

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AN URGENT APPEAL to the

Literary and Scientific World, and the Public in general, in behalf of the Family of the late Mr. Donovan, the eminent English Naturalist. This distinguished and highly gifted individual, who laboured in the field of natural science for half a century, with wit and ability he exerted his talents and genius in advancing the science, literature, and the fine arts of this country, his works will better explain than any thing emanating from our feeble abilities; but it is deeply to be deplored that, after devoting the whole period of his valuable life, and expending a fortune in his zealous endeavours to elucidate the natural history of his country, he died in want, and left a family of five daughters in the deepest distress, with nothing for their future support but his manuscript works; and their last and only resource for defraying incidental expenses in publishing the works lies in this appeal. The smallest contribution is most graciously solicited for that purpose, and will be very thankfully received by the undermentioned, or by Mr. Don, at the Linnean Society, Soho Square.

SOPHIA DONOVAN.

13 Upper Ashley Street,
Northampton Square,
8th February, 1850.

ARCHITECTS.—Notice is hereby given,

that the Trustees appointed by Sir John Soane to meet at the Museum, 15 Lincoln's Inn Fields, on Monday, the 15th day of March next, at Three o'clock in the Afternoon, precisely, to distribute the Dividends which shall have accrued during the preceding Year from the sum of 5000*l.* reduced three per cent Bank Annuities, invested by the late Sir John Soane, among distressed Architects, and the Widows and Children of deceased Architects left in destitute or distressed circumstances.

Forms of Application may be had at the Museum, and must be filled up and delivered there, on or before Saturday, the 10th day of March, after which day no application can be received.

THE NOBILITY, GENTRY, &c. are

respectfully informed, that the old-established Firm of Colnaghi and Co. was, in 1835, removed to No. 14 Pall Mall East, where the Business has since been carried on, under the style of Paul and Dominic Colnaghi and Co.

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THE NORTH BRITON, with a Supple-

ment of Four Additional Pages, of Sunday next, will contain the Copyright Bill, entire, and a Commentary on each of its Clauses; the Debates in both Houses of Parliament; with all the Scottish, Metropolitan, and Provincial News of the Week. Office for Advertisements, 13 Wellington Street, North.

NOTICE to BOOK-BUYERS.—No. VII.

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There are particular occasions on which it is necessary to
trouble the Public with a statement of private transactions. The
near-completion of this work, the publication of which com-
menced in 1833, is one of these years. In the April of that
year, Mr. Knight agreed with Mr. Edward Gibbon Wakefield,
the Author of "England and America," to publish an edition of
Smith's Wealth of Nations, with a Commentary, by Mr. Wake-
field. The work was to be brought out in periodical Volumes,
and to be sold at 2s. 6d. per Volume. The first Volume, on
account of the Commentary. The First Volume appeared,
and was well received by the public; the Second was also duly
published. The Third Volume, after some interval, was pub-
lished, but Mr. Wakefield did not contribute a single note
towards it. The Last Volume, which connects the text with the
end of the Third Volume, has been printed two years. Of the
Fourth Volume, which was to consist entirely of original matter,
Mr. Wakefield has furnished twenty pages only, after every mode
of entreaty and of remonstrance has been resorted to in vain dur-
ing the course of the last three years. The Publishers feel that
they cannot any longer remain silent under what appears to be a
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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Idler in Italy. By the Countess of Blessington. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1839. Colburn.

"GENOA, April 27th. I have (says the fair and noble writer) been idle the last four days, and have not even opened my journal. One day of idleness, like one sin, is sure to beget another; and I sometimes think that I shall leave off journalising altogether. But then comes the thought, that, perhaps in years to come, these hastily scribbled pages may bring back pleasant recollections, when nought but recollections of pleasure shall be mine: and this foreboding induces me to continue."

We have to congratulate ourselves and the public, that the four days' sin recorded in this passage did not beget the further wickedness of discontinuing the journal; that better thoughts prevailed; and that the pleasant recollections thus preserved are such as must gratify every reader of taste and feeling. If idleness were always to produce so much pleasure, we should pray that there might never be any more labour on the face of the earth; and, in truth, it has always been a maxim of ours, that there is too much toil and too little repose, too much procuring of means to be enjoyed and too little of enjoyment, in the world, and especially in England. Men are like bees, garnering up honey for winter gratification; but they are nipped off as the later season approaches, or benumbed and rendered unable to touch the treasured sweetness during all its cold and frozen reign. And, unlike the bees, they have no returning spring, humming with melody, balmy with scents, and enamelled with flowers rich in nectar.

What a beautiful nosegay is that which old Winter wears in his bosom as he is forced to leave us by this persuasive voice and gentle breath of Spring! The pure snowdrop, the soft primrose, the rich crocus, the fragrant violet,—they all appear to be spontaneous emanations from Nature herself, and to have no alliance with cultivation or art. The slightest kindness from the sun awakens their slumbering loveliness; and, like cherished genius, they force their way through the chill and hardness of all around, to embellish and adorn an epoch of life. They call to them the bee and the butterfly: why do not mankind read the lesson, and the busy and the gay learn alike to enjoy the blessings which court their acceptance?

But to our suggester of these fancies, the volumes before us, and a charming portrait of Lady Blessington from a drawing by Edwin Landseer; it is replete with character and expression, though a faint sketch.

After all we have read of Italy, and the route thither pursued by her ladyship* (A.D. 1822-3), it is only by the vivacity and intelligence thrown over the subject that it could have been made so agreeable as it is, and such as we think the few following extracts, though brief, will shew it to be. We commence with a literary illustration, which displays much condensation and force.

* Through France, and by its southern parts, Toulon, Avignon, Aix, Frejus, &c., to Genoa (six days' travelling on mules); and thence by Florence, Rome, &c. to Naples, and back to Rome.

"Geneva, 16th.—I went to sleep last night with the sound of the murmuring Rhone in my ears; and awoke this morning impatient again to view the 'Leman lake.' How 'brightly beautifully blue it is!' It looks as if the heavens had bathed in it, and left behind in its limpid waters a portion of their azure loveliness. How many eyes, to whom no common vision was granted, have dwelt with pleasure on this beautiful lake!—Voltaire, the most brilliant scoffer that ever lifted the veil from the defects of his species, or gloried in exposing them; Rousseau, who avenged himself on mankind, by displaying, in his 'Confessions,' how base, how unworthy man could be;—he, whose imagination was all warmth and tenderness, and whose heart was cold and hard as the ice of his native mountains; Gibbon, the always patient investigator, but not always impartial narrator, who sneered at, more frequently than he pitied, the errors he related; De Staël, the brilliant, the eloquent De Staël, whose genius caught, as it were, by intuition, the truths that others only discover by a life of laborious study; Shelley, the passionate, the visionary poet, dreaming away life in a world of his own creation, and giving us glimpses of its brightness in his poems; and though last, not least, Byron, the child of genius, whose passions are converted into chords, from which he can draw forth music that finds an echo in every heart. Yes, this lake is invested with an interest, more powerful than its beauty could awaken, by its associations in the mind with the gifted beings who have lingered on its margin."

At Genoa, our travellers associated a good deal with Lord Byron, and, notwithstanding the "Conversations" already published, the subjoined notice of that strange being will be found interesting. If not acting in it, he evinces a naturalness which we greatly admire.

"I like music," said he, "but do not know the least of it, as a science; indeed, I am glad that I do not, for a perfect knowledge might rob it of half its charms. At present I only know, that a plaintive air softens, and a lively one cheers me. Martial music renders me brave, and voluptuous music disposes me to be luxurious, even effeminate. Now, were I skilled in the science, I should become fastidious; and instead of yielding to the fascination of sweet sounds, I should be analysing, or criticising, or connoisseurshipising (to use a word of my own making), instead of simply enjoying them as at present. In the same way, I never would study botany. I don't want to know why certain flowers please me; enough for me that they do, and I leave to those who have no better occupation, the analysis of the sources of their pleasure, which I can enjoy without the useless trouble." Byron (adds Lady Blessington) has little taste for the fine arts; and when they are the subject of conversation, betrays an ignorance very surprising in a man who has travelled so much. He says, that he *feels* art, while others prate about it; but his neglect of the beautiful specimens of it here, goes far to prove the contrary."

The following observations are just, and ap-

plicable to more cases than Lord and Lady Byron's:—

"If people would but consider how possible it is to inflict pain, and perpetrate wrong, without any positive intention of doing either, but merely from circumstances arising through inadvertence, want of sympathy, or an incapability of mutual comprehension, how much acrimony might be spared!! Half the quarrels that embitter wedded life, and half the separations that spring from them, are produced by the parties misunderstanding each other's peculiarities, and not studying and making allowance for them. Hence unintentional omissions of attention are viewed as intended slights, and as such are resented; these indications of resentment for an unknown offence, appear an injury to the unconscious offender; who, in turn, widens the breach of affection by some display of petulance or indifference, that not unfrequently irritates the first wound inflicted, until it becomes incurable. In this manner often arises the final separation of persons who might, had they more accurately examined each other's hearts and dispositions, have lived happily together."

At Naples, Lady B. visited the tomb of Virgil, and tells us:

"A bay-tree once crowned the tomb; but the English travellers, as the *custode* informed us, not only stripped it of its branches, but when they had all disappeared, cut the roots, so that no trace of it is left. This desire to possess memorials connected with celebrated persons is a weakness from which few are exempt; nevertheless, if we analysed the feeling, we should be led to allow that it is puerile to attach value to mere perishable memorials of even a more perishable substance, the human frame; when we have the emanations of the mind which lent the frame its honour, preserved fresh and unfading as when the immortal spark that dictated them animated its frail tenement of clay. Let us place in our libraries the works of the master spirits of past ages, instead of filling our cabinets with lumber, only prized by some remote association connected with the mortality of those whose writings are immortal. The grave of an Englishman, whose name I could not learn, is, by his last desire, close to the tomb of Virgil, and a more beautiful view than the spot commands it is impossible to imagine. A nameless grave, and particularly in a conspicuous situation, is always an object that awakens melancholy reflections in the mind. It denotes that he whose frame moulders in it was uncheered by the hope—a hope so natural to many—that after he should repose in it, some who loved him would seek his tomb, and read his name with pensive eyes. This return to eternity without leaving a trace behind, indicates a broken spirit which had outlived hope and affection. How many pangs must the human heart have endured, ere it is tutored into this last desire of despair, of dying unknown and unnamed! He could not have been poor, who could pay for a grave in this spot; consequently, it was not poverty that compelled a nameless grave. Whoever may have been the sleeper within it, I gave to his memory a sigh; and to the *custode* an additional fee, for the care bestowed in preserving

it from profanation. Another funeral monument, near to that of Virgil, excited less mournful reflections. It is that erected by an English lady to the ashes of her lapdog! This monument has excited so much animadversion, that it is said it will be removed; and I must confess that I shall not regret its disappearance, for I do not like to see the name of her who raised it, a name honoured in Italy, as appertaining to one who has proved herself a liberal patroness of the arts, and an enlightened amateur of literature and science, exposed to the censures of those—and there are many—who think that she has insulted the ashes of Virgil, by placing those of her canine favourite so near them.”

Her ladyship, among other matters, describes the celebrated lunatic asylum at Aversa, to the peculiarities of which the *Literary Gazette* first directed the attention of Great Britain; and we have reason to believe, with much advantage to the humane treatment of the insane throughout every establishment in the empire. It is, however, to her ladyship's interesting notices of the distinguished individuals she met on the continent, both foreign and English (some of the latter eminently distinguished), that we would point the attention of her readers, whilst we content ourselves with instancing a few of the brilliant or useful touches which sparkle over or enrich her work.

“The taking leave of friends is painful; even those whose society afforded little pleasure, assume a new interest in the moment of parting. We remember only their good qualities; but, perhaps, this oblivion of their defects, proceeds from the anticipated release from their consequences. This it is that makes us often part from our friends with more kindness than we feel in meeting them.”

“May not grace be considered to be the esprit of the body?”

The English mania in Parisian estimation:—

“The English here appear to enter into the amusements with a most businesslike assiduity; each tells one that he or she must go to the theatres (*bongré malgré*), for every one goes; must drive in the dusty Bois de Boulogne, or more dusty Champs Elysées, because every one drives or rides there; must form one of the crowd at the English ambassador's on a certain evening; and do half-a-dozen other equally tiresome things: all of which they profess to detest doing, but to which an imaginary sense of necessity compels them. All this seems very incomprehensible to the French; one of whom observed to me, that my compatriots seemed to *s'ennuyer beaucoup en cherchant de s'amuser*.”

Excellent definition of a bore:—

“‘What is a bore?’ asked one of my French female friends last night. ‘At Paris,’ continued she, ‘I have heard English people, when talking to each other, say, What a bore he or she is! Now pray give me your definition of a bore?’ ‘A person who tells you about himself, when you wish to hear only of yourself,’ was my simple explanation, which made them smile.”

Allied to bore-ology:—

“Comte Andriani mentioned a curious instance of the vanity of some friends of his; who, on hearing of the death of a very clever person with whom they were on terms of intimacy, and who was returning from a long voyage, agreed that their escape from the necessity of listening to the details of places which they never saw, and were not interested about, was no common consolation for his loss. ‘Also,’

“‘Since writing the above, the monument has been removed by order of the inspector of police.’”

continued these dear friends, ‘poor ——— would have assumed such an air of superiority over us in boasting of his travels!’

“A lady once told me that the only use of which she found her head was, that it furnished her with an excuse for not doing any thing she disliked; as the assertion that it ached relieved her from importunities. An ill-natured acquaintance added, *sotto voce*, that her friends would never have discovered that she had a head where it not for her continual complaints of the sufferings it caused her.”

“Not the least annoyance occasioned by disease is the being reminded by friends of the imprudence that led to it. One is sure to be told that it proceeds from over exercise, or the want of it; from an insufficiency or an excess of sustenance; from too late hours or too much sleep. In short, all one's habits, however temperate, and all one's pursuits, however rational, are scrupulously brought up in judgment against the unhappy sufferer; and each and all, positive and negative, are pronounced to be equally highly calculated to induce the malady in question.”

Fine comparison:—

“It is not mountains alone to which distance lends charms, it gives a halo to anticipated happiness, that reality dissolves; gilds the visions of hope, and disarms grief of its stings; subduing the memory of sorrow to a pensive but not unpleasant recollection.”

Good advice to artists, &c.:—

“An artist of true merit should keep aloof from politics and the invidious protection they can bestow, and rely on his talents for the ultimate attainment of universal patronage.”

“In the Chigi Chapel is the Magdalene of Bernini, a statue in which the contrition of the penitent has not impaired the beauty of the sinner. One of our party made this remark aloud; on which our cicerone with *naïveté* replied, that probably the sculptor had copied a model who had only lately begun to repent.”

Neapolitan anecdotes:—

“Though uneducated, the King of Naples is by no means deficient in natural ability. He is said to possess a more than ordinary degree of shrewdness; and delights in indulging in a sportive satire, always sure to be well received by his courtiers. A short time ago, when new clothing was required for the army, an officer suggested that it would be advisable to have the jacket padded over the chests, like those of the Austrians; stating that it was not only advantageous to the figure, but also served as a defence against the cut of a sabre. ‘Oh, for protecting the person,’ replied the king laughing, ‘it is much better to have the jackets padded behind.’”

“Our guide pointed out to us the villa of Mi Lor Grandorge, a very respectable English shopkeeper established at Naples, but whom the peasants honour with the designation of ‘Mi Lor’—a custom peculiar to this country. They declared he was a true nobleman and had great possessions. Sir William Gell asked them, ‘How it was that they imagined a grand English lord could keep a shop and serve his customers,’ when one of them answered that ‘he knew all the English nation kept shops, which made them so rich.’ This was a curious coincidence with Napoleon's opinion that ‘the English were a nation of shopkeepers.’

“Two inscriptions, which I copied from the album, one by an Englishman, and the other by a Hibernian, may serve as specimens of the style of writing, which so strongly excited the censure of the French tourists:—‘John Hallett of the Port of Poole England, went to

see M Vesuvius on the 20th of October 1823, hand I would Recommend anney person that go ther to take a bottle of wine with him, for it his a dry place and verrey bad roade.’ 1823. I have witnessed the famous Mountain of Vesuvius in Italy, and likewise the Wicklow Mountains in Ireland which I prefer. They talk of their lava in a palaver I little understand, and as for the crater, give me a drop of the swait cratur of Dublin in preference.

JAMES G.’

“I have met here some young men, and of ancient descent too, who displayed a degree of ignorance, not a little surprising, in the nineteenth century. One, on seeing a small lachrymatory on my table, asked what it was? A person present answered it was a *lacrymo-matoire*. ‘A *lacrymo-matoire*,’ resumed the questioner, ‘surely it is too small to hold enough cream, even for one cup of tea.’ Another seeing a small bronze statue of Voltaire on a console, on which were placed some antique lamps and vases, asked whether the latter were really antique? Being assured in the affirmative, he took up the statue of Voltaire, and observed, ‘Oh! for this, no one could question its antiquity: one has only to look at it, to ascertain that it must be an antique, the fellow looks so old.’”

We conclude with a singular and amusing story:—

“A curious incident lately occurred in our immediate neighbourhood. A gentleman who has a villa near this, dreamt that a certain number would be a prize in the lottery. The morning after his dream, which was only a week previous to the drawing of the lottery, he wrote a note to his clerk to desire him to buy the ticket immediately: and subsequently told many of his neighbours and acquaintances of his dream, the number, and of his purchase of the ticket. Being a very popular person, all who heard of the circumstance were anxious that his dream should be realised; and, to their great satisfaction, the number was drawn a very large prize. Forthwith, a numerous party of artisans and peasants, employed by the gentleman in question, sallied forth from Naples, with musical instruments, colours flying, and a banner gaily decorated; on which the lucky number was inscribed, and also the amount of the prize. In this manner they proceeded to the habitation of Mr. —, and announced the joyful intelligence, which, it is needless to say, spread a general hilarity through the house. This procession was followed by several friends and acquaintances, who came to congratulate the fortunate owner of the prize. Refreshments in abundance were served out on the lawn for the peasants and artisans; and a collation in the *salle-à-manger* was offered to the friends. Sufficient wine of an inferior quality not being in the cellar, the best was copiously supplied, in the generosity occasioned by the good fortune of the host. The health of the winner of the prize was repeatedly drunk; and many suggestions relative to the disposal of a portion of the newly acquired wealth were given. The news spread, and the pleasure grounds of Mr. — became literally filled with visitors of all classes; when, in the midst of the general rejoicings, the clerk who had been a week before deputed to purchase the ticket arrived, with a visage so rueful and woe-begone, that one glance at it announced some disagreeable news. Alas! this unlucky wight had, in the pressure of more than ordinary business, forgotten to buy the ticket! and thought not of it until informed of its having been drawn a prize. The rage and

disappointment of Mr. — may be more easily imagined than described, when he saw the wheel of fortune, which had paused at his door, driven to that of another; who, having heard of the dream of Mr. —, selected the number, and became the buyer of the ticket only the day before it was drawn. The refreshments so liberally dispensed on this occasion had quite exhausted the larder of the dreamer, and nearly emptied his cellar: and thus ended the affair of the lottery. Never were people so addicted to this species of gambling as are the Neapolitans. All classes indulge in it, more or less, but the lower ones give way to it with an extraordinary recklessness. Every dream, encounter, incident, or accident, has its own particular sign and number, which may be found in a book published for the instruction of the buyers of tickets, and of which every house has a copy. The death of a friend, however lamented, refers to a particular number, which the mourner forgets not to secure, if it comes in conjunction with some fortunate sign; thus even out of misfortunes and afflictions the Neapolitans seek to draw some recompense. Nor does frequent disappointment seem to correct their eagerness for the lottery. They always discover some satisfactory reason for having missed the prize; and hope to be more fortunate the next time."

A Narrative. By Sir F. B. Head, Bart. 8vo. pp. 596. London, 1839. J. Murray.

EVENTS "perplexing nations" are rife in these our days, and one of their signs most peculiar and embarrassing seems to us to be the frequent publication of what has been private trust and confidential intercourse. We do not take upon ourselves to determine whether treachery in the employers, or misconduct in the employed, necessarily or unnecessarily leads to such results; but we think we may have it common with every well-wisher to our country and to its good government, to lament that such is the case. All revelations of the kind must impair the strength of the one and injure the character of the other.

We blame no one,—there may be a pressure of wrong beyond individual endurance; and it is a difficult task for a man who has conscientiously buckled himself to the performance of a most arduous duty, to sit down under the stigma of misrepresentation or the odium of censure.

It is on account of the common weal alone that we deplore such circumstances as are connected with Portfolios, Urquhart Speeches, Durham Reports, and Head Narratives. Every thing tortuous is, or ought to be, abhorrent to the policy of Great Britain. Truth and straight-forwardness are her fittest and best intrigues; such as would baffle and defeat all the Machiavellism in the world.

Entertaining these opinions, all we shall say with respect to the volume before us is, that, as a personal vindication of his Government in Upper Canada, Sir F. Head has produced a very strong case; and if the views and politics of the British and Conservative party, which he adopted, as opposed to the Liberal and Republican faction, which he contends that ministers and Lord Durham have too much flattered and encouraged, involve the true principles on which these colonies ought to be governed, then his general arguments are quite as strong as his private justification. The whole question, however, lies between the two lines of policy.

The Cabinet Minister. By Mrs. Gore, author of "Mothers and Daughters," "Stokeshill Place," &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1839. Bentley.

Mrs. GORE has gone into a class of novel, the principle of which we have always disapproved. The mixture of reality and fiction applied to our own times, and the still more objectionable conjunction of real and fictitious characters, are the leading features of this publication, which refers to the period of the Regency of the Prince of Wales, and introduces Sheridan and other individuals by name, commingling them with anonymous personages; the chief traits ascribed to several of whom sufficiently point out the originals whence the drawings were made.

Thus, in our opinion, radically wrong in her framework, Mrs. Gore's acquaintance with society and keen sense of observation are the redeeming qualities to which we can accord our praise; and even these, we think, are deteriorated by the heterogeneous nature of the whole. We shall, however, give an example of her talent in this respect. A *parvenu* peer and his provincial residence are thus described:—

"On his door might have been inscribed (as was chalked by Canning, in a convivial moment, on the door of another *parvenu* lord who was fond of parading over his dignities),

'Bobby Raynham lives here,
George the Third made him a peer,
And took the pen from behind his ear.'

Evidence of the newness of the honours of Raynham Lodge was apparent in the self-sufficiency of the owners. Lord Raynham's elevation to the peerage arose, as was plain to perceive, from his having united himself with the ugly first cousin of the late minister. Yet, in the eyes of his country neighbours, he assumed a sort of oracular dignity, implying that every one was not fit to be trusted with the degree to which he was indispensable to the service of government. He was always assuring Sir William Beckford and Mr. Danston that it was quite a mistake to suppose him in correspondence with Percival, which they had never supposed; and if he ran up to London for a day to go to the dentist, or see a new farce, he took care to visit Downing Street with an invitation to Raynham Lodge, or some other equally trivial purpose, in hopes of having it figure next day in the ministerial journals, and he thence transcribed into his county paper, that 'Yesterday, Lord Raynham had an audience of the First Lord of the Treasury.' Like many other people, he betrayed his sense of his insignificance by the pains he took to render himself important. Almost every one has a secret purpose in life.—Lord Raynham's was to appear a man in power. He knew his incompetency too well to grasp at the substance; the shadow was sufficient for his ambition; provided his kinsfolk, neighbours, tenants, servants, fancied that half the business of the nation was transacted at Raynham Lodge, he was content. The clerk of the parish, clerk of the peace, and other duodecimo dignitaries of the neighbouring town, continually enlarged, at their Saturday club, upon the obduracy of my lord in not choosing to enter the cabinet, though the premier had been so long holding the door open, and waiting to bow his lordship in; nay, many of even the county clergy and provincial place-men were in the habit of waiting upon Lord Raynham with their grievances, in the belief that a petition presented or a request proffered by him could not fail to prosper in the high quarters, where his voice was so influential,

Most parties in power possess a sort of 'dead man' member of this description, like the binding of gilt calf to a valuable volume, or the ornamental frame of a noble picture, having no more real connexion with it, than a cockle-shell floating upon the Thames or Danube with the destinies of those mighty streams. Such men are not dangerous; they assist in maintaining the superficial structure of a party. Those who are divided among themselves in the council-chamber may dip together in the dish at such men's banquets without committing themselves; and waverers, who are not yet tied together by the bonds of red tape in the for-better-for-worse union of the ritual of the red-book, meet at their country houses as on neutral ground. Their explanations to parliament, being ex-ministerial, are implicitly relied on by the country; and a premier is as pleased to possess a Lord Raynham who provides him with agreeable entertainments during the recess, and gratuitous prose during the session, as a Lord Raynham had to meet with a premier whose notice stamps his moral insignificance into value in the estimation of this unjudgmental world."

Another specimen will suffice:—

"Selina, Mary, and Sylvia Beckford were very slight variations of the same tune. The shades of difference perceptible in the colour of their hair, eyes, and complexions, distinguished them as little from each other as difference of temper or character. They were all three rather pretty, rather tall, very good-natured, very lively, and a great addition to the dull society of the neighbourhood of Swansborough. But, above all, they were passionately fond of music. From their childhood Lady Beckford had insisted upon their being inordinate performers; and the boss which (pointed out by phrenological science) had induced her to cultivate their musical talents, was supposed to have ably seconded her intentions. By dint of practising four or five hours a day, under the surveillance of a governess selected exclusively for her musical proficiency, they became what is called mistresses of the harp, piano, and guitar; that is, they played about as well as sixth-rate professors, and well enough to weary to death most people who were in the habit of dining with Sir William Beckford. That they could do little beside, follows as a matter of course; their time and thoughts were devoted to a single object. As they grew to woman's estate, a new duty presented itself to the mind of Lady Beckford. They must sing as well as play; no matter whether they had voices. To her daily inquiry of the governess, 'How went on the practising yesterday?' was henceforward to be added, 'I trust neither of the girls has neglected her *solfeggio*?' Luckily for her maternal solicitude, all three became tolerable proficient. Sylvia, the youngest, had a fine soprano voice; Mary, the second, a contralto; and Selina, a rambling, powerless, available organ, that could take any part when better performers were not at hand; and with Lady Beckford's accompaniment a trio was thus provided. Vocal music is always more popular than instrumental; it is, perhaps, more grateful to the ear: and whereas, though the number of players is limited, most fancy they can sing, or at least indulge in humming a popular tune, there is more sympathy with the attempt. The three Miss Beckford, therefore, increased immensely in popularity on the discovery of their vocal accomplishments. They spent one winter at Brighton, and were torn to pieces by rival dowagers anxious to amuse their company at no expense;

were invited in London to take part in concerts and pleasure in water-parties, and finally considered an acquisition to the most fastidious visiting-book. Meanwhile, being good-humoured, unaffected girls, who played and sang because they liked music, and had been taught nothing else, they did not grow fine, or raise difficulties upon the strength of their new consequence; and, though they returned to Oak Hill, still the three Miss Beckfords returned to be as sociable as ever with their country neighbours. Nevertheless, an evil had resulted from the monomania of the family. The habit of having a sort of permanent concert-room established at their house in Cumberland Place sanctioned the introduction of many objectionable persons to their society. Lady Beckford, as a woman of character and conduct, was studiously correct in the circle of acquaintance; would not have visited a *divorcée* for the world, and made it a rule to bow coldly to such married ladies as appeared in the park carrying on flirtations at both windows of the carriage at the same time. But French or Italian singers, of whose morals she knew worse than nothing, were allowed to be the familiar companions of her daughters; and provided a man could accompany divinely on the flute, or a woman assist in the more difficult concerted pieces of Mozart or Cherubini (Rossini being still below the horizon), they were warmly welcomed to the house of Sir William Beckford. In London this plenary indulgence attracted little notice; those persons daily frequenting the Beckford's society being as music-mad as themselves, regarding harmony as a mantle covering a multitude of sins; while the less familiar friends, admitted only to their occasional concerts, conceived that the signori and signore, warbling or fiddling for their entertainment, were on the same terms in Lady Beckford's house as at the Opera or Ancient Concert. They did not approach the piano near enough to perceive that Signora Rosalvina Sostenuita called the Miss Beckfords by their Christian names, or that they were in the habit of shaking hands with the greasy-haired mustachio'd adventurers who belong in Italy to the lowest rank, and, having received the education, retain the habits and connexions of *laquais de place*. On the close of the second season, things proceeded to extremity. Lady Beckford, having fallen into ill-health, was growing weary of her task as leader of the family orchestra; and the girls, accustomed to be accompanied by their mother, were completely thrown out,—their trios and quartets silenced, their duets dumb. What was to become of them?—no song, no supper! They feared that the society of the Miss Beckfords without their music would be as little cared for as a fiddle without its strings! A remedy was at length suggested—it is impossible to say 'suggested itself,' for the hint was expressly given by their particular friend, Signor Quevriani, a leader of renown. One of his pupils, a young Italian of great promise, who had appeared with success at many professional concerts of the season, was invited to Oak Hill for the autumnal months, the period of Sir William's annual hospitalities, to receive no remuneration ('Signor di Radicati was a gentleman in this own country, and would be offended at any pecuniary offer'), but to reside with the family on terms of acquaintanceship. The Beckfords were enchanted: Radicati was the steadiest accompanier in London; had a perfect knowledge of counterpoint, and a charming bass voice. What more could they require? As he was good-looking and gentlemanlike, and the project made no encroachments on his purse,

Sir William readily coincided. Radicati had been singing gratis at his house all the season, and was ready to entertain his company all the autumn. Having never addressed more than a bow to the head of the family, the head of the family voted him quiet and inoffensive; and a low-bred adventurer, who happened to have a 'bel organe' and a fine ear, was accordingly introduced into the bosom of a well-conditioned family, to sit at table and interchange courtesies with the first families of a highly respectable neighbourhood. One or two of these, old Sir Robert Crewe and Mr. Danston, were highly disconcerted; for in those primeval days, 'when George the Third was king,' this system, so common in the present day, was an innovation. They went so far as to vote 'that d—d Italian fellow of Lady Beckford's a nuisance!' He had sometimes the audacity to linger with the squires and the claret after the ladies had quitted the table. Of what could they converse with him? Sporting or politics were not in the department of a professional fiddler; and the few words of English he was able to jabber were about as intelligible to them as their few words of French or Italian to himself. The Beckfords were considered to have done themselves and the neighbourhood real injury by the introduction of Signor Radicati and his black whiskers at Oak Hill!"

Such lively pictures, applicable to what may be seen every day in the world, are, as we have noticed, the redeeming qualities of the *Cabinet Minister*; and readers for mere amusement, who do not feel the force of the objections we have stated, will no doubt attain all the pleasure they aim at in Mrs. Gore's new Novel.

Francia's Reign of Terror; Sequel to "Letters on Paraguay." By J. P. and W. P. Robertson. 3 vols. 12mo. pp. 400. Vol. III. London, 1839. Murray.

THIS volume is the promised sequel to the "Letters on Paraguay," with which our readers are well acquainted; as their remarkable and interesting matter obtained due notice at our hands. Such being the case, we will not again go over the grounds of Dr. Francia's extraordinary career; but as we are here told he is still alive, in spite of the rumours to the contrary, we shall merely select a single passage to shew that the last tome is equal to the two preceding volumes.

"There was (say the authors) an old Spaniard who lived next door to me, and whom I had known from my first arrival in Paraguay. He went by the *sobriquet* of 'El Pelado,'—the bald man.' He was an inveterate enemy of the Creoles, and a great bigot; but, under a salutary respect for the law of self-preservation, he lived for many years in Paraguay, without intermeddling in political affairs, and denying himself, as much as he possibly could, the privilege of even gossiping about them with his most familiar friends. To my brother and myself he sometimes opened his heart, because he knew he was in safe hands; but we never heard him speak, especially dilate, on such subjects without admonishing him of the danger of its perilous tendency. He was a man of a fiery, irritable temper; but still, he was a man under the check of practical prudence, and being a mere shopkeeper, from whom most people kept aloof, because of his forbidding manners, he was, perhaps, of all the men in Assumption, the least formidable to the dictator. But this personage did not deem his enemies those alone who were capable of doing him an injury: a word uttered to his disparagement, a thought expressed unsuited to his momentary caprice,

however impotent the party who might utter it, was the signal for banishment, chains, or death. When Francia proceeded to annihilate or debase the monastic orders, he converted into barracks some of their monasteries. This so exasperated the poor pelado, especially as his hopes at the time were raised to a great pitch of excitement by a false report of a Russian squadron being on its way to Paraguay, that he gave loose to the following remark:—'The Franciscans have gone to-day, but who can tell that Francia's turn to go may not be to-morrow?' By some busy and malicious tongue this short but fatal speech was conveyed to the ears of the dictator. He summoned the pelado to his presence, and addressed him in these terribly emphatic words: 'As to when it may be my turn to go, I am not aware; but this I know, that you shall go before me.' Next morning the pelado was brought to the *banquillo*, placed not far from Francia's window; and the dictator delivered, with his own hands, to three soldiers, the three ball cartridges with which the unfortunate man was to be shot. The aim was not effectual, and the executioners were ordered to despatch him with their bayonets. Upon the whole of this scene of barbarity and blood, Francia looked from his window, being not distant more than thirty yards from the place of slaughter. You will ask me how the dictator came to limit the number of men who were to do the work of execution on the pelado to three; and as little facts are often illustrative of great, sad, and horrible things, I will answer you. He was too economical of the powder and ball, upon which he mainly depended for protection, to give it out in the necessary quantity to render even execution a work of comparative humanity. In no subsequent case did he deviate from this practice; so that in the great number of executions which followed that of the pelado, in all cases where the ball did not reach the heart, or penetrate the head, the sufferer was reduced to a mangled corpse by the process of stabbing him with the bayonet. Of all such executions, too, Francia was an exulting spectator; nor were the bodies, which had been consigned to death in the morning, ever permitted to be withdrawn till the evening. At frequent intervals, during the day, the dictator came to his window and stood gazing on them as if to glut his eyes with the work of murder, and minister fiendish satisfaction to his revenge, by the view of the mangled carcasses of those whose alleged enmity he had thus made to lick the dust. Not content with this in the case related of the pelado, Francia seized all his property, and sent his wife and children forth, though Creoles, mendicants upon the bounty of their neighbours. An execution precisely similar to that of the pelado, and on almost similar grounds,—viz. some wish expressed by a European, not favourable to the despot,—took place a few days afterwards. From henceforward the reign of terror may be said to have commenced, and that under circumstances which left neither doubt nor conjecture as to what was to be the filling up of the dark picture of Francia's sway. Deeming now the dungeon and the gibbet to be the only means of effecting reform, and that not in matters of political concernment alone, but of those which were merely mechanical, the dictator had a special gallows erected for the intimidation of his workmen and artisans. The best of them had never been initiated into the principles or mysteries of mechanics, and their practical blunders often roused Francia's irritable temper into uncontrollable harshness and asperity. But as all he did was ever done

systematically, he gave no indication for some time to his blundering workmen of his displeasure further than by telling them that he was not pleased with their work. Finding this remonstrance of little effect, he erected the special gibbet in question. In came, according to custom, one afternoon, a poor shoemaker, with a couple of grenadiers' belts, neither according to the fancy of the dictator. 'Sentinel,' said he, and in came the sentinel, when the following conversation ensued:—*Dictator*. 'Take this brionazo,' (a very favourite word of the dictator's, and which being interpreted, means 'most impertinent scoundrel'), take this brionazo to the gibbet over the way; walk him under it half a dozen times: and now,' said he, turning to the trembling shoemaker, 'bring me such another pair of belts, and instead of walking under the gallows, we shall try how you can swing upon it.'—*Shoemaker*. 'Please your excellency I have done my best.'—*Dictator*. 'Well, brion, if this be your best, I shall do my best to see that you never again mar a bit of the state's leather. The belts are of no use to me; but they will do very well to hang you upon the little frame-work which the grenadier will shew you.'—*Shoemaker*. 'God bless your excellency, the Lord forbid! I am your vassal, your slave; day and night have I served and will serve my lord; only give me two days more to prepare the belts; y por el alma de un triste zapatéro (by the soul of a poor shoemaker) I will make them to your excellency's liking.'—*Dictator*. 'Off with him, sentinel.'—*Sentinel*. 'Venga, brion: come along, you rascal.'—*Shoemaker*. 'Señor excelentísimo: this very night I will make the belts according to your excellency's pattern.'—*Dictator*. 'Well, you shall have till the morning; but still you must pass under the gibbet: it is a salutary process, and may at once quicken the work and improve the workmanship.'—*Sentinel*. 'Vamonos, brion; the supreme commands it.' Off was the shoemaker marched: he was, according to orders, passed and repassed under the gibbet; and then allowed to retire to his stall. Whether the electric shock which he had undergone strung his nerves anew, or whether his genius was quickened by a keen perception of the danger of being a sloven or an ignoramus, in a vocation so important as that of belt-maker to his excellency, it is very certain that the shoemaker appeared the next morning before Francia with a couple of belts, so entirely to the dictator's fancy, as to save the operator's neck from the halter, and to procure for him the station of belt-maker general to the army. The example was so salutary that blacksmiths, gunsmiths, architects, tailors, tambourers, cap-makers, all became better tradesmen. The 'tradesmen's gibbet' was the terror of them all, and a single peep at it, even in the distance, sent every man home to his respective calling, with a combination of alacrity, fear, and dexterity, which I doubt much if any other stimulus, however exciting, would have produced.

There is a want of arrangement in this volume which rather perplexes the narrative; but there is much curious matter which may be dipped into by the old method of *sortes*, and it will soon rivet the attention of the reader.

Three Comedies, from the German of G. E. Lessing. By the Rev. J. J. Holroyd, A.M. 12mo. pp. 281. Colchester, 1838. Totham. WZ have much pleasure in congratulating the translator upon the result of his labours. Though a modest and unpretending volume,

his work will form a welcome addition to the library of dramatic literature.

The style of the comedies before us differs essentially from that of our own. And while they possess much of the charm of novelty to those whose dramatic reading has been exclusively confined within the field of English literature, the more classical reader is enabled to estimate what must have been the feelings of the ancients while listening with delight to the productions of Plautus or Terence, of Philemon, or of his great rival and contemporary, Menander. The third comedy, "Minna," is certainly of a modern cast; but in the two which precede it, "The Freethinker" and "The Treasure," and more particularly in the latter, the well-known characters of Chremes-Philo and Davus are distinctly brought back to our recollection. The design of "The Treasure" is avowedly borrowed from one of the above-named authors; and some of the characters in "The Freethinker" (to say nothing of the simplicity of its plot, a distinguishing characteristic of the ancient comedy), remind us very forcibly of their prototypes. To eulogise the talents or the writings of Lessing, would be superfluous. Every embellishment that a ready and fertile imagination—the most refined taste and elegant wit—can impart, the comedies of Lessing must be acknowledged to have received; without having, at the same time, imbibed the indelicate and offensive tone which (being the only species of wit formerly current) too often disfigured the productions of the ancient writers.

We have now to consider the merits of the version before us, and we are most happy in awarding to the translator the meed to which his labours have so well entitled him. He has preserved entire the genuine spirit of the original, while at the same time the peculiarities and idioms of the German language have also, for the most part, been faithfully retained. His *forte* appears to be in the comic scenes, in which we should imagine the greatest difficulties to have existed. The character of Lisidor in "The Freethinker," and the whole of "The Treasure," are ably rendered. Great pains have evidently been bestowed upon the character of Theophilus; and the scene in which Julia tries to persuade her (not yet declared) lover of the beauty and excellence of true religion is, also, finely rendered. We are sorry to be unable to mention at greater length the portions of the work which especially merit our approbation, but we cannot conclude without thanking the translator, for having thus introduced to an English audience three performances which have already gained such "distinguished applause" upon the German stage. The work has been published by subscription.

Narrative of a Journey to the Site of Babylon, in 1811; Memoirs on the Ruins; Remarks on Major Rennell's Topography; with Narrative of a Journey to Persepolis, &c. By the late C. J. Rich, Esq. Edited by his Widow. 8vo. pp. 324. London, 1839. Duncan and Malcolm.

WITH the exception of the Journey to Persepolis (1821), and its valuable product of cuneiform inscriptions, now for the first time given to the public, we have had the satisfaction to pay every proper attention to Mr. Rich's interesting Oriental and philological labours. Former volumes of the *Literary Gazette* may be consulted for full-expositions respecting the Babylonian inquiries; and we shall therefore now confine ourselves to the novelty in the present publication.

At Persepolis, "the general view of the

ruins was grand: the colonnade, in which fifteen columns were still standing, very fine; the principal building rather what the French call *écraisé*, stuffed and very heavy; but the execution of the whole was beautiful. The portals at the landing-place were much too narrow; all the doors were narrow: in short, the same defects were conspicuous in these as prevail in modern Oriental buildings. The whole ruin, however, is extremely interesting. The beauty and fidelity of such of Sir R. K. Porter's drawings as I recollect struck me forcibly. I was out all the morning wandering about the ruins. The inscriptions round the windows in the first building going through the colonnade are all the same. In many parts of the ruins it may be seen that the enormous blocks of stone have been hollowed out, to make them more transportable, as at Mejid i Mader i Suleiman. The plain in which these celebrated ruins stand seems very favourable to longevity. More than one person was mentioned to me as having attained the age of a hundred; and there are many who remember Nadir Shah. These are distinguished by the appellation of Dour i Naderi."

We are sorry that we can give no idea of the inscriptions; but they are beyond our type.

"Every inscription in Persepolis, even the bits on the robes of the figures, are in the three kinds; one line of each of the two last of which expresses two lines of the first, or in longer ones there is a line less of the second, and one less than that of the third; or if the number of lines is the same, those of the second and third are shorter, and the letters wider. The wedges in the third cross each other, which those of the other two never do. * * * I observe that the Zend always occupies the pre-eminent place. If the inscriptions are one under the other, the Zend one is always in the upper tablet; if round a door or window, it is on the top; if side by side over a figure, it is the one over the head of the king; if on his robes, it is on the front fold; if on the face of a platform, it is in the centre, with the figures on each side facing towards it. Even when the course of the letters would seem to prescribe otherwise, that is, when the king is on the right hand, the Zend tablet is still over his head, and consequently the last of the tablets, though the order of the letters of all the inscriptions is from left to right. The other two species always preserve their order; the third in the place of least consideration. * * * The stones at Persepolis have evidently all been cramped with iron, as at Morghau, but it has all disappeared. When there has been a split on a large block, it has been carefully cramped; and where the stone has had a flaw, or has not been of a due form from the sculpture, a piece has been added and neatly fastened with iron."

Meagre as these extracts are, they are all which we can transfer from this volume to our page; and we have only to express our gratitude to all readers interested in such investigations, that they have the researches of Mr. Rich laid before them in a collected form.

Stanley; or, the Recollections of a Man of the World. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1839. Wiley and Putnam.

THE art of book-making exemplified. Long, and not very just, discussions upon the merits of our favourite English authors, occupy nearly half the book. A few old anecdotes; not a few quotations; a little pardonable partiality for America; a sort of story; and the work is complete. *Ex. gr.*—

"But if you require feeling in poetry, there

is no one richer in the wealth of the heart than Mrs. Hemans. With what luxurious sybaritism of sensibility she atmospherised her mind! She seems to have realised to the fancy the delicious impossibilities with which Volpone tempted Celia.

"Byron's enervating interest is like the fatal sweetness of the panther's breath and body; Southey's untainted vigour has the fragrance of the free mountain air of virtue: the one degrades and belittles the reader; the other exalts and strengthens him: the one is 'naturally inclined to believe the worst, which is the certain mark of a mean spirit and a wicked soul'; the other is generous with 'the princely heart of innocence.'

"Contempt is the disease of solitude. Ascribe to residence and not to reason the bitter gibes of Byron, Landon, Brydges, and Southey."

"Religion is a disease of the mind; it is the offspring of a morbid heart, and a visionary fancy. Will you call that natural to man with which he never sympathises, save in the hour of his sickness and suffering, and which is so opposite to the demands of health and strength, that no motive has yet been found sufficient to keep him mindful of it in those seasons?"

"Of England and America we must say, '*magis pares quam similes*.' The system of civility which prevails in the two countries is different. England is a lake, calm and dignified, shaded by willows and fringed with daisies. America is a river, that dashes along, often muddy and always agitated, rarely graceful and never dignified, but in this wild and free impetuosity an emblem of all that is bold, and daring, and spirited in man, and sometimes, too, not failing in its unfettered energy to work out a high and earnest beauty. Our greatness lies in that enterprise and activity of which we can give no vouchers in the drawing-room. The Englishman walks in a narrow sphere, and in that sphere excels what his colunist can do in any one of the departments in which he figures. The American is a flambeau that stinks in a drawing-room, but burns admirably on the race-ground: the Englishman is a wax-candle, elegantly bright in its station, but which, if moved out of its place, flares desperately."

Paradoxical enough!!

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Religions of Profane Antiquity; their Mythology, Fables, Hieroglyphics, and Doctrines: founded on Astronomical Principles. By Jonathan Duncan, B.A. Pp. 367. London, 1839. Rickerby.

IN this volume, which gives evidence of much curious research, as well as of acute reasoning, in supporting a theory which, if not tenable in all its parts, is demonstrably built on a very broad foundation, the author deduces the earliest religions of mankind, from Fetichism, Sabeism, and Heroism; viz. the worship of material substances, the adoration of the celestial bodies, and the deification of mortals who had distinguished themselves in the first formations of social life. Thence he proceeds to shew that all the subsequent changes proceeded on observations of the zodiac and heavenly bodies. The work is well deserving of the perusal of the student and scholar.

The Life and Times of Archbishop Sharp (of St. Andrew's). By Thomas Stephen, Med. Lib. King's Coll. &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 640. London, 1839. Rickerby.

WITH the aid of some MSS. deposited in the Episcopal chest at Aberdeen, the author has gone carefully over the events of the distracted

period of which he treats, and endeavoured to throw more light upon them and the prominent characters who figured in shaping them. It would not suit our limits nor our inclination to enter into detail upon so wide and so debateable a field, nor to deliver our opinions upon the sad questions of religious oppression and religious fanaticism; upon faction assuming religion as its standard; upon murder justifying itself as sacrifice; nor upon almost any one of the afflicting questions raised by the history of this lamentable period. Suffice it for us to notice that Mr. Stephen takes a high-church view of his subject throughout.

Motives to the Study of Biblical Literature; in a Course of Lectures, &c. By the Author of the Critical Examination of "Bellamy's Translation of the Bible," in the "Quarterly Review." Pp. 346. London, 1839. Hatchard and Son.

ANOTHER production, to which we may justly pay the same compliment with which our preceding notice concludes. It displays a considerable degree of learning upon a subject of more than common interest, and is full of biblical literature, accompanied by enlightened remarks, which, either in a scriptural or philological view, are eminently entitled to attention. We believe we are not wrong in ascribing this meritorious production to Mr. Goodhugh.

The Gift for all Seasons. Edited by William Anderson, &c., author of "Landscape Lyrics." 12mo. pp. 354. London, 1839. Smith, Elder, and Co.

ON the plan of the Annuals, with engravings of the Queen, T. Campbell, and a few subjects and landscapes, this is a pleasing collection of contributions in prose and verse. The following love-song, by the bard we have named, is a specimen which will, we fancy, amuse our fair readers.

"A Song.

I gave my love a chain of gold,
Her beautiful neck to bind;
But she keeps me in faster hold,
With chains around my mind.
I think I have the harder part—
For, neath her lovely clasp,
She carries links outside her heart—
My fetters are within!"

Instructive and religious sentiment are the prevailing qualities, and the editor himself has offered several pleasing examples of his fitness to write on such subjects, as well as to super-
vise the writings of others.

A Popular Treatise on Gout and Rheumatism. Pp. 47. (London, E. Ransden.)—A brief and familiar notice of the symptoms, &c. of these painful disorders, and the mention of various remedies recommended by eminent medical writers on the subject, preferring, of course, a specific of the writer's own, viz. Blair's pills.

The Grammar of Law, &c. &c., by a Barrister. Pp. 337. (London, Rickerby.)—A useful work, not only for the profession, but for all who may be at a loss for the meaning of law terms.

Pope's Book, by Bourne Hall Draper. Pp. 137. (London, Houlston and Co.)—A nice book for little ones, to induce habits of observation and reasoning.

Incidents of Travel in Greece, Turkey, Russia, and Poland, by J. S. Stephens, Esq. 12mo. pp. 472. (Dublin, Curry and Co.)—Having already paid our debts to the London reprint of this work, we need only say that the present is a neat and cheap edition.

The Life of Christ. Part I. Small quarto, pp. 48. (London, Ball and Co.)—The title of the work thus commenced is "Ball's Graphic Library, for Domestic Instruction." The text of the Bible is given, with notes and illustrations from authors of eminence on scriptural subjects; and there are, besides, a number of engravings on wood, well devised, to embellish the publication, and impress the chief subjects of the narrative upon the minds of the reader.

The Book of Fables, by the Authoress of "Sebella." (London, Hooper.)—A very little book for very little people, and very well for its purpose.

The Architect, Engineer, and Operative Builder's Constructive Manual, &c. &c., by Christopher Davy. Part I. 8vo. pp. 179. (London, Orr and Co.) This seems to us to be a comprehensive and useful work, going more minutely and practically than we remember to have met with before, into the questions of foundations for build-

ings, railways, &c. Mr. Davy examines the various materials which the earth presents in this respect for the operations of the architect and engineer—rock, sand, clay, &c. &c.—and discusses the best means of making them available; such as the employment of artificial compositions, pile driving, &c. We consider both design and execution to merit much praise.

Westminster Improvements.—A Brief Account of Ancient and Modern Westminster, with Observations on Former Plans of Improvement, and on the Objects and Prospects of the Westminster Improvement Company, &c., by W. Sandwell, Architect. Pp. 58. (London, Smith and Elder, Fraser; Weale; Williams, and Reid.)—Though directed to a particular object—to promote the measures intended to be pursued by the company formed for the improvement of Westminster, this is, in other respects, a curious pamphlet. Its account of the Isle of Thorney and other antiquarian matters, will be perused with interest by the inhabitants of this populous and important division of the metropolis; and it is sincerely to be hoped that it will have the effect of exciting more attention to the plan for improving it. A skeleton map or plan of the old boundary would have been an acceptable addition.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

FEBRUARY 25. Mr. Greenough, F.R.S., Vice-President, in the chair.—Lord Malmesbury, Captain the Hon. H. Rous, and nine members were elected. Mr. Holroyd, lately returned from a residence in Egypt, gave a *visé ovis* account of his visit to Sennâr and to Kordofân; he being the only English traveller who has penetrated into that country since the journey of Dr. Rüppell in 1824. Starting from Wadi Halfah, in lat. 22° N. nearly, on the 5th December, 1836, Mr. Holroyd crossed the Nile, and continued to the southward along the west bank of the river; travelling leisurely, and taking time to examine all the ancient remains, he reached New Dongolah on the 22d; he then embarked, and passing Old Dongolah proceeded on to Ambukol, in lat. 18° N.; landing here, he travelled across the desert of Bahyûdah (thus avoiding the great bend which the Nile makes in its course) in a S.E. direction, for about 130 miles, direct distance to El Hajar, a little above the sixth cataract, and went on to Khartûm, at the junction of the Bahr el Abyad and the Bahr el Azrek. After a stay of ten days here, Mr. Holroyd embarked, and continued up the Blue River to Sennâr, where he passed a fortnight; and then returning to Wad Medinah, crossed the desert in a westerly direction to the White Nile at Mongarah, a distance of about 90 miles; from this place he proceeded in a southwesterly direction across the desert, and after nine days' journey reached El Obeid, the capital of Kordofân, on the 30th March, 1837. Mr. Holroyd spent sixteen days in this town, then returned by a different route to Mongarah on the White Nile, which he descended to Khartûm; then on to Shendi, whence he visited the temples of Measurat; to Berber in 18° N., examining on his road the pyramids of Bâi and Jelâsâfrah, to which M. Linant has given the name of Gabina. From Berber, Mr. Holroyd crossed the desert to Jebel Barkel, just below the fourth cataract; and again passing Old Dongolah, reached Wadi Halfah on the 16th August, 1837, after an absence of rather more than eight months. The town of New Dongolah has become a place of importance during the last twelve years; its population is estimated at 6000, including 800 troops and about 100 Copts. The bazar is well supplied; here are baths, a café, and a large indigo factory. Old Dongolah is in ruins, and does not contain above 300 inhabitants; the drifted sand has accumulated in such quantities as to cover some of the houses, nor is there any land capable of cultivation near the place. The chief object of interest near Ambukol is a portion of the desert, of coarse sandstone, where were found five or six siliceous fossil trees; the largest is fifty-one feet long by twenty

inches in diameter: they are apparently of Dóm. Khartúm is situated on the west bank of the Blue Nile, about one mile and a half to the southward of its junction with the White River, and is the seat of government of the Belled of Sédán. It was a small village when Mohammed Ali subdued the kingdom, but has sprung into importance at the expense of Shendi and Sennár, and is now a place of considerable trade, and convenient as a rendezvous for the slave-merchants from Abyssinia, Sennár, and Kordofán. It contains about 15,000 inhabitants, including 1600 soldiers and their families; parts of the town are regularly built of sun-dried bricks, and some of the houses large; the bazars badly supplied. The country around is flat, without trees, and consists of a rich alluvial soil. Sennár stands on the western bank of the Bahr el Azrek, whose banks here are nearly forty feet high at low river, which rises about 20 feet. Here is a daily bazar of the manufactures of the country; plaited straw in various devices, filagree silver-work, weapons, spears, knives, &c., are very tolerable. Six miles S.W. of the town lies Jebel Moël, a hill rising about 800 feet above the plain, which is otherwise quite flat, and scarcely a tree to be seen except in the distant south. The inhabitants of Sennár are of a dark brown colour, the women are lighter than the men; both are handsome, and have good teeth. Mongarah is a boat-building station of the Pasha of Egypt, on the eastern bank of the White Nile, about 80 miles south of Khartúm: there is plenty of wood in the neighbourhood, but better timber is procured from Aleis or from the country of the Shellukhs. About 30 boats are built here annually, 20 pair of sawyers were at work, and five or six boats on the stocks. El Obeid, the capital of Kordofán, is a straggling town of about 40,000 inhabitants, situated on a plain. The houses are chiefly built of straw in the form of English cornstacks, with the exception of that of the governor, the military commandant, and some Europeans employed in the service of the pasha, which are of sun-burnt bricks. Here are a mosque, a military hospital, a water-tank, and powder magazine. The troops stationed at Kordofán are taken annually, after the rainy season, to the hilly country in the south, named Jebel Nubah, on slaving expeditions. When I arrived at El Obeid, says Mr. Holroyd, the troops had just returned with the produce of one of these slave-hunting parties. The handsome women were sold for the harems of the Turks and Arabs; the able-bodied men were placed in the ranks; while the decrepid of both sexes, the pregnant females, and young children, were allotted to the soldiers, in lieu of money, to the extent of half their arrears. I once witnessed this distribution; and a more heart-rending scene cannot be imagined; for, although these blacks had been seized two or three months, and had been deprived of their liberty, they felt deeply the permanent separation from their families. As the soldiers were several months in arrears, they were obliged to receive the slaves considerably above their value, and part with them again at a great sacrifice; and many were compelled to turn their slaves into money to relieve their immediate embarrassments. A slave, therefore, which had been received by the soldiers in lieu of 300 piastres (3*l.*), was sold in the bazar for little more than half that sum; and many were daily hawked about the bazar and disposed of by public auction. The slaves are of various prices. A child of four or five years old is worth from 10*s.* to 12*s.*; an adult, from 4*l.* to 6*l.*; beautiful Darfur girls are in great

request, and an unexceptionable-looking one will fetch from 15*l.* to 20*l.* Abyssinian women also are in demand, and sell from 10*l.* to 20*l.* each. For domestic purposes, slaves from Darfur are esteemed the most faithful and useful. But the most revolting circumstance connected with the slave-trade, and one more than any other calculated to excite our sympathy, is the system of emasculation, which is carried on at El Obeid, chiefly under the direction of a ruffian named Sultan Tamur, brother to the late chief of Darfur. I visited this person, and found him to be an infirm old man, of seventy years of age, who received a pension of 600 piastres a-year from the Pasha of Egypt. This wretch emasculates from 100 to 150 annually, and a similar number of boys are mutilated by other wretches at El Obeid. The inhabitants of Kordofán belong to several tribes, the most numerous is named Gunjarah. The men are well made, spare, and tall; the features handsome, and their skin of a dark brown colour. Their hair, slightly crisped, is usually worn long and plaited. The women are generally very beautiful, and are a shade lighter than the men; they wear their hair long, plaited, and loaded with grease. Their dress consists of a piece of cotton cloth round the waist, and the end sometimes thrown over the shoulder; silver ornaments round the neck, bracelets, enormous ear-rings, ponderous nose-rings, and ornaments of the same metal round the ankles. Both men and women have three or four vertical gashes in the cheeks, and the women are often cut in the same manner in other parts of the body. The women are fond of dancing, and beat the drum; the men play on a flute or pipe of reed; and both sexes perform on the harabab, or lyre of five strings. Mr. Holroyd's highly interesting account was illustrated by a valuable map on a large scale, shewing his route, and compiled from recent observations by M. Linant, in which the course of the Nile differs from the position assigned to it in all our maps; also by numerous characteristic sketches of the natives, of costume, and of scenery; with ground-plans and measurements of many temples and pyramids. Mr. Holroyd also kindly allowed to be present a boy that he had brought with him from Kordofán, where he had redeemed him from slavery; he is a fine lad, from Jebel Nubah, about six days south of El Obeid, of fourteen years of age, with intelligent features, black skin and woolly hair; can speak Arabic and a little English, and has given a vocabulary of about fifty words of his language. He is probably the only native of this country that ever visited England. Mr. Pentland, recently arrived from South America, was present at the meeting, and, in reply to the chairman's congratulations on his return to his country, said that he hoped shortly to be enabled to communicate to the Society some account of his travels in Bolivia and Peru.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

FEBRUARY 27. Rev. Dr. Buckland, President, in the chair.—The following communications were read. 1. 'On Impressions of Drops of Rain on Slabs of New Red Sandstone, in the Storeton Quarries, Cheshire, and coeval with the Formation of the Strata,' by Mr. John Cunningham, of Liverpool. In a paper read before the Society on the 3d of December, an account was given of the impressions of footsteps of several species of animals in the new red sandstone of the Storeton quarries, about three miles S.W. of Liverpool. In examining some of the slabs of stone, extracted at the depth of

above thirty feet, Mr. Cunningham observed that their under surface was densely covered with minute hemispherical projections, or casts in relief of circular pits in the immediately subjacent layers of clay. The origin of these marks, he is of opinion, must be ascribed to showers of rain, which fell upon an argillaceous beach exposed by the retiring tide, and their preservation to the filling up of the indentations by sand. On the same slabs are impressions of feet of small reptiles, which appear to have passed over the clay previously to the shower, since the footmarks are also indented with circular pits, but to a less degree; and the difference Mr. Cunningham explains, by the pressure of the animal having rendered those portions of the clay less easily acted upon. That rain fell during remote ages of the world, the author stated no person acquainted with geology will dispute, as to the destructive and transporting agency of rain-waters many of the sedimentary strata owe their origin. The vast forests also, which grew at a period anterior to the new red sandstone, and are now treasured up in our coal fields, could not have flourished without abundant supplies of atmospheric waters; and that the effects of drops of rain may be preserved in a solid form, he proved by reference to an account given by Mr. Scrope, of a shower which fell upon extremely fine volcanic ashes thrown out by Vesuvius during the eruption of 1832. The drops of rain formed small globules, which hardened into pellets, and accumulated in some places at the foot of a slope, in beds a foot or more in thickness, and were often so agglutinated, that it required a sharp blow from a hammer to break the mass.—2. Extracts from two letters addressed to Dr. Buckland, one from Mr. John Taylor, jun. 'On the Occurrence of a Slab of Sandstone containing Impressions of Chirotherium Hercules, at the house of Mr. Potts, of Chester;' and the other by Sir Philip Egerton, 'On the Peculiarities of the Impressions.' When the slab was first laid down, there was no appearance of the remains, which have been gradually developed by the action of the weather. Sir Philip Egerton is of opinion, that the weight of the animal compressed the yielding sand near its foot, and that the print being afterwards filled with the same materials, the stone became nearly homogeneous in composition. The effects of the weather would necessarily remove the softer uncompressed portions, but the denser part acted upon by the animal's weight, would resist for a time the same operations, and present in relief the outline of the foot. The slab contains the marks of three hind and two fore feet—the latter bearing the same proportion to the former as in the other species.—3. 'On the Occurrence of Swallow-holes near Farnham, and on the Drainage of the Country at the Western Extremity of the Hog's-back,' by George Long, Esq., communicated by Mr. Lyell. Immediately to the north of Farnham rises a chalk-hill, capped by tertiary strata. No perennial main-springs occur on the face of the hill; but the gullies are for the greater part of the year, occupied by superficial land-springs, which occasionally become formidable torrents. These rivulets pour down the hill upon the surface of the tertiary clay until they arrive at the chalk, where they are entirely absorbed in swallow-holes, except during great rains, when a portion of the water flows along channels in the chalk. Seven of these holes between Clare Park and Farnham Park were described in detail by Mr. Long. The water absorbed by two of them is supposed to well out in great force at the Bourne Mill stream; and, though

soft, where it sinks under ground, it is hard where it reappears. The drainage described in the second part of the paper is effected by a stream which passes through a gap at Runfold, the western extremity of the Hog's-back Hill; and, flowing northward, traverses the chalk, and carries off the surplus waters of a tract bounded on the north by the Hog's-back, and on the south by a semi-circular range of low hills, extending from Seal on the east, by Crooksbury, to Moor Park on the west. This gap in the chalk has hitherto escaped the observation of geologists, but deserves to be recorded among the apertures through the North Downs.—4. 'A Letter from Captain Charters to Mr. Lyell, dated Cape Town, 12th Nov. 1838.' During a very extensive tour through the colony, Captain Charters's attention was particularly drawn to the occurrence of greenstone resting upon the horizontally stratified sandstone, which constitutes so large a portion of the country. The localities mentioned in the latter are in the neighbourhood of Fort Beaufort, on the Kaffir frontier, the small town of Cradock on the Great Fish River, the line of route from the Tarka district, behind the Winterberg range, to Shiloh, and to Colesberg, near the Orange River, and thence, by the Schneeberg, to Graf Reinet. In some places the trap presented thick deposits more or less traversed by irregular tracks, and, in others, heaps of weathered, or spheroidal masses, resembling transported boulders.

ELECTRICAL SOCIETY.

TUESDAY, Feb. 13.—Read, a paper by Mr. Pollock, 'On the Occurrence of the Striking Distance in Frictional, but not in Voltaic Electricity.' One of the most common of the phenomena attendant upon the action of the electrical machine is the spark which passes from the conductor to any conducting body presented to it. The distance at which this occurs has been termed the striking distance. Sparks also occur in the phenomena of voltaic electricity; and it has been very generally supposed that in this respect no difference existed in the two actions. But, in voltaic electricity, let the polar wires be brought to scarcely an appreciable distance, no striking distance can be determined. This Mr. Pollock considers to manifest a marked distinction between these two kinds of electricity, and to depend upon the changes in the relation between the rubber and cylinder of the electrical machine, and between the metal zinc and its oxide of the voltaic battery, and their respective latent heat. There is, perhaps, no philosophical fact better established than that of which Dr. Black may be said to have been the discoverer, namely, that whenever any body undergoes contraction, its capacity for heat is diminished, and when expansion, its capacity is increased. Hence heat is given out during the compression of India-rubber, the hammering of iron, &c., and cold produced during evaporation. By the application of this philosophical fact to the explanation of the phenomena of the electrical machine and the voltaic battery, Mr. Pollock is led to conclude that the spark ought to occur in the former and not in the latter. The compression between the rubber and the cylinder of the machine reduces the bulk from 20 to 15, and the expansion of the zinc by conversion into oxide in the battery increases the bulk from 20 to 35. The result is, that a compression equal to 5, and an expansion equal to 15, occurs in each instance—hence the diminished capacity, the production of heat, and, consequently,

the spark of the former arrangement—and the increased capacity and the production of cold, as proved by recent thermo-electric experiments, and the absence of the spark or striking distance of the latter.—Read, also, an extract of a letter from J. Samo, Esq., dated Surinam, 31st Dec. 1838. "The Gymnotus Electricus is found in the rivers of Surinam. It is very difficult to select the true from the fabulous accounts of this creature. It is generally found in shallow rivulets of fresh water, having a rocky, uneven bottom, and principally in those parts which are shaded by high trees. One of the three which Mr. Samo, by the first opportunity, intended forwarding to the Electrical Society, had been attacked and destroyed by water-rats, which animals, Mr. Samo concludes, must be insensible to the electric shock of the gymnotus, although horses can be paralyzed by them." Mr. Clarke suggested a trial with the one in the Adelaide Gallery, at the same time observing, that fish frequently recover from the shock of the gymnotus; that in all probability the first rats that attacked the eel had been paralyzed, and had afterwards recovered, but that the gymnotus becoming exhausted by the repeated electrical discharges to repel the first assailants, had fallen an easy prey to the others. Mr. Sturgeon exhibited to the Society a piece of copper ore which had been subjected to the action of a voltaic current for about five weeks; but as this subject is to be brought again before the Society next meeting, we reserve our notice.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, February 21.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Divinity.—Rev. R. L. Freer, Christ Church. *Masters of Arts*.—C. R. Strickland, Trinity College, Grand Compounder; Rev. H. G. Adams, Christ Church; G. Whitbread, Brazenose College; F. P. Lowe, Fellow of Magdalen College.

Bachelors of Arts.—J. E. L. Schreiber, Balliol College; Rev. R. J. F. Thomas, Christ Church; G. P. G. Cosserat, Exeter College.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

MR. LUBBOCK in the chair.—Read the conclusion of a paper, 'On the gradual Uprising of the Earth in certain Places,' by Mr. Darwin. The author of this communication follows out the subject taken up some time ago by that eminent geologist, Mr. Lyell. He refers to observations made in the district of Lochaber, in Scotland:—portions of which, it appears, have been equally raised to an extent of 1278 feet above the level of the sea. He illustrates and proves his position, by noticing the equable elevation of what had evidently been the margin of ancient waters in the Lochaber district; and also by reference to the deposition of immense blocks of granite on particular parts of many of the hills in that country, as well as in the valleys. Those, he considers, could not have been so placed, or rolled into the localities they occupy, by the rushing of the waters, nor by irruptions of the earth. The blocks found in the valleys could not have been deposited there by the waters, inasmuch as the rush in such places must have been more impetuous than when the surface of the ground was level. These blocks, in many instances, from the slight elevation of the hills on which they are sometimes found, could not have rolled or fallen from a higher part of the ground. Mr. Darwin discusses the probability of these masses of granite having been transported from situations where their formation had taken place; he describes the positions in which they were found, shewing that they must have been removed considerable distances, by an undoubted elevation which

takes place on the surface of the earth. The subject of the extraordinary parallel roads in Glenroy was discussed at great length in this paper.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

FEB. 16. Sir G. T. Staunton in the chair.—Mr. Wilkinson read a paper 'On the Difference between the European and Indian Methods of making Steel, and on the Reasons which induced him to ascribe many of the Properties of Iron, and much of the variety in its quality, to the action of Electricity.' After adverting to the extraordinary discoveries of Professor Ehrenberg, of Berlin, who has shewn that the bog-iron ore, from which the beautiful Berlin castings are made, is composed of minute animals; that Tripoli powder is of a similar nature, and that the ditches about Berlin abound in such animals, Mr. Wilkinson stated that these wonderful animals had recently been found in England also, and that in localities so near as Hampstead and Highgate. Mr. Wilkinson then entered into a description of the mode of manufacturing iron, and of the process by which it is converted into steel, both in England and India, which differ essentially; the English process being chiefly exposure of the iron to strong heat in close contact with charcoal; while the natives of India put the iron into crucibles with dried branches of a certain shrub, and green leaves of others. Our limits do not admit of going into the arguments adduced corroborative of the opinion that the different properties of iron and steel depend on currents of electricity, which, as the proposer of the theory stated himself, needs to be proved by experiment; they appear at least plausible, and we were glad to hear that Mr. Wilkinson expressed his intention of instituting a set of experiments with a view to ascertain its truth, and its applicability to practical purposes. He hoped shortly to obtain some specimens of Indian steel, which would enable him to proceed with more certainty, and to receive replies to several queries on the subject sent by him to India through the medium of the Society. Mr. Heath said that a copy of Mr. Wilkinson's queries had been sent to him by the Madras government, to whom the Society had transmitted them in 1837; that his labours were at that time too great to admit of his giving close attention to the subject; but that on his voyage home he had written a paper which he conceived embodied all that was required on the subject, and which he would now read. Mr. Heath's paper entered largely into the nature of the Indian ore, and the operations of the natives in manufacturing it into iron and steel. He said that the ore used was the magnetic oxide of iron combined with quartz; that it occurs in the district of Salem, the principal seat of the manufacture, in the form of low hills; and that the quantity exposed above the surface of the country is so great, that it was not likely that underground operations would ever be required. It is prepared by stamping, and then separating the quartz by washing or winnowing. The furnace is built of clay alone, from three to five feet high, and pear-shaped; the bellows is formed of two goat-skins, with a bamboo nozzle, ending in a clay pipe. The fuel is charcoal, upon which the ore is laid, without flux: the bellows are plied for four hours, when the ore will be found to be reduced: it is taken out, and while red-hot, cut through with a hatchet, and sold to the blacksmiths, who forge it into bars and convert it into steel. It is forged by repeated heating and hammering, until it forms an apparently unpromising bar of iron, from which an English manufacturer of steel would

turn with contempt, but which the Hindu converts into cast steel of the very best quality. To effect this, he cuts it into small pieces, of which he puts a pound, more or less, into a crucible, with dried wood of the *cassia auriculata*, and a few green leaves of *asclepias gigantea*. The air is then excluded by a cover of tempered clay, rammed down close into the crucible. When dry, about twenty crucibles are built up in a small furnace, covered with charcoal, and heated for two hours and a half, when the process is complete. Mr. Heath observed that the quality of the steel was excellent; but that the process of smelting was so imperfect, that of 72 per cent, of which the oxide is composed, only 15 per cent of iron was obtained by the natives. The discovery of steel by the Hindus was one of the most astonishing facts in the history of the arts: it seemed too recondite to be the effect of chance, and yet could only be explained by the lights of modern chemistry. In Europe, the case was otherwise. In the early times, repeated hammering after refining appears to have been the only process; and cementation by charcoal was not adopted until chemical investigation had shewn that steel was a compound of iron and carbon. Two patents had been taken out within the present century; one for making steel by the application of "any substance containing the carbonaceous principle;" and another, by exposing the iron to the action of carburetted hydrogen gas at high temperatures; and it appears that the Indian process combined the principle of both these methods. The antiquity of the Indian mode was proved by the present of 30 lbs. weight of steel made by Porus to Alexander the Great; and the ignorance of the Western world was shewn as well by this as by the fact that the arms of the warriors of ancient Europe were composed of alloys of copper and tin. The tools by which the Egyptian obelisks and temples of porphyry and syenite were cut, were, undoubtedly, made of Indian steel. Mr. Heath concluded with observing, that he did not think the Hindu process influenced the quality of the steel; but it enabled the manufacturer to accomplish with very imperfect means that which it would be hopeless for him to attempt by European methods. — Mr. E. Solly read a 'Report on the Chemical Examination of a Series of Soils from some of the principal Cotton Plantations of Georgia,' which has been procured by Viscount Palmerston, at the request of the Committee of Commerce and Agriculture. The examination of these soils was undertaken with a view to ascertain some of the circumstances found to be most favourable to the cultivation of cotton in Georgia, and thus to indicate the best manner of improving the cultivation of cotton in India. Mr. Solly stated that, in order to render a comparison of this kind of any practical value, it was absolutely necessary to take into account a variety of circumstances connected with the nature of the climates of the countries so compared, such as the limits of temperature, the rapidity of evaporation, the form of the surface of the country, the radiating power of the soil, the retentive power for water, and many other points. These were all of the utmost importance, and would completely modify the action of the soil; so that a soil which in one situation would be excellent for the cultivation of cotton, would in another climate be totally unfit. The result of the chemical examination of these specimens of soil shewed them all to be of a light, sandy, and rather poor description; consisting principally

of a fine sand, held together by a small quantity of alumina or clay, and coloured with oxides of iron and manganese. The quantity of organic matter which they contained was small. One of the most important facts observed was the extremely small portion of carbonate, or indeed any form of lime, which they contained, shewing that the presence of this substance is not so essential to a good cotton soil as has been thought by some writers on the cultivation of cotton. The great difference, also, between the black cotton soil of America and that of India was pointed out; the former being composed of a fine white, silicious sand, containing but very little alumina, and coloured wholly by organic matter, whilst the latter consisted apparently of the *débris* of volcanic rocks. Mr. Solly concluded by remarking, that the goodness of the soils from Georgia depended probably far more on the mechanical structure than on the chemical composition; and that the presence of lime, or any other substance, was of far less importance than that it should be of a light, porous, and not too rich a character.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

MR. AMYOT, in the chair. — Mr. Pym, by Mr. C. R. Smith, exhibited a Roman ring found in the bed of the Thames; it was of brass, having on the top a blacksmith, hammer in hand, with an anvil before him. Mr. Nichols, communicated some further observations on the splendid sacerdotal habit, which he exhibited at the previous meeting. Mr. Gage Rokewode exhibited a printed proclamation of James II. against the Duke of Monmouth and others. Mr. Bowyer exhibited and described a Norman font at Radley, near Abingdon, with notices of the ancient history of the parish, the church, and the monastery formerly existing there. Mr. Bruce communicated a paper containing cases illustrative of the wide extent of power exercised by the council; these cases occurred in the reign of Edward VI., and appeared to trench strongly on the royal prerogative: part of which being read, the remainder was postponed.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday. — Entomological, 8 P.M.; British Architects, 8 P.M.
Tuesday. — Linnean, 8 P.M.; Horticultural, 3 P.M.; Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.; Electrical, 7 P.M.
Wednesday. — Society of Arts, 7½ P.M.; Artists' and Amateurs' Conversations, 8 P.M.
Thursday. — Royal Society, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; Zoological, 3 P.M.
Friday. — Royal Astronomical, 8 P.M.; Royal Institution, 8½ P.M.
Saturday. — Guy's Hospital, 8 P.M.; Artists' Conversations, 7 P.M.

FINE ARTS. THE NEW ART.

THE growing interest attached to this subject (of which we have evidence in almost every foreign journal taking cognizance of the Fine Arts that reaches us) will, we are sure, render the following communications very acceptable to our readers, at home and abroad. The *new light* let in upon the *Discovery* by Mr. Bauer is so curious, that we have not ventured to use his permission in making a single alteration. The *originality of the Invention* is, we think, settled; and we consider it to be equally clear that the two processes of M. Niepce and Talbot are different and distinct. At all events, we are glad to be the medium for diffusing every information on the subject. — *Ed. L. G.*

February 26, 1839.

Sir, — I perceive with much satisfaction in some of the latter numbers of your valuable

publication, the *Literary Gazette*, the great attention you bestow upon what you call the *new discovery in the fine arts*; and I hope the few facts regarding this interesting subject, which I am communicating to you herewith, will attract your attention still further. In the month of September, 1827, a French gentleman (*M. Niépce Niepce*, of Châlons-sur-Saône), arrived at Kew, on a visit to a brother of his, who had been a long time in England, and then resided at Kew, and was dangerously ill. I soon became acquainted with M. Niepce; he informed me then that he had made the important and interesting discovery of fixing permanently the image of any object by the *spontaneous action of light*. He exhibited to me several very interesting specimens, as well of images fixed upon polished *pewter* plates, as of impressions on paper, made from such plates after they had been prepared by his chemical process.

These specimens M. Niepce calls *les premiers résultats de ses longues recherches*. M. Niepce was very desirous that this, his interesting and important discovery, might be noticed by the Royal Society of London, and thus to establish the priority of his discovery. I, therefore, advised him to draw up a paper, or memoir, on the subject, which might then be presented to the Society. He did so; wrote and dated it at Kew, the 8th of December, 1827, and of that interesting memoir I have the pleasure of enclosing herewith a translation.

M. Niepce was soon introduced to some of the most efficient members of the Royal Society, to whom he presented his memoir and several very interesting specimens — the products of his discovery; but though he had several interviews with those gentlemen who had that memoir several weeks under consideration, because M. Niepce declined explaining the secret *then*, the Memoir and all the specimens were returned to him, and the subject was never laid before the Society. M. Niepce was obliged, by pressing family concerns, to return to France in the early part of February 1828; and about a fortnight after his departure, his brother died at Kew: that event naturally caused a great interruption in M. Niepce's scientific pursuits, but we continued a friendly correspondence for some time, but a letter dated 9th January, 1829, was his last letter I received. In that, as in all his preceding letters, he alludes always to his successful *recherches*, and expresses a confident hope that during the approaching summer season, he will be enabled to complete his discovery, and promised to communicate to me faithfully and immediately the final result of his long researches, &c.; but from that day, viz., the 9th of January, 1829, I did not see nor hear any thing from M. Niepce nor of his *Héliographie* till the 12th of January, 1839, when, in the *Literary Gazette*, my attention was attracted to a paragraph taken from the *Gazette de France*, dated Paris, 6th of January, 1839, and signed, "H. Gaucheraud," in which I found, to my very great surprise, that M. Daguerre, of justly merited Diorama celebrity, not only claims the merit of first discovery of that interesting and important art, but even to stamp it with his own name. I well recollect that M. Daguerre was intimately acquainted with M. Niepce, but I never heard or understood that he ever took an active part in M. Niepce's researches, more than constantly encouraging him to persevere in his pursuits; and I also know that M. Daguerre was zealously occupied in pursuing some researches, and making experiments, in which he also was successful, but his object was widely different from M. Niepce's — it was what M. Daguerre now calls the *décomposition of light*;

and by which he produces that surprising and wonderful effect of his representations in the Diorama, and of which the newspapers are so full of most marvellous accounts (see "Morning Post.") But the discovery of the *decomposition of light* is a widely different thing from the discovery of *permanently fixing images by the action of light*; though of this later discovery a great deal is likewise said in the French papers (see the *Gazette de France*, Paris, January 6th, 1839), in which the first notice of the Daguerrotype is given, which is as follows: "We have much pleasure in announcing an important discovery made by *M. Daguerre*, the celebrated painter of the Diorama, &c.; and further, *M. Daguerre* has discovered a method to fix the images which are represented at the back of a camera obscura," &c. And again, "*Messrs. Arago, Biot, and Von Humboldt*, have ascertained the reality of this discovery, which excited their admiration; and *M. Arago* will in a few days make it known to the Academy of Sciences," &c. Towards the conclusion of the paragraph the author gives us the following important information:—"*M. Daguerre* generously owns that the first idea of his process was given him fifteen years ago by *M. Niepce*, of *Châlons-sur-Saône*, but in so imperfect a state, that it has cost him long and persevering labour to attain the object." Now I do not think *M. Niepce* could have given such a very imperfect idea fifteen years ago, as the specimens *M. Niepce* brought and exhibited in 1827 in England (and some of them are still in my possession) are quite as perfect as those productions of *M. Daguerre* described in the French newspapers of 1839. But, however, this is the first instance that *M. Niepce's* name is mentioned. In a subsequent paper is a paragraph, dated "Paris, January 9, 1839," in which, after much eulogy, it is stated, "*M. Arago* made, on the 7th of this month, a verbal communication to the Academy of Sciences, on the fine discovery of *M. Daguerre*; and the next paragraph is considering the great utility of the discovery to the public, and the extreme simplicity of the process, which is such that any person may practise it. *M. Arago* is of opinion that it would be impossible by means of a patent or otherwise to secure to the inventor the advantages which he ought to derive from it, and thinks that the best way would be for the government to purchase the secret and make it public; but the name of *M. Niepce* is not mentioned in that report, which is, I confess, quite unaccountable to me, for I have the honour of personally knowing the Baron von Humboldt and *M. Arago*, and more scientific and more honourable men I think cannot exist; and I think every impartial reader, when coupling the formal declaration of *M. Niepce* and the generous avowal of *M. Daguerre*, will agree with me that *M. Niepce* is the inventor of this interesting art; though during the long period of ten years since the interruption and total cessation of our correspondence in 1829, *M. Daguerre* may have made many improvements, and if *M. Niepce* really had ceded and legally transferred the secret to *M. Daguerre*, that, I think, certainly would entitle him to derive the advantages which might accrue from the sale of the secret, but the merit of the invention of the *Heliograph* would still belong to my esteemed friend, *Nicéphore Niepce*.

Of Mr. Talbot's Photogenic drawings I have not yet seen any thing; but what I can gather from the newspapers I find some very interesting experiments he states to have made during the last four or five years; but it appears to me that his process is also grounded upon the same principle as *M. Niepce's* discovery; and if Mr.

Talbot ever succeeds in fixing permanently the image from nature upon paper, he will certainly have the merit of having made the most important, because the most useful, application of that principle.

Before *M. Niepce* left England he presented to me several interesting specimens of his newly discovered art, one of which is the first successful experiment of fixing the image from nature; another plate prepared by what he calls a chemical process, for taking impressions from it like from copperplate etchings, and some impressions of the same plate, &c.

If you, sir, or any other scientific gentleman or artist to whom this subject might be interesting, should wish to see those specimens in my possession, and would take the trouble to call at my house, I shall be happy to shew them and give any explanation.

This communication, sir, is entirely at your service, and you may make what use of it you think proper; but if you think it or part of it fit for publication, I must beg of you to have the kindness to correct my grammatical and orthographical errors, of which I fear you will find too many.

By acknowledging the receipt of this communication in your next publication, that I might know it has come to your hands, you will greatly oblige, sir, your humble servant,

FRANCIS BAUER, F.R.S.

Eglantine Cottage, New Green,
Feb. 27, 1839.

P.S. Since the above was written, I received the melancholy intelligence from good authority that my worthy friend, *M. Niepce*, is no more!—he died several years ago.

[Here follows the communication to the Royal Society, alluded to.]

HÉLIOGRAPHIE.*

(Designs and Engravings.)

Description of some results obtained spontaneously by the action of Light.

THE examples which I have the honour of presenting, are the first results of my long researches on the manner of fixing the image of objects by the action of light, and of reproducing the same by impressions, according to the known process of engraving.

I was occupied with these researches, when a circumstance of recent occurrence urged my departure for England, which prevented my continuing them and arriving at more satisfactory results. I beg, then, that these few first trials may be judged of not so much as they regard the arts, but as chiefly with respect to the presumed means employed for producing the effect itself, for it is on the efficiency of these means that a complete success depends. I will presume to claim, at the same time, in behalf of my work, that indulgence which is generally granted to a first adventurous step in a perfectly new field of discovery.

It will be found, undoubtedly, that my heliographic designs made on pewter plates and framed, are much too weak in tone. This defect arises principally from the light not contrasting sufficiently with the shades, owing to the metallic reflection. It would be easy to remedy this by giving more whiteness and more brightness to the parts representing the effects of light, and receiving the impression of this fluid upon metal plated with silver, well polished and burnished; for then the contrast between the white and black would be so much more marked, and the latter colour, by being rendered more intense by means of some chemical agent, would lose that brilliant reflection which is dis-

* I thought this name might be given to the object of my researches until a more exact denomination should be decided on.

agreeable to the sight, and produces even an effect of dimness.

My examples in engraving will shew that much more remains to be done, both as regards the fineness of stroke and depth of cut, so that I was not decided on presenting them but with the view of establishing this important application of my process, and the possibility of improving it. The obstacles I have had to surmount arose less, indeed, from the nature of the process itself than from my want of proficiency in an art with which I was very little acquainted. It may be proper to observe, that it may be applied on copper as well as pewter. I have tried it several times on stone successfully, and I am led to believe that glass would be, perhaps, preferable. It is sufficient, after having operated, to blacken, slightly, the part engraved on, and place it on white paper, to obtain a strong impression. *M. Daguerre*, the painter of the Diorama at Paris, has advised me not to neglect this mode of application, which, indeed, would not have the advantage of multiplying the copies, but because he considers it eminently adapted for displaying the most delicate traits of nature.

Among the principal means of improving the discovery, those furnished by optics ought to hold the highest rank. I have, as yet, been deprived of these aids in one or two trials in taking points of view by means of the camera obscura, notwithstanding my efforts to supply their place by different contrivances. It is only, however, with an apparatus of this kind, carried to the greatest perfection of which it is capable, that one can obtain a faithful image of nature and fix it properly.

I regret that I cannot explain myself on other improvements more closely connected with the principle of my discovery, and on this account more deserving of interest. I shall abstain, then, from speaking of them, being well convinced besides, that this explanation is not indispensably necessary for any one to form an opinion on the subject in question. I have proposed to myself an important problem for the arts of design and engraving. If I have not been able to collect the data necessary for its complete and entire solution, I have, at least, pointed out those means, which, in the actual state of my researches, can, most efficaciously, contribute thereto, although they may be only secondary. It will be at once admitted that the difficulty having been overcome, appears to me to afford a happy omen for future successful results, which I have reason to look forward to when those means of execution are in my power which I have not hitherto possessed.

I will not advert to the advantages which my discovery offers from the various applications of which it is susceptible. I will content myself with characterizing it as an object of very powerful attraction, from its novelty, in order to recommend it eventually to the attraction of the curious. I deem it fitting to declare formally that I am the author of this discovery; that I have not confided the secret of it to any one; and that this is the first time I have given it publicity. I congratulate myself for making it known in a country as justly celebrated for its taste in the cultivation of the arts, as for its reception and protection which it affords to talent.

(Signed) M. NIEPCE.

De Châlons-sur-Saône,
Rue de l'Oratoire,
Département de Saône et Loire.

Kew, 8th December, 1837.

(From the French original.)

Since the foregoing was in the hands of our

printer, we have received *La Quotidienne*, Paris journal, of the 20th ultimo, which breaks silence respecting M. Niepce, and is somewhat more explicit than the preceding mysterious announcements respecting M. Daguerre's experiments and claims. *Palmam qui meruit ferat*, is all we have to urge; and with this view we extract the following passages. After observing that Mr. Talbot did not commence his inquiries respecting it until the spring of 1834, and after adverting to the unsuccessful experiments of Sir Humphry Davy and Mr. Wedgwood, recorded in the Journal of the Royal Institution for 1802, the writer thus proceeds:—

"In France, at the same time, Charles, of the Academy of Sciences, produced some silhouettes, or chlorure of silver, in his public lectures, and threw out the first idea of a great discovery. Did Charles precede or follow Wedgwood? That is a question of priority which is undecided, but which M. Arago has undertaken to answer hereafter. A more certain priority, because it rests on dates positively known, is that of M. Niepce to Mr. Talbot. It was in 1814 that M. Niepce, of Châlons-sur-Saône, of whom M. Daguerre is the successor, took up Charles's idea. By the assistance of new preparations, he succeeded, some years afterwards, in producing images which resisted all external agents. The artistical world still recollects a superb head of Christ which was exhibited, in 1828, in the workshop of M. Chevalier, an optician (with whom M. Niepce was intimately connected), which had been obtained at the focus of a camera obscura. On the 14th of December, 1829, M. Niepce and Daguerre entered into partnership, by a registered deed, for the purpose of pursuing the details of an invention to which they had both contributed; and drawings attest the gradual advance of their constant efforts. The priority on their part cannot, therefore, be placed in doubt.—But what can be more extraordinary than this coincidence of labour, directed towards the same end, by different means! Nothing can, in fact, be more distinct than the nature of the preparation employed in France and in England, although Mr. Talbot does not explain his secret very clearly;* talking first of nitrate of silver, then of chlorure of the same metal, and finally of a substance much more susceptible, which he calls 'sensitive paper.' It is certain—and it is M. Arago, who knows the French process, that states it—that M. Daguerre operates in a different manner.

We repeat, that the nature of the preparation appears to be essentially distinct in the two processes. Mr. Talbot, whose revelations are much fuller than those of our countryman, tells us that the sensitive paper which he now uses is visibly affected in half a second. M. Daguerre is less expeditious; the substance which he employs requires eight or ten minutes of hazy action. Nevertheless, nothing could, in our opinion, be more rash, than thence to conclude that the English method is preferable. No such decision can be formed without a comparison of the results on both sides. We, who have seen M. Daguerre's, doubt if it be possible to attain to a higher degree of perfection in London."

THE COMPETITION FOR THE NELSON MONUMENT.

THE models and drawings of the candidates for the honour of executing the proposed mon-

ument to Nelson having been arranged in Mr. Rainy's noble Gallery in Regent Street, have been visited during the present week by all (ourselves included) who have been so fortunate as to obtain orders of admission from any of the members of the Committee of Subscribers. It is, we believe, intended very shortly to throw the Gallery open to the public.

As this matter may still be considered *sub judice*,—for we understand that all that has been done respecting it is a recommendation from the Committee of Taste, which recommendation may not be adopted by the General Committee,—we feel much difficulty and delicacy on the subject.

The design which has been recommended as No. 1. by the Committee of Taste is by Mr. Railton, of a Corinthian column, surmounted by a statue of Nelson. Mr. Railton proposes that the height of the column (exclusively of the statue) should be 160 feet; its diameter, 12 feet; being 12 feet less in elevation, and 3 feet less in diameter than the monument in the city of London. "Amongst the ancients," observes Mr. Railton, "particularly in Egypt and Rome, this style of monument was very generally used—in the former, obelisks, in the latter, columns; and while it possesses, in common with others, the means of identifying it with the subject to which it relates, it is, at the same time, well calculated to portray to posterity the progress of two sister arts, at this period of the nineteenth century; and, withal, will not exceed the amount of the subscription." It appears to us to be exceedingly probable that the last consideration mentioned by Mr. Railton in the foregoing passage, has been the all-powerful ingredient in inducing the committee to select this description of monument. If such be the case, surely Englishmen have not become so sordid as to hesitate to furnish whatever means may be found necessary to do justice to the memory of their greatest naval hero.

Although there are a few admirable models and drawings, we were concerned to see that the mass are scarcely above mediocrity. Some are absolutely ludicrous.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

[Fifth notice.]

385. *The Dairy Maid*. E. Landseer, R.A.—Richly and deeply toned. Our amendment of the title would be "The Cow and the Dairy Maid;" the latter being little more than an accessory to the former, which is portrayed with all the skill of this admirable painter.

393. *Jeanie Deans, visiting her sister Effie in Prison*. John Hayter.—In all that regards the pathetic and the painful part of this sad story, Mr. Hayter has been eminently successful; especially in the self-abandonment of the poor deluded Effie. But while the choice of subject is well calculated to exhibit the powers of the painter, it may be questioned if it is equally attractive in other respects.

394. *Capuchin Convent at Amalfi, Gulf of Salerno*. J. Uwins, R.A.—A cheerful and pleasant scene, which, while with its blue sky and sunlit effect, it must always afford enjoyment to the eye, has passages which will furnish food for reflection.

384. *Interior of Rembrandt's Mill*. E. W. Cooke.—The third picture of the same interior, but rendered still more attractive than the former by the introduction of figures. The management of the light, both within and without the building, also enhances the effect.

346. *The Knight Sir Reginald Front de Bœuf ordering the Saracen Slaves of the Temple to seize and throw on the Flames the Jew*,

Isaac of York. Theodor Von Holst.—With much of the German school and Fuseli-esque character in the knight, we think the slaves are less in accordance with the ferocity of their master. They appear to us to be almost as apprehensive in expression as the poor Jew. Had their faces been concealed, we think the effect would have been better.

203. *Waters of Elys.* W. Etty, R.A.—The sentiment conveyed in the quotation in the catalogue is beautifully illustrated in the disconsolate figure of a female, whose averted countenance cannot conceal the sorrows of the heart. The form and attitude (although very *Ettyish*) are graceful and appropriate. The scenery finely harmonises with the subject.

192. *Mail Coach Horses in Readiness for Changing*. J. F. Herring.—Should the present mania for railroads continue, we shall presently be compelled to say of the subject of this clever picture (after glancing around, like Lady Macbeth, "there's no such thing.") It is a work which, in that case, may perhaps be purchased at a high price by the Society of Antiquaries. Those who are ignorant of its merits as a painting, will be perfectly sensible of its value as a visible record of past times. In the meanwhile, we are content to admire the beauty of its drawing, the truth and contrast of its colour, and the variety in the position of the well-conditioned and finely proportioned animals, of which the composition consists.

178. *A Study of a Jew Rabbi*. A. Morton.—Painted with great care and individuality. The colouring is harmonious and mellow, and the composition not unworthy of the pencil of Rembrandt. But time has yet to do its work.

102. *The Lost Game*. C. W. Cope.—Rather "The Lost Heart." The picture is executed with Mr. Cope's usual skill, and with excellent effect, both in colour and in chiaroscuro.

96. *Shylock*. A. Geddes, A.R.A.—While keeping the determined and fiendlike expression of the character, Mr. Geddes has imparted to it more elevation than is usually found in representations of

"The Jew that Shylock drew."
[To be concluded in our next.]

PANORAMAS OF ROME.

MR. BURFORD has just opened two Panoramas of Rome, from drawings taken by himself in 1837; and, in our judgment, two of the most interesting and attractive examples of this style of art which have been seen in London for many a day. The one is of Modern Rome, the other of the Coliseum and part of the Ancient City. In the former, the rich tone of colour in the buildings, contrasting finely with the surrounding mountains and Italian sky, furnishes every facility for artistical effect; and Mr. Burford has amply availed himself of the opportunity thus afforded. The whole composition is rich and beautiful. To this, when we add the pleasure derived from the association of ideas with all the prominent objects on the scene before us—the temples of every classic memory, and themselves the lasting memorials of the most extraordinary times and men—it is impossible to contemplate this splendid performance without feelings of more than common depth. As studies for youth, too, as visible representations of so many things only known to them through written descriptions, and which are parts of their education, we cannot but consider these panoramas as particularly instructive and valuable. That of the Coliseum is a grand picture of that which, of all the remains of the Roman empire, gives

* The writer in "La Quotidienne" will cease to be of this opinion when he reads the clear and explicit letter, addressed by Mr. Talbot to the Secretary of the Royal Society, which appeared in our last Number.—Ed. L. G.

us the most perfect assurance of Roman greatness.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Rev. James Bunting, D.D. Painted by J. Bostock; engraved by S. W. Reynolds. Manchester, Agnew; London, Riley.

THIS animated and well-executed portrait has, it is evident, called forth all the talents of both the painter and the engraver. We should think that it must become exceedingly popular among the individuals of that respectable religious persuasion—the Methodist connexion—of which Dr. Bunting, a divine of the highest character, is at present, we believe, the acknowledged head and leader, he being the president of the Wesleyan Conference in London.

John Elliotson, M.D. Cantab. F.R.S. Miss Newell, del. et lithog.

As ought to be the case in all works of the class, the expression is the best part of this portrait; although, surely, the forehead must be a little exaggerated.

SKETCHES.

THE SEAMEN'S HOSPITAL.

THE anniversary of this most laudable and philanthropic Charity is observed this day at the London Tavern, and under the exalted presidency of H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge. We last year took the opportunity to direct the public attention and sympathy to a Society so richly deserving of both; and we have reason to believe that the appeal was not made entirely in vain. It is, therefore, with some degree of self-gratulation we return to the subject, and continue in the hope that a repetition will not be altogether without effect.

Several matters have occurred which seem to us especially to illustrate the services done to humanity by the establishment on board the Dreadnought. It is not the broad, general feature, that the forlorn and afflicted sailors of all nations

“Claim kindred there, and have their claims allowed!”

there are many minor points of extreme interest to be noticed, or at least such as have much interested us. The dreadful steam-vessel accidents which lately occurred in the river were alleviated by the medical skill of this truly benevolent Charity, as far as human means could assuage the agonies of the sufferers; though, unfortunately, from the nature of the injuries, in too many instances, only available to render less painful the inevitable path to the grave. In other cases, the patients are often sent, at the expense of the fund, to their native home and native air, where the presence of relatives and friends may smooth their decline, and shed, at least, the halo of quiet and merciful kindness over the closing days of those whose lives have been passed amid the turbulence of the elements and the strife and danger of war. Again, at a time when almost every daily journal teems with accounts how the wretched on shore are bandied from magistrate to overseer, or commissioner to churchwarden, it is a pleasing thing to learn that the dark-looking Dreadnought (like a rough seaman with a soft and tender heart) not only receives but invites the applications of the afflicted, whose only passports are casual hurt, distress, or disease. *The boatmen are rewarded for bringing them alongside of the ship; and they are instantly attended to and succoured!!*

Such a fact speaks volumes, and we will not weaken it by a comment; but ask, Does not so British an Institution most nobly entitle itself

to British support,—and Foreign support also? for, as we have stated, men of every land and clime find unquestioned refuge in this Hospital.

Need we say a word more? We are informed that, warmly countenanced and carefully superintended by mercantile gentlemen eminent in the city of London, the secure revenue amounts to somewhere about 2500*l.* per annum; double which sum is annually expended in administering to the wants and sufferings of 10,000 of our fellow-creatures. The difference is obtained by voluntary aid subscribed at the anniversary, and by friendly contributions from individuals to whom these occasions are the means of making the merits of the institution more particularly known. To extend this knowledge is the object of these few lines; and we shall be happy if they widely touch responsive chords on behalf of a Charity whose purposes and administration we so highly admire.

CAPTAIN DENHAM AND THE LIVERPOOL DOCK TRUSTEES.

HAVING had opportunities, when the British Association met at Dublin and at Liverpool, to witness the exceedingly skilful and scientific measures devised by Captain Denham for the improvement of the latter port, we have seen with surprise and regret, that a misunderstanding between that gentleman and the Dock Committee, has led to his quitting the post of marine surveyor, in which he rendered such invaluable services to the commerce of Liverpool. Though local, the question at issue is one of so much national importance that, we presume, it must attract the attention of the government and parliament. The issue appears to have been brought about by circumstances connected with the tempest of January 7th, 14th. From a narrative of his proceedings during this melancholy period, it is evident that Captain Denham's strenuous exertions to save life and property were crippled almost to uselessness, by the interference of the Dock Committee, and the insufficiency of the means at his disposal. This led to complaint, and complaint to the termination of the connexion between the parties; and in this position Captain Denham has come gallantly forward with an avowal that he had too long submitted to the trammels imposed upon him, and pointed out the increased powers which he considers to be essential to the beneficial administration of the affairs of this great harbour and city. Whether owing to unwise parsimony, or any other cause, it is certainly to be deplored that the channel of the Mersey and the access to and from the second great commercial dépôt in England, should be endangered, lives lost, shipping wrecked, and other fitting attributes neglected; and we do trust, that the somewhat startling statements of Captain Denham will meet the attention they merit from all authorities concerned in the remedy of the evils in the system which he has exposed, and the trade of Liverpool be placed in these respects on a footing more worthy of its wealth and character.

Among other striking matters, we find the following in Captain Denham's Report touching the erection of an Observatory.

“The first step after equipping it or any other in the region of Liverpool, must be the fixing its relative meridian with Greenwich; for it is a reproaching fact at this moment, that such is not settled within as many seconds as would throw a ship out of her longitude five or six miles on the day of starting, besides the loose mode of even rating the chronometer. This step will be accomplished in less than the first month, as the astronomer royal has already proffered a co-operation which will effect it.

“Many a ship leaves our shores, and is registered as foundering at sea, whilst she is actually lying at the base of some rock or headland, towards which her course has unconsciously been made, owing to her compasses pointing from 1 to 3 points (an iron vessel will actually present an error of even 9 points), owing to local attraction being unprovided for. At a slight expense of instruments, he (the astronomer) could also produce such meteorological data as would contribute most valuable companions—a branch of science, every day, we perceive, being reduced to tangible utility.

“I shall be ready to accompany the committee to the site, or explain, in person, any part of the foregoing; and shall congratulate myself indeed, if, in any way, I can promote this, or a better-devised plan, for mitigating the national loss of property occasioned by shipwreck. I need only remind a committee of discerning gentlemen, that the extent of those calamities amounts to three millions per annum, the value of which, though covered by insurance to certain parties, is not the less loss to the nation; besides the incalculable loss of seamen to the country, and heart-wrings of society.”

And the whole estimated expense is an outlay of 700*l.*, and an establishment (paid out of small fees on the shipping).

“One Astronomer (a graduate, if possible)—salary £500
One Assistant—salary, 100*l.*, and lodgings in the building, or 40*l.* 140
One Messenger and Office-cleaner, combined—salary, 50*l.*, and lodgings in the building, or 20*l.* 70
Books and stationery, coals and candles—say 60

Annual total Establishment £770

Or, after the first year, the astronomer might have the option of taking the fees and 100*l.* salary, and find the assistance, &c. himself.”

After enumerating the losses in consequence of the storm, Capt. D. says:—

“The previous two months had been mortifying enough, kicking about in chance steamers, one of which sunk under our feet on the spot—endavouring and succeeding beyond my own anticipation in dredging down a channel at the only spot which can save the port of Liverpool from being pronounced a bar harbour at half tide next June. The weekly applications to be allowed to proceed in this rigorous season were as replete with cold receptions and reasonings as they ought to have been with cheering ones. . . . An effort to preserve the port's better capacity of approach has been flung into delay and miserable interruption; and the vital exigencies of the port have been this awful week the sport of chance and official helplessness.”

It seems altogether to be a sorry business; and when we recall to mind the unbounded encomiums we heard so universally bestowed on Capt. Denham for his talents, and their unceasing devotion to the improvement of Liverpool, we cannot but wonder at the circumstances to which we have referred, not without a hope that the needful steps will be adopted, and the port be placed under efficient management with efficient funds.

Political Economists' Club.—Many of our readers may not be aware that there is such a club in existence; but there is, and it is no part of its political economy not to dine together (once-a-month, we believe, at Freemason's Tavern) and consume the good things Mr. Cuff “lays upon the table.” At this time, we are told, the meetings display more spirit and activity than at more quiet periods, when no anti-corn-law delegates, &c. &c. are infused into London society, and of course find their way to such assemblies as these. Of the dinner on Monday week, we have heard amusing reports of Mr. M'Culloch having castigated the manufacturers present in great style; and much to the entertainment of the company, including the chairman Sir Wilmot Horton, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Poulett Thomson, &c. As a specimen of the sort of questions discussed, we insert the following bill of fare:—

1. Are there sufficient reasons for any duty on foreign Corn?—Mr. Hume.
2. Are there any good grounds for thinking that either the wealth or power of Great Britain would be at all impaired by Canada becoming independent, or being incorporated with the United States?—Mr. M'Culloch.
3. Are there any good grounds for thinking that the proposed plan of conveying letters by post under stamped envelopes could be advantageously carried into effect?—Mr. M'Culloch.
4. What would be the effect produced upon wages if the

rich should adopt the practice of expending a larger portion of their incomes on menial servants and retainers, and a smaller portion on the purchase of commodities?—Mr. Mill.

5. What have been the effects on the production and distribution of wealth of the observance of a seventh day?—Mr. Senior.

THE DRAMA.

Adelphi.—On Monday, a drama, founded on "Oliver Twist," was produced here with a very strong cast of the parts. It is really the same as that which we noticed at the Surrey Theatre, but much shortened, and consequently improved. The localities of popularity are queer enough; for we are bound to say, that the same action which has run a course of extraordinary popularity on the other side of the Thames, has not met with such entire approbation on this side. The refinement of the Strand does not relish things which are the admiration of Blackfriars' Road; and refinement at the Adelphi would no doubt be voted vulgarity at the Haymarket, which is several hundred yards more towards the west end. In this piece, Mrs. Yates, as the woman *Nancy*, the most unfortunate and degraded, but yet the woman, did every thing for a part, which perhaps comes out too strongly for the stage. Her murder, as the character is drawn here, is an outrage against humanity; for the evil portions of her career are suppressed, and thus the poetical justice of the retribution is concealed; and, indeed, the fault of the piece is, that it has no moral. Mrs. Keeley, as *Oliver*, is excellent, though she has not the opportunity to make it equal to her *Smike*. Yates, as the *Jew Fagan*, is both humorous and powerful; and O. Smith, as *Bill Sykes*, a cool but perfect ruffian. Wilkinson, as *Grimwig*; Beverley, as the *Beadle*; F. Mathews, as *Brownlow*; Miss Shaw, as *Mrs. Corney*; and the pretty Miss Fortescue, as *Rose Maylie*, do all that the adapter has allotted to them in an able and efficient manner; and, to conclude the whole, Mr. Wright, as the *Artful Dodger*, elicited shouts of laughter, by the droll, and, we suppose, characteristic style, in which he personates that amiable youth.

Olympic.—On Thursday, and rather late for our detailed notice, *Faint heart never won fair Lady*, was produced here, from the pen of Mr. Planché. Neat and well-finished, as all his productions are, the present, to an agreeable and lively plot, superadded a costume of great beauty, and admirably adapted for scenic effect. It is Spanish, and of the seventeenth century. Vestris, C. Mathews, Bland, and Miss Lee, are the chief props of this little drama, which was entirely and thoroughly successful.

St. James's.—Another novelty brought forward at this theatre, shews the enterprise and spirit of its management. *Take your Choice* is its name, and it has met with a very favourable reception.

The Opera.—M. Laporte has announced the opening of the Opera for Saturday next, with an attractive list, both for music and ballet.

The Drury-Lane Fund anniversary was observed at Freemason's Hall, on Wednesday, H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge in the chair.—The banquet and entertainments were much as heretofore; but the usual address, well delivered by Mr. Harley, was one of the most severe and biting satires we have met with on the degraded condition of that stage, in aid of which this meeting was held. He shewed how much the wants and distresses of performers were increased by the encroachments of bestial exhibitions; and that if such spectacles were encouraged, the profession would speedily be extinguished. Perhaps when the existing an-

nuitants have died out, the public may be con-
vened to dine and subscribe for superannuated lions, the forlorn widows of panthers, and the helpless orphans of royal tigers!

VARIETIES.

Coinage.—A very beautiful model, we are informed, has been executed by Mr. Wyon, the chief engraver to the Mint, for the reverse of the new five-sovereign piece. It represents the British Lion, *passant*, accompanied by our young Queen, who extends her sceptre before him. There is a simplicity and beauty in the composition, which cannot fail to be justly appreciated, as affording additional evidence of our masterly artist's skill in the die.

Steam Navigation.—Extensive coal measures are said to have been discovered on the Asiatic coast of the sea of Marmora: a very important fact as relates to the future navigation of steamers in that quarter.

More Beasts.—Two noble elephants have been shipped at Bombay for the Pasha of Egypt: the account of the operation is amusing, but too long for us at the hour we received it. Two *Lions*, it seems, have also been sent from America, in company with which Van Amburgh is advertised to appear for Mr. Bunn's benefit. One of his present leonine friends nearly destroyed a lady, who visited him and them the other day at rehearsal; but it only tore her wig and stays off, and, fortunately, did not reach her head and back.

Copyright.—On the second reading of the Copyright Bill in the House of Commons on Wednesday, Mr. Serjeant Talfourd delivered one of the most eloquent speeches ever heard within the walls of parliament. We would advise our readers to peruse it, as a glowing example of oratorical ability, and of very cogent reasoning also on behalf of those whose cause the learned member has so warmly espoused. We rejoice to find that the *ex post facto* parts of the bill have been abandoned.

Caricatures. H. B., Nos. 375, 376, and 377.—In the first of these, the single figure of Lord Glenelg, walking out of a door in a state of perfect somnambulism, is equal to the best H. B. has ever drawn. The expression of deep sleep with the eyes wide open is the triumph of caricature. The next is from "Oliver Twist." O'Connell, as old Fagin, cooking in his wretched abode, has Oliver (Lord Morpeth) introduced by the Artful Dodger (Lord Normanby); whilst Lord Melbourne, J. Russell, Spring Rice, and Lord Howick, are smoking their pipes in the background. The characters are admirably dressed and supported. The last is another hit at Lord Glenelg's exit from office, and entitled "Playing off a practical Joke on an old Friend." His lordship is seated at table, fast asleep; Lord Melbourne picking his pocket of the "Colonial Seals;" and Lord Duncannon stealing the "Privy Seals" from the table. Lord Normanby (we presume, though not a likeness either in this or in the former squib) and Lord Morpeth are looking in to see how the affair comes off. Lord Melbourne says, "How surprised he'll be when he wakes!" but the doze seems so potent that one might fancy waking out of the question.

Hanover Square Rooms.—On Monday, Mori and Lindley's third classical concert was fully attended; and the selection of music excellent.

Raleigh Club.—A portrait of the illustrious man, after whom this Club was named, has been presented to its members, by Sir William Chatterton. Considerable interest attaches to this picture from the history, by which it can be satisfactorily traced to Sir Walter Raleigh,

without having passed through the hands of a dealer.

Master Bassie.—We observe from the Scots papers, that since the Newcastle meeting of the British Association, this fine boy, with his extraordinary powers of memory, has been making a very successful tour in Scotland. His exhibitions at Edinburgh, Glasgow, Stirling, &c. &c., seem to have excited much wonder and admiration.

Astoria.—Mr. Jacob Astor, who has given his name to a country, and to a literary work from the pen of Washington Irving, died last month at New York, leaving the prodigious wealth of millions behind him.

C. Rossi, Esq.—This able and aged sculptor died last week, in his seventy-seventh year. During a long life, he was frequently a competitor for public works; and executed many monuments, and other productions of art.

Boaden, Esq.—Long and well known in the literary world, is also among the departed. His intimacy with the Kemble family, and attachment to dramatic literature, brought him before the public tribunal both as a biographer and dramatist, we fear not with that success which should have cheered his declining years.

Thomas Allen, formerly (boatswain, we believe) of the Victory, and the original of "Ben Brace," in Capt. Chamier's novel, died lately in Greenwich Hospital.

No. 1. of the Life and Adventures of Michael Armstrong, the Factory Boy, by Mrs. Trollope (Colburn), is one of those imitations of a popular writer which it is not possible for us to compliment. We do not think that any individual has a right to establish a monopoly; but we have rarely seen success earned or deserved by those who set themselves to simulate and work out the ideas of another, instead of devising some original design of their own. We shall, however, see how a person of Mrs. Trollope's acknowledged talent acquires herself with this task. The subject is certainly one of great interest.

A New Modern General Atlas (Williamson and Co.) corrected to the present time, by J. and E. Walker, and consisting of thirty-four maps, merits our notice and praise for its convenient form and distinctness. A very useful descriptive index, by Mr. R. Ryan, is prefixed; and the whole, either for common reference or for tuition, is well deserving of employment.

Roman Antiquities.—Many Roman coins, utensils, &c., and some ancient foundation walls, have been discovered at Long Ashton, on the line of the Bristol and Exeter railway.

Gentus in Distress.—The "Times" newspaper of the 15th ult. contains the following advertisement:—"An artist and author, of twenty years' experience, solicits the aid of the benevolent. He has written 30,000 lines of original composition in English verse, and never gained a shilling; twelve tragedies, and two comedies, of which he offered the best to Drury Lane and Covent Garden. He published in 1830, at the cost of 40l., a poetical volume, sent copies to all the Universities, and sold the rest for 1l. 7s. as waste paper. Being now arrived at destitution, he proposes to relieve himself by publishing another volume, consisting of an heroic poem, satire, essays, ballads, &c."—Is the speculation a good one?

A Mare's Nest.—Thomas Moore of Erin;—Othello Moor of Venice. Thousands of admirers of the immortal William—the sweet William of Avon—imagine that the general of the Venetian forces, on whom a deathless fame has been given as *Othello*, was indeed a black

man—a Moor “horribly stuffed with epithets of war.” He was no such a person. A Moor never held that high and noble command. But why associate Mr. Thomas Moore, the author of “The Irish Melodies,” with Shakspeare’s Moor of Venice? Simply because they were namesakes. Referring to the pages of Italian story, we find, that at the period noted by Shakspeare as the time of his drama, one Thomazo Moro, a famous Venetian, had the command. Now whether Cynthia, who wrote the story of “Othello”—the play—in order to make his hero more remarkable, made him a Moor, “Moro” being the Italian for a native of that country, or committed a mere blunder, by rendering it, as it were, Thomas the Moor, instead of Thomas Moore, matters little, the fact is the same.—*Correspondent.*

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

In the Press.

THE Works of Edmund Spenser, with a Memoir by Robert Southey, Esq.

A new literary Journal, at twopence, and illustrated with Engravings, to be called *The Literary World*; is announced by Mr. John Timbs, for eleven years the industrious and able Editor of “*The Mirror*.”

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1839.

February.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday ... 21	From 31 to 39	30.09 to 30.12
Friday ... 22	... 31 .. 40	30.79 .. 30.86
Saturday ... 23	... 46 .. 48	30.50 .. 30.67
Sunday ... 24	... 30 .. 47	29.70 .. 29.60
Monday ... 25	... 38 .. 49	29.58 .. 29.63
Tuesday ... 26	... 38 .. 46	29.68 .. 29.63
Wednesday ... 27	... 33 .. 47	29.97 .. 29.78

Winds, S.W. and W.

Generally clear, except the 21st and following day; snow and rain on the 23d; and rain on the 25d, 26th, and 27th.

Rain fallen, 7.125 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

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Longitude ... 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

“The space we have devoted in this No. to the further illustration of the new application of art both in Paris and London, and the discovery of another claimant to the origination of the process of M. Daguerre (query, the *Nipco-type*, if it is to bear the name of the inventor?), has obliged us to postpone the report of the Royal Institution and some reviewing matter.

“R. M. T.” pretty, but we are pressed for space.
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Hanwell, February 26th, 1839.

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SMITH’S WEALTH OF NATIONS.

Ludgate Street, February 25, 1839.

MR. EDWARD GIBBON WAKEFIELD having published an Advertisement, in which he states that he “has instructed his Solicitors, Messrs. Fox, Hamilton, and Fox, to commence an action against Messrs. Charles Knight and Co. the Publishers, of Ludgate Street, unless they shall immediately assent to a Proposal which has been made to them for removing the injurious and unfounded imputations cast upon him in an advertisement, signed the text with the name of ‘Messrs. Charles Knight and Co. feel it their duty to republish, and to give a more extensive circulation to, the advertisement which Mr. Wakefield has thus endeavored to suppress. It is as follows:—

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There are particular occasions on which it is necessary to trouble the Public with a statement of private transactions. The non-completion of this work, the publication of which commenced in 1834, is one of these occasions. In the April of that year, Mr. Knight agreed with Mr. Edward Gibbon Wakefield, the Author of “*England and America*,” to publish an edition of *Smith’s Wealth of Nations*, with a Commentary by Mr. Wakefield. The work was to be brought out in periodical Volumes, and to be sold cheap. Mr. Wakefield was paid in advance 200*l.* on account of the Commentary. The First Volume appeared, and was well received by the public; the Second was also duly published. The Third Volume, after some interval, was published, but Mr. Wakefield did not contribute a single note towards it. The last Volume, which contained the text with the end of the Third Volume, has been printed two years. Of the Fourth Volume, which was to consist entirely of original matter, Mr. Wakefield has furnished twenty pages only, after every mode of entreaty and remonstrance has been resorted to in vain during the course of the last three years. The Publishers feel that they cannot any longer remain silent under what appears to be a fraud upon the purchasers of the Three Volumes. They, therefore, submit this statement of facts to the Public, and beg to announce that the Volume, which completes the Text will be published on the 1st of March.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1839.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

A Tour in Sweden in 1838: comprising Observations on the Moral, Political, and Economical State of the Swedish Nation. By Samuel Laing, Esq., author of "A Journal of a Residence in Norway." 8vo. pp. 431. London, 1839. Longman and Co.

MR. LAING, whose previous work, by its solidity and sound observation, obtained a large share of public attention, and whose views will merit the consideration of all those who take an interest in affairs which most nearly concern the well-being of society, has laid us under a fresh and important obligation by the present work. It is a very valuable contribution to our right understanding of the actual condition of the Northern nations; and, by reference to them, to the application of much useful intelligence to the improvement of Great Britain, as well in essential branches of her internal policy as in her foreign relations with these countries.

"To collect (he says in his Preface) ordinary facts of common occurrence in a country, and to draw from them obvious conclusions on the state of its inhabitants, is not a work in which talent and genius are specially required, or from which much literary reputation can be gained. It is a field, however, in which the traveller, with the most ordinary intelligence and observation, may be eminently useful. In Norway and Sweden, such inquiries are peculiarly interesting at the present period, because these two nations, although the furthest removed from the agitation of the French revolution, have, by a singular chance, been affected by it more permanently, and one of them more beneficially, than any others in Europe. Norway received a new and liberal constitution, and has started with the freshness of youth,—a new nation, as it were, called suddenly into life from among the slumbering feudal populations of the North. Sweden received a new dynasty,—and slumbers on amidst ancient institutions and social arrangements of darker ages. Having attempted, in a former work, to give a sketch of the present social condition of the Norwegian people, I considered it necessary, in order to complete the view of the present moral, political, and economical state of the inhabitants of the Scandinavian peninsula, to undertake the following sketch of the Swedish."

And ably has he performed the task, as we trust our selections, however incomplete, will shew. We are compelled to confess to their incompleteness, because it would be absurd in a journal limited like ours, with so many claims upon its notice, to pretend to discuss several of the grave questions which the author sets forth, and which embraces almost every subject of national value—government, legislation, the state of morals and crime, the press, education, religion. For instance, read the following, and see if it were possible for us to do justice to such topics:—

"It is a singular and embarrassing fact, that the Swedish nation, isolated from the mass of the European people, and almost entirely agricultural or pastoral, having in about 3,000,000 of individuals only 14,925 employed in manufactories, and these not congregated in

one or two places, but scattered among 2037 factories; having no great standing army or navy; no extended commerce; no afflux of strangers; no considerable city but one; and having schools and universities in a fair proportion, and a powerful and complete church establishment undisturbed in its labours by sect or schism; is, notwithstanding, in a more demoralised state than any nation in Europe—more demoralised even than any equal portion of the dense manufacturing population of Great Britain. This is a very curious fact in moral statistics. It is so directly opposed to all received opinions and long-established theories of the superior moral condition, greater innocence, purity of manners, and exemption from vice or crime of the pastoral and agricultural state of society, compared to the commercial and manufacturing, that if it rested merely upon the traveller's own impressions, observations, or experiences, it would not be entitled to any credit."

It rests, however, on authentic returns:—
"According to the official returns published in the Swedish State Gazette, in March 1837, the number of persons prosecuted for criminal offences before all the Swedish courts in the year 1835 was 26,275, of whom 21,262 were convicted, 4915 acquitted, and 98 remained under examination. In 1836, the total population of Sweden was 2,983,144 individuals. In this year, therefore, one person of every 114 of the whole nation had been accused, and one in every 140 persons convicted, of some criminal offence. By the same official returns, it appears that in the five years from 1830 to 1834 inclusive, one person in every 49 of the inhabitants of the towns, and one in every 176 of the rural population, had, on an average, been punished each year for criminal offences. In 1836, the number of persons tried for criminal offences in all the courts of the kingdom was 36,925, of whom 22,292 were condemned, 3688 acquitted, and 945 under trial or committal. The criminal lists of this year are stated to be unusually light, yet they give a result of one person in every 112½ of the whole population accused, and one in about every 134 convicted, of criminal offence; and taking the population of the towns, and the rural population separately, one person in every 46 individuals of the former, and one in every 174 individuals of the latter, have been convicted within the year 1836 for criminal offence."

"The proportion, also, of illegitimate to legitimate births in this country leads to the same conclusion. It is as one to 2½ in Stockholm. In no other Christian community is there a state of female morals approaching to this. In Paris, the illegitimate are reckoned by Puchet to be one in five births, and in the other towns of France one in 7½. In England and Wales it is reckoned there is one illegitimate to nineteen legitimate, and in London and Middlesex one to thirty-eight legitimate births."

"Figures do not bring home to our imaginations the moral condition of a population so depraved as that of Stockholm. In such a society, the offspring of secret adultery, and the births merely saved from illegitimacy by the tardy marriage of the parents, must be nu-

merous in proportion to the general profligacy. If it were possible to deduct these from the one side of the account and add them to the other, to which morally they belong, what a singular picture of depravity on a great scale this city presents. Suppose a traveller standing in the streets of Edinburgh, and able to say, from undeniable public returns, 'one out of every three persons passing me is, on an average, the offspring of illicit intercourse; and one out of every forty-nine has been convicted within these twelve months of some criminal offence!'

"The clergy also, and the people, appear to me to view Christianity altogether in a different light from that in which we view it. It is a different species of religion here. This is a subject on which I give my impressions with reluctance, from the difficulty of explaining them. The Swedish clergy are, beyond doubt, a highly educated body of theologians. The people also are educated up to a certain point, which is, that of being able to read, and give proof of understanding the church catechism so well as to be entitled to confirmation, and to be received as communicants. Here the working of the establishment on the people seems to stop. A careful attendance upon all the ceremonials of the church; the saints' days, or prayer days, or church festival days; the high mass; the forms of baptisms, churchings, sacraments, funerals; the decorations of the church and altar, and of the priest's robes; the Easter offerings, Christmas offerings, and such observances—appear to stand in the place of all mental exertion or application, on their part, in religious matters, after they have once, if I may use the expression without offence, taken out their diploma as Christians, by the rite of confirmation, and by receiving their first communion. Religion seems to rest here."

When we mention that these extraordinary statements are mixed up with comparisons with Irish crime, &c., and rebukes of our game-laws, and other illustrative opinions, we think it will be acknowledged that our wiser course is to abstain from discussion. We will first turn to the more congenial topic of literature.

In 1830 were published "121 works on theology, 11 on philosophy, 20 on philology, 32 on education, 134 belles lettres (including 52 novels), 88 historical, 30 geographical works, 77 on political, 20 on physical, 20 on medical, 35 on economical, 25 on mathematical, 46 on juridical science, 4 on fine arts, 43 miscellaneous (not including newspapers, of which the number is reckoned 80, and 19 of which are published in Stockholm), besides 20 other periodicals, of which 15 appear in Stockholm. The price of books is extremely moderate; a volume of 400 pages generally costs about a banco dollar and a half; but the paper is very bad. There are, however, some publications which would do honour to our press; as, for instance, Nelson's 'Fauna Suecica,' with illuminated plates; the 'Scandinavian Fishes,' by Von Wright; the 'Costumes of Sweden,' by Forsell. The numbers of these works cost five banco dollars each, or about one third of what similar works from our press would cost. There is no duty on paper, and only one gratis copy taken for

libraries, viz. for the Royal Academy of Science. Of living Swedish authors, not including men of science, like Berzelius, whose celebrity is of a higher order than that of merely literary production, the only one perhaps who has an European name, and who may be placed by the side of the first writers in other languages, is the historian Geyer. His first volume gives a rapid and masterly sketch of the early history of Sweden; and with the terseness and philosophic spirit in which Tacitus might have written the history of a barbarous period and people. The second and third parts give the history of Gustavus Vasa and his successors, down to the death of Gustavus Adolphus, and the reign and resignation of his daughter Christina. The adventures, as they may be called, of the first Vasa, his exploits, his manly sincere character, his public and domestic life, his racy speeches to the peasantry in the quaint energetic mode of expression which appears to have belonged to the state of society and language in every country about the time of Queen Elizabeth, are given in a spirit truly Shaksperian. This work, although unintentionally, gives a severe shock to the reigning dynasty, for it paints, with the touch of genius, acts and exploits, sayings and doings, of great men, and striking characters of a native race of kings, in picturesque times, opens up a brilliant national history, which before was but dimly seen through obscure or flimsy foreign works, and brings it home to the breasts of the youth of the country, in a literary production of which the nation may be as proud as of the deeds it relates."

Our author is well inclined towards the previous dynasties, and defends the conduct of the deposed Gustavus IV., whilst he considers the reigning monarch as more of a military character than an able sovereign. He particularly impugns the conduct of his government towards the periodical press, for we are told:—

"A desperate war is carrying on in this country between the periodical press and government. By law and the constitution, the Swedish press is free; and every man is entitled to publish what he pleases, being responsible to law for what he publishes. But, in 1812, a temporary power of suppressing periodical publications summarily, without previous trial or accusation before a jury, as in the case of other publications, was granted to the executive by the diet. This power of immediate censorship over newspapers was applied for on the plea that the exigency of the times made it necessary to arm the executive with power to suppress seditious writings summarily, and without waiting for the previous condemnation by a jury of the publication and its author; and it was granted on the understanding that it was to be only temporary. The exigency, whatever it was, passed away, but not the power—and in a constitution so complicated, with its four chambers and absolute veto, it is impossible to carry through a bill for the abolition of this censorship in opposition to the royal will. The retention is loudly complained of as a breach of faith with the nation; and is useless as well as impolitic, for it extends practically only to annoying the daily press, and irritating the public mind, without the power of effectually stopping any obnoxious periodical paper. The ground law entitles every man who pleases to publish a newspaper; and the real editor of a popular newspaper keeps half-a-dozen fellows in pay, who are ready to give their names as editors, and stand all responsibility, for a few dollars. The suppressed paper appears within half-an-hour with a trifling alteration in

the title. The 'Aftonblad' (evening sheet) has been suppressed by government twenty-four times, and now appears under the title of the 'Twenty-fifth Aftonblad,' and may to-morrow appear under the title of the Twenty-sixth, should government suppress the paper called the 'Twenty-fifth Aftonblad.' The ground law secures too well the liberty of the press for this power of censorship to exist by the side of it; and government has the worst of it in the conflict. The want of sincerity in retaining a power granted temporarily, furnishes a theme of powerful moral effect against government, and the unnecessary exertion of the power, and frequently for passages which the jury has subsequently found innocent, keeps the public mind in a perpetual state of ferment. A knot of old nobility, a century behind the age they live in, and unable to appreciate the importance of public opinion in these times, surround the king, and advise measures more suited to the court of France before the revolution, than to the nineteenth century. His majesty himself, imperfectly educated for any civil command or business, and ignorant of the language, and consequently of the people and their concerns, is as far behind as his ministers in the knowledge required for governing with satisfaction a constitutionally regulated state. In the conflict with a periodical press conducted by men of great talent, and wielding an influence in this well-educated nation altogether overwhelming, an executive government so constituted, and exposed in every measure to its attacks, does not slumber on a bed of roses. The number of newspapers published in Sweden is reckoned to exceed eighty, of which nineteen are published in the metropolis. A great number of these are not political, but merely give the advertisements of the neighbourhood. Where there are so many public functionaries in a country, that it may be truly said they are not made for the public business, but the business for them, there is a great superfluity of writings, announcements, official forms, and publications, in all concerns, public or private. Every province and town has its local courts, in which the system of much ado about nothing gives a living to a corps of officials; and the advertisements and proclamations connected with the business of the courts, together with the ordinary notices of buyers and sellers in the district, support a newspaper in a much smaller population than with us. The stamp duty on newspapers does not exceed 1/4 of a farthing per sheet. There is no duty on advertisements; and the cost of advertising in the best newspapers in Stockholm is about 3 1/2 farthings, or two skillings banco, per line. Advertisements are consequently numerous, and the convenience of them extends to lower and smaller objects, and to lower classes of society than with us. We lose an immense advantage in our social condition, by taxing heavily the readiest means of communication between man and man in matters of purchase and sale. The paper used by the provincial press is very bad, but very cheap; and the matter is of the same character. If there is a spare column it is generally filled with a 'continuation' of some insipid French tale. The daily political newspapers of the metropolis are of a higher class. The 'Aftonblad,' the 'Dagblad,' the 'Daglige Allehande,' are the liberal daily papers. The 'Freya,' and many others, are weekly papers, or published twice or three times a-week, on the same side. The 'Stats Tidning,' or 'Gazette,' the 'Argus,' and the 'Svenske Minerva,' are the leading conservative papers, but the first only is in daily circulation. The 'Aftonblad' takes the lead of the

periodical press. Its circulation is above 4000, which, in proportion to the population of Sweden, is greater, perhaps, than the circulation of any newspaper in Europe. The price is ten dollars banco yearly, about 15s. 8d. sterling, delivered from the office six days in the week. Mr. Fijerta, the proprietor and editor, does not publish it on Sundays, although not prevented by law, I believe, from Sunday publication. The postage within the kingdom of a daily paper is one dollar eight skillings, or about two shillings sterling, yearly; but this, I understand, is not secured, as in Norway, by an act or law, but is at the discretion of the executive; and government has been so ill advised as to withdraw this exemption from postage from the 'Aftonblad.' This kind of personal conflict with the opposition press only adds to the celebrity and circulation of its productions; and where the post at the best is an affair of once a-week, and steam-boats are running in all directions once a-day, government has the mortification of adopting an unpopular measure, and of seeing it defeated and laughed at. In all the coffee-rooms, conditors' or confectioners' rooms, kallare or cellars, and such places of resort which I visited, the liberal papers, especially the 'Aftonblad,' 'Daglige Allehande,' and 'Freya,' were never wanting. These are decidedly the newspapers of the middle and lower classes. The 'Gazette,' or 'Stats-Tidning,' is the only one of conservative principles to be found in any public place. The others, on the same side of politics, may have a very considerable circulation among the higher classes; and two of them, at least, the 'Minerva' and 'Argus,' are conducted with great talent; but they have no advertisements from the people, which is a proof that they are not the papers of the people. Over all the Continent, or at least in this quarter, liberal, radical, conservative, aristocratic, are terms applied to classes of political opinions and to newspapers, as distinctly, and with the same meaning, as with us."

The subject of a free port on the island of Gothland, having occupied the House of Commons on Tuesday, we shall close our review for this week with some of Mr. Laing's observations respecting it, and which seem to throw a light upon the matters at issue.

"The distance from the main coast of Sweden to this island is fourteen leagues. * * * The island of Gothland is a great table of limestone, about 77 miles in length, by 35 in breadth, and between 80 and 150 feet above the level of the sea: it is a very remarkable piece of land. The whole mass is a formation filled with the fossil remains of the extinct mollusca. * * * The whole population of Gothland at the end of 1835, when the last official estimate of their numbers was made, was 36,408 individuals in the country, 4268 in Wisby, the only town; being in all 40,671 persons. * * * This island will some day be considered the most important political point in the north of Europe. From its geographical position, it is a padlock upon the gulfs of Finland and Bothnia, which in the hands of an effective power would lock up the Russian navy as in a pond, and secure the free navigation of the Baltic. It is not probable, that a post so important for Russia and for the other European powers will be suffered long to remain in the hands of Sweden. It was rumoured at Stockholm, when the Emperor of Russia so unexpectedly paid a visit this summer to his Swedish majesty, that some arrangements relative to this island were the secret object of conference between the crowned heads. According to one report, Sweden, as a counterpoise to the Russian force maintained in the Åland isles,

wished to establish a free port, under the guarantee of other powers, in the island of Gottland: according to others, England had peremptorily demanded its cession. It is obviously in a position which bridges the power of Russia, as without it she is not mistress of her own Baltic fleet; and it has at Slito, on the west side, and at Capelshamn on the east, harbours, with depth of water, it is said, for ships of war, or at least for steam war-vessels; and it is, therefore, the most important point undoubtedly in the north of Europe for Russia to become mistress of. It is not probable that England would desire to occupy an island which it would require ten thousand men to garrison, and a fleet to prevent her garrison being surprised. A free port at Slitohamn, or Capelshamn, would turn out a failure as a commercial enterprise, unless under circumstances of a general war; because, in the ordinary course of commerce, Baltic produce—corn, timber, hemp, flax, iron—either from great bulk, or low value, will not bear transshipments and double charges. Those reports, therefore, circulated at that time, have probably been only a preparatory feeling of the way—a sounding of the Swedish nation's sentiments—in case of a transfer of this island to Russia being proposed. Russia will lick the morsel into shape, and swallow it herself, as she swallowed Finland. The Swedish government, in fact, tempts her to do so; for, in this important outpost of the kingdom, important to all the commercial powers of Europe as well as to Sweden; from which, in the event of any demonstration against the country from the Åland isles, a similar demonstration to counteract it might be made against Poland, or any weak point of the Russian empire. * * * The Gottlanders, besides, consider and talk of Sweden as foreigners. The communications and ties between the lower classes are too restricted by the privileged system of trade to amalgamate these remote provinces with the main body of the nation, by common interests and feelings."

Trials of the Heart. By Mrs. Bray, author of "De Foix," "The Whitehoods," &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1839. Longman and Co. In our notice of "Trelawny of Trelawne," we took occasion pretty fully to express our opinion of Mrs. Bray's talents as a writer; we have now but to add, that we have always thought her most effective in those delineations which appeal to the heart. Her antiquarian and historical knowledge is considerable; but she throws such topics into the background when she touches on the conflicts of human passion and the accidents of life,—those "thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to." Nor have we found her less successful in painting those scenes which the face of nature displays; where all is touched with the truth and vigour of a master hand: and, as some utility of purpose should be included in works of the most imaginative description, it may be further observed, that a sound system of morality and Christian principles is every where interwoven with Mrs. Bray's fictions.

In the opening tale of these volumes, Mrs. Bray demonstrates the absurdity of entertaining *superstitious* notions, which too often realise, by their own baleful impulses, the forebodings they have conjured up. Of such a weakness as this Charles Edwards was the self-devoted victim: and his determination, under the impulse of a preconceived destiny, to cross Sebrina's angry flood, presents us with the following catastrophe, under the head of "Prediction:"—

" 'I shall perish,' he replied firmly; 'it is fated:' and, saying this, he let go my hand, leaped into the boat, and, in another minute, that slight and fragile thing was cleaving her way over the angry and agitated waters. The moon was up, but not now did she float through the azure sky in that serene majesty,

'When out of sight the clouds are driven,
And she is left alone in heaven;
Or, like a ship, some gentle day
In sunshine, sailing far away—
A glittering ship, that hath the plain
Of Ocean for her own domain.

No; the moon seemed only to look forth through the dim, heavy, sulphurous clouds that floated near her, round her, athwart her, to send an occasional gleam that made but too distinct the roaring Severn, covered and quivering with foam, as every wild wave came rushing in, as if chased by the Furies, who, on this night, had lent their unmitigable rage to the winds, the waves, and the tides in that forlorn hour, for the ruin of that forlorn bark. Heavy clouds were in the distance; they seemed to fall, to rest upon the hills, and to look on the dreary waters, whilst they bore along their prey as mourners, who, in fixed silence and in gloom, watch the progress of some stern decree of fate, whose end is death. Suddenly the air became more dense, and a distant peal of thunder rolled away among the mountains of Wales, as one brief bright flash shot from east to west, and gave once more to my sight the little bark, distinct in its outline, and surrounded by the disturbed, the all-devouring waves. How shall I speak the sickening of my soul; the sense of horror that thrilled through every vein, when I beheld that bark, so frail, so small, so ill-governed by the hand of a boy, reeling in the midst of the eddies, and driving on towards the sunken rocks; the boat, too, overbalanced by an outspread and straining sail! 'Great God! be merciful,' I exclaimed, 'or he is lost!' A dreadful conviction of impending evil seized on my mind; my head grew dizzy, my trembling limbs almost refused me their support, and my eyes closed, as if to shut out the fearful spectacle that in another moment would meet their agonised gaze. I could not, dared not, look up; I could only fervently and mentally ejaculate a few broken sentences, imploring the mercy of Him who can calm the raging of the tempestuous waters, or the storm of human passions, by his will, by his word! How deeply, how fervently, did I offer up that agitated petition—that Heaven would spare! But the winds were pitiless,—the waves were wild,—they did their work; for God, whose will is higher than that of man, inscrutable as the mysteries of his creation; He was deaf to the cry of nature, to the voice of prayer, in that awful, that fatal hour. 'Lost, lost; struck on the rocks,—down,—sunk—Good God! the poor boy's mother!' These were cries which, in hurried and strange accents of affright, met my ear on every side, as I stood watching on the shore. Such cries, indeed, first announced to me that all was over, that all earthly hopes of aid were alike vain. The boat, my unhappy friend, and the presumptuous boy who had undertaken its guidance in such peril, had found one and the same grave."

The tale of the heroic orphans of La Vendée is beautifully told, Mrs. Bray seems at once to have gleaned the materials and scenery of this pathetic relation during her "Tour in Brittany and other parts of France" with the late lamented Charles Stothard. The sanguinary and determined contest between the loyal Vendéans and the infuriated worshippers

of the Tree of Liberty and the Goddess of Reason, was yet fresh in the recollection of the province. Thus great interest attaches to the progress of this Vendean tale, from the historical and matter-of-fact circumstances on which it is founded, detailed with much power and dramatic effect. The gallant loyalist orphan, Pierre Lobin, is made prisoner by the republican forces, and condemned to be shot by their general, Varras. The following is the picture of the youthful patriot's death:—

His sister, "Jeanne, wept, knelt, humbled herself at the feet of this fierce demagogue; but all in vain. He told her that her brother's crime amounted to more than incivism; he had been in open arms in the support of the tyrant Louis Capet whilst he lived, and of his family since his death. These were offences against fraternity, the nation, and liberty. Pierre Lobin must die for such crimes, but that he (Varras) was very sorry for it. 'Do you really sorrow for it?' said Jeanne; 'then shew him mercy; save his life, and sorrow will never visit your own heart for that act, for it will be a good one.' Varras turned to speak to an officer in attendance; Jeanne heard the words—'Bid the men prepare in the courtyard.' 'No!' shecried, 'You must not,—you must not,—you dare not, give the order for his death.' The drums again rolled. 'Oh, stop that dreadful sound!' said Jeanne. 'It is no other to my ear than the call to the last judgment—the last judgment, Varras; do you believe it will come? Believe it or not, yet it will come, and where will you then stand? Where shall I stand? Even as I do now before you, boldly; and at the foot of God's throne I will call upon you to account for this day's deed. I will appeal to saints and angels to bear me witness that I asked a brother's life, and you denied it to me. You may need some comfort then; some record that may cause the book of blood, which you have helped to fill, to be closed; and in its stead, to open for you the book of mercy. Blood, Varras, blood!—it is a fearful thing; its cries reach from earth to heaven.'

" 'Save him, and if blood must be spilt to satisfy you, kill me, and I will die and thank you!' 'You are frantic. Take away this woman; nor longer let her interrupt my order.' 'Speak it,' cried Jeanne, 'speak it; is it for life or death?' 'For death,' said Varras. 'Lead out the prisoner.' The wretched Jeanne, on hearing this, clasped her hands together and raised them above her head. There was something fearful and wild in the expression of her whole countenance—something convulsive in every movement of her agitated frame. There was a terrific look also in her eye, as she shot its glance of hatred and abhorrence on Varras. It was a glance that would have withered, could looks do the deeds they speak. Her whole person, countenance, and air, might have suited a Cassandra, when, in the frenzy of a prophet's mood, she comes to bid the Trojans cry aloud for the curse that is about to fall on their devoted heads. 'Cruel, blood-thirsty tyrant,' she exclaimed, 'dare you thus out him off? But think not God's justice will rest till he has found you out. Blood shall have blood; the dogs and the carrion birds that prey on the carcass of the slain and make it their feast, shall, ere another month be passed, prey on your heart; and the curse of the wretched, such a wretched being as you have this day made me, shall sound in your ears worse than the wolf's howl in the forest of our Bocage, and bid you die and go down in despair to where that bad spirit waits for you—that spirit who now prompts you to this murder. Yes, murder,—for it is a murder! Oh! would

that the thunder of Heaven, at this moment, might be launched against you. I would call it down with my curse, and stand and see it fall rejoicing, though I myself were also doomed to share the ruin of its fatal bolt ! Varras, God will curse you, if my brother dies.' Varras shewed a strong expression of displeasure at her bitter reproaches. La Forêt endeavoured to soften his anger by whispering to him 'that he must allow for the grief which had unsettled her mind.' 'I believe she is mad,' said Varras, she talks like one frantic. 'But the execution must go forward. Come, La Forêt, we will leave the rest to the lieutenant. We will see that no harm comes to your Jeanne: she will be herself by and by, when this fit of passion is over; she looks well in it. Bid the fifes play; it will drown this vociferation.' But Jeanne was no longer in a state to need this cruel insult to her feelings, by drowning her bitter expressions of despair. She gave up all her thoughts to her dying brother, and with an energy, a resolution that could proceed alone from that love which she bore towards him, and which in death was 'strong as death,' she composed herself as much as she could for his sake, and, at his entreaty, did for him the last offices that he now required at her hands. He bade her untie a blue riband that was under his vest. She did so. He took it from his bosom, and tied the riband round her neck. 'Jeanne,' he said, 'it is the consecrated heart. It was your gift before we parted, when I went forth with our chiefs to the war; it has never since left my bosom; it has been close to that heart which loved nothing so much in life, regretted nothing so much in death, as my dear sister. Adieu, my sweet Jeanne.'

"La Forêt took a brief but feeling farewell of the unfortunate Pierre. Varras bowed to him in silence. He commanded wine to be offered to the prisoner. Pierre declined the cup; but, to the astonishment of all present, Jeanne eagerly snatched at it. She held it up more steadily than could have been expected, considering her previous high state of excitement, and the indignation she had expressed in the frantic curses she had poured out on the revolutionist. She looked for a moment at the cup: and a smile, expressive of bitterness, of a feeling that rejoices over anticipated evil, curled her haughty lip, as she fixed a stern and dark eye on Varras, and said, 'Varras, I drink this to our next meeting; for, trust me, we shall meet again ere long.' She drank a deep draught, put down the cup, and, turning to her brother, said, 'That has refreshed my heart; now I can go through all that is to come.' From that moment a change came over her whole appearance and demeanour. She looked still white as a corpse. A slight convulsive movement passed over her features as she saw the prisoner led forth to death; but she followed in profound silence. The drums come more beat; the fifes played the Marseillais hymn, that favourite air of the revolutionists; and the fusileers took their station. There was a coffin ready to receive the body immediately after death. 'Go no further, Jeanne,' said Pierre; 'your presence only distresses me; I would die as a man.' 'And I will see you die as a man,' replied Jeanne, firmly, 'for, Pierre, I will avenge you as a man !' 'What do you mean, my sister?' 'No matter,' she answered; 'I have no weakness now; I only wish that the fusileers would aim first at me. I would forward and die willingly.—Oh! Pierre, this is too much;' her eye caught a sight of the coffin. [He is shot.] * * * She insisted on seeing the body of her brother. She

was not denied that request; yet her behaviour was not at all such as had been anticipated. She shewed no expressions of violent grief, no want of submission or of firmness; all her frantic energy, her wild unsettled feelings, seemed to have ceased with the extinction of her hopes. She kissed the corpse affectionately, and with her own hands covered the head with the facecloth, begging it might not again be raised. Pierre was buried on that day, and buried in the clothes in which he had fallen. The priest who had not been found to attend him whilst alive, was at last discovered; and, on the assurance of La Forêt being pledged for his safety, performed the service for the dead. Jeanne attended in profound silence, with an air of devotion, of deep settled grief, that was more alarming, though less afflicting for the time, than violent sorrow. She was quiet, calm, and resolute."

And Jeanne's resolution was steeled and maddened to that line of action, which the great Lord Bacon has termed "a kind of wild justice." The following is a *Sister's Revenge*:—

"On the evening of the battle near Doué, when the revolutionists were strongly intrenched, Monsieur de Lescure, then general of the Vendean army, was surprised at the approach of a soldier of a very youthful appearance, demanding to speak with him in private. The soldier appeared in great distress, without shoes, and very poorly clad. He had on the brigand costume, a red handkerchief round the head, the neck, and the waist. Lescure's attention being arrested by the air, the extreme poverty, and the youth of the soldier, he questioned him closely. The soldier burst into tears and said, 'General, I am not what I seem to be;—I am a woman. Madame de Lescure knows me. I saw her once, before I wore this dress: and once since I have assumed it. She also knows that my character is good; she has seen the certificate of my curé. Do not ask me questions, I entreat you; but grant what I ask of you, for I am resolute. To-morrow there is to be a battle; let me have but a pair of shoes, and I am sure I shall fight so that you will not repent my being near you in the action. And I shall be there whether you let me go or not.' Lescure was astonished; he endeavoured to dissuade her from her purpose; but finding all remonstrance vain, he gave her what she needed, and more than she asked; and ordered that she might have the use of a horse, as she told him she could ride as well as any in the army. On the morrow she appeared, and mounted, as one of the cavalry for the action. She purposely fought under the eye of Lescure, and, once or twice, called out to him during the battle.—'General, you must not pass me; I shall always be nearer to the enemy than you are.' She received a wound in the hand, but her courage and determination seemed but to rise the more for this accident. She was advised to retire from the field, but she answered calmly—'This is a trifle; I have not done yet.' It was allowed by all present who on that day observed her, that none fought better than she did; yet, at one period of the action, she was remarked to reserve herself. Her eye watched; she was looking out for some one amongst the enemy. The regiment of Varras now prepared to pour down on the Vendéans. No sooner did she perceive this, than, animating the men with the most enthusiastic expressions, she called out to them by a name which that very body of peasantry afterwards retained throughout the war. 'Follow me, men of La Vendée. Follow; and be, like me, avengers.' She rushed on with an impetuosity that was her

best security at the moment; as, by the rapidity and vehemence with which she made her way through all opposition, she escaped immediate destruction. She rode up to Varras, who was charging at the head of his troop; and, ere a republican could touch her, she snatched a pistol from her side and exclaiming—'Now, Varras, we have met,' shot him dead on the spot. This done, she threw away her pistol, rushed furiously into the thickest part of the battle (where her red handkerchiefs made her a mark), and almost immediately perished. The body was found after the action. By the care of Lescure it was decently interred. On searching the clothes, the certificate of the curé was found; and a consecrated heart, worn next to her bosom, was twisted round with a lock of hair. Probably the hair was her brother's. By the certificate it was ascertained that she was the unfortunate Jeanne Lobin."

A Wreath of Wild Flowers from New England.

By Frances Sargent Osgood. 12mo. pp. 364. London, 1839. Churton.

WE have long been familiar with the name of our fair author, and felt assured that, whenever she launched forth her beautiful thoughts in the shape of a volume, we should find much to amuse the mind and amend the heart. Our expectations have been fulfilled; and we have here a delightful gathering of the sweetest of wild flowers, all looking as fresh and beautiful as if they had grown in the richest of English pastures, in place of having been

"Nursed by the cataract."

True, the wreath might have been improved with a little more care; a trifling attention or two paid to the formation of it; a stalk here and there that obtrudes itself between the bells of the flowers, might have become so interwoven as to have been concealed; and the whole have looked as if it had grown in that perfect and beautiful form. Though, after all, we are, perhaps, too chary; for in nature every leaf is not ironed out to a form, nor propped up with a wiry precision; but blown and ruffled by the refreshing breezes, and looking as easy, and careless, and unaffected, as a child that bounds along with its silken locks tossed to and fro just as the wind uplifts them. Page after page of this volume have we perused with a feeling of pleasure and admiration.

Here is an extract, an image of melancholy beauty, from "The Withered Flower and Broken Heart":—

"The maiden by her mirror stands,
Before her clasped her languid hands!
Her robe is loose—her feet are bare—
Her head is bent in mute despair,
And wildly droops her lovely hair;
Her gleaming girdle thrown aside,
Resplendent still in jewell'd pride,
How mocks its diamond's radiant smile,
The tears in those blue eyes the while!
A withered rose is at her feet;
Wet with those tears, it still is sweet.
Ah! not the only flower whose light
Is lost in sorrow's shower to-night!
A rose was on that eloquent face
When last I marked its glowing grace;
Her happy heart's warm crimson tide
Its soft and changing bloom supplied:
The heart is chilled! the cheek is pale!
Sweet flowers must die when fountains fail.
And what has wrought this wretched change?
Alas! 'tis nothing new or strange!
Her smile within the festive hall
Was saved for one who smiled on all.
Ah! reckless tone and wandering look,
A maiden's spirit ill may brook.
Yet this has Marion met to-night,
With clouded heart and look all light.
Not one throughout the wearying dance
Wore wilder joy of word and glance:
No lighter form, no sunnier eye,
No freer footstep floated by.
And now 'tis o'er, the hated task,
And idle now the mirthful mask;

Quick sobs of anger, grief, and shame,
Like storm-struck blossom, bow her frame;
The azure fire that filled her eyes
Is quenched in tears that blinding rise;
And quivering lip, and pallid cheek,
The young heart's tale of suffering speak.
Ah! beating heart! and blooming flower!
Your fate is one: one glorious hour.
Ye breathe your wealth of sweetness forth
For those who feel not half your worth;
The next—'neath cold and reckless eye—
The full heart breaks!—the blossom dies!"

Another extract, and we must conclude, leaving this Wreath to its fate, at a season when no "sweet south" blows gently upon its leaves. Sorry we are to say it, but how many a fair page of poetry is in this day cast aside almost unregarded!

"Oh! breathe on it softly; it dies in an hour,"

is the sad, and we fear but too true motto, which our fair author has prefixed to her title-page; and yet there are many poems in this volume that would do credit to any collection: witness the following on a subject with which only a truly poetical mind could grapple, "On seeing Celeste in 'The Wept of Wish-ton-Wish.'"

"I too, last evening, joined the throng,
I too beheld in rapture's trance,
Like some wild vision waked by song,
The graceful 'spirit of the dance.'"

In guise of Indian girl she walked,
The forest-fawn less light of foot;
And while each look, each motion talked,
Her step—her voice—alike were mute!

Torn from her home—a trembling child,
Of sense and speech bereft by fear:
She comes—a wanderer from the wild,—
Nor knows that long-lost home is near.

Her sister strives, by many an art,
To bring back memory's power—in vain!
She clasps her red-boy to her heart,—
She's pining for the woods again!

"See, love, the chain you used to wear,"
That out-stretched hand! that look of joy!
Alas! no memory wakens there,—
To her 'tis but a pleasing toy!

But, hark! a soft and soothing strain!
The song her mother used to sing!—
'Tis o'er!—she strives for it again,
As if her spirit would take wing.

Again it comes!—the tinkles fall,—
She rises with the music's swell!
Struggles for utterance—breaks the thrall!—
'Mother!' she sighed, and lifeless fell!

And now, her warrior-love is low;
Her gun is seized—raised—aimed—oh heaven!
They lift her child before the foe!
She shrieks—as if her heart were riven!

"Conanct dies!"—dark Uncas said;
Her arms around his neck she threw,
And moan'd, while mournful droop'd her head,
'Then Narramattah will die too!'

In the next scene her chief is slain,—
And she, o'erwhelmed with wo unspoken,
Creeps to him—takes his hand—and then
Dies silently,—her heart is broken!

She dies! the Indian girl!—but, oh!
When the dark curtain rose again,
Celeste! how radiant was the glow
Of life, o'er all thy features then!

She comes! 'the spirit of the dance!'
And but for those large, eloquent eyes,
Where passion speaks in every glance,
She'd seem a wanderer from the skies!

So light—that gazing breathless there,
Lest the celestial dream should go,
You'd think the music in the air
Waved the fair vision to and fro!

Or that the melody's sweet flow
Within the radiant creature played!
And those soft writhing arms of snow,
And white sylph feet the music made.

Now gliding slow with dreamy grace,
Her eyes beneath their lashes lost,
Now motionless, with lifted face,
And small hands on her bosom crossed.

And now—with flashing eye she springs,
Her whole bright figure raised in air!
As if her soul had spread its wings,
And poised her one wild instant there!

She spoke not—but so richly fraught
With language are her glance and smile;
That when the curtain fell, I thought
She had been talking all the while!

Yet, though so lost in rapture's trance,
Too oft beyond my reason's will,
That I forgot myself, perchance,—
Thou, dearest, wert remembered still.

In every scene of tenderness,
At every proof of noble pride,
Through all the heroine's wild distress,
I wished that thou wert by my side.

Yes! I too sometimes join the throng,
I smile—when smiling eyes I see;
I watch the dance—I list the song,
But every where I think of thee!"

Home Service; or, Scenes and Characters from Life, at Out and Head Quarters. By Benson Earle Hill, author of "Recollections of an Artillery Officer." 2 vols. London, 1839. Colburn.

WITH regard to the *Home Service*, which furnishes the leading title to these volumes, we cannot say that they disclose much of severe military duty to warrant it; but when we look at the quantity of anecdotes, stories of amateur acting, and other gossip and light reading which they unfold, we are bound to acknowledge that, between the Mess and the Green Room, they are stuffed with the same sort of agreeable material which gave popular currency to the author's preceding publication. The little dashes of egotism are part and portion of the writer, whether considered as a gay young officer or an actor; and the descriptions of other persons with whom he was in familiar intercourse, are such as need no apology (though a sort of excuse is offered, vol. 2, pp. 311, 12), on the score of being inconsistent with the retention due to society and gentlemanly feelings. "To avoid personality (says Mr. Hill), in a work like this, was as impossible as to eschew egotism; I have, however, taken no liberties which their themes cannot afford to pardon. In many cases I might, with justice, have been less civil; but, so averse am I to indulging vindictive sentiments, that some once agreeable intimates, to whom I could now scarcely refer with temper, I have forborne from mentioning at all. 'Tis said the injured may forgive, the injurer rarely can; I know not this, but am aware that I have had chances for making enemies for more than the last two years, 'which were not so before.' One has been the office of acting as mouth-piece to editorial decisions, some of which may have mortified the vanity of certain literary aspirants; yet, if prompt courtesy can soften unwelcome truth, I believe it will be allowed that I have honestly done my best to conciliate all parties." This, we believe, alludes to Mr. Hill, as sub-editor of "The New Monthly Magazine;" which has certainly done very little to create offence by its strictures.

The work itself is a perfect *mélange*, in which all kinds of matters are stuck close and continually together, apparently as they occurred or were heard, and without any other connexion whatever. The second volume contains many entertaining and characteristic anecdotes of Mathews, and some of Yates, Betty, and other well-known individuals in the London circles; but two or three samples will tell readers what they have to expect from the whole. The story of the chambermaid at Canterbury (p. 69) being rather *forte*, we go to a philosophical lecturer, who took a little country theatre "to display his Eidoranton, or transparent orrery; and pleasantly edifying it was for young folks, sitting together, in the dark, to see how the world wagged, and have all the circulations of Venus set to music before their eyes, by the Celestina, a very dreamy, spherelike contrivance. The lecturer shewed us a twelve-foot high miniature of the moon, calling the inequalities on its surface seas and mountains; but, though a disciple

of one Walker, he knew nothing of his lexicographic namesake, for thus did he continue:—
'Having proved that this beautiful planet has water, what becomes of the hypothesis that she has no hair? water comes through hair. There could be no Jews without hair; and if some of these dark spots are forests, she must have hair; hair is necessary for all fruits, and vegetation is necessary for the hair. Because, then, we cannot see it, nor ascertain the quality of her atmosphere, dare we conclude that, while we are plentifully blest with hair, she has been deprived of it? If she be occupied by feeling beings, she surely has hair; for how could they subsist, if that chief blessing of life had been cut off, or torn from them? there can be no animals with no hair; no birds without hair to float in; we know that many insects and reptiles live upon nothing but hair, nay, even the fishy tribe must have hair. Hergo, if the useful, the universally admired object in question has but one mount, one sea, one forest, 'tis hard but she should be allowed one inhabitant; and, as he could only breathe through hair, 'tis evident that hair she must decidedly have, as abundantly as ourselves!'"

A longish tale of a secretary of state and custom-house officer (closing at p. 196), is neither very probable in all its details, nor pointed at its conclusion; but some notes upon a gentleman, well known in literary and theatrical circles, and to whom the work is dedicated, will be found very entertaining. "Tohim (Col. Wyldes, says the author) I owe the introduction to Mr. George Raymond, with whom an intimacy has existed up to the present day, and of whom I shall have frequent occasion to speak. He was, when first we met, an admirable specimen of the ranger order; the attainments recently gained at the university mixed up with the rake-helly air of the templar; he was considered, by the ladies, a *beau garçon*, and many a fair damsel, at the Blackheath balls, set her cap at, and her affections on, my agreeable acquaintance.

"Early in the month I dined with Major R—, for the express purpose of meeting his son-in-law, George W—, of whom I have made frequent mention in my first volumes. The reader may recollect that he is there described as a wild young man, who thinks of little else than the gratification of his own passions, regardless of the miseries he may entail upon himself or the objects of his pursuit. I had heard that George — was reformed, and, as I knew he was married, I rejoiced to learn that so desirable a change had taken place, but I was not prepared for the extent of his reformation. With a rational, unostentatious aspect of steady piety and moral conduct, the rake-helly George — was not satisfied; no—he, like Mawworm, was 'pretty sure he had had a call,' and determined to give outward and visible signs of this inward and spiritual grace. His hair was combed straight over his forehead, his face had become pale,—not from fasting or prayer, but the effects of his early debaucheries; he affected a plainness of attire, and from his breast-pocket peeped a brazen-clasped bible. He received me with great coolness, and was not a bit more cordial with my friends, Raymond and Yates. He would not hazard his precious soul by sitting at the same board with his father-in-law and the profane guests invited, but was found seated bolt upright, with a volume of Calvinistic lore in his hand, when we joined the ladies at coffee. Quadrilles were got up, at which W— looked scandalized; but one young lady appealed to Raymond for a waltz, saying,—"Pray let us waltz, let us,

pray!" "Let us pray!" echoed my George, falling on his knees. He again blistered his ungenial namesake that night; Mrs. W—— passing from one room to another, let her shawl drop from her shoulders: my friend offered to arrange it—the lady, 'not caring to have a man so near her'—declined, when, with clasped hands and elevated eyes, he drawled,—"Thy service is perfect freedom." He would not, I am sure, have been so 'tender and profane too o' my conscience,' had he believed in the efficacy of either W——'s faith or works."

The heads of the chapters are, perhaps, too facetious; for they excite much expectation. Altogether, however, we trust Mr. Hill's *ana* will please the palates of readers who look for amusing variety at a leisure hour.

Peru as it is: a Residence in Lima and other Parts of the Peruvian Republic. By Archibald Smith, M.D. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1839. Bentley.

THE growing interest excited by our monied and mercantile connexions with South America, strongly attracts attention to any work professing to give a clear idea of any one of the countries forming a portion of that continent. Peru is undoubtedly equal, in the senses we have referred to, and in a literary and philosophic sense superior in interest to the remainder, inasmuch as it involves recollections of an anterior state of refinement and cultivation under its Incas, far exceeding the rest. The unbounded wealth, too, of a nation whose real treasures at least equalled the wildest dreams of Oriental imagination, have thrown a charm over our minds in the consideration of the question; and if another source of interest can be wanting, it is found in the relics of antiquity discoverable throughout those regions, and which seem so strangely to connect its original state with the languages, customs, arts, arms, and history, of the earlier nations of our Eastern hemisphere.

The contrast between the past and present civilisation of Peru is not, however, greater than that offered at this day by its geographical and statistical relations. The vast chain of mountains that traverse its extent, appear to form a marked and almost insuperable limit to the extremes of sterility and fertilisation. The western coast to the sea presenting only a barren slope, crossed by rivers of uncertain volume, while the country to the east stretches away in luxuriance unrivalled by any other part of the globe, lavishing spontaneously the richest products of the vegetable world, and the most desirable objects of mercantile speculation, upon a soil almost untrodden by the foot of man, and watered by countless rivers of immeasurable flood.

Such a subject, we should have imagined, would warm the heart and fancy of a writer, and we took up the work before us in full confidence that some material addition would be made to our knowledge of the country, its inhabitants, its natural and historical treasures, by Dr. Smith. We grieve to record a certain degree of disappointment for those expectations. Notwithstanding ten years of residence in the land, our author's accounts, and in the first volume especially, are so generally superficial when they are not purely medical, that we can add little to the previous information acquired from Basil Hall and other English writers, to say nothing of Pöppig's narrative; and, as critics, we are bound to state further, that this little is so overlaid by a style easy, indeed, and not inelegant, but so utterly removed from simplicity, and so full of allusion and intimation, rather

than plain statements, that a previous acquaintance with the subjects referred to is often necessary to understand the Doctor's narrative.

The natives of Lima are singularly delicate according to Dr. Smith:—

"As evidence of the evil results arising from the vain endeavour to avoid the impression of the common physical causes to which, through life, every one must be occasionally exposed, we would particularly notice the peculiar delicacy of the delicately reared Limenian. When somewhat weakened by bad health, or a slight indisposition which confines him to his apartments for a few days, should he happen to shave and wash the face with cold water, he is thereby put in danger of being visited by a spasmodic affection of one side of the mouth, or affected, as is more likely to take place, with a cold in the head; so that the inflammation thus induced in the nostrils and fauces may soon be observed to extend itself along the continuous mucous membrane, and through the windpipe into the cavity of the chest; and there it is hard to foretell what ravages it may commit. We need not, therefore, be surprised to hear the often reiterated query of the convalescent in the words, 'No me hara daño lavar y afeitarme?—Will it not do me harm to shave and wash?' Nor should we indulge in a smile at his expense, as we see him gradually venture on the first degrees of ablution, by rubbing over the hands and face with a cloth dipped in tepid water sharpened with aguardiente, or the common spirits of the country."

The love of consultations makes Lima the paradise of physicians.

"A medical junta in Lima is commonly continued morning and evening, and from day to day, till the patient is pronounced to be out of danger. As the junta breaks up after each separate meeting, it is customary for the president of the meeting, or one of the physicians, to say, as he leaves his seat, 'Vámonos a consolar al enfermo.—Let us go to console the patient;' and then all the doctors present re-enter the patient's apartment to soothe and to console him; and, after this, one of the number steps forward to lay down the regimen—'a dar el regimen'—agreed upon in consultation, and which one or more nurses and attendants are now ready to receive from the mouth of the physician. After the formality of a junta is thought no longer necessary, it often happens that, by wish of the patient or his relatives, two or more of the medical advisers return at separate hours, but by mutual agreement, for several days, by way of further security to the sick, or as a source of satisfaction to his family.

"A sample, on a little scale, of such fashionable follies, is familiar to the Limenian in the well-known local story of the two doctors, who, for a month or more, daily met in consultation at the house of a family in town, where, as they retired to the supposed privacy of a consulting-room, the one would clear his throat, and ask the other, 'Come el enfermo hoy?—May the patient eat to-day?' To which the second doctor would reply, 'Como no? si, comera.—Why not? yes, he shall eat.' Thus, day after day, began and ended the consultation, as far at least as its topics of discussion concerned the patient; while the good old doctors spun out a regular allowance of time before they rejoined the patient, or his attendants, severely to announce the well-matured result of their conference. A man of *nous*, accustomed to listen behind the scenes, at length broke in upon their consultation; and dismissed them one day by paying to each his usual fee, and telling them both how happy he was to find that he now knew as

much as themselves, for that he could repeat as well as any body, 'Come el enfermo hoy?—Como no? si, comera.'"

It seems that these consultations are far better paid than single visits; as in the former, each member of the junta is entitled to four or four and a half dollars, while single visits are valued at but a single dollar.

The connexion of the physical and moral constitution of the Limenian may be thus traced:—

"The ladies, or females of Spanish blood in Lima, usually become mothers at too tender an age, and we think it is chiefly on this account that they are commonly found to be incapable of nursing with impunity; and, if they persist in attempts at nursing beyond what their constitution can bear, they are peremptorily warned to desist by the presence of symptoms that menace a decline or consumption. Hence most ladies in Lima are under the necessity of employing black and brown nurses, who are usually slaves either purchased for milk-nurses or hired out for this purpose. The skin of the negro appears to be cooler than that of the Indian or white race, and this may possibly have been the origin of the prevailing idea already alluded to, that the milk of the negress is more cooling and refreshing than that of the Indian woman,* who, though in other respects a healthy and proper person, is never considered eligible as a milk-nurse, when in this character a negress can be procured. It unfortunately happens, however, that the predilection thus shewn for negresses and those dark women who are nearest allied to the negro race, frequently exposes the white mother's child to a series of evils, such as imperfect nutrition, contamination of blood, and permanent constitutional injury, all originating in the peculiar circumstances and individual character of milk-nurses; of whom a single child may have been so unfortunate as to have had as many as half-a-dozen, and to have suffered successively from the blemishes of each: When the young don, thus nurtured in the very lap of bondage, comes to be fit for school, he goes to, and comes from it, in the company of a slave; and the young Miss, or Niña, who goes out to be educated, is, on her way to and from her parents' house, attended by a sort of *duña*, or experienced *zamba*. On the customary plea, that the evils of life come early enough, children of gentle blood, especially such as are 'rubios,' or fair-complexioned, are allowed all manner of *gusto*, or indulgence; and in the morning, before they set out for school, they usually receive a real or medio,—sixpence or threepence,—either as pocket-money, or as a bribe to be obedient and to submit to be taught. In this way expensive habits are early acquired, and mere children made to do what is right and proper from pecuniary motives, rather than a laudable sense of duty. Reviewing the effects of a close social union, from infancy upwards, between white children and their slave companions, who are seldom endowed with shame or modesty, we are led to remark that, without desiring to make any insinuations against the natural capacity for moral and intellectual improvement observable among all the races of mankind, or wishing in any degree to depreciate the merit of individuals of pure or mixed African and slave descent, we think it may be truly affirmed, that even minds of a naturally amiable and delicate bias, when led habitually to accommodate

* "This idea is not founded on experience; for that the Indian women are really good nurses is proved by the fact, that the offspring of European fathers and Indian mothers—viz. the *Mestizo* race,—are very robust."

themselves to the grovelling feelings and propensities of the more degraded portion of our kind, undergo deterioration by degrees, and slide into a participation of the qualities of a baser nature, with which they inevitably amalgamate their own. The proper medium of domestic intimacy allowable between masters and slaves, may be a nice matter to determine with precision; but it may be said in general, that in proportion as this immediate intercourse may meliorate the condition, and quicken the intelligence, of the slave, it tends to lower the tone of morality in that society where slavery is tolerated."

Dr. Smith considers it owing to this that the "sheer ruffian" seldom, until lately, existed in the capital.

"Assassinations, it must be owned, have been rather frequent of late years, and these have been almost always perpetrated with impunity; but there is reason to believe that the agents concerned in such atrocious crimes were in many instances not sons of the soil, but outcasts and fugitives from neighbouring states. Money, not blood, is what the worst of the dark native vagabonds of the coast are generally in quest of; and he who does not offer resistance when accosted by the robber, but, instead of armour, carries a few dollars or a couple of doubloons for his ransom, may nine times in ten be suffered to escape with entire personal safety from the midst of the most lawless marauders and dreaded highwaymen, who are usually no other than renegade slaves."

This fact is the more curious, as, what the Doctor seems ignorant of, the fact is, that in proportion as murders and assassinations diminished in Spain itself, they flourished in another of her colonies, Mexico, where, even till recently, bravos performed their atrocious tasks for hire in the public streets and in open day.

[To be continued.]

Ellis's Madagascar.

[Second and concluding notice.]

In our last, as far as large type and marked admiration went, we pointed attention to the anomalous and monstrous talk about "religious wars," and it is with much regret that we need so disheartening an account as Mr. Ellis' gives of the results of the missionary labours in Madagascar. We feel here, as every where else, that the most pious Christian labours, unless accompanied by great discretion and a comprehensive view of circumstances, are not only likely to be defeated, but to lead to evils instead of blessings, and cause much misery to the countries where they are unwisely introduced. After speaking of the efforts to abolish the slave-trade, the author tells us:—

"Beyond these, and other points of deep and lasting interest, these volumes supply a faithful record of the means employed for introducing among five millions of our species, a written language, a knowledge of the use of letters, of some of the useful arts of civilised life, and an acquaintance with the sacred truths of divine revelation. The measure of visible success, which for a time attended these efforts, and the melancholy reverses they have recently experienced, with the fierce and destructive persecution which has lately burst forth, and raged with such fearful violence in Madagascar, have excited deep and general interest throughout our country. An account of this persecution—which continues to rage against the native Christians, from whose numbers, there is reason to fear, additions are still made to the noble army of martyrs who have sealed their testimony with their blood—will be found in these

volumes, recorded with greater explicitness than in the statements hitherto made public."

Thus we find the religion of peace and benevolence become the scourge of a people, the source and mother of bloodshed and massacre. And the exposition lets us into some of the details of these horrors.

"The vindictive persecution of the Christians was only one of the calamities which the enormous and iniquitous conduct of the government brought upon the Malagasy. The practice of infanticide was revived. Their efforts to extinguish the light of Christian truth were accompanied by great activity and zeal in reviving and promoting idolatry. Fresh idols were continually brought to the capital; new altars were erected in several places; altars, tombs, and other objects of superstitious veneration, that had been lying in ruins, were repaired; new ceremonies were appointed, and offerings more frequently presented. In all these attempts to restore the influence of idolatry, the queen seemed to take the lead; being, at times, occupied for several days together in the observance of idolatrous ceremonies, and inaccessible to any excepting those who were engaged in the service of the idols. Of this, few would, perhaps, have felt much disposition to complain, had it not been accompanied by increasing oppression from the government, and misery among the people.

"Another expedition was sent against the inhabitants of the south, which perpetrated atrocities surpassing, in treachery and blood, all that had been known in the barbarous and sanguinary wars which had heretofore desolated Madagascar. The inhabitants of the invaded provinces had submitted to the army of the Hovas, and had agreed to acknowledge the sovereignty of the queen. The negotiations relating to the terms of their submission being completed, and, after being induced to give up their arms on the most solemn and repeated promises of the queen's friendship and protection, they assembled, men, women, and children, in the neighbourhood of the Hova army. The men were then required to remove to a short distance, under pretence of taking the oath of allegiance. As striking a pool of water constitutes a part of the ceremony,

a low swampy ground was chosen for the occasion. Such was the ostensible reason of the choice. A darker reason was concealed in the bosoms of the chief leaders of the queen's troops. On the arrival of the natives at the appointed place, they were surrounded by the soldiers, and were then deliberately murdered! Not fewer than ten thousand men were thus basely assassinated on the spot! The troops then selected, from the company of the wives and children of the murdered natives, all the boys capable of carrying arms. A given height had been fixed on by the queen as a standard, and all the youths above that measure, though they did not exceed it by half an inch, were conducted to the fatal spot where their fathers and brothers had perished, and there were also put to death! The wives and the rest of the children were then driven off as slaves towards Imerina; the queen's people carrying with them as booty whatever cattle and other property they could find. In another part of the country, where the inhabitants were subdued, fifty of the most venerable men of the place, after having been kept prisoners in the ditches or trenches around their fortification for several days, were barbarously nailed and bound to crosses, fixed on the outside of one of their villages, where they were left to perish in the

most excruciating torture; their wives, refusing to become the slaves of the barbarians by whom their husbands had been destroyed, were speared on the spot—a fate scarcely more severe than that of those who were carried into bondage by the Hovas. Numbers of these unhappy captives perished from fatigue and suffering on the road towards the market to which their captors were conducting them. The horrible barbarities of the Hovas, and the cowardly slaughter of those whom they had treacherously induced to confide in promises, justly caused their name and character to be held in execration throughout the southern part of the island, and while it inflamed, throughout the remaining provinces, the passion for revenge, forced on the chiefs and people the just dread of extermination, unless able to resist their force.

"The missionaries at Mauritius, though deprived of the privilege of labouring among the afflicted flock in Madagascar, cherished the tenderest solicitude for their welfare, and eagerly seized every opportunity of becoming acquainted with their circumstances. With this object in view, Mr. Johns proceeded to Tamatave in the month of July 1837, and was favoured to meet there with friends from the capital. The tidings of the steadfastness of the Christians, of their joy in believing, of their holy consistency, and faithful and persevering efforts to diffuse the knowledge of the Gospel among their respective households, relatives, and friends, and of the abundant measure of the Divine blessing evidently attending their exertions, filled his heart with the liveliest gratitude, and inspired him with the most animating hopes of the extension and stability of the cause of Christ in Madagascar. Although, since the edict of the 1st of March, 1836, no meetings had been held for public worship, and many who had before associated themselves with the Christians had since appeared foremost amongst their enemies, and had indulged in all the vices of the heathen, a goodly number, holding fast their profession, continued in the faith and purity of the Gospel, shining as lights in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation.

"It appears that the movements of the Christians had been watched, though no infringement of the antichristian edict of the queen was discovered till the last Sabbath in July, or the first Sabbath in August, 1837. On this occasion, a number of Christians having assembled for reading the Scriptures, singing, and prayer, on a mountain, a short distance from the capital, were discovered, and reported to the queen; the premises of the suspected parties were searched, for the purpose of finding ground for accusation against them, and a box of books, viz. copies of the Scriptures and other Christian publications, that had been given by the missionaries, being found buried near the house of that eminent Christian woman, Rafaravavy, who had been previously accused of reading the Bible, she was apprehended and imprisoned; her house, her entire property, was given up to plunder, her person secured, and her hands and feet loaded with heavy iron rings. She was menaced in vain during a period of from eight to ten days, to induce her to impeach her companions. She remained firm, and perfectly composed; and was put to death by spearing on the 14th of August, 1837. She had said repeatedly, by letter, to her friend, Mrs. Johns, 'Do not fear on my account. I am ready to die for Jesus, if such be the will of God.' She was most wonderfully supported to the last moment

of her life. Her age at the time of her death was thirty-eight years. No feature in her Christian character appears to have been more distinctly manifested than her steadfastness and fidelity even to the death. Many, even of the old people, remarked they had never seen any one so 'stubborn' as Rafaravavy, for although the queen forbade her to pray, she did pray, even when in irons; and continued to preach Christ to the officers and to the crowd that followed her for nearly three-quarters of a mile, from the place of public condemnation to the place of common execution. Here she continued to pray and to exhort all around her to believe in Jesus Christ, even till the executioner's spear, thrust through her body, deprived her of the power of utterance.

"When the latest accounts were sent from Mauritius, no report had arrived of the adoption by the native government of any measures less oppressive and sanguinary than those by which the Hovas have now reduced the people under their rule to the extreme of social wretchedness. No tidings had been received tending to allay the deep anxiety of our brethren, and the generous and warmly attached Christian friends of the Madagascar Mission in Mauritius, on behalf of those reduced to perpetual and rigorous slavery, or doomed to fetters and imprisonment. No accounts of leniency on the part of the government, or any mitigation of the sufferings of the Christians, were received; but reports were brought by more than one conveyance, of continued persecution, and continued if not increased severity towards the Christians. An early report stated that accusations had been preferred against a considerable number of the natives, and that another female had been sacrificed. After subsequent arrivals, it was reported that several had been put to death on account of their adherence to the Christian faith. Multiplied as, according to all accounts, the causes of suffering and terror seem to have become, no rumour even has been heard of any one having apostatised; while many statements were given of the steadfastness of the Christians, or, as the heathen natives called it, their determined stubbornness or obstinacy."

Leaving these painful contemplations, we shall now finish our notice with another example or two of the singular customs of the island.

"The superstitions of the Malagasy lead them to regard certain days and hours unlucky, and for an infant to be born at such times is considered fatal. These periods are calculated and declared by a class of men called panandro, 'astrologers.' To these the relations or the parent of a new-born infant repair almost immediately after it has entered the world, to learn from them the *vintana*, or destiny of the child, as if they could not give free current to the tide of their joyous and affectionate feelings until they had ascertained whether those feelings must be suppressed, and the object of their kindling emotions be recklessly torn from their embrace, or whether they might venture to express towards it their tenderness and love. In some cases it is considered sufficient to make a prescribed offering with a special view to averting the evil of the child's destiny. The parents' hopes being thus confirmed, they return to indulge in the overflowings of their joy over the dear object of which a murderous superstition has not deprived them. In other cases there must be exposure to death, or death must be inflicted. The decisions of the panandro are threefold: either a *faditra*, or offering, must be presented, to remove evil; the child must be exposed to death, by being placed in the narrow path at the

entrance to a village or a cattle-fold; or it must be put to death. When the *vintana*, or destiny, is declared to be favourable, no ceremony follows. If the decision be unfavourable (a not unfrequent case), there is ground for but very feeble hopes of the infant's life; yet still the affectionate parents fondly cherish these hopes as long as there is the least prospect of their being realised.

"An infant, a new-born, perfectly helpless, unconscious infant, smiling perhaps in innocence, is laid on the ground in the narrow entrance to a village, or a fold, through which there is scarcely room enough for cattle to pass; several cattle are then driven violently in, and are made to pass over the spot in which the child is placed, while the parents, with agonising feelings, stand by waiting the result. If the oxen pass over without injuring the infant, the omen is propitious, the powerful and evil destiny is removed, the parents may without apprehension embrace their offspring, and cherish it as one rescued from destruction. But should the delicate, frail, and tender body of the helpless victim be mangled and crushed to death by the rugged feet of the oxen, which is most frequently the case, the parents return to mourn in bitterness of grief their loss, with no other consolation than that which the monstrous absurdities of their delusions supply—that had their beloved infant survived, it would have been exposed to the influence of that destiny which now required its exposure to destruction. Distressing, however, as this is, it is, in some respects, less so than the practice which remains to be noticed. This refers to the instances in which it is declared that exposure will not be sufficient, that there is no possibility of avoiding the doom pronounced, and that death must be inflicted. No labour would secure exemption for the hapless victim; no offering or sacrifice could propitiate the powers on whom its destiny depended, and avert its destruction; no treasures could purchase for it permission to live; and those who otherwise would have cherished it with the tenderest affection, and have fostered it with unceasing care through infancy and childhood, are reduced to the dire necessity of extinguishing that life which the dictates of nature would have taught them to regard as equally precious with their own. When this inhuman decision of the astrologers has been announced, the death of the innocent victim is usually effected by suffocation; the rice-pan, a circular wooden utensil, slightly concave on one side and hollow on the other, is generally employed. It is filled with water, and the infant is held with its face downwards in the water, till life becomes extinct; sometimes a piece of cloth is placed on the child's mouth, to render its suffocation more speedy. The remains of the infant thus murdered, are buried on the south side of the parents' house, that being superstitiously regarded as the part appropriated to what is ill-omened and fatal. The parents then rub a small quantity of red earth into their clothes, and afterwards shake them, as if to avert or shake off from themselves the evil supposed to attend their slight and transient contact with that which had been doomed to destruction. Another mode of perpetrating this unnatural deed is by taking the infant to a retired spot in the neighbourhood of the village, digging a grave sufficiently large to receive it, pouring in a quantity of water slightly warmed, putting a piece of cloth upon the infant's mouth, placing it in the grave, filling this up with earth, and leaving the helpless child, thus buried alive, a memorial of their own affecting degradation,

and the relentless barbarism of their gloomy superstition—a trophy of the dominion of the destroyer of our race, and a painfully conclusive illustration of the truth of that word which declares that the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty. These heart-rending transactions are generally performed by the parents themselves, or some of the nearest kindred of the family, frequently by the father, while the mother, anxious to press her infant to her bosom as long as possible, holds it while preparations for the savage deed are going forward, and, when it is taken from her arms, to be consigned thus prematurely to the earth, gives vent to her anguish and distress by lamenting and weeping, in which she is joined by her female kindred and companions, who return with her in sad procession to her dwelling. It is affecting to contemplate the extent to which the unnatural practice of child-murder prevails in almost every nation in a state of heathenism, whether learned or illiterate, civilised or barbarous, and to notice the resemblance in motive and end, as well as in the manner of effecting it, which appear among communities the most remote, and in many respects dissimilar, from each other."

One remarkable feature more and we have done.

"Another popular engagement in use among the Malagasy is that of forming brotherhoods, which, though not peculiar to them, is one of the most remarkable usages of the country. The design of this custom might almost justify its being designated the freemasonry of Madagascar. From that institution, however, it differs in two essential respects: its rites and ceremonies are not secret, but public; and its object is to cement two individuals in the bonds of most sacred friendship, and not to constitute a mysterious and secret society. More than two may thus associate, if they please, but the practice is usually limited to that number, and rarely embraces more than three or four individuals. It is called *fatriadi*, i. e. 'dead blood,' either because the oath is taken over the blood of a fowl killed on the occasion, or because a small portion of blood is drawn from each individual, when thus pledging friendship, and drunk by those to whom friendship is pledged, with execrations of vengeance on each other in case of violating the sacred oath. To obtain the blood, a slight incision is made in the skin covering the centre of the bosom, significantly called *ambavafo*, 'the mouth of the heart.' Allusion is made to this in the formula of this tragi-comical ceremony. When two or more persons have agreed on forming this bond of fraternity, a suitable place and hour are determined upon, and some gunpowder and a ball are brought, together with a small quantity of ginger, a spear, and two particular kinds of grass. A fowl also is procured; its head is nearly cut off; and it is left in this state, to continue bleeding during the ceremony. The parties then pronounce a long form of imprecation and mutual vow to this effect:—'Should either of us prove disloyal to the sovereign, or unfaithful to each other, then perish the day and perish the night. Awful is that, solemn is that which we are now both about to perform! O the mouth of the heart!—this is to be cut, and we shall drink each other's blood. O this ball! O this powder! O this ginger! O this fowl weltering in its blood! It shall be killed, it shall be put to excruciating agonies,—it shall be killed by us, it shall be speared at this corner of the hearth (Alakasofo or Adimizana, S.W.) And whoever would seek to kill or injure us; to injure our wives, or our children, to waste our money, or our

property; or if either of us should seek to do what would not be approved of by the king or by the people; should one of us deceive the other by making that which is unjust appear just; should one accuse the other falsely; should either of us with our wives and children be lost and reduced to slavery (forbid that such should ever be our lot!)—then, that good may arise out of evil, we follow this custom of the people; and we do it for the purpose of assisting one another with our families, if lost in slavery, by whatever property either of us may possess, for our wives are as one to us, and each other's children as his own, and our riches as common property. O, the mouth of the heart! O, the ball! O, the powder! O, the ginger! O, this miserable fowl weltering in its blood! thy liver do we eat, thy liver do we eat; and should either of us retract from the terms of this oath, let him instantly become a fool; let him instantly become blind; let this covenant prove a curse to him: let him not be a human being; let there be no heir to inherit after him; but let him be reduced, and float with the water never to see its source; let him never obtain; what is out of doors, may it never enter; and what is within, may it never go out; the little obtained, may he be deprived of it, and let him never obtain justice from the sovereign nor from the people! But if we keep and observe this covenant, let these things bear witness. O, mouth of the heart! (repeating as before) may this cause us to live long and happy with our wives and our children; may we be approved by the sovereign, and beloved by the people; may we get money, may we obtain property, cattle, &c.; may we marry wives (vady kely); may we have good robes, and wear a good piece of cloth on our bodies, since, amidst our toils and labour, these are the things we seek after. And this we do, that we may with all fidelity assist each other to the last. The incision is then made, as already mentioned; a small quantity of blood extracted and drank by the covenanting parties respectively, saying, 'These are our last words. We will be like rice and water; in town they do not separate, and in the fields they do not forsake one another: we will be as the right and left hand of the body; if one be injured, the other necessarily suffers and sympathises with it.' The terms of the covenant are not regarded as binding literally; the respective possessions of the parties, such as cattle, slaves, money, &c., are not considered as common property; but the engagement involves a sort of moral obligation for one to assist the other in every extremity; and, however devoid of meaning some parts of the ceremony of forming brotherhood may appear, and whatever indications of barbarity of feeling may appear in others, it is less exceptionable than many that prevail among the people.

"The practice of a similar mode of entering into the most sacred engagement, by the inhabitants of the large but extremely remote island of Borneo, especially by the Dayaks, one of the chief aboriginal tribes of that country, adds greatly to the opinion generally entertained that Madagascar was, at least in part, peopled from the same source as that from which most of the islands of the Malayan archipelago derived their inhabitants."

MISCELLANEOUS.

Lives of Scottish Writers. By David Irving, LL.D. 2 vols. Edinburgh, 1839. A. and C. Black.

Of thirty-nine biographies of eminent Scottish authors in these volumes, twenty-seven have

already appeared to advantage in the seventh edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," to which excellent publication they were no discredit. To Hector Boyce, Knox, Buchanan, Lealey, Crichton, Drummond, and other worthies, the author has now added Winzet, Balfour, Liddell, Gregory, and others of like calibre, and the whole form a very acceptable selection of Caledonian learning and genius.

The Confessions of Harry Lorrequer, with numerous Illustrations, by Phiz. No. 1. Pp. 32. 1839. Dublin, Curry, jun.; London, Orr; Edinburgh, Fraser and Crawford. So many authors in our day "lisp in Nos." that we can scarcely keep account of their appearances and disappearances; for many of them "come like shadows, so depart." Not so, we hope, the *Confessions of Harry Lorrequer*, which is certainly one of the smartest and most entertaining productions of its class we have seen. At least, the first No. is a clever and superior performance; and if the whole story is executed with equal spirit—of which, from the talent already displayed, we see no reason to doubt—the work will well deserve a place among the most amusing pictures of society which adorn our lighter literature. The illustrations, by Phiz, are quite in unison with the text; and each is worthy of comment.

C. Julii Casarii Commentarii de Bello Gallico. With Explanatory Notes of Charles Anthon, LL.D. 12mo. pp. 312. London, 1839. Bentley.

On the same plan as Dr. Anthon's Cicero and Sallust, and well edited from Oudendorp's excellent text. The variations from MS. authority are noted. It is altogether a capital school-book.

Calculus, Juvenalis, Persius, Expurgati. Pp. 195. London, 1839. Longman and Co.

THE copy of these famous poets used at Harrow School, with such expurgations as the authorities deemed necessary for youth.

Milman's Edition of Gibbon, Vol. XII. London, 1839. Murray.

THE concluding volume of this edition, and well concluded by a very copious index.

The Unity of Disease, &c. By S. Dickson, M.D. &c. 8vo. pp. 200. London, 1839. Simpkin and Marshall; Edinburgh, J. Anderson, jun.; Dublin, Milliken.

DR. DICKSON describes his attempt to be "to subvert the entire fabric of British medicine;" and it would be monstrously impudent in us to offer to decide where doctors so utterly disagree. He refers every thing to temperature!

Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia: Biography: Lives of English Poets, &c. By R. Bell, Esq. London, 1839. Longman and Co.

MEMOIRS of Drayton, Cowley, Waller, Milton, and Butler occupy these pages.

Progressive Education, &c. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1839. Longman and Co.

A TRANSLATION from the French of Madame Necker de Saussure, and full of excellent matter, as regards the development of the infant mind.

Lalla Rookh; an Oriental Romance. By Thomas Moore. Nineteenth Edition. Illustrated with Engravings from Drawings by eminent Artists, under the Superintendence of Mr. Charles Heath. 8vo. pp. 397. London, 1838. Longman and Co.

THIS is a beautiful and splendid volume; a temple of art worthy of the poetical shrine it covers. From E. Corbould we have seven designs; from K. Meadows, three; and from T. P. Stephanoff, three, all charmingly en-

* Partly printed, we believe, in the "Dublin University Magazine."

graved, and illustrating the sweetest female characters and most interesting scenes in the poem. Lalla Rookh herself leads the way in Oriental luxury; and the death of Hinda, Zelica in three pictures, the Peri at the gate of Eden and other two situations, Namorna, and Nourmahal asleep, follow and complete the brilliant series. The nineteenth edition is surely so fittingly adorned, that it will be very apt to cause its eighteen predecessors to be neglected, if not forgotten.

Chelsea Hospital and its Traditions. By the Author of the "Country Curate," &c. &c. 12mo. pp. 465. London, 1839. Bentley.

IN a single volume, and forming one of Bentley's Library. There is an excellent portrait of Mr. Gleig prefixed, which will, we think, greatly enhance its value; for every one must wish to possess a likeness of a gentleman who has done so much to adorn our literature.

Gilbert's Railways of England and Wales; with a Map. Pp. 126. London, 1839. Grattan.

A VERY useful view of the railroad system; but the style is rather ornate for such a subject, and the distinction between works actually done, those in progress, and those only projected, might have been more clearly marked.

Henry Aston; or, the Gold Smugglers: and other Tales. By the Hon. Louisa Sayers. 3 vols. London, 1839. Saunders and Otley.

THESE tales are of light and pleasing character; we should think the work of an unpractised hand, for although occasional passages display observation and feeling, probability is in many instances sacrificed for the sake of a malo-dramatic finale.

Popular Instructions on the Calculation of Probabilities, &c. from the French of Quetelet, by R. Basmiah, Esq. C.E. F.R.S. Pp. 157. (London, Weale.)—A popular and useful little volume; and after the elaborate work of Mr. De Morgan, well calculated to impress the value of the science, and lead to the attainment of its rules and principles. We extract a popular specimen of such calculations, by which it will be seen how much *Arithmetic* has to do with *Superstition*:—

"We shall conclude this lesson by a remark relative to a prejudice existing, generally, on the pretended danger of being the thirteenth at table. If the probability be required, that out of thirteen persons, of different ages, one of them, at least, shall die within a year, it will be found that the chances are about one to one that one death, at least, will occur. This calculation, by means of a false interpretation, has given rise to the prejudice, no less ridiculous, that the danger will be avoided by inviting a greater number of guests, which can only have the effect of augmenting the probability of the event so much as spread the alarm."

An Exposure of the Absurd and Contradictory Statements in James's "Six Months in Australia," by John Stephens, Pp. 49. (London, Smith, Elder, and Co.)—Where Company interests in colonisation, &c. are at stake, we are sure to find plenty of difference of opinion and controversy; every one crying up their own commodities, and depreciating the commodities of others, like fish-wives in a market. Mr. Stephens takes Mr. James roundly to task for his statements unfavourable to the condition and prospects of South Australia.

Select British Biography from Boadicea to Victoria, by J. Maumder. Pp. 204. (London, Longman and Co.)—A judicious separate publication of the very excellent biographical portion of Mr. Maumder's "Treasury of Knowledge." The notices are slight, but honestly and faithfully compiled.

System Select Idyls of Theocritus, &c., by D. B. Hickie, LL.D. Pp. 163. (London, Longman and Co.)—Without entering into the question of the propriety of English notes, &c., as here given, to Greek or Latin authors used in schools, we may briefly notice that this is a good copy of the Idyls from the text of Meineke.

Bellingham, by the Rev. W. Palin, B.A. &c. Pp. 167. (London, J. W. Parker.)—A narrative of a Christian in search of the church, in the story of which the author defends the Church of England from the representations of Mr. Harris, the author of "Mammon," &c., and contends that it is more Christian, in every respect, than the congregational party to which Mr. Harris belongs.

A Lecture on the Right Formation of the Mind, &c., by E. J. Portbury, Historical Engraver. Pp. 66. (London, Tilt.)—A sensible exhortation to the sedulous cultivation of the intellectual faculties; very suitable for young people.

A New System of Logic, &c., by S. R. Bosanquet, A.M., of the Inner Temple. 8vo. pp. 372. (London, Parker.)—Mr. Bosanquet is hostile to the system of education which rests on the study of the classics, and contends for a

purest and better development of the principles of truth and reasoning as applicable to future conduct in life. He displays much reading, and no inconsiderable measure of thought; his main object tending to alter opinion on the subject of abstract ideas.

Extracts from Schools and Families in Aid of Moral and Religious Training. Pp. 428. (London, Darton and Harvey.)—Classed under various useful heads, this is a very good collection in prose and verse.

Travels of Minna and Geoffrey. Pp. 336. (London, Smith, Elder, and Co.)—Another very pretty and nice volume of travels on the Rhine and in Nassau and Baden. It is neatly embellished, and well worthy of its preceding exemplars.

An Outline of Ancient and Modern Rome. 8c. by a Lady. Pp. 317. (London, Simpkin and Marshall.)—Is there room for another school-book on Rome? If so, this is a very fair one for the instruction of children.

Lectures to the Authors of the Plain Tracts for Critical Times. by a Layman. Pp. 254. (London, T. Cadell.)—Not having seen the work to which this is an answer, we need only state that it dwells upon "the disconformity of opinion" in the Church of England, and argues strenuously against those who are called the Evangelical party.

Religious Parties in England, their Principles, History, and Present Duty. by R. Vaughan, D.D. Pp. 186. (London, T. Ward and Co.)—The enlargement, we presume, of a former publication, in which Dr. Vaughan, the Professor of History in the London University, espouses the Dissenting interest, or rather, more especially, of the sect of Congregationalists.

A Description of Jamaica Planters, &c. by B. M. Mahon. Pp. 300. (London, E. Wilson.)—Mr. M. Mahon tells and tales of Jamaica Planters, Attorneys, Book-keepers, &c., gathered during an eighteen years' residence; and maintains, that till the present race is superseded by an entirely new one, the British West Indian Colonies can never flourish.

The Year-Book of Facts in Science and Arts. 8c. by the Editor of the "Arcana of Science." Pp. 582. (London, Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.)—We have frequently commended this collection of the accounts and notices of the discoveries, improvements, &c. which have marked the preceding year. It is diligently compiled, and, with a good index, will serve for references on most of the new subjects of interest in the arts and sciences.

The Amateur Florist's Assistant in the Selection and Cultivation of Popular Annuals. 8c. by Geo. Willmott. Pp. 76. (At the Nursery, Lewisham.)—When we read "popular annuals," we thought this little tome was an assistant in the selection of "Forget-me-nots," "Keep-sakes," "Amaranthas," & *hoc genus omne*; and were agreeably disappointed to find that, instead of a critical rival, we had the work of a well-advised practical gardener before us; and that, both for rearing annual and tender perennials, we could not have (as far as it goes) a better guide.

Hours of Solitude; or, Instruction and Comfort for the Mourner. Pp. 315. (London, Cradock.)—A very well chosen reprint of many devotional and instructive passages from authors of celebrity; together with prayers, hymns, and other productions, which might be consolatory under affliction.

An Essay on the Evils of Popular Ignorance (published by the Society for the Promotion of Popular Instruction), by John Foster.—This treatise opens so many important questions and views, that we dare not venture on it. In many things we agree, in many differ from the author, whose opinions, often able, are also often peculiar. To be able to read the printed Bible, Mr. Foster contends, ought to be the condition of every Christian people; and he strenuously enforces the wholesome doctrine, that it is the duty of every good government to accomplish this desirable end.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

FEB. 2.—Mr. Johnston 'On the Leading Distinctions of the Investigation of Mental and Physical Phenomena.' Vast is the field of inquiry which the philosophy of the mind opens to those who will enter upon it. The human mind—"that wondrous work—the human intellect—the instrument and the storehouse of all our knowledge—that which stamps sovereignty upon the brow of rational man, which proclaims him lord and master of the globe he inhabits, and gives him a hope of continued existence after his material organisation shall have lost vitality and mingled with the mass of inorganic matter." The distinctive phenomena of one of its branches—the physiology of mind, which is the most analogous to material science, as it treats of the component parts of thought and the order in which they combine, was selected by Mr. Johnston for illustration, and to encourage the study of the mental powers and moral feelings in addition to the investigation of physical truth: mental philosophy and natural philosophy are both sciences. A scientific knowledge of

any thing is the knowledge of the relations which belong to it, that is, the relation which the whole of any subject-matter bears to its several parts—the relations which these parts bear to one another, and to all the parts separately or collectively of other subject-matters. For instance, a piece of chalk, to the natural knowledge of the man who quarries it, appears a white earthy substance of which the surface easily rubs off. He knows, perhaps, that, being burned, it becomes lime; but how or why, he knows not. But the science of chemistry would teach him the relations of the chalk, the relation of the whole lump to its constituent parts—lime and carbonic acid; the relation of quantity of each component part; the positive relation of affinity between these parts; the comparative relation of affinity which each of them bears to other substances, &c. Another example brought forward was the triangle, which presents, to the uneducated person, no other idea than that of certain lines enclosing space—to the mathematician, the relations which belong to it. Mental examples cannot be shewn to the eye, but they are equally palpable to the reflecting powers. Suppose an unlettered man listening to an argument upon a subject which he understands; he only knows that it is convincing or the contrary, but he may be wholly unable to say why it ought to be so, or ought not. The scientific logician, however, is not thus at a loss. He perceives at every stage of the argument whether a conclusion is fairly drawn from the premises stated, because he knows the relations between propositions placed in any order, and the conclusion to which they lead. With regard to the physiology of mind, the laws of investigation are the same as those which are acknowledged in the investigation of matter. The theories of mental philosophy are not speculations which facts are hunted out to support, but a series of deductions from facts observed. The distinction lies, 1st. in the mode of observation; 2d. in the nature of the evidence; 3d. in the various degrees in which the evidence abounds, according to the varieties of individual minds in which it is sought; and, 4th. the difference of the powers necessary to collect and understand that evidence. In the observation of mental phenomena, the thing to be observed, and the instrument of observation, are the same. In the investigation of physical phenomena, the thing investigated, and the investigating power, are distinct. In both inquiries we are at liberty to philosophise only according to the ascertained phenomena; but the mode of coming at the phenomena is exceedingly different. The science of mind, however, is every where that the operation of thought is going on; and in all the complex business of life, not alone in acquiring ideas by the process of induction, but in all that we may afterwards accomplish, when endeavouring to turn our education to good account, we are dependent upon instruments which mental philosophy explains, and teaches us how to use with better advantage. The operation of the mind may be observed in all scientific proceedings by this simple consideration, that facts are not sciences, until they are perceived and assigned their proper place in the chain of cause and effect. The proper placing is entirely a work of mental science. Every discovery is made by a practical exertion of mental philosophy, in addition to mere perception; and, if we will only look to the means by which the truths of physical science are brought out, and not merely to the results which appear evident to our senses, we must observe as clearly the operations dependent upon the principles of mental

science, as, in looking upon the ponderous and precise movements of a steam-engine, we recognise the magnificent carrying into action of great mechanical principles. On treating of "the nature of the evidence," Mr. Johnston observed, "That hasty inquirers demand an amount of evidence in respect of mental subjects, which they do not dream of demanding in respect of matter. They ask, What is mind? Now we cannot tell what mind is, but neither can we tell what matter is. Of the essence of either we know nothing. We have no means of knowing anything about either, except with reference to their properties. We know that the observation of matter produces in us certain ideas of extension, resistance, form, and so forth; and we know that there is a something in which these ideas are produced, and that we call mind; but how the thing, called matter, happens to produce these ideas, or how the thing within us, called mind, forms and retains these ideas, we are equally ignorant. Why should we demand to know more concerning mind than we know of matter, namely, the properties of each? No man of common sense will either undertake to tell, or insist upon knowing, what the human soul is. Let us rather study its powers, and adore the Giver of them. In the investigation of physical phenomena, the evidence is external; in that of mental phenomena, it is internal; in physical science, it is experimental; in mental, it is cognitive; or, to speak more strictly, the phenomena of experiment are, in the one case, obvious to the senses, while in the other they are perceptible only by reflection. Mr. Johnston illustrated this by the forty-seventh proposition, in the first Book of Euclid; and by the decomposition of a dose of Epsom salts, shewing the magnesia disengaged. The details of either, our space will not allow us to describe; and we pass on to the similar way in which mental compounds were treated. Suppose that to love be added a sufficient amount of respect to saturate and neutralise its violent ardour, the compound will be veneration; let the respect be in a less proportion, the compound will be one of the forms of affection, such as subsists in domestic life; but add to this, some grains of suspicion, the respect flies off, and the suspicion combining with love, will form that acrid and explosive compound—jealousy. Although not palpable to the sight, the truth of the results is not the less evident. There is, however, an uncertainty produced by the want of uniformity in the human mind. Every specific quantity of Epsom salts may be decomposed by a specific quantity of the decomposing agent; but, whereas, in some minds, it will take a good deal of suspicion to decompose affection, in other minds it will take very little; and this brought Mr. Johnston to the third head of distinctions above enumerated. Uncertainty is the common reproach of all branches of moral science; but the reproach, he contended and exemplified, is often made without fair consideration of the limits to which it should be subject. The principles of moral science ought not to be confounded with the uncertainty which belongs to the complex and variable subject-matter to which they are made to apply. Some assert that the uncertainty flows from the doubt as to what mind is, while no such doubt exists as to what they see and feel. This is a mental mistake arising from inattention to the evidence upon which conviction of the existence of a thing depends. Mr. Johnston directed attention to some beautiful specimens from Bates' *Anglyptograph*, pointing out how the sense of sight may be completely deceived:

that is, how we may receive impressions of reality, which, if we had no other sense than sight, would for ever remain reality to us; but we find, by the correction of the other senses, that what we see in such cases, is not reality: shewing, that impressions from the senses, upon which the certainty of the existence of matter depends, cannot themselves always be depended upon; and affirming, that it is much more easy logically to shew that we have no certainty of the existence of matter out of the mind, than that we have no certainty of the existence of mind independently of matter. Under the fourth, and last, division, was remarked, with many other truths, that men, in general, are so much more in the habit of thinking according to what is put into their minds, from moment to moment, by the external senses, than of following out a train of thought in meditation, that we shall find thousands capable and willing to take in the evidence of physical truth, so far as it can be gathered by the eyes, and ears, and touch, whose habits and inclinations would be opposed to the reception of mental evidence. In advancing to the astounding difference of mental power in various individuals, and to the superiority of intellect with which some wonderful creatures of our own kind, liable to like accidents with ourselves, have been, and are, endowed, Mr. Johnston beautifully described the powers of Newton and of Shakspeare—summing up of Newton, “The quick glance of his intellectual sight flashed through material creation, like lightning through the heavens; and the thunder of his fame still reverberates through the world!” and of Shakspeare, “He, with an eagle-like sweep, descended into the depths of the human heart, where mortal never dared to plunge but him; and bearing away its mysteries to the loftiest pinnacles of imagination, fixed them there, to be for ever the wonder and delight of the intelligent universe!” In conclusion, Mr. Johnston strongly recommended, in addition to the investigation of physical truth, the study of the mental powers and moral feelings.

Friday, 1st March.—Mr. Brande ‘On Steel.’ After briefly alluding to the Eastern origin of steel, and the probability of the sculpture of the Egyptians having been executed with instruments of that metal, and not with bronze, or modifications of copper, and tin, and zinc, which Mr. Brande considered an erroneous idea, he proceeded to describe fully, and with his usual clearness, the European mode of manufacture, the anomalies and peculiarities of steel, and its uses in the arts, dependent upon such peculiarities. Throughout, the subject was illustrated by numerous specimens of the many forms and characters this valuable compound assumes, or is made to assume.

PNEUMATIC TELEGRAPH.

It is a matter of surprise and regret, that in a commercial country like England, no improvement has yet taken place in telegraphs, so as to render them available by night as well as by day, and also in foggy weather. Two projects, viz. the Hydraulic and Electro-magnetic, have already been laid before the public. A third, the Pneumatic, has recently been produced, and the great importance of the subject induces us to lay an account of it before our scientific readers. It might be expedient for government to examine their respective merits, in order to ascertain the most practicable and eligible of these projects, for the sake of public adoption.

The following is the description of the Pneumatic Telegraph, invented by Mr. S. Croaley; a

model of which may be seen any day at the Polytechnic Institution:—

“Atmospheric air is the conducting agent employed in the operation of the Pneumatic Telegraph.

“The air is isolated by a tube extending from one station to another; one extremity of the tube is connected with a gas-holder or other collapsing vessel, as a reservoir, to compensate for any diminution or increase of volume arising from compression or from changes in the temperature of the air in the tube, and for supplying any casual loss by leakage; the other extremity of the tube terminates with a pressure index.

“It will be evident to every one acquainted with the physical properties of atmospheric air, that if any certain degree of compression be produced and maintained in the reservoir, at one station, the same degree of compression will speedily extend to the opposite station, where it will become visible to an observer by the index.

“Thus, with ten weights, producing ten different degrees of compression, distinguished from each other numerically, and having the index, at the opposite station, marked by corresponding figures, any telegraphic numbers may be transmitted, referring in the usual way to a code of signals, which may be adapted to various purposes and to any language. The only manipulation is that of placing a weight of the required figure upon the collapsing vessel at one station, and the same figure will be represented by the index at the opposite station.

“In establishments where the telegraphic communications do not require the constant attendance of a person to observe them, and where periodical attendance is sufficient, the signals may be correctly registered on paper, by connecting with the air tube an instrument called a pressure register, invented by the projector of the Pneumatic Telegraph, which has been successfully employed in large gas-light establishments upwards of fourteen years, for registering the variations of the pressure of gas street mains. The same instrument produces also an increased range of the scale, by which means the chance of error from minute divisions is obviated.

“There being now three different projects for improvements in telegraphic communications, viz. the electro-magnetic, the hydraulic, and the pneumatic telegraphs,—and assuming that such improvements are of importance to the state, as well as to railway proprietors and the community at large, it seems desirable that their merits should be thoroughly investigated by competent engineers, and that the aid of government should be solicited, for the purpose of establishing, on a practical scale, the most eligible project.

“It may be observed, that the introduction of railways has not only created an additional use for telegraphic communications, but the important difficulty which previously existed in the expense of providing a proper line and safe foundation, is at once removed by the site of the railway itself, possessing as it does, by its police, the most ample security against injury, either to the tubes or electric wires.

“The prominent questions for consideration seem to be—the certainty and accuracy of the communications, the first cost, the expense of repair and superintendence, also the time required for transmitting intelligence.

“On the question of time, it is quite clear that neither the hydraulic nor the pneumatic can compete with the electro-magnetic telegraph in rapidity. No doubt, on investigation, each project will be found to possess its peculiar advantages. Thus, in considering the advantage one may have in point of time, another may possess a greater degree of certainty or accuracy in the communications, sufficient to outweigh the difference of time; for instance, between one second and one minute, or even between one second and five or ten minutes.

“The time occupied in transmitting intelligence by the Pneumatic Telegraph will depend on the capacity of the air-tube, the degree of compression given, and the distance between the stations; but should greater despatch be required than is afforded by one air-tube, and the cost be of minor importance, several tubes may be employed, each fitted in the manner above described, so that all the figures contained in one telegraphic number may be communicated at once; and, with four tubes, 9999 different signal numbers may be communicated, referring to so many words or sentences, and these numbers may be multiplied four-fold by letters A, B, C, &c., as indices to distinguish each series.

“The projector of the Pneumatic Telegraph is not in possession of any experimental results on a practical scale by the electro-magnetic or by the hydraulic telegraphs, employed at any considerably extended distances, or of their continued operation for any long period of time; nor can he offer much decisive information, of a practical nature, analogous to the operation of the Pneumatic Telegraph on these points; the following circumstances may, however, be referred to:—

“There has been upwards of twenty years’ experience in the transmission of gas for illumination through conduit pipes of various dimensions. In several instances, the gas has been supplied at the distances of five to eight miles by low degrees of pressure. As one proof of great rapidity of motion, it has been observed, that when any sudden interruption in the supply has occurred at the works, the extinction of all the lights, over large districts, has been nearly simultaneous. Another instance of the great susceptibility of motion which frequently happens, is the flickering motion of the lights at great distances when water has accumulated in the pipes.

“The only experience in the transmission of atmospheric air through conduit tubes, which applies

more particularly to this subject, may be referred to at three railway establishments; viz. Edinburgh, Liverpool, and Euston Square, London. In these establishments, air-tubes, from 1½ to 2 miles in length, have been employed for the purpose of giving notice when a train of carriages is ready to be drawn up the inclined plane by the stationary engine at the summit, so that it may without delay be put in motion. This notice is communicated by blowing a current of air through the tube at the foot of the inclined plane, and sounding an organ-pipe, a whistle, or an alarm-bell at the stationary engine. It will be satisfactory to know, that this operation has been regularly performed from two to four years without one single failure or disappointment.

“It may be further noticed, that a trial was made with a tube of one inch in diameter, very nearly two miles in length, returning upon itself, so that both ends of the tube were brought to one place: the compression applied at one end, was equal to a column of seven inches of water; and the effect on the index at the other end appeared in fifteen seconds of time.

“Let us have been propounded by eminent men on the expenditure of aeriform fluids through conduit pipes, and of the resistance of the pipes; but these are not strictly applicable to the present question. Under all circumstances, it seems desirable that experiments on a practical scale, at extended distances, should be resorted to, as the most satisfactory guide, for carrying into effect telegraphic communications of this kind.”

ASHMOLEAN SOCIETY.

FEB. 11. The President in the chair.—Professor Rigaud read a paper ‘On Captain Thomas Savery,’ from which we learn, that hitherto no biographer has collected any account of this remarkable man, although the invention of his steam-engine was destined to form a new era in the civil history of the world. He was descended from an old and most respectable family in the south of Devon, and was probably born in that part of the country, about the middle of the seventeenth century; but the time and place of his birth are not exactly known. He was, by profession, a military engineer, and the Saverys having been active in promoting the revolution of 1688, were especially noticed by King William the Third. Mechanics appear to have been his favourite study, and as he pursued them practically, he was able to form a body of workmen to execute his various plans. He had a patent for his steam-engine in 1698, and the exclusive privilege of constructing it was confirmed to him in 1699 by act of parliament. Desaguliers has unjustly accused him of having derived his plans from the Marquess of Worcester; but all writers have acknowledged that he was the first who ever constructed an engine of this kind, which possessed any great and practical utility; and it must be stated, that the experiments, in 1690, of Papin (to whom it has been attempted to transfer the honour of the invention) were not productive of any useful results, till followed out in England, in the beginning of the following century. It is of no consequence whether Savery was, or was not, acquainted with these experiments, for he worked on essentially different principles. His moving power was the elasticity of steam, to which our engineers have again returned, since Watt demonstrated the great advantage of it; whereas Papin used the pressure of the atmosphere (which can never exceed a few pounds on the square inch of the piston), and steam was only a subordinate agent, by which he procured a vacuum. The arrangement, also, of the different parts of Savery’s engine, and particularly the means he used for condensing the steam, are all his own, and mark him for a man of truly inventive genius. It is said that Savery joined in a patent with Newcomen and Cawley for the atmospheric engine; but this appears to be a mistake, since no traces of such an instrument have been found at the Rolls. He took out a patent, however, in 1686, for polishing plate glass and for rowing vessels with paddle wheels; and, in 1706, for a double bellows to produce a continuous blast. He published, in 1698, “Navigation Improved;”

in 1702, "The Miners' Friend;"* and, in 1705, a translation, in folio, of "Cohorn's Fortification." This last was dedicated to Prince George of Denmark, to whom he was indebted, that same year, for the office of treasurer to the sick and wounded. He is understood to have accumulated a considerable fortune; but he died in 1715, without children, and left every thing to his wife. The will was proved, but she did not live to take possession of the property, and much of it is supposed, even at the present time, to remain unappropriated. The secretary then gave an account of the formation of some cylinders of snow, observed near Keswick.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

OXFORD, February 28.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Civil Law, by Commutation. — H. Elphinstone, M.A. Merton College.

Masters of Arts.—G. C. Pearson, Christ Church; J. Woolley, Scholar, Rev. P. Lewis, University College; Rev. S. Dendy, Trinity College.

Bachelors of Arts.—T. L. Fellowes, E. Wright, Christ Church; G. J. Stone, Oriel College.

CAMBRIDGE, February 27.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Doctor in Divinity.—Rev. C. Wesley, Christ's College, Chaplain to St. James's Palace, and Priest in Ordinary to Her Majesty.

Masters of Arts.—J. Ware, Trinity College; C. Sawbridge, St. Peter's College; A. Wauchope, Catharine Hall.

Bachelors of Arts.—G. A. Rogers, Trinity College; H. T. Riley, Clare Hall; T. Smith, D. F. Wright, Caius College; W. M. Shaw, Sidney Sussex College.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

ON Thursday week, Mr. L. Hayes Pettit in the chair.—After the routine business, Mr. Yates (Secretary to the British Association), who was accompanied by Mr. Charles Fellows, recently returned from a very extensive tour in Asia Minor, &c., directed the attention of the Society to some very interesting Lycian inscriptions, copied by that gentleman from rocks and architectural ruins near Phaneka and the banks of the Xanthus. Referring to Von Hammer's notice of the subject in 1811, to Mr. Cockerell's papers in a collection published some years ago, and also to Grottefend, Letronne, and others, Mr. Yates described these inscriptions to be in an unknown alphabet and tongue. The forms of some of the letters resembled the Greek, but others were altogether novel and peculiar. By comparing four inscriptions of Mr. Cockerell's (the first being, fortunately, bilingual, and accompanied by a Greek translation), with the inscriptions of Mr. Fellows, Mr. Yates made out a very plausible interpretation of the whole; which, from this reading, were evidently sepulchral records on the tombs of ancient Lycian (or Phrygian?) families. The words were, as well as could be deciphered, as follow:—

Abarna yopa Mate Preznafata Aeatacia tappe atle albe se lade albe sa tedeama.

This is Mr. Cockerell's fourth inscription, and supposed to mean that Aeatacia had caused this building to be erected for himself, his wife, and his son or daughter: "lade"† signifying wife, and "tedaema, tedeame," son and daughter. Another supposition is, that the *x* in the inscription may be equivalent to the letter *e*.

* This is now a very rare volume. It is in the British Museum, and, we believe, a copy will be found in All Souls' College Library. Surely, in the present day of science, and of scientific mining, in particular, a republication might be very useful; and it would be rendered infinitely more valuable if the professor of astronomy (the only person we now know who is calculated, from his love of minute research, and the vast accumulation he has made of materials, to do justice to neglected scientific biography) would prefix his notices of the author and his invention.

† The root of our "lady," "lad," &c.?

Accordingly Mr. Cockerell's first inscription, with its Greek context, runs thus:—

ABAEIA ARAFA(X)EIA MATEPRE(X)NAFATA
SEDARKEIA P*** TEDAEAME TAPPEATLEATBE
SA LADE ATBE SA TEDAEAME PE(BE)LAIA.

Τὸ μνημα τοῦ ἀντισημου
Σεδαρικου Παιλινου υἱος Ιανου καὶ
τη γυναικος καὶ υἱου Περικλου.
Sepulchrum hoc fieri curavit
Sedarius Prelnio filius sibi ipsi atque
sue uxori atque sno filio Pebelei.

Mr. Fellows's other inscriptions are very curious, and supply further grounds for philological inquiry and conjecture; but as he is, we believe, preparing his travels for publication, we need not at present go into what could only be a partial view, and we have, therefore, merely to add, that the edifices on which some of them were engraved are of a beautiful class of architecture, and adorned with reliefs in the noblest style of Grecian. The figures seem to be starting from the earliest period of rigid simplicity into that glorious life and spirit which distinguished the greatest period of the art.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

MR. HALLAM, V.P., in the chair.—Mr. W. Harrison exhibited two bronze bracelets, and a carving in jet, found at Stroud, near Rochester, in November, 1838, and belonging to Mr. H. Wickham of Stroud. In the same field, which is between the parish church and a farm called the Temple, and near the line of the Roman road, have been recently discovered, in digging for brick earth, several skeletons, many earthen vessels, and about 600 Roman coins. One of the bracelets terminates in serpents' heads; and the carving is a rude representation of the head of Medusa. Mr. Harrison also exhibited a stone hatchet, found, in 1836, at Hartlip, near Sittingbourne, on the estate of Wm. Bland, Esq. A further portion was read of Mr. Bruce's 'Observations on the Extensive Powers exercised by the Privy Council in the Reign of Edward VI.,' and the remainder postponed.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—Royal Geographical, 9 P.M.
Tuesday.—Royal Medical and Chirurgical, 8½ P.M.; Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.; Zoological, 8½ P.M.; Society of Arts, 8 P.M. (Dr. Truman on Organic Matter.)
Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 7½ P.M.; Geological, 8½ P.M.; London Institution, 7 P.M.; Medico-Botanical, 8 P.M.; Graphic, 8 P.M.; Literary Fund, 3 P.M. (General Meeting, Election of Officers, &c.)
Thursday.—Royal Society, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; Royal Society of Literature, 4 P.M.
Friday.—Royal Institution, 8½ P.M.; Statistical, 3 P.M. (Anniversary); Botanical, 8 P.M.
Saturday.—Royal Asiatic, 2 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

[Sixth and last notice.]

250. *The Invalid*. H. Montague.—The languor of sickness is finely expressed in the countenance and attitude of a splendidly attired female, on whom the soothing charm of music appears to be entirely lost. The scene is gay and brilliant, as if in contrast to the sadness of its principal occupant.

273. *First Ride*. J. C. Thompson.—The sports of children presented through the medium of art have furnished some of our most pleasing pictures. But how could Mr. Thompson degrade his subject and himself by quoting such silly lines as those which appear in the catalogue? This is an insult to common sense, which we regret to have so frequent occasion to censure.

186. *Bitch and Pups*. C. Landseer, A.R.A.
"Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms."

Our pages have ever borne testimony to the talents of Mr. Charles Landseer; and we have here an additional proof of them. Again, however, we object to the attached quotation. If meant for travesty, it is in bad taste; if seriously applied, it is still worse.

300. *Nick the Philosopher*. J. Zeitter.—In perfect accordance with the description of the "happy-looking critter," in that cleverest and most entertaining of modern works, "Sam Slick, the Clockmaker." Many such philosophers are to be met with in the highways and byeways of our busy metropolis.—277. *Waiting for the Tide on the River*, by the same artist, is no less pleasing in picturesque character and skillful execution; and is of a shape well suited to the mantel.

The Gallery is rich in views and landscape scenery. If, in addition to the works already quoted, the visitor will cast his eye over the following, he will find much to admire:—269. *View in Sussex: the Approach of Autumn*. C. R. Stanley.—251. *Windsor Castle, from the Road to Virginia Water*. W. Linton.—207. *Crummorth Water, from Scale Hill, Cumberland*. T. C. Hoffland.—202. *Scene on the Coast of Sussex: Moonlight*. J. B. Crome.—56. *River Scene: Moonlight*. E. Childe.—247. *Mentone, in the Principality of Monaco, Coast of Genoa*: and 267. *Varazxo, Coast of Genoa*. Hobday Horsley, &c. &c.

Among the most attractive examples in sculpture are—

429. *Statue of a Girl Reading*. P. Mac Dowell.—Graceful in form and character. The drapery is arranged with great judgment; exhibiting the shape and proportions of the figure to the best advantage.

428. *The Infant Lyrist taming Cerberus*. J. G. Lough.—We should rather say, "charming" Cerberus. However, the subject is sufficiently understood; and the contrast between the still unsubdued head of the monster and the expression of the fair and youthful musical enchantress, is happily managed.

431. *Cupid and Psyche*. J. G. Lough.—Although not so light in shape and limb as the usual representations of this enamoured pair, the group is well composed, and the subject is treated in a novel and successful manner. The lady is stealing an arrow from the gentleman's quiver: this is being more than a match for him.

434. *Rebecca at the Well*, W. Calder Marshall; 437. *Grief, a Model*, R. Physic; 430. *The Italian Fishing-Boy*, J. G. Lough, &c., also possess great and various merit.

We have great pleasure in subjoining a list of the works sold in the Gallery of the British Institution, during the present season, begging leave at the same time to hint, that there are some yet remaining which well deserve to be selected for the purpose of ornamenting the mansions of our noble and opulent amateurs.

Subjects.	Painters, or sculptors.	Purchasers.
A Dutch Family	W. Simpson	Marquess of Lansdowne
Brandy of St. Mark's.	C. W. Cope	Doitto.
Venice	G. Jones, R.A.	W. Wells, Esq.
Interior of Rembrandt's Mill.	E. W. Cooke	Doitto.
The Dairy Maid.	E. Landseer, R.A.	Doitto.
The Forum of Nerva.	G. Jones, R.A.	Doitto.
Scene from Nature	F. R. Lee, R.A.	Doitto.
At Killarney	T. Cromwick	Doitto.
Doitto.	F. R. Lee, R.A.	Doitto.
Bird's Nest, &c.	G. Lane	Lord de Lisle
Taming of the Shrew.	D. Cowper	T. H. Hope, Esq.
Study of a Female	Mrs. Carpenter	R. Vernon, Esq.
Head	C. Fielding	T. Baring, Esq.
Goodrich Castle.	C. Fielding	T. Baring, Esq.
A Remnant of the	H. Pidding	Doitto.
Giorgione's 1st of	H. Pidding	Doitto.
Jane	H. Pidding	Doitto.

Subjects.	Painters, or Sculptors.	Purchasers.
The Upper Floor of Rembrandt's Mill.	E. W. Cooke	T. Baring, Esq.
The Lower Chamber of ditto.	Ditto	Ditto.
Rembrandt's Mill.	Ditto	Ditto.
The Rival Performers.	J. C. Horsley	J. Sheepshanks, Esq.
Cupid and Psyche.	J. G. Lough	Duke of Northumberland.
The Infant Lyrist taming Cerberus.	Ditto	Duchess of Northumberland.
The Approach.	F. Stone	Marchioness of Tavistock.
A Group of Chickens, Scene on the Coast of Sussex.	H. Parrott	E. Bell, Esq.
Rosen Cathedral, from the Seine.	H. Gritten	Lord Northwick.
Rosen, from Mount St. Catherine.	Ditto	Ditto.
Scene at Nottingham, Kent.	J. Stark	
Creming the Breck.	T. Crewick	Earl of Normanton.
Entrance to a Wood.	J. Stark	Rev. R. Pemberton.
The Baiter, Venice.	J. Holland	
Canal Scene.	Ditto	
Study of an Arabian.	A. Cooper, R.A.	
Old Bridge at Lynedoch.	F. R. Lee, R.A.	Lord Lynedoch.
Wild Duck and Gargary.	Ditto	N. W. Ridley Colborne, Esq.
Pike and Perch.	Ditto	Ditto.
Scene on the River Yeo, Devon.	Ditto	T. S. Cooper, Esq.
Selling Fish, Scheveling.	E. Landseer, R.A.	— Bell, Esq.
Sorting Shrimps, do.	Ditto	Lord Wharfedale.
Blotch and Pups.	C. Landseer	— Bell, Esq.
The Widow.	C. W. Cope	
Coast Scene.	H. Bright	Rev. R. Pemberton.
Scene on the River Nile, Poestine Marshes.	P. Williams	Mrs. Haskison.
The Croix de St. Pierre, Rouen.	H. Gritten	Marquess of Allon.
The Tower de Buerte, from the Place de la Calender, Rouen.	Ditto	Ditto.
River Scene, Moonlight.	E. Child	T. Smith, Esq.
An Interior.	C. Dukes	J. Goding, Esq. jun.
Bethgellark, N.W.	F. C. Lewis	J. Fairlie, Esq.
Dutch Boats on the River V. near Spaarndam.	E. W. Cooke	Lord Northwick.
The Sentinel.	C. Hancock	W. Meyrick, Esq.
Moonlight.	J. B. Cromie	C. B. Warner, Esq.
St. John Preaching in the Wilderness.	J. Linnell	Sir T. Baring, Bart.
Capuchin Convent at Assisi.	John Uwins	— Baring, Esq.
Die Jungfrau, Switzerland.	S. Bendixen	Earl of Tyrconnell.
Waters of Eile.	W. Etty, R.A.	J. V. Thompson, Esq.

THE DRAMA.

Drury Lane.—On Thursday, *The Duenna* was revived here with an attractive musical cast, including Miss Romer, Miss Betts, Miss Poole, Giubelei, Balfie, Stretton, Allen, &c., who all exerted themselves successfully; and, after the opera, Mr. Van Amburgh exhibited, with the addition of one of the new lions, the other, we believe, not having been bitten, beaten, and tortured enough to be fit for a public appearance. A ballet followed, called *The Little Hunchback*, in which Wieland was the hero. The scenery is showy, and the dancing ditto; without the finish and artistical features of the foreign stage in this respect, John Bull is willing enough to receive in lieu upon the national boards, efforts of agility, *tours de force*, and other more active and boisterous demonstrations of strong limbs and nervous bodies. The physical pleases him well.

Covent Garden.—It is long since we witnessed so brilliant and encouraging a dramatic night as Covent Garden presented on Thursday, when Sir E. L. Bulwer's play of *Richelieu* was presented for the first time. The house overflowed in every part; and even what are called the slips, were fully tenanted by a respectable audience. This indeed is gratifying, because it proves that there is no longer an almost hopeless effort to be made for the national drama. It has been rescued from the abyss, and restored to more than its former legitimacy and splendour, by William Macready, whose name will ever be honoured in the annals of the stage for this great achievement. How must he have been cheered, almost rewarded,

on this occasion, when every opportunity was seized, and by such an assemblage, alike in boxes, pit, and galleries, to testify to him the sense entertained, not merely of his high histrionic powers, but still more of the obligation to him *personally* for having once more placed the chiefest source of recreation enjoyed by a civilised community on the ground which it ought to occupy. If all that has ever been written about the stage, for or against it, be not apocryphal, how much do we owe to him who enables us, after so dark an eclipse, to live again in the light of Shakspeare—to taste the refinements of art—to glow with the emanations of living genius—and to feel that the drama is an elevating, rational, and moral school of instruction! Of the *Richelieu*, as published, we shall speak in our next, for our Friday preparations prevent us from taking up the subject as we ought at so late a period in the week. Many striking passages of poetry, of humorous application, of truth and of nature, were readily apprehended and loudly applauded; and we are confident that many more will be recognised and appreciated as the play becomes better understood by repetition. It is put upon the stage with every advantage of scenery and costume; and a large expense must have been bestowed on these important adjuncts to the illusive design. Marshall is a pupil not unworthy of Stanfield, and nothing can surpass the taste, as well as magnificence, with which he has represented the gorgeoussness of the French court in every scene. Of the dresses, we need only say that they are on a large scale, what the Olympic has so often won our praise for accomplishing on its more limited boards. They are rich, beautiful, accurate, and extremely effective. Before saying a few words on the performances, we may observe, that a fine overture from Gluck, and *entre-act* selections from that composer, Gretry, and Martini, arranged by T. Cooke, are pleasing accessories to the general arrangement.

Richelieu is an admirable acting play, and most dramatically constructed. The mixture of the Lion and the Fox in the Cardinal (agreeably to a *dictum* of Lysander,* whom he thinks a perfect politician), contributes not only to a great variety of situation, but to the development of the principal incidents and final dénouement of the drama. This character was sustained by Macready; and whether in his patriotic bursts of devoted love for France; his natural affections for his ward, *Julie de Mortemar* (Miss H. Faucit); his cajolery of those whom he wishes to flatter into subserviency to his purposes; his withering menaces to *Baradas* and other conspirators; or his occasional playfulness contrasting with his severe and perilous anxiety, when all but overwhelmed by the concatenation of circumstances, we never saw a more perfect piece of acting. In some parts it recalled to our memory some of the noblest personation of Wolsey that ever adorned the stage: in the rest, it was all the author's and the performers' own. The weak and vacillating *Louis XIII.*, who does not appear till the fourth act, was excellently played by Elton, who was really a picture in person as well as in mind of that worthless king. Mr. Warde, as the aspiring and intriguing *Baradas*, was also every thing that could be wished. His *Iago*-like wickedness, checked by saucy doubts and fears, was forcibly portrayed; and his courtier acquiescence in the last scene was eminently happy. Mr. Anderson,

as the *Chev. de Mauprat*, might, but for *Richelieu*, be deemed the hero of the play; and he acquitted himself very ably of the trust throughout the whole of an arduous part. Mr. Vining, as a foppish and fluttering insect of the court, deserves similar commendation;—his lightness was a very agreeable relief to the graver scenes. Mr. Phelps, as the famous Capuchin *Joseph*, looked and acted the priest, expectant of a bishoprick, with great truth and unction; and Mr. G. Bennett, in the humbler cast of a traitorous officer of *Richelieu's* guard, did all that was set down for him with discrimination and judgment. We have but to notice Miss H. Faucit in the heroine, which she performed with her usual feeling and ability; and Miss Charles, as *Marion de Lorme*, who filled up the leading *dramatis personæ* of a play altogether admirably brought out. Enthusiastic cheers attended its announcement for repetition every evening.

Adelphi.—On Monday, a new company of actors appeared here, and were received with unbounded applause. Foreign genius ought to be encouraged by a liberal people, and as very few of the race in question are natives of our isle, we would entirely rejoice in their success, were it not from a fear we entertain, that they are likely to drive a great proportion of inferior English and Irish talent from the stage. Two days a week fasting, in Lent, would be nothing to this total starvation; and all the parliamentary pathos of the honourable member for Finsbury could hardly obtain a majority to vote for their being maintained at the national expense. Be this as it may, Il Signor Ambrogini (the director of music), Signor Brazillini (first in genteel comedy), Mdlle Chieni (leader in the higher walks of the drama), Monsieur Jacko (the premier buffo), and the rest of the troop, are evidently among the greatest performers in the world, for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, scene indivisible, or poem unlimited. That they are monkeys seems to be a strong recommendation, for since the stage has been degraded by beasts *fera natura*, it seems as if were a step upwards again to have animals more nearly approaching to human intelligence. The Animali Parlante of Casti, and Esop's or Gay's Fables, might prepare us for the scenic triumph of these well-trained actors, who appear to be infinitely better organised than those who are occasionally seen in the training of street musicians, or taking part in a *duo* with Von Bruin. Indeed, nothing could exceed the grace and gravity of Ambrogini, the very Sir George Smart of the party, except, perhaps, the elegance and stateliness of Chieni, its Huddart, as *Madame Pompadour*. Nor ought we to pass unpraised the versatility of its Matheva, Brazillini, or the comicities of its Keeley, Jacko. They certainly beat any thing that could be done when Roscius was an actor at Rome; and it may be confidently anticipated that their London glory will be far more substantial than the plaster of Paris hitherto their meed. The schoolmaster, it is clear, has been abroad among the brutes, and the march of mind can no longer be limited by his own vanity to the presumption of man. The cowardly lion, the fawning tiger, the gentle leopard, and the sweet hyena, are now the epithets justly to be applied to these once ferocious species; and the lovely ape and intellectual monkey already claim similar appellations. To these, we understand, are about to be added polite dogs and accomplished goats; and, better still, a *corps dramatique* of no fewer than twelve well-educated and interesting pigs. Let them come: *suum cuique!*

* The Greek who advised when you could not cover yourself entirely with the lion's skin, to eke it out with the fox's.

Oliver Twist does not improve upon stage acquaintance; though the scene in which *Fagin* works up *Sykes* to the murder of *Nancy*, is one of fearful interest. Nothing can surpass *Yates's* diabolical personation of the *Jew*; whilst *O. Smith*, in the ruffian, and *Wright* in the *Dodger*, add to, and contrast with, its horror, by the hardened determination of the former, and the blind recklessness of the latter.

VARIETIES.

Nelson Tribute.—On Monday, a meeting of disappointed candidates took place at the Thatched House Tavern, and was attended by about fifty artists: Mr. Inman in the chair. A humorous speech was delivered by Mr. Hopper; and some correspondence with the committee and sub-committee on the Tribute was read, from which it appeared that no distinct course could be taken till a further communication was made on Saturday, this day. There was some discrepancy in the opinions expressed; for while it was thought desirable to have public opinion, considerable dissatisfaction was expressed with the manner in which it was pronounced, through the press or otherwise; and the judgment held to be of less or more authority as it agreed less or more with the ideas of the speakers. Again, it was urged to be expedient that the committee should receive the advice of the rejected artists—a manifest difficulty, since they by no means agree among themselves; and, instead of unanimity, there would be variety quite as much as among the general public.

National Monument Society.—At a meeting of this Society last Saturday, at the Thatched House Tavern, Mr. Hume in the chair, a gratifying statement was made of public places which had consented to open their doors gratuitously for the admission of the people; and a Report was agreed to, which will shortly be printed, and lay the progressive advance of the Society towards attaining its objects fully before the public.

Seaman's Hospital Society.—The anniversary on Saturday was attended by about 150 gentlemen, and H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge, in the chair, had Lords Melville, Colville, Bexley, Ingestre, Sir James Lushington (chairman of the East India Company), Mr. Pelly (deputy chairman of the Trinity House), and other distinguished individuals, as his supporters on the right and left. Nothing could exceed the feeling on behalf of this most benevolent charity which was exhibited on the occasion; and the addresses of Lord Melville and Captain Bowles (the Secretary), were received with great applause. Their description of the institution, and its merciful dispensations, were indeed truly touching. Towards the close of the evening, Mr. Brown (the Treasurer), announced a subscription of 1176*l*. Had it been double this gratifying amount, it would not have been too much; but we hope these notices will cause other benefactions to flow in, so that nothing may be wanting for this good and Christian work.

Photogenic Drawing.—Letters and journals from Germany state that eminent artists and chemists in that country are employing themselves in experiments on photogenic drawing.

Mr. Colley Grattan.—We rejoice to see by the *Gazette*, that Mr. Colley Grattan, whose

* Dr. Græville, we observe, has published a letter to the Duke of Wellington, in which the merits of Mr. Raiton's column, as contrasted with those of one in cast-iron of superior dimensions, are discussed. There are, also, criticisms on other models; but, for the reasons we have stated, we must, for the present, abstain from comment.

literary productions have done honour to his name, has been appointed British Consul for the state of Massachusetts, where we have long had resident another literary gentleman of distinguished talent.

United Service Museum.—The Eighth Annual Meeting took place at the Thatched House on Saturday, Sir George Cockburn in the chair, when a very satisfactory report was read by the assistant director. Several members of the council, going out by rotation, were re-elected or others elected. It was moved and agreed to, that instead of the name "United Service Museum," the name "United Service Institution" should be adopted in future; and it was also resolved that the rooms of the Institution should be open daily from 11 A.M. to 5 P.M. in summer, and 4 P.M. in winter; and that the library should be open to members from 7 to 10 in the evening throughout the year. It is very gratifying to find so excellent and well conducted an Institution thus gradually and progressively working out the purposes for which it was established; and taking the sure path to become a national benefit and honour. It is highly creditable to the United Services.

Survey of Port Adelaide.—An immediate and most elaborate survey of the port was about being made by Colonel Light, assisted by Capt. Field.—*Oriental Herald*.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Mr. Adolphus, whose History of England, from the accession of George III. to the close of the American War (published in three vols. 8vo. thirty-seven years ago), went through four large editions, and is now out of print, has issued proposals to republish the same, by subscription, with important corrections and additions, and to add five more volumes, to bring down the history to the close of the reign. No more eventful period ever occupied a historical pen. The volumes are to appear about every two months.

In the Press.

Dearbrook, a Novel, by Miss Martineau.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Greek Testament, with English Notes, Critical, Philological, and Explanatory, by the Rev. S. T. Bloomfield, D.D. F.R.S., 3d edit. enlarged, 2 vols. 8vo. 2*l*.—Mawe and Abercrombie's complete Gardener's Calendar and Directory, 24th edit. improved, by J. Main, 12mo. 6*s*.—Outlines of Military Surgery, by Sir G. Ballingall, M.D. 2d edit. 8vo. 1*s*.—Geometrical Theorems and Analytical Formulas, by W. Wallace, LL.D. 8vo. 6*s*.—Dr. Elliott's Principles and Practice of Medicine, with Notes, &c. by N. Rogers, M.D. 8vo. 2*s*.—Beard's Lectures against Opium, 12mo. 6*s*.—America and the American Church, by the Rev. H. Cartwright, 8vo. 2*s*.—Home Service, by B. E. Hill, 2 vols. post 8vo. 2*l*.—The African Slave-Trade, by T. F. Buxton, 8vo. 5*s*.—or, with a Map, &c.—Reply to the Report of the Earl of Durham, by a Colomist, 8vo. 2*s*.—Ore's Materna Medica of Infancy and Childhood, 2d edit. 12mo. 3*s*.—B. Picart's Religious Ceremonies of every Nation abridged, 4to. 2*s*.—The Town and Country Practice of the Court for relief of Insolvent Debtors, by R. Allen, 12mo. 10*s*.—The Law of Master and Servant, by E. Spike, 12mo. 2*s*.—Anthony's Caesar, with Notes and Indexes, 12mo. 4*s*.—Mémoires on Oil Painting, translated by W. B. S. Taylor, post 8vo. 12*s*.—Rev. R. Montgomery's Poetical Works, 6 vols. 12mo. Vol. 1. 2*s*.—Lives of Scottish Writers, by D. Irving, LL.D. 2 vols. post 8vo. 12*s*.—Treatise on Probabilities, by T. Galloway (from the "Encyclopædia Britannica"), post 8vo. 6*s*.—Alfred Moreland, the would-be Traveller, &c. &c. 4*s*.—Whately's Essays on some of the Dangers to Christian Faith, 8vo. 1*s*.—Smith's Wealth of Nations, with a Commentary, Vol. IV. and last, 12mo. 5*s*.—The Arabian Nights, translated by E. W. Lane, Vol. 1. royal 8vo. 2*s*.—Gems of American Wit, &c.—Langley's Principia Saxonica, 12mo. 4*s*.—The Book of the Grand Junction Railway, by T. Roscoe, 8vo. 1*s*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are sorry we cannot accept the tender lines of "V. H. L." It is difficult to write for particular objects in a way to produce a general feeling. **REMARKS.**—In our critique on the British Institution last week, the Caricature Concert at Amalfi was ascribed to Mr. J. Uwins, R.A. (p. 139, middle col.), and it was no small compliment to it that we thought it the production of that charming artist, Mr. Thomas Uwins. It is, however, the performance of a younger man, and one, we may judge from it, of excellent promise, Mr. James Uwins, the nephew of the R.A. and son of his late brother, Dr. Uwins, who was at Rome pursuing his studies at the time of his father's unexpected death.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

BRITISH INSTITUTION,

PALL MALL.
The Gallery, for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of British Artists, is open daily, from Ten in the Morning until Five in the Evening.

Admission, 1*s*. Catalogue, 1*s*.
WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT

OF BRITISH ART.
The Committee beg to submit for the consideration of the Public the Plan and Objects of the Institution, which was established in 1826. To purchase the Works of British Artists from the Exhibitions of the Year, or from the Studios of the Artists themselves. Each Subscriber to be entitled to One Chance for each Guinea subscribed, a day being fixed shortly after the close of the Exhibitions for the Public Distribution of the Annual Prizes, on the principle of the late State Lottery.

Any additional information may be had of Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi, 21, Pall Mall East. To whom Subscriptions may be paid; or also to Messrs. Ransoms, Bankers, Pall Mall East; Messrs. Chapman and Hall, 108 Strand; Mr. Havell, 77 Oxford Street; Mr. Jennings, 68 Chancery.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.—Under the

Patronage of Her Majesty and the Queen Dowager.
BENEVOLENT SOCIETY OF ST. PATRICK.—The 10th Anniversary of this Society will be celebrated on Saturday, March 16th, 1830, at the Freemasons' Tavern, Great Queen Street.

President.

Field-Marshal H. R. Highness the DUKE of CAMBRIDGE, Earl of Tipperary, &c. &c. &c.

Vice-Presidents.

The Duke of Leinster
The Marquess of Normandy, K.P.
The Marquess of Londonderry, G.C.B.
The Marquess of Lansdowne, K.O.
The Marquess of Downshire, K.P.
The Earl of Clancawhill
Chancellor of the Exchequer
Gen. Lord Bloomfield, G.C.B.

Tickets (2*s*. each) to be had of E. T. Baskerville, Esq. M.P. Treasurer, No. 16 St. Paul's Churchyard, at the Bar of the Tavern; and at the Schools, in Stamford Street, Blackfriars' Road. Signed (by order) J. C. MICHELL, Secretary.
Dinner on Table at Six o'Clock.

The Children dine as usual on that Day, at the Schools, at Two o'Clock.

HERALDRY and GENEALOGY. Many

Articles upon these Subjects, both curious and rare, including some valuable Heraldic MSS., are to be brought forward for Sale, on Monday and Tuesday next, by Mr. Sotheby.

LIBRARY of USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

The First Part of the History of Switzerland, price 6*d*. will be published, at the Society's Office, on the 15th instant, and a Number of this Series will continue to be published there on the 1st and 15th of every Month.

The Current Volumes of "The History of England," of "The History of Ancient Great Literature," of "The Geography of Great Britain," of "Annals," and of "The Differential Calculus," will be completed without delay, by Messrs. Baldwin and Cradock.

THOMAS COATES, Secretary.
50 Lincoln's Inn Fields, 7 March, 1830.

MUSIC.

TO THE MUSICAL WORLD.

NEW MUSICAL INSTRUMENT OF UNEQUALLED SUPERIORITY.

Messrs. Tritschler and Co. beg leave to apprise the Nobility and Gentry, that they have recently received from the Continent a musical self-acting Instrument, which, for sweetness and power of tone, exceeds all efforts ever made by even the most ingenious and accomplished artists, in the construction of the most perfect specimens of music. In fact, the most fertile imagination cannot conceive any thing adequate to the beautiful melodious sounds produced by this Instrument, which are sufficient to embalm the soul.

This new-invented instrument, called "Tribine," plays the following pieces:

Entrée to the Opera of William Tell, by Rossini.
Concerto, by J. A. Gram.
Overture to the Opera of Fra Diavolo, by Aubert.
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Variations by Humel.
Overture to the Opera of the Freischütz, by Carl M. von Weber.

In regard to its shape and size, it is well adapted for either the Drawing or Dining Room.
To be viewed at Messrs. T. and Co. German Clock Warehouse, 101 High Holborn.

BOOKS IN THE PRESS.

On the 1st of April will be published, 1 vol. 8vo. uniform with Milman's *Gibbon*.

THE LIFE of GIBBON, with Selections

from his Miscellaneous Works.
Edited by the Rev. H. H. MILMAN.
John Murray, Albemarle Street.

NOVEL, by MISS MARTINEAU.

On the 28th of March will be published, in 3 vols.

DEARBROOK, A Novel.

By HARRIET MARTINEAU.
Edward Mosse, Dover Street.

LADY LYTTON BULWER'S NOVEL,
Chevalier, or the Man of Honour, will positively be published March 21.
Kewest Hall, 19 Holles Street, Cavendish Square.

On the 25th of March, Part I. royal 8vo. price 1s.
PERCY'S RELIQUES of ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY, consisting of Old Ballads, Songs, &c. of our earlier Poets, preceded by an Essay on Ancient Minstrelsy.
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GERTRUDE and BEATRICE; a Historical Tragedy, in Five Acts.
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15 Great Marlborough Street, March 2.
M. R. COLBURN has just published the following NEW WORKS:—

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

A Voice from America to England. By an American Gentleman. 8vo. pp. 321. London, 1839. Colburn.

THIS appears to us to be a *bonâ fide* work, to come from the quarter announced, and to contain much matter of considerable interest to both the new and the old worlds. European travellers to America, however varied their talent and great their power of observation, can only observe as strangers, and are liable to many misconceptions which a native would avoid, when he writes upon subjects familiar to him for all the years of his life. It is, therefore, of extreme value in discussing questions of public and national importance, to have the opinions of intelligent men who see things in different lights, were it only to compare them with the statements of those who have viewed them from other points, and under other aspects. With these impressions, we would recommend the present volume to the careful consideration of the British public, for it contains much that bears intimately upon most of the affairs which are daily brought upon the tapis in all our political circles and journals.

"American society (the author sets out by declaring) has manifested two leading and opposite tendencies: one towards the lowest level of democracy, and the other towards a spiritual supremacy. The former is pretty well understood; the latter will find its portrait in these pages. Both, indeed, are made subjects of consideration. They are two extremes, that beget each other. As if nothing good could come to man without its evil, and no sweet without a bitter; as if every dawn of a brighter day must have its malignant star; and as the fairest sun must have its spots, so the rapid advancement of society in general improvement, must be visited by the demon of Radicalism, to mar the picture, and charge the onward movement with a portentous and dangerous power. This spirit of evil broods alike over America and over Europe, over all empires and republics, saps the thrones of the former and the constitutions of the latter, and threatens the world with infinite mischief. And as if the history of Christianity were not sufficiently fraught with the abuses of religious power, the great pains that have been taken in America to separate religion from the state, seem only to have opened a new field, and presented temptation for the setting up of a new spiritual dynasty, as much more influential, as it is more independent, than a church allied to the state."

Upon this text nearly the whole of the volume proceeds; and it is contended that a pure democracy is incompatible with civilisation; that there is no individual liberty in a state of society or any where except to a lone and single savage; and that equality is a physical impossibility. The two latter are truisms, and the first is expounded at greater length than we could afford to follow, even were the subject more congenial to our plan. As it is not, we shall look for our illustrations in references to the abolition of slavery and the voluntary system. Our author's principles may be gathered from the following, which involve

new, striking, and important descriptions of American religion.

"No nation in the world has been more jealous of a spiritual jurisdiction than the American republic; and none has contrived more effectually to bring itself under it. The very course of policy she has pursued, in cutting off religion from the state, has set up religion an independent and rival power; has awarded to it a field of influence which the state cannot occupy, and put into its hands weapons of war, which the state cannot take away. The state in America, from the nature of its policy, is a quiet sort of thing; though, peradventure, the people are rather active, and sometimes even noisy. The state resolved to have nothing to do with religion, but to let it go its own way, and do its own work, unmolested, and protected in its pursuits. It, moreover, resolved that religion should have nothing to do with the state; but this last is a contingency which state decrees and parliamentary resolutions cannot so easily dispose of. The perfectly neutral ground which the state has assumed towards religion, and the uniformity of its course in relation to it, have left the leaders in religion to form, adopt, and execute their own policy. The affairs of state have not been sufficient to occupy the public mind in hours of leisure from the cares of business, nor, ordinarily, sufficiently interesting and exciting to claim attention. But religion is a concern that may be brought to every man's own door, that addresses itself to his affections. Hence the minds of the Americans, fond of excitement, have been peculiarly open to the claims of religion; and religion in America has been the most active, stirring power in operation. Such has been its character and sway over individual minds to a great extent. The Americans like a fervent, not to say a hot, religion. Like the Welsh, many of them want a religion that will make them hop and jump. But the stirring power of religion in the primary assemblies of the people at camp-meetings, and in revivals, is not enough. This is only one, and a distinct mode of its operation. It is properly the devotional part, not of the closet, but of the public assembly. It is where the mind luxuriates in its religiously passive condition, and revels in ecstatic joy, or writhes in agony, while acted upon by a singular and powerful combination and concentration of social and religious influences. Such, to a great extent, is the cradle and nursery of American religion. But, like the Puritans of England and the Covenanters of Scotland, those minds that can pray and wrestle with God in suchwise, can also enact their parts in the strife of politics and of arms. They delight in some great enterprise, and the active principle of their religion is a preparation. Denied participation in affairs of state, as a body—though they are represented, and have their share of influence there, an important advantage for the protection of their separate interests and enterprises—they have entered a new field, formed associations, and opened subscriptions, for the conversion—in other words, for the conquest—of the world. As this is an open and declared purpose, there can, of course, be no surprise,

and no deception; and as it is a spiritual subjugation to Christianity that is talked of and proposed, there can be no objection. Such is the more enlarged scheme professed, the minor parts of which are a proper intellectual and moral discipline of the mind of the country, under the machinery that is erected for the accomplishment of this great end. Whereunto there must needs be associations, national and subsidiary, and agencies innumerable—consolidated and centralised governments in this department of society, supervised by presidents, secretaries, and boards of managers, putting in requisition—on account of the variety, extent, and vastness of these concerns—as much talent, sole devotion, and practical tact, as are ordinarily required to conduct the affairs of a nation. It has given birth to a new system of politics, the machinery of which is remote from public view, silent in its operation, but no less efficient on the public mind. Under one board is placed the care of the Bible, its printing and circulation—a very good work, certainly, if it can be shown that such a machinery were necessary, and that more Bibles are distributed in consequence. Under another, domestic missions, which must make itself acquainted with every corner and nook of the country, and so work upon the public mind, through its anniversary meetings, periodical journals, secretaries, travelling agents, and a variety of other operations, as to bring the whole population, as far as possible, under discipline and into action. Under another, foreign missions, a high and commanding power, which has taken the world as its field, and which must necessarily have a twofold economical or political system; one part to draw its resources from home, and the other to carry on its operations abroad. Under another, is placed the superintendence and emission of the more permanent forms of religious literature, tracts and books, involving an indirect, but actual, censorship; ordering, so far as their influence extends, that the public shall have such books, and only such, as they are pleased to publish; and their power in this particular is immense. Next, the cause of temperance requires its national organisation, its general and subsidiary boards of supervision and control, its many thousand agencies, its numerous tracts and periodicals, whereby is published some good doctrine, and some, as is thought, rather questionable. Passing over numerous other associations appertaining to this system—too many to be easily looked up, and yet more difficult to be described—Abolitionism, though last, not least, has already enacted, and seems destined to act, a very important part, and more eminently political, under this regimen of religions and benevolent association in America. As to the right or wrong of these institutions, or as to whether they are good or bad, is not, in this place, a subject of inquiry; but simply the fact of their social importance, and their power. And we say, that in America it is great; nay, we think it has obtained to a supremacy of influence over the state. American society, as we have observed in a former chapter, is a dynasty of opinions; and the state must yield to it. And it happens, that these voluntary

associations are so numerous, so great, so active and influential, that, as a whole, they now constitute the great school of public education, in the formation of those practical opinions, religious, social, and political, which lead the public mind, and govern the country; at least, exercise an influence over the state which cannot be resisted.

"It cannot but be remarked, that America presents one of the fairest and most hopeful fields that was ever opened on the world, for carrying Christian civilisation to the highest point of perfection, to a very millennium of the human state, if the active religious elements existing there were properly taken in hand, rightly directed, and discreetly employed; if the government of the country were consistent with its own professions, and would consent to become, in Scripture phrase, 'the nursing parent of the church.' We observe further, that this American system of voluntarism has called into existence and action an anomalous spiritual power, more formidable to the state than any alliance of church and state that has ever been devised. In bearing off from the rock of Scylla, the American ship of state is fast being drawn into the whirlpool of Charybdis. Better, far better, for the state to have maintained an alliance of any form with religion—even after the obnoxious model—in order to secure a proper control over it, than to have made such a power independent of itself, and to have sent it adrift to its own devices, with a field open before it for the setting up of a rival empire. The political power of religion, as we have shewn in another place, cannot be suppressed, nor in any way prevented. It has always had political influence, both in Christian and pagan lands, and always will. The nature of man, and the elementary composition of society, must first be changed, before it can be otherwise. Religion is the most potent element of the social fabric. The theoretical mistake of American constitutional legislation, in regard to religion, was, in assuming, that it is possible so to divorce religion from the state as to disarm it of political power. It is not surprising, therefore, that such a wide mistake in theory, as it applied to the construction of American society, should have become momentarily practical in its results. Having cut off religion from all authoritative connexion with the state, assigning for the act a reason which covered religion with disgrace, because it was an implied impeachment of its character at the bar of the public, and having resolved to leave religion to its own resources and powers, with a gracious promise of protection in all its forms of action, corporate and otherwise, provided it should not disturb the public peace, nor trespass on other recognised rights, it was a natural consequence, that religion should devote itself to the task of devising and setting up a polity of its own; and there was a good pretext—a sufficient apology for doing it.

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ing, that both branches shall not appoint them from the same sect. And in a course of years, they run through the range of the most prominent religious denominations of the country. It is but two or three years since, that a Roman Catholic was appointed to one of these places, for the first time, without disturbing public feeling, so far as we know. There is a reason, not only of liberality, but of policy, for having done so. The Roman Catholics in America have grown to an important political influence by the acquisition of Louisiana, and by emigration from Europe, so as to be capable of tuening a vote for a national administration, in whichever scale they cast their weight, in the present nearly equal balance of political parties. And the Roman Catholics are generally found on one side, viz. the most thoroughly democratic and radical. And as that is at present the dominant party, it may be said, that Roman Catholics govern the country; so far as that, they are the means of keeping in power the party to which they are attached. The same rule of appointing chaplains prevails in the army and navy, and they will be found of several different sects, as accident has determined. When any clergyman applies for the place, it is not asked to what denomination he belongs, although it may be remarked, that the episcopal service is most popular in the army and navy, and for that reason is often used by chaplains of other denominations.†

"The most remarkable features of American constitutional legislation, touching religion, would hardly be complete if we should omit to notice the Connecticut 'Blue Laws.' We beg leave, therefore, without note or comment, to transcribe a copy:—1. The governor and magistrates, convened in general assembly, are the supreme power, under God, of this independent dominion. 2. From the determination of the assembly no appeal shall be made.

† "Statistics of American Religious Sects.—The following is the table of the religious denominations of the United States, from the 'American Almanac' of 1838:—

	Congregations	Ministries	Communicants	Population
Baptists.....	6319	423	458,000	
Free-willers.....	753	41	36,876	4,300,000
Seventh Day.....	10	40	4,500	
St. Principles.....	16	30	8,117	
Roman Catholics.....	433	369	..	800,000
Christians.....	1009	80	130,000	360,000
Congregationalists.....	1300	110	108,000	1,400,000
Dutch Reformed.....	497	129	15,416	450,000
Episcopalians.....	260	600	..	600,000
Friends.....	508	..	..	100,000
German Reformed.....	400	308	38,000	..
Jews.....	..	..	..	15,000
Lutherans.....	780	267	61,906	540,000
Mennonites.....	300	..	38,000	..
Wesleyans.....	..	2984	480,103	3,000,000
Protestants.....	..	400	50,000	..
Moravians.....	24	33	5,745	12,000
Mormonites.....	..	..	12,000	18,000
New Jerusalem Church.....	27	33	..	5,000
Presbyterians.....	2807	2225	274,084	..
Cumberland.....	180	40	50,000	..
Associate.....	300	97	16,000	2,125,000
Reformed.....	40	30	..	..
Associate Reformed.....	214	116	12,000	..
Shakers.....	15	45	6,000	..
Tunkers.....	40	40	3,000	30,000
Unitarians.....	300	174	..	180,000
Universalists.....	653	817	..	600,000

"Remarks.—The Christians, Mennonites, and Tunkers are Baptists, as well as the first four in the table, which swells the ministers of this great denomination to 8,330; congregations, 5707; and communicants, 686,485. But with most of the Baptists, any uneducated man, who manifests edifying gifts, is made a minister. Hence the great number. This, also, is the leading rule with the great majority of American religious sects. It prevails extensively with the Wesleyans, though they have many distinguished men among their ministers. A professional education for the pulpit is, however, becoming more the practice in America than formerly. The column of population in this table is conjectural, though worthy of some respect. The other columns are averred to have been formed from the latest published records, under the authorities of the different sects. But there are numerous minor sects omitted."

3. The governor is amenable to the voice of the people. 4. The governor shall only have a single voice in determining any question, except a casting vote, when the assembly may be equally divided. 5. The assembly of the people shall not be dismissed by the governor, but shall dismiss itself. 6. Conspiracy against the dominion shall be punished with death. 7. Whoever says, 'There is a power holding jurisdiction over and above this dominion,' shall be punished with death and loss of property. 8. Whoever attempts to change or overturn this dominion shall suffer death. 9. The judges shall determine controversies without jury. 10. No one shall be a freeman, or give a vote, unless he be converted, or a member in full communion of one of the churches allowed in this dominion. 11. No one shall hold any office, who is not sound in the faith, and faithful to this dominion; and whoever gives a vote to such a person shall pay a fine of one pound. For the second offence, shall be disfranchised. 12. No Quaker, or dissenter from the established worship of this dominion, shall be allowed to give a vote for the election of magistrates, or any officer. 13. No food and lodging shall be allowed a Quaker, Adomite, or other heretic. 14. If any person turns Quaker, he shall be banished, and not suffered to return, on pain of death. 15. No priest shall abide in this dominion. He shall be banished, and suffer death on his return. Priests may be seized by any one without warrant. 16. No one shall cross a river, but with an authorised ferryman. 17. No one shall run on a Sabbath day, or walk in his garden, or elsewhere, except reverently to and from church. 18. No one shall travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep houses, cut hair, or shave, on the Sabbath day. 19. No husband shall kiss his wife, and no mother kiss her child, on the Sabbath day. 20. A person accused of trespass in the night, shall be judged guilty, unless he clear himself by an oath. 21. When it appears that an accomplice has confederated, and he refuses to discover them, he may be racked. 22. No one shall buy or sell lands, without the permission of the select man. 23. A drunkard shall have a master appointed by the select man, who is to debar him the privilege of buying or selling. 24. Whoever publishes a lie to the prejudice of his neighbour, shall sit in the stocks, or be whipped fifteen stripes. 25. No minister shall keep a school. 26. Man-stealers shall suffer death. 27. Whoever wears clothes trimmed with silver or bone lace above two shillings a-yard, shall be presented by the grand jurors; and the select man shall tax the offender at the rate of three hundred pound estate. 28. A debtor in prison, swearing he has no estate, shall be let out, and sold to make satisfaction. 29. Whoever sets fire to the woods, and it burns a house, shall suffer death, and persons suspected of the crime shall be imprisoned without the benefit of bail. 30. Whoever brings cards or dice into this dominion, shall pay a fine of five pounds. 31. No one shall read Common Prayer, keep Christmas or saint's day, make mince pies, dance, or play on any instruments of music, except the drum, the trumpet, and the Jew's harp. 32. When parents refuse their children suitable marriages, the magistrates shall determine the point. 33. The select men, on finding children ignorant, may take them away from the parents, and put them into better hands, at the expense of their parents. 34. A man that strikes his wife, shall pay a fine of ten pounds; a woman that strikes her husband shall be punished as the court directs. 35. A wife shall be deemed good evidence against her husband. 36. No one shall court a maid without first ob-

taining the consent of her parents—five pounds penalty for the first offence, ten pounds for the second, and for the third, imprisonment during the pleasure of the court. 37. Married persons shall live together, or be imprisoned. 38. Every male shall have his hair cut round according to a cap."

The author maintains that an American slavery abolitionist is in a false position, and must be put down by the general government.

"The number of slaves in America at this time is probably but little less than 3,000,000, increasing with a rapidity in excess of the whites in the same states, as 112 per cent is to 80 per cent in the term of forty years, and constituting about one-third of the population of the slave-holding states, besides about 400,000 free blacks scattered over the Union, all whose sympathies will be on the same side with their common kindred. With all the prejudices and aversions of the two races of whites and blacks, one against the other, in consequence of the relations they have so long sustained—not taking into account the moral effects of a difference of physical constitution, from which they can never emerge to have lost them, but are more likely to have them confirmed and augmented—how can they ever live together as equals under the same jurisdiction? And how can the whites do without the blacks in such a climate, where the latter have been accustomed to do all, or nearly all, the manual labour? And if they could do without them, can the blacks be colonised any where in America, and be erected into an independent government, or be made to act in harmony as a separate and constituent member of the American confederacy? Or can they be transported back to the land of their fathers, and be well established there? These are momentarily practical, and stupendously difficult, problems. All theories, it may be said, are likely to be baffled, and the great question seems destined to be surrendered to time and circumstance. There are reasons, also, for the opinion, that the nearer the blacks approach to a state of freedom, so much greater and more violent will be the aversions and animosities between the two races, from causes which are likely to be in operation in the mean time, more especially through the influence of the indiscreet friends of the blacks, who are for that reason their greatest enemies; and that the final result must be for the parties to fight it out, till one has exterminated or effectually subdued the other. In other words, as the whites are likely to be the strongest, that all things revert again to the *status quo* of everlasting slavery."

Our author holds that there is no extensive sympathy with the Canada rebellion in the United States; but we have devoted so much space to the illustration of the momentous topics connected with the effects of the religious system in that country, that we must leave all the rest to the work itself: what we have selected having, we trust, fully borne out the observations with which we started.

Richelieu; or, the Conspiracy: a Play, in Five Acts. With Odes, &c. By Sir E. Lytton Bulwer, Bart., &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 144. London, 1839. Saunders and Otley.

"It is of all things the most instructive," says Burke, "to see not only the reflection of manners and characters, at several periods, but the modes of making this reflection, and the manner of adapting it at those periods, to the taste and disposition of mankind. The stage may be considered as the republic of active literature, and its history as the history of that state."

That we enjoy an opportunity to feel the truth of this passage, we owe to the talent which has produced *Richelieu* in the closet, and the skill which has embodied it on the stage. The instructive reflection of manners and characters is excellently displayed in both instances; and the British public is furnished with a picture which has attracted, and will long continue to attract, crowds every night to the temple of Taste and Genius where it is exhibited. We are not going to debate any minute points of biographical or historical accuracy in this play, which even in history always admit of dispute, but which are sufficient for the drama if they preserve similitude and probability; it is enough for us that the poet has wrought out his own ideas in a way to give delight to the spectator and gratification to the reader, without failing in those qualities of consistency that ally his characters and events closely to what they are represented to have been by the annals of the age to which they belonged. The more jocular parts of Richelieu's dialogue we have heard critically objected to, and in one instance, perhaps, we join in the objection—i. e. where the Cardinal dismisses the Capuchin with the following words:—

"In my closet
You'll find a rosary, Joseph; are you tell
Three hundred beads, I'll summon you. Stay, Joseph!—
I did omit an Ave in my matins.
A grievous fault!—atone it for me, Joseph;
There is a scourge within; I am weak, you strong;
It were but charity to take my sin
On such broad shoulders. Exercise is healthful."

Not so where he thus praises De Mauprat:—

"Beh! the mate for beauty
Should be a man, and not a money-chest!
When her brave sire lay on his bed of death,
I vow'd to be a father to his Julie:—
And so he died—the smile upon his lips:—
And when I spared the life of her young lover,
Methought I saw that smile again! Who else,
Look you, in all the court—who else so well,
Brave, or supplant the favourite!—balk the king—
Baffle their schemes? I have tried him!—He has honour
And courage!—qualities that eagle-plume
Men's souls,—and fit them for the fiercest sun,
Which ever melted the weak waxen minds
That flutter in the beams of greedy Power!
Besides, he has taste, the Mauprat!—When my play
Was acted to dull tiers of lifeless gapers,
Who had no soul for poetry, I saw him
Applaud in the proper places: trust me, Joseph,
He is a man of an uncommon promise!"

The last passages we consider a fine characteristic trait, which hints at all we have read of Richelieu's jealousy of Cornelle, and his own want of dramatic success. Indeed, Sir E. Bulwer has sought out many similar features in the Cardinal's recorded memoirs, and interspersed them very aptly and ingeniously through the general portraiture, to which they impart a very pleasing degree of life and reality.

Though there are many poetical passages in *Richelieu*, and also of happy touches which win rounds of applause from the audience, the latter are too brief to be separated from the context and introduced into a literary notice; and of the former, we shall be content to adduce only a few examples. Thus, when De Mauprat boasts of his gallant bearing, we have the following:—

"Richelieu. Your words
Are bold.
De Mauprat. My deeds have not belied them.
Richelieu. Deeds!
O miserable delusion of man's pride!
Deeds! cities sack'd, fields ravaged, hearths profaned,
Men butcher'd! In your hour of doom behold
The deeds you boast of! From rank showers of blood,
And the red light of blasting roofs, you build
The Rainbow Glory, and shuddering Conscience
Cry,—Lo, the Bridge to Heaven!
De Mauprat. If war be sinful,
Your hand the gauntlet cast.
Richelieu. It was so, sir.
Note the distinction:—I weigh'd well the cause

Which made the standard holy: raised the war
But to secure the peace. France bled—I groan'd!
But look'd beyond; and, in the vista, saw
France saved, and I exulted. You—but you
Were but the tool of slaughter—knowing naught,
Foreseeing naught, nought hoping, nought lamenting,
And for naught fit,—save cutting throats for hire,
Deeds, marry, deeds!"

And again, this impressive lesson:—

"You have outrun your fortune;—
I blame you not, that you would be a beggar—
Each to his taste!—But I do charge you, sir,
That, being beggar'd, you would own false moories
Out of that crucible, called debt.—To live
On means not yours—be brave in silks and laces,
Gallant in steeds—splendid in banquets—all
Not yours—ungiven—unherited—unpaid for—
This is to be a trickster: and to slick
Men's art and labour, which to them is wealth,
Life, daily bread,—quitting all secure with— Friend,
You're troublesome!—Why this, forgive me,
Is what—when done with a less dainty grace—
Plain folks call 'Thrift!'"

In one of his scenes, Richelieu thus apostrophises the *Peu*:—

"True,—this!
Beneath the rule of men entirely great
The pen is mightier than the sword. Behold
The arch-enchanter's wand!—Itself a nothing!—
But taking sorcery from the master-hand
To pamper the Censur—and to strike
The loud earth breathless!—Take away the sword—
States can be saved without it!"

In another, there is a fine soliloquy at midnight, from which we select a few lines:—

"*Richelieu's Castle at Ruille—A Gothic chamber—Moon-
light at the window, occasionally obscured.*
Richelieu (reading). "In silence, and at night, the con-
science feels

That life should soar to nobler ends than power!
So sayest thou, sage and sober moralist!
But wert thou tried?—Sublime philosophy,
Thou art the patriarch's ladder, reaching heaven,
And bright with beck'ning angels—but, alas!
We see these, like the patriarch, but in dreams,
By the first step—dull-slumbering on the earth."

"Yet are my aims not those of circumstance,
That all-pervading atmosphere, wherein
Our spirits, like the unsteady lizard, take
The taint that colour, and the food that nurtures!
Oh! ye, whose hour-glass shifts its tranquil sands
In the unwe'd silence of a student's cell;
Ye, whose untamed hearts have never toer'd
Upon the dark and stormy tides, where life
Gives battle to the elements,—and man
Wrestles with man for some slight plank, whose weight
Will bear but one—while round the desperate wreath
The hungry billows roar—and the fierce fate,
Like some huge monster, dim-seen through the surf,
Waits him who drops;—ye safe and formal men,
Who write the deeds, and with unfeeling hand
Weigh in nice scales the motives of the great,
Ye cannot know what ye have never tried!
History preserves only the fleshless bones
Of what we are—and by the mocking skull
It would be wise to guess the passions!
Without the roughness and the glow of life
How hideous is the skeleton! Without
The colourings and humanities that clothe
Our errors, the anatomists of schools
Can make our memory hideous!"

We shall only add the conclusion, when De Mauprat and Julie are made happy, and Richelieu proceeds:—

"See, my legs—see through plots and counterplots—
Through gain and loss—through glory and disgrace—
Along the plains, where passionate discord rears
Eternal Babel—still the holy stream
Of human happiness glides on!"

And must we
Thank for that also—our prime minister?
Richelieu. No; let us own it: there is One above
Sways the harmonious mystery of the world,
E'en better than prime ministers.

Alas!
Our glories float between the earth and heaven
Like clouds which seem pavilions of the sun,
And are the playthings of the casual wind;
Still, like the cloud which drops on unseen crags
The dew the wild flower feeds on, our ambition
May from its airy height drop gladness down
On unsuspected virtue!—and the flower
May bless the cloud when it hath pass'd away!"

To the play, Sir Edward has appended three Odes, on the last days of Queen Elizabeth, Cromwell, and the death of Nelson. They are, we think, too narrative for this class of composition, with too much of historical reference and classical illustration. But there are brilliant and powerful passages. For instance, in the

description of Elizabeth, commencing with a lament over the fate of her unfortunate sister-victim, Mary Stuart :—

" Rise from thy bloody grave
Thou soft Medusa of the fated line,
Whose evil beauty look'd to death the brave;—
Discreet woe's crown, around whose passionate shame
Terror and grief the palest flowers entwined,
That ever veil'd the ruins of a name
With the sweet parasites of song divine!
Arise, and ghost, arise,
And, if revenge outlive the tomb,
Thou art avenged—behold the doomer brought to
doom!

Lo, where thy mighty murderers lies,
The sleepless couch—the sunless room,
And, quell'd the eagle eye and lion mien,
The wo-mo shadow of the Titan queen!
There, sorrow-stricken, to the ground,
Alike by night and day,
The heart's blood from the inward wound
Ebb'd silently away.
And oft she turns from face to face
A sharp and eager gaze,
As if the memory sought to trace
The sign of some lost dwelling-place
Below'd in happier days :—
Ah, what the clue supplies
In the cold vigil of a hireling's eyes?
Ah, sad in childless age to weep alone,
And start and gaze, to find no sorrow save our own!"

We close with the closing lines on the hero of Trafalgar :—

" But where was he—the noblest son
Of the triumphant Isle;
Where—England's loftiest victory won—
Her hero of the Nile?
Lo, on his couch, the victor-victim lying,
Save to the few—the fatal stroke unknown;
Above—his gladsome crew—his pennon flying,
And he, with that dark angel—Death, alone!
But ever as the loud hurra,
Tim'd with triumphant peal his latest day,
By each new conquest o'er the scattering foe,
Flash'd on the ash'en cheek the flickering glow.
And, like a star that pales beneath the morn,
When gradual broadening o'er the solemn sky,
So life grew dark as glory drew more nigh!
Vain on that gentle heart the levain came;
Nor bays nor mingling myrtle there upturn;
And thoughts, like echoes in a shrine, repeat
Familiar memories indistinctly sweet,
That blend his England's with his Emma's name.
The last guns heard that famous day
Along the deep were dying;
No flag, save ours, within the bay
On a single mast was flying :—
When the captain came where Nelson lay,
The chaplain by his side;
His hand he press'd—his cheek he kiss'd,—
' Look up,' the captain cried :—
' Twenty have struck, and the rest have fled—
We have won the victory!
' Thank God—thank God,' then feebly said
The Sydney of the sea :—
' My duty is done,—so the race was run,
And thus our Nelson died."

A View of the Coinage of Ireland, from the Invasion of the Danes to the Reign of George IV., with some Account of the Ring Money; also, copious Tables, Lists, and Descriptions of Hiberno-Danish and Irish Coins; and an Account of some of the Principal Hoards, or Parcels of Coins discovered in Ireland. Illustrated with Engravings of upwards of One Hundred and Fifty unpublished Coins. By John Lindsay, Esq. Barrister-at-Law. 4to. Cork, 1839. Bolster.

WE have read this volume with much interest. It is an important addition to our numismatic, we may add, to our historical knowledge; but it is difficult for us to illustrate by extracts the value of a work of this nature. We must content ourselves, therefore, by observing generally, that the ring-money currency of Ireland, the discovery of which was most ingeniously made by Sir William Betham, and the hoard of Bracteate coins lately brought to light, and supposed by Mr. Lindsay to be the native Irish coinage, are the most remarkable novelties in Irish numismatic history since the publication of Simon's valuable essay on the subject. At the same time, we observe other curious matters which have rewarded the patient antiquarian

zeal of coin collectors. We allude particularly to the discovery of the national arms of Ireland, which appear to be three crowns, and not a harp, as generally supposed.

"In the 'Numismatic Journal' (observes Mr. Lindsay) will be found, at full length, the very satisfactory proofs adduced by the Rev. Mr. Butler (of Trim), to shew that the three crowns were the arms of Ireland. If any thing is wanting to remove any doubts we may have on the subject, it is afforded by the following additional evidence, which the reverend and learned writer has since discovered :—1st. That Richard II. granted to Robert de Vere permission to bear as his arms, so long as he should be Lord of Ireland, three crowns within a bordure. 2d. At Henry Vth's funeral, on the first car were emblazoned the ancient arms of England; on the second, those of France and England, quarterly; on the third, those of France simply; and on the fourth, three crowns on a field azure; which last, Mr. Butler observes, were erroneously ascribed by Monstrelet, who gives the description, to King Arthur."

Mr. Lindsay records a brief account of the principal hoards, or parcels of coins which have been within the last few years discovered in Ireland; the most remarkable are the following :—

1824.—"A large parcel of coins were sold in Cork, said to have been found at Blarney, county Cork; the best of which were selected by the late Major Hobart. They consisted principally of the Calais and London groats of the Henries; a few smaller coins of the same reigns and mints; and some Scotch groats of David II. and Robert II., one of the latter struck at Dundee."

1830.—"A large hoard of coins was dug up in a field near Youghal; they amounted in weight to between three and four hundred ounces, for which the countryman who brought them received from a silversmith in Cork 86l.; the number of coins was probably eight thousand, all pennies, except about forty half-pence. The late Mr. Leyburn, in Cork, had the picking of them, and after him, another gentleman in Dublin; after which the remainder were melted. Those selected by Mr. Leyburn were mostly English and Irish pennies of Edward I. and II., the English being by far the most numerous; there were also nearly two hundred pennies of Alexander III. of Scotland, a few of John Balliol and Robert, and a considerable number of foreign sterling, some unpublished. The only rare coins amongst them were a Dublin penny, Edward I., without the triangle; and a Cork half-penny of the same prince."

1833.—"A parcel of Hiberno-Danish coins were found near Limerick; the number, I was informed, was about one hundred and seven or one hundred and eight."

1834.—"In the autumn of this year, about three thousand silver coins were dug up in the demesne of Lord Bantry, at Sea-View. They consisted of the English pennies of Henry III., with long cross, together with from one to two hundred of the Irish pennies of the same reign. A few Scotch, of Alexander II., one of them struck at Dunbar, and another at Glasgow, and at least two of William the Lion."

1835.—"At Fountainstown, near Cork, a parcel of brass siege coins were found; they are of a square form, and appear to have been struck at Cork and Youghal about the year 1646; they all fell into the hands of the late Mr. Leyburn."

1837.—"In the spring of this year, a large hoard of silver coins was dug up at Dunbrody Abbey, county of Wexford; they consisted of

between one thousand and eleven hundred Anglo-Saxon coins, mostly of the Confessor, but including three or four of Harthacnut and several of Harold I. Besides the Anglo-Saxon, the hoard consisted of from two hundred to three hundred Hiberno-Danish coins of the eleventh century, of various types, but mostly of the common Irish one; about sixty of them fell into the author's hands; they consisted of one of Harold I., twelve of the Confessor, and the rest Hiberno-Danish, including several of Sihtric IV. and Ifars III."

In the summer of the same year, Mr. Lindsay, among other discoveries, informs us that "a very large hoard of the groats of Edward III. was found near Cork." And in November 1837, he thus chronicles "a find," as collectors term such valuable "turn-ups," which gives one of the novel features we have mentioned to his publication. "A large quantity of Bracteate money was found by a farmer, named Richard Nolan, on the lands of Curraghmore, near Castle Lyons, part of the estate of John Hyde, Esq., and within a few hundred yards of the place where the battle was fought by Lord Castlehaven, called by Smith, vol. ii. p. 157, the battle of Castle Lyons. The quantity found was said to amount to two or three baskets full; but it is supposed the greater part was melted down, as not more than sixty came into the possession of the Cork collectors. About two fields from the place just mentioned, four coins were since found, viz. a London groat of Edward III., a groat of Edward IV., of the same mint, and two York pennies of Edward IV., one of them having the letter E at one side of the head and a rose at the other."

Mr. Lindsay observes, that previous to this discovery few Bracteate coins (or coins struck from one die) were found in Ireland. "Indeed," he adds, "I was not aware of any except two in the cabinet of the Dean of St. Patrick's." On those which Mr. Lindsay has seen, which include thirteen varieties of type, no legend occurs; "they are, from their thinness, generally in a mutilated state, and when unbroken do not weigh more than from seven to ten grains." He thus concludes :—"A comparison of the types of the Bracteate coins with those of English coins, to which I have drawn the attention of the reader, will lead us to conclude, that they have been in general copied from English coins, commencing with William I. or II. and ending with John, or perhaps Henry III., and to assign as the probable period of their mintage the early part of the thirteenth century; and as the Danes had then no power over, or intercourse with Ireland, it is not likely they were struck by that people, and still less by the English, who had a very different coinage of their own, and never appear to have struck Bracteate coins in their own country; and we may, therefore, conclude that they are genuine and unquestionable specimens of the coins of the native Irish princes; and, although a very poor description of coin, highly interesting, as forming a distinct and hitherto unknown class in the annals of the coinage of Ireland."

Mr. Lindsay states, that "the only points of any importance in which he has ventured to differ with Mr. Simon are those which relate to the arrangement of the coins assigned by him to Henry V., and those of the three-crown money, which Simon assigns to Henry VI." The table of the succession of the Danish kings or princes of Dublin, Waterford, and Limerick, from the year 853 to 1200, compiled by an antiquary so able and judicious as Mr. Lindsay

has proved himself to be, is an extremely valuable document for future inquirers, considering "the scanty, and, in many instances, contradictory annals" of those obscure times.

We cordially recommend Mr. Lindsay's volume, and wish that it was in our power to do more justice to what must become not merely the collector's guide, but a standard national work on the coinage of Ireland.

Gethsemane; or, the Death of Julia. Translated from the original French of M. de La-martine, by I. H. Urquhart, Esq. 12mo. pp. 27. London, 1838. Baily and Co.

THIS is a sweet trifle, containing only twenty-four stanzas, but well worth the trouble of translation; and the time of our readers will be much better employed by perusing a stanza or two from the work itself, than in reading any remarks which we might offer. In fact, it needs no criticism, and is far too beautiful to be passed by in silence, as the following will prove:—

"There is at Olivet's dim mouldering base,
Beneath the ramparts which laid Skon low,
A dreary valley, sun-deserted place,
Where Kedron's waters scarcely seem to flow;
Thy tombs, Jehoshaphat, may there be view'd,
Earth genders ruins—not the ripening sheaves,
And spreading roots of blotched trees obtrude
From out the stones once covered by their leaves."

Again, the description of his daughter:—

"She was the only wreck of life's rough sea,
Sole fruit of many blossoms—love's last tie;
All grief at parting, on return all glee,
Throughout my wanderings, pleasure ever nigh,
A ray of sunshine through my lattice peeping,
A bird that from my lip its food would take,
Aerial music when my soul was sleeping,
A kiss that only courted me to wake."

She was my mother's image newly cast,
Her every look recall'd some well-known grace,
Her future promise'd to revive my past,
My happiness had only changed its face.
Ten years of bliss were echoed by her voice,
Her footsteps fill'd my mansion with delight,
A plaintive note forbade me to rejoice,
Her smile would make my anxious bosom light.

Her brow was knit when mien in thought was hid,
Her beautiful blue eyes reflected mine;
My cares would tremble on each moisten'd lid,
As shadows on a glassy lake recline.
Yet all that sprung from her light heart was knd;
Her lips a grave expression would not wear,
Save when her little hands her mother's join'd,
To offer, on her eyes, the fervent prayer.

I dreamt that hither, to this land I led
My beautiful child, and held her on my knee,
One arm sustain'd her feet, and one her head;
While bending o'er her features tenderly,
She turn'd her face on my encircling arms.
Shaking from auburn tresses golden light,
And pearly teeth shone forth from lips, whose charms
Were heighten'd by a smile for ever bright."

Minstrel Melodies; being a Collection of Songs.
By the Author of "Field-Flowers," "The Garland," &c. 18mo. pp. 298. London, 1839. Longman and Co.

ON a former occasion we awarded to this clever writer our praise, and have only to add that the present volume sustains his reputation. As a specimen, we quote the two following sportive stanzas:—

"When I was a wee little slip of a Girl,
When I was a wee little slip of a girl,
Too artless and young for a prude;
The men, as I passed, would exclaim, 'Pretty dear!
Which, I must say, I thought rather rude;
Rather rude, so I did;
Which, I must say, I thought rather rude.
However, said I, when I'm once in my teens,
They'll, sure, cease to worry me then;
But as I grew the older, so they grew the bolder—
Such impudent things are the men;
Are the men, are the men;
Such impudent things are the men.
But of all the bold things I could ever suppose,
(Yet how could I take it amiss?)
Was that of my impudent cousin, last night,
When he actually gave me a kiss;
Ay, a kiss, so he did;
When he actually gave me a kiss!"

I quickly reproved him, but ah! in such tones,
That, ere we were half through the glen,
My anger to smother, he gave me another—
Such strange, coaxing things, are the men;
Are the men, are the men;
Such strange, coaxing things, are the men."

Stanley; or, the Infidel Reclaimed, and other Poems. By J. C. Fyler, Esq., M.A. Pp. 87. London, 1838. Rivingtons.

CHIEFLY of a religious character, versification smooth, thoughts sensible and clearly expressed, and—and—that is all. The following is a fair specimen of the volume:—

"The Village Church."

O'er the far heath, ere sinks the close of day,
The lone, lost wand'rer seeks in vain his way,
Till his glad eye perceives a speck of white—
He finds the village church has led him right.
Thus o'er the waste of life in mercy giv'n
Religion's light directs our path to heav'n."

Visions of the Western Railways. (Printed for Private Circulation.) 8vo. pp. 36. London, 1838. Bagster.

BESIDE the Railway Vision, the volume contains "Thoughts on the British Association at Liverpool." From which we make the following extract, admire it who may!—

"And see such upper forehead in Brunel,
That, from his premises at Rotherhithe,
Although he find a most 'ambiguous middle,'
And of his miners much illicit process,
And reason in a circle—in his tunnel,
He comes to an end and most admired conclusion;
Or view in A the front and pride of trinity,
Who proves what man proves, saved to be unkind;
Or him of every section being o'er
His brow the fir philosophy of facts
And infinite individualities:—
See heavy eyebrows move at sound of G—
(With little lumps at th' end they stop at F
As they go down the street); they mark these things
And thousands else demonstrated in sections
And as they thought at first, think more and more."

Manchester Poetry. Edited by James Wheeler. Pp. 200. London, 1839. Tilt.

WE have, in a former No. (1047) of the *Literary Gazette*, quoted at some length from a work of Mr. Wheeler's, which gave an account of the many eminent literary men who were natives of Manchester. We need, therefore, only add, that the present volume (which is beautifully got up) contains extracts from the writings of almost all the native poets.

Laing's Tour in Sweden.

[Second notice.]

IN continuing our review of this volume, we shall, as in the preceding part, lay before our readers such of Mr. Laing's statements as appear to us to be most generally interesting; and avoid those opinions which are calculated to provoke controversy, either from being hastily adopted or from being pressed into the service of preconceived theories. But the public will know well how to appreciate even these portions of the work of a shrewd and able writer;* for we may often learn as much from what we doubt or deny as from what coincides with our own sentiments and belief.

Our last concluded with some extracts concerning Gothland, which had obtained a present claim to note as a subject of parliamentary, mercantile, and political discussion; and we now return to that island for the sake of illustrating a period of its commercial greatness and consequent antiquarian remains. Of Wisby, its capital, we are told by the author:—

"This ancient city is the most extraordinary place in the north of Europe. It is a city of the middle ages,—existing unbroken, and unchanged in a great measure to the present day; it appears to have undergone less alteration from time, devastation, or improvement, than

* Mr. Laing is, we are informed, the brother of the Scots historian, Malcolm Laing.—Ed.

any place of the same antiquity. The appearance from the sea of this mother of the Hanseatic cities is very striking, from the numerous remains of churches and ancient structures within a small space. I counted thirty-five towers, spires, or prominent ruins. On landing, the aspect is equally novel. Ancient streets, well paved, cross each other in all directions; and the causeway work, with two or three parallel bands, or stripes of larger paving stones, running lengthwise through the streets, looks ornamental, or at least regular. I have seen such paving about some cathedral in England. The houses on each side of these ancient streets are in general poor cabins, with gardens, potato-ground, and corn-crops, all huddled together, among ruins of churches of very extraordinary beauty and workmanship, and, as ruins, in very picturesque preservation. The whole city is surrounded by its ancient wall, with towers—square, octagonal, and round—as they stood in the thirteenth century, and with very little demolition. The wall is entire, and above thirty feet high for the greater part, and is in no place demolished. Of forty-five towers upon it, the greater part are entire: some are roofed-in, and used as magazines, a prison, storehouses, or workshops. There has been no ditch. The wall, with its towers built upon rock scarcely covered with soil, follows the inequalities of the ground from the sea at one end, all round the site of the ancient city, to the sea at the other. There are three gates in the wall; and it appears to have been strengthened at some period by an additional wall on the inside, built against the other, which has also been raised higher. On the north side of the town there has been apparently an outer wall. This wall was built in 1288, and, consequently, without any view to attack and defence by fire-arms; and is, perhaps, the most entire specimen of ancient fortification remaining in the north of Europe. This curious city (which might accommodate within its area and along its paved streets 30,000 or 40,000 people) contains at present only 4268 inhabitants, badly lodged in little tenements, under edifices of great cost and magnificence, which the former inhabitants reared with the superfluity of their wealth. You scarcely see a human being moving in streets once crowded with the wealthiest merchants of all countries. In the earlier part of the middle ages, and before the Hans towns were heard of, Wisby had long been the great emporium of commerce in the north of Europe: the market, in which the productions even of the East, brought by caravans to Novgorod and across the Baltic, met the furs and metals of the north, and the buyers of the south of Europe. In very remote times the Scandinavian side of the Baltic, abounding in copper and iron close to the surface of the earth, and easily smelted from the purity of the ores, must have been a kind of Mexico or Peru to the people dwelling in the plains of the north-east of Europe, who had not the same easy access to the supply of metal for their arms or utensils, in their own soils. Scandinavia, without being the *cunabula gentium* from which swarms of people were thrown off, was a point towards which emigrations would probably tend, in order afterwards to diverge; especially as for the subsistence of a people living by hunting and fishing, it would be, as it is now, preferable to any northern country, from its abundance of fish and game. When the floods of people ceased to be poured from the north, and exchange between individuals instead of conquest in bodies, became the means of obtaining the

metals and other necessities, the situation of Wisby between the two sides of the Baltic, each producing what the other wanted, made it a safe and convenient meeting point for all barter in the north. Wisby was, in the tenth and eleventh centuries (two hundred years before the establishment of the Hanseatic league, in 1241), one of the most important commercial cities in Europe. Its mercantile laws were regarded as the most perfect, and they were transferred to France by Saint Louis, whose code of the Isle of Oleron was copied from the constitutions of Wisby; and these contain the principles of maritime, mercantile, and international law, as now adopted in all civilised countries. Wisby had a population of 12,000 burghesses, besides labourers, tradesmen, women, and children, in the thirteenth century. The foreigners, in the eleventh century, were so numerous, that each nation had its own church and house of assembly; this is evident, indeed, from the many remains of churches within a few yards of each other. Judging from the numerous ruins of costly structures, the remains of her former magnificence, we must consider Wisby to have been a more important city than Lübeck, which at a later period became the seat of the Hanseatic power, and rose by the decline of Wisby. There are said to have been eighteen churches in Wisby; there are ruins remaining of twelve. These are almost all from one to two hundred years older than the date of the Hanseatic league; which shews that Wisby long preceded the Hans towns in the trade of the north, and probably declined from their rise. The more immediate cause of her decline was being stormed and sacked, in 1361, by Waldemar of Denmark, from which time she was often a prey to the Danes and Lübeckers; and in 1438 became a kind of robber-nest for ten years to Eric of Pomerania, the expelled king of Sweden. These churches are the most interesting Gothic edifices in Europe. They shew the style of building, ornament, and workmanship in one precisely determined age; and are not like the larger Gothic cathedrals in other countries, the work of one or two centuries, added to, altered, or rebuilt according to the varying taste or funds of successive generations. They are buildings of the eleventh and twelfth century—older than the oldest specimen we have in England of Norman or of Saxon buildings; and are on this account extremely interesting, as they shew in the arches of the same period, the characteristics which we suppose in England distinguish two distinct periods of Gothic architecture. This is the first idea that will occur to the traveller in this remarkable place, when he sees from his window round Saxon and pointed Norman arches used indiscriminately in buildings of the eleventh century."

Mr. Lasing's detailed examination of several of the ruins brings out some curious points, worthy the attention of antiquaries; and we select one example:—

"In rummaging about the only church, St. Mary's, which is kept up in Wisby, and of which it is unnecessary to say any thing, because, since it was originally built by the German merchants in Wisby, in 1190, it has been apparently repaired and renewed in different ages,—I was struck with the great number of tombstones applied to all sorts of uses,—stairs, pavements, and so on, and many broken and piled up in heaps for building materials. Some of them, with dates of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, had evidently been much older tombstones, and the original inscription, with laudable frugality, erased to make room

for that over the new incumbent; but on many there appeared a sort of hieroglyphic or Runic character; a stroke, with other strokes crossing or meeting it in various shapes and angles, of which I could make nothing. It was not possible that a Runic character, which it most resembled, could be in use in Wisby on tombstones of dates between 1500 and 1600. I applied to a young lawyer, a native of the place, whose acquaintance I had made, to solve me the puzzle: his solution was ingenious, and, I doubt not, correct. When writing was not an ordinary accomplishment among the most wealthy burghesses of Wisby or the Hans towns, every merchant had his own particular mark or scratch, known to his customers or correspondents as well as if it had been his signature in letters; and this mark was hereditary, and transmitted in his family, and was their countermark by which their wares were known, or their communications recognised, by all who dealt with or knew them; and this mark or hieroglyphic was inscribed on their tombstones to distinguish them, dead or alive, from others:—this is the tradition of the place with regard to these marks. The most ancient tombstone I saw here was one of 1236, in German, which I had not time to decipher: it was in the summerhouse of a gentleman with whom I dined one day, a few miles from town. He had also half a dozen finely carved, old, straight-backed chairs, and some tapestry, which had belonged to the palace of Eric of Pomerania, demolished in 1468, and of which no remains are left, the stones having been burnt into lime; there was also in his possession a curious iron crown, which had been formerly kept in a church on the east side of the island, which, according to tradition, was built by Saint Olaf."

Another source of antiquarian intelligence is found in the ruins of Sigtuna, not far from Upsala, and the chief seat of the idolatrous religion of Odin, long before Upsala or Stockholm existed. Of these, Mr. L. observes:—

"I was surprised to see four towers of ancient buildings still remaining; for I had understood the site of Sigtuna was all that could be found: and remains of edifices of stone are so rare in this country, that ruins of a much later date excite curiosity. Sigtuna was a town in ruins so early as the tenth century; so that the buildings to which these four square towers and other remains of walls have belonged, must go up probably to the eighth or ninth century. The place being out of the highroad, has not been much observed or visited; but now that steam is making old places new, and new old, to the traveller, ruins which are coeval with the religion of Odin, and older than any edifices connected with Christianity in the north, deserve the careful examination of the antiquarian. The real state of the arts, and the degree of civilisation, among the followers of Odin, before their conversion to Christianity, are little known, and appear to be underrated by historians. Their commerce, even with distant countries, was considerable. The very great quantities of Arabic and Greek coins found in Scandinavia, prove an active intercourse with the East. The gold ornaments, cups, arms, and utensils, found in tumuli in these northern countries, shew a wonderful perfection of workmanship; and if these are of Eastern origin, still the importing them, the obtaining them either by purchase or piracy, proves a great advance in still more important arts than the working in gold or silver. They must have been merchants, ship-builders, navigators, masters of all the

main arts of civilised life, to have crossed the seas to get at them in any way. The obscure traditional accounts of the former commercial greatness of Novgorod, of a caravan trade with the East, and a diffusion from that city of the silks and spices of the East, by the way of Wisby, speak of a course of trade which preceded the rise of the Hans towns, and existed prior to the introduction of Christianity in the north. The remains of buildings belonging to a period of which we know so little, and which had certainly made greater advances in the arts of civilised life than historians admit, are interesting. Sigtuna has still the privileges of a town, but has only 372 inhabitants, who live by manufacturing coarse pottery, the most ancient of manufactures in cities, and one which seems the last to quit its site."

In order to complete all we can refer to our masters of antiquity, we may mention that our author is a confirmed sceptic as to the alleged age of Runic inscriptions and the Sagas; the latter of which, he contends, do not go further back than the fourteenth century: and of the former he tells a story (previously known to the learned among ourselves), viz. that an inscription at Hoby, interpreted to mean (in the old Icelandic tongue, and in regular alliterative verse, A.D. 680!) "Hildetand received the kingdom,—Gard hewed out,—Ole took the oath,—Oden consecrate these runes," &c. &c., has been shewn by Berzelius to be nothing more than natural marks in the rock from the partial decomposition of gneiss and black trap.

As regards the question of political union and position, Mr. L. argues, that it would be well to separate Norway from Sweden, restoring the old dynasty to the latter, and giving the former to the family of Bernadotte. He also points out, and strongly condemns, the religious persecution which is carried to excess under the auspices of the tolerant Lutheran church, and that, too, while undistracted by any dissent. This matter and another of much national concernment are exhibited in the following extract:—

"Here, in Sweden, and in all the north of Europe, three distinct principles seem to be acted upon in applying punishment to crime. In Britain, we recognise but one, the protection of society from similar offences; but on the Continent, a second principle enters into criminal legislation, that of atonement by punishment of the offender for the moral guilt of his offence, without reference to the more or less of injury done to society by such acts. Under this principle, acts not visited with punishment by us are heavily punished abroad. For instance, blasphemy is with us left to the punishment of conscience, and of the contempt of good men. Here I heard this evening of a man of the higher class in the island denounced to the ecclesiastical department of the state, for having uttered some blasphemous joke about the Virgin Mary; a prosecution ordered before the court of the province; and that the case may affect his life, or his liberty for life. 'Hädelse mod Gud,' or contempt of God, is a crime for which, from 1830 to 1836 inclusive, fourteen persons have been condemned to death, or to slavery in chains for life. In this crime, as in treason, government must institute the proceedings; that is, the ecclesiastical department, the minister of state for church affairs, orders the prosecution. It is not, therefore, an old remnant of monkish law working unobserved by government in rare cases; but it is inquisition law working in the hands of a Lutheran state-church, as strongly as in Spain or Portugal in the hands of a Roman Catholic church.

The undefined nature of the crime, which may be twisted so as to comprehend all sorts of religious dissent; the immoral nature of the evidence, which generally must rest upon the espionage of servants or guests, as in the case I heard of; and the guilt itself, which religion takes out of the hands of man, and punishes here or hereafter in its own way, make this no object for human law to deal with in enlightened times. Its retention shows the rude notions of law and its objects, not among the vulgar only, but among the governing class. It is singular enough, that what we call blasphemy, that is to say, cursing, swearing, using dreadful oaths and imprecations, taking the Lord's name in vain—is nowhere, and in no language, so general and habitual as in Sweden; and not among the lowest class only, but among the middle and higher classes. In common conversation you hear the most horrible oaths and imprecations as ordinary phraseology; and these are never punished, as not affecting the established church or its doctrines. Among us, within these fifty years, this habit of swearing has worn out—has become unfashionable—even among our lowest class, a habitual swearer is rarely met with. Our laws have been wise enough to let it alone, or to visit it with a shilling fine, as *contra bonos mores*, when brought before a court. The crime of 'mockery of the public service of God, or contemptuous behaviour during the same,' is one rarely heard of in our courts, and when it occurs is punished only as a breach of the peace. Here it is the first in the rubric of the second class of crimes; that is, it comes after murder, blasphemy; but before perjury, forgery, or theft. It is evidently a very undefined crime; but is visited with punishment in chains for various terms of years, as a crime against the church establishment. Between 1830 and 1836, not fewer than 242 persons have been condemned to chains for this crime in Sweden. Who will say that the inquisition was abolished by Luther's Reformation? It has only been incorporated with the state in Lutheran countries, and exercised by the church through the ecclesiastical department of government, in the civil courts, instead of in the church courts. The thing itself remains in vigour. Lord Molesworth was right, when he said that the whole of the northern people of Lutheran countries had lost their liberties ever since they changed their religion for a better."

We must now, however, conclude, which we do with two passages descriptive of the manners of the country.

Mine Inn.—"I put up at the Skyds house as Orebro, and I suppose it is in much the same state as in the days of Gustavus Vasa. It is built round a court-yard, in which horses, peasants, carts, boys, dogs, and travellers, with a few pigs, and servant girls half undressed for heat, and scudding to and from the kitchen, are mingled in glorious confusion. The bed-room, however, which I got was much cleaner than I expected: but for dinner I was referred to another house in which people keep food but not beds for travellers. Here you order a portion according to a *carte*, or list of dishes; but in country towns the *carte* seldom tells of more than three sorts of dishes, of which only one generally is of any sort of meat. If you want any thing to drink, except it be anise brandy, or ale, which in general is very good, you must go to a third house, the *kallare*, or town's cellar, where you may get wine. Should you want a dessert, you must go to a fourth, the *conditor's*, or confectioner's, where you get pastry, coffee, and liqueurs. The Swede comes home at last to take his siesta, which all classes

enjoy as regularly as in Spain or Italy, at this season. The labouring people regularly sleep in the shade for an hour or two; and the middle classes go to bed after dinner during the summer.

The Military.—"Westeraas, June.—A company of soldiers, as I thought from their appearance, of the foot-guards, marched into the town yesterday, and the captain and six men were billeted upon my landlord. They were remarkably fine-looking grenadiers, well dressed in white round jackets with yellow epaulettes and blue trousers, and all their appointments seemed substantial, clean, and soldierlike. The only part of their equipment, perhaps, not altogether as good as in our service, was copper instead of block-tin canteens. The soldier's ration may often contract acidity, which renders a copper vessel for his soup less suitable. These men were well set up, evidently well drilled, and at ease under arms. Their evening parade upon the street before our door struck me very much. After the roll was called and the reports and orders delivered, the commanding officer called one of the soldiers out of the ranks, it appeared to me without turn or selection, and the whole company taking off their caps at once, this man repeated the Lord's Prayer, after which they all sung a hymn very beautifully, and the parade was dismissed. This morning early, about two o'clock, the company mustered before the door again to march to their next halting place before the heat of the day set in. Between sleeping and waking, I heard the same service repeated—the Lord's Prayer and a morning hymn sung, before they marched off. The service was not hurried over. It lasted from fifteen to twenty minutes, and was gone through as slowly and solemnly as in any religious meeting. This is a remnant of the military practice of the great Gustavus Adolphus, which has been retained in the Swedish army since the thirty years' war. I was surprised when my landlord told me to-day, that these soldiers were not of the guards, but merely a company of one of the ordinary regiments (the *Westmanland*), going to the place at which the other companies were assembling for summer manoeuvres, and that these men were all *Indeldta* soldiers; that is, soldiers occupying and living upon such little farms as I had often observed on the road-side, as in some way connected with the military establishment. This *Indeldta* system is peculiar to Sweden."

MISCELLANEOUS.

Ballot. By the Rev. Sydney Smith. Second Edition. Pp. 46. London, 1839. Longman and Co.

A RARE little pamphlet, of which it is difficult to say whether it is most logical or most amusing, most argumentative or most humorous, most convincing or most witty. It is enough to blow up the ballot-box, ten thousand times worse than Madame Vestris's box by the London Conveyance Company.

Third Letter to Archdeacon Singleton.

Pp. 39. The same.

ANOTHER of those ludicrous illustrations of an argument, in which the humour of the writer is not less entertaining than his reasoning is strong. We have not read the preceding letters; but can state of this alone, that it is a very striking defence of the cathedral establishments of deans and chapters.

Spiritualities and Temporalities of St. Paul's Cathedral. Pp. 42.

A PAMPHLET gravely addressed to the same subject, in which, after a curious historical

view, the minor canons defend their rights and privileges, as founded upon inalienable charters. *The Poetical Works of the Rev. Robert Montgomery, A.M. Oxon.* New edition, carefully revised by the Author. 18mo. pp. 171. Glasgow, 1839. Symington and Co.

THIS neat little volume contains the poem of "Satan;" that bold attempt in which a young poet ventured to exercise his genius in the same field with Milton, and produced a work which, notwithstanding all the criticisms, or rather personalities, aimed at its author, did not fail to give him a distinguished place among the aspirants to poetical fame. We were not blind either to its juvenile faults or imperfections; but we should have felt it to be a cruel injustice to have visited such a performance either with the ready ridicule of pseudo smartness, or the graver test of too severe examination. Five editions have shewn that the author took a pretty strong hold upon the public mind, and that we were right in judging him worthy of encouragement rather than of harsh repression in his early career. A not very good portrait is prefixed to this little volume, published at Glasgow, where Mr. Montgomery, we believe, is engaged in his ministerial duties as a clergyman of the episcopal church. There is rather a discrepancy between the title-page and the preface, the former stating, and the latter apologizing for, the absence of careful revision.

The African Slave-Trade. By T. Fowell Buxton, Esq. 8vo. pp. 250. London, 1839. Murray.

THIS volume confesses that the efforts made by England to extinguish the slave-trade have failed, and that its horrors are now as great, if not greater, than ever. This is a melancholy fact, and illustrated by much dreadful evidence. Mr. Buxton then contends that Africa (of which there is no doubt) contains internal and dormant resources, which, if brought into action, would raise that quarter of the globe, and richly reward the enterprise. But having laid his proposed remedies and measures before government, they are withheld for a future publication; and as the whole gist of the question rests on their practicability and efficacy, we may defer further observation till they appear. *Memoirs of the Early Life and Services of a Field Officer on the Retired List of the Indian Army.* 8vo. pp. 538. London, 1839. Allen and Co.

OF Major David PICE, so well known to Oriental literature, and whose long services in India linked him to so many able friends and associates, this volume is a curious memento. With something of the garrulity of age, he records all his "travel" from youth to advanced years; and though there is not much particularly important in the narrative, the whole is interesting as a picture of life, and the progress of a Briton from his early launch in the East through a variety of vicissitudes and adventures.

Cabinet Colloquia. No. II. Pp. 20. (London, Southgate.)—A squab against the present ministry, with no great quantity of powder.

The Call upon the Great. Pp. 120. (Seeley and Burside.)—Highly conservative, and invoking anti-revolutionary political principles, and religious instruction and example, to prevent the evils which the writer anticipates from our present system.

Lectures on Natural Philosophy, intended for the Instruction of Young Persons: First Series, by Benjamin Lyon Phillips. Pp. 308. (London, Longman and Co., &c. &c.)—Very sensible and useful. Old, as well as young, may read these lectures with advantage. This series relates to the atmosphere.

Scripture Biography for Youth, &c., by a Friend to Youth. Pp. 306. (London, Churton.)—With twelve appropriate woodcuts after Martin and Westall, this is a very commendable work of its kind; a most and instructive little book for the young reader. Historical notices point out the difference in manners and customs

between these ancient times and nations and our own, so as to render the subjects more intelligible; and some Eastern legends further illustrate the interesting narratives drawn from the Bible.

Hind's English Stage, Nos. III. and IV. (Macbeth and Katharine and Petruchio. (London, Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.)—We have only to repeat, that this is a beautiful edition of the acting drama; and, from the correctness of the text, well deserves to be patronised by every one connected with the stage, and all lovers of the drama.

Dr. Ury's Dictionary of Arts, Manufactures, and Mines. Part VII. (London, Longman and Co.)—From "Lead" to "Muriatic Acid," and containing very able accounts, alphabetically, of intervening and important articles, such as "leather," "metallurgy," and "mines."

Cardinal Bellarmine's Notes of the Church examined and refuted, &c., by Dr. Sherlock. Part I. Pp. 65. (London, Houldsworth.)—A defence of the Protestant Church, in a controversial examination of Bellarmine's Notes.

History of Napoleon. Part I. Pp. 64. (London, Tins.)—A popular history of this extraordinary man, and numerously illustrated with woodcuts. It seems to be very fairly compiled.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

MARCH 11. Mr. Greenough, Vice-President, in the chair.—Members were elected, and extracts from the following papers read:—"Notice of a Journey in Palestine and the adjoining Regions, in 1838; undertaken for the Illustration of Biblical Geography, by the Rev. E. Robinson, D.D., Professor of Theology in New York, and the Rev. E. Smith, American Missionary at Beirut." Drawn up by the former. "We left Cairo," says Dr. Robinson, "on the 12th March, 1838, for Jerusalem, by way of Mount Sinai and 'Akabah. At Suez, our attention was naturally directed to the circumstances connected with the passage of the Israelites through the Red Sea, which most probably must have taken place at or near this spot—perhaps a little below. To Sinai itself we came with some incredulity, wishing to investigate the point whether there was any probable ground beyond monkish tradition, for fixing upon the present supposed site. We were surprised and gratified to find here, in the inmost recesses of these dark and lofty granite mountains, a fine plain spread out before the foot of Horeb (so called at present)—a plain capable of containing two or three millions of people; from the south end of which the mountain rises perpendicularly and overlooks the whole. The summit now called Sinai is about two miles further south on the same ridge; but is not visible from below. With that summit Moses probably had nothing to do. From 'Akabah we struck up the western mountain, and took the ancient Roman road across the great western desert to Hebron and Jerusalem; a journey of eight days, through the 'great and terrible wilderness.' Of the general character of the whole region we traversed, one may judge from the fact, that from the banks of the Nile until we arrived on the borders of Palestine, we saw not a drop of running water, nor a single blade of grass, except a few small tufts in two instances. This, however, was a season of dearth, scarcely any rain having fallen for two years. On this route we found and visited the ruins of the ancient Roman cities, Eboha and Elusa; and also those of Beersheba, twenty-eight miles W.S.W. of Hebron, still called Bir Seba. Here are two wells of excellent water forty feet deep, and close by are the ruins of a large straggling village, corresponding to the description of Eusebius and Jerome. In Jerusalem itself, where we arrived April 14th, we were surprised to find how much of antiquity remains, which no traveller has mentioned, or apparently ever seen.* The lower portion of the works of the great area around the mosque of

Omar, are unquestionably ancient, and must be referred at least to the time of Herod, if not to the days of Nehemiah or Solomon. The size, position, and character of the stones shew this of themselves; but it is further demonstrated by the fact, that near the S.W. corner there still remains in the wall the foot of an immense arch, which evidently once belonged to the bridge that actually led from the temple to the Xystus on Mount Sion. The ancient town, also, in the castle near the Jaffa gate, corresponds entirely to Josephus's description of the tower of Hippicus, which Titus left standing as a memento. We were likewise able to trace, to a considerable distance, the ancient wall N.W. and N. of the present city. The pool of Siloam at the mouth of the Tyropeum, which opens into the valley of Jehoshaphat, is doubtless the Siloam of Josephus and the New Testament; and the well of Nehemiah, further down, is the En Rogel of Scripture, where the border of Judah and Benjamin passed up the valley of Hinnom. We remained nearly four weeks at Jerusalem, and then made several excursions from that city to different parts of the country. We directed our researches chiefly to those parts of the country which had not been explored by former travellers, and sought to obtain information as far as possible, not from the legends of monks and other foreigners, but directly from the native Arabs of the land. For this latter object, the accurate and familiar knowledge which my companion had of the Arabic language was of great value. Our first excursion occupied us ten days, and was directed to the N.E. and N. of Jerusalem, through the region alluded to in Isaiah x. 28, *et seq.* The second excursion, of eight days, led us to the S.E. of Jerusalem, the western shore of the Dead Sea and the Jordan. We ascended the Frank Mountain, visited the ruins of Tekoa, Siph, Carmel, and Maon; and thence directed our course to 'Ain Jiddi [Engeddi] on the shore of the Dead Sea. Here we came out upon the cliffs which overhang the deep chasm of the sea, 1500 feet above its waters. An exceedingly steep and difficult pass leads down to the shore, below the fine gushing fountain which gives name to the place. The spot was full of trees and plants belonging to a more southern clime, and the air was vocal with the carols of the feathered songsters. We bathed in the heavy waters of the sea, and spent the night on this romantic spot. The next morning we were compelled to reascend the pass, in order to pursue our journey northwards, the projecting cliffs cutting off all passage along the water below. We continued our course parallel with the shore, and descended again into the plains of Jericho, or the valley of the Jordan. From Jericho we passed to the fountain of Elisha, and then ascended along the ancient road from Jericho and Gilgal to Bethel—a way so often travelled by the Jewish kings and prophets, and particularly by Elijah and Elisha. From Bethel we returned to Jerusalem. As the plague was gradually increasing, we remained but one day in the city, and then set off on our third excursion to Gaza, Hebron, and Wádi Músá. We took the direct ancient road to Gaza across the mountains, and succeeded, on the way, in discovering the site of the long-lost Eleutheropolis. This we were enabled to do, in consequence of finding a number of places, in respect to which Eusebius and Jerome have specified their distances from that city. Following out these distances from different quarters, they all centered in a spot now called Beit Jibrin, the ancient Betogabris, where are the remains of

a very strong Roman fortress, and traces of an extensive city. These circumstances establish the identity of Eleutheropolis and Betogabris, the latter being the ancient name. From Gaza we went up to Hebron, and thence taking camels, proceeded by way of Wádi Músá, by the south end of the Dead Sea and the great Wádi el 'Arabah. We found this region to correspond entirely with the accounts of Irby and Mangles, and of Legh. The long mountain ridge of rock-salt, the back-water, and the range of cliffs running across the great valley, eight or ten miles south of the sea, were all easily recognised. These cliffs, however, consist of marl, and are merely an offset between a low valley near the sea and the higher level of the valley further south. The name Ghor is applied to the lower or northern part; while all farther south takes the name of El 'Arabah. The great watercourse or bed of El 'Arabah is called Wádi Jib. It drains off all the waters of El 'Arabah and the adjacent deserts on the east and west, and carries them northward into the Dead Sea. We approached Wádi Músá, or Petra, by its magnificent eastern entrance; and, after a survey of its monuments, were preparing to depart, when the old Sheikh Abú Zeitún, the former foe of Mr. Bankes and his party, came down upon us with thirty armed men, demanding a tribute of a thousand piastres for visiting his territory. We declined payment, of course; and contrived, with some address, to extricate ourselves from his clutches. We now returned to Hebron by a different route, stopping for a time at the fountain El Weibé, on the west side of El 'Arabah. Here, or in this vicinity, we are disposed to place the site of ancient Kadesh; at least, the nature of the adjacent country decides the point, that this city must have been situated in the great valley. From Hebron, we proceeded westward to Dúrah, the Adora of Josephus, and Adoraim of Scripture, and thence descended the mountains, and continued our course northward to Bethahemeesh, where are still traces of an extensive city. From this place, I may almost say we followed the track of the cart on which the Philistines sent back the ark, and came then by a new course to Akir, the long-lost Ekron, a large village two hours south of Ramleh. We now returned to Jerusalem, over Lydda, Lower and Upper Bethhoron, and Gibeon. The pass between the two villages of Bethhoron is an ancient road, very steep and long, not a hollow way, but leading up to the point of a ridge between two deep valleys. Near to the lower village is the valley and village of Yalo or Ajalon, corresponding entirely to the circumstances under which Joshua commanded the sun and moon to stand still. We did not enter Jerusalem, which was still shut up on account of the plague, but pitched our tent in the olive grove before the Damascus gate. Our subsequent journey northwards led us over Jifnah; Shiloh, which we were the first to visit; Nablús, where we ascended Mount Gerizim; Samaria, Nazareth, Mount Tabor, Tiberias, Safet, Tyre and Sidon, to Beirut, where we arrived on the 28th June. During all our travels we had constant occasion for gratitude and praise to God, who preserved us in the midst of toil, pestilence, and war, so that not a hair of our heads was injured, nor were we hindered a single hour by sickness or peril."—Mr. Charles Sumner, of Boston, in acknowledging a vote of thanks to his countryman for this interesting communication, said that Professor Robinson was one of the first theological scholars of the United States, that he was well known as the author of an excellent Greek

* We much question this statement, and rather think it must have proceeded from the writer's want of knowledge.—Ed. L. G.

lexicon, and as editor of the "Biblical Repository;" and that he understood that it was the professor's intention to publish an account of his travels in Palestine, accompanied by a new map of the Holy Land, in the course of the summer.—Mr. Gowland exhibited, and gave a description of, a model of an improvement in chronometers, which would enable the traveller to carry these delicate instruments with as little risk of injury on a land journey as had hitherto been done at sea; a great desideratum for the advancement of geographical knowledge.—Among the donations was a portrait of Weddell, the antarctic navigator, painted by Mr. Frederick Peake, of Dover, and presented to the Society by Mr. John Brown. In a conversation which this subject gave rise to, it was announced that her majesty's government had decided upon fitting out on expedition in the course of this spring, in order to establish magnetic observations at certain stations in the southern hemisphere, and to prosecute geographical discovery in the Antarctic Seas.

To this report we have great pleasure in adding the letter which accompanied Mr. Brown's presentation of poor Weddell's portrait. It is so enthusiastic, and yet so just, to the memory of our late valued (and, we are sorry to say, rather neglected) friend; and does, in our opinion, so much honour to the writer, that we feel it will be acceptable to every one who admires (as Mr. Brown so cordially does) the zeal, enterprise, and merit of the brave navigator who, in a humble merchantman, penetrated the antarctic circle to a higher latitude than any other human being; and pointed the way, we trust, to a glorious expedition under the command of James Ross, to whom we rejoice to find the Admiralty has at last consented to intrust this interesting undertaking with its countenance and support.

To the President and Council of the Royal Geographical Society.

Accompanying this letter, you will receive a portrait of the late James Weddell, Esq., R.N. F.R.S.E., which I beg to offer for the acceptance of the Royal Geographical Society. It is scarcely necessary to say Mr. Weddell was the individual who, with most inadequate means, advanced to a higher southern latitude than any preceding navigator. The services he rendered to the cause of science, and to geography in particular, will, I am not without hope, obtain for his portrait a place in the Society's rooms. If high moral worth—if talent as an officer, a seaman, a navigator—if ardent devotion to the advancement of geographical knowledge can gain this honour, I feel assured you will award it to him. It may not, too, be without its uses. Fifteen years have now passed away since Weddell penetrated the icy barrier of the south—since the "meteor-flag" of Britain waved on the site of the cupola of St. Pierre, and we are yet "on our oars." Other nations are pushing discovery where Weddell pioneered the way. No continents intervene; and yet the greatest maritime nation on earth—the one ever foremost hitherto—lingers. The exertions of our arctic heroes no longer warm us: are we paralysed, or become old as a country? Is a nation that can boast not a being like a British sailor on its bosom, or is one of yesterday to step in, and claim for itself the laurel which alone should be ours? Perhaps government does not encourage an antarctic expedition? It should. Still, if it will not, your Society numbers among its members men of wealth. Can we not contribute, and purchase a steam-tug? Oh, let not supineness lead to bitter regret, that we, who have hitherto

been foremost, should, in these days of thriftiness, have nought left but the recollection of what we were. I pass over the advantages to science, to commerce, &c. &c. Weddell has shewn the "red cross" 71° within the antarctic circle, and with "a fair field of discovery" to the pole. It would, indeed, be mortifying and humiliating, if another nation should, by our apathy, supplant us there. I feel there is power in the Society over which you preside to say "onward;" and your wishes would, I am sure, be responded to by the members generally. There are other societies, too, who would assist us, I have no doubt.—I have the honour to be, &c. JOHN BROWN.

26 Red Lion Street, Clerkenwell, London,
March 11, 1839.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

FRIDAY, 8th March.—Mr. Brayley 'On the Atmosphere, in relation to Gravitation and Temperature.' After fully considering and explaining the chemical constituents and mechanical properties of the atmosphere, also its proportion to that of the earth's mass, and various other interesting particulars, Mr. Brayley proceeded to describe and illustrate his views of its arrangement and the extent of its diffusion; not as to numerical distance, but as to the influence of surrounding conditions. His theory tends principally to overturn the generally conceived and admitted present knowledge of its mechanical constitution. It is almost universally believed that the lower stratum of the atmosphere being the most dense, the next being relieved from the weight of one is proportionably rarer, and so on until the higher is almost entirely lost in space and scarcely to be detected even by calculation. This view holds good in relation to gravity, but has temperature no influence? Mr. Brayley says yes, and to this respect; the absence of heat, or the excessive cold of extreme space, refrigerates, contracts, condenses, and confines the periphery of the atmosphere; and the effect is, that the most distant or exterior structure is of much greater density than several strata below. But if so, how could the higher denser mass be supported by the rarer substrata? It could not. Nor is such the case. The particles of the further concentric crust being rendered dense by the extreme low temperature of space, sink through those underneath, even to the, almost, centre of the atmosphere; or, rather, to where the law of gravitation from below may be said to be counteracted by the effects of temperature above. Arriving there, the particles again become rarified, ascend to replace the more dense, and thus is the circulation of the higher atmosphere maintained. This view of Mr. Brayley's, which we have thus cursorily stated, was supported by Sir J. Herschel's opinions and speculations on the atmosphere of comets, and other numerous and important facts and plausible imaginings.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

WE recently noticed, amongst the donations to the museum of this Society, a hornet's nest, sent from Ceylon, and presenting the appearance of an immense cone. We subjoin the following memorandum respecting it. This specimen of the social wasp's nest was found in a talipot tree, near Colombo, in Ceylon. Its apex was secured at the junction of two of the smallest leaves of this magnificent tree, and the bottom of the nest was seventy feet from the ground, at which elevation the leaves began to shoot. It had been abandoned by the wasps, and its exterior wall much injured by the monsoon rains and storms which left the terraces unprotected and unsupported,

except by their interior pillars, and the natives were, in consequence, unable to lower it from such a height without destroying some of the lower terraces. The appearance of the nest, as it hung upwards of seventy feet from the ground, the shaft to it perfectly bare, and the larger leaves (used by the natives as umbrellas and tents) waving over it, presented a very singular appearance.

MEDICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

YESTERDAY week, the sixty-sixth anniversary of the Medical Society of London was observed at the London Coffee House, Mr. T. E. Bryant, President, in the chair. Previous to the dinner, Mr. Pilcher delivered the annual oration, taking for his subject the atmosphere and its influences on the human frame, which he handled in a very able manner, and was much applauded by the auditory, including a number of medical practitioners and students, at his conclusion. The dinner which followed was an exceedingly pleasant one; and the president and various officers addressed the meeting with the usual toasts and others, on announcing which the state and objects of the Society were explained. Among other matters, the extent of its ample and curious library was mentioned; and it was described to be very rich, not only in the medical, but the general literature of the last century, and also in manuscripts. Some of our readers are aware that it is from a collection of the latter, consisting of many volumes of memoranda kept by Dr. Ward, of Stratford-upon-Avon, about fifty years after the death of Shakspeare, that Dr. Severn (the registrar) has made the selections about to be published, and containing the remarkable notices of the bard to which we have alluded in former *Literary Gossies*. The medical value of this old-established School was also acknowledged and dwelt upon; and, till half-past eleven, the social enjoyments of the meeting kept up by some pleasant amateur singing, by humorous songs of Mr. Hudson, and by comic glees admirably sung and performed by Messrs. Mathews, Baillie, and James.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

THE first meeting of the general committee at Birmingham, is appointed for Saturday, August 25th; and the proceedings of the Association (of course) commence on the following Monday, the 27th. We are sorry to hear that the geological section object to the time as inconvenient, and intimate that if not fixed hereafter, either earlier or later in the season, it will probably lead to their absence from the meetings. On the other hand, the period was much discussed both at Liverpool and Newcastle, and strong reasons were adduced for adhering to a date which would suit the convenience of foreign professors, and of many persons at home, who were engaged in the instruction of youth and other professional duties connected with learned and scientific institutions. Birmingham, it is expected, will be very numerously attended; and the proposal for adding an agricultural section will, no doubt, be brought tangibly forward.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, March 7.—The following degrees were conferred.

Bachelor in Divinity.—Rev. T. H. Hawes, Chaplain of New College.

Master of Arts.—Rev. W. Scott, Queen's College.

Bachelors of Arts.—A. R. Denison, Grand Comptroller, C. O. Kemyon, Christ Church; T. C. Powell, Brasenose College; H. E. Adair, St. John's College; A. M. C. Stapleton, University College; R. H. Whiteway, Worcester College.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

MARCH 24.—Professor Wilson in the chair.—The secretary read an interesting paper by Dr. Lhotsky, relative to the discovery of an ancient town in Assam, one of the Caroline Islands, in 11° north latitude. He observed that he had before printed a small account of this discovery at Sydney, in New South Wales; but he had reason to suppose that no copy of the pamphlet had reached this country. The island had been recently discovered by H.M.S. Raven. Some time after the discovery, a gentleman proceeded thither, and resided some months. This gentleman reports that at a place on the island, called Tamen, the ruins of an extensive town are visible, now accessible only by boats, the water coming up to the steps of the houses. The stones are laid artificially, but without cement; and some of them are twenty feet in length. They appear, from description, to be of the well-known Cyclopean structure. The walls have doors and windows; and they are built of a stone that appeared to the reporter unlike that of the neighbourhood. The habits of the people of the island are different from those of the other South Sea Islands. The social system there appears to be more developed; the women are upon a more equal footing with the men; and many of their customs are more like those of Europeans than have been observed elsewhere in the Pacific. They attribute the founding of these ruins to persons departed; but whether of their own, or a different race, it does not appear. Dr. Lhotsky, since his arrival in England, has received a letter from Sydney, by which he learns that Assam has again been visited by the captain of a whaler, who is on his way to this country with a number of maps and sketches; and who is said to report that the islands about that part of the ocean are covered with ruins. — A paper by Mr. F. C. Brown was read. Adverting to the recent success in the cultivation of tea in Upper Assam, Mr. Brown stated that he had seen the tea-plant flourishing in the district of Wynad, on the Western Ghats of the Peninsula of India. In February 1834, the late Colonel Crewe, who commanded in the Neigherries, gave two out of six plants which had been sent him from China to Captain F. Milnechin, who resided with his family for some time at Monantoddy, the chief place of the Wynad district. Here the two plants, though the smallest and unhealthy, in a week or two began to improve; and, during the rains (or in June, July, August, and September), fresh shoots were produced; and they became most healthy plants. Next year they became fine and bushy, and came out in full bloom in June 1835, on the setting-in of the rains. The tea-plants completely failed in the Neigherries. Mr. Brown further states that Captain Evans took a cutting from one of the original plants, and that it thrived equally well at Monantoddy; and he hence infers the suitability of the soil and climate of the Wynad district for the cultivation of tea, as well as a great portion of the tract of country in South-Western India ceded by Tippecoo Sultan, having as fertile a soil, about the same elevation, and enjoying a similar climate, with the same medium temperature. — A letter was then read from Mr. G. Prinsep to Dr. Royle, announcing the arrival in Calcutta of the Cochineal Insect, and the true Cactus plant, which had been sent out last year in charge of Mr. H. Bernhard, to whom the Agricultural Society of India had voted the silver medal. — Dr. Royle then read a paper 'On the *Valeris Indica*, or the Varnish-Tree Vegetable Tallow Tree of the Malabar and

Canara Coast,' specimens of the production of which had been presented by Col. Sykes. The tree has been figured and described by Rheede; and is found in the Wynad and Bednore districts. Mr. S. Dyer stated, in a letter to Dr. Royle, that he knew it grew abundantly, both in the interior and along the coasts. It was called the Piney or Dammer tree; and attains a great size. Its varnish is used on the coast in a liquid state; but when dry, is known in commerce as copal and anima. The tallow is obtained by boiling the seeds in water, when the fatty matter floats at the surface, and becomes of solid consistence, and free from smell. An excellent account of this substance was given by Dr. Babington, in the Journal of the Royal Institution for 1835; which mentions that it sold at Mangalore for 2½d. per lb., and that about 8 cwt. was obtained in about three months. Dr. Royle stated that he had been long desirous of having the vegetable oils of India examined, as they were both abundant there, and in great demand here. Castor-oil and cocoa-nut-oil had been for some time extensive articles of commerce. Linseed and rapeseed had lately become so; but there were many others equally suitable, as is evident from the analyses lately read by Mr. E. Solly; besides some solid, fatty substances like this vegetable tallow, which would be desirable both for medicinal use, as well as substitutes for animal tallow. This also, however, had been brought from India in January 1838, and sold for 44s. 6d. per cwt., approaching the price given for good Russian tallow. — A letter was then read from Mr. S. Dyer, of the Madras Medical Service, who had long resided at Tellicherry, and was well acquainted with the piney varnish-tree, which he states will grow readily, even when the branches are put into the ground. Many of the trees were planted along the road-side in Malabar, about twenty years ago, which is more than is required to bring the tree to perfection. — Mr. E. Solly read a short account of the chemical properties of the vegetable tallow of the piney tree: he described it as being, in its most important characters, something between wax and tallow, and well adapted by its properties as a substitute for animal tallow, both in the manufacture of candles, and likewise for many other purposes to which that substance is at present exclusively applied. One great advantage which the piney tallow possessed over common tallow consisted in the absence of any disagreeable smell, either at common temperatures or when burning; and, consequently, when candles made of it were extinguished, they did not emit the highly offensive smell which is always perceived with candles made of animal tallow. In confirmation of its applicability to candle making, he stated, that Dr. Babington had placed a portion of it in the hands of a practical candle-maker who had given a most satisfactory report; he having succeeded in making good candles of it, which came freely from the mould. Mr. Solly thought, that if it could be obtained at such a price as to admit of its being imported as a substitute for tallow, its important and valuable properties would soon secure a market for it.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

MR. LUBBOCK in the chair.—Read, the conclusion of Mr. Reid's paper, detailing experiments he had made in reference to the presence of alkaline and earthy matter in plants. A communication from Sir John Herschel, 'On Photographic Drawings,' was likewise read. The object of the experiments mentioned in this

paper is similar to that sought by Mr. Talbot, fully noticed in late numbers of the *Literary Gazette*. The paper referred to a great number of drawings, without which, we are afraid, no satisfactory notice of it can be given beyond what we have already laid before our readers. The specimens produced were exceedingly beautiful; it appears that great care is necessary to produce the sharp and delicate lines shown in the steel engraving. Sir John entered philosophically into the question of the lines, the radiation of lights, and other theories illustrating his principles on these subjects, as connected with this new art.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

ON Thursday, Mr. Hallam in the chair.—After the routine business the secretary read an episode on the subject of our early Saxon literature, by Mr. Thomas Wright, and intended to form part of the preface to the first volume of the *Biographia Literaria Britannica*, in the course of preparation under the auspices of the Society. We trust to be able to give a more detailed account of this paper, which was listened to with great interest, and much commended by the members present, including several gentlemen of high distinction in the literary world.

Literary Fund. — At the meeting on Wednesday, the Marquess of Northampton was elected a vice-president, in the room of the late Lord Carrington; and Messrs. Charles Dickens and John Bruce into the general committee, in the room of Henry Bransworth, Esq., and J. B. Tennant, Esq. M.P., whose places became vacant in consequence of not having attended a sufficient number of times within the last year. Mr. Blewitt was elected secretary, per the Rev. W. Landon, who has resigned. At the club dinner which followed, Mr. Frederick Salmon, who was in the chair, announced a bequest to the Fund of ONE THOUSAND POUNDS from a friend of his, to whom he had recommended the interests of this most benevolent and valuable Institution. This will make a figure at the ensuing anniversary (the *54th*), at which, we rejoice to learn, H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge has consented to preside; the President, the Marquess of Lansdowne, having declined the office for a second year.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

MR. HUDSON GURNEY, M.P., in the chair.—A further portion was read of Mr. Bruce's memoir on the proceedings of the privy council, temp. Edward VI., shewing their interference with the decisions and practice of the courts of justice, both civil and criminal, the election of members of parliament, and, in fact, in every department of the state and of society. The remainder was postponed.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—Statistical, 8 p.m.; British Architects, 8 p.m.; United Service Institution, 9 p.m.
Tuesday.—Linnæan, 8 p.m.; Horticultural, 3 p.m.; Civil Engineers, 8 p.m.; Electrical, 7 p.m.
Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 7½ p.m.
Thursday.—Royal Society, 8½ p.m.; Antiquaries, 8 p.m.
Friday.—Royal Institution, 8 p.m.
Saturday.—Guy's Hospital, 8 p.m.

FINE ARTS.
GRAPHIC SOCIETY.

THE third meeting this session was as fully attended last Wednesday as the former two; and the spirit of the members and visitors was as fully shown in the beautiful contributions of drawings, engravings, and models. There was

a folio of American scenes, not very interesting, but oddly enough overwritten—the time of day and effect intended. This ill-timed announcement was oftener wrong than right. Yet some of them were true to the record. Mr. Lake Price had a folio of very fine studies of old continental buildings and interiors. Mr. Fielding, Gustaveau Fewler, and others, placed numerous folios on the tables. And there was a drawing by Derby, copied from a picture, "Crossing the Brook," by Calcott, for "Fiddlers' National Gallery," that we think was one of the finest specimens of water-colour drawing ever exhibited. But the great attraction was the specimens of Neipe's Heliography, which Mr. Bener had kindly lent to be shown at the Graphic. They were the productions, in designs and impressions, to which we fully adverted in our *Gazette* of last week. They were examined with great interest by a class of observers the most competent to judge, and the most interested in the discovery.

Being upon the subject of the *New Art*, we may mention that we have heard from a friend of high taste and judgment, just returned from Paris, that Daguerre's specimens are very effective representations of external objects to the utmost minutia, and apparently executed on metal. He is exceedingly enraged with Mr. Talbot and the *Literary Gazette*, for having brought forward other claims to the discovery; as if the truth did not spit his views as well as his pictures. And we believe that Biot, Arago, and others of his friends, do not approve of his application to the government, which our statements have so weakened. At present, however, he is to be pitied, if not injured; for the following, from the "*Quotidienne*," will show that his Diorama has been destroyed.

"The Diorama is gone. About half-past 12 o'clock this morning (March 8th) cries of 'fire' were heard on the Boulevard Saint Martin. M. Daguerre's extensive establishment was discovered to be on fire, and the flames had already burst through the five windows facing the water. Half an hour afterwards, the building fell with a crash. The cause of this disaster is, as yet, unknown. By some persons it is attributed to the displacing of one of the lamps used to produce the effects of light, which might have set fire to one of the paintings exhibited to the public. Notwithstanding the prompt aid afforded by the firemen, by detachments of the municipal and national guards, by the sweeps of the line, and every one who was near the spot, the progress of the flames was so rapid, in consequence of the combustible nature of the materials in the building, that the edifice was entirely destroyed. The wind directed the flames towards the Faubourg du Temple and la petite Rue des Marais. Two houses situated on this side, one of which, six stories high, was surmounted by an elegant cornice, took fire during the early attempts to afford relief, which were directed principally to the more immediate cause of the accident. About two o'clock, the fire, which was only perceptible in parts of the two threatened houses, burst out of the roof of one of them, and a fresh white smoke was mingled with the enormous greyish clouds which were then rising over the ruins of the Diorama alone. The blaze was, however, at length overcome. A very important manufactory, situated a few feet from the building on fire, was the only one which sustained serious injury. A hangard* belonging to this establishment was crushed.

* A hangard is, we believe, the movable wooden apparatus by which a crane is suspended.—Ed. L. G.

This was the only mishap which resulted from the burning of the Diorama; M. Daguerre's chambers, in the Rue des Marais, were almost entirely destroyed. A part of his movables were, however, saved from the ruins. The paintings, which were being exhibited, were the Sermon, the Temple of Solomon, and the *iboulement* of the valley of Goldau. They are now lost, as well as a new picture which was just finished, and on the point of being opened for exhibition. It would be difficult to estimate the damage sustained by M. Daguerre, but all the friends of the arts deplore the misfortune of an artist so worthy of interest, and to whose name is attached one of the most ingenious discoveries in modern art. No one was killed, and only two persons wounded; one, a corporal in the sappers and miners, whose leg was fractured, and a carter."

THE LARGE VICTORIA MEDAL.

Modelled and engraved by Benedetto Pistrucci; published by Russell, Bridge, and Co.

A WARRIOR who has fought a hundred sanguinary battles, a statesman who has conducted a hundred difficult negotiations, a philosopher who has meditated on a hundred perplexing problems,—these, and such as these, with their bald heads, their prominent features, and the deep lines, or rather (as Foote said of Macklin) *cordage* of their faces, are the best subjects for the medallist art. It seems impossible that bronze, however skillfully treated, can be rendered a fit material for representing a youthful and delicate female countenance. No doubt for the purpose of obviating this imperfection in the present instance, and of imparting softness to the flesh by contrast, the artist has given to the hair a hard and harsh character. To a certain extent this has accomplished the desired object; but we much doubt whether the advantage thereby gained is not more than counterbalanced by the loss of breadth and unity of execution and effect in the different parts of the work. However, notwithstanding these, and other minor criticisms to which it may perhaps be liable, this is, upon the whole, a bold, spirited, and noble production, and does Signor Pistrucci high honour.

CABINET SHAKSPEARE GALLERY.

WE have been favoured with a sight of this unique collection by the artist, Mr. Henry Singleton, long and well known for his numerous and varied compositions on subjects historical and imaginative. The present series contains ninety-three illustrations of the plays of our immortal bard. The character of Mr. Singleton's talents is familiar to the public, for we scarcely remember an exhibition,—certainly none of late years,—in which his works have not appeared; and in all the excellence of his adroit pencil, his tasteful display of grouping and composition have been justly admired. Our Shakspeare Galleries have in some instances been strangely anomalous; none more so than that of Alderman Boydell, in which neither selection nor application of talent for the task appear to have been thought of. In such men as Stothard and Smirke, fertility of imagination and power of execution could at that time have been found competent to such an undertaking; but it could not be expected that the portrait, or the portrait painter, exclusively each, should by any chance succeed. Under these circumstances, we think the talents of Mr. Singleton have been judiciously and successfully employed. Ten years of his life have thus been spent, not in task work, but in the pleasures of composition, than which we know of no occupation

more delightful; for with the true artist such works are, indeed, a labour of love.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Art of Painting in Oil and in Fresco; being a History of the various Processes and Materials employed, from its Discovery, by Hubert and John Van Eyck, to the present time. Translated from the original French Treatise of M. J. F. L. Mémée, Secretary to the Royal Academy of Fine Arts, in Paris. With Original Observations on the Rise and Progress of British Art, the French and English Chromatic Scales, and Theories of Colouring. By W. B. Saunders Taylor. 12mo. pp. 371. London, 1839. Whittaker and Co.

ABOUT seven or eight years ago (which, we presume, was soon after its publication), we read M. Mémée's work; and we remember wishing that some one sufficiently conversant with the subject would, by translation, render it accessible to English artists generally. Mr. Taylor has performed this somewhat difficult task, and (although there are a few little inaccuracies and obscurities of expression, which no doubt will disappear in a second edition) has performed it in a manner highly creditable to him. There are some persons who affect to consider technical details in the arts unworthy of attention. We are far from being of that opinion. The mere execution of a picture can be rendered at once easy and effective, the more the painter left at liberty, and with leisure, to devote himself to those intellectual considerations which we admit are of the highest, although not of exclusive, importance. We confess—although we whisper this opinion to our readers, and entreat they will keep it a secret—we never yet have been able to understand why the colouring of a Titian should be injurious to the design of a Michael Angelo. Are meagreness, coldness, crudeness, and opacity essential to the sublime? Is the mind gratified in proportion as the eye is disgusted? Is not beauty of tint almost as fascinating as beauty of form? "And if not," as the equity lawyers say, "why not?" To the attainment of all that relates to the qualities, the value—the subordinate value, but still the value—of which we have been asserting, the volume under our notice must greatly contribute. It does not teach architecture, but it teaches masonry, without which the architect's genius would but moderately avail him. Besides the inquiry into the various methods employed in oil-painting since the days of Hubert Van Eyck (in the course of which M. Mémée expresses his decided opinion that the Venetian and other great colourists used varnish in their colours), it contains dissertations on the various kinds of varnishes and oils, and the modes of making tints; on the preparation of colours; on the priming of panels, canvases, and walls; on the preservation of pictures, and the methods used in restoring them; on the principles of harmony in colouring; on fresco painting, &c. &c. There is a supplement, consisting of original matter, principally observations on the English school of painting, in which Mr. Taylor ably vindicates the merits of that school, shews that it has not existed during a long period than seventy years, and justly remarks: "It will readily be conceded by all persons who are well acquainted with the history of the art and progress of the various schools of painting on the Continent, that seventy years is a very limited period, indeed, to allow for the growth of a school of arts in any country, even in the states where both the government and the people

have been highly partial and encouraging to the development of native talents." The italics are ours.

Desirous to give the general reader "a taste of M. Mérimée's quality," we pass by that which would be unintelligible to him, and subjoin an extract from the "Theory of Colouring."

"Chiaro scuro exists independently of colour, but as it always accompanies it in nature, and as coloured objects are always subject to a lowering of the light, its effects, therefore, are so combined with those of colour, that they appear to justify, to a certain point, the idea of their inseparable nature; in fact, a familiar expression in the arts, when examining an engraving or an original design, is 'that reminds us of colour.' It is, therefore, an art to design or compose in such a manner as to give them full value to objects, by well-managed opposition; and that art distinguishes the colourists still more than the correctness of their tints. This is the reason why Raphael is never cited as an authority in colouring; although we find in several of his pictures tints and colouring as true as the art can produce. The pictures of Caravaggio and Guernichino often display charming tints in the lighter parts, but the colour of the flesh is unnatural, from the too great strength of the shadows. It is true that this extreme force contributes much to the grand effects which they generally display; but that vigorous executive power would have been much more agreeable, if bestowed upon objects capable of supporting it. To this mode of managing chiaro scuro we shall oppose that system adopted by the colourists. We see with what discernment they have placed the strong shadows; they evidently were not ignorant that clearness and brilliancy cannot be obtained without the vigour of strong opposition; but they had the judgment and skill so to dispose the chiaro scuro, that its power was never carried over the interesting parts of the picture, because it would have deteriorated the purity of the colouring. In fact, let us suppose that the figure of a woman has been painted in shadow, upon a bright ground, it is evident that though she might be of the most dazzling brightness of colour, yet that the brilliancy of the flesh tints would disappear so completely, that she would not be of a higher tone than a negress; but change the opposition, and in place of a light ground substitute a dark one; and, further, let the figure have its proper reflections. Then we shall find that, although it is in shadow, the carnations will not appear at all debased in tone. Titian has painted a great number of pictures, in which it appears that he intended principally to display one of the qualities of female beauty, that is, the brilliancy and richness of the flesh tints; it is worthy of remark, that, to obtain his object, he made use of light and shade in opposition; in fact, it did not signify to him that the skin was of a brilliant light tone; he would also express, that the circulation of the blood was in full activity, as the poets never fail to mingle the carnations of the rose with the snowy whiteness of the lily. The opposition of a powerful back-ground becomes quite essential to throw forward the brightness of the skin; and then the opposition of white draperies is brought in, and agreeably arranged to bring out the warm tones of the flesh. Paul Veronese does not seem to have had, at least in the greater number of his pictures, any intention of giving particular brightness to his flesh tints; he seems only to have aimed at giving the effect that was most usually presented to his observation, in which the objects

detached themselves boldly from the background by their local colour; and this is, in fact, one of the most powerful methods of separating the objects from the back-ground of the picture. At the first view, we do not perceive that this painter has employed any artifice in the arrangement of his colours, and we are tempted to believe, that he placed them as they presented themselves to his imagination; but upon a closer observation, we plainly perceive that he has not left anything to chance. For example, in one of his finest works (the Marriage at Cana), the greatest number of the persons present, and especially those placed at the sides of the table in perspective, are detached from each other, alternating and opposing a strong coloured drapery to a light one, the latter being again opposed by one of a darker tone. Rubens, who was born under a sky less ardent, in a country where brilliant flesh tints are by no means uncommon, was not slow in adopting Paul Veronese's system of effect; his object was to arrange the most brilliant colours together harmoniously, and he succeeded in so doing: but probably, being struck with the changes of tone that many of Titian's pictures had even then undergone, he thought it advisable to exaggerate the brightness of the carnation tints, in the hope that time would soften them down to the true tone of nature. No one understood better than Rubens the principle of unity ascribed to Titian, of considering the whole subject of his composition as a bunch of grapes; his most powerful shadows, his principal lights are never in detached parts, but are constantly united in those situations which are best adapted for giving to his groups a grand relief, and much of it flashing out upon the details of the work. In his pictures, the various parts of which they are composed, as well as the arrangement of the chiaro scuro, are more systematically contrived than those of Paul Veronese; the artifice may be more easily discovered, but still we do not the less admire them, when we call to mind that it was by these means the artist had arrived with greater certainty at the end he proposed to attain."

The Royal Academy have given this volume their sanction, by permitting Mr. Taylor to dedicate it to them. Recommended by such high authority, and still more by its intrinsic value, it must speedily be in the hands of every artist and amateur in the kingdom.

Dramatic Sketches. By R. J. Lane, A.R.A. No. IV. Mitchell.

SOME time ago we noticed Parts V. and VI. (published together) of this clever and interesting work; but Part IV. has, to us at least, only just made its appearance. It contains portraits of Mr. Warde, as "Cassius;" Mr. Cooper, as "Marc Anthony;" Madame Vestris, as "Lucy Morton;" and Mr. Charles Mathews, as "Captain Patter." We do not think the resemblances of the gentlemen (especially that of Mr. Cooper) very striking; but there is a truth and a beauty in the drawing of Madame that is quite charming. When we look at it, we agree with "The Times," that the box affair must have been a hoax; for, surely, ruffianism itself could not contemplate injury to so lovely a face.

ORIGINAL POETRY. THE CHILDLESS WIDOW.

By J. W. Laka.

My own sweet child! my own sweet child!
I never more shall see
That eye of innocence, so mild,
Look up in love to me!

Thou wert my pretty bird of joy,
The linnet of my breast,
Whose silver tongue so sweetly sung
Thy mother's cares to rest.

My own sweet child! my own sweet child!
I saw the worm of death
Coil clammy round thy pallid brow;—
I drank thy dying breath!
My boy of hope, my bird of spring!
To Heaven thou hast flown,
With angels thy sweet notes to sing;—
My beautiful! my own!

Champerret, Banlieue de Paris, February 183d.

YOUTH: AGE.

How sadly changed seems ev'ry scene
Since my young boyhood's days!
The fields were surely then more green—
Birds carolled sweeter lays.

The glorious sun more brightly shone,
In azure skies more clear;
Fair faces then wore sweeter smiles,
And friends were more sincere.

And Love, who then but warm'd the heart
With pure and generous flame,
Now wields a mercenary dart,
Or else is but a name.

Or is it but the sombre brush
Of querulous Old Age
Has tinted, with a gloomier touch,
Life's earlier, brighter page?

Ah! perchance 'tis I, poor wight,
Am changed by time and wo;
And Youth still views life's picture bright,
As I did long ago.

Ah! then, to rosy wine I'll fly,
To dissipate this spleen:—
Fill, fill the sparkling goblet high,
Till brighter tints be seen.

H.

THE DRAMA.

Her Majesty's Theatre opened on Saturday, and never, perhaps, in a more inefficient manner. There were two female *débütantes*, a Madame Monnani and Madame Croft, the latter of whom could not sing in tune; and the former, though in a pleasing enough style for a drawing-room, wholly unfit for the Opera House. Tati, never a favourite on these boards, was violently hissed. F. Lablache was the only performer who deserved "a hand;" and the whole thing was a disgrace to the establishment and an insult to the public. The ballet of *Robert le Diable* is got up in a splendid manner, and when it is made to go easy, without stoppages and impediments, will, we think, be a favourite. There was an hour between the anthem and the ballet, and other pauses between the acts, &c. in proportion!

The Haymarket opens on Monday with the *Love Chase*, a new piece, and a popular farce.

St. James's Theatre.—On Monday, *First Champagne*, an exuberantly clever and laughable farce, was produced here from the pen of Mr. L. Rede. It had been previously acted, we believe, two or three times at the Strand Theatre, some years since, just before its close; and was certainly well worth being remembered for resuscitation. Wrench has a part which fits him to a T, and when he has, players will know how entertaining he can make it. Mr. Hughes is also very amusing; and, indeed, the piece is well acted throughout, and is altogether one of those lively things which drive dull care away, and are, therefore, so acceptable to the seekers of dramatic recreation.

VARIETIES.

Artificial Flowers.—At a late meeting of the Horticultural Society were exhibited a rose-tree and some other specimens of artificial flowers, made by Mrs. Randolph, the wife of a respectable surgeon in Bridge Street, Westminster; and we have since examined these and other similar copies after nature at the residence of the ingenious artist. The flowers are entirely composed of the feathers of various birds, from the common goose to the humming-bird and parrot. With these the blossoms, the bud, and the leaf, are so perfectly imitated, that you cannot distinguish the artificial from the real rose, jasmine, wallflower, pink, camelia, or whatever else it may be; and as no dye or colouring matter is used, but simply the feathers, occasionally clipped into the necessary forms and moulded into shape by the hand, it is evident that even the most delicate of them must be of a lasting and unalterable quality. In this way examples of the rarest floral productions may be made and preserved in cabinets of natural history; and, we presume, a hardly less agreeable, though not quite so philosophical a use may be made of the art by our fair countrywomen in adorning themselves for the party or ball-room. At all events we can commend the invention and its accurate and beautiful application as a novelty in this country, and well deserving of notice.

Caricatures, 578, 9, and 80.—H. B. generally comes forth in triplets. The first of these is a triangular duel (see Capt. Marryat's "Midshipman Easy"), in which Lord Durham is receiving the fire of Lord Melbourne on the one side and Lord Brougham on the other. The attitudes are comical, and a hit on the hip is evident from the premier's pistol. The next is "a Council of War." A plan of attack on the Irish church is upon the table. Lord Morpeth, as Secretary, taking notes, and O'Connell pointing out to Lord Fortescue, with a look of extreme wrath, the most vulnerable points. Lord Normanby is in the back-ground. The last represents "Jack Frost," the Welsh magistrate, vaulting upon the shoulders of Lord John Russell, and holding on by his hair. Mr. Fox Maule is in the utmost dismay at the treatment of his chief, who does not himself seem to relish his position at all.

Blagrove's Quartett Concerts.—The third of these, on Thursday, the 7th, was very fully attended, and well worthy of that attendance. The whole selection, from Haydn, Rossini, Mozart, Beethoven, Hummel, Kaller, and Spohr, was excellently performed, and received with great applause.

Gaspard Hauser.—Another publication respecting this mysterious person is spoken of in Germany; in which the writer, the Countess of Albertsdorf (late Miss Graham), promises to furnish some clue towards tracing his persecutors and murderers.

Statistics of Suicide.—By the official returns in France, we are informed that in 1836, 2340 individuals committed suicide, being nearly seven per day, and thirty-five more than in 1835. Of these, 1775 were men, and 565 females. The department of the Seine (Paris and its suburbs) furnished alone more than a sixth of the whole number—425. 11 of those suicides were under 16 years of age, 156 were septuagenarians, and 37 were above 80 years of age. Of the whole number, 789 drowned themselves; 672 hanged or strangled themselves; 478 killed themselves with fire-arms; 156 by suffocation with charcoal; 87 put an end to their existence with cutting instruments; 47 took poison; 94 threw themselves from elevated

places, and 17 had recourse to other means of destruction." [From this statement, we think we may infer that a great number of suicides by poison have never been revealed or discovered; for it is not likely that the easiest and readiest way should have proportionably so few votaries.—Ed. L. G.]

Turkish Improvements.—The establishment of the Academy of Medicine at Galata-Seral (Constantinople) was inaugurated on the 12th ultimo, with a grand banquet, attended by the great dignitaries of the empire. The sultan had announced his intention to be present, but having inspected the arsenal and the new marine school on the same day, he postponed for a week his visit to the academy, in which he takes a lively interest.

Longevity.—The Vienna newspapers mention the death, at Zaránd in Transylvania, of Juon Graza at the great age of 120 years, but who seemed likely to live for many more years, had he not been killed by an accidental fall. He has left a son, another Juon Graza, aged 100, and a grandson of 80, who for fifty years has been a seigniorial judge. Centenaries are said not to be at all rare in Transylvania.

An extraordinary proof of the force exerted by the wind, during the hurricane of April 8th, 1838, in a lateral direction, was evinced in the projection of a slight bamboo, horizontally, through one of the raised tiled walks in Mr. G. Prinsep's salt-works, which pierced through the whole breadth, breaking the tiles on both sides. It has been cut off and preserved *in situ* as a monument of the storm. A 6-pounder could hardly have forced so light an arrow through a mass of earth five feet thick. The ball-stones were as large as walnuts, and one piece of ice fell which weighed 3½ lbs.—*Asiatic Journal*.

Capt. Drummond and an experienced miner have been deputed to the district in the Himalaya (the immediate range between the Dhaul and the Gori), where silver is said to exist, to ascertain the fact.—*Ibid*.

England's Transmarine Possessions are thus stated by Mr. Montgomery Martin:—The colonies of the British empire have an area of 2,200,000 square miles, and a sea coast of 20,000 nautical miles. Population, 105,000,000, with an average of 50 mouths to the square mile. Of Lutherans and Calvinists, there are 800,000; of Dissenters, 700,000; of Mahomedans, 26,000,000; of Hindoos, &c. 75,000,000. The military strength employed is, 56,000 European regulars, 156,000 colonial (coloured) regulars, and 250,000 colonial militia (whites). The colonial revenues amount to 23,000,000£ sterling. The civil and convict expenses defrayed by Great Britain, to 225,000£; the military, ditto, to 1,800,000£; and the total expenditure of the colonies is, therefore, 25,000,000£ sterling, per annum. The taxation averages 4s. 6d. per head. The metallic money circulating in the colonies is about 5,000,000£, and the paper money about 3,000,000£ sterling. Maritime commerce of the colonies: exports, 30,000,000£; imports, 25,000,000£. To Great Britain, exports to 15,000,000£; imports, from 10,000,000£. Total shipping annually, in and out, of colonial ports:—tons, 8,000,000; of which there are to and from Great Britain, tons, 3,000,000. Vessels built in the colonies from 1814 to 1837, No. 8975; tonnage, 1,022,937. The property annually created in the colonies is estimated at 400,000,000£ sterling, and the value of the property, movable and immovable, in the transmarine possessions of the empire, in land, houses, stock, &c., at 2,500,000,000£ sterling.

A cold Pun.—In the snowy weather, last week, Sir — met Mrs. — rather

sprinkled with the fleecy fall, and said, "Why do you wear your sable bon on a day like this?" "Because, my dear sir (replied the lady), I do not like my chin chilly."

A telling Pun.—Richmond bridge is now opened free every day except Sunday to foot-passengers. "I wonder (said X., meeting H. in the Strand) if one can also cross Waterloo bridge without paying?" "Go and ask (answered H.), and you'll be told!"

Pun Political.—When Dan crossed last from Dublin, the sea was very rough and the great Precursor exceedingly discomposed. "How are you, my man?" said Mr. M. of Liverpool, bending kindly over him. "Infernal sick," sighed Dan. "Well, then (rejoined M.), I hope this will convince you how little good and how much ill comes of agitation!"

Anonymous.

One bright morning as he lay,
On his mother's lap divine,
Little Love at dice did play!
The stake—this foolish heart of mine.
We is me! for to my cost,
I know the little urchin lost.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

In the Press.

The Voyage and Travels of Sir John Mandeville, which treateth of the way to Hierusalem and the Marvayles of Inde, with other Islands and Countreys, new edit. with numerous Facsimiles of the rude Woodcuts from various early editions, and Frontispiece, Vignette, &c., from the Harlan MS. A Volume of Sermons for Children on the Book of Genesis, by W. Wilson, B.D. Vicar of Waltham.—A new poetical Translation of Goethe's Faust, by J. Birch, Esq. with Retzsch's Twenty-nine Illustrations, engraved on steel.

Illustrations of Science, by Professors of King's College, London, in a series of Works forming a course of instruction in Natural Philosophy and Natural History, are announced by Messrs. Longman and Co. Among these are (during the present year)—Illustrations of Mechanics, by the Rev. Professor H. Moseley; Illustrations of Zoology, by Professor Thomas Bell; and, Illustrations of Experimental Philosophy, by Professor C. Wheatstone. Next year—Illustrations of Natural Products useful in the Arts and Manufactures, by Dr. and Professor J. F. Royle; Illustrations of Animal Physiology, by Dr. and Professor R. B. Todd; Illustrations of Experimental Philosophy, by Professor Wheatstone; Illustrations of Hydrostatics and Hydrodynamics, by Professor Moseley; and Illustrations of Botany and Vegetable Physiology, Astronomy, Physical Geography, &c., by other Professors, in succession.

Mr. C. W. Day, the author of "Hints on Etiquette," has, we are informed, been travelling for nearly two years, through Greece, Egypt, and Italy, residing a considerable time at Athens, and also at Cairo, and is now at Rome, employed in preparing for the press an account of his travels. We shall accordingly see the author's *Itinerary* in his new character. And as he is an excellent artist, and has made numerous sketches, we doubt not his work will possess the double attractions of clever embellishments and an agreeable style.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Trials of the Heart, by Mrs. Bray, author of "Warleigh," &c. &c. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.—Select British Biography, by S. Maunders, Esq., 4s.—Introduction to Plane and Spherical Trigonometry, by T. Keith, 7th edit. corrected and improved, by S. Maynard, 8vo. 14s.—The Oxford University Calendar, 1839, 12mo. 6s.—View of the Coinage of Ireland, by J. Lindsay, 4to. with Engravings, 11s.—England and its People, 18mo. 5s.—Letters of Mrs. Isabella Graham, by the Rev. J. Marshall, 12mo. 5s.—Geometrical Theorems, by W. Wallace, 8vo. 6s.—The Philosophy or Mechanism of Blushing, by T. H. Burgess, M.D. 8vo. 6s.—Sermons for Children on the Book of Genesis, by W. Wilson, 18mo. 3s.—Sermons preached at Chester, by C. B. Taylor, post 8vo. 3s.—Cox on the Second Advent, 3d edit. 15mo. 3s. 6d.—Diary of an American Physician, 32mo. 2s.—Lectures on Astronomy, by the Rev. H. Moseley, M.A. post 8vo. 5s. 6d.—Plauti Aulularia, with Notes, &c. by J. Hildyard, 8vo. 7s. 6d.—S. Earnshaw's Dynamics, 2d edit. 8vo. 14s.—Memoir of E. F. Brady, 12mo. 2s. 6d.—Philosophy in Sport, 4th edit. 12mo. 10s. 6d.—Extracts for Schools and Families, 12mo. 4s.—The Bible, with Commentary and Notes, by Scott, new edit. 6 vols. 4to. 6s. 6d.—Practical Treatise on the Culture of the Melon, by J. Duncan, post 8vo. 5s.—Eli's Essay, First and Second Series, post 8vo. 6s. each.—Lamb's Rosamond Gray, new edit. post 8vo. 6s.—Flood's Surgical Anatomy of the Arteries, 12mo. 7s.—The Test of Prophecy, by D. Davidson, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—First Book of Modern Geography, by the Rev. A. Stewart, fcap. 1s.—Pocket Biblical Dictionary, by D. Davidson, 24mo. 4s. 6d.—New Aid to Memory, by a Cambridge MA, post 8vo. 7s.

—Rev. W. Stone's Exposition of the Church Catechism, 12mo. 3s. — Jamaica Plantership, by B. M. Mahon, 12mo. 5s. — Quetelet's Calculation of Probabilities, with Notes, &c. by R. Beanish, 12mo. 4s. 6d. — Cicero's Opera Selecta, Edinburgh Academy, 18mo. 4s. 6d. — W. Jones on Diseases of Women, 8vo. 8s. — The Rights of Persons, according to the Text of Blackstone, to the present Time, by J. Stewart, 8vo. 11s. — The Child's Library; Philip Quarll, 2s. 6d.

METHEOLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1839.

February.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday . 28	From 30 to 49	30.06 to 30.08
March.		
Friday . . . 1	36 .. 48	29.93 .. 29.79
Saturday . . 2	37 .. 53	29.77 .. 29.91
Sunday . . . 3	38 .. 51	29.98 .. 30.00
Monday . . . 4	30 .. 43	29.98 .. 30.01
Tuesday . . 5	31 .. 40	30.02 .. 29.95
Wednesday 6	28 .. 34	29.81 .. 29.58

Winds, S. and N.E.

Except the 28th ult. and morning of the 3d inst. generally cloudy; rain on the 2d, and snowing frequently during the afternoon of the 6th.

Rain fallen, .025 of an inch.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[The Apocrypha. Having received the following from Mr. Lovett, we deem it due to him to give it insertion, though, perhaps, some of the explanations might have been couched in more courteous phraseology. As, however, our sole object is literary justice, we will not quarrel with the style of a defence upon so important a subject, and from a gentleman of such acknowledged talent and respectability.—*Ed. Lit. Gaz.*]

SIR,—The treatment which my work on the Apocalypse has received in your *Literary Gazette* has been of such a nature as to require me, in justice to my own reputation, to express myself, to all whose good opinion I value, in terms of strong animadversion; and I think it right to acquaint you with the topics which appear to me to require that animadversion; because, firstly, it is but just to afford you an opportunity of shewing that I have formed an erroneous view of the matter, if I have done so; and, secondly, because I will never, in the absence of any man, make animadversions on his conduct to me, without taking some convenient occasion to express them to himself.

And, sir, in order to prevent all possibility of mistake in the matter, I will begin by stating what I do not complain of. I do not complain of any injustice or severity of stricture on my work, for you have made none at all. I do not complain that you have seen in it nothing worthy of even the slightest commendation. I am willing to admit that if you had found in it any symptom of any qualification to excuse or palliate my "bold attempt to expound the mysteries of Revelation," you would have said so; that if in your opinion there was any indication that the "learning and zeal" which you are pleased to ascribe to my "endeavour to develop the portentous warnings of the Apocalypse" were directed by any quantity, however small, of ability, you would not have suppressed that opinion; and since you think that there is no trace of ability in any part of my work, I fully admit that you only fulfilled your judicial duty in letting your readers know, by your expressive silence, that such is my opinion.

Having stated what I do not complain of, I will now state what I do. I do complain that, professing not to give any opinion on the merits of my book, but to confine yourself to an account of its contents, you have published concerning them a tissue of gross and monstrous misrepresentations, every one of which is obviously calculated, by the ignorance or absurdity which it imputes to me, to degrade me in the estimation of all who may place any credit in your statements.

I now proceed to substantiate my complaint.

The fourth paragraph in your notice of my book is as follows:—"Alarmed, as it appears, from the growing 'spread' of the Romish faith, not only in this country, but throughout Europe, and by the Oxford schism in the Protestant Church, in all of which he believes it to be seen the fulfilment of the prophecies, Mr. Lovett contends that *Saint Gregory the Great*, as the founder of papal domination, and of her long train of innumerable corruptions and abominations, who is fondly and proudly," &c.

Sir, that paragraph contains almost as many gross misrepresentations as it does words, unalloyed with one word of fact.

1. My work contains not one syllable of allusion to any such growing "spread," although you carefully mark the latter word with commas, as if you were actually quoting it after me. I therefore could not express, and certainly never felt, alarm at any such "spread;" nor did I see, or say one word that authorises you to say that I believe, what I do not, and never did, that in it "is to be seen the fulfilment of the prophecies."

* Our estimable correspondent has, indeed, a right to put his own construction upon our language or our silence; but we may be allowed to observe, that in both we might more truly be believed simply to confess our own inability to grapple with such momentous questions, and within so small a compass as a very miscellaneous weekly sheet afforded.

2. My work contains not one word of, or allusion to, any "Oxford schism in the Protestant Church," wherein you are pleased to say that I also see an alarming fulfilment of prophecy.

Had I, indeed, written myself down such an ass as to believe that the Apocalypse contains a reference to any such stuff, or as representing myself alarmed at what I at the same time believed to be a fulfilment of prophecy—as alarmed at the "growing spread" of a faith, whose total extinction I confidently predict to be near at hand—had I written such trash as that, you would then have been justified in exposing me to the scorn and derision of all who do not believe you to be capable of making deliberately such statements without the slightest foundation in fact for them.

3. I do not "contend that *Saint Gregory the Great* was the founder of papal domination, and of her long train of innumerable corruptions and abominations;" for I well know, as does every one acquainted with the merest elements of ecclesiastical history, that he was not; and in the only part of my work (the appendix) that mentions him, he is cited as the indefatigable opponent of every form of ecclesiastical domination, and as denouncing the man who should first exercise it, as the predicted Antichrist. I, moreover (page 113), cite Gibbon as stating *Gregory the Second* (who filled the papal chair above a hundred years after the death of *Saint Gregory*) to have been "the founder of the papal monarchy."

4. But, sir, the gross historical blunder which you have imputed to me would be of comparatively little consequence, if you had not represented it as nearly the sole foundation of my work: for you go on to say, "The same stream (the said blunder) he declares from the one same fountain, which has poured on the head of popery all its mysteries and blasphemies in such copious torrents, has, with them, poured forth also its appropriate designation by which it is so awfully characterised and denounced in Sacred Writ."

What may be the meaning of that tirade I do not pretend to conjecture; but I know that there is not in my work one syllable of foundation for it.

5. Your next paragraph proceeds: "The utter depravation of morals, in all Catholic countries, exhibits at once the cause and consequence of that debasing religion, monstrous in her ritual, and cruel in her maxims. Mr. Lovett assails these in the unmeasured language of reprobation, such as we have repeated in the foregoing sentences!"

So far, sir, from assailing "the utter depravation of morals in all Catholic countries," as you may I do "in the unmeasured language of reprobation." I never even once allude to the morals of any country, excepting ancient Rome, and France in her "dile irreverent," while, after abandoning "*la culte Catholique*," she made open profession of atheism.

In charging me, then, sir, with "assailing the utter depravation of morals in all Catholic countries," you have made an assertion for which there is not one syllable of foundation in fact; notwithstanding which you venture to state, that in so doing "we desire it to be understood that we are quoting our author!"

6. Of Mr. Newman I have never known any thing but what I have learned from the newspapers within these few months; a line of his writings I never saw; I do not believe his earliest publication is so much as two years old; no allusion therefore to him or his writings could be contained in my work, which was published eight years ago. Nevertheless, you direct against me the resentment of that gentleman and all his numerous and zealous friends, by stating that a passage (the only one in my book which, it seems, you thought worth citing) looks as if it were written for the sole purpose of holding up Mr. Newman, in all his offices, (?) to public derision, as one of the swarm of small smokers who are filling the Church with their cloudy nonsense.

7. You say, "Our Saviour, he further contends, declared that he knew not, nor did the angels in heaven know, the day and hour of his second coming."

Sir, so far from contending that our Saviour made such a declaration, I not only never once mentioned it, but I carefully refrained from alluding to it: because I knew that the main purpose of my work must appear directly and presumptuously opposed to that declaration, unless I should remove that appearance by a commentary that would lengthen a work which is, without it, longer than I wished.

In defeat of my cautious forbearance, you have taken care that to your readers my work shall appear as opposed to our Saviour's declaration, without, of course, one word of the explanation which I would have given of the apparent difficulty, had I referred to it at all.

Having now, sir, stated to you some of the instances of monstrous misrepresentation in your notice of my work, every one of which is well calculated, I will not say deliberately intended (for on that point, to use your own words, "we desire it to be understood that we are not offering opinions"), to seriously injure its reputation, and, together with it, that of its author, I will leave even to your judgment to decide whether I have not much ground of just complaint.

You have in your hands the easy means of forming that decision, by comparing your observations with the contents of my book; and if that comparison shall detect one instance in which I have unjustly accused you, I will, as in duty bound, with contrition and humility lament my error, and will acknowledge that the charge of gross and monstrous misrepresentation attaches not to you, sir, but to your obedient servant,

March 13, 1839.

H. W. LOVETT.

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Further Particulars may be learned on application to the Registrar, at the Apartments of the University, Somerset House.

By order of the Senate,

H. W. ROTHMAN, Registrar.

Somerset House, March 11, 1839.

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Notice is hereby given, that the Examination for the Degree of Bachelor of Laws for the Current Year, will be held in the Month of November. Candidates must send in their Applications to the Registrar before the 15th of April next.

By order of the Senate,

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The Annual General Meeting of that Branch of the Society for the Management and Distribution of the Artists' Fund called the Benevolent Fund, will be held at the Freemasons' Tavern, on Wednesday, the 29th Day of March, at Two o'clock precisely.

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said County, on Saturday, March 10th, 1855.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Popular Songs of Ireland. Collected and edited, with Introductions and Notes, by T. Crofton Croker, Esq. 12mo. pp. 340. London, 1839. Colburn.

IN this volume, friend Croker, like the potato formerly called by that name,* has shewn himself to be an Irish life-preserver. Some of his poets, like too many of the peasantry, must have perished, but for the succour he has afforded them; and though these poets are not like the peasants, the "finest" in the world, it is nevertheless a grateful and patriotic office to have saved them from—the bard's most deplorable doom—oblivion.

To have fully illustrated his subject, Mr. Croker ought to have given us many more ballads, and gone to an earlier date; but we presume that, as Ople said when advised to raise the price of his portraits from fifteen shillings to a guinea, "the public canna bear it," his publisher thought the public could not bear the infliction of two or three volumes of Irish verse. We must, therefore, be content as in other Irish matters, to take this by way of an instalment. Looking for what else we may get hereafter, we shall only report of the present collection, that it touches on many historical points from the period of the battle of the Boyne; and, in other respects, exhibits specimens of the national feeling and humour. It is true, that in consequence of the English connexion, it has been questioned whether Ireland possesses any peculiar features of this kind; but we think, after reading Mr. Croker's volume, it will be allowed that if not entirely original, such modifications have taken place as to give a very distinctive character to Irish productions. The local songs, especially, demonstrate this fact.

At all events, our author has subdivided his work into distinct national heads (*quære*, some of them broken?); for he has ranged them under the "Shillelah," "Whisky," "Potatoes," "The Shamrock," "St. Patrick," and *other friends and patrons of the country*. Which are the most religious, burlesque, sentimental, or humorous, it is difficult to decide. In spite of the authorities to the contrary, we have made up our minds that shamrocks are watercresses, just as whisky is, according to its native name, water; and St. Patrick not a gentleman, but an engineer or stoker, and the inventor of the steam-engine, the first that ever reached the shores of Bantry or Dublin Bay. With regard to the first of these matters, however, we are told:—

"The popular notion respecting the shamrock, or trefoil, is, that St. Patrick, by its means, satisfactorily explained to the early converts of Christianity in Ireland, the Trinity in

* "In a MS. among the 'Southwell Papers,' unfortunately without date, but, from the contents, believed to have been written about 1640, potato-roots are called 'Crokens,' from having been first planted in Croker's field at Youghall. Possibly the spot mentioned by Lord Castlereagh, who, in his 'Memoirs,' states, that when he camped with the Irish army before that town in 1645, he caused Major-General Butler to take up a position 'towards the sea near Croker's works.' Tradition also says, 'that the potato-root, besides being planted on Sir Walter Raleigh's ground at Youghall, was likewise planted on some land in the diocese of Tuam, which Sir Walter afterwards let to endow a school.'"

Unity; exhibiting the three leaves attached to one stalk as an illustration. Miss Beaufort remarks, that it is 'a curious coincidence, the trefoil plant (*shamrock* and *shamrakh* in Arabic) having been held sacred in Iran, and considered emblematical of the Persian Triad.'—(*Collect.* v. 118.) 'The botanical name of the shamrock, like that of the Scotch thistle, is a matter of dispute. Mr. Bicheno, in an amusing paper read before the Linnean Society, has, with great ingenuity, endeavoured to shew that the wood-sorrel (*oxalis acetosella*) is the true shamrock; while Dr. Withering and Professor Rennie point out the white clover (*trifolium repens*); and Mr. Loudon marks the black medick (*medicago lupulina*) as the genuine national emblem of Ireland.' That the shamrock was formerly eaten in Ireland as a salad, there appears no reason to doubt. Fynes Moryson, the secretary of Queen Elizabeth's lord-deputy, Mountjoy, treating of the diet and customs of the 'wild Irish,' says, 'they willingly eat the herb shamrock, being of a sharp taste, which, as they run and are chased to and fro, they snatch like beasts out of the ditches.' Spenser, also, in his 'View of the State of Ireland,' describing the misery consequent upon the Desmond rebellion, of which he was an eye-witness, speaking of the wretched and famishing Irish, tells us that 'if they found a plot of watercresses or shamrocks, there they flocked as to a feast for the time, yet not able long to continue there withal.' But these passages, as referring to a period of national distress and famine consequent upon civil warfare, when, according to the authorities quoted, horse-flesh was a luxury, and even dead bodies were taken out of the graves and eaten, do not prove the use of the shamrock as a salad so satisfactorily as the following extract from the humorous poem of 'Hesperio-neographia,' descriptive of national manners, where, in the account of an Irish banquet, it is mentioned that,—

'Besides all this, vast bundles came
Of sorrel, more than I can name.
And many sheaves I hear there was
Of shamrocks, and of water-grass,
Which there for curious salads pass.'

"In that whimsical poem, the 'Irish Hudibras,' printed in 1689, we find

'Springs, happy springs, adorned with sallots,
Which nature purpos'd for their palates;
Shamrogs and watercress he shews,
Which was both meat, and drink, and clothes.'

Again the Irish are there represented as

'Without a rag, trousse, or brogues,
Picking of sorrel and sham-roguet.'

Not wishing to have any thing to do with the shillelah, we shall treat our readers with a sample or proof of the whisky:—

"Were one to find fault with the whisky in the northern counties, the immediate reply would be, 'It's as good poteen as any in Ulster, for it never paid a happ'eth of duty.' From 1802 to June 1806,—a space of four years and a half, no less than 13,439 unlicensed whisky-stills, 11,098 heads, and 9732 worms, were seized in Ireland. Some idea, therefore, of the magnitude of the traffic in poteen may be formed by this official return.

"The Glass of Whisky was originally printed in 'The Sentimental and Alsonic

Magazine,' vol. iii. for December 1793, a Dublin periodical, remarkable from the first productions of the Muse of Moore having appeared therein. This song bears the signature W. P. Carey, and was illustrated in that publication by an engraving, executed by W. P. Carey, probably the author, which represents an old man with clasped hands, uplifting a glass of whisky."

Ah, Time is a tell-tale! this is forty-six years ago; but our Anacreon wears well. Heaven grant it may be long before a grape-stone comes across his waist; and may it be a funnel for many a bumper of wine, of the brightest hue, while he lingers and enjoys himself amongst us.

"At the side of the road, near the bridge of Drumcondra, Was Murrough O'Moonaghan stationed to beg; He brought from the war, as his share of the plunder.

A crack on the crown, and the loss of a leg,
'Och, Murrough! he'd cry—' masha nothing may harm ye.

What made you go fight for a soldier on sea?
You fool, had you been a marine in the army,
You'd now have a pinchun and live on full pay.

But now I'm a cripple—what signifies thinking?
The past I can never bring round to the fore;
The heart that with old age and weakness is sinking,
Will ever find strength in good whisky galore.

Oagh, whisky, ma vurnem, my joy, and my jewel,
What signifies talking of doctors and pills?
In sorrow, misfortune, and sickness so cruel,
A glass of north country can cure all our ills.

When cold in the winter, it warms you so hearty;
When hot in the summer, it cools you like ice;
In trouble—false friends, without grief I can part ye;
Good whisky's my friend, and I take its advice.
When hungry and thirsty, 'tis meat and drink to me,
It finds me a lodging wherever I lie:
Neither frost, snow, nor rain, any harm can do me,
The hedge is my pillow, my blanket the sky.

Now merry be the Christmas! success to good neighbours!
Here's a happy new year, and a great many too!
With a plenty of whisky to lighten their labours,
May sweet luck attend every heart that is true!
Poor Murrough, then joining his old hands together,
High held up the glass, while he vented this prayer:—
'May whisky, by sea or by land in all weather,
Be never denied to the children of Care!'"

Among the songs of feeling, "The Court of Cahiraas," though very unequal, as most of these compositions are (so many, indeed, as to be a part of their characteristic style), has pleased us much by such verses as the following. Of the heroine is sung:—

"On a fine summer's morning, if you saw this maiden,
By the murmuring Maig, or the green fields she stray'd in;
Or through groves full of song, near that bright flowing river.

You'd think how imperfect the praise that I give her.

In order arranged are her bright flowing tresses,
The thread of the spider that fineness expresses;
And softer her cheeks, that is mantled with blushes,
Than the drift of the snow, or the pulp of the rushes.

But her bosom of beauty, that the heart which lies under,
Should have nothing of womanlike pride, is my wonder;
That the charms which all eyes daily dwell on delighted,
Should seem in her own of no worth, and be slighted.

When Charity calls her she never is weary,
Though in secret she comes with the step of a fairy;
To the sick and the needy profuse is her bounty,
And her goodness extends through the whole of the county.

I felt on my spirit a load that was weighty,
In the stillness of midnight, and called upon Katey;
And a dull voice replied, on the ear of the sleeper,
'Death! death!' in a tone that was deep, and grew deeper.

"The verse of an Irish song, in which the poet describes the first meeting with his mistress, was thus translated to the editor by Mr. Edward Penrose:—

'Her hair was of the finest gold,
Like to a spider's spinning;
In her, methinks, I do behold
My joys and woes beginning.'

'Twas an omen to me—'twas an omen of sadness,
That told me of folly, of love, and of madness;
That my fate was as dark as the sky that was o'er me,
And bade me despair, for no hope was before me."

We must add a humorous ditty by way of contrast:—

"The ballad mentioned very glibly runs on in praise of the springs of Mallow, according to this fashion, to the air of 'Ballyspellen,'

'All you that are
Both lean and bare,
With scarce an ounce of tallow,
To make your flesh
Look plump and fresh,
Come, drink the springs at Mallow
For all that you
Are bound to do
Is just to gaze and swallow;
You'll find by that
You'll rowl in that
Most gloriously at Mallow!
Oh, if love's pain
Disturbs your brain,
And makes your reason shallow,
To shake it off,
Gulp down enough
Of our hot springs at Mallow!"

A long poem on the "Entrenchment of New Ross," of the middle of the thirteenth century, and translated into modern verse by the lamented L. E. L., ought to be pointed out to notice, as also a curious letter of the "Mayor of Waterford," of the time of Henry VII.; but to these we can only refer.

In the hunting song, page 225, we should suspect the "five couple of *terriers*" at the bush of the fox to be *harriers*; but there are so many strange things in Ireland, that perhaps they do hunt with packs of Scotch wivies. At any rate, they are good for Reynard if he gets into his hole!!

The Private Journal of Aaron Burr, during his Residence of Four Years in Europe; with Selections from his Correspondence. Edited by Matthew L. Davis, author of "Memoirs of Aaron Burr," &c. 2 vols. 8vo. New York, 1838. Harper and Brothers. London, Wiley and Putnam.

"Give a dog an ill name and hang him," says the adage. Call an American Aaron Burr, and destroy him, might be said of the personage who figures in these volumes. Whether Burr was what one would call in extremes a good or a bad man, a patriot or a traitor, it is not in our power to determine. Were we to form an estimate of his character from the revelations in these pages only, we should consider him as much sinned against as sinning, and of that human mixture in which the better nature predominated over the worse parts. That he was a man of mystery, intrigue, and vanity, is obvious enough; but these defects are redeemed by many traits of right, gentle, and affectionate feelings. Since the "Confessions of Jean Jacques Rousseau," we have seen no picture of an individual drawn by himself that has interested us a tithe so much as this Journal has done. It furnishes a study for mankind. We see a person possessed of the highest talents, and stored with most extensive information, driven from his country, embarked in schemes of the greatest national and personal importance, suspected and watched wherever he goes, exiled from England, and not permitted to leave France, struggling with poverty and privation, mixing with the first men in society whilst nearly starving at his miserable home, vibrating between the palace and the pawn-shop; from meeting dukes, ministers, and distinguished people, retiring to his meagre fare with a single sou in his pocket; sanguine, disappointed, courted, persecuted, intriguing with statesmen and women of every estate—

in short, running a career of the most extraordinary variety and inequality, yet always preserving an equanimity, courage, perseverance, and unruined temper, which plenty, and every means of happiness and luxury, can seldom ensure to their fortunate possessors.

His journal, which exhibits these traits in a manner to us, as we have noticed, of strange and peculiar interest, was kept for his daughter, Mrs. Alston; and in this respect is not the least remarkable, for it goes into many things, of which no one could conceive a father would ever wish a daughter to have the slightest notion. And such a daughter! She was proud of, and deeply attached to, her parent: proud of, and deeply attached, might every parent be to such a child as her correspondence shews her to have been. We never read any female letters so beautiful, so sensible, so touching. Mind and heart seem to have been alike perfect in this noble creature. Even for her sake, we could not think so harshly as we otherwise might of her father's errors; but he was unfortunate also—another claim to our pity and compassion. He was often penniless, and, need we add, had few friends.

Aaron Burr, it is generally known, after filling the highest office but one in the United States, and being very nearly elected president, killed Mr. Hamilton in a duel, in pursuing which his vindictiveness brought upon him almost universal censure. Falling from his high position, he made an attempt upon the territories of Spanish America, which involved him with his own government, and for which he was tried as a traitor, but acquitted. Miss Martineau mentions these facts, and the bad repute in which he, consequently, continued to dwell among his fellow-citizens. It appears from these volumes that he smuggled himself out of America in 1803, the year after his trial at Richmond, and, under the name of H. E. Edwards, arrived in England with peculiar introductions and recommendations. His grand object seems to have been to plan and head the independence of Mexico, which the relations between our government and Spain at that time did not permit us to encourage. One of his chief intimacies was with Jeremy Bentham; but, altogether, his time passed any thing but pleasantly, except on a visit to Edinburgh, where he met with all that warmth of hospitality which does honour to the Land of Cakes, and enjoyed the society of some of the eminent persons who adorned the northern capital. On his return to London, he was arrested under a warrant of Lord Liverpool, and obliged to leave the country as an alien. Upon this occasion, he writes to his daughter a letter, in which it is evident more is meant than meets the eye:—

"To Theodosia.

"London, April 11, 1809.

"I shall leave this on Friday the 14th for Heligoland, whence I shall go to the Continent by the first conveyance. You must not, therefore, expect to hear from me for two or three months after the receipt of this. Let your boy read history and biography of a style suited to his years. The order is of no consequence, in which, with great humility, I differ from Madame Theodosia. By and by, when he shall come to read more in detail, the order may be material. Let him also learn German. Say something more about —. A true Mussulman burns all books except those of Mohammed, which contain all of human knowledge that is valuable, and to have marked the boundary of human genius.

"A. BURR."

Instead of Heligoland, his route was changed

to Gottenburg, and he travelled some months about Sweden and Denmark; whence he got to Paris, and in dudgeon with his treatment in England (where, he says, no statesman had any political comprehension or knowledge, except the late W. Pitt, Lord Melville, and Mr. Canning), proposed to the ruler of France the same project in which he had been balked by Lord Liverpool. He thus writes:—

"To le Duc d'Otrante.

"Paris, May 30, 1810.

"Mr. Burr has the honour to transmit herewith the sheet lately submitted, together with three supplementary notes. A fourth, on the Canadas and Nova Scotia, will be offered, if desired. He asks the favour of an audience of his excellency le Duc d'Otrante, for the purpose of making a few verbal explanations, and of reviewing the translation. Lest the handwriting should not be legible to the translator, Mr. Burr offers to assist him in the reading; and will, for this purpose, meet him at any hour and place he may name. Mr. Burr will wait, to receive a message from him, at Paschand's bookstore, Rue des Petites Augustins, No. 3. He takes the liberty of presenting assurances of his profound consideration and respect.

"A. BURR."

At this period, we find him in Paris, as elsewhere, suspected, baffled, and hunted from post to pillar; but still putting the best face on his trials, and submitting to all sorts of suffering with most stoical complacency. That he had some comfort will be acknowledged, when we quote a few passages from the letters of his angel-souled daughter.

"Now I think we have every reason to believe that my health will soon be restored; and, after all, it will be owing to your prescription. If you had been with me, I should have recovered long since. Oh, my guardian angel, why were you obliged to abandon me just when enfeebled nature doubly required your care? Alas, alas! how often have I deplored the want of your counsel and tenderness! How often, when my tongue and hands trembled with disease, have I besought Heaven either to reunite us, or let me die at once! Yet do not hence imagine that I yield to infantine lamentations or impatience. As soon as relief from pain restored me in some measure to myself, I became more worthy the happiness of being your daughter. Now my strength is greatly increased, my nerves are less irritable; and, if the disorder did not so strangely affect my head, I should feel almost well."

Again:—

"Eighteen days have elapsed since the above was written, and there is no news to add. Nothing has occurred, nothing altered. Shall it always be so with us? All nature changes. Day has followed night. There have been revolutions in the seasons; but our fates, which appear ever like black impending clouds ready to burst, still threaten, and still remain the same. I had hoped long before this to have done something efficient in your pecuniary concerns; but the important person is still from home. A letter received yesterday informs me of this again, and adds that he is expected daily. This has been the case for months. As soon as he reaches his place of destination, he will receive a visit from me. This is the only hope of success. Great Heaven! how truly miserable your situation renders me. What is to be done? Yet do not despair. Wait a little longer; perhaps the next packet may bring you all you wish. Of political affairs, the papers will tell you all I know. Many think that the late proceedings

will produce a war with Great Britain; and I have been seriously told that it would not be in my power to return home by water, because our coasts would soon be lined with English cruisers. I hope not so, in my heart. Your acquaintance, Mr. Smith, arrived a few days since, out of spirits and disappointed. He has left us again with new courage. He has not contributed to enliven me. Already anxious and distressed about you, he has rendered me doubly so by the addition of unavailing regrets, and the dreadful conviction that I have been the cause of real injury to you by the delay my illness occasioned. This I had felt before, but it never appeared to me in its full extent till after my conversation with him. The poignant sufferings this idea has occasioned me are indescribable; and though my life has been saved by it, I cannot rejoice at it, from a belief that your happiness will greatly depend on my existence. And can I then remunerate you for such sacrifices merely by living? Under every sort of misery, this reflection would make me careful of life, as of a treasure which I have in keeping for you, to be spent in your service. My boy improves charmingly, particularly in writing, and we are impatiently looking forward to the period when he will be able to write you a letter. I have not once thanked you for your magnificent present. Though you have been unexpectedly prevented from making it, the intention goes to my heart. The bust of Mr. Bentham does not come, and I begin to fear that it is lost. My veneration for him is enthusiastic. As he is fond of plants, perhaps a few seeds of benne and okro may be acceptable to him. I have sent to Frederic's for some, and shall send them by Mr. S. Mr. Bentham's fondness for botany has determined me to study it. I have hitherto had an aversion to the pursuit, from a belief that it was a mere science of words. But the idea of pursuing a track which has been illuminated by his presence would throw a charm over the driest labours. Perhaps, in that new country, unexplored by the eye of science, it may be my good fortune to make some little discovery which will please him. If his bust should be lost, will it be in your power to get me another? You must not show my letters to any one. I am yet heavy and spiritless. Not out of spirits; 'mais, dépourvue d'esprit.' My mind feels awakening at times, and I am amusing myself in Spanish. I have taken but few lessons, and it will not be in my power to make much progress, as the master comes only thrice a-week, and my departure from hence is not very distant. I hope and trust it will be in my power to make some arrangement of your pecuniary concerns before I leave this part of the world. Unless successful in this, I shall go with a very, very heavy heart."

"March 8.

"This day has arrived and passed over. Yet of all the events which at the commencement of my letter, I imagined must happen before this, not one has occurred. I find that I am still a child, and look forward to a few weeks as an age big with important changes in my situation, and destined to be marked by innumerable improvements in myself. Perhaps, like the great herd of mankind, I too am doomed to look back with continual disappointment in both these expectations. Yet I do not believe that they proceed from an innate or instinctive disposition, ordained as the means of rendering life more dear, so much as from long habit. In the happy days of childhood, occurrences new, and even great in our estimation, are daily taking place. Thus, too,

without thinking of our characters or caring for knowledge, we every day find our minds enlarged. It is a long time before we can bring ourselves to calculate on the uniformity of middle life; and when, at length, experience has taught us this, we are again altering; but how differently! There is now hope of amelioration in your pecuniary concerns."

"Oaks (S. C.), May 10, 1811.

"This morning, and not until this morning, did I receive your letter of the 10th of January, 1811. In this way has our correspondence been maintained for the last two years. Now I hear that you are coming immediately; and while wondering that you have not arrived, I learn that you will be detained much longer. Then my hopes are again awakened, and, when again almost exhausted, they light up with a stronger, though a trembling brilliancy. The icy hand of disappointment falls upon my heart to smother every spark. Do not frown at these complaints. You do not. I will not believe that you do. Your image, kind and indulgent, is my guardian angel. From how many follies, how many faults, does it preserve me. It was accorded to me as a talisman, to cheer my prospects, to strengthen my resolutions, and incite me to noble efforts. The refusal of your passports by the agent of our government is a most overbearing and insulting outrage upon the common rights of a citizen. Who erected an American chargé d'affaires into a supreme judge? Who invested him with the most important prerogatives? I have written to Luther Martin, but have received no answer. I shall write again forthwith. Surely my letter must have miscarried. I have immutable faith in the strength and sincerity of his attachment to you. You, perhaps, have not heard that Robert Smith is removed from office, and Munro created secretary of state in his stead. The removal of Eustis is expected, according to our newspapers. A late paper mentioned that the postmaster-general was soon to yield his office to a steady friend of A. Barr. Who that friend is, or whether there is any truth in the assertion, I cannot tell. The corn-doctor is afraid to correspond with me. He was even very neglectful in giving his advice. 'Tis said he trembles at the great name more than any pious Hebrew ever did at the consecrated and mysterious title they had for the Deity. I have frequently mentioned the fate of my letter to 88-87. There is evidently no hope from that quarter. If the mind is negative, of which there is no assurance, it may be directed to any thing by those nearest, most in confidence, and most prominent in business. I say some; land in New York. This advice is disinterested on my part. But I am incapable of the affection which would sacrifice its object to any selfish gratification. I would, therefore, oppose the plan of embarking for South Carolina. Nothing can be done here. Your arrival will be known. The news of it will reach New York long before you. The fervency of surprise and delighted friendship will have time to cool, cables to be formed, and measures to be taken. Go to New York. Make your stand there. If you are attacked, you will be in the midst of the tenth legion. Civil debts may be procrastinated, for a time, by confinement to the limits. There you can take breath; openly see your friends; make your arrangements; and soon, I think, you will be able to throw off those momentary shackles, and resume your station. I confess I augur ill of government, principally because the newspapers most devoted to it endeavour to keep up feelings of irritation against you. But I believe differently of the citizens generally.

At all events, it is better to brave any storm than to be leading your present life. It is better that things should be brought to a crisis you cannot entirely sink under; and, the worst once over, you will be free from all restraint. You may be situated as formerly. It cannot injure you more than this long-continued threat. If the worst comes, I will leave every thing to suffer with you. Should you determine on this plan, give it a fair trial. I repeat it, nothing can be done for you here, in South Carolina. To land here might ruin all. Would you believe it, Blennerhassett has written the most insulting letter to my husband. In this letter he accuses you and him of plans which never entered the heads of either; and says that, unless Mr. Alston pays him thirty-five thousand five hundred dollars, of which, to use his own phrase, he demands fifteen thousand by August; unless these sums are paid, he (Blennerhassett) will publish a pamphlet containing documents which must ruin him (Mr. Alston) for ever. He concludes by saying that his work is ready for publication, and adds — "If you do not prevent its appearance, you may rest assured I shall not, to save the trouble of smelting, abandon the ore I have with such expense of time and labour extracted from the mines both dark and deep; not, indeed, of Mexico, but of Alston, Jefferson, and Burr. Having mentioned Mr. Burr, I wish you to observe that I have long since ceased to consider reference to his honour, resources, or good faith in any other light than as a scandal to any man offering it who is not sunk as low as himself," &c. &c. His language to Mr. Alston is in the same style. Such, in short, as a low-bred scoundrel may use at the distance of many hundred miles."

And sad ending:—

"Seashore (S. C.), July 12, 1812.

"A few miserable days past, my dear father, and your late letters would have gladdened my soul; and even now I rejoice at their contents, as much as it is possible for me to rejoice at any thing; but there is no more joy for me; the world is a blank. I have lost my boy. My child is gone for ever. He expired on the 30th of June. My head is not now sufficiently collected to say any thing further. May heaven, by other blessings, make you some amends for the noble grandson you have lost.

"THEODORA.

"Seashore (S. C.), August 12, 1812.

"Alas! my dear father, I do live, but how does it happen? Of what am I formed that I live, and why? Of what service can I be in this world, either to you or any one else, with a body reduced to premature old age, and a mind enfeebled and bewildered? Yet, since it is my lot to live, I will endeavour to fulfil my part, and exert myself to my utmost, though this life must henceforth be to me a bed of thorns. Whichever way I turn, the same anguish still assails me. You talk of consolation. Ah! you know not what you have lost. I think Omnipotence could give me no equivalent for my boy. No; none—none."

All her letters are admirable: models of female writing, and alike estimable for sound sense and prudence, warmth of heart, delicacy, and genuine feeling. We will relieve the painful emotions created by the last with two or three slight selections.

Barr, writing from London, October 1806, says:—

"To fill up this blank page, take one of the many epigrams on Sir Hew Dalrymple. It was made impromptu by one of my friends in my presence. Perhaps it may have been published, but not to my knowledge:—

'When knights of old their falchions drew,
Their *mot de guerre* was Hack and Hew;
Our modern knight, of fighting shy,
Should make his motto Hew and cry.'

The following ridiculous epitaph made me laugh. If it raise a smile on the wan cheek of my Theodosia, I should deem it valuable indeed. The subject of it, who is more famed for his wealth and his long services in the corporation than for classic erudition, is in the habit, as is said, like our worthy vice-president, of using *this-ere* and *that-ere*, as *exigra*: Take *this-ere* knife and cut *that-ere* goose. The epitaph was produced at a feast at which he was present, and the story adds that he joined in the laugh with great good humour.

'Here lies William Curtis, our late worthy lord mayor,
Who has left *this-ere* world and gone to *that-ere*.'

"A. BURR."

"In England you see no expression painted on the visage at a concert. All is sombre and grim. They cry bravo! bravissimo! with the same countenance that they 'G—d damn' their servants and their government."

"A gentleman (in Paris) remarked that the English had no word to express *ennui*, which he thought the more remarkable as they were so subject to that evil. 'No,' replied le Comte de L., 'In England it is conceived to be the natural state, and synonymous with existence, and, therefore, no word requisite.'"

Of poor Burr's life in Paris, we shall now proceed to select from his diary a few traits; which we think will bear us out in the sentiments we have expressed. The particular dates or connecting circumstances are of no consequence.

"On my way home met Mr. —, who invited me to go home with him to communicate something. It is, that the Americans here have entered into a combination against Aaron Burr. That every man who speaks to him shall be shunned as unworthy of society. That no master of vessel, or any other person, shall take any letter or parcel for him, or other like benevolent things; all which amused me, but alarmed my friend. The most violent of this association is a young Seaman, son of Edmund Seaman, of New York. More of the like. Mr. —, of Boston, related in a large company, that he, being on a jury at Boston last summer on an insurance case of the Herkimer, Judge Chase presiding, and Luther Martin, one of the lawyers, on some dispute between them, the judge said to Martin, 'I am surprised that you can so prostitute your talents.' Martin replied, 'I never prostituted my talents except when I defended you and Colonel Burr;' and added, in the hearing of the jury, 'a couple of the greatest rascals in the world.' A Mr. Thompson, of Charleston, South Carolina, a Scotchman, but naturalised in the United States, now settled here, being asked if he had called on Colonel Burr, said, 'No; and no good American would call on him.'"

"Certain personal concerns kept me up till two. Waked, wide awake, at six. Got up, lighted candle, made fire. Jul. came in at half-past seven, and greatly astonished to find me at breakfast, having had bread and milk enough of yesterday. At ten to Valkenaer's, where an hour and a half. How good he is. I deposited with him two thousand five hundred francs, about five hundred dollars. Now you will marvel how I could possibly raise so enormous a sum (one hundred guineas!); that was my business yesterday, which I did not then tell you, not knowing whether Valkenaer would take the trouble; not a little, I assure you. Your watch and your ring are both pawned for one thousand francs (two hundred

dollars); this, with the remains of the sum had some time ago of Griswold, as then mentioned, made this bank. On casting up my remains, find I have left just twenty-one dollars. If, therefore, the speculation should fail—" [which it did].

"What cannot be cured must be endured" was his motto.

"I am about to undertake the translation from English into French of two octavo volumes for one hundred louis. It will take me three months hard work. Better than to starve. But the most curious part of the story is, that the book in question contains a quantity of abuse and libels on A. Burr."

He had shewn the people of his lodgings how to mend smoky chimneys, and was assured he might make his fortune as a famous *fumiste*. But mark:—

"Home, made a good fire, and actually have thawed off the ice. Jul. would make me sup on vermicelli, which she cooked very nice, and have agreed by the same advice to lay a-bed to-morrow till nine, in complaisance to the cold. Now one o'clock, madam."

"4. Lay till ten, being so cold Gamp. was afraid. After deliberating two hours whether I should call on Mrs. Robertson, sor. at two to Valkenaer's; found him, as usual, in bed, but mending. Found there Mr. —, just arrived from Amsterdam. A fine, frank, open, decided face. He served in the United States during the revolutionary war, in Pulaski's corps. Had an only daughter, whom he educated in a superior style. She died at twenty. Albertine* came in from a walk, and looked very charming. Gave up my visit to Mrs. Robertson's, and walked round by St. Denis, through Palais Royal, to Helvetius, and thence home. On the way, bought *étrennes* for the children of Madame P., + 40 sous; another pair of *chevettes*, 36 sous. Home, and dined on vermicelli *au lait*; very good. The day has been cold, tempestuous; a little snow falling. Now, at twelve, the wind still higher and snowing faster. From what quarter the gale comes, I don't know; but at intervals of about one or two minutes, it blows directly down my chimney, and with such force as to carry ashes and coals over the whole floor. I have been since four o'clock in purgatory, for the evil is remorseless while the gale stands at the same point and with the same force. After various experiments how to weather the gale, I at length discovered that I could exist by lying flat on the floor; for this purpose I laid a blanket; and reposing on my elbows, with a candle at my side, on the floor, have been reading 'L'Espion Anglois,' translated from the English; extremely well written; and, thus prostrate, I have the honour to write you this. When I got up just now for pen and ink, I found myself almost buried in ashes and cinders. You would have thought I had laid a month at the foot of Mount Vesuvius."

At the close we are told:—

"From the 18th of February until the middle of May, 1811, the journal is missing. This is unfortunate, as the period was interesting; and it is to be regretted that his correspondence, so far as it is preserved among his papers, does not afford a satisfactory explanation as to the manner in which he ultimately obtained a passport to leave France. It is, however, known to the editor of these volumes, that he was greatly indebted to M. Demon and to the Duke de Bassano for their unceasing aid and kindness

* A lady of a certain description.

† A married woman, and a proclaimed favourite of Mr. Burr's.

on the occasion. The latter of whom, through the agency of the former, voluntarily and generously advanced the necessary funds to enable Col. Burr to discharge all his debts, and to leave the country with credit."

His troubles, however, were not ended. The vessel in which he sailed from Holland for America was taken by an English cruiser, and he was brought to London, again to suffer and starve.

"To J. Reeves.

"Yarmouth Roads, October 5, 1811.

"It is something more than two years that I was banished and transported out of England, and now, equally against my will, I am brought back again. Having been detained in France more than eighteen months in a sort of limbo, called surveillance, constantly soliciting and denied a passport, I at length obtained one under an assumed name, and sailed from the Texel on the 28th September, in the American ship Vigilant, Captain Combes, bound for Boston. On Monday, the 29th, were visited by his majesty's frigate, le Désirée, who took possession of our ship and ordered her to Yarmouth; but the wind being ahead, and the Vigilant a dull sailor and badly equipped, after six days' hard labour, without having approached Yarmouth, Mr. Word, the prizemaster, thought it prudent to put into any port he could make. This afternoon we cast anchor in the mouth of the Thames, and I hasten to announce myself to you, as well to avoid all appearance of mystery as to ascertain the measure of hospitality which I may expect from the government. My object was when I embarked, and still is, to get as soon as possible to the United States."

How he fared in London, one extract will shew:—

"Some of the books I must sell: i. e. Bayle and Moreri, at least. I went off to consult my friend Mr. Cooper, the solicitor. He had been at his office to-day. Waited half an hour, standing in the public room, but he came not. Went thence to J. Sm.'s, whose advice, as an intelligent merchant, I thought might be useful; out. Then posted back again to Graves's; he was also out. Being a good deal fatigued, and something hungry, stepped into our eating-house (just by Graves's), and took beef and a pint of ale. Thence to see Koe, who has his office in my walk. Gave him my note to J. B., and told him the story of the books, for I have promised J. B. some of those books. Thence loitering, and staring at picture shops, and thinking of that cursed A., to J. Hug's, to get her to put my thirty-franc watch (the only one left) in order. She discovered the malady, and repaired it in fifteen minutes. Sat an hour. It is, perhaps, the only creature in London who does exclusively love Gam. On my way, passed through Covent Garden, and bought her one shilling and sixpence worth of apples and pears. Then slowly, and by various *détours*, home, where, at half-past five, having trotted about four leagues, was a little *abaties*. Sent out for half a pound mutton, eightpence; pint ale, fourpence; one pound candles, elevenpence halfpenny; one pound sugar, ninepence; pipes and tobacco, fivepence; two quires paper, one shilling and sixpence; half-quarter loaf of bread, eightpence; six pounds potatoes, sixpence. So that my expenses yesterday and to-day, exclusive of room-rent and fire, have been eleven shillings and sixpence; but observe that I have had, in this fortnight, only half a pound of meat, six pounds of potatoes, and four pounds six ounces of bread. In my stroll to-day, seeing St. Paul's open, went in for the

first time; cost fourpence, i. e. twopence for a book, and twopence for entrance."

We must now conclude, and we will do so by simply stating, that in the *Diary and Adventures of Aaron Burr* will be found a very instructive and curious Picture of the World.*

The Fergusons; or, Woman's and the World's Favour. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1839. Colburn.

THIS is a fashionable novel, and describes what young ladies and young gentlemen, among the upper classes, feel towards each other on meeting at balls, concerts, breakfasts and water parties, &c., and how they speak and act on such occasions. To be a tolerable critic one ought to know something of art or something of nature, so that to give an opinion of a picture or a person might not be a stretch beyond the mark; but in a production of this sort, descriptive of lordlings, titled damsels, dowagers of fashion, guardsmen, *et hoc genus omne*, who ride in their own cabs and carriages, keep bad hours, live on the fat of the land, and give in to flirtations, there is such a mixture of art and nature, that, without a more competent acquaintance with the circles in question than we can pretend to possess, it would be presumptuous to guess at the perfection or inaccuracy of the delineation. All we shall say, that *Woman's Love and the World's Favour* appear to us to be so desirable, either separately or conjointly, that if "*The Fergusons*" teach the way to their attainment, they are schoolmasters whose lessons deserve the best attention.

Having delivered these oracular sentences we shall only add, that the love-affairs are neatly and not intricately involved, the principal female characters of a superior order, and the "gents" drawn with sufficient discrimination. Amongst the company one Jack Thompson is introduced, the original sifter for whom might almost be surmised. He is the wit and lion (*alias* the Van Amburgh and beast) of the day; and as the author not only offers some sound advice of his own upon certain very interesting topics, but puts some clever observations into the mouth of his Punch, we shall select our extracts from these sources:—

"We may, perhaps," says the author, "be excused, if we fill up the time with one or two hints for those who are in the habit of giving dinners; hints which appear so obvious, that we should be ashamed to enforce them, were we not aware, by sad experience, how often they are neglected, and what evils result from this neglect. The one most often disregarded, and apparently most obvious, is this: 'Never ask a disagreeable man to dine with you.' We do not here allude to stupid men, or silent men, or mere chatters; for if all these are excluded, the party, instead of exceeding, as it generally does, the number of the Muses, would hardly reach that of the Graces. Besides, listeners and talkers are necessary, or at least often useful, and the gentlemen we have alluded to are generally well qualified to enact these parts. But your disagreeable man! (an animal, by the by, that requires no description, as every body would recognise him at a glance,) it is always a matter of surprise to us, dinner-eaters, how you, most worthy dinner-givers, can permit the really disagreeable men to join your parties,

and 'spoil the pleasure of the time.' And yet we meet such people, at what would otherwise be the pleasantest parties, but which they contrive to spoil, and to which they come (strange to say) not in sheep's clothing, but with all the snarl, tusks, and hide, of the undisguised wolf. If you are a man of sense, gentle reader, you most likely have no such creature within that limit of acquaintanceship which makes it possible that you should invite him. If, however, your ill fortune, or your own imprudence, has placed you in that predicament, I would merely say, get rid of him as soon as you can; and you will find no mode of more certainly nor more satisfactorily effecting it, than by leaving him out of your dinner invitations. To the host and hostess it can be hardly necessary to suggest the propriety of taking care that the gentleman and lady of the highest rank, who will be certain to sit at their respective elbows, should be agreeable companions; which may easily be either ensured, or rendered impossible, by the decision they form as to inviting, or not inviting, some bores who may happen to be a step higher in the peerage. Another rule, too often neglected, is never to ask any well-known satirical gentleman, whose wit, 'howe'er so well it flow,' is essentially ill-natured. He will most likely select some weak individual among your guests, whom he will contrive to render eminently ridiculous, without giving such offence as the unfortunate sufferer, consistently with his own dignity, can notice. The consequence will be, that the injured individual will turn all his indignation on you, and most likely think that he has double cause of offence against you: first, for having asked any one on purpose to quiz your friends; and, secondly, for having invited him on purpose to be quizzed. Let us also recommend you never to attempt, by general conversation, to amuse your whole company at once, if they exceed the number of twelve. They will amuse each other separately much better, and the chances are, that the subject which you start, and would wish to render interesting to all, will not 'please the many.'"

A Mr. Stephenson Jones, made the cat paw of an elderly fashionable at the Horticultural Gardens, is sketched in an amusing manner.

"Perhaps, Mr. Jones would be so very good as to get our carriage for us?" Poor Mr. Jones was obliged to comply, and after pushing his way through the well-dressed party at the entrance gate, who were waiting, with a look of despair which bespoke half an hour already spent in the same way, the coming up of some dilatory No. 1029, he demanded, in an audible voice, 'Mrs. Aston's carriage.' No answer was given. There was a long line, reaching to the high-road, still remaining. The name was passed along the whole distance, varying, in its progress, to Ashby, Ashly, Oxly, Oxlip, &c., but without any result. Poor Mr. Jones was in despair; at last, a half-drunken linkman asked him whether he was quite sure it was not at the other entrance? Mr. Jones could not take upon him to be quite sure of anything of the kind. Whereupon the linkman ventured to repeat, that it certainly was there, and volunteered to run round, if Mr. Jones would cross the garden to the other gate; which he agreed to do. After hurrying across, by a sunny path, through an empty part of the gardens, the same machinery was set to work at the other entrance, with the same result, or rather no result. This delay, which drove Mr. Jones almost to despair, was perhaps not, in fact, very wonderful, inasmuch as Mrs. Aston's coachman and footman were very

quietly discussing a pot of ale in the George, at Hammersmith; having wisely settled that the ladies would not come away till near the end; and that it was much better to keep the horses out of the crowd and dust. They got up, however, at last, and prepared to take their posts, just as poor Mr. Jones was returning to Mrs. Aston, to declare that he could not hear of her carriage any where, though it had been called in every direction; and that he feared there must have been some accident or mistake. 'I am afraid, Mr. Jones,' said Mrs. Aston, very drily, and laying a marked stress on the name, 'you cannot have asked at the right place. My servants are so very regular, I think if they had been asked for properly (here she addressed herself to a young guardman who had been talking to her), I think they would have answered.' 'I will be bound I find them for you,' said the guardman; and off he went, and, unluckily for Mr. Jones's credit, returned in a few minutes, with the information that her carriage was ready. Mrs. Aston gave a look which seemed to imply her opinion of Mr. Jones's inattention or awkwardness; and his disgrace was complete when her footman protested that he had been in waiting for the last hour, and had not stirred from the place. He took this implied disgrace as if he had really deserved it; and could not persuade himself, as they drove home, that he had had quite so pleasant an afternoon as he expected."

We conclude with Jack Thompson's sketch of a stage-coach ride, and anticipation of a cottage accommodation for the Ascot week, after the school of Hook; and as there cannot be a more amusing one, with it we break up:—

"You must often meet with very curious adventures in stage-coaches?" said Arthur. 'Not so often as you would suppose,' said his companion. 'I was once, however, much amused by what happened to me when I was going down to Lord Saltwick, who, as you know, is a neighbour of the Duke of Lincolnshire. There were only two other passengers, one a very smart, stout, elderly man, who seemed inclined, from the very beginning of the journey, to give himself great airs, at the expense of the other passenger and myself. I had gone the first stage outside; and on my attempting to occupy my own inside place, he objected to the introduction of an outside passenger; and when this was cleared up to his satisfaction by the guard, he disputed my right to the management of my window, and quoted stage-coach law against me most learnedly. At the inn where we stopped to dinner, he desired the waiter to take away 'these,'—pointing most contemptuously to some steel forks—and bring silver ones; adding, 'for that is, I believe, what we have been used to.' In short, he made himself eminently ridiculous and disagreeable. What was my surprise, on the first day at dinner at Lord Saltwick's, at hearing a well-known voice behind me saying, 'Sweet or dry champagne, sir?' and recognising my travelling companion in Lord Saltwick's butler. 'Did you tell them about it at Saltwick?' said Arthur. 'Why, the man looked so terrified when he recognised me, and gave me such an imploring look, that I considered myself sufficiently revenged; I should, therefore, have said nothing more on the subject, only that I knew I was asked there to contribute my quota in amusing a royal duke who was one of the party. And as I did not know any other story so likely to answer that purpose, I thought it would be dishonest to deprive them of it.' 'And the poor butler was turned away, I suppose?' 'No! though I should have had not

* In the printing there are as many blunders as in the usual French misconstruction of English names. Thus, Tisro for Truro; Eghorn for Egham; Turnivell for Turnerelli (to whom Burr sat for his bust); Buth for Buth; Feltus for Fettes (lord-provost of Edinburgh; Gaud for Gand; Conchal for Cancale, &c. &c.

much compassion for him, I did not wish to be the minister of justice. I therefore made a bargain with Lord Saltwick to spare him. It was, however, I fancy, a very unnecessary precaution.' 'Why—was he so invaluable?' He had at least succeeded in making his master think so. Indeed, when I asked Lord Saltwick how long Jervis (for that was his name) had been living with him, he answered, 'Why, he lived nine years with me; and, since then, I have lived five with him,' which was, I fancy, pretty much the real state of the case.' Arthur laughed a merry laugh at old Lord Saltwick's state of domestic servitude, with all the conscious liberty of a young bachelor, who has nothing to do but discharge a delinquent valet one moment, and engage a better the next. 'What sort of a house is Rosebush Cottage?' said he, after they had driven through Egham. 'I never saw it,' answered Mr. Thompson, 'but if it resembles all the rustic cottages I have ever known, I think I can describe it. A good deal of roof, and very little upper story, Brobdignag chimneys outside, Lilliput fireplaces within; a gigantic portico and diminutive hall, a greenhouse as big as a drawing-room, and a drawing-room in temperature and size like a hot-house.' 'And what sort of people are to inhabit this Paradise?' inquired Arthur; 'one likes to have some idea beforehand, in order to escape after-disappointments.' 'There again,' said Mr. Thompson, 'I have no facts on which to ground my information; but if you will allow me to speculate, in the absence of them, I should say that there will be about half a dozen more than the house will conveniently hold, and that the six supernumeraries will be just the sort of people to come within the description of a great addition, but no improvement to the party. I do hope, however, that our hostess will follow the example of the lady I visited last Ascot, and bring about one or two matches by her invitations; there is nothing so interesting and instructive as to see that sickly plant, a London flirtation, gaining strength under the alternations of cloudless suns and rural shades, at one of these villas, till it develops itself in the shape of a matrimonial alliance about to take place. But a truce to speculations as to the cottage or its guests, for here we are.'

This is not amiss.

The Deluge; a Drama, in Twelve Scenes. By John Edmund Reade, author of "Italy, in Six Cantos, with Historical and Classical Notes," "Cain the Wanderer," &c. 8vo. 151. London, 1839. Saunders and Otley.

FROM the time that Homer called in the gods to give more than mortal grandeur to his "Iliad," and piled up that high superstructure whose summit all but reaches Heaven—to the present day, have all our great poets loved to enrich their pages by the aid of the superior powers. Saving the father of song, Milton ventured to soar beyond all others, and flapped his mighty pinions into the "Heaven of heavens," calling forth the voice of Him who is shielded in a glory before which the angels themselves veil their faces with their wings. Byron, in his "Heaven and Earth," shrunk from scaling these dizzy regions, and Moore, in his "Loves of the Angels," rose with light but trembling wings no higher than the human eye pierces into the vaulted firmament. Barry Cornwall, in his "Flood of Thessaly," has also ventured to set his foot on the steep mountain, and panted nobly up towards those summits on whose highest tops are seated only Homer, Shakspeare, and Milton.

It requires superior genius to render merely readable subjects of this overwhelming nature; but even that genius, which on other occasions can far outdistance all common competitors, is not always strong enough to wing its way into those dark and sublime scenes where the red sun sets angrily in the bosom of the deep thunder-cloud, and sheds his ominous light over a world that is growing gloomy and desolate. If, then, even a Milton could scarcely guide the ark aright when the torrentes reared like seas from the mountain-heights, and the sheeted lightning blazed upon such groups as painter could never portray, nor poet imagine, we must expect that a less able hand would leave the mighty vessel a wreck, when no pilot ever lived capable of steering her safely through such troublesome seas. Great credit must, however, be given to him who can at all manage to keep the bark afloat amid such certain destruction until the last ray gilds the roof of the ark, and all beside is darkness.

But, speaking no longer metaphorically, Mr. Reade cannot be said to have failed in that which no one is able to accomplish; he has ventured along as far as the very boldest who ever preceded him, and no one can read his *Deluge* without pronouncing it a daring work—a production of a very high order: such a poem, indeed, as none but a superior genius would dare to venture upon. The language which he has put into the mouths of Azazel and Astarte, Iraphil and Orasiel, overflows with the sweetest eloquence, and abounds in such thoughts as approach the high standard of poetry. We need but point out the following passages, which will speak to every heart:—

"The mountainous solitude of Harmon.

Iraphil—Azazel—Orasiel—Astarte.

Astarte. Is this our doom decreed? and must we stand,

And meet destruction face to face? and feel
The bitterness of death one in our breast;
Without a hope in God or from ourselves?
Oh, though I heard the threat, I deemed it still
A sound; I thought our Maker's mercy was
As infinite as his absorbing love.

Orasiel. And does Astarte in her fears forget
Her angel's presence? that his fate is joined
Inseparably with hers?—these doubts may well
Become the earth-doomed, not the loved of heaven.

Astarte. Look at me! do I tremble?—though those clouds

Hang o'er our heads as if they could no more
Control their wrath; although the sullen sounds
Of pent-up winds and waters meet my ears,
Doth this hand tremble that is clasped in thine?
Orasiel! No—my weaker nature fails;
Because it feels the will within resigned
To meet the death from which it shrinks; it sees
The worst, and sees prepared; and, when it comes,
I shall look passively upon the sight.
That sterner natures might avert.

Farwell,
O thou dear earth—that I have loved so well!
Farewell the dim and leafy places, where
These eyes first opened to the azure air,
And drank in all the glories of the day,
Stamped in my heart, that cannot pass away!
The love, the life, the beauty which there dwells;
The stars that seemed like God's own oracles,
Making me feel, while gazing on each starline,
Although they spoke not, that their homes were mine!
Farewell the twilight imaging that heaven
I never now shall see; and my own flowers,
Mingling their sweet breath with my own;
Gladdening the earth with their bright eyes, which I
Have loved as living things, and felt,
Watching them in my solitary hours,
They were my heart's companions given;
That human sympathies within them dwelt;
For in the sunshine I have seen them glad,
As if my joy they had!

And droop their heads beneath the sky o'ercast,
With a fine sorrow!—they, too, die like me,
But not alone!

When their bright hour is past,
They leave behind them for their memory
Some odorous breathings, and a few light leaves,—
Faint playthings of the wind; the wind that grieves
Or seems to grieve above them!

I shall pass,
And die unknown:—lost—buried in the mass
Of a departed world; I shall not rest
On the sweet pillow of some human breast:

I shall not hear the soothing sympathies
Of human love! the silent speaking eyes,
Whose feeling found no vent in words, but made
Their silence, more than eloquence, pervade
The answering spirit; until even to die
Became but slumber's last tranquillity:
A blessing—on my loved one's breast reclined,
Feeling I left my love—my life behind!
Oh, that I thus had died, and never known
Love's desolating passion! but have flown
Lightly from earth as gossamer doth rise,
Serenely wafted to the twilight skies;
Or slumbered like the violet unseen,
Known only by its breath that it had been!
While human eyes and human hearts had found
My grave, and sanctified the holy ground!—
With tears drawn from the memories of love;
With prayers that had been borne to me above;
And made a haunt of that familiar spot,
While I, in death, should not have been forgot!"

Independent of many passages of similar power to the above, the drama possesses a deep interest; and several of the descriptions abound in a fearful grandeur, which fills the mind with deep awe while contemplating them. Altogether we consider it as Mr. Reade's greatest work, and although it is a subject which, as we have before said, there is scarcely a possibility of working out to perfection, yet, so far as he has gone, he has nobly accomplished his design.

'Tis an Old Tale, and Often Told. 12mo. pp. 322. London, 1839. Jennings.

OUR pleasantest task is ever the encouragement of talent wherever we may find it, and, "though we say it," many an another, now reaping a fair harvest of fame and profit, has thanked us for being the first to discover and point out the incipient promise of such a return. The single volume before us has many claims to our indulgence: it is evidently the work of a young person; and, notwithstanding sundry Latin quotations, that person a lady. The tale is a *bonâ fide* love-story, feelingly told. The following sketches of persons are natural:—

"Miss Page was very fat; she piqued herself on possessing great naïveté and simplicity of character. She was one of those 'unlessoned girls, uneducated, unpractised,' who, with a fearless frankness, give utterance to every crude thought that passes through their fertile brains; she had afflictively high spirits, and laughed so loud, and talked so fast, that you felt, after speaking with her (or rather after hearing her speak, for as to anything like a reciprocity of communication, that was quite out of the question), a weight on your chest, a struggling for breath, similar to that pleasantest sensation, the nightmare; in short, she ran where less mercurial people would have walked; reaped, where others only danced; and jested on many subjects which the prejudices of old-fashioned people have, from time immemorial, venerated as sacred; added to all which, she had a string of pet phrases, that would have made a philologist's hair stand on end: such as, a nice man, a dear little chair, a sweet table, a glorious dress, a darling bonnet, a bewitching necklace, &c. &c."

Did our readers ever meet a Miss Page? Again:—

"Miss Herbert was a singular abstraction. She passed her life in a Rip Van Winkle state of torpor; a tortoise was active-minded and agile in comparison; it was impossible to look on her without feeling a drowsy sensation creep over you. In person she was only noticeable for the colour of her hair, which looked as though it had been spun by the silkworm; her thin compressed lips (but that was no wonder, since she never opened them but to eat or drink), and heavy drooping lids, which seemed always about to play the part of nature's soft nurse, and curtain the eyes beneath them, into

most profound repose. From 'eve to morn, from morn to dewy eve' again, would she sit at her embroidery, which was in her hands a complete Penelope's web: whether she undid every night her morning's work I never could discover; certain however it is, that it did not appear to progress. Visions of Herculaneum and Pompeii were associated with her presence. I never looked at her without thinking of the baker transfixed at his oven, or the soldier discovered immovable in the guardroom, or the luckless wretch with his keys and purse of gold."

One more, and we have done:—

"How shall I describe her? Bizarre, capricious, wild, fantastic, yet withal generous, frank, and confiding; haughty, and at times insolent to her equals and superiors, yet condescending almost to familiarity with those beneath her in station; impatient of control, and headstrong when opposed, yet easily swayed by even the appearance of submission; starting you one moment by a profound knowledge of sciences, generally considered beyond the scope of woman's intellect, perplexing you the next by a child-like ignorance of the commonest every-day topics of discourse; satirical more from exuberance of spirits than bitterness of disposition, Margaret Sidney was one of the most original, yet, at the same time, least popular persons I have ever met with. By her own sex she was universally disliked, for women never pardon in each other the slightest tincture of eccentricity; and although followed, flattered, and admired by the men, none seemed anxious to appropriate to himself what each, perhaps, deemed might prove rather a dangerous possession. Poor Mrs. Sidney, herself the thrall of fashion, the bond-slave of decorum, was driven nearly wild by her daughter's wilful defiance of the Mede and Persian laws of society."

Fables. By the most eminent British, French, German, and Spanish Authors, Illustrated with Numerous Engravings, after Original Designs, by J. J. Grandville. Parts I., II., III., IV. London, 1839. Tilt; Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

We were exceedingly pleased with the promise given by the first part of this truly, what it ventures to proclaim itself, "Splendid Library Edition of Fables," &c., and have only waited for a more sufficient development of the plan before we committed our judgment to its literary and pictorial excellence. With both we are now perfectly satisfied, and can cordially recommend the publication to the young for moral instruction, not less entertaining than beneficial; to the admirers of embellishments, for the spirit, character, and execution of the designs; and to all, for the well-selected miscellaneous and amusing nature of the fables from the stores of all countries. There are many original, or little known, specimens among them; and these done into verse are flowing and easy. We copy an example:—

"The Black and Red Lobsters.

"My friend, ill-fated Spiky is no more!"

A pensive lobster sighed on Norway's coast,
And mourning for his friend it seemed he wore,
For he was black as good King Henry's ghost.

Sorrow sat heavy on that lobster's soul:
And, though I cannot say he turned his shell,
His anguish thus gained speech, which, on the whole,
His purpose answered possibly as well.

"I grieve that Spiky's dead; nor is this all,
For of my friend defunct, alas! 'tis said,
His colour he deserted in his fall,
Abandoning the black, and dying red."

I little thought that one I loved so well
Would prove a recreant in his parting breath,
Nor dreamed insulting enemies would tell
That he could hence change in life or death.

But former lobsters, history tells, were found
Proud of their coat in youth's bright day, who when
Temptations, dangers, woes, came thickening round,
Could meekly change it, as if only men.

What if 'tis true, as some reports have spread,
That horrid warmth to torture him begun,
That fearful heat assailed both claw and head,
Worse than the noontide glow of summer's sun?

Still I had hoped a lobster, firm and true,
Had held himself superior to arawn,
And fixed to countenance no varying hue,
Died a black-bright example to his spawn.

For me if mighty callipers should clasp,
And bear me to the hottest liquid track,
Faithful to honour, with my latest gasp,
I'd perish as I lived,—sublimely black.

I, in the fiercest storm that ever raved,
When thunder's roar has o'er me fish unsaved,
My colour, lose what else I might, I saved,
And never from it pitifully swerved.

Whatever chance it may be mine to know
(And I may into awful peril rush),
It never shall be said by friend or foe,
That ignominiously 'twas mine to bluish.

He spoke, that all the people of the main
Should know him, thus determined was his wish;
Nor pitted, while indulged this lofty strain,
The weakness of another shelly fish.

But having most magnanimously bawled,
In accents fit for the heroic lyre,
A fisherman secured him as he sprawled,
And dropped him in a kettle on the fire.

And oh! when this calamity involved,
That resolution, which could never bend,
In boiling water instantly dissolved,
And he himself turned scarlet as his friend.

Moral.

Thus men on others' foibles who decimate,
And look on neighbours with disdainful eyes,
Prove in like circumstances just the same,
And grow unconsciously what they despise.

And women, too, whose scorn no sister spares,
Folly pursuing with relentless hate,
Find themselves overtaken unawares,
And wake to share and merit the same fate."

Again we recommend the work: little children will laugh at the cuts,—when more grown they will enjoy the fables,—and, after all, the volume may be an ornament to their libraries when they come, in due course, to have families of their own.

Peru as it is.

[Second notice.]

Of the distinguished individual at the head of the Peruvian confederation, we have the following anecdote:—

"Ever since Europeans became acquainted with the Indian race, self-possession has been noticed as one of their most striking characteristics. Atahualpa was unmoved in the midst of every danger: and Santa-Cruz (of Cacique blood) has, in our own day, signally illustrated the same high feature of character in the Inca family. Finding himself for a moment isolated on the field of battle, and on the point of being pierced through by a trooper, he called out in a commanding voice:—'Akka esa lanza y sigue me!'—Raise that lance and follow me! Thus, his presence of mind saved his life; for the mysterious power of a superior mind triumphed over the hostile arm of the infuriated soldier—who, now, as we are told, occupies a place in the body-guard of Santa-Cruz."

The formidable cholera is a slight affair in Peru.

"The facility of procuring ice renders cholera morbus a disease of easy cure, according to the popular practice of the natives. In the first stage of this malady they administer diluents, such as warm water, linseed or mallow water, with or without a little seasoning of cream of tartar or tamarinds; and these simple drinks they continue to give until they consider that the patient has vomited and voided enough, that is, until all undigested matters be thrown off, and the bowels well unloaded; and then they administer iced water, which produces a powerfully sedative effect. The death-like coldness of the patient deters

neither the vulgar nor the regular practitioner (who sometimes conjoins opiates and iced drinks) from giving this remedy with confidence; and the general consequence of the seasonable use of ice and iced water in this fearful disorder is, that the stage of external coldness is shortened by the early removal of internal heat; and thus the exhausting career of the disease is quickly arrested. Under this vulgar but satisfactory and long-established treatment of cholera morbus in Lima, where the disease is endemic, though more prevalent in the hot months, vomiting, hiccup, and cramps disappear; reaction is so mild and favourable as never to require the lancet; yet recovery is almost always certain, though cases appear from time to time so intense as to assume the aspect of what is called Asiatic cholera, during which, as a native physician expresses it, the patient is a horrid image of death."

It is remarkable, that while in every part of Europe the warmest remedies are applied to this disorder, in Asia it is more successfully combated by cold treatment. The Arabs give rice-water there and everywhere; but in Hindostan, the hot system is unknown or discarded.

It seems that chimneys and stoves have lately become common in Chilian houses, and we understand they are the rage now in Petersburg.

"Such, however, as still want these conveniences, make use of the old-fashioned brasiers, or pans of live charcoal. Over these, though people may tear their legs if they please, still their backs and shoulders are suffering from cold, as the heat of the *brasero*, or brasier, is not sufficient to support a proper degree of general temperature in the air of the apartment in which it is placed."

Of fossils we learn:—

"The Indians of the one and the other hemisphere corroborate the truth of their traditions by being able to present the great molar teeth, or grinders, which are found under the surface of the earth in the places alluded to. In Peru, these teeth, with other bones of enormous magnitude, are found in the province of Chichas, near the tropic of Capricorn; and in Chile there are not wanting vestiges of the same sort of organic remains. I have had in my possession four of these molar teeth, of which I yet preserve one in the library of the Medical College of San Fernando. When compared among themselves, I have judged, from their configuration, that they did not belong to the same fossil elephant; but, rather, that three pertained to the mammoth, and that one had belonged to the mastodonton of Cuvier: from which it is to be inferred that those very bulky animals, which in remote ages lived in Siberia and North America, had penetrated into Southern America, where they have left the natives, in the relics of their destruction, or fossil remains, a memorial of the existence and punishment of antediluvian giants. The bony fragments which are considered to be parts of this gigantic race, may they not rather consist of earthy petrifications in water impregnated with lime? Between the villages of Oborillos and Miraflores, in the locality named Calera, water impregnated with lime is observed to percolate at the foot of the *barranco*, or broken bluff land; and it deposits on the stones, over which it drips or passes, certain crusts or laminæ, which have the same appearance with the bony laminæ of the human skull."*

* "It is evident, from the concluding query and remark of Dr. Unwin, that he suspected some speculators in the science of geology of no small share of credulity;

The scientific notices at the end are the most interesting things in the work.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Claims of Christian Philanthropy; or, the Duty of a Christian Government with respect to Moral and Religious Education, &c. &c. By R. Whytehead, B.A. 8vo. pp. 258. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

This essay is published for the benefit of the Philanthropic Society,* which had issued the

"Prospectus of a Prize Essay on the Pernicious Effects of Inordinate Competition in Worldly Pursuits, and of Intemperance, as Two Evils Frustrating the Efficacy, and impeding the Progress, of National Religious Education. (To be comprised in Four Sections.) Section 1.—To represent the very serious and imperative duty, which attaches to the government of a nation in exercising its functions, towards promoting a sound, religious, and moral education amongst all classes of the community; and on the other hand to suppress, or at least to discourage, whatever may impede it, or be prejudicial thereto. Section 2.—To depict the painful effects produced by inordinate competition, in regard to the unwarrantable and cruel treatment of the dumb and defenceless animal creation, and to urge the necessity of a rational and merciful limitation being affixed to the exertions exacted of them by mankind. Section 3.—To illustrate the baneful effects, both upon the mental and physical energies of a densely crowded and thoughtless population, produced by competition in the unrestricted sale of intoxicating liquors; when, to aid the above demoralizing and pestiferous traffic, every alluring enticement is adopted. Section 4.—To argue how powerfully the above evils must, separately and collectively, tend to neutralize the beneficial effects which Christianity has at so much cost, and with so much labour and talent, striven to dispense, and the characteristic features of which are humanity, temperance, and, the most comprehensive of its doctrines—religion. The Essay to be framed on general principles, and not with the view of entering into the political disputations or religious opinions of any separate party or sect whatever."

The volume before us is an answer to this appeal; and, both for the sake of national instruction and of the Society, we heartily wish it success. Of the essay itself, we can honestly say it deserves it.

The Rights of Persons, according to the Text of Blackstone, incorporating the Alterations down to the Present Time. By James Stewart, Barrister-at-Law, M.P. 8vo. pp. 532. London, 1839. Spettigue.

To follow in the footsteps, and wear the mantle of Blackstone, is no mean honour; but when we look at the elaboration of his subject, his arrangement, and his style, we think the praise may fairly be accorded to Mr. Stewart. Truly does he observe that "The 'Commentaries' of Mr. Justice Blackstone, as a work designed to give information on the laws of this country, may be considered in two lights. They may be viewed as a methodical and elegant statement of what the law was about sixty years ago, when they received the last corrections of their author, or as an authentic account of the law at the present day. In the former light their use remains unimpaired, and they must be read with profit by all who wish to study the legal history of Great Britain; but it is obvious that,

and it also appears that he had not himself examined the bony fragments to which he alludes. Had these come to his hands, it is probable that he might have been able to ascertain such specific and distinct characters as should have served to satisfy him that the teeth in his possession were not only by report, but in fact, parts of those skeletons from among which they appear to have been picked up. We may believe that they were conveyed to Lima chiefly on account of their more portable size; while the other more unwieldy bones would have been considered too heavy for being removed so far, by persons who may not have known their scientific value to the geologist.—*Translator.*"

* Founded in 1788, and located in St. George's Fields. This truly benevolent institution, it should be known to all, "receives the very pitable and destitute children of persons who have undergone the extreme sentence of the law, or are sentenced to transportation; also juvenile criminal boys, recommended by magistrates or others, as likely to be reclaimed. The boys are fully instructed in some of the following trades, viz. either as tailors, shoemakers, printers, bookbinders, or repemakers, according to their respective abilities. The girls must be the offspring of convicts, but are not admissible if morally vicious or depraved."

in the latter, they have lost much of their original value."

To remedy this acknowledged discrepancy, the author has incorporated more recent legislation with the text of his great precursor, and thus produced (not by the contradictory method of notes, emending or pointing out alterations in the original) an entire and uniform work in the law as it now exists, and as it concerns the rights of persons, is clearly laid down and explained.

Having said this much on a volume, the nature of which forbids quotation, we shall conclude by expressing an earnest wish that other branches of the law were simplified in a similar manner, and brought within the common sense of those whom their administration affects in every condition of social life.

America and the American Church. By the Rev. H. Caswell, M.A., Rector of Christ Church, Madison, Indiana, &c. &c. Pp. 368. London, 1839. Rivingtons.

HAVING in a review of another work last week taken a comprehensive notice of the state of religion in America, we need only state of this volume, that it contains an account of the Episcopalian or Church of England establishment, which consists of about half a million of laity, and a thousand clergymen.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

TUESDAY, March 12. Dr. Truman on 'Organic Matter.'—The lecturer commenced by pointing out the elementary substances forming all the materials of which this planet is composed, observing that the term "simple," applied by chemists to these substances, is not the most logical which could be found; because, though they cannot be decomposed at present, it does not follow, as science advances, that they may never be resolved into other elements, and found to be compound bodies. On this account, it would be more correct to name them "undecomposed," instead of simple substances. Inorganic and organic matter are formed of these substances united in different proportions. Organic matter contains fewer of them than inorganic, but the former is more complex than the latter. The analyses given by chemists of organic matter cannot be received as actually correct, because they cannot be proved to be so by synthesis. In fact, the remarkable peculiarities belonging to organic matter render it probable that it is altogether of a nature *sui generis*, though it may be dependent on inorganic matter for its existence. Geology tends to shew that the formation of organic was subsequent to that of inorganic matter, and that organic matter has gone through a series of changes from the simplest kinds, until it has been brought to the complicated condition in which it is presented to us at present. Man and the simie are the representations of the most complicated forms organic matter has yet assumed on this planet. A similar kind of complication has also taken place in vegetable organic matter. The phenomena manifested by organic matter when undergoing decomposition, clearly demonstrate that it possesses properties peculiar to itself. No infusoria are to be met with in inorganic substances whilst undergoing decomposition, and yet these animalcules always make their appearance in organic matter when running into that state. In living beings, the elements of which they are composed are collected together either in a fluid or solid state. The solids predominate generally in vegetables, whilst the fluids are ordinarily most abundant in animals.

The human body, when deprived of its fluid particles, may be reduced from the weight of one hundred and twenty pounds to that of only twelve pounds. Some marine animals, as medusae, contain such an excess of fluid, that though, in a natural state, many of them weigh from twenty-five to thirty pounds each, yet, after desiccation, they will not weigh more than five or six grains. The presence of fluid seems to be indispensable to the manifestation of vitality. The *rotifer ridiculous*, when dried, appears to be inanimate; but, after being supplied with a single drop of water, it soon re-exhibits the ordinary vital phenomena peculiar to it. It is doubtful whether the different quantities of the elementary substances found in organised beings can always be accounted for, by supposing they are introduced with the food. The present occasion does not admit of taking into consideration those observations which render it probable that many of the simple substances of chemists may be converted from one into another through the agency of vital action. At the same time, it is certain that many living beings are endowed with organs specially destined for the evolution, or accumulation, if not for the secretion, of the imponderable substances. Thus light is given out from the animalculæ, causing the phosphorescence of the sea; from the glow-worm, the *pilegora lanternaria*, the *elater noctilucus*, &c. Electricity also is evolved by the torpedo, silurus, and *gymnotus electricus*. These imponderable substances are produced by parts of a peculiar organisation, and not by the entire bodies of these creatures; and there is almost as much reason to regard these parts as organs for the secretion of light and electricity, as that the liver is for the secretion of the bile, or the salivary glands are for the secretion of the saliva. If we are correct in assuming that these imponderable elements are produced by vital action, then, by analogy, it may be inferred that some of the grosser and ponderable elements in organic beings are occasionally produced in a similar manner. The worthy Doctor occasionally introduced anecdotes connected with electricity, &c.; and thereby rendered a lecture which was truly scientific, truly amusing. He also produced a cast, which had been taken from the head of a man who had recently met with an accident in Birmingham. He remarked, in the most delicate manner, that he had not the least intention of disturbing the faith of phrenologists, but that the construction of the skull, which he particularly explained, together with the effect of the blow on it, tended to shake their opinions, as he thought, in a considerable degree. The Society met on Wednesday evening on ordinary business. The claims for premiums in polite arts were exhibited, and will, we understand, be determined next week.

LINNÆAN SOCIETY.

MR. FORSTER in the chair.—Read, a notice of the Birds of Iceland, by George Townsend, Esq. This communication was accompanied by specimens of the birds, which formed part of a collection made in Iceland in 1837, by Mr. W. Proctor, the sub-curator of the museum in the Durham University. Faber enumerates eighty-four species of birds as natives of the island, of which twenty are land and sixty are water birds. From an accurate examination of the skins brought home by Mr. Proctor, Mr. Fox is inclined to think that several of the species hitherto regarded as identical with those of other countries, will turn out to be distinct and peculiar to Iceland. Among the

specimens exhibited were the ringed guillemot, the Iceland grouse (*Tetrao Islandorum*), and the Greenland golden eye (*Clangula Barrowii*). Mr. Proctor was not so fortunate as to procure a specimen of the great Auk (*Alca impennis*), which has now become extremely rare, and is only to be met with on some small islands which lie at the distance of several miles off the southwest point of Iceland. Read, also, an elaborate paper by W. Valentine, Esq. 'On the Structure and Development of the Reproductive Organs of *Ptilularia globulifera*. Among the presents were several Nos. of Dr. Wight's "Illustrations of Indian Botany." The work is printed at Madras, and the coloured lithographic prints of plants are highly creditable to the native artists employed.

STATISTICAL SOCIETY.

SIR C. LEMON, Bart., in the chair.—The paper read was, 'An Account of the recent Progress and present Extent of Manufactures in Prussia, and of the Trade of the Prussian Commercial Union in Manufactured Goods.' From German official documents. The progress of any nation in those branches of industry which have added so much to the power and wealth of this country, and which afford employment to so large a portion of its population, must at all times be a subject of interest; but the importance which has lately been attached to the extension of manufactures in foreign countries by the advocates of a change in the corn-laws, will probably confer additional value upon the following information respecting the present condition of those interests in the Prussian states. It is chiefly the competition of Germany and Switzerland that our manufacturers profess to fear; and it is in those countries that the greatest impulse has recently been given to native industry. The communication goes on to notice the statistics of the cultivation of flax, and its manufacture into yarn, cotton-spinning, wool-spinning, silk-throwing, manufacture of linens, manufacture of woollens, and manufacture of cottons. Each of these heads is illustrated by copious tables of exports and imports, indicating a prosperous state of trade and commerce. We can only find room for the following table, which exhibits the imports and exports of cotton goods in the Prussian dominions alone, upon an average of the three years, 1829 to 1831. Of the Prusso-Hessian league, consisting of Prussia and the two Hesses, in the years 1832 and 1833; and of the whole Union, in the three following years:—

	Imports. lbs.	Exports. lbs.	Excess of Exports. lbs.
Average of 1829-31	1,434,292	2,174,694	740,402
.. 1832	1,671,462	3,065,574	1,394,112
.. 1833	1,329,085	2,753,369	1,424,284
.. 1834	1,598,380	8,848,346	7,249,966
.. 1835	1,630,017	9,590,373	7,960,356
.. 1836	1,594,484	9,948,324	8,353,840

Thus, throughout the whole period the importations have remained nearly stationary. The exports, however, increased to some extent in 1832 and 1833, which was principally owing to the accession of the Grand Duchy of Hesse to the Union, as the exports from that state amounted to about 354,000 lbs. in each year; but an increased exportation took place at the same time from the Prussian dominions; particularly from the Rhenish provinces. In 1834, however, the exports rose in the proportion of 3 to 1, compared with the average of 1832-33, and of 4 to 1 compared with 1829-31. This was chiefly caused by the accession of the kingdom of Saxony. At the anniversary meeting held this day week, Earl Fitz

william in the chair, a very satisfactory report was read, and officers for the ensuing year were elected.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

MARCH 13. Rev. Dr. Buckland, President, in the chair.—A paper was read 'On the Geology of the north-western part of Asia Minor, from the Peninsula of Cyzicus, on the Coast of the Sea of Marmora, to Koola; with a Description of the Katakekaumene,' by W. J. Hamilton, Esq. Sec. G. S. The line of route taken by Mr. Hamilton from Cyzicus (lat. 40° 22') ascends the valley of the river Macetus to its sources, near Simaul, then crosses the Demirgi chain (lat. 39° 5'), and afterwards passes by Karskeul and Selendi to Koola, on the eastern confines of the Katakekaumene, the whole of the distance being about 170 miles. The principal physical feature of the district is the Demirgi range, which extends from Pergamon on the west, to the lofty mountain of Ak Dagh, or Shapkan Dagh, on the east; but the country is intersected by various ranges of hills sometimes exceeding 1200 feet in height. The geological structure of Mr. Hamilton's line of route is simple, being composed of only schistose rocks with saccharine marble, a compact limestone resembling the scaglia of Italy and Greece, tertiary sandstones and limestones, granite, peperite, trachyte, basalt, and other igneous rocks. Between Kespit and the foot of the Demirgi hills are also remains of an ancient lacustrine deposit; and in the valleys are extensive alluvial accumulations. The schists consist of mica slate, gneiss, and clay-slate, and they occur chiefly near Cyzicus. The strata dip at high angles from the granite, to the protrusion of which the inclination is apparently due. The marble was formerly worked to a very great extent; and Cyzicus was indebted to it for being ranked among the most splendid cities of antiquity. The compact limestone, resembling scaglia, was observed only at the foot of the hills north of Maiuias. It is associated with beds of shale, and is apparently destitute of organic remains. The micaceous sandstone is extensively distributed south of Maniyas, also towards the eastern extremity of the Demirgi mountains, at the point crossed by Mr. Hamilton, and between it and Koola. The stone is fissile, and alternates in some localities with shale: the beds are occasionally much dislocated by the protrusion of igneous rocks. About halfway between the pass over the Demirgi range and Koola, the upper beds of the sandstone alternate with the lower layers of an overlying deposit of peperite. Mr. Hamilton has no doubt that this formation belongs to the one which himself and Mr. Strickland examined between Ghlediz and Ushah. The white tertiary limestone, Mr. Hamilton considers to belong to the great lacustrine formation, which occupies so large a portion of Asia Minor; but within the range of country described in this memoir, it appears to be totally devoid of organic remains. It is sometimes soft, resembling chalk, but at its contact with the igneous rocks it becomes hard; and at one line of junction a layer of serpentine was interposed between the two formations. Thin beds of white opaque flints, resembling those of the lacustrine limestone of Auvergne, were noticed by the author a little south of Kefsut. The strata have been in many places very much dislocated by the protrusion of trachyte. The granite was observed only near Cyzicus, and in the Demirgi chain. It is composed of quartz, felspar, and mica, but it contains large masses

of hornblende, and is traversed by veins of felspar. The schistose rocks are thrown off by it near Cyzicus at high angles, and with a quaquaversal inclination. The peperite, or volcanic tuff, appears to be of intermediate age, between the micaceous sandstone and the white limestone, as it rests upon the former, and is overlaid by the latter. It is distinctly stratified, and varies much in character, being sometimes earthy, occasionally conglomeratic, and not unfrequently hard or semicrystalline. It is chiefly developed south of the Demirgi range. The beds are generally horizontal or slightly inclined; but they are disturbed where igneous rocks have been protruded through them. Trachyte and basalt rise to the surface at many places between the Demirgi hills and Koola, disturbing the stratified deposits, and producing changes both in their structure and hardness. On the banks of the Hermus basalt overlies the white limestone. Mr. Hamilton also described the hot springs situated about seven miles to the east of Singerli at the northern foot of the Demirgi chain. Their temperature he conceives to be equal to that of boiling water; and they are discernible at a considerable distance, by the great volumes of steam which they throw off. Extensive accumulations, several feet thick, of a white fibrous sediment, occur around the mouth of the springs. A strong sulphurous smell accompanies the emission of the water; but at a point where the stream had lost enough of its temperature to be tasted, no peculiar flavour was perceived. After turning several mills, and at the distance of a mile and a half from the spring head, the water is collected and used by the Turks as a warm bath. Copious hot springs are likewise thrown out near the Katakekaumene. The water is tasteless, and the temperature 123° of Fahrenheit, but no sediment is deposited around the mouths. Mr. Hamilton then proceeded to describe the Katakekaumene, a district singularly interesting on account of its extinct volcanoes, and its great resemblance to Auvergne. He first visited it in company with Mr. Strickland, who laid an account of some portions of it before the Geological Society in 1836. The district extends from Koola westward about nineteen miles, and for about eight miles from north to south. The formations included within this area are the schistose rocks and crystalline limestone, which occur near Cyzicus, the white lacustrine limestone, basalt and lavas of two perfectly distinct ages. The leading physical features of the district are ridges of schistose rocks with intervening alluvial plains. On the former are seated all the ancient volcanic cones or craters, and on the latter the modern. This important distinction, Mr. Hamilton is of opinion, may be explained on the supposition, that the elevation of the schistose ridges produced fissures through which, as lines of least resistance, the first eruption of lava found vent. That these openings becoming afterward plugged up by the cooling of injected molten matter, the schistose ridges were rendered so compact, that when the volcanic forces again became active, the line of least resistance was transferred to the valleys. Of the relative periods when the eruptions took place, no opinion can be formed. The more modern must have been long anterior to tradition, though the streams of lava present all the ruggedness of the most recent coulées of Etna and Vesuvius, and the craters preserve, to a great extent, their form and internal cavities. The more ancient lava-currents are covered by sedimentary matter, and are, therefore, considered by Mr. Hamilton to have been

at one period covered with water. They have also lost, in part, their form, the craters being nearly obliterated. The paper concluded with a comparison between this part of Asia Minor and Auvergne. 1. The great ancient volcanic group of Mont Dor, the Cantal, and Mont Mezen, Mr. Hamilton conceives is represented by Ak Dagh, Morad Dagh, the trachytic hills east of Takmak, Hassan Dagh, and Mont Argus. 2. That the more modern volcanic period of central France may be compared with the Katakekaumene, both as respects the composition of the lavas, their arrangement at different levels, and the cones being scattered, not collected in great mountain masses. 3. With respect to the disposition of comparatively recent volcanoes being coincident with the strike of the granitic axis, from the interior of which they have burst forth, Mr. Hamilton stated that the Katakekaumene affords additional illustration. 4. In Central France, as well as the district described in this paper, there are deposits of lacustrine limestone, which have been separated, by the action of bodies of water, into table lands, surmounted by beds of basalt and lava; and in both countries currents of lava of more modern date have flowed into the intervening valleys. In two points, however, there are differences between the volcanic phenomena of Asia Minor and Central France. In the latter, streams of igneous products may be traced from the most ancient system of cones, or that of Mont Dor; but in the former none have yet been discovered which issued from Ak Dagh, or the other contemporaneous volcanic mountains. In France, also, trachytic eruptions took place during the deposition of the lacustrine limestone; but in the Katakekaumene, they appear to have preceded the deposition of the white limestone, or are associated with only its lowest beds.

ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY.

At the anniversary meeting, the Society's Gold Medal was awarded to the Hon. J. W. R. Wrottesley, for his Catalogue of the right ascension of 1918 stars. Sir John Herschel was elected president, in the room of Mr. Baily.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

FRIDAY, 16th. Mr. Gray, President, in the chair.—Various donations to the library were announced. Read "Observations on the Species of *Tilia*, Natives of England; with Notices of some remarkable aged individual Trees," by Mr. Edwin Lees. It has been questioned by botanists whether any species of the genus *Tilia* of Linnæus, commonly called the lime-tree, has any legitimate claim to be considered a native of England. Gerarde, in his "Herbal," published in 1597, says, "The female linden-tree," adverting to the small-leaved lime, "groweth in some woods in Northamptonshire, also near Colchester, and in many places along the highway leading from London to Hemmingham, in the county of Essex." Evelyn, also, in his "Sylva," distinctly remarks that, "Our woods do in some places spontaneously produce them (the lime); and though of somewhat a smaller leaf, yet altogether as good apt to be civilised, and made more florid." These statements might justly seem to remove any doubts as to the real indigenity of the *Tilia*. Yet Withering, nevertheless, says, "In regard to its claim to be strictly indigenous, we consider it may rank among the *Dubia*." Mr. H. C. Watson, in his "New Botanist Guide," attaches the opprobrious asterisk to its name. Sir J. B. Smith, in the "English Flora," taking up Ray's remark, "that he could not

meet with it indubitably wild," seems to infer that it must have been naturalised. And Mr. Loudon, in the "Arboretum Britannicum," following up the dictum of Daines Barrington, excludes the lime from his indigenous list; though afterwards he admits, that, from a fact furnished him by Mr. Lees, his doubts as to the tree being truly indigenous have considerably diminished. Mr. Lees considers the lime indigenous to Worcestershire, the borders of Herefordshire, Gloucestershire, Monmouthshire, and South Wales: and agrees with Mr. S. T. Gray ("Natural Arrangement of British Plants") in admitting two as natives of England—*Tilia grandifolia*, or broad-leaved linden; and *Tilia parvifolia*, or small-leaved linden. Many very interesting "observations" were brought forward in support of his opinion. The paper also enlarged upon the characteristics and localities of the several species of Europe. In England, the lime has given a name to places. According to Mr. Lees, Llantridger, near Bromsbury, Gloucestershire, derives its name from the linden-trees there, which is, in fact, the more common and proper appellation; and also a parish, called Llanwood, in Lincolnshire, where the small-leaved linden is said to grow. Gerarde calls the tree the lime, or linden-tree, and says, "The bark is brownish, very smooth, and plaine on the outside; but that which is next to the timber is white, moyst, and tough, serving very well for ropes, trasses, and halters." Evelyn also says, that "Even the coarsest membrane or slivers of the tree, growing 'twixt the bark and the main body, they now twist into bass-ropes." Linnæus, in his "Lachesis Lapponica," mentions the same substance as forming nets. The term "lime," as it would seem to be only a corruption of "lime," ought not to be applied to the *Tilia*, particularly as an edible fruit is so called, and linden is preferable, as the original appellation, used also on the Continent. The wood of the *Tilia* has been universally celebrated for its soft, close-grained, and light character; hence its employment in the exuberant carvings of fruit and foliage common to the drawing-rooms of the Louis Quatorze era, and its more modern application, as the chief material of the elegant Tounbridge ware. From the sap, drawn off in spring, sugar may be manufactured, and a substance, simulating chocolate, has been prepared from the pounded fruit. The flowers are exceedingly mellifluous; and an infusion of them has been recommended as an antispasmodic. Clothing is made of the bark; also are made tiles for cottages; and of the twigs, baskets, cradles, &c., so that Pliny's expression may still be justified, *Tilia ad mille usus potenda*. The character and appearance of the linden-tree in its old age, and its historical and poetical associations, which, it was stated, formed the other portion of Mr. Lees' very interesting paper, will be read and described at the next meeting.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

FRIDAY, 16th. Mr. Cowper, 'On Pottery.'—The basis of pottery is clay; in the lower processes, a mixture of one with another; in the higher, with sand or ground flint. The preparation of the clay and flint for mixing, and their subsequent treatment, previously to being fit for the potter, formed the first part of the illustration. The stages we will do little more than enumerate; and first of the flint, because more numerous. Flint being calcined, and placed in water, splits in all directions. These small pieces are then stamped with heavy weights to a coarse powder, which is afterwards ground in a mill with water to a consistency

of cream. The clay is also reduced to a similar substance, by the process of plunging and by the stirring-mill. The flint cream should weigh 32 oz., and the clay-cream 24 oz. so the pint. They are then mixed and sieved, and afterwards boiled to evaporate the water, being at the same time well stirred to allow the air to escape. For the latter purpose also, when the clay thus produced is cold, it is cut through, lifted in the hands of the workman, and again thrown down on the other portion; this is called slapping, or wedging, and intended to destroy any remaining air-bubbles. The clay is then stove and thus mellowed. The potter's wheel, the ancient Egyptian, and the modern, the spindle and wheel being the principle of both, were next described; one of the latter kind, temporarily constructed, was practically explained; and the potter present, with a lump of clay thrown on the wheel before him, turned by his foot on a treadle and crank, fashioning the clay with his hands, raising and depressing it, hollowing it with his thumbs and moulding it with his fingers pressed against the outer sides of the rapidly revolving plastic materials, to which he also now and then applied the edge of a thin plate of steel acting as a scraper, and cut to fit the exterior of the form required, made first a bowl. He then converted the bowl into a basin, and the basin again into a jar, a common pickle jar, and the jar again, without having moved either from the wheel, into a bottle (a common stone bottle it will be understood, as the clay he used was that prepared for the ordinary stone ware). And again, to shew his power over the docile nature of his handiwork of the thing he had made, he changed, widened out, the bottle into an open bell-shaped vessel. In this he was much assisted by the centrifugal force consequent upon the revolving motion, which, when Mr. Cowper pointed out, the potter surrendered the last form to its influence, it widened and widened until it at last split, and was thrown from the wheel and was destroyed. We had watched the proceedings so intently, and felt so much interest in the inanimate creation thus given up to the destroyer, and returning to its former condition, that thoughts were busy within us. But even whilst they flashed through our mind, the potter, still turning on, had, with another lump of clay, raised another form, and a new interest was excited. Such is life! The new form was a jug, an ordinary stone jug, without a handle, and not a horse nor a huntman, nor a hound nor a Toby Philpott, ornamenting its rotund sides. These, however, were soon added. A handle was moulded in a chalk mould, and the figures on a chalk die; the latter, smacked down on a lump of clay, left on it the clay which had been previously pressed into its figure. But how was this design in relief to be transferred to the jug to which already the handle had been fixed with water and a sponge? It was cut, from the lump, as thin as possible, preserving the figures, with a wire, and then stuck on the sides of the jug by the simple sponging process. All of the ornamented jug thus formed of parts being merely clay and water, when fired became one substance. To produce the shades of the "brown jug," ochre is used; and to give it its polish or glaze, common salt. But here a simple and interesting chemical action takes place. A coating of glass, which the polish really is, is to be placed on the surface of the jug: no sponging process, no gumming, no gluing, nor cementing, could effect this. Chemical combination alone could accomplish it. Thus then is it produced. Salt is com-

posed of marlatic acid and soda, glass of silica and soda. By the heat of the kiln in which the jugs and salt are placed, the salt is volatilised, the marlatic acid goes off, while the soda remains, and combines with the silica already in the jug, and produces on its surface that glossy, glassy appearance, which is in fact, as before stated, a thin coating of glass. The action on the surface of the finer ware is similar; but previously to being fired, instead of salt being placed with it in the kiln, it is dipped in a prepared glaze, or a solution of glassy material. Mr. Cowper treated, in a local and illustrative manner, the whole of his subject, embracing further the more finished processes of the finer ware and porcelain, the useful and ornamental. He dwelt on form, and exhibited many beautiful antique vases. He showed, by a diagram, that the oval was the basis of their figure, almost all being oval opened out. Mr. Reinegal has treated of this fully, but Mr. Cowper considered that he had carried his principle too far, in defining all elegant forms to be modifications of that figure. Besides the antique models, were exhibited some very varied and beautiful mosaic and tessellated slabs for floorings or panellings, a new invention and application of Messrs. Singer and Foster, by which Mr. Cowper stated the admired charms of the Alhambra may be rivalled.

UNITED SERVICE INSTITUTION.

MONDAY, 18th. — First evening meeting of the season, Major Stedwell Clarke, V.P. in the chair. Numerous presents were announced, and exhibited also for inspection the model of an ingeniously contrived portable boat, by Mr. Dumas. The papers read were, 1st. No. 1, of a series of communications 'On the Longitudes of the principal Places on the Globe,' by Lieut. H. Raper, R.N. 2d. 'On a new Method of connecting and disconnecting the Paddle-wheel of a Steamer,' by Captain Ramsay, R.N.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

Oxford, March 14. — The following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—Rev. W. Cockayne Adams, Balliol College; R. Downes, Trinity College.
Bachelors of Arts.—J. B. P. Dennis, Queen's College, Grand Canon; J. B. P. Dennis, Queen's College; H. S. Scott, Balliol College.

CAMBRIDGE, March 13. — The following degrees were conferred:—

Honorary Masters of Arts.—Lord J. J. R. Mansel, second son of the Duke of Rutland, Sir H. Dryden, Bart., Trinity College.

Bachelors of Divinity.—Rev. G. Johnson, Christ's College, and Head Master of Barnstable Grammar School; Rev. G. Ingram, Queen's College.

Masters of Arts.—R. Wilson, Trinity College; R. Shortland, Pembroke College; C. Spenser, Christ's College.

Bachelors in Physics.—T. Barton, Queen's College.

Bachelors of Arts.—T. Thring, Trinity College; T. Ridley, Catherine Hall; A. Kemp, Caius College; E. Ridgway, Jesus College; E. C. Sharpe, J. Bennett, Christ's College.

The Chancellor's Medalists.—The chancellor's two gold medals for the best classical scholars among the commencing Bachelors of Arts of the present year, were on Monday last adjudged to Arthur Shelly Biddis, and John Gorham Westland, both of Trinity College.—*Cambridge Chronicle.*

ROYAL SOCIETY.

THE Marquess of Northampton in the chair.—Read, 'An Account of the Fall of a Meteoric Stone,' communicated in a letter to Sir John Herschel. The stone fell on the 13th of October last. Some time previous to its falling the air was hot and sultry; a noise like the discharge of artillery was heard; this was followed by the descent of pieces of the stone: when it fell, it was so soft as to be capable of being

cut with a knife. Another account of a similar description of stone, given by Mr. Faraday in a letter to Sir J. Herschel, was likewise read. A paper, by S. B. Howlett, Esq. giving an account of a barometer constructed by him, was also communicated by Sir John Herschel. The advantages of this barometer must be obvious, when it is mentioned, that no correction or adjustment for zero is required. A communication, by Mr. Talbot, describing a new kind of sensitive paper for photogenic drawing, was then read, which shall appear in next *Literary Gazette*. Mr. Talbot then mentioned, that in his memoir on the *New Art*, read lately before the Royal Society, on account of the haste in which it had been written, he had omitted to give the details of a method by which etchings on copper might be successfully imitated. This may be done by covering a sheet of glass with a solution of resin in turpentine, and afterwards smoking it by the flame of a candle; and upon the blacked surface the drawing was made with a needle, or other fine-pointed instrument. A sheet of the sensitive paper being placed over it, a perfect copy was obtained.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

MR. HAMILTON, V.P. in the chair.—Mr. Roper exhibited a facsimile, by rubbing, of a monumental brass, in Croydon Church, being the effigies of Sir Walter Gabriel, a charyman, who died in the early part of the reign of Henry VIII. The reading of Mr. Bruce's paper, containing a selection of cases from the proceedings of the privy council in the reign of Edward VI., was concluded. The meetings of the Society were adjourned over Easter to the 11th of April.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—Royal Geographical, 9 P.M.
Tuesday.—Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.; Zoological, 8½ P.M.
Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 7½ P.M.; Geological, 8½ P.M.; London Institution, 7 P.M.
Thursday.—Numismatic, 7 P.M.
Saturday.—Artists' Conversations, 7 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

PHOTOGENIC DRAWING.

FEW discoveries or disclosures have produced so many amateurs in the art and the sciences of the subject as this, since the announcement of the so-named Daguerreotype. We have done some service in giving honour to Niepce where honour is due, by the disclosures which we have made, and the publication of his claims, for which we were indebted to M. Baer. The process of Niepce, or that now shown by Daguerre, is, however, essentially different from that of Mr. Talbot. Since publicity has been given to the latter of these discoveries, many and important improvements have been made, by Sir J. Herschel and others, among men of science, and by artists, especially engravers; in the hands of two of these, who appear to have simultaneously made the same discovery, it has become an important art. Mr. J. F. Havell, and Mr. Willmore, have, by covering glass with *etching ground* and smoke, sketched designs upon it. Through the glass thus exposed by the scratches, the photogenic paper receives the light, and the design, which the sun may be said to print, may be multiplied with perfect identity for ever! Designs thus produced will probably become much more com-

* M. Daguerre, we understand, declares that his process is different from that originally pursued with Niepce, and the name Daguerreotype mentioned by a poet agreed upon between the parties.—*M. L. G.*
+ See *Scientific Report of the Royal Society*.—*M. L. G.*

mon, and even more generally applicable than lithography, because all the means are more readily accessible, whilst it will receive its rank as an art, and be excellent in proportion to the skill of the artist, as a draughtsman with the etching needle. The also need no longer be kept down by that of the printing press, as the size of the glass can alone limit the size of the design. This is a real and valuable discovery, applicable to a thousand purposes. It is reported that Mr. Havell, and his brother, the well-known painters, have succeeded in giving some true colours, also, to their productions, by the action of light. Beautiful imitations of washed bistre drawings may be produced, by stopping out the light on the glass by black varnish, which will obstruct the transmission of light in proportion to the thickness with which the varnish is laid on; and specimens like fine monochrome prints have been produced by this process. The first report of the discovery in France alarmed the painters from nature; next, the specimens of etched plates and printed impressions alarmed the engravers; this further discovery has replaced it, as an art, in the hands of its professors. But, since the sun has turned printer, we fear that the devils will ultimately suffer. It is curious and interesting to hear of scientific men already seeking to apply the process to self-registers of thermometric, barometric, and magnetic variations. We shall watch with interest the new disclosures and applications of this suddenly noised abroad discovery.

The Suffolk Street Gallery has its private view to-day, and opens to the public on Monday. We are sorry we cannot give any idea of its qualities, but were not admissible for that purpose: a fact which, in our humble opinion, does not shew absolute wisdom in those most concerned for the success of the exhibition.

THE DRAMA.

Her Majesty's Theatre.—The dull and heavy opera of *Belshazzar* has been repeated every night without any improvement in the performances: so far for the beginning of the season, more helpless and paltry than usual. But—after Easter, the subscribers and the public are promised *Griek, Lablache, and Rubini*, "successfully;" and so Tamborini as all. If *emais* be the natural and habitual temperament of the English people (see review of *Aaron Burr*), they need only go to this foreign theatre to enjoy it to the utmost extent.

Covent Garden.—Our prognostication respecting *Richard III.* has been fulfilled: to the letter, and the theatre filled to the top every night it has been repeated; that is to say, every open night. In doing justice to the exertions of the performers, we accidentally omitted to notice the spirited and natural acting of Mr. Howe; and we take this opportunity of doing our duty in that respect. Now that the earlier portions of the play are shortened and condensed, it goes throughout with uninterrupted vigour and effect. The telling points, and they are many, are brought closer together, and the mastery of the Cardinal shines through every act, with a splendour which is the perfection of dramatic character.

Haymarket.—On Monday this delightful little theatre opened with the popular play of *The Looe Chase*, with a partially new cast, and a new farce, in which Mr. Hill performed. The novelties in the *Looe Chase* were Mr. W. Lacy, who played *Master Walker* judiciously, but rather too passively; Miss Mordaunt, who placidly walked through the sweet chamber of *Lynka*,

looking pretty and interesting, and delivering her rôle in an even tone—she is not at present equal to the part; and Miss Taylor, as *Constance*, for the first time. Of her, we are delighted to speak in terms of the highest commendation; her conception of the part is faultless—her acting feminine, buoyant, graceful, animated; in truth, every thing it should be. The dash of sentiment in her description of the pleasures of the chase divests it of all approach to the masculine, and the archness with which she makes “the points” in her dialogue is quite charming. She was warmly applauded throughout the play. The new farce, *A Wife for a Day*, also met with an excellent reception. It was acted with great spirit by Mr. Hill (who kept the house in a roar), Mr. W. Lacy, Mr. Strickland, Mrs. W. Clifford, Mrs. F. Matthews, &c. &c. It is the production of Mr. Bernard. The house has been well filled during the week.

Concerts.—We regret to use the word *last* with regard to concerts, but Mori and Lindley's series ended last week, when the full room plainly said another and another would delight us. On Thursday, Messrs. Blagrove, Gattie, Dando, and Lucas, held their last quartet meeting; when, in addition to Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Himmell, Spohr, and Mendelssohn, a fine musical quartet in C minor was, for the first time, splendidly performed.

VARIETIES.

The Probe, No. I., has started as a periodical of criticism, &c. on the Fine Arts; and seems to propose being a sort of *Lancet* in that branch of national industry and luxury. It proceeds, *secundum artem*, to denounce the “Art Union,” to which it announces its rivalry; discusses the Nelson models with perfect freedom and dogmatism; and, as a consequence, asks, “What does the *Literary Gazette* mean by avowing so much subserviency on this important point? [The decision of the prizes.] Does it abandon its pretensions to critical discernment? Or why say, ‘As this matter may still be considered *sub judice*, we feel much difficulty and delicacy on the subject?’ Is the public to suffer detriment, that a few judges, not of the first water, may be pampered into self-approbation? Verily, the frankness of the critic in the ‘Morning Chronicle’ is much to be preferred to this parasitical conduct.” Now, though our inquisitor is yet very young, and his mode of asking questions not very polite, we will state, in answer, what the *Literary Gazette* does and does not mean. It does not mean to set itself up, like too many of its brethren of the press, and proclaim, “I am Sir Oracle: when I speak let no dog bark.” It does not mean to lend itself to any partisanship upon a public question. It does not mean to disparage the judgment of a set of men, of the taste, cultivation, and acquirements of many of whom it has a very high opinion. It does not mean to interfere in an authoritative, impudent, and dictatorial manner; as if it was endowed with all the collective wisdom on the subject, and the rest of the world knew nothing about it. It means, and means, candidly and respectfully to offer its opinions; and it did state, that it thought the first prize erroneously decided,—the second pre-eminently deserved,—and the third such as, allowing for differences of sentiment in every similar competition, could be well maintained against objections. When the real competition, which is to determine the electoral for a national design, comes to be dis-

cussed, it will consider it the proper time to say what it has to say,—so that if not a *Probe*, it will not fear the reproach of being *Im-probe*.

Artists' General Benevolent Fund.—H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge, since his return amongst us, seems emulous to follow the example, and fill the place of his royal brothers, York, Kent, and Sussex, in regard to affording his countenance to benevolent and patriotic institutions. When we consider the great benefits derived from the influence of so high a station upon occasions of this kind, we cannot but feel that there is a deep debt of public gratitude to H. R. H., for having already, this season, presided at several meetings, where objects of national interest were sought to be advanced; and here, again, in another most praiseworthy instance, undertaken to occupy the chair. The fund, and the Arts generally, will, no doubt, reap great advantage from this act of condescension and kindness.

New Institution for Curing Diseases of the Ear.—A numerous meeting of the friends of this Institution was held in the committee-room, on Friday week, Alderman Sir Matthew Wood in the chair, when a report of the origin and progress of the Institution was read by Mr. Yearley, from which it appeared that upwards of two hundred poor persons afflicted with deafness had shared its benefits since its opening in July last. Various resolutions were agreed to expressive of the utility of the Institution, and its claims to public patronage and support. Several medical and other gentlemen addressed the meeting, after which thanks were voted to the chairman, and it separated.

Convalescent Hospital for the Destitute Poor of the Metropolis.—A humane improvement is suggested, under this head, for establishing an hospital, such as indicated, about eight or ten miles from town. It was first broached in a letter to the “Morning Herald,” and has, it is stated, met with so much approbation, that a Public Meeting is about to be called on the subject, to form a managing committee and receive donations and subscriptions. A statement, circulated by Dr. Garrett Dillon, of Harrow, among other observations, says:—

“The working and productive classes in London, wearied by labour, and occasionally enduring great privations, are constantly suffering from disease of one kind or another; and, after they are discharged from hospitals or dispensaries, the condition of the poor is the most afflictive that can be imagined. When cured of their diseases, or sufficiently relieved in the hospitals, they are turned out to attend as outpatients, that their beds may be filled with new cases, more urgent. For the cure or relief of their maladies they have generally to undergo a course of treatment that leaves them, though pronounced cured, emaciated and weak, and totally unfit to resume work; but, on the other hand, requiring, for the recovery of health, good and sufficient food, warm clothing, domestic comforts, with rest and good air. In this situation they are too often without a home, a friend, or a penny. Some of those who are in this predicament either resort to street begging or fall upon the parishes, where, in the best of times, there is but cold comfort for a convalescent; others return to the tainted dens inhabited by the poor, and it is no unusual thing for those who can find employment to undertake hard labour, though unable to work, for the purpose of procuring food. To these causes, and especially to the ‘going to work too soon after illness,’ I traced, in my investigation of cases, in the St. Pancras Infirmary, an awful mortality, and that amongst the best of the poor, those anxious to live by their own labour. To save the lives and re-establish the health of the poor so afflicted, it has often occurred to me that the establishing and supporting of Convalescent Hospitals, or houses of recovery, in the country, eight or ten miles from town, out of the reach of the London atmosphere, would be the most efficacious means. Into such asylums all persons discharged from the London Hospitals, cured or relieved, and considered by a board sitting in London proper objects, should be admitted. The value of climate and change of air in restoring health is so generally known, it would be a loss of time to write a word in dwelling upon the necessity of such retreats for the convalescent London poor. Medical attendants invariably recommend such a course, and if to those in easy circumstances, residing in the best parts of the metropolis, and enjoying domestic comforts and plenty, it is useful, how absolutely necessary must it be to those who live by incessant labour,

under privations such as I have attempted to describe? The question is, how are such asylums to be established? I think it probable that parliament would grant a sum of money for the purpose. The metropolitan parishes would, I think, subscribe; and it is possible that the large endowed hospitals, which are so very rich, would also contribute. It is, however, from the voluntary contributions of the public that most is to be expected; and, seeing what is derived from that source for the maintenance of medical and other charities in London, the project I propose has, I think, only to be brought before the public with the support of the press, to insure it a liberal and a speedy support. To the press, therefore, I commit the subject, and trust that it will be taken up and promoted by persons of talent, power, and influence, to whom my humble co-operations and a subscription of 100*l.* are offered.”

Polytechnic Institution.—On Monday evening, Mr. T. Philipps commenced a course of six lectures on the art of singing and vocal composition, for which task he is most competent, and simple, comprehensive, and elegant in his mode of execution. In order probably to lessen the dryness of a mere lecture, six popular melodies illustrative of the subject were sung by Mr. Philipps and the Misses Brandon, his pupils, with good effect. Some of these were warmly encored. The theatre was well filled, principally with young persons.

Antarctic Expedition.—The outpost letters state that the Erebus and Terror have been appointed for the antarctic expedition under the command of the experienced and gallant Sir James Ross, and with Commander F. R. M. Crozier in the latter vessel.

Anti-bridge-toll Association.—The object of this Association is to open Waterloo, Southwark, and Vauxhall bridges, free from tolls. The prospectus dwells upon the expediency of free communication between all parts of the capital, and especially between the opposite banks of the Thames, and points out the inadequacy of the un-tolled bridges (Westminster, Blackfriars, and London) for that purpose. It also notices the inequality as well as generally injurious effects of this tax, and concludes with recommending the matter to the consideration of parliament, with “the view of inducing the government to provide a means” for throwing open these metropolitan bridges.

Heads from Nicholas Nickleby. No. I. (R. Tyas.) Four imagined portraits of Mr. Dickens's popular characters (Kate, Ralph, Hawk, and Noggs), tolerably characteristic, but not well drawn.

“The March of Intellect.”—In this wonderful age we have at least a miracle a-week. The last report is, that M. — has acquired the power of rendering any person invisible. Of this more anon.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

In the Press.

The Life and Times of Sir Thomas Gresham, compiled chiefly from Correspondence in Her Majesty's State-Paper Office, with Memoirs of many of his Contemporaries, and some Account of the Royal Exchange and Gresham College, by John W. Burgon.—A Brief Sketch of Native Education in India, under the Superintendence of the Church of Scotland, with Remarks bearing upon the Question of Conversion to Christianity, by James Bryce, D.D.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Illustrations of Mechanics, by the Rev. H. Moseley, M.A., F.R.S., 4cap 8vo. 6*s.* being the first portion of “Illustrations of Science,” by Professors of King's College.—School Botany; or, an Explanation of the Characters and Differences of Plants, for the use of Students, by J. Lindley, Ph.D., F.R.S.L., 8*s.*, 4cap, with 150 Woodcuts, 6*s.*—Influence of the Corn-Laws, by J. Wilson, Esq., 8vo. 6*s.*—Digest of Parliamentary Papers, 1837-5, 1*6s.*—C. Lamb's Poetical Works, 3d edit. post 8vo. 6*s.*—Bunyan's Pilgrim Progress, with a Life by R. Southey, LL.D. new edit. post 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*—Dr. C. Wordsworth's Greek Grammar, 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*—Hours of Sadness; or, Instruction and Comfort for the Mourner, 4cap. 6*s.*—Mrs. Hewitt's Scripture Emblems, 18mo. 3*s.*—The Bee-keeper's Manual, by H. Taylor, 2d edit. 12mo. 4*s.*—W. Mead's Manual for Apothecaries' Hall, 12mo. 10*s.* 6*d.*—Jewell's Apology, translated by the Rev. W. W. Ewbank, 12mo.

3s. 6d. — W. Gordon's Statutes in Force on Game, 12mo.
4s. — An Old Tale and often Told, post 8vo. 10s. 6d. —
Births, Deaths, and Marriages, by the Author of "Say-
ings and Doings," 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. — E. Cressy's
Travels on Bridges, Vaults, and Arches, Part I. folio, 21s.
— Lockhart's Life of Sir W. Scott, new edit. Vol. I. 12mo.
5s. — Poetical Works of Robert Burns, 8vo. 6s. — Ritter's
Ancient Philosophy, Vol. III, from the German, by the
Rev. A. J. W. Morrison, 8vo. 18s. — R. Maugham's Law of
Attorneys, Statutes, &c. &c. 8vo. 6s. — Simple Stories for
the Young, by W. R. Macdonald, 1s. 6d. — Indecision: a Tale
founded on Fact, by Anti-Manson, square, 1s. 6d. — The
Juvenile Naturalist, by the Rev. B. H. Draper, square,
6s. 6d. — The Englishman's Greek Concordance, royal 8vo.
9s. 2s. — Gwilt's Rudiments of Architecture, 3d edition,
royal 8vo. 12s. — The Fergusons; or, Woman's Love and
the World's Favour, 3 vols. post 8vo. 21s. — Popular Songs
of Ireland, by T. Crofton Croker, post 8vo. 10s. 6d. — Our
Great High Priest, by John Cox, 12mo. 5s. — The Greek
Mission; or, Sixteen Years in Malta, Greece, and the
Ionian Isles, by the Rev. S. S. Wilson, 8vo. 12s.

METHEOLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1839.

March.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 7	From 23 to 35	29.49 to 29.47
Friday... 8	 26 to 37	29.64 to 29.73
Saturday... 9	 16 to 36	29.80 to 29.88
Sunday... 10	 15 to 39	30.08 to 30.12
Monday... 11	 29 to 42	30.11 to 30.08
Tuesday... 12	 29 to 42	30.03 to 30.02
Wednesday 13	 34 to 51	29.98 to 29.98

Winds, N.E. and S.E.
Except the 8th and following day, generally cloudy;
snow on the 7th; and rain on the 12th and following
day.

Main fallen, '1 of an inch.

March.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 14	From 37 to 51	29.95 to 29.97
Friday... 15	 44 to 52	29.79 to 29.30
Saturday... 16	 41 to 40	29.25 to 29.20
Sunday... 17	 35 to 47	29.46 to 29.65
Monday... 18	 33 to 39	29.75 to 29.69
Tuesday... 19	 24 to 48	29.93 Stationary
Wednesday 20	 33 to 50	29.94 to 29.93

Prevailing winds, S.W.
Except the morning of the 16th and 19th, cloudy, with
frequent showers of rain.

The heavy fall of rain on the 14th and morning of the
15th, caused the waters to be much out.

Rain fallen, 1 inch, and '1 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.
Latitude... 51° 37' 39" N.
Longitude... 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

PNEUMATIC TELEGRAPH.

SIR, — Having read in your last publication some details
of a proposed telegraph on a pneumatic principle, devised
by Mr. Crosley, I beg leave to state that the subject has
for some time past occupied much of my attention, and
that I have nearly perfected a theory of one which has
been completely supported by experiment so far as com-
paratively limited opportunities have permitted, and
which seems to offer considerable and peculiar advantages.
I will not, however, presume to make a comparison of
its general merits with the plans proposed by others, but
will content myself with saying, that the mode of working
it would be characterized by extreme simplicity, ease, and
freedom from complexity of manipulation, and is calcu-
lated to supply an important desideratum in particular
instances, when applied to railways.

I beg leave, therefore, to say, that I have a two-fold
purpose in addressing you promptly on the subject: first,
as you have, in the notice above alluded to, called at-
tention strongly to it, to invite gentlemen practically
interested therein to allow me an opportunity of putting
myself in communication with them upon it; and, se-
condly, to avoid the appearance, as any future develop-
ment of my plan, of my ideas having merely followed in
the wake of others, while, in point of fact, they have been
concurrent with them; and at the same time I wish to
observe, that, although a very favourable opinion of it has
been expressed by one or two scientific gentlemen to whom
I have submitted it, my chief reason for not giving im-
mediate publicity to its details arises from a desire that in so
doing I should have it in my power to present it in as
perfect a form as possible, which can only result from
having ample opportunities of testing its powers on a scale
of sufficient magnitude. — I am, &c.

J. S. TEMPLETON.

"Vindicator" is under consideration. If the subject is
taken up, it should be done in all its relations, and not
partially.

We do not know the edition of Virgil mentioned by
"Amicus," but conceive, by the date, that it is of no
great value. The supplement, by Mafei Vegio, as well as
the smaller pieces he mentions, were printed very com-
monly in the older editions of this post. As some of our
readers may know more of this particular edition, we add
its title. "Pub. Virgilii Maronis Opera, Pauli Manutii
Annotationibus illustrata, &c. Leovvdie, apud Abrahamum
Radaum, 1614."

The cards of the Quadrille and Concert Institute have
twice reached us too late. It is a pity musical people do
not know how to keep time.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, FALL MALL.

The Gallery, for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of Brit-
ish Artists, is open daily, from Ten in the Morning until Five in
the Evening.

Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 1s.
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nary exhibition, and will astonish his patrons."—Times.
To be seen and heard daily, from Ten till Half-past Four.
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THE ART-UNION OF LONDON: in- stituted in 1826, to aid in the Encouragement of the Arts of Design.

The Subscription Lists for the Year 1838-9 are now open. Sub-
scriptions are received by Charles Palmer Dimond, Esq., Treas-
urer, 10 Henrietta Street, Cavendish Square; by Edward Edwards,
Esq., Honorary Secretary, 15 Lower Brook Street (of whom the
Prospectus and Reports may be obtained); and by any Member of
the Committee; at the Office of the London and Westminster
Bank; and by Mr. Thomas Brittain, Collector, 10 Clarendon
Square, Somerset Town.

The Picture now engraving, by Mr. Giller, for the Subscribers
of last year (who are entitled to one copy for each Guinea sub-
scribed), is, "A Camaldolese Monk showing the Relics in the
Sacristy of his Convent at Rome," by William Simpson. This
picture, painted in Rome, was selected from the Exhibition of the
Royal Academy, at the price of 150 Guineas; by Benjamin Bond
Cubell, Esq., the holder of a prize of 25*l.* at the last allotment.
The engraving, it is hoped, will be in the hands of Subscribers
in the course of the month of March.

New ready,
Dedicated, by especial permission, to Her Majesty the Queen,
PROUT'S SKETCHES IN FRANCE,
SWITZERLAND, AND ITALY.
Imperial folio, 4*l.* 4*s.*; India Proof, 5*l.* 5*s.* half-bound; a few
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Publishers in Ordinary, 6 Pall Mall.

MUSIC.

TO THE MUSICAL WORLD.

NEW MUSICAL INSTRUMENT OF UNEQUALLED SUPERIORITY.

Messrs. Triebner and Co. beg leave to apprise the Nobility
and Gentry, that they have recently received from the Continent
a musical self-acting instrument, which, for sweetness and power
of tone, exceeds all efforts ever made by even the most ingenious
and accomplished artists, in the construction of the most superb
specimens of music. In fact, the most fertile imagination cannot
conceive any thing adequate to the beautiful melodious sounds
produced by this instrument, which are sufficient to enchant even
those who possess only a very moderate taste for music.
This new-invented instrument, called "Tibicinas," plays the
following pieces:

Overture to the Opera of William Tell, by Rossini.
Concerto, by J. A. Grom.
Overture to the Opera of Fra Diavolo, by Auber.
March, with Variations, to the Opera of Aline, by Spohr.
Variations by Rameau.
Overture to the Opera of the Freischütz, by Carl M. von
Weber.

In regard to its shape and size, it is well adapted for either the
Drawing or Dining-Room.

To be viewed at Messrs. T. and Co. German Clock Warehouse,
191 High Holborn.

BOOKS IN THE PRESS.

NOVEL, BY MISS MARTINEAU.

On the 28th of March will be published, in 3 vols.

DEERBROOK. A Novel.

By HARRIET MARTINEAU.

Edward Moxon, Dover Street.

THE BRITISH CRITIC AND QUARTERLY THEOLOGICAL REVIEW.

The 50th Number will be published on the 30th instant.
Advertisements are requested to be sent not later than the 25th,
to Rivingtons, St. Paul's Churchyard.

Preparing for publication,

A SHORT TREATISE UPON TALAPES, OR CLUB FOOT, and its Treatment, by Division of the Tendon Achilles; with Observations on the Division of Tendons in general.

By JOHN F. SOUTH,

Assistant-Surgeon of St. Thomas's Hospital.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. CXXVI. will be published at the end of the Month.

Contents:

1. Travels in Andalusia.
2. Natural History and Fishery of the Sperm Whale.
3. Paraguay and France.
4. State and Prospects of Asia.
5. Autobiography of Thomas Telford, Civil Engineer.
6. Oxford Theology.
7. Sir Francis Head's Narrative, and Lord Durham's Report.

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"My dear brother," said Jack, "you speak of female affections as if they were as easily transferred as so much stock." "Stock, John!" said Jacob; "no, no: you don't catch me comparing the fly-away fancies of a giddy girl with the four per cents, or the three-and-a-half reduced." "But the sentiment, the feeling!" said John. "Sentiment! my eye!" said Jacob; "I don't understand what it means; I never knew what it was to be in love—never shall, now. I admit that I once took a fancy to a

widow at Wapping, in regard of sundry ships, Class A, lying in the London Docks, of which she was mistress; but I found it wasn't all clear and above-board; and that she had a nephew, and there was a will to be disputed; so I left the widow and the craft: but as for sentiment,—Lord bless your heart! she was old enough to be my grandmother, and so big that one of her own punchcoons would have made her a tight pair of stays." "That's it," said Jack; "you have never felt the sort of passion to which I refer, and, therefore, cannot appreciate its power." "I suppose I haven't!" said Jacob; "no matter; I shall never want for any body to love as long as I live—always sure, too, of what you call a return—I love myself. As I say, of all the houses in the street give me Number One—eh?—that's my maxim." "You say so," said John. "Never say what I don't mean," replied Jacob; "and another thing I never do—never try to jump higher than my legs will carry me: d'ye mark me, Jack? There isn't a man, woman, or child to whom I owe tenpence on my private account: I never drink my port till it's paid for:—no running over head and ears in debt, as you do, Jack:—however, as I've said a hundred times before, it's nothing to me." "Only, as a brother," said Jack, "you might perhaps take some interest." "Not I," said Jacob; "I never take any interest—except for my money:—and as for a brother, why, we are all brothers, if you come to that:—and hang me if I know one of the family, large as the world is, who would stoop to pick up a pin to save my life: I'm sure I wouldn't, to save any one of theirs." "But, surely," said Jack, "Helen deserves some of your affection: she is truly attached to you, and"—"Fudge, Jack!" said Jacob, rattling all the shillings in his breeches-pocket—"attached to me!—no, I'm not after her fashion—I don't live in 'the world'—hey? She may be attached to me as Peter Post-Obit in the play is attached to his friends, in the hopes of what she may catch at my death: but it won't do; I'm not to be had! No,—if she were a staid, sensible sort of body, and would marry Haddock, I should say something to her: but, no—the alderman, like myself, is not a man of 'the world'—not that I care three dumps for him, if you come to that." "Why," said Jack, "Helen's habits and manners are different from those of the alderman; and an accomplished girl!"—"Accomplished fiddle-stick!" said the merchant. "What are accomplishments? You over-educate your girls—teach them the learned languages—make them dance like figure-girls,—what d'ye call 'em there?—all up and down the sides of the stage at the playhouse, with a fringe to their stays which they call petticoats—make them play and sing till their hearts ache: and what for? to catch husbands: that's it, isn't it? And more fools they who are to be so trapped." "I don't see that," said Jack. "Accomplishments in which amateurs now excel the professors of twenty years since, are"—"Accomplishments!" said the merchant, "stuff! What are the accomplishments? all very fine as baits—lures—temptations: but once let the accomplished girl be married—see, then, what hap-

pens. The husband is gained; a family is coming; and she thinks just as much of twanging her harp, tinkling her guitar, rattling her piano-forte, or collywobbling with her voice, as she does of flying: it's all pretence—fighting under false colours. If Helen married Haddock"—"My dear Jacob," again interrupted Batley, junior—"And my dear Jack," said Jacob, "if you come to that. I say, even if she married this Mortimer, which, in course, she won't now, she would never sing or play afterwards; nor would he ask her. Every thing is very fine till you have got it. A singing wife is like a piping bullfinch; great fun for your friends,—deuced tiresome to yourself. Now, as I am all for myself, and nothing for my friends, I only speak as I think."

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Of the fashionable colonel we must also give a touch:—

"Magnus, who (for often do friendships arise and subside between men, apparently from a love of opposition of temper and character) could not in the slightest degree assimilate with Mortimer on certain points—he who, with his iron nerves and immovable countenance, went straightforward through whatever he undertook with a resolution not to be daunted by circumstances, and a firmness which no minor consideration could shake, was perfectly at a loss to comprehend why the recollection of Lady Hillingdon, so intimately associated with Sadgrove, should, now that she was dead and gone, at all interfere with the enjoyment of new pleasures and new pursuits there, the *locale* being quite as agreeable as it was during her life-time, and affording, by the change of circumstances, every prospect of increased gaiety and cheerfulness. "My dear fellow," continued Magnus, "if your principle were to be acted upon, there is not an

heir in the empire who would rejoice in the death of his parent. The whole of our nobility, our monarchs themselves, are only tenants for life; and, if this repugnance to occupy the castles and palaces of their departed predecessors were to affect their minds, we should have all the châteaux and mansions in the empire shut up or converted into workhouses or county hospitals. The highest dignity of the nation, like the foggy sovereignty of the city of London, are all transferable. My Lord-Mayor Sniggs on the ninth of November steps into the state coach, out of which my Lord-Mayor Figgs stepped on the eighth, and finds himself bowed to by all the same people, sword-bearer, mace-bearer, train-bearer, liveried lacqueys, 'postilion and all,' who four and twenty hours before kotooted to the then lord mayor; the reign there is certainly short, but certain. In loftier circles the same things happen, and the same unconscious coach and horses, driven by the same coachman, and swarmed upon by hanging clusters of the same gilded footmen, draw through the thronged streets to-day, amidst the shouts and cheers of the people, the monarch who succeeds to him that 'died but yesterday,' and who in one week finds himself precisely in the place of the one 'just gone before,' inhabiting the same rooms, attended by the same servants, eating off the same plate, drinking the well-stored wine from the same cellar, and hearing the same strains of music which so recently another loved to listen to; dispensing honours which erst flowed from other hands, and receiving the sweet adulation which so shortly previous had greeted other ears. If recollections like yours were to interfere with this—'Ay, ay,' interrupted Mortimer again, 'all that is different; succeeding to the estates and houses of one's ancestors is quite another affair; custom makes that nothing; no more than a man's sitting in his church under his father's monument, and over his grave, with the full conviction that, when the time comes, his bones are to moulder beneath the crimson cushion on which he slumbers out the sermon. Sadgrove is different. It was to Sadgrove Amelia first came to me from her home. Solitary as was her after-life, she was the star that brightened its gloom. Charles,' said Mortimer, with a tremulous agitation which startled his friend, 'she lies buried there,—how can I bear to visit it with Helen?—poor girl, poor girl!—with such feelings ought I to marry her?' 'This is a burst of passion,' said Magnus, 'for which I confess I was not altogether prepared, Frank. If your feelings are really so strong upon this point, if I were you, I should most certainly not go to Sadgrove.'

As we begin, we shall conclude, with a piece of our favourite Jacob:—

"I should be very glad," said Batley, 'to dine with you anywhere, and upon any terms, but to-day, as I have already said, I have a few friends to dine with me.' 'Friends, have you?' said Jacob: 'small party, I take it. What was the man's name that lived in the tub, and walked about with a lantern to look for a man? If you lived in a tub, you might walk your legs off before you found a friend; but as you occupy a house, and keep a table that you can't afford, the smooth-faced hypocrites come at your call, and do you the honour to eat your victuals and drink your wine, and then go away and laugh at you. I suppose that tom-foolery is nearly now at an end; having married Helen, I conclude you will get rid of your house.' 'Why,' said Batley, junior, 'that would look strange. The world would wonder.' 'There you go again,' exclaimed Jacob. 'The

world!—why,'—'But,' said John Batley interrupting his brother, 'I have another object in view.' 'Oh!' said Jacob in a tone expressive of the utmost indifference upon any subject connected with his gay relative, who, strange to say, with all his knowledge of the world, never despaired of interesting the merchant in his affairs, and rarely did any thing without consulting him—'and what may that be—more wild geese, or more wild oats?' 'Neither,' said John; 'but the fact is'—'Ah!' said Jacob, 'that is what you generally begin with, before you bring out a bouncer. I know 'facts' are not always truths: but go on, because I have business of consequence to do, and—'

And the conversation ends with these appropriate remarks:—

"That John Batley should feel disposed to marry again does not seem so extraordinary. John had married young,—was a young father, and, as he truly said, the relative ages of himself and Helen had, in some degree, alleviated the grief which he felt for the loss of her mother, by placing her in the position of mistress of his house, at a somewhat premature age, perhaps,—but there she was,—and, as he vainly endeavoured to impress upon Jacob's mind,—there was female society; and John liked female society: he had been a sort of male coquette all his life, and loved dangling at fifty-four as much as he did when he was less than half that age; and it is astonishing (perhaps not, because the case is so common) that a habit of that sort does not wear off with time, as might be expected. The man of fifty-four flirts, and is not ill received; but he does not appreciate the mode of his reception; he does not feel himself much older than he was five-and-twenty years before; he scarcely sees an alteration in his own person; all that he wonders at is the extraordinary flippancy and forwardness of boys of five-and-twenty, forgetting that when he was of their age he considered an old fellow of fifty-four a 'regular nuisance.' Wonderful, however, have been the changes in society with the last half century: the march and influence of age have been neutralized to an extent which our grandfathers could not have believed, and certainly never anticipated. Fifty years ago, the idea of a man of sixty in a black neckcloth, with curls and trowsers, and a fancy waistcoat, with smethyst studs in his shirt-bosom, dancing quadrilles, never would have entered into the head of a human being. The dress might have been as gay, or gayer, but it would have been made up of pomatum and powder and a bag or a club, with shorts, and shoes and buckles. At one period, the pig-tail, which superseded the club-knob which had previously succeeded to the bag, would have been indispensable; nay, there are at this moment half a score matured gentlemen, who thirty years since sported tails, knobs, and pigs, with powder and pomatum; aforesaid, walking the assemblies of London in picturesque-coloured wigs, fancy waistcoats, and symmetrically cut pantaloons."

With these extracts, all from the first volume, the *Lit. Gaz.* and its readers must be content. The courtship scene, with which the second opens, is very farcical; and the change from the narrative to the epistolary style, in the third, hardly an improvement. This done, the descriptions to the last are replete with those high qualities in works of fiction, the possession of which we have ascribed to the author, and the curtain drops on a most affecting termination.

The Ballantyne Humbug Handled, in a Letter to Sir Adam Fergusson. By the Author of the "Memoirs of Sir Walter Scott." Pp. 122. 1839. Edinburgh, Cadell: London, Murray; Whittaker and Co.

MR. LOCKHART is too stout an adversary, and too "cunning of fence," not to have impressed those who attacked his work with the full conviction that they were assailing an "ugly customer," and one likely to give a Roland for an Oliver. They would hardly, we think, have ventured to impugn him, had they not felt bold in the truth and justice of their cause; but be that as it may, we have here their answer, and it is our business to bring it fairly before the umpire—public.

It is, as might be expected, a very clever pamphlet, and contains all the elements of pungent controversy—hard hitting, personalities, abuse, argument, satire, figures, irony, statements, assertions, conclusions—not merely defensive, but carrying the most offensive hostilities into the enemies' quarters. For ourselves, we find it difficult to express our sentiments, because our own knowledge and recollection of all parties and many circumstances, have such an influence upon our minds, that we cannot build our judgment upon the documents and reasoning adduced on either side in these publications; and yet we feel that we have no right to speak upon any other data. We thought James Ballantyne's vindication a triumphant one, and we still think his character, as an honest man, a faithful friend to Scott, and a very valuable assistant in his mighty labours, undamaged by Mr. Lockhart's expedition. If he had faults, and fell into errors, what man is free from the first, and not liable to the second? if he had an inaptitude for certain sorts of business, we can see in that no impeachment of his rectitude and attachment; and when we look at the question altogether, we cannot help asking ourselves, if the Ballantynes were so flagrantly worthless, how can we account for a person of Sir Walter Scott's extraordinary shrewdness and sagacity, being intimately connected with them through life, sticking to them under every turn and aspect of their mutual affairs, and being apparently tied to them by close and warm bonds of personal regard and friendship? This perplexes us; and when Mr. Lockhart proclaims John Ballantyne (p. 2) "as a friaky, tricky, little scapegrace," and James "as a well-meaning bore," but endeavouring afterwards to prove him also a very extravagant and dishonourable one, we cannot help wondering what sort of a man he could be who would jog through life, on the nearest and dearest terms, and in several partnerships, with individuals thus described by the author, who also at one period did not shun, if he did not court, their intimacy.

"You knew and loved Sir Walter from your boyish days; you have been long my friend; you knew the Ballantynes about as well as I did during their lifetime; you are esteemed a good analyser of evidence; and, notwithstanding all the sobering influences of years, you are still, I suppose, not unlikely to be diverted with the complete exposure of consummate impudence."

"In the case of these Ballantynes, the follies and absurdities which met every unflinched eye in their personal manners and habits, were too 'gross' to be susceptible of caricature. They know that you might as well talk of caricaturing Mathews in Jeremy Diddler, or Liston in Malvolio. They know that Bunbury, Gilray, and H. B. rolled into one, could never have caricatured either the pompous printer or the

frivolous auctioneer, of whom the one groaned, and the other chirped, when they gathered from Charles Mathews's exquisite mimicry, that their 'illustrious friend' had christened them respectively his *Aldiborontiphocosphernio*, and his *Rigdumfunnido*.

"Will any honest man stand by this obsequiousness of this company's affairs during the first two years? And, if not, who is to blame for the misrepresentation? Is it Sir Walter, the sufferer by the loss, the only mortgaged partner, but who had no knowledge of the details? or is it James, who continued to draw out of the concern largely, and who at least ought to have known, that according to the rules of trade these estimates were fallacious? or, finally, is it John, and John alone, who was certainly a sharp, clever fellow, and not likely, *primæ facie*, to be entirely incapable of distinguishing between a business gasping for existence, and one flourishing in the vigorous health of fifty per cent profits? One word more as to John's accounts. In my narrative, I stated that he owed his dexterity in the manipulation of figures to having passed part of his early career in London, under the roof of a banking-house. On this head, the 'Refutation' gives me a flat contradiction (p. 14). It would, I suppose, be considered as (in the words of Johnny's own old Scotch lady) 'no material to the story,' whether he had acquired his accomplishments in that way, or at a city banker's, or at Mr. Willis, the West-end tailor's. But I confess I was rash in asserting that he had been in a banking establishment at all; for I find, on examining my authority for the statement, that it was only his own word."

"Great, indeed, was Mr. John's faith in the credulity of his correspondent. Perhaps the most audacious specimen occurs in this last letter, where our gay fox-hunter (the true original of Jack Brag) assures Scott that he had, since the book-selling affair began, kept under the allowance to which the contract had restricted his personal drafts.

"I shall not inflict upon you proofs in detail of the less culpable sort of mismanagement which ran through all the period of James's stewardship. His letters are full of apologies for neglect, and promises of amendment; but he maintains a comfortable aspect, on the whole, and repeatedly disclaims 'despondency.' Scott, on his part, continued, as of old, too much occupied with his own romantic creations to have time for minute scrutiny of his commercial affairs—he continued to pardon, to trust, and to hope. 'No Despondency,' was the word.

"The company bills required to be increased, and no wonder. But there was 'no despondency,' and every thing was kept comfortable at Heriot Row. New furniture for the drawing-room; wine at sale after sale; a rocking-horse, and then a pony, for John; horses, mares, phaetons; subscriptions to public institutions; assessments redeemed, and money 'sent to Stillie for my call,' are items most characteristic of that rigid economy as to which, as well as in other matters, James Ballantyne 'kept his word but lamely.' Why do I trouble you, who knew his habits well, with all this detail? 'We must speak to these fellows by the card.' I shew you my proofs step by step as I advance. James was taking the company's funds in violation of the contract. These sums were obviously Sir Walter's; they were raised on his credit—he eventually paid them—and if they had not been so squandered, his debts would have been by so many thousands less. You will judge, therefore, whether the in-

crease of bills is more reasonably accounted for by the overdrawings of one partner to the extent of above 7000*l.* (with interest, 8000*l.* and more), or the non-application by the other partner of the sums stated in the *vidimus* to have been received by him, but which he never received, and which, to a considerable extent at least, consisted of a personal debt due to him by Mr. James Ballantyne.

"Doubt, if you can, that the Ballantyne businesses, under the mismanagement of these worthies, had engrossed a very large share of the hard-won fruits of Scott's genius and labour—genius and labour alike wonderful, but not so wonderful as the long-suffering forbearance, unwearied kindness, and inexhaustible charity of the man whom James Ballantyne's trustees, 'acting in concert with the family,' dare to represent as the greedy, rapacious plunderer of beings, who derived, in fact, from his overflowing bounty, from the dawn of their manhood downwards, every jot of credit or consideration they ever enjoyed, every gratification their luxurious appetites and ludicrous vanity ever received.

"There is no great difficulty in comprehending that James's personal debt, apart from that represented by company obligations, appeared small at the time of the catastrophe. It is, however, rather puzzling to understand how the pamphleteers, with the company books, and James's own 'cash-jottings' before them, could venture to say that at that epoch his personal debts did not exceed 100*l.* To be sure, he was very careful to give his wife 250*l.* on the very morning of the smash! But I abstain—"

Such are among the allegations of the author; and they are spiteful and bitter enough from the "abstaining" pen which sets out with professing to look at the "Refutation" with "the calmness of perfect contempt."

It is impossible for us to enter into the long accounts, and references to accounts, with which Mr. Lockhart supports his statements—on many points they appear to us to be strong; but *audi alteram partem*, in reply and explanation, must, for the present, be our motto. Mr. L. represents Sir Walter as originally wealthy, with a fortune of 10,000*l.*, derived from his father (a much larger sum than we could have imagined), and a considerable income from his legal appointments. The Ballantynes, on the contrary, poor, and involved in debt. Now, we do not believe that James Ballantyne left his native town, Kello, to commence printer in Edinburgh in a condition of pecuniary embarrassment; and, therefore, when we see that printing business, in its very earliest years, 1805, &c., dealing in accommodation bills, we are at a loss to gather the "input" of much capital on either hand. As Scott went on to publish his immortal works, for which he received very large sums of money, no doubt but they were swallowed up in the trading speculations, as well as in the acquisition and improvement of landed property. Of course he was able to lose much more than the Ballantynes, who (with the exception of the "Edinburgh Journal," James's private property) could have little or nothing but profits shared in common with him. But let justice be done alike to the dwarf and the giant. If one is ruined by the loss of five hundred pounds, it does not much mend his situation, that another with whom he is connected, is overwhelmed by the loss of fifty thousand. James Ballantyne's character is as dear to his children and friends as Sir Walter Scott's to his descendants; and, really, this pot-and-kettle dispute is to be

lamented by every admirer of either. Both book-selling and printing came out of the *mille* with detriment; but it seems unfair to charge James Ballantyne with gross neglect of the latter, because he more devotedly employed himself in preparing Sir Walter's numerous publications for the world. Mr. Lockhart undervalues this service; Sir Walter Scott did not.

We have not space to go into all the points discussed in this pamphlet, and shall conclude with only one observation. It was generally felt that the gravamen of the Ballantyne pamphlet, as it affected the memory of Sir Walter Scott, was the fact of his having entailed Abbotsford on his son the year before the failure, and thus removed answerable means for meeting the common difficulty. Upon this important topic it is but right to hear Mr. Lockhart:—

"First of all, let me ask any candid man who has followed me in my minute deduction of the position in which Scott and Ballantyne stood to each other as to money matters at every marking stage of their connexion,—and indeed throughout the whole course of it,—whether he is of opinion, that when the marriage of Captain Scott and your niece was on the tapis in the beginning of 1825, Sir Walter was bound to consult James Ballantyne about any thing he might please to do with respect to the settlement of his landed estate? The pamphleteers choose, you see, to suppress all allusion to the fact, that the settlement then made reserved to Sir Walter the right of borrowing 10,000*l.* on his lands, and that this sum was accordingly borrowed, and applied to the purposes of Ballantyne and Co. and Constable and Co., before the end of 1825—the loan being negotiated and the necessary instruments prepared by James Ballantyne's brother-in-law, Mr. George Hogarth, W. S. Besides this 10,000*l.* worth of land at Abbotsford, left free, Sir Walter had other property, both real and personal, which the marriage-settlement nowise affected, to an extent infinitely beyond any thing that could ever have been claimed from the real and personal estate of James Ballantyne—a freehold house, &c. in one of the best streets of Edinburgh—books, &c. in the country, worth at least 10,000*l.*—the copyrights of several important works, which works alone realised a very considerable dividend to the creditors within the first eighteen months of the trust—to say nothing of the power of securing large sums at any time in the shape of life assurance. Was it necessary that Sir Walter Scott, being thus situated as to real and personal property, and other resources equally available, should feel himself bound, in honour and honesty, to consult his debtor Ballantyne as to such arrangements as he did make in the view of his son's marriage? I apprehend no man of common sense will say that he was bound to do any such thing; and I am very sure no one can have read the Memoirs of his Life without believing, that when that settlement was made he considered himself to be in possession of resources independent of those which it affected, far more than sufficient to meet any demands that existed against him as the partner of Mr. Ballantyne. But whether he consulted Ballantyne on the business or not, that Ballantyne must have been perfectly cognizant of what Sir Walter then did, at the time when it was done, is a fact susceptible of most abundant proof."

Deerbrook: a Novel. By Harriet Martineau. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1839. Moxon. MISS MARTINEAU dwells in a country town. There are a neighbouring squire, a reverend

rector, two partners in a large way of trade with their wives and families, two lady visitors from Birmingham, an accomplished surgeon-apothecary, haberdashers, and other little folks; strange to say, there is no lawyer; and never yet was there a perfect picture of the society and concerns of such a town without that functionary cutting a conspicuous figure in it. This sin of omission is so far fatal to truth and veri-similitude.

With regard to the portraits of individuals, the doings of society, and the exposition of moral principles which she means to enforce, we have no fault to find with our author. The painting is strongly coloured, and wants refinement; but still it is an able exhibition of human nature. It is, however, true that people do not generally let out so much in conversation as Miss M. finds necessary for her purpose. Speech is more employed to conceal than to reveal all the workings of the heart, the excitement of the passions, and the designs of the mind: there is a want of art, and especially as employed on fiction, in making persons declare too much of their feelings and purposes; and the genuine artist traces the events of life to more recondite and hidden causes, to trifles rather than to broad exposures.

With these abatements, *Deerbrook* is a clever work, though hardly to be called a novel. The examples of mothers upon their families, the effects of vulgar intrigue, the lessons how to bear plenty or poverty, and the opening of some of the well-springs which exist more or less in every mortal breast, are all deserving of much commendation. Of these, its peculiar and laudable qualities (being, as they are, illustrated at length, and throughout the whole narrative), it is out of our power to give an adequate idea; but we must select some passages as an example of the rest. The following dialogue with the accomplished surgeon, to whom we have alluded, contains just and original observations:—

“‘You are surprised,’ said he, ‘that I am come from a dying patient to play with the children in the fields. Come, acknowledge that this is in your minds.’ ‘If it is, it is an unreasonable thought,’ said Margaret. ‘You must see so many dying people, it would be hard that in every case you should be put out of the reach of pleasure.’ ‘Never mind the hardship, if it be fitting,’ said Hope: ‘hard or not hard, is it natural,—is it possible?’ ‘I suppose witnessing death so often does lessen the feelings about it,’ observed Hester; ‘yet I cannot fancy that one’s mind could be at liberty for small concerns immediately after leaving a house full of mourners, and the sight of one in pain. There must be something distasteful in every thing that meets one’s eyes,—in the sunshine itself.’ ‘True. That is the feeling in such cases; but such cases seldom occur. Yes: I mean what I say. Such cases are very rare. The dying person is commonly old, or so worn out by illness as to make death at last no evil. When the illness is shorter, it is usually found that a few hours in the sick-room do the work of months of common life in reconciling the minds of survivors.’ ‘I am sure that is true,’ observed Margaret. ‘It is so generally the case that I know no set of circumstances in which I should more confidently reckon on the calmness, forethought, and composure of the persons I have to deal with, than in the family of a dying person. The news comes suddenly to the neighbours: all the circumstances rush at once into their imaginations: all their recollections and feelings about the sufferer agitate

them in quick succession; and they naturally suppose the near friends must be more agitated, in proportion to their nearness.’ ‘The watchers, meanwhile,’ said Hester, ‘have had time in the long night to go over the past and the future, again and again; and by morning all seems so familiar, that they think they can never be surprised into grief again.’ ‘So familiar,’ said Mr. Hope, ‘that their minds are at liberty for the smallest particulars of their duty. I usually find them ready for the minutest directions I may have to give.’ ‘Yes: the time for surprise,—for consternation,—is long afterwards,’ said Hester, with some emotion. ‘When the whole has become settled and finished in other minds, the nearest mourners begin to wake up to their mourning.’ ‘And thus,’ said Margaret, ‘the strongest agitation is happily not witnessed.’ ‘Happily not,’ said Mr. Hope. ‘I doubt whether any body’s strongest agitations ever are witnessed. I doubt whether the sufferer himself is often aware of what are really his greatest sufferings; and he is so ashamed of them that he hides them from himself, when it is possible. I cannot but think that any grief which reveals itself is very endurable.’ ‘Is not that rather hard?’ asked Margaret. ‘How does it seem to you hard? Is it not merciful that we can keep our worst sorrows—that we are disposed, as it were, forced, to keep them from afflicting our friends?’ ‘But is it not saying that bereavement of friends is not the greatest of sorrows, while all seem to agree that it is?’ ‘Is it, generally speaking, the greatest of sorrows? I think not, for my own part. There are cases in which the loss is too heavy to bear being the subject of any speculation, almost of observation; for instance, when the happiest married people are separated, or when a first or only child dies: but I think there are many sorrows greater than a separation by death of those who have faith enough to live independently of each other, and mutual love enough to deserve, as they hope, to meet again hereafter. I assure you I have sometimes come away from houses unvisited, and unlikely to be visited by death, with a heart so heavy as I have rarely or never brought from a death-bed.’ ‘I should have thought that would be left for the rector to say,’ observed Hester. ‘I should have supposed you meant cases of guilt or remorse.’ ‘Cases of guilt or remorse,’ continued Mr. Hope, ‘and also of infirmity. People may say what they will, but I am persuaded that there is immeasurably more suffering endured, both in paroxysms and for a continuance, from infirmity, tendency to a particular fault, or the privation of a sense, than from the loss of any friend upon earth, except the very nearest and dearest; and even that case is no exception, when there is the faith of meeting again—which almost every mourner has, so natural and welcome as it is.’ ‘Do you tell your infirm friends the high opinion you have of their sufferings?’ asked Margaret. ‘Why, not exactly; that would not be the kindest thing to do: would it? What they want is, to have their trouble lightened to them, not made the worst of; lightened, not by using any deceit, of course, but by simply treating their case as a matter of fact.’ ‘Then surely you should make light of the case of the dying too: make light of it even to the survivors. Do you do this?’ ‘In one sense I do; in another sense, no one can do it. Not regarding death as a misfortune, I cannot affect to consider it so. Regarding the change of existence as a very serious one, I cannot, of course, make light of it.’ ‘That way of looking at it regards only

the dying person; you have not said how you speak of it to survivors.’ ‘As I speak of it to you now, or to myself when I see any one die; with the added consideration of what the survivors are about to lose. That is a large consideration certainly; but should not one give them credit for viewing death as it is, and for being willing to bear their own loss cheerfully, as they would desire to bear any other kind of loss? especially if, as they say, they believe it to be only for a time.’ ‘This is looking on the bright side,’ observed Hester, in a low voice; but she was overheard by Mr. Hope. ‘I trust you do not object to the bright side of things,’ said he, smiling, ‘as long as there is so much about us that is really very dark.’ ‘What can religion be for,’ said Margaret, ‘or reason, or philosophy, whichever name you may call your faith by, but to shew us the bright side of every thing—of death among the rest? I have often wondered why we seem to try to make the most of that evil (if evil it be), while we think it a duty to make the least of every other. I had some such feeling, I suppose, when I was surprised to hear that you had come hither straight from a death-bed; I do not wonder at all now.’

Without going into the story, the evils induced by bad feelings, and the revolution and poetical justice brought about by a fatal malady which ravages Deerbrook, we could afford no specimen more apt than the foregoing; and with it therefore we beg to recommend these volumes to our readers, for much good sense and much useful discrimination. There is nothing forced, and every person and occurrence seem real; and the faults we have found are rather imputed to it as belonging to the class Novel, than to any inherent demerit of its own as a lesson of life.

Insurrection of Poland in 1830-1; and the Russian Rule proceeding it since 1815. By S. B. Gnorowski. 8vo. pp. 415. London, 1839. Ridgway.

THE Poles, time immemorial, have been a dashing, in the upper ranks profligate, brave, reckless, intriguing, and gallant people. For love or war, treachery or patriotism, they have furnished models that would make Romance look like a cripple at invention. This volume is in perfect keeping with the national character. True courage and rhodomontade, illustrious suffering and Bobadil boasting, Spartan virtue and Punic faith, heroism and weakness, mingle in the most tangled yarn that ever unravelled round a portion of history.

We stumble at the very outset.

“Since the last partition of Poland in 1795, her independence has never been entirely annihilated. Until 1806 it survived in the legions of Dombrowski and Kniaziewicz, fighting for the French in Italy, Egypt, Germany, and St. Domingo, where no less than 30,000 Poles perished. To their valour Bonaparte bore witness, saying, that ‘they fought like devils;’ but when they demanded to share in the benefit secured by treaties, he only answered, ‘that the prayers of every friend of freedom were for the brave Poles, but that time and destiny alone could re-establish them.’ What he called destiny, they held to be the justice of their cause; and, confident in its ultimate success, fought on, to their war-cry, ‘Poland is not lost while we live.’”

Now it puzzles us to find out how the “independence of Poland” could be upheld by

* “The first line of a mazurka, composed for the legions, which subsequently became the most popular of their national airs.”

the slaughter of thousands of her people fighting as mercenaries, whether in Italy, Egypt, Germany, or St. Domingo; or how the loss of Poland could be averted by a line of poetry, contradicted by the fact of these brave men (not living or bleeding for their country, but) being slain in foreign wars.

The events of the partitions, treaties, &c. &c. which have affected Poland, are too well known to require being followed in our notice of this work, and we proceed to exemplify some of the author's figures of amplification and illustration. In 1828, it seems, an imperial ukase was issued, ordering all nobles (and the land swarmed with them) to prove the legitimacy of their rank, and the writer says—

"The consequence of this measure was, that most of the rich nobles were ruined, and the poor became serfs. The wholesale transportation of the nobility now carried on by Nicholas commenced at that epoch, and reduced not less than half a million of the bravest nation in the world to despair."

During the struggle in 1830-1, we are told:

"The national government took the soldiers' wives under its protection, and the diet voted ten millions of florins, to be distributed in money or land amongst the troops, after the campaign should be over; but they, when made acquainted with this liberal measure, feeling that their task was not yet accomplished, answered with sublime simplicity, 'Provide us with bread and brandy, and keep the money for more urgent purposes.'"

The following bit of a battle, and other morsels, are yet more in the King Cambyzes vein, and *Kicki* is a good name for it:—

"In the meantime, the cuirassiers had imprudently advanced to the second Polish line, but were effectually repulsed by a battalion, whilst Colonel Prondzynski poured on them a shower of Congreve rockets, and General Kicki attacked them with the second regiment of lancers, and two of the Zamoyiski squadrons. Assailed from every quarter, the flying cuirassiers met as they fled the division of Skrzynecki, and a carnage as great as that in the elder-wood took place. They would not yield, and all perished. The Polish artillery then advancing, poured a grape fire on the Russian battalions which were coming up, though too late, in support of the cuirassiers, and completed the discomfiture of Diebitch, whose men were now in full retreat. Skrzynecki, the hero of the day, at length confident of success, urged Prince Radziwill to renew the attack, more especially as Krukowiecki had just arrived at Praga with 15,000 fresh troops; but since the fall of Chlopicki, the prince was not to be persuaded to undertake any thing upon his own responsibility, and fearing also that the bridge across the Vistula might be broken down, he gave the word for retiring. Thus both armies drew off in opposite directions, as driven by some unseen influence from the spot of that day's butchery. Leaving Praga in flames, and three battalions to defend the fortified advanced post of the bridge, the remainder of the Polish army re-entered Warsaw in the night. To convey an idea of that day's conflict, it is enough to remark, that there was scarcely a general or staff-officer amongst them who had not his horse killed or wounded under him; two-thirds of the officers, and 8000 privates, were wounded, and 4000 killed. The Russians, according to their own statement, lost, during the three engagements on the 19th, 20th, and 26th, 30,000 killed and wounded. They suffered most on the last day, in their assaults

on the elder-wood, which has since been called 'the Forest of the Dead.'

"Had he (Dwernicki) marched from Borel into the middle of the country, he would have found thousands of willing hearts and hands, and his incomparable cavalry would have increased to 30,000 men, mounted on chargers, swift as the winds of the Ukraina steppes.

"The rush of the fugitives disordered the first squadron of Kolyszko's column, which fell back on the second, and thus successively all the seventeen were thrown into utter confusion. The venerable general tore his grey locks in despair, and other chiefs endeavoured, but without success, to rally their men. 'Shall it besaid that Polish nobles fled before the enemy?' thought the few (about fifty in number), who vainly opposed the fatal flight, and drawing themselves up at the entrance of Daszow, they awaited unmoved the advancing foe. They were a noble band. Their names are amongst the most illustrious in the heraldic annals of Poland. Possessed of many thousand miles of territory, lords over many thousand subjects, a single tomb may now contain these willing martyrs for the freedom and welfare of all. 'Forward,' they shouted, and fell like the thunder-bolt upon the hostile columns. Each was opposed to many, each dealt his deadly blows. They took the enemy's cannon, and killed hundreds of Russians. They were entirely surrounded, but, Decius-like, they hewed a passage with their swords, and effected their retreat. Awed by such valour, the Russians retired four miles from Daszow, yet General Rott afterwards reported that he had vanquished many thousands, and that, notwithstanding the desperate resistance, he had lost only 200 men. The insurgents lost only their single piece of cannon and six men killed.

"In the moment of perplexity, they intercepted a despatch from the Russian general Szczucki, by which they learned that he was advancing, with three squadrons and two cannon, to cut off their retreat. The letter was no sooner read, than the sound of artillery gave notice of his onset; but so sudden and vehement was their attack, that, before he could fire a second time, they had taken his guns, and put his cavalry to flight. This occurred at Obodno, the 19th of May, and on that day many were the Russian veterans who laid down their arms at sight of lances, waving the flags embroidered in secret by Polish ladies, and yet warm with their sighs and tears."

"The exertions of the Polish soldiers in this last encounter were extraordinary; one of them killed eleven Russians with his scythe, for which exploit Skrzynecki invested him on the spot with his own cross."

These quotations will shew how incompatible this narrative is with the sobriety of history; but we must make allowances for that excitement which inflames the bosoms of Polish exiles.

Before taking a glance at the totals, we will, by way of interlude, copy a few insulated paragraphs. Of Russia, internally, the author tells us:—

"The czars may in safety erect scaffolds for princes, or banish them to Siberia, but dare not take cognizance of the mal-administration of their officers, lest the very scarf with which they gird themselves should serve to teach them by what physiologic law mortals may perish in a critical moment. They know it; and in consonance with this unyielding law, Nicholas has issued a ukase, threatening equal punish-

ment to the briber and the bribed, in order at once to crush all prosecution of legal venality. The system is so familiar to the Russians, that they have embodied it in a kind of proverbial idyl:—'The buck robs the sallow—the wolf robs the buck—the shepherd robs the wolf—the landlord robs the shepherd—the attorney robs the landlord—the czar robs the attorney, and the devil himself robs the czar.'"

In Poland there is a district of an extraordinary description for the heart of Europe:—

"The Bialowie, forty miles in length and twenty-six in breadth, may be called a primitive forest. In this extensive tract there are said to be as yet unexplored. It is the only spot in Europe where the bison (*zubr*) is found, of which it is estimated there are here about eight hundred. In 1802, the Emperor Alexander issued a ukase, prohibiting any of these animals to be destroyed on pain of death."

The following views are new to us; and we know not whether they are authentic:—

"The retreat of the Polish army from Ostrolenka to Praga was equivalent to a defeat. Previous to the expedition against the guards, the Emperor Francis had conceived so favourable an opinion of the national prospects, that he had proffered his support, and even proposed to restore Galicia, on condition that the Polish crown should be bestowed on the Archduke Charles. But the unfortunate affair of Ostrolenka changed the views of Austria, who, considering the cause as now hopeless, at once broke off the negotiation. It is worthy of remark, that Austria had twice before, in 1809 and 1815, offered to restore her share of the spoils of Poland. A time may come when she may find it advisable, for her own sake, to carry the proposal into effect. All hope, too, from the Ottoman Porte, once the implacable enemy, but of late the sincere ally of Poland, faded at the same time. Fully appreciating the opportunity of escape from the insolent protection of the Russian, the sultan, on receiving assurances of the co-operation of the French, through their ambassador, General Guilleminot, had prepared for hostilities, although his army of the line had been reduced to 10,000 during the late unfortunate war. The ambassador had, however, exceeded his instructions, and was recalled in consequence by his government.

"The passage of the Vistula having been made a point of honour by either nation, Nicholas might now, without loss of dignity, make proposals for a reconciliation which would render him the dictator of Europe. The resources of the empire also being so exhausted that it was necessary to solicit aid from Prussia, he naturally dreaded the result of an unsuccessful battle on the left of the Vistula: besides which, the paramount obstacle to reconciliation no longer existed, the Grand Duke Constantine having died at Minak on the 13th of July, the day after a visit from Count Orloff, the harbinger of death, on his return from Berlin."

Orloff's visits are represented as always fatal; and it is insinuated that Diebitch was one of his victims; but it is not easy to pin our faith to all the author's stories; for example:—

"The following anecdote, given to the writer of these pages by a party concerned in it, may serve to illustrate the character of Nicholas. Whilst yet czar-witch, he had a pregnant bitch, one of whose puppies he had promised to Count A. P. (since dead), at that time grand master of the ceremonies at the court of St. Petersburg. The count happening to call

upon him on a winter's morning, found his imperial highness employed in throwing the puppies one by one upon the chimney fire, and burning them to death, out of pity to the poor animal which had given birth to six young ones. What were the pastimes of Nero in comparison with those of Nicholas? No doubt it is from similar motives of commiseration for Polish mothers that he destroys their children."

On a general view of the author's bulletins, it is first stated that the Russians, purposely exaggerating their force, represented it at 260,000 (page 227); but before he has done, M. Gnorowski calculates it himself at 420,000!! (page 411). And it requires that incredible number to substantiate his account of their losses, for within a few pages he slays 75,000, and takes prisoners, and puts *hors de combat*, as many more as swell the amount to 110,000 men! Sometimes they are on one point 60,000, and anon 141,000 strong (see pages 367 and 367), and, in short, in the war and by the cholera, above 220,000 men are disposed of.

That we doubt, is a pity; but we cannot help it. Our readers may believe if they like. We regret to see so much gasconade on so interesting a subject.

A Defence of the Stage, &c., &c. By J. W. Calcraft, Lessee and Manager of the Theatre Royal, Dublin. 8vo. pp. 176. Dublin, 1839. Milliken and Son.

A SERMON against the stage lately preached and published by the Rev. Dr. J. B. Bennett (Weeleyan), in Dublin, has called forth this defence of theatrical amusements from the manager of the Dublin theatre. Whether there exists any particular jealousy between the pulpit and the stage, we cannot tell,—we have seen very bad, as well as very good "tolerable and not to be endured," and very good, actors in both places—but there does seem to be a sort of feud, which ever and anon breaks out; and some preacher, more zealous than the rest, launches out his measureless anathemas against the drama and its professors, as a perfect hell and a set of devils to match. The salient points are seized, and every offence, mischief, vice, and crime, that can be traced to a play-house, is denounced as the offspring of the place, not the depravity of human nature, which, even in a church or conventicle, will lapse into sin. They excuse

"The sins they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to;"

and in austerity towards the innocent recreation afforded by the well-regulated drama, find an apology for those pleasures which may be more congenial to their tastes, the ample dinner, the wine cup, and, it may be, the tea-cup and love-feast! Excitement is enjoyment, and we ought not, in common charity, to be too pharisaical as to its causes and modes.

We lately reviewed Dr. Styles, whom Dr. Bennett has followed; and need not again go into this puritanical controversy. Of what is bad in the drama we are not the defenders, but we greatly dislike the indiscriminating condemnation of what is good in it. Against its degradation and pollution for disgraceful purposes we have ever raised our voice; but that is the very reason we would stand by it in its improving and moral tendencies. So we would as regards the pulpit and religion,—reprove the mixture of the one, and the abuse of the other; in order to defend the one without intolerance, and the other without bigotry. It is not because there are errors in every thing human, that we are to impeach the whole system. The

priest and the performer are, after all, men of the same species; and the latter may be as beneficially employed in enforcing an ennobling principle, as the former in inculcating a point of doctrine. At any rate there should be no strife between the two; for, if properly conducted, the pulpit need not be ashamed of the stage as an ally in good works.

Before offering a few remarks on the body of Mr. Calcraft's volume, we would just notice a passage in his preface; where, illustrating the detrimental nature of literary controversy, he says:—

"Milton expressed no compunction for the death of Salmastius, nor has the 'Quarterly' recorded any penitence for the article that put an end to Keats."

With regard to the former we shall not question that the author of "Paradise Lost" slew his adversary with a quarte pamphlet; but with regard to the Quarterly reviewer, we may repeat that it would have been a work of supererogation in him to cry *pecorari* for a crime he did not commit. Poor Keats died of consumption, and not of an article in any review; though, like many other silly and unfounded bits of gossip, this charge has been repeated till it has obtained the currency of belief among those who know no better.

Previous to a searching examination of some of Dr. Bennett's garbled statements from Collier and other opponents of the stage, Mr. Calcraft thus speaks of his odious comparisons:—

"Can, then, the theatre with justice be condemned among the resorts of low sensuality, with which it has been so cruelly compared? The gaming table, the brothel, and the midnight tavern of the drunken reveller, are equally unmanicured by the magistrate and the philosopher. The one feeling the impossibility of rendering useful that which is essentially profligate, and the other, in the wildest dreams of Utopian enthusiasm, never contemplating the probability of reforming that which reason says should be abolished altogether. There are portions of life which men cannot and will not employ either in labour or in study. The mind and body both require refreshment, and that which Nature demands, Religion does not deny. Pindar says, 'rest and enjoyment are universal physicians'; and Aristotle observes, 'it is impossible for men to live in continual labour—repose and games must succeed to cares and watchings.' Our recreations should be moderate, not tardily prolonged, but dismissed in time, as the dogs of the Nile run whilst they sip its waters, lest the wary crocodile should entrap their negligence. In teaching the discipline of the human heart, we should avoid extremes as carefully as in restraining its indulgences. Dr. Johnson, a profound moralist and pious Christian, says, 'If one was to think continually of death, the business of life would stand still; I am no friend to making religion appear too hard. Many good people have done harm by giving too severe notions of it.' Sir Walter Scott, another eminent moral teacher, says, 'To those abstracted spirits, who feel or suppose themselves capable of remaining constantly involved in heavenly thoughts, any sublimary amusements may justly seem frivolous, but the mass of mankind are not so formed.' Giddy, thoughtless people, and there always have been, and in all probability always will be, a majority of such in the world, are more likely to be reclaimed by instruction mildly insinuated, than harshly commanded. The pride which recoils against authority, sometimes yields to persuasion, and in this

view, it is probable the stage may avail (I speak it reverently) where the pulpit fails. 'Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.' He carries every vote who combines the instructive with the agreeable. Surely this maxim of the Roman poet is not inconsistent with the higher sources from whence our own moral doctrines are derived. The theatre is a gentle monitor, and, as such, acceptable to the tastes of men; appealing to the reason, it is true, through the pleasant, but at the same time hazardous medium of the senses, and therefore liable to objection as easily pervertible to abuse; but the lesson is not the less efficacious if prudently administered, as the senses are the most powerful alembic through which knowledge can be instilled into the heart."

The rationality of this view is surely not incompatible with morality and religion; not so much so as dishonesty in reasoning, if we are forbidden to do evil that good may follow it. Yet we read:—

"Dr. Bennett says (page 14 of Sermon), 'The authority of Livy is sometimes adduced by the friends of the drama, to prove that it was originally introduced at Rome to pacify the gods, and avert a pestilence; but it should in candour be added to this statement, that he says, the remedy in this case was worse than the disease, and the atonement more infectious than the plague.' Which latter sentence he gives as a quotation from Livy, transcribing it on the faith of Collier. Now, there is no such passage in Livy, nor any remark of that historian which, by any possible interpretation, can be so defined. What he says on the subject is as follows: 'Inter allarum parva principia rerum, ludorum quoque prima erigo ponenda visa est: ut apparet, quam ab sano initio res in hanc vix opulentis regibus tolerabilem insaniam venerit.' Which stands thus in Baker's translation: 'Among the trifling beginnings of other matters, I thought it not amiss to give a view of the origin of theatrical exhibitions also, in order to shew, from a moderate setting out, to what an intolerable extravagance they have proceeded; such extravagance, indeed, as scarcely to be supported by opulent kingdoms.' Let impartial readers decide whether or not this is a fair mode of handling evidences."

And the author proceeds well with the general argument, as far as ancient authorities are concerned:—

"'Tully,' answering to Collier, 'cries out upon licentious plays and poems, as the bane of sobriety and wise thinking; and Plutarch says plays are dangerous to corrupt young people; and, therefore, stage poetry, when it grows too hardy and licentious, ought to be checked.' With both of these opinions we cordially agree, but Cicero, as is well known, was the friend of Rascius, and an admirer of his art; and Plutarch tells us, in another passage of the same part of his works, from whence Collier has quoted, that he thought plays useful to polish the manners and instil the principles of virtue. The entire tendency of the treatise, 'De Audiendis Poetis,' is to guide youth in the study of the poets, especially the dramatic ones, and to shew them where the abuses lie, and how they are balanced by the advantages. There is scarcely any author who quotes more constantly from the ancient dramatists than Plutarch, when enforcing his own moral sentences and instructions. Aristotle (who, according to Collier and his followers, is also an enemy to the stage) considered it of so much importance, that he laid down a very minute model for its formation and arrangement. 'Tragedy,' by his definition, is 'the imitation of an action

which, by means of terror and pity, refines and purifies in us all sorts of passion.' He also says, 'the force of music and action is very affecting; it commands the audience, and changes the passions to a resemblance of the matter before them.' 'So that,' adds Collier, 'when the representation is foul, the thoughts of the company must suffer.' This we readily admit; and by the same rule, when the representation is fair, the thoughts of the company must be elevated accordingly."

The summary of testimonies of more modern instances is not less curious; and, on the grounds we have stated for not again entering into the dispute, we will conclude with the following:—

"The number of churchmen who have written plays, or otherwise countenanced the stage by their writings and example, is extraordinary."

"The first regular comedy in English, 'Gammer Gurton's Needle,' was written by the Rev. J. Still, afterwards Bishop of Bath and Wells."

"Dr. John Bale, bishop of Ossory, called billous Bale, from the acrimony of his controversial writings, is the author of above twenty dramatic pieces, four of which were published. Dr. Nicholas Brady, the coadjutor of Tate (who was also a dramatist) in the version of the Psalms, is the author of a tragedy called 'The Rape, or the Innocent Impostors.' The Rev. Thomas Broughton, prebendary of Salisbury Cathedral, is the author of a tragedy, called 'Hercules.' The Rev. William Cartwright, who died in 1643, is the author of the 'Royal Slave,' 'The Lady Errant,' 'The Ordinary,' and 'The Siege.' He was an eminent preacher. The learned and pious Dr. Fell, bishop of Oxford, said of him, 'Cartwright was the utmost man could come to.' Dr. Samuel Coxall, archdeacon of Salop, is the author of the 'Fair Circassian.' Dr. John Dalton altered and adapted to the stage Milton's 'Comus.' Dr. Dodd, who, though his end was unfortunate, was an able divine and a religious man, wrote the oratorios of 'Ruth' and 'Balaam,' the tragedy of the 'Syracusan,' and edited the 'Beauties of Shakspeare,' with notes and annotations. Dr. Warburton, bishop of Gloucester, bestowed much time on an edition of Shakspeare, and in writing notes to his works. Dr. Percy, bishop of Dromore, wrote an essay on the English stage, and contributed many notes to the various editions of Shakspeare."

"The Rev. Thomas Goffe, who was esteemed as an excellent preacher, wrote the tragedies of the 'Raging Turk,' 'Orestes,' and the 'Courageous Turk,' and a tragi-comedy called the 'Careless Shepherdess.' He died in 1627. Dr. Zachary Grey wrote critical, historical, and explanatory Notes to Shakspeare. The Rev. John Upton, prebendary of Rochester, wrote critical observations on Shakspeare. The Rev. Stephen Gosson, who afterwards became a noted persecutor of the theatre, and wrote 'The School of Abuse,' an invective against poets and players, is the author of a tragedy called 'Catiline's Conspiracies,' the comedy of 'Captain Mario,' and a morality called 'Praise at Parting.' Dr. John Hackett, bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, is the author of 'Loyola,' a comedy acted before James the First. The Rev. Samuel Harding wrote the tragedy of 'Sicily and Naples, or the Fatal Union.' Dr. Peter Hansted, chaplain to the Earl of Northampton in the civil wars, wrote the comedies called 'Rival Friends,' and 'Senile Odium.' Dr. John Hoadly, prebendary of

Winchester, is supposed to have materially assisted his brother in the celebrated comedy of the 'Suspicious Husband,' and is the author of the following dramatic pieces—'The Contrast,' 'Jephtha,' 'Love's Revenge,' 'The Force of Truth,' and 'Phoebe,' and left several dramatic works in manuscript behind him. The Rev. John Home is the author of 'Douglas,' a play that will keep possession of the stage as long as any taste for true natural poetry remains; and also of 'Agis,' 'The Siege of Aquileia,' 'The Fatal Discovery,' 'Alonza,' and 'Alfred.' The rigid principles of the synod of Scotland were shocked at the idea of a member of the kirk becoming a dramatist; they, accordingly, in a public convocation, expelled him, and disqualified him from the ministry; in consequence of which he resigned a good living, and withdrew from the jurisdiction of the presbytery. The opinion of mankind has amply vindicated him, and condemned the harsh bigotry by which he suffered, and the late King George III., then Prince of Wales, afforded him a substantial recompense, in the form of a handsome pension, which placed him beyond the effects of further persecution. Dr. James Hurd is the author of 'Panthea,' and 'Sir T. More,' tragedies, and 'Cursory Remarks on the Arrangement of the Plays of Shakspeare.' The Rev. W. Mason, chaplain to the king, rector of Aston, and canon-residentiary of York, and prebendary of Driffield, is one of the authors entitled to the applause of the world, as well for the virtues of the heart, as the excellence of their writings. He is the author of the celebrated dramatic pieces, 'Caractacus' and 'Elfrida,' two tragedies still in MS., and finished a tragedy left by Whitehead, called 'Edipus.' The Rev. Dr. Brown is the author of the tragedies of 'Barbarossa' and 'Athalstan.'"

"The Rev. James Townley is the author of the popular farce of 'High Life below Stairs,' so often attributed to the pen of Garrick and many others. Dr. John Watson, bishop of Winchester in 1633, is the author of 'Absalom,' a tragedy in Latin. Dr. Welch, bishop of Derry in 1670, wrote two comedies, called 'Hermophus' (in Latin), and 'Love's Hospital.' Dr. Francis Wingham, archdeacon of York, is the author of a farce called 'Reform,' written in 1793. Dr. James Plumptre is the author of a comedy called the 'Coventry Act,' the tragedy of 'Osway,' 'Observations on Hamlet, with an Appendix,' and 'Four Sermons on Subjects relating to the Stage,' preached in St. Mary's Church, Cambridge. In these discourses Dr. Plumptre takes the middle course, and points out the distinction between the uses and abuses of the stage. He says, 'This powerful engine can be made to promote the cause of virtue and religion, and to become not only an innocent amusement, but a highly rational and pleasing source of instruction.' These discourses were written under the sanction of the Rev. Dr. Pearson, vice-chancellor of the University of

"Cowper, a pious, and in some respects severe Christian, in a letter to Dr. Hunter, speaking of the tragedy of 'Sir Thomas More,' says, 'I wish to know what you mean to do with 'Sir Thomas,' for though I expressed doubts about his theatrical possibilities, I think him a very respectable person, and, with some improvement, well worthy of being introduced to the public.'—*Hayley's Life of Cowper*, Letter cxcviii. See, also, 'The Task,' book vi. p. 284, in which he eulogises Garrick, and, in speaking of the Jubilee at Stratford, in 1769, in honour of Shakspeare, says—

"'Twas a hallowed throng; decorum reigned,
And mirth without offence. No few returned,
Doubtless much edified, and all refreshed."

It is evident from this, Cowper had no horror of the theatre; yet his character and conduct are often quoted by the most rigid."

Cambridge, to whom they are dedicated. The reader would do well to peruse them entire, and not draw his opinion of Dr. Plumptre's object, or the mode in which he enforces it, by the summary account included in Dr. Bennett's Appendix. The book is reasonable and moderate, and the notes abound with highly entertaining information. This production Dr. Bennett regards as 'a curiosity in theological literature.' It may be so. That a clergyman should say a word or two in defence of the stage, may appear to him curious, but I think I have shewn that at all events it is not singular. Dr. Edward Young, the author of 'Night Thoughts,' wrote the tragedies of the 'Revenge,' 'Busiris,' and 'The Brothers,' the last of which (a fact, I believe, not generally known) was written and acted for the express purpose of adding to the fund for the propagation of the gospel in foreign parts. In more modern times, the Rev. C. Matrin, who is remembered in this city as an eloquent preacher, is the author of the tragedies of 'Bertram,' 'Manuel,' 'Ferdolfo,' and 'Osmyn the Renegade.' The Rev. H. Millman is the author of 'Fazio,' which was eminently successful on the stage when produced at Covent Garden for Miss O'Neill, 'Belshazzar's Feast,' the 'Fall of Jerusalem,' and the 'Martyr of Antioch.' The Rev. C. Croly is the author of 'Catiline,' and a very successful comedy called 'Pride shall have a Fall.'"

Notes of a Wanderer, in Search of Health, through Italy, Egypt, Greece, Turkey, up the Danube, and down the Rhine. By W. F. Cumming, M.D., late Bengal Medical Establishment, &c. &c. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1839. Saunders and Odey; Edinburgh, Blackwood.

DR. CUMMING'S peregrinations covered a vast extent of ground, and his diary is full of remarks which do credit to his good sense and acuteness. If we had not read many previous works describing the same countries, places, and topics, we should have enjoyed as much of pleasure as of information from his very agreeable and instructive volumes; and to those who are not in this (our unfortunate critical) predicament, we can cordially recommend them. As it is with ourselves we must dismiss them with a single extract on the transmission of correspondence with India. At Grand Cairo:

"The pacha arrived two days ago from the Delta. I saw him drive past the hotel in a carriage more like a London jarvie than a vehicle of state; it was drawn by six white horses, and preceded by a dozen outriders. He is a venerable-looking old man, with a long white beard. Dined yesterday with Mr. Waghorn, to meet Lord and Lady Brudenell. His lordship is on his way to Coesir via Thebes, where he hopes to embark on the H. Lindsay steam-boat early next month for Bombay. After dinner, we had a long and animated discussion on steam communication with India. Mr. Waghorn is a very singular character, and were his zeal and enthusiasm only tempered by a little more judgment and discretion, is precisely the man to be the successful apostle of a new system. Of iron frame and ceaseless activity of mind (the latter ever at high pressure), he spares neither time, labour, nor expense—hurrying night and day through sun, and sand, and bog—to forward and expedite his despatches. Although having no official situation under the Crown or the Company, he derives a handsome revenue from letters addressed to his especial care. Great Britain and British India are both much indebted to Waghorn,

for it cannot be denied that his zealous advocacy of the Red Sea route to Bombay has been mainly instrumental in rousing the attention of the Indian and home authorities to the subject. To the Company's officers travelling to and from Bombay, he is ever ready with his assistance and advice. Indeed, every English traveller in Egypt finds a willing counsellor in Waghorn. I speak from experience."

MISCELLANEOUS.

Robert Montgomery's Works. Vol. II. Woman. Glasgow, 1839. Symington.

THIS volume contains the poem of "Woman," being its third edition, and some miscellaneous pieces. Among them, the following is a sweet and touching specimen:—

"The hour is past, the pleasure o'er,
And dumb the harp and glee;
Young feet no longer trip the floor
Alive with melody!

Those fairy brows, those forms of love,
That wake the dreamer's sigh,
Like shapes who leave their bowers above
To charm a human eye:

All, all are gone! the lights have fled
From your deserted room;
Dim as a chamber of the dead,
And voiceless as the tomb!

And now I am alone again,
With feelings undefin'd;
A pilgrim in a world of pain,—
An unpartaken mind.

The silent walk, the sickly moon,
And melancholy sky,—
Yes, these will make me feel how soon
The hours of beauty fly!

Oh, pleasure! brief as bright thou art,
A momentary ray,—
A dream roll'd o'er a vacant heart,
To charm and die away!"

Mrs. Loudon's Ladies' Flower Garden. No. III. London, 1839. Smith.

EQUALLY beautiful with the preceding Nos., contains Clarkias and other rare and lovely flowers.

Lockhart's Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott. Second Edition, Vol. I. Edinburgh, Cadell; London, Murray; Whittaker and Co.

THIS volume contains nothing new except one or two notes, and the illustrations, which are very acceptable. The frontispiece is of "Old Beattie," an ancestor of the poet; and the vignette a very interesting likeness of himself, from a miniature taken at Bath, in 1777, when he was six years old. In this countenance the man is fairly shadowed forth by the child; and the ample brow is strikingly apparent.

The Scripture Gazetteer. 2 vols. 8vo., double columns. Pp. supra 1200. Edinburgh, 1839. The Edinburgh Printing and Publishing Company.

THE importance of a work of this kind need not be dwelt upon. The deep interest attached to every scene and event which it illustrates, is not confined even to the Christian world, but is universal. The Scripture geography of the Old and New Testament must be understood by all who desire to have a clear understanding of these Scriptures,—and belief itself must derive strength and confirmation by an attentive reference to histories and relations, which prove the certainties of the future, of revelation and prophecy, by shewing how the past has been fulfilled.

Of a work so well calculated to attain these important objects, all we shall say is, that it seems to emanate from Glasgow College, on which it reflects honour; and from its careful editing, appears to us (on turning to casual explanations on which to form our opinion) to deserve a large share of public patronage and encouragement.

Poor-Law Rhymes; or, Anti-Marcus, by S. W. Fullon, a Minor. 18mo. pp. 24. (London, Cousins.)—Horribly disfigured by the cuts, this effusion of a young and uneducated pen shews a right feeling for distress and wretchedness, which does credit to the writer's heart. The versification has many blemishes; but for a humble minor (such as here tries his lot), the following lines are not so unlike Crabbe as to be much contemned:—

"A month had pass'd away; and now, once more,
I stood the Union's black pich before;
But ere a timid summons I had rung,
The grated portal was wide open flung;
And forth these came four men in much-worn black,
Upon whose shoulders were two coffins borne—
Two coffins in their shape, yet made so slight,
They scarcely hid the ghastly dead from sight.
Oh, they were shells indeed!—transparent too.
For here and there a rusty nail peep'd through.
Nine shillings each the undertaker had—
'Twas dear enough for workmanship so bad;
At least, methinks, he might have sent a pall,
To cover shell, indecency, and all."

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

CURE OF STAMMERING.

It is nearly a year ago (see *Lit. Gazette* of 2d June, 1838), that we directed attention to what we had then seen cause to recommend as an extraordinary, though most simple process, by which a *Mr. Thomas Hunt* succeeded in removing impediments of speech, whether acquired or natural. As in all similar cases, we fully felt the responsibility of offering an opinion to the public; and the more so, from the consideration of the deep personal interest which must be attached to it by those in whom it might excite the hope of benefit. We stated, from actual observation, that *Mr. Hunt's* "operations were all the most simple and the most natural. When seen, one wondered they had not struck every body before. The disposition of the mouth,—the tongue, teeth, lips, larynx, palate, and a few rules for pronouncing various letters and words. These were all the magic he employed; and, within two days, a wild, gasping, and frightfully distorted stammerer, from infancy to twenty years of age, was taught to converse as calmly, and with as little grimace, as if he had never been afflicted." And we added, "If we had not seen this, we could not have believed it possible." Having thus committed ourselves, we cannot allow the subject to drop without stating how much gratification we have enjoyed from the results, both in our individual and public capacity. The private letters we have answered, by directing the writers to the gentleman in question, and the applications made to himself, in consequence of our notice, have all tended to one happy conclusion. The fervent thanks we have received from some for complete cures, and the grateful acknowledgments of every one who has tried *Mr. Hunt's* instructions for relief and comfort, are our pleasant reward for this volunteer service to the community. From men of all the three learned professions, and others in various walks of life, we have received the same testimonies as to the efficacy of the system, and the same expressions of regard, for having been the means of making it known to them. Under such circumstances it is our duty to mention these facts, and we perform it with unfeigned satisfaction.*

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

MARCH 25. *Mr. W. R. Hamilton*, President, in the chair.—Read extracts from the following papers. 1. 'A Letter from *Mr. J. C. Bowring* to *J. B. Pentland*, Esq., H.M. Consul-General, in Bolivia.'

* One remark had nearly escaped our remembrance. From *Mr. Hunt's* classical attainments (having taken university degrees), he is peculiarly eligible to convey his instructions to pupils at our public schools who may unfortunately need his assistance. Reading Latin and Greek with them we have observed to be of infinite benefit.

Cuzco, April 20th, 1838.

My dear Sir,—I have examined carefully the map of the Lake of Titicaca by *M. D'Orbigny*, to which you have directed my attention; and have been astonished to find that it is an exact copy of one which I made in 1833, and which I gave to that gentleman on his departure from Bolivia. I cannot express to you in too strong terms, therefore, my surprise, that *M. D'Orbigny* should have published in his own name, and as founded upon his observations, a work of mine; and you will greatly oblige me by stating to the Geographical Society of London, and to the Institute of France, under the patronage of which, I understand, *M. D'Orbigny's* travels were published, and thereby claiming for one of your countrymen the merit of having produced the first tolerable delineation of that extraordinary inland sea. Your own survey will already have rendered evident to you, that my map, which *M. D'Orbigny* calls his, although better than any that preceded it, is still very far from being correct. I can only answer for the small portion I had then visited, and which was confined to the South Gulf, the groups of islands of Aycachi, and of Titicaca, and the vicinity of the Strait of Tiquina; the N.W. part being founded upon a MS. map which I discovered in the collection of the *Marqués Pinedo*, and which I have since ascertained to be full of errors. In support of my reclamation, I may further state that I accompanied *M. D'Orbigny* in his only visit of a week to the Lake of Titicaca, and which was confined to a hasty excursion along a small part of its S.E. shores, between Tiayguanacu and Hachacache. On looking over the atlas of *M. D'Orbigny's* travels, I have observed several views of the extraordinary Peruvian ruins, which you know exist at Tiayguanacu, and in the islands of Titicaca and Coati, and which, although stated to have been made by *M. D'Orbigny*, are from my own pencil; especially those of the two latter localities, the birth-places of Peruvian civilization, and which *M. D'Orbigny* never visited.—I am, &c., J. C. BOWRING.

2. 'On the Geography of the Country around Cuzco,' by *Mr. Bowring*. After describing the present state of the city of Cuzco, and the remarkable remains of its former splendour, the author gives an account of the town of Urubamba, in the fertile valley of the Yucay, about twenty miles N.W. of the capital; and of the villages Ollantaytambo and Choquequen, noted for their remains of ancient architecture, and the former for a suspension-bridge of a double arch resting upon a pier of Cyclopean construction in the centre of the stream. *Mr. Bowring* also throws some light on the course of the rivers Yanatili and Ucayali; and, during a residence of some years in this part of America, he made himself master of the Quichua and other Indian languages; a subject which has been far too much neglected by our travellers in general.—*Mr. Pentland* then gave an outline of his travels in Peru and Bolivia during the last two years. Landing at Arica in August 1837, *Mr. Pentland* proceeded to La Paz, the then Bolivian seat of government, to which he had been appointed H.M. Consul-General. On his road he remained a short time at Tacna, a large town, fourteen leagues distant from the sea-port, and the residence of the principal foreign merchants. Having determined its position, he crossed the western Cordillera by the Guailillas pass, which he found to be 14,700 feet above the level of the sea. At this point, persons ascending from the low countries bordering upon the Pacific suffer

severely from the effects of a highly rarified atmosphere; and there are instances of individuals having died from this cause. Near to the Gualillas pass, Mr. Pentland examined a gigantic undertaking, planned and conducted by one of our countrymen, viz. a canal destined to carry the waters of a river now flowing in an opposite direction across a pass of the western Cordilleras into the valley of Tacna, for the purpose of irrigation. This work was planned by an Englishman named Scott, and undertaken chiefly by the British merchants at Tacna, affording another example of the enterprise of our countrymen in every land. Some idea may be formed of the magnitude of the work, when it is stated, that the point where the river Uchusuma enters the canal is 14,652 feet above the level of the sea; that the extent of it will be 40,000 yards before it reaches the culminating point of the Andes, over which it must pass; and that the whole of this work must be conducted in a country devoid of population and of the necessities of life, in consequence of its great elevation, which falls little short of that of the highest points of the Alps. As Mr. Pentland has promised to lay before the Society a detailed account of his geographical labours in Bolivia and Upper Peru, we shall confine our notice to some of his excursions. In the spring of 1838, he visited the western shore of the Great Lake of Titicaca, the ancient Peruvian province of Collao, the fertile valley of the Yucay, and fixed his residence for a short time at Cuzco, the ancient capital of the Incas. With the exception of Gen. Miller, it is believed that Messrs. Bowring and Pentland are the only persons who have visited Cuzco with a scientific object; indeed our information respecting it is very meagre. The position of the far-famed temple of the Sun, now the church of Santo Domingo, was found to be in $12^{\circ} 31' S. \text{ lat.}, 72^{\circ} 4' W. \text{ long.}$; and at an elevation of upwards of 11,000 feet above the sea. During his stay, Mr. Pentland found a plan of the ancient and modern city, and examined the many ruins of Peruvian architecture that still remain. Quitting Cuzco, he visited Ollantaytambo, and the N.W. extremity of the great eastern Cordillera, and observed a third instance of a river cutting through the Andes, where the Yucay passes from the basin of Urubamba into that of Santa Asia. During this journey, Mr. Pentland determined the position of nearly forty points, and by barometrical means their elevation above the sea, and fixed both the positions and elevations of every important point of the eastern Cordillera between the parallels of 16° and 13° south. He subsequently visited the east and N.E. shores of the Lake of Titicaca, which had never been examined by any scientific traveller, during which he completed his survey of that vast inland sea. On its eastern shores he found a large agricultural population, almost exclusively composed of Indians, who speak the Aymara language, and discovered extensive ruins of the ancient Peruvians, especially of sepulchral monuments, which would appear to indicate a much denser population in those countries than is now existing. In a third excursion into the valley of Sorata, said Mr. Pentland, I examined the course of the river Mizpi, where it cuts through the eastern Cordillera at the N.W. foot of the Nevado de Lachisani, and fixed the position of this curious break in the chain, and of the several villages of the provinces of Larecaja and Muñecas, one of which is remarkable from its being inhabited by a population of about 3000; the male part of which is exclusively

occupied as itinerant quacks and fortune-tellers, and who, leaving their country with a bag of simples, travel from one extreme of South America to the other. They may be met with in Chile, at Buenos Ayres, and in Bogotá, with their bag of medicines and charms. They amass, during their absence, considerable sums of money, which, on their return, are dissipated in drinking. In many of their habits they resemble our gipsies, and in physiognomy differ from the other Indians, and approach nearly that of the Jews. They speak a language peculiar to this limited population, and which is totally unknown to the Aymara Indians, in the midst of whose territory the hill upon which Curba stands is situated. This isolation of a separate race, for I consider the people of Curba entirely different from the other Indians of the province, not only occurs at Curba, as I visited another district in the same province of Muñecas, viz. Amarata, the inhabitants of which, scarcely amounting to 3000, speak a distinct language; I can only attribute this isolation of the Curbeños and Amarataños to those colonies founded by the Incas, by transporting whole nations from one part of their extensive empire to the other. During these various excursions, Mr. Pentland has determined the position and elevation of every point of the snowy range of the eastern Cordillera, and of the most remarkable peaks of the western, between 19° and 16° south lat. He has collected a considerable mass of drawings of the monuments of the ancient Peruvians, and, with the data obtained during his former mission to Bolivia, he expects to be able to lay before the Society a correct map of the mountain districts of Bolivia and Southern Peru, one of the most interesting regions of South America as connected with the history of the ancient Peruvians, and with the physical geography of the gigantic chain which extends from Cape Horn to Panamá. Among the donations on the table was a facsimile of a map, bearing the date of A.D. 1357, preserved in the library of San Lorenzo, at Florence, presented to the Society by Count Groberg of Hemad. Also, Mr. Bradshaw's recent map of railroads was exhibited, which, besides the roads, shews the sections of the various lines; some of which, as the Maclefield and Sheffield, and Stockton and Darlington, are remarkable, as the highest point of the former passes over an elevation of 760 feet above its termini, and 943 feet above the sea.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

FRIDAY, 22d March.—Mr. Faraday, 'On Professor Airy's method of correcting the Compass in Iron Vessels;' the removal of an error so large, that it was feared it would be a prohibition to the employment of ships or steamers, so constructed, in other than coasting voyages, and even then in clear weather. Now, Mr. Faraday observed, perhaps from the ports of Great Britain one hundred go to sea, and iron ships are becoming more and more extensively used. They offer great advantages with regard to strength, shape, and stowage. When, some time ago, the Rainbow came round from Liverpool to London by compass (or rather without one, because it was discovered to be of no use), the needle, instead of pointing to the magnetic north and south, evinced strange vagaries. And when the captain was told, off the Isle of Wight, to steer E. by S. or he would be on shore, he could not tell where south was. The effect produced by moving a large plate of iron under a magnetic needle, illustrated this; and Mr. Faraday proceeded to explain the condition of the iron and of the needle. We will not,

however, follow him through his interesting descriptions and exhibitions; but pass on to the investigation conducted by Professor Airy, at Deptford, at the request of the government. Seven compasses, placed in various parts of an iron vessel, four on deck and three above, were closely observed and noted, and compared with the real position of the ship's head as she was warped round; all the bearings of the different positions were accurately taken, and the perfect expression of the error found. The investigation of the cause was then conducted. The magnetic force acting upon a needle, or magnetic intensity, is indicated by the number of vibrations the needle, drawn from the magnetic meridian, makes previously to settling to rest. This force, without the iron vessel, where the needle is affected by terrestrial magnetism alone, is constant: but within it varies with the altered position of the vessel, and to a great extent. By this inquiry the result was obtained with reference to the quantity of disturbing power, by induction, which belonged to the earth, and to what belonged to other causes. It was discovered that the far greater portion was due to permanent magnetism, not of one pointing north and south, but of several. Professor Airy was then able, by summing up the power, to ascertain the amount of the influence of the ship, a compound bulky magnet, to take off the extra power, and leave the needle affected only by the constant power of the earth. In this way the compass in iron is rendered even more correct than in wooden vessels. The influence of the ship in every position being ascertained, the power of the magnet to be brought to the vessel as the corrector, and placed in certain relation to the compass, was calculated and determined, and such corrector invariably compensated the error, or counteracted the disturbing force. Professor Airy has retained his formulae until he is more certain of effects. He is fully so with regard to the investigation and its application hitherto (its success in the Ironsides, which made a voyage to Pernambuco, and in the Rainbow, running between London and Antwerp, was particularly mentioned); but not sufficient proofs from numbers have been as yet obtained. The ship being a permanent magnet, is the cause of error; but the error of one may be doubled of another—one cannot be corrected by the other. Each ship is its own magnet, but how, is not known. Iron, placed in the line of the dip, by percussion is rendered a permanent magnet; a moderate blow, again, may destroy its magnetism, or a harder blow may reverse the power. So, in construction of iron vessels by blows, how many and opposite magnets may be produced! And thus, probably, is the permanent magnetism of iron ships obtained.

Mr. Faraday also pointed out and drew attention to specimens, of Messrs. Havell and Wilmore's application of Mr. Talbot's discovery.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

THURSDAY, March 21.—We have pleasure in giving an exact copy of Mr. Talbot's communication, read this evening, and entitled 'Notice respecting a new kind of Sensitive Paper.' The following method of preparing a sensitive paper, appears to me to present some advantages; at any rate, it is different from my former one, and I have therefore the honour of communicating it to the Society. Take good writing paper, and wash it over with nitrate of silver; then with bromide of potassium; and afterwards again

with nitrate of silver; drying it at the fire between each operation. This paper is very sensitive to the light of the clouds, and even to the feeblest daylight; but it is insensible to radiant heat, and therefore suffers no change from the warmth of the fire before which it is dried. It is of a pale yellow colour, and the light changes it to bluish green, olive green, and finally almost black. From want of an acknowledged unit of measure, it is difficult to define its *degree* of sensibility; but the following experiments made during the bad weather of last week, will serve as an approximation. At five P.M. in very cloudy weather, in London, this paper being placed in a camera obscura and directed towards a window, a picture of the window-bars was obtained in six minutes. Shortly after sunset, being then still darker, the paper exposed near a window changed its colour sensibly, in from twenty to thirty seconds. The memoir which I had the honour to present to the Society on the 31st of January, and which contained my first account of the art of photogenic drawing, was written in the course of a few days, and, therefore, necessarily less perfect than I could have wished. In re-examining it, although I do not find that anything has been erroneously stated, I perceive that there are some omissions arising from haste of composition. One of the things which I forgot to mention in it, is my method of imitating etchings on copperplate; and which, though not a real art of *photogenic engraving* (if I may assume such a process to exist), yet might easily be mistaken for it if not explained. This was among the first applications which I made of my principle, nearly five years ago, and is performed in the following manner: Take a sheet of glass and smear it over with a solution of resin in turpentine; when half dry, hold it over the smoke of a candle; the smoke will be absorbed by the resin, and although the glass will be darkened as usual, there will be a sort of glaze over the smoke which will prevent it from rubbing off. Of course, if any opaque varnish should be at hand, it will be simpler to use that. On this blackened surface, when not quite dry, let any design whatever be made with a needle's point, the lines of which will, of course, be transparent. When this is placed over a sheet of prepared paper, a very perfect copy is obtained; every line which the needle has traced being represented by a dark line upon the paper. In the autumn of 1834, being then at Geneva, I tried several *photogenic etchings* in this way, which were executed for me by a friend, as I am not myself skilled in drawing. Among other views was one of the city of Geneva itself, being the view, if I rightly recollect, which we saw from our windows. Another application of the same principle, is to make copies of any writing. This is so very easy, and each copy takes so short a time in making, that I think it may prove very useful to persons who wish to circulate a few copies among their friends of anything which they have written; more especially since, if they can draw, they may interperse their text with drawings, which shall have almost as good an effect as some engravings. The chief expense will be from the quantity of silver used, which is small; but no press being wanted, it cannot fail to be, on the whole, a very economical process.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

MARCH 16. Professor Wilson in the chair.—A paper, by Mr. Traill, was read, 'On the *Choorce* and *Phoolwa*, the solid oil of the *Bassia butyrosa*. This paper may be considered in

part a continuation of the papers read at the last meeting, on the Vegetable Tallow of Canara. The tree producing the chooree is not a native of the Almora Hills; but grows abundantly in the Phoor Khalee, province of Dohoe, where the oil is largely prepared as an article of commerce; and, being cheaper than ghee (clarified butter), is used to adulterate that substance. It is exported to Bellary and other parts of Rohilkund, partly in the original state, and partly as phoolwa, which is a mixture of the chooree with a sweet-scented oil. The author described the chooree, when genuine, as being well adapted for burning in lamps; and stated that he had for many years used it in preference to cocoa-nut oil for that purpose; but, as the natives usually mix the flour of Indian corn with the chooree, it was found necessary to purify it. At Birmaee, a maund of chooree may be purchased for eight rupees, or about 2½d. per pound. Mr. Traill concluded by stating, on the authority of Dr. Royle, that there was every probability that the *Bassia butyrosa* might be successfully cultivated in the plains of India (where its congeners, *Bassia latifolia*, or *Monhwa*, and *Bassia longifolia*, or *Ilupoi* tree, flourish so well), as a young chooree tree obtained from the hills, where it is indigenous, flourished for many years at Saharunpore. Mr. H. Newnham stated, that most of his knowledge of the properties and uses of the phoolwa was derived from Mr. R. Blake, a gentleman well known for his scientific attainments; and who for many years held the office of assay-master to the mint at Futtahgur. Since then, Mr. N. had seen it frequently employed as an external application; and had himself employed it successfully in cases of rheumatism, chronic pains, and stiffness of the joints. He considered it well worthy the attention of European surgeons, as a substitute for the unctuous substances in common use, and for which its valuable properties and unchangeable nature well adapted it. Mr. Solly described this substance as being a solid oil, similar to the vegetable tallow of the piney-tree, but containing more elain, or fluid oil, and hence well designated as a butter. He stated that it was solid at all ordinary temperatures; became soft and pasty at about 90° Fahrenheit; and required a heat of near 120° to melt it completely. He found a specimen of the phoolwa, a preparation of chooree and sweet-oil, which was brought over five years ago by Mr. Traill, to consist of sixty parts of solid oil, thirty-four of fluid-oil, and six parts of vegetable impurities. These latter, however, both from the smallness of the quantity, and their nature, appeared to be derived from the seeds, and not to be impurities intentionally introduced. A specimen of the chooree, which had been in this country upwards of thirteen years, and which was slightly altered by keeping, contained 82 per cent of solid oil. He found that by boiling a portion of this slightly altered substance in alcohol, the smell, and the pale-yellow colour which it had acquired through age, were removed; and it then appeared as a perfectly white substance, of a rather greater consistence than tallow, burning very well, and having a very beautiful appearance when cast in moulds. Hence, he had little doubt, it would prove a valuable addition to the solid oils already known in commerce.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—Entomological, 8 P.M.
Tuesday.—Linnæan, 8 P.M.; Horticultural, 3 P.M.; Electrical, 7 P.M.

Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 7½ P.M.; Artists' and Amateurs' Conversations, 8 P.M.

Thursday.—Zoological, 3 P.M.

Friday.—Botanical, 8 P.M.

Saturday.—Astiatric 2 P.M.; Guy's Hospital Physical Society, 8 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

THE PHOTOGENIC ART.

[THE intense and general interest which this subject continues to excite, renders us anxious to throw every new light upon it; and, as we were the first to make it publicly known, to supply every additional information, at home or abroad, which relates to the progress of so important a discovery. Under its proper head of the "ROYAL SOCIETY," will be found Mr. Talbot's Notice of a new kind of sensitive paper, and an account of other circumstances and experiments, in the same open and candid manner which has reflected so much honour on all that gentleman's statements. Referring to that paper, we have now to submit—]

*M. Arago's Remarks upon M. Bauer's Letter.**
(Translated from the "Comptes Rendus," page 361.)

M. Arago requests the favourable attention of the Academy to this communication, as to the preceding ones. Moreover, the terrible calamity of which M. Daguerre has been the victim, makes it a still more imperative duty to his friends, to cause complete justice to be rendered to him.

Who is the real inventor of the methods, the products of which have been so much admired? The question, as far as concerns Messrs. Niepce and Daguerre, has been settled long ago by a legal deed. Besides, the necessary facts will be found, if required, in the correspondence of our two countrymen. All that will be cleared up at the proper time (*éclairci en temps et lieu*) distinctly, without any possible *équivoque*. There remains the discussion which has already occupied us, and which has arisen between the philosophers of France and England. On this subject behold a new document which reaches us from Kew Green, near London.

[*M. Bauer's Letter is here succinctly given.*]

M. Bauer certainly goes too far, when he, who has seen nothing of M. Daguerre, adds, "these specimens (of M. Niepce, which he possesses) are quite as perfect as those productions of M. Daguerre described in the French newspapers of 1839." Moreover, there arises from the letter, so interesting and honourable (*loyale*) of M. Bauer, a new and incontestable proof of the great priority of our countrymen to the English philosophers; for, according to Mr. Talbot's own declaration, his first attempts were not before the year 1835.†

[We shall find no fault with M. Arago's nationality. We repeat, *palmam qui meruit ferat*; and, when the promised revelations are made, we shall be better able to form our opinion. In the meantime, we have much satisfaction in inserting the subjoined letter from Mr. Talbot.]

To the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*.

Dear Sir,—In the *Literary Gazette* of last Saturday there is a statement in which I cannot acquiesce: I therefore trust you will allow me to trespass a moment on your columns, and to explain my reasons for dissenting from it. It is stated that some gentlemen have made a

* Which originally appeared in the *Literary Gazette*, No. 1154.—Ed. L. G.

† M. Arago should be more correct in his quotations: at the very commencement of Mr. Talbot's memoir to the Royal Society, it is stated that he began to make these pictures in the spring of 1834. Moreover, M. Arago does not even allude to our countrymen, Wedgwood and Davy, who made a commencement of this art in 1802.—Ed. L. G.

considerable improvement upon my art of photogenic drawing, and, indeed, that this discovery was made by several persons simultaneously.

I fully expect that great improvements will hereafter be made, which I have never so much as thought of;—but this is not one of them: it is not different from my method, but is the same thing which I have executed long before.

I have no doubt whatever that the gentlemen who proposed it imagined it to be a new process hitherto overlooked; and, although this is a mistake, I should not have considered it worth while to say anything on the subject, if they had not gone so far as to apply for a patent; which, however, I understand, has been since abandoned. I greatly regret that they did not do me the honour to read my memoir on this subject, presented to the Royal Society on the 31st of January, which has been since printed and freely distributed, as well as reprinted in two periodical journals: in which, *Section 7* describes the photogenic pictures obtained by painting on glass, which, as I have there remarked, “resemble more than any others the productions of the artist’s pencil: and for such they have been generally mistaken;” because they give, not mere outlines only, but all the details of the figures perfectly well shaded.

And I also regret that they were not present when I first exhibited a collection of photogenic drawings to the Royal Society and the Royal Institution (January 25th and 31st); because one or two of these figures formed part of the series. Since that time I have made several more; and some of them certainly possess considerable effect, and would be no disgrace to the pencil of an amateur. Some of these paintings are grotesque subjects; others are more rational, and give a better idea of the capabilities of this branch of the art. I have the honour to enclose to you, as a little specimen, a figure of which I know not the subject, since I did not paint it on the glass myself; but it appears to me to represent *John Bull*, in an attitude of firm resolution—for instance, as if he expected foreign aggression, and was resolved to repel it. Well, sir, of this figure and others I have made many copies during the last two months, and given them away to my friends, and even sent some of them to Germany. These pictures are formed in the following way, which contains in itself both the principles which have been mistakenly, during the last week, advanced as new ones. They are painted on glass with transparent varnish of different colours, which, by the action of light, produce as many different shadowy tints upon the resulting image. The blue colour gives a dark shade; the yellow, red, &c. &c. various feebler ones. These variations produce an excellent effect, since every gradation of shade can be introduced at pleasure (which is one of the principles contended for as new); and the sharp black lines are given by the point of a needle cutting through the dark varnish (which is the other principle).

Need I say more? Nearly five years ago I made imitations of etchings, which were executed wholly in this manner, with a needle, upon glass. They differed indeed from those now produced by artists, as an inferior handwriting differs from a good one—in execution, but not in principle.

I will now change the subject to something more interesting to your readers, by presenting them with an extract from one of M. Biot’s letters to myself, in which that distinguished philosopher relates the experiments which he has made upon my new sensitive paper. I

will preface them by saying, that I have made some more of this paper lately, and noted its degree of sensibility more accurately, as follows, viz.:

Exposed to broad daylight (but not to sunshine), the time it took to receive a distinct impression from the light was repeatedly observed with a seconds’ watch, and found to be sometimes two seconds, sometimes three seconds. I have, therefore, great hopes that it will be found very useful for obtaining images with the camera obscura. I remain, dear sir, &c.

H. FOX TALBOT.

Extract of a Letter from M. Biot.

“Independently of its remarkable degree of sensitiveness, this paper presents other advantages to physical science, on account of the distinct shades of colour through which it successively passes. It is also very curious that a preparation which has been dried at the fire, and consequently entirely deprived of moisture, should be so mutable; although chemistry has already offered some rare examples of this.

“The interest with which I viewed this circumstance, engaged me to make some experiments upon your preparation, in order to vary its application to the researches in which I am occupied. First, I wished to know whether the change of colour was in any degree influenced by the paper itself. I therefore spread the substance on a piece of white unglazed porcelain (instead of paper), taking care to operate by night, and drying it each time at the fire, as you say. I thus obtained a dry solid coating upon the porcelain, which I shut up in a dark place until morning. In the morning I took it out and found it of a pale sulphur-yellow colour. I then presented it to the daylight at an open window looking north. The weather was then very cloudy; yet, no sooner had I so presented it, than already it was turned green, and soon afterwards it became nearly black. I then wished to know, whether the preparation would succeed equally well, if not dried at the fire. I therefore, in a darkened room, mixed the aqueous solution of bromide of potassium with that of nitrate of silver.

“A precipitate fell, which I spread on a porcelain plate and left it to dry in the dark. The next day I wrapped it in several folds of paper, and brought it into another room to shew it to a friend. But having taken off the covers, in a dark corner of the room, in order to exhibit the original colour (*pale lemon-yellow*), instantly we saw its tint become green; and I had hardly time to present it to a window opening to the north, before its colour had passed to dark olive-green, after which it almost immediately became almost black. I do not think it possible to find any substance more sensitive to light.”

(Since the foregoing have been printed, we have received the following from Mr. Havell; and, though at so late an hour as to preclude us from comparison or notation, we deem it our duty to lay it at once before our readers, and reserve any remarks that may be suggested by it for a future *Gazette*. Like Mr. Talbot, Mr. Havell frankly, and Englishman-like, describes the whole of his process, so that all the world may understand the principles, and begin similar experiments—they are altogether very important.)

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Sir,—There having been various reports published of my discoveries in Photogenic Drawing, arising from the exhibition of my specimens at the Royal Institution on Friday last, 23d March, 1839, and again introduced at the Conversazione of the Royal Society, held at the mansion of the Marquess of Northampton,

on Saturday the 23d, all which reports are so vaguely and so unsatisfactorily stated, that I now beg leave to give a full account of the process by which the art of multiplying original designs or copies to any extent may be effected. I am, &c. WM. HAVELL.

March 26th, 1839.

24 Montague Street, Portman Square.

Mr. Fox Talbot’s “Account of the Art of Photogenic Drawing, or the Process by which Natural Objects may be made to delineate themselves without the aid of the Artist’s Pencil,” is exactly the reverse of my process.

My object is to delineate the work of the artist’s pencil by the Photogenic process, for the knowledge of which we are indebted to the frank disclosure of Mr. F. Talbot on the 23d February.

In consequence of this communication, my first attempt was a transfer of a powerful etching by Rembrandt, of an old man reading; and instead of a bright face with black hair, I had a black face with white hair, white eyes, white nostrils, white mouth, &c. &c.; and I soon discovered the impossibility of getting any resemblance to the power of the original by a second transfer. Still there was the power of the new delineation before me; and to remedy its defects I applied it to a new process altogether, to produce the true lights and shadows in their right places. A square of thin glass was placed over the well-known etching by Rembrandt, of “Faust conjuring Mephistophiles to appear in the form of a Bright Star.” I then painted on the high lights with thick white lead, mixed with copal varnish, and sugar of lead to make it dry quickly; for the half-tints I made the white less opaque with the varnish, and graduated the tints off into the glass for the deep shadows. I allowed this to dry, and the following day (February 27th) retouched the whole, by removing, with the point of a knife, the white ground to represent the dark etched lines of the original. The glass thus painted, when placed upon black paper, looked like a powerful mezzotinto engraving. I placed a sheet of prepared paper upon the painted surface; and, to make the contact perfect, put three layers of flannel at the back, and tied the whole down to a board. There happened to be a bright sun, and in ten minutes, the parts of the glass exposed had made a deep purplish black on the paper. On removing the glass, I had a tolerably good impression, but the half-tints had absorbed too much of the violet ray. I immediately painted the parts over with black on the other side of the glass, which answers to the practice of engravers in stopping out, when a plate is bitten in too fast by the acid. This may be wiped off, renewed, or suffered to remain, at pleasure.

There is no advantage in letting the glass remain too long in the light, as it deepens the middle tints, and does not blacken the shadows in the same proportion. The fixation with salt entirely failed; with the iodide of potassium succeeded very well. The effect of the drawing may be heightened at pleasure, by touching the lights with strong iodide of potassium, and the darks with a strong solution of the nitrate of silver dropped upon tin with a camel’s-hair pencil: this instantly turns black. With these the drawing may be invigorated; and the whole will resemble a mezzotint print, or a rich sepia drawing.

A black etching-ground readily suggested itself, it having been done many years ago; but I preferred a white ground made of white lead, sugar-of-lead, mixed with wax and copal

* Vide Proceedings of the Royal Society, March 31.

varnish; this may be laid on very thin, with a silk dabber, or thick by repeating the process; or the various opacities may be introduced, according to the subject and effect proposed.

Transfer the outline in soft pencil, by rubbing on the back of the paper, and proceed to etch with the etching-point—a knife, or any hard point, to make the bolder lines; thus, with the glass placed on black paper, the work will look like a spirited drawing with pen and ink; or, under the hands of the engraver, a highly-finished engraving. If the semi-opaque ground be preferred, various middle tints will readily be obtained; and by touching the high lights with opaque white, or with black at the back, a variety of effects may be produced, similar to the double lithography.

These processes may be applied to original designs, copies from paintings, portraits, figures, or landscapes; to circular letters; to the multiplying of manuscripts with illustrations, in any part of the page, &c., without the aid of engravers, printers, or presses, any number may be produced at the same moment of exposition to the light; every pane of glass in the windows of a house may be occupied, by having a back-board to fit the frames, and layers of flannel, or wadding, to make the contact perfect, and the house being darkened is the more favourable for the preparation of the paper, and fixation of the Photogenic drawings.

Its present difficulties and defects are, the paper requiring some niceties of manipulation, and only one side of the sheet can be occupied. All these will be vanquished, for we shall have paper made of a quality and size favourable to the reception of the process. At present I have found the bank-note post-paper the best. Probably it may be worth while to adhere two pages together, as the paper is very thin. Then there is the drawback of fixing, and drying, &c., and few of each subject can be done in the course of the day, unless there be duplicate glasses; yet as the preparation on the glasses never wears out, causes no dirt, may be altered, improved, and retouched at any time, and only requires the care not to break them, it may be the means of employing women and children. It will give rise to a new employment: to the artist, in making original designs on glass, as well as copies from pictures; it will be a source of amusement to the amateur; and an elegant employment for ladies, particularly to those who can paint or draw. It is perfectly available to those who wish to publish a limited number of illustrations, with manuscripts, where it would not be worth the expense of employing engraving or printing; but it is doubtful if it can ever be made to rival the beauty of the former, or the facility of the latter.

It will be an *Art per se*.

There are many other applications of this Photogenic process, provided any very transparent substance be made sensitive to the operation of light, such as horn, isinglass, or goldbeater's-skin; and that animal substance is very susceptible is proved by the blackened faces of those persons who are unfortunately obliged to resort to the use of lunar caustic, or nitrate of silver, for the cure of certain complaints.

This being accomplished, the transfer of prints, letterpress, or types, will be very easy. As this is the beginning of a new Art, applicable to so many important purposes, and so easy of access, it is earnestly requested the utmost publicity be given to any improvements that may be discovered, so as to prevent any attempt at securing a patent.

EXHIBITION AT THE LOUVRE: WORKS OF MODERN ARTISTS, 1839.

THE opening of the Exhibition at the Louvre is looked forward to by the artistical world of Paris with just as much anxiety every year as that of the National Gallery is in London; and, indeed, with rather a greater portion of the nervous hopes and misgivings that so sensibly affect the cultivators of the fine arts in any of their branches, since Paris possesses only this one annual exhibition, while London is rich in many. All the works that the jury of admission consider to be worthy of public notice are collected in the galleries and halls of that splendid palace, to be given simultaneously to the gaze of the wondering and admiring, or criticising and undiscerning, crowd; and oil painting, water colours, crayons, architecture, sculpture, porcelain painting, and engraving,—all are here assembled in an enormous mass, enough to daunt the courage of many a critic, who intuitively shrinks with alarm from the list of 2404 objects of art which the *lioret* of the Louvre for 1839 informs him he has to examine and to digest. However, be this as it may, it is always a great treat to wander through the endless suites of rooms and galleries that form the Royal Museum of Paris, whether amidst the rich and glowing tints of the Italian, the faithful delineations of the Flemish, the vigorous though strange ideas of the French, and the sombre and dignified canvasses of the Spanish schools, or as now amongst the fiery colours and bold outlines of the living artists of France. In either case, we find much to delight the eye and much to gratify the mind; our knowledge and our taste, as far as art is concerned, expand, and the labour of examination is well repaid. The British critic or artistical connoisseur who examines an European modern collection, and particularly a French one, must not be too *exigeant*—he must make allowances for the different circumstances under which the two schools (to compare at once those of France and his own country) are placed; he must take into account not only the traditions of art upon which those schools proceed, but also the social and political ideas of the two nations, by which the developments of art will be always so greatly modified; above all, he must not be too much prejudiced in favour of the colouring, the handling, or the designing of his own compatriots, as painters, sculptors, &c., but must be prepared to do justice to the excellences with which he may meet, even although they may have been produced by methods not in fashion on the northern side of the Channel. He is at all times justified in exercising his critical acumen *cum grano salis*; but we would prescribe to him not to be unprovided with the *gutta mellis*, if he would really wish to arrive at the truth, and to form a fair and impartial judgment.

The chief difference that strikes the most careless observer who has hitherto been accustomed only to the productions of the modern English school, is the great preponderance of historical subjects, and the comparatively small proportion of landscapes that he will find in a French exhibition-room. The difference arises altogether from the protection afforded in France by the government to art in general, and especially to this peculiar and highest branch of it. Few individuals ever order historical pictures from artists, nor can individual patronage, always more or less fluctuating, suffice for the formation of an historical school. The studies of the historical painter are more long, more arduous, and more expensive than those of the landscape or the portrait painter; and unless a numerous body of artists working in the same line, mutually emulating and encouraging each

other, and therefore all simultaneously improving, can be kept up for a long series of years in a country, there is no possibility of any thing like a great and lasting school of historical painting being ever possessed by it. Landscape painting, on the contrary, is one of those beautiful inspirations of nature that find something to work upon in almost any hand and eye that are sensible to impressions of imitative skill: the least protection sets it a-going; very gentle encouragement will keep it up; it may be cultivated by few, or by many, with almost equal success; and it will flourish, though the government should never hold out to it the steady influence of its patronage. The landscape painter has only to wander amid the mountains of Scotland, of Wales, or of Switzerland—he has only to gaze on the sunny plains of Italy, the forests of Germany, or the woodland scenes of England—to find a sure and willing preceptor in every changing view that attracts his eye. He for ever lives in the midst of his models, he is always in his universal *studio*: but not so the historical painter; to him long examination and imitation of the great masters of former days—study and practice in the capitals of art, Rome, Florence, &c.—deep and patient thought and imagination—all these are requisite for him if he will become a master in his own day. To nine-tenths of those who adopt the honourable profession of an artist, means for pursuing studies of this kind on a suitable scale are wanting; and unless powerful and *unvarying* patronage be held out to such a class of students in painting, it is needless to expect that they will be able to surmount the difficulties of their arduous career. France has not only a most efficient school of fine arts at home (the *Ecole Royale des Beaux Arts*), but has a long-established and flourishing academy at Rome. England has nothing of the kind; for its home establishments are *inefficient*, and its foreign ones *nil*: there are none. The French government makes the patronage of art, of all kinds, a serious affair of state; whereas it is about the very last thing that would ever be proposed by an English administration. We do not hesitate to record the fact, that, in historical painting, England stands exceedingly low in the unanimous opinion of all Europe; she is beaten by France, by Germany, by Italy, we might almost say, by Belgium. Not so in landscape painting; she there takes the lead, both in oil and water colours, and a lead *longo intervallo*; the cause of which is to be found in the greater sensibilities she possesses for objects of nature, and for rural life of whatever kind it may be.

As for portrait painting, it is altogether an affair of private patronage; no matter what the nation may be, and wherever the greatest proportion of encouragement has been given in a compound ratio of time and money, there the best school of portrait painters will be settled, if not produced:—hence, English portrait painters are superior to those of France. Animal painting hardly exists in France, not more than five or six artists practising it with success; and for this obvious reason, that on account of the political convulsions of that country, and the consequent impoverishment of the upper classes, all spirit of chivalrous amusement has long since fled the land. There are no noble patrons in France to foster and to form the genius of a Landseer or a Cooper; the chase is comparatively unknown, the wild animals are but little valued, and only an occasional representation of a horse and a few cows or sheep is to be found in the usual exhibitions. Still, as the country is getting more

and more quiet and more wealthy, taste is reviving in this branch of art, and symptoms of improvement are beginning to appear. In what our Gallic neighbours call *Tableaux de Genre*, the representation of modern social life in all its phases, the two schools of France and England are much more upon the footing of equal merit. The comparison, indeed, is not easy to be made; what is sorrowful or cheerful in England, may be regarded as exactly the contrary in France; and the visitor of the Louvre, who would view pictures of this kind while still full of his own English notions, would probably be disappointed, from having wrongly pitched his expectations. Our own belief is, that there is much more equality in this respect between the two schools than is sometimes admitted; and, to appeal to one of many proofs, we would mention the ready sale found by popular engravings of such subjects in the country of the rival school. French engravings take very well with the public in London, and English ones are much sought after in France. In miniature painting, we think that a similar equality subsists; but if there be a preference, it follows the rule of portrait painting, and the advantage will belong to England. As for flower painting, English artists are not worthy to grind up the colours and prepare the palettes for the French; and there is the truth.*

The greatest anomaly exists in the division of architecture; and here the comparative advantages of public and private patronage may be fairly studied. Government patronage is much greater, in this respect, in France than it is in England; the departmental and metropolitan authorities are always up to their ears in stone and mortar: in England, the Board of Works or the municipal corporations seldom get beyond a little red brick and a hod or two of plaster, stucco, and other elegant materials. In France, however, out of the metropolis, not ten capital mansions are built by private individuals in a year; in England, the aristocracy and the squirearchy strive who shall ruin themselves the soonest in architectural expenses. In the matter of public buildings, as is the legitimate inference to be drawn from this state of things, the French modern school of architecture is far beyond that of England. French architects erect edifices that English ones never dream of. In private rural buildings, in country mansions, in noble halls and castles, the glory of French architectural skill and taste is departed; all is in favour of England; but by a strange and, at first sight, unaccountable fatality, in commercial and in all civic or urban buildings, the advantage lies just the other way: there is no comparison between the new houses now erecting in Paris and those in London. The fact is, that French architects here bring the good effects of government patronage to bear; their taste is so well formed, and they possess so much traditional wealth as a body, that they build well; and the civic house, approximating as it does in some degree to a municipal building, is erected with something of the same kind of taste, and with a corresponding degree of grandeur. Again, in England, we know not how to account for it, but architects have got only two ideas in their heads, Gothic and Grecian. The moment a building is to have the pointed arch excluded from it, away the architect goes into the bald and insipid platitudes of the Doric; or some, more daring, into the Ionic. There are very few architects in England that would have the spirit to attempt the erection of a Roman

building, still fewer a Palladian. French architects, on the other hand, have now done with the Greek; they had such a dose of pseudo-Greek in the time of Napoleon, that the taste for it will never revive in France for a century to come. Roman, too, is not quite so much a favourite as it might and ought to be. The Palladian, and the style of the *Rennaissance des Arts*, and the *Flamboyant Gothic*, are all the mode; and in these they certainly excel. We do not say that it is not equally a fault to neglect the study of any particular style—the Greek for instance—as it is to carry it into practice in season and out of season; but the fact is positive, that for all the purposes of comfort combined with elegance, and of grandeur consistent with much ornamentation, there are no styles like the Palladian and the *Rennaissance*, or its equivalent, our own Elizabethan [Tudor], so well adapted to the exigencies of a northern or western climate. If to this we add the accidental good fortune of the French architects, in having such abundant supplies of the finest calcareous freestone throughout most parts of France to work upon, and especially those of Paris, who have got their quarries, so to speak, in the cellars of every house they erect, we ought not to be surprised if, in very many of the subdivisions of architectural art, the French school surpasses the English. What, however, more immediately concerns us is this, that the Exhibitions at the Louvre are always exceedingly poor in architectural drawings, whereas the Exhibition-rooms in London are drugged with them. We confess ourselves unable to account for this circumstance: we believe that good general taste in the way of architecture prevails among the French, though it is confined to few persons: we know that French architects are most exquisite and scientific draughtsmen: why, therefore, they do not exhibit we cannot understand. The fact is an anomaly; but it is true. Out of the 2404 articles classed in the catalogue of the Exhibition of the Louvre for this year, only seventeen come under the head of architecture! An English architect will shudder at this enormity; and yet architects swarm in France, and find the profession sufficiently lucrative notwithstanding.

Sculpture is in rather an anomalous condition in France as compared with that of England; but the comparison will hardly yet admit of being drawn. The modern French school is a much younger one than the English; it is not so traditionally rich, nor does it boast, neither can it, of such great names. Still it is in a very promising state of progress; and, within the last few years, since government has done much to patronise it, many works of first-rate excellence have proceeded from it. In England it depends altogether on private patronage; but, since the French sculptural students at Rome are now doing great things, it may be fairly expected, ere long, to run its British rival rather close.

In our next, we will walk through the Louvre with our readers.

SUFFOLK STREET GALLERY.

New brooms make clean work of it; and so it is likely to be with this Exhibition, into the management of which, we are informed, five young Brooms have been incorporated. And, from all we can learn, they have made a tolerably successful sweep out of the friends and patrons of the Society. By means of a policeman at the bottom of the stairs, a peremptorily instructed cheque-taker half-way, a servant in dashing livery at the top, and an impertinent

director, or secretary, within the bar, they insulted and turned away from their doors, on Saturday, noblemen and opulent bankers distinguished for their encouragement of the arts, and, in particular, the very obnoxious classes of persons connected with the Press and the Publishing trade. We had the good fortune to be admitted by ticket, and on Monday, being a pay-day, had a similar favour shewn to us for a shilling. All we have to say of the Gallery is, that it contains a few good pictures, and many of little value; and all we shall add respecting the new Councillors is, that it would be a sagacious thing in the old ones, and in every person interested in the prosperity of the Association, to take care that, though they foolishly injure themselves, they should not be allowed to injure their fellow-artists, and destroy the Institution.

As a *pendant*, we have to report the answer given to a gentleman connected with a public journal, and repeated, at his request, by the controlling official above alluded to: "We were determined," quoth he, "to have the private view *respectable*, and therefore cut off (or restricted) the admissions to the press and the publishers." *Bravo! bravo!* The sublimity of management.

VARIETIES.

Artists' General Benevolent Fund.—The anniversary, on Saturday, was more numerously attended than we have seen it for years past, about 160 sitting down to dinner. Sir Edmund Filmer, M.P. was in the chair,* and around him were Mr. Hope, M.P., Mr. Scrope, Sir M. A. Shee, Sir D. Wilkie, Mr. Phillips, Mr. Collins, Mr. Dickens, and other gentlemen distinguished in literature and the arts. The above (with the exception of Mr. Phillips) addressed the company on various occasions and with excellent effect. The subscription amounted to nearly 500*l*. The musical department was charmingly filled by Broadhurst, Hobbs, C. Taylor, and others; and the whole entertainment went off as the friends of this valuable charity could wish.

Royal Society.—The president, the Marquess of Northampton, gave, on Saturday, his second evening entertainment to the scientific world, which was numerously and brilliantly attended.

Booksellers' Provident Institution.—The members held their second annual general meeting on Thursday, the 14th inst. at the Albion Tavern, Aldergate Street; Cosmo Orme, Esq. President. The usual reports were submitted to the meeting; and it appeared by the auditors' report of the state of the funds, that nearly 8000*l*. had already been subscribed. It is hardly necessary to say, that this announcement gave great satisfaction to the large body of members present. Several votes of thanks were then passed to the president, treasurer, and other gentlemen, who had gratuitously lent their aid in furthering the objects of the Institution. We understand the directors and other officers of the Society have, with a liberality worthy of the body to which they belong, presented Mr. Meyrick, the honorary secretary, with a silver tea and coffee service, as a token of their approbation of the services rendered by him to the Institution.

Another Cold Con.—Why is the House of Commons like a cold in the head? Because, sometimes the *ayes* have it, and sometimes the *noes*.

* In our last, announcing this meeting, with a wish to promote its interests, we fell into a mistake in stating that the Duke of Cambridge was to preside. H. R. H. has promised his royal presence at the other fund, "The Artists' Benevolent Fund," and we (as too frequently happens from the similarity of names) confounded them.

* We have, nevertheless, some very admirable productions in this line.—*Ed. L. G.*

On hearing it said, in a tone of Derision, "Talbot's Process!"—Pooh!"

Ye scoffers and ye sceptics all,
Where any thing is mystical
I'm doubly sure of ye.
By light these wonders are created—
Then think how I am situated
When you make light of me.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

In the Press.

The Inaugural Addresses of the Lord Rectors of the University of Glasgow, containing those of Lord Jeffrey, Sir James Mackintosh, Lord Brougham, Mr. Thomas Campbell, the Marquess of Lansdowne, Lord Cockburn, Lord Stanley, and Sir Robert Peel, with an historical account of the University.

A Society for the Encouragement of Literature is projected by means of prizes for the best literary productions on given subjects, including musical compositions, according to the plan. It is proposed that all competitors be members of the society, by contributing a certain annual sum, which shall entitle him or her to the following advantages:—1st. The privilege of competing for all prizes. 2d. To copies of the annual reports. 3d. To admission to the annual meeting for the distribution of prizes. 4th. To vote for the adjudicators. 5th. To admission to the reading-room, where all works should lay for at least four months after adjudication, unless they are taken to be printed, in which case a printed copy should be laid on the table as early as possible. A smaller subscription to entitle the subscriber to all the advantages, except that of competing for prizes.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

History of England, continued from Sir James Mackintosh, by W. Wallace, Esq., Vol. IX. (forming Vol. CXIII. of the Cabinet Cyclopædia) fcap 8vo. 6s.—The Oxford Divines, not members of the Church of England, by T. B. Brown, Esq., fcap 8vo. 6s.—Geometrical Theorems and Analytical Formulae, by W. Wallace, LL.D., 8vo. 6s.—Lectures on Natural Philosophy, by M. L. Phillips, First Series, fcap 8vo. A Brother's Gift: or, Amusing Tales, 1s. 6d. square.—The Martyr of Haddleigh, a Poem, by J. Must, 12mo. 2s. 6d.—English Stories, by Maria Hack, new ed. 2 vols. 12mo. 12s.—The Eight Watches; or, History of Jack Steadfast, by J. Bruce, 12mo. 3s.—Claims of Christian Philanthropy, by R. Whytland, 8vo. 6s.—Report of Discussion between Gregg and Maguire, 8vo. 7s. 6d.—The Democrats of Marylebone, by J. W. Brooke, post 8vo. 6s. 6d.—Songs and Ballads, by Samuel Lover, fcap. 5s.—St. Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians Explained, 12mo. 3s.—Notes of a Wanderer in Search of Health, by W. F. Cumming, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.—Author's Printing and Publisher's Assistant, fcap. 2s. 6d.—Job and his Times, by T. Wemyss, 8vo. 2s.—The Shunammite; a Series of Lectures on 2 Kings, iv. 11-17, by the Rev. H. Woodward, 12mo. 6s.—Deerbrook, by Miss Martineau, 3 vols. post 8vo. 27s.—Elements of Psychology, by V. Cousin, translated by the Rev. C. C. Henry, D.D. post 8vo. 7s. 6d.—Library of American Poets: Rufus Dawes, post 8vo. 8s.—Reminiscences of a Tour in Germany, Switzerland, &c., by an American, 8vo. 16s.—Appendix to Bree's Railway Practice: The Glossary, 4to. 2s. 2d.—Letters of Eminent Persons, selected by R. A. Willmott, post 8vo. 7s. 6d.—J. W. Blakeley's Life of Aristotle, 8vo. 6s. 6d.—M. A. Kiloh's Abridgement of Ancient History, 4to. 12mo. 12s.—The Liberator: or, the Book of the Universal Fiber Re-opened, 12mo. 2s. 6d.—A Treatise on the Industry of Nations, by J. S. Eisdell, 2 vols. 8vo. 18s.—One Hundred Fables in English, French, and German illustrated, royal 8vo. 15s.—Drinking Usages in Great Britain and Ireland, by J. Dunlop, 12mo. 5s.—Manual for the College of Surgeons, by J. Steggall, M.D. 12mo. 12s. 6d.—On the Present Unsettled State of the Law, by J. Miller, 8vo. 4s. 6d.—No Work; or, Economy and Extravagance, by C. J. Finch, 18mo. 2s.—Roscoe's London and Birmingham Railway, 8vo. 16s.—The Book of Private Devotion, edited by the Rev. E. Bickersteth, fcap. 5s.—The Report and Despatches of the Earl of Durham, 7s.—Willis's Pencilings by the Way, new ed. fcap. 6s.—Cheveley; or, the Man of Honour, by Lady Lytton Bulwer, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.—Lectures on Diseases of the Eye, by John Morgan, 8vo. with 18 coloured Plates, 18s.—The Old Testament, with a Commentary, by the Rev. C. Girlington, Part IV. 8vo. 9s.—A Summary of the Writings of Lactantius, by J. H. B. Mountain, 8vo. 5s. 6d.—Fisher's Illustrations of the Waterley Novels, fcap. 30s.—Ædipus Tyrannus of Sophocles, by the Rev. J. Prendergast, 8vo. 6s.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our readers will, we hope, find in the very interesting statements respecting the *New Photogenic Art*, with which our present No. is enriched, a sufficient apology for some postponed reviews and the report of the Geological Society.

The managers of the Suffolk Street Gallery having luckily left us a vacant space under our head of Fine Arts, we have had great pleasure in filling it up by a notice of the opening of the grand exhibition at the Louvre, to which we think we may advantageously request the attention of the artists and lovers of the arts in England.

ERRATA.—In our report of the Royal Asiatic Society, March 16, page 170, col. 1, for "Lhotzky," read "Lhotaky;" and for "Ascensis," read "Ascensio."

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Parliaments and Councils of England, chronologically arranged, from the Reign of William I. to the Revolution in 1688. Dedicated, by permission, to Her Majesty. 8vo. pp. 603. London, 1839. Murray.

"It was (truly, and only too moderately, says our author) a saying of Socrates, that though no man undertakes a trade which he has not learned, in that of government, the hardest of all trades, every one considers himself sufficiently qualified by the gifts which he has received from nature. It is no less true, in our own days, that, though in all other sciences and in every mechanical art, a long experience and much industry are considered necessary for the attainment of a moderate degree of excellence, in the difficult science of legislation, these means are not unfrequently neglected in the pursuit of the same end. Hence it happens that many incompetent persons, fancying themselves endowed with talents, which instinctively fit them for immediate action, enter with confidence upon the business of legislation; and that others, under the impulse of caprice or prepossession, exercise the responsible function of determining by their votes, the merits of those who are to be the framers of constitutional enactments. To this unfavourable combination of circumstances may be traced numberless errors, which have proved the abundant source of national misfortunes. If, however, these observations are generally true and important, it must also be acknowledged that, in no period of our history, have intelligence and correct information been more necessary than in the days in which we live. At no previous moment has the want of preparatory acquirements been more calculated to produce extensive mischief, than under the changes which have been recently introduced in the political relations of the people. By the extension of their privileges, they have been compelled suddenly to decide upon measures which vary intimately affect their own welfare, and the common prosperity of the empire. They have been called upon to express their sentiments on public affairs, and, by their conduct, to determine the most influential consequences. It can scarcely excite surprise, that under these newly acquired powers, and labouring under some degree of unavoidable ignorance as to the nature of that constitution, which they are bound to protect and support, they should sometimes commit errors of speculation and practice: or that, in the selection of those who are to represent their unrestrained feelings and opinions, they should sometimes be disposed to seek, as the only security for the discharge of complicated and momentous duties, the pledge given to a particular party to pursue, at all events, a prescribed line of conduct, whether consistent or otherwise with the permanent and enduring interests of the commonwealth.

* * * * * That the parliamentary history of England is, at present, a sealed book to the community of these kingdoms, will not be disputed by those who, in the search after precise constitutional information, have had occasion to refer to the voluminous collections of the original records, or to those of the contemporary his-

torians, the only sources from which authentic materials for such an inquiry can safely be derived. The opportunity of consulting these documents is extremely rare, and many advantages must concur to render such an opportunity available. Beyond the metropolis, few public or private libraries contain a series so extensive and costly; and presuming that a facility of reference does exist, our researches can only be prosecuted under an unlimited command of leisure, and by the application of an unremitting industry and attention. To these impediments may be added, in many instances, a disregard of the pecuniary sacrifice which must attend the possession of many indispensable, but highly expensive volumes. A brief review of the authorities to which a reference must be made by those who would obtain accurate parliamentary data, will shew that the difficulties are not exaggerated, under which investigations of this nature must now be conducted. Such a summary will tend, also, to remove any wonder, that error should often occupy the place of correct knowledge; that assumptions at variance with the facts of history should sometimes be adopted as undoubted truths; and that conclusions not sanctioned by a correct and comprehensive view of historical relations, should be maintained as legitimate and applicable rules of political conduct."

The author, Mr. C. H. Parry, then refers to the authorised sources of constitutional information—original records—contemporary historians—collections from these sources—and separate treatises, manuscript or otherwise, of authority on these subjects; and describes the nature and extent of his labours in fixing dates and reconciling adverse statements. After all, he says,

"It will readily be admitted that the following pages contain many errors of omission as well as of commission. Among the former may, perhaps, be placed the want of an accurate list of the lord chancellors. Such a list is, however, still a desideratum in our historical literature."

And well may we, from this circumstance alone, surmise how full of imperfections the most careful and industrious compilation must of necessity be; but still acknowledge the very great obligation which the public owes to Mr. Parry for this most comprehensive and useful work.

An introduction gives a summary of British History as regards the legislative assemblies of the kingdom from the earliest period; and then follows the chronological digest, which is, indeed, an invaluable political repertory, and at the same time full of very curious anecdotes and entertaining information. *Es. gr.*

"1331. *Henry III.* A.R. 15.—Feb. 9. The statute of Ireland is made, commanding that the customs of England be proclaimed and strictly kept and observed in that country."

"1332. *Edward III.* A.R. 6.—March 16. Two proclamations are made against any man wearing a coat of mail, or carrying weapons offensive or defensive in London, Westminster, or the suburbs, and against children or others playing any games (bars or pulling off hats) in the Palace at Westminster, during the sitting of parliament."

"1340. A.R. 13.—On Saturday, the 19th February, the Commons offer an aid of 30,000 sacks of wool, on certain conditions."

"1361. *Richard II.* A.R. 5.—Nov. 3. The Commons retire to their accustomed place, the Chapter House of the Ab-

bey, and on Monday, 18, present M. Richard deWaldgrave, Knight, their speaker; whom, desiring to be excused (first time) and discharged from the office, the king requires upon his allegiance to stand, 'as being chosen by his companions.' Upon which he makes the usual protestation."

"1399. *Henry IV.* A.R. 1.—Oct. 14. The late king is adjudged to perpetual imprisonment; to which judgment, the Commons request not to be considered parties, as such judgments belong solely to the King and Lords."

"It is answered, 'that the Commons are petitioners and demanders, and that the king and lords, of all time, had had, and ought to have, of right, the judgments in parliament; save that in a statute to be made, or in grants and subsidies, or for the common profit of the realm, the king will have their advice and assent; and this order shall be holden and kept in all time to come.'"

"1402. A.R. 4.—Oct. 10. (Tuesday.) The Commons request to have four bishops, four earls, and four barons, to assist them in their consultations; which the king grants, with this protestation, 'that the same, as against form and custom, is done out of favour and not out of duty;' which especial favour the Commons acknowledge."

"1404. A.R. 5.—Jan. 14. Among many other matters in this parliament, the Sheriff of Rutland having returned one who was not chosen for the shire, he is commanded to amend the return; and further, is committed to the Fleet, and to fine and ransom, at the king's pleasure."

"1529. *Henry VIII.* A.R. 21.—Nov. 3. Sir Thomas More, lord chancellor, opens the session. Addressing the Commons, he says, 'That because they were a great number, and could not speak all at one time—[they sometimes do so now!]—the king's pleasure was, that they should resort to their own house, and there amongst themselves, according to ancient custom, choose an able person to be their common mouth and speaker, &c.'"

The corporation of London was little better used in those days than in these:—

"1542. A.R. 33.—April 1. A member of the House of Commons having been arrested for debt, whilst the House was sitting, the king not only permits the Commons to release him, but punishes the offenders. The two sheriffs of London are committed to the Tower, one of the bailiffs to a place called 'Little Ease,' and the rest to Newgate."

"1554. Mary. A.R. 1.—April 6. Mr. Beaumont, a member of the House of Commons, having served a subpoena on the Earl of Huntingdon in parliament time, April 17, the lords send some of the judges to the lower house with the subpoena, and pray the order of the house for that offence. After debate, it is resolved, that eight members of that house shall declare to the lords, 'That they take the executing this writ to be no breach of privilege.'"

"1555. A.R. 2 and 3.—Nov. 30. A member of the Commons having been bound in recognizance in the Star Chamber, to appear before the council within twelve days after the end of parliament, the Commons declare to the Lords that their privilege is broken. On a conference, the chief justices, master of the rolls, and sergeants, clearly affirm that the recognizance is no breach of privilege."

"1559. A.R. 5 and 6.—Nov. 17. (Thursday.) The lord chancellor, sending for the Commons, announces the death of the queen, this day. They are to resort to the palace, where the Lords will come and cause proclamation to be made of Lady Elizabeth, as queen."

"1559. *Elizabeth.* A.R. 1.—Feb. 24 (Friday). A member of the Commons having come to the house being outlawed, and having defrauded several persons under colour of privilege, after examination by a committee, the question is put, 'Whether he shall have privilege or not?' It is carried, by 112 against 107, that he shall still continue a member."

* * * * * "Rep. I. 333. 'From all these proceedings, it seems that the principles on which the assembly of the Lords and Commons in parliament had been constituted, had not then been very clearly settled. The Commons had concurred in the judgment of deposition, of which that of imprisonment was not a legal consequence. As a mere ordinance of policy, it ought to have been an act of the whole parliament. However, this disclaimer, and the proceedings upon it, may be considered as finally settling that the characters of the two houses, though forming with the king one assembly in parliament, were perfectly distinct; and particularly that grants of aids to the crown should proceed from the Commons. The previous grant was expressly made 'by assent of the Lords.' The constitution of the parliament at this time was so far considered as different from that of the common council of the realm, for assessing aids and scutages provided by the charter of John; in which no distinction appears to have prevailed."

Bribery in the fine old times of good Queen Bess:—

"1571. A.R. 13.—May 10. Thomas Long, 'a very simple man, and unfit to serve,' is questioned how he came to be elected. He confesses that he gave the Mayor of Westbury another four pounds for his place in parliament. They are ordered to repay this sum, to appear to answer such things as should be objected against them in that house, and a fine of twenty pounds is to be assessed on the corporation and inhabitants of Westbury, for their scandalous attempt."

A royal snubbing against long harangues: what would royalty have said for the debate on the corn laws?—

"May 29. The queen addresses the houses, telling the Commons 'She utterly disallows and condemns those for their audacious, arrogant, and presumptuous folly, who, by superfluous speeches, spend much time in meddling with matters, neither pertaining to them nor within the capacity of their understanding.' After speeches from the speaker and lord keeper, she gives her assent to the bills, and parliament is dissolved."

Parliamentary manners, &c. —

"1601. A.R. 43.—Nov. 7. A committee on the subsidy sits.—Sir Walter Raleigh speaking low, Sir Edward Hobby says, 'We cannot hear you; speak out. You should speak standing, that so the house may hear you better.'—Sir Walter Raleigh: 'Being a committee, he might speak either sitting or standing;' and so he repeats his speech.—Mr. Secretary Cecil: 'Because it is an argument of more reverence, I choose to speak standing.'"

"Nov. 9. The subject of the supply is again debated.—Serjeant Heyle: 'Mr. Speaker, I marvel much that the house will stand upon granting a subsidy, or the time of payment, when all we have is her majesty's; and the may lawfully, at his pleasure, take it from us. Yea, she hath as much right to all our lands and goods, as to any residue of her crown.' All the house hems, and laugh, and talk. 'Well, all your hemming shall not put me out of countenance.'—Mr. Speaker: 'It is a great disorder that this should be used; for it is the ancient use for every man to be silent when any one speaketh; and he that is speaking should be suffered to deliver his mind without interruption.'—The serjeant proceeds; but as the house hems again, he is obliged to sit down."

"1604. James I. A.R. 2.—March 26. A member makes a motion in the Commons against hissing, to the interruption and hinderance of the speech of any man in the house, a thing derogatory from the dignity, not becoming the gravity, and as much crossing and abating the honour and privileges of the house as any other abuse whatsoever. The motion is well approved."

"May 19. In the Commons, Sir William Paddy, entering into a long speech, 'de meris die, et de solis die,' is interrupted, and a rule is made, 'If any man speak not to the matter in question, the Speaker is to moderate.'"

A well-expressed opinion on governing by "the masses":—

"1606. A.R. 4. Scotie 30.—May 26. In the Commons, a speaker affirms, that 'A multitude must be on,—on with reason or without reason,—in parliament or out of parliament.'"

"1607. A.R. 4. Scotie 40.—March 12. The horse of a burgess having been taken by a post-office servant, to run post, such servant is committed to the serjeant's ward during pleasure."

"1614. A.R. 12. Scotie 47.—May 26. In a 'Dispute,' Sir Edward Sande says, 'To go immediately to the king, wrongeth the liberties of the upper house. The liberties of parliament are three; of election in this house, of freedom from arrest, and speech. Words of treason, or matter of felony, have no protection here, but are punishable by the king. Words of scandal, or which may make addition between the two houses, are punishable here.' This is proved (1) by the usage of both houses; (2) as prejudicial to the liberties of this house, (3) as this house can challenge no liberty further than the lords; where most honour is, most liberty, &c."

"1631. A.R. 16. Scotie 54.—Feb. 16. A 'jarr' having taken place between the Earl of Berkshire and the Lord Scrope, and the former having 'pushed or thrust the latter forcibly in the house against the dignity of it,' he is called to the bar of the lords' house, censured, on his knees, by the lord chancellor, and committed to the Fleet. He is afterwards (Feb. 17), on motion of Lord Scrope, enlarged, and delivers a submission in writing; and, on his reconciliation with Lord Scrope, is discharged."

"March 5. Sir Edward Coke. The statute Magna Charta, 29 p.p., was confirmed thirty-two times. None to be imprisoned, &c. It was called Magna Charta, not for the largeness, but for the weight. All the old writers call it the Charter of Liberties."

"March 9. Mr. Mallory will spare none, though they sit in chairs. Mr. Speaker came out of the chair, that consent of the house.—Sir R. Philipps admonisheth the Speaker, that sometime he neglected his duty to the house, in intruding or deferring the question.—Mr. Nevill must a little reflect upon Mr. Speaker, that he hath made plausible motions abortive.—Sir H. Manners: Mr. Speaker is but a servant to the house, not a master, nor a master's mate.—Sir H. Withington: Mr. Speaker is the fault of all their faults, by preventing them with rising.—Sir W.

Herbert: He was required to sit still. He must respect the meanness, as well as those about the chair."

The church in danger: deans and chapters before Sydney Smith was born:—

"1641. Charles I. A.R. 17.—June 15. The Commons resolve, 'That all deans, deans and chapters, archdeacons, prebendaries, chanters, canons, petty canons and their officers, shall be utterly abolished, &c.' Resolved, That the funds taken by this bill shall be employed to the advancement of learning and piety, &c., and that a competent maintenance shall be made to the several persons concerned, if such appear not peccant and delinquents, to this house. Sir Benjamin Rudyard, speaking against the bill, says, 'One thing doth exceedingly trouble me, that so many do now believe, against the wisdom of all ages, that there can be no reformation without destruction; as if every sick body must be knocked on the head, as past hope of cure. Bishops have governed the church for 1200 years without interruption; and no man will say but that God hath saved souls in all those times, under their government. Let them be reduced according to the usage of ancient churches in the best times. I love not those that hate to be reformed; and do therefore think them worthy of the more strict, the more close reformation. If either in bishoprics or cathedral churches there be too much, some may be pared off, to relieve them that have too little; if yet more may be spared, it may be employed to the setting up of a preaching ministry, through the whole kingdom. Until this be done, although we are Christians, we are not a Christian state. There are places in England which are not in Christendom, the people are so ignorant, they live so without God in the world; for which, parliaments are to answer both to God and man. Let us beware that we do not look with a worldly, carnal, evil eye upon church lands. Church lands will still be fittest to maintain church men, by a proportionable and orderly distribution. We are very strict and curious to uphold our own property; and there is great reason for it. Are the clergy only, a sort of men who have no property at all in what is called theirs? I am sure they are Englishmen, they are subjects. The next way to bring in barbarism, is to make the clergy an unlearned contemptible vocation, not to be desired but by the basest of the people. Where, then, shall we find men able to convince an adversary? A clergyman ought to have a far greater proportion to live upon than any other man of an equal condition. He is not bred to multiply three-pences. It becomes him not to live mechanically and sordidly. He must be given to hospitality. I do myself know a clergyman, no dignitary, whose books have cost him 1000*l.*, which, when he dies, may be worth, to his wife and children, about 200*l.* For my part, I think nothing too much, nothing too good, for a good minister, a good clergyman. They ought least to want, who best know how to abound. Burning and shining lights do well deserve to be set in good candlesticks. I am as much for reformation, for purging and maintaining religion, as any man; but I profess I am not for innovation, demolition, nor abolition.'"

"July 12. Thomas Payne, an attorney, who told the Earl of Thanet 'It was false and a lie,' is committed to the custody of the gentleman usher, &c."

The press. How utterly is all changed now, both as regards newspaper reporting and the publications by the house itself, or with its sanction:—

"1642. A.R. 18.—The Commons send for many printers, as delinquents, for printing certain proceedings in parliament.—They resolve upon a statute, 'That no person soever shall print or sell any act or passage of this house, under the name of a diurnal, or otherwise, without particular license of the house, shall be reported a high contemner and breaker of the privileges of parliament, and be punished accordingly.'"

"April 11. Report is made in the Commons on an order to prevent the multitude of poor coming over from Ireland."

"Oct. 14. Mr. Hughes, parson of Shepton, having said, 'There are younger brothers, who, if the king will give them pillage, will make the round-headed rogues shake, and that it was fit the king should have some of the traitorous rogues,' is committed to New Prison, Middlesex, during pleasure."

The church again:—

"1643. A.R. 19.—May 27. Resolved, An ordinance for borrowing the plate in all cathedrals, superstitiously used upon their altars."

"Aug. 9. A petition for peace is presented to the Commons, from 'many civilly disposed women of the cities of London, Westminster, &c.' About 5000 females attend, and are not dispersed without bloodshed."

"Dec. 9. It is resolved, That the house shall meet every morning at 9, and that absent members shall pay 1*l.* Dec. 11. Ordered, A committee to consider what is to be done for the estate of Mr. Pym, deceased, and to prepare a monument at the charge of the Commons. His body to be interred in Westminster Abbey, without charge for breaking the ground, and Mr. Speaker and the whole house to attend."

"Dec. 15. The Commons resolve to appoint a grand committee to set an excise upon flesh."

"1644.—Jan. 1. Resolved, An excise to be put on flesh, salt, and poultry; wares upon every rabbit, &c.; upon a dozen pigeons, &c."

Encore the church:—

"A.R. 30.—April 34. Ordered, The mitre and crozier staff found in St. Paul's church to be forthwith sold, and the brass and iron in Henry VIII's chapel."

"April 25. Ordered, Books to the value of 160*l.* to be delivered to Mr. Peters, out of the particular and private study of the Archbishop of Canterbury."

And the head of the church:—

"1645.—Jan. 7. The king grants a pardon to the archbishop of Canterbury, but nothing is ordered thereupon. The lords, considering the great places the archbishop hath been in, incline that he may have that favour shewed as to have his head struck off, and not be hanged, and they make an ordinance accordingly."

Pay of members, &c.:—

"A.R. 31.—May 14. On a report from the 'committee to supply the necessities of members,' it is agreed, That they shall receive 4*l.* weekly a-piece."

"Nov. 27. The Commons order, That Mr. Nicholas, a member, who had the chamber of Mr. George Beare conferred on him, shall have the books and manuscripts likewise."

"1646.—Jan. 9. 'The lady, Marchioness of Winchester, restrained by the Committee of Examinations,' is ordered to be delivered to the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod."

"Jan. 15. The Marchioness of Winchester, in the Tower, 'having nothing to feed him, but what his keeper voluntarily gives him,' is, by the Lords, recommended to the House of Commons for an allowance out of his own estate, 'that he may not starve.'"

"A.R. 32.—Dec. 18. The Earl of Worcester being dead, and there being no means to inter his body, the Lords recommend to the Commons that some means may be found by which his funeral, the charges of his imprisonment, and the fees due to Black Rod, may be paid out of his estate."

"1649. Charles II. A.R. 1.—The peers present in January averaged only four. The highest and lowest numbers of earls and barons were four and one, and five and one. No viscount was present. The only divisions in the Commons are 31-18; 33-19; 25-18. It is to be remarked, that, during this month, the name of the King is not mentioned in the journals of Lords or Commons, except that the latter order, 'that Dr. Juxon has leave to continue with the King in private, under the same restraint that the King is.'"

"Commonwealth.—March 7. The Countess of Holland and 'divers other countesses and ladies' attend with petitions in favour of their husbands, Earl of Warwick, Lord Goring, James, Duke of Hamilton, under name of Earl of Cambridge, Lord Capell, and Sir J. Owen, condemned to die."

"1657. Cromwell. Charles II. A.R. 2.—May 12. Report is made of his highness's final answer, 'That he cannot undertake the government with the title of king.' May 19. Resolved, by fifty-three against fifty, that lord protector shall be the title, &c. May 30. 'The first day upon the new footing of the constitution.' Mr. Speaker: 'I move, that for the gravity of the house, you, being as a court of justice, would not talk to one another, nor move out of your seats, nor stay in the gallery, in regard the house is thin.'"

"May 29. Mr. Rampfield observing the Speaker speaking to the clerk, moves that it was usual with him to do so while men were speaking, but it was against the orders of the house. Mr. Speaker excuses himself, but could not come off very well. 'He only spoke to be informed about the order of proceedings.'"

"June 8. The house having waited half an hour for the minister, and none coming, the Speaker was going to proceed without prayer. Mr. Rampfield.—This is the first precedent that ever the house went to business without prayer. The house staid awhile, but at length proceeded without prayer."

Ireland devouring England:—

"June 10. Mr. West, on a debate concerning assessing Ireland, says, I have read of *Filix devoravit Matrem*. I wish it may not be so in Ireland."

Long prayers:—

"1658.—Jan. 27. The house keeps a day of public humiliation. The exercises begin at 10 o'clock, and hold till half-past 5."

Curious computation of the influence Scotch and Irish members would have by their votes in the House of Commons; and curiously applicable to the present time:—

"1659. Richard Cromwell. Charles II. A.R. 11.—March 9. A debate commences touching the right of sitting of the Scotch and Irish members. Sir H. Vane.—A greater impression never was by a single person upon a parliament, to put sixty votes upon you. By this means, it shall be brought upon you inensibly to vote by Scotch and Irish members, who will enforce all your votes hereafter. Mr. Knightly.—The union with Ireland must be preserved. This has been one occasion of the great tumults in Ireland that we have not till now taken them into our legislation. Mr. Hewley.—We are now all one body: Irish are natives here, and have all one soul. It is not prudent or safe to turn them out of the house."

"March 21. The debate is resumed on the Scotch and Irish members. Mr. Annesley.—'This house has all

* See the approaching debate appointed for the 16th.

being imposed upon acts of parliament; as interest of non-residency. If the union were not to the interest of England, I should be the first to withdraw." Mr. Boscawen.—"The union was made but by the fig-end of the long parliament. Scotland will not think themselves obliged to keep that union, longer than till they can break it." Colonel West.—"As not one native may be here, then sixty (thirty for Ireland and thirty for Scotland), are the quorum; and it may happen that it will be in their power to impose laws upon us."

"March 23. The debate on Ireland is resumed. Major Ashton.—I am a member for Ireland. The members that come in for that place serve no more for Ireland than for England. Ireland was anciently a province. Henry II. went thither, and they made a resignation of their power to him, by confirmation of the pope. He granted it to his son John, but so: 'ut non separaret ab Angli.' King John went into Ireland, and ordained by act of parliament that Ireland should be governed by all the laws of England. 10 Hen. VII. came in the Statute of Poynings, which made the statute laws also the same in Ireland, only they had parliaments, as being most fit for that nation. In a parliament held that year at Drogheda, it is enacted that all statutes made in England, &c. from henceforth be deemed effectual in law, and be accepted, used, and executed, within this land of Ireland, in all points. I think it best that they should have parliaments of their own, for the very reason, that votes may not be imposed upon you here. Mr. Gwyn.—It were better for England and Ireland that they have parliaments of their own. Mr. Thomas.—How does it consist with our privilege to admit strangers? Mr. Annesley.—England is in the danger of thirty members from Ireland; but if thirty from Scotland should join there, much mischief might ensue."

"1661. Charles II. A. R. 12.—"The Lords agree as to a thanksgiving for God's great mercy in delivering the nation out of their long 'thraldom, confusion, and misery.'"
"His majesty avows and declares, 'that the horrid murder of his royal father, was not the act of the parliament or people of England, but of a very wretched and very little company of miscreants in this kingdom.' The Commons declare the humble and thankful sense this house hath of his majesty's justice and favour in making this just defence for the parliament and people of England."

The church restored :—

"1661. A. R. 12.—November 20. (Wednesday.) The bishops attend for the first time. The archbishop of York and twenty-two bishops are present. They are added to the committee."

"1691. A. R. 33.—The king attends in the House of Lords, and commands the lord chancellor to dissolve the parliament. 'As we are not likely to have a good end, when the divisions at the beginning are such.'"

"1693. James II. A. R. 1.—Nov. 18. The king answers the Commons, 'That he did not expect such an address, &c.' On the motion to take into consideration his majesty's gracious answer, John Cooke, Esq., stands up and says, 'We are Englishmen, and ought not to be frightened out of our duty by a few high words.' Upon which he is committed to the Tower. Nov. 20.—The king is present (for the last time), and prorogues the parliament to the 10th of February."

"1698. The Interregnum.—December 26. (Wednesday.) The assembly convened by his Royal Highness, William Henry, Prince of Orange, meets in the Commons' House, Westminster. Henry Powle, Esq., is called to the chair, having on his left hand, Paul Jordrell, Esq., clerk to the House of Commons, and Samuel Gillham, Esq., assistant clerk. About 160 are present. On the question being moved, 'What authority they had to assemble?' it is agreed, 'That the request of his highness, the prince, is a sufficient warrant.' Resolved, nem. con., That thanks be given to his highness for coming into this kingdom. Resolved, nem. con., That his highness be desired to take upon him the administration of public affairs, both civil and military; and the disposal of the public revenues, for the preservation of religion, rights, laws, liberties, and the peace of the nation."

With this we conclude, and think our readers will agree with us in acknowledging the interest and importance that attach to such remarkable illustrations of parliamentary usages and constitutional history.

Cheveley; or, the Man of Honour. By Lady Lytton Bulwer. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1839. Bull.

ONE of the strongest impressions with which we have risen from the perusal of this publication is that, without good hearts and good tempers, the possession of beauty, wit, accomplishments, talents, or genius, may be a curse, not a blessing, to man or woman.

So much pains have been taken beforehand, through the medium of the press, to intimate to the public that there was much of personality in these volumes, that it would have

been folly in us not to confess cognizance of the melancholy fact, even if the hardly concealed names of some of the parties did not too plainly prove it to be the case. On general principles we have always condemned this practice; and, with sorrow we say it, there is nothing in this particular instance which does not heighten the offence and aggravate the antisocial evil.

To us it is the saddest of spectacles to see such a book with such a name to it; but we do not believe it is all the production of that once most kind, happy, and charming of persons. It is bad enough to have contributed to and sanctioned it. For deeply mistaken is that Woman, be she ever so injured, ever so exasperated, who can be persuaded that it is a proper or justifiable way to redress her wrongs and revenge her grievances by forgetting the lady, the friend, the wife, and the mother, and making her domestic squabbles or family afflictions the theme for every idle and worthless gossip tongue.

But the mischief does not stop here. The palpable exposures to which we have alluded are not like those which unfortunately come out in courts of law, when unhappy marriages have unhappy consequences or terminations. In these affairs the common love of scandal is only gratified by the attempts on either side to establish the truth of certain painful or disgraceful allegations. They are not mixed up with caricature, exaggeration, and fiction, till it is impossible to say where the truth (if there be any) ends and the falsehood begins. There are the complaints and the proofs—not the complaints, taking possibly the slightest possible grounds on which to build the superstructure of spiteful colouring and bitter misrepresentation. Thus, for example, in *Cheveley*, the heroine herself, a married woman, is painted as corporeally true to her husband (it must be allowed), but passionately in love with another man, and carrying on a sentimental and religious intercourse with him of the most reprehensible and criminal kind.

"The night was soft and balmy in the extreme, and the moon shone as brightly as any that had ever lit that Adrian sea; over and about fairy sounds floated on the air; of soft mandolins and softer voices, which, in their turn, were echoed by the ripple of the oars in the silver waters of those genius-haunted waves. 'I never see the sea by moonlight,' said Julia to Mowbray, as they sat together at the head of the gondola, 'without wishing I was Urdine, that I might plunge in, and see all the bright treasures beneath.' 'What an exquisite tale that is!' replied he. 'Yes; and if she was supernatural, Huldbrand was, at least, a true man, because a false one,' replied Julia, with a smile that was not seen, and a sigh that was heard, and felt too, at least by Mowbray. 'I fear,' said he, 'that his character is, indeed, but too true to nature; but the beauty of the story consists in the beauty of the allegory; for, surely,' he continued, in his lowest and most musical voice, as the gondola stopped at the steps of the Silver Lion—'surely, you must admit, that we never have a soul—at least, that we never feel that we have one, till we love.' 'I admit,' said Julia, trembling violently as she leant on his arm to ascend the steps—'I admit, that we are never in danger of losing it till we love.'"

Now this Julia, the wife of another, and the mother of his child, is drawn as a model of virtue; whilst a French governess, with less of sentiment, or rather with sentiment of another sort, and who suits her actions to her words, is

portrayed as a vile wanton. Alas, how much worse is she who falls altogether than she who prostitutes her whole mind, and heart, and soul? It is to have a fatal notion of moral duties to treat them after this fashion.

But we were only quoting this passage to shew how little the prurient curiosity, excited by the puffs of this work, is likely to be gratified, if it consults these pages with the idea of meeting with the disclosure of strange and wicked doings. No; we have clever irony and ridicule applied to every subject. Satire is the forte of the writer; and whether it is a picture of conjugal tyranny and domestic dissension—personal portraiture—descriptions of manners—or tracing motives—the same spirit runs wildly through the whole, and the sacrifice of every thing to satirical effect, or to the worse feeling of vengeance, is so apparent, that there is no point at which belief can stick, or credibility begin to be attached.

Such being the nature of this publication, rather than a betrayal of every social and sacred duty, those who may be led to read it for the sake of slander will be disappointed. References to Pythagoras, Plato, Epictetus, &c., and long and learned quotations from Claudian, Pliny, Horace, &c., discover a masculine hand, and happily enable us to acquit the gifted lady, whose name is (where it should never have been) on the title-page, of the contrivance and execution of (we trust) the most odious portions. We fear she has suffered, and we inquire not whether that suffering might not have been mitigated or avoided by different conduct; but that suffering engenders our pity; and it is from our "heart of hearts," we deplore her having sought counsel from her angry passions, and been so ill-advised as to throw herself into the clutches of reckless and unprincipled people, to be made their tool. It seems to efface the bright, the beautiful, the spiritual, and the enchanting, from our memory; and to replace them by—what we cannot utter.

We select a few brief sentences to shew how the work is written :—

"Certainly, the French have more sentiment and less feeling than any people in the world :—had Tullia been a Frenchwoman, she might equally have driven over the dead body of her father; but then, what an elegy she would have written upon the event! and with what tears would she have read it out to a sympathising and admiring audience!"

One of the love palliatives is thus given :—
"Once, and only once, she asked herself if she did not like him too much; but she blushed crimson at the thought, and seemed to think the prudery of her imagination had insulted the purity of her heart by the question."

The Press.—"Oh! what an odious monster is an unprincipled press-gang—writing, telling, and propagating lies, from morning till night. Smiling in the face, and stabbing in the back! Of all reptiles, scribbling underlings are the vilest. Who from parasitical maggots, gloating on the meats of the rich man's table, turn into literary panders to the rich man's vices, whether printed or acted; who spit their anonymous venom with impunity at the weak or the injured; and while, serpentine-like, they entangle their victim in their slimy coils, feel safe themselves from attack, from the conviction that none care to encounter the pestilence of their breath."

We have only further to notice that terrible havoc is made with the printing of the French and Latin; of which the liveliest example is the following version of *Nolo episcopari*,

"Nolo episco peri."

Bibliographical Essay on the Collection of Voyages and Travels. Edited and published by Levinus Hulsius and his successors, at Nuremberg and Francfort, from Anno 1598 to 1660. By A. Asher. London and Berlin, 1839. Small 4to. pp. 118.

ONLY a few copies of this volume have been printed; and it is curious in itself. Nuremberg, the cradle of the mighty giant—Printing, witnessed some of the earliest efforts of the infant Hercules; and the productions of the press of Hulsius were not the least prominent of them.

"If it cannot be denied (says our author) that the literary productions of any given period mark the state and progress of the human mind, and thus become the standard whereby to judge the nations of ancient and modern times, it must be of interest to trace the *march of book-selling* as that link between the public and the author, whose study it is to test the wants and desires of the one, in order to stimulate the abilities and exertions of the other, and thus to give birth to such works as most readily will repay the labour and capital of the 'dealer in mental food.' It is this consideration which has induced the author of the present Essay, himself one of the bibliopolic fraternity, to examine the publications of Levinus Hulse, or Hulsius, a man whose services to literature, both as an author and a publisher, deserve to be more known than they at present are. Although I propose to enumerate all the works published by him, it is his 'Collection of Voyages and Travels' that has attracted my particular study; and this Essay, of which one hundred and twenty numbered copies only are printed, has been published in the present quarto form, in order to match with the 'Collection' alluded to, and which it is intended to illustrate, and to introduce to the notice of the literary and curious."

This explains the nature of the design; and the following remarks describe the character of Hulse's labours:—

"Of all the authentic collections of early voyages and travels, which furnish the materials for universal history, none deserves more to be better known and appreciated than that published by Levinus Hulsius. It is mentioned as rare and valuable by Haller, Meusel, and Freytag; but the attention of the curious was not directed to the examination of its contents before the year 1802, when Camus, by an order of the French Institute, published his well-known *Mémoire de De Bry*."

Our author contends that Hulse's *Collection* is superior to De Bry's, famous as are the latter; and then, giving us a brief "Life" of this ancient and learned publisher, sets to work with his proposed task. Of the interesting manner in which it is executed, the following trio of examples will be sufficient testimony. The first is on the earliest attempts of the Dutch to discover a North-East Passage.*

"Two expensive expeditions having thus terminated in disappointment, the states-general felt no longer disposed to prosecute the discovery of a north-eastern passage. Yet, unwilling to relinquish the hope, and aware of the benefits that must accrue to the state from fostering a maritime spirit in the people, they issued a proclamation, offering a certain reward to such persons as should accomplish a voyage

to China by the desired route. The merchants of Amsterdam were thus encouraged to fit out two ships, the command of which they entrusted to the experienced pilot Barentz. He sailed at an earlier period than on his preceding voyage, and by the 1st of June had reached so high a latitude, that he had no night. On the 9th he arrived at Bear (afterwards called Cherry) Island; where the Dutch killed a bear, whose skin measured twelve feet in length. Ten days afterwards, they discovered land to the eastward, and found, by observations, they were in latitude 80° 11'. This is, unquestionably, the first discovery of Spitzbergen. The Dutch were surprised to find that this northern land was covered with good herbage, and supplied with herds of deer, while Nova Zembla, four degrees to the south, was a bleak and barren desert. Here also they found a multitude of red geese, such as visit some parts of Holland in the winter; but of which, as our author says, 'it was never known till this time where they hatched their eggs; so that some men have taken upon them to write, that they sit upon trees in Scotland, that hang over the water, and such eggs as fall from them down into the water, become young geese, and swim thereout of the water; but those that fall upon the land burst in sunder and are lost.' Thus the fable of the barnacles was supposed to be for the first time experimentally refuted. From Spitzbergen the two ships steered south-west till they arrived at Bear Island; and here they agreed to part company, Jan Cornelis wishing to examine the east coast of Spitzbergen, while Barentz hoped to find the passage to the eastward in a lower parallel. He steered, accordingly, for Nova Zembla, where, by the first week in August, he had reached the latitude 77°. But strong winds from the east opposing his progress, he was obliged to make fast the ship to an immense iceberg, which soon after burst into innumerable fragments, with a sudden explosion. Being forced to return, they reached, with difficulty, Icehaven, in latitude 73° 50', on the 26th; and here the ice which had beset them in the voyage immediately closed them up. The unhappy crew, now reduced to seventeen persons, found themselves under the necessity of passing the winter in this dreary and inhospitable spot. Luckily for them the driftwood on the shore was sufficiently abundant to supply them with fuel, and with the materials for a house. They calmly prepared to meet the difficulties of their situation; and the journal of their sufferings is rendered doubly interesting by their patience and resignation. It is difficult to conceive, and impossible to describe in adequate language, the feelings of men thus doomed to an abode of darkness, desolation, and intense cold, where bears and foxes are the only inhabitants of the forlorn scene. On the 4th of November, the last rays of the sun forsook them, and the cold increased until it became almost too intense for endurance. Their wine and beer were frozen and deprived of their strength. By means of great fires, of applying heated stones to their feet, and wrapping themselves in double fox-skin coats, they were just able to keep themselves from being frozen. But in searching for drift-wood, they were obliged to endure acute pain, and to brave imminent danger. They were also frequently attacked by bears, which fearlessly assaulted their wooden hut; but they found means to kill some of those animals, the fat of which they used for their lamps. It is remarkable that, when the sun disappeared, the bears also took their departure, and then the white foxes came in great numbers. These

animals, which served at once for food and clothing, were easily taken by traps set on the roof of the house. When the 19th of December arrived, these unhappy men derived comfort from the consideration that the season of darkness had half expired; and that, with the return of the sun, they would find new resources and means of preservation. Their spirits were not so far sunk as to prevent them from celebrating Twelfth-eve, with an extra allowance of wine, and with games. The gunner was made king of Nova Zembla, 'which is at least two hundred miles long, and lyeth between two seas.' At length, the joyful moment arrived. On the 27th of January, the entire disc of the sun was visible above the horizon, to the surprise of Barentz, who did not expect its appearance for fourteen days to come. But the calculation of Barentz was undoubtedly erroneous; while, on the other hand, the narrative cannot be easily explained, for, under ordinary circumstances of refraction, the appearance of the sun would seem to have been premature by seven or eight days. The appearance of the northern limb of the sun above the horizon on the 24th of January, in latitude 76° N., supposes a refraction of nearly three degrees. With the light of the sun, the bears also returned. The weather grew more boisterous and inclement, so that it was June before they could set about repairing their two boats; for the ship was too much injured by the ice to be again refitted by their feeble exertions. On the 13th of that month, they prepared to quit their wretched abode; but Barentz first drew up in writing, and left in the wooden hut, a list of their names, with an account of their misfortunes, and a description of what had befallen them while residing here. They then left Ice Haven in two small boats. But Barentz, enfeebled by sickness and anxiety, was unable to profit from the gleam of hope which now broke in upon them. He died on the 26th, to the great affliction of the crew, who placed unbounded confidence in his skill and experience. There are many instances on record, of long voyages performed through the ocean in open boats, but, perhaps, there is not one of so extraordinary a character as the present, in which two small boats ventured to cross the frozen ocean, more than eleven hundred miles, continually threatened by masses of floating ice, liable to the attack of bears, and exposed, for upwards of forty days, to the extremities of cold, famine, sickness, and fatigue. At length, the exhausted crews arrived at Cola, where they found three Dutch ships; in which they embarked and reached the Maes in safety, in October 1597. The account of these three voyages appears to have created a general sensation throughout Europe. It was first published in Dutch in 1598, and was translated *the same year* into Latin, twice into German, and into French. All these editions were frequently reprinted."

Our next relates to a voyage to the Gold Coast, and is introduced by some general observations:—

"This part of our collection refers to the conquests of the Dutch on the Gold Coast of Guinea: and the following extracts may serve as an introduction to the history of those enterprises which gave rise to the formation of the Dutch East India Company. One Bernard Ericks (or Erikson), of Medenblick, having been taken at sea by the Portuguese, and carried to the Princes Islands in the Bight of Guinea, heard there of the rich trade they drove on the Gold Coast. Being afterwards set at liberty, and returning to Holland, he offered

* "Dritte Theil, etc. i.e. Third part, true Relation of the three unheard-of curious Navigations made by the Dutch and Zealand vessels towards the North, in three succeeding years, viz. A.C. 1594, 1595, 1596, etc. etc. Translated from the Dutch into High-German, by Levinus Hulsius. Nuremberg, 1602. Vignette: a vessel surrounded by ice."

his service to some merchants for a Guinea voyage, who accordingly furnished him with a ship and a proper cargo. Ericks performed the voyage successfully in 1595, running along the whole Gold Coast, where he settled a good correspondence with the blacks for carrying on a further trade. These people, finding his goods much better and cheaper than they used to have from the Portuguese, and being disgusted at the violence and oppression of their tyrannical government, encouraged Erikson. The Portuguese, on the other hand, endeavoured to incense the natives against the Dutch, representing them as traitors and rebels to their king; and telling the negroes they came not so much for the sake of trade, as to spy the country and reduce them to slavery. They also strove, by presents and bribes, to corrupt the negroes to destroy these new comers, who traded with them, or to betray them into their hands. The governor of La Mina offered a reward of a hundred florins for every ship they could surprise or take from the Dutch; who by these arts lost the good opinion of the natives, till they recovered it again by the frequency of their visits. If you will believe the Portuguese authors, the Dutch treated the blacks even worse than themselves had done. Vasconcelos says that the rebels (meaning the Dutch) gained more upon the blacks by drunkenness, giving them wine and strong liquors, than by force of arms, and instructing them as ministers of the devil in their wickedness. But that their dissolute lives and manners, joined to the advantages which the Portuguese of Mina, though inferior in number, had gained over them in some encounters, had rendered them as contemptible among the blacks for their cowardice as want of virtue. That, however, the blacks being a barbarous people, susceptible of the first impressions, readily enough swallowed Calvin's poison, as well as took off the merchandise; which the Dutch, taking the advantage of the Portuguese indolence, sold along the coast, where they had, by such means, become absolute pirates. That they held, without any other right but force, the fort at Boutroë, four leagues from that at Axim; also the settlements of Kora, Koromantin, and Aldea del Tuerto, at Kommendo. That they peacefully enjoyed the commerce of Mina itself, where they purchased above two millions of gold yearly, and exported all that could be furnished there by the Fazzars, and other inland nations. That the quantity of merchandise brought by the Dutch, and their cheapness, had made the barbarians the more greedy of them; although the author says that persons of honour and quality had assured him that they would willingly pay double for Portuguese goods, as suspecting the Dutch to be of less value, buying them only for want of better. The Portuguese at La Mina, finding the Dutch trade on the coast increase, to their great loss, still endeavoured to excite the natives against them. In 1599, five Dutchmen, going in a canoe to Mowri, were by a calm detained at sea near the Castle of La Mina; which the governor observing, sent some negroes, who fell upon them, and wounding them, carried them ashore, where they cut off their heads, which they presented to the governor, and afterwards converted the skulls into drinking-cups. The governor set their broken limbs on the castle walls, to terrify the Dutch. They tried all clandestine ways to hurt the Dutch, whom they mortally hated. But about this time, for want of supplies from Lisbon, and by the decay of their trade, they were grown so weak, that they were glad to lie still in their fortresses,

for fear the natives, to whom they were become odious, should seize and deliver them up to the Dutch. In effect, this same year, the Kommendo and Fetu blacks, animated by the Dutch, who supplied them with arms and other necessities, rose against the Portuguese. These had above three hundred men killed in that war. The Dutch, who till then had found much difficulty to make settlements on the Gold Coast, notwithstanding their being countenanced by the blacks, resolved now to erect some forts on the coast of Benin and Angola. Then practising underhand with several of the kings, he of Sabow gave them leave to build a fort at Mowri, three leagues east from Cabo Corso, which they finished in the year 1624, and gave the command of it to Adrian Jacobs, at the time when the crown of Portugal was at war with the Dutch, but possessed by Philip the Fourth, king of Spain."

Our last is to a different part of the world. "*William Schouten's Expedition to the Pacific*. — Die sechtzehende Schifffahrt, i. e. the sixteenth voyage journal, or description of the wonderful voyage of William Schouten, of Holland, in the years 1615, 16, and 17, wherein he discovered a new thoroughfare near Magellan's Strait into the South Sea, which hitherto had been unknown, etc. etc. Illustrated by many maps and plates. Francfort sumptibus Hulsianis, 1619 (no other edition known). Frontispiece, two Americans. Preface, 4 pages. Text, pp. 7-90. 9 maps and plates. Of the plates, some represent incidents and views similar to those of De Bry; but instead of four maps, with which the present voyage is illustrated, De Bry has only two. Hulsius's account of this 'Navigation,' one of the most consequential of the seventeenth century, is of extreme interest. It will be seen by the extract quoted below, that two accounts of this expedition were published, shortly after the completion of the voyage, by the respective friends of Schouten and Lemaire, the two navigators, which differ in many instances. De Bry's and Hulsius's versions of these Dutch accounts appeared both in 1619, but they translated from the two differing originals; in consequence of which, these translations present the curious with all the facts as stated on both sides. Our version, however, is beyond comparison superior to its competitor ('Grandes Voyages XI.'). as it renders all those passages correctly which in De Bry have become quite unintelligible (see 'Camus Mémoire,' pp. 148-153). Thus, for instance, De Bry, in the very beginning of the book, states, under the 12th of July, 'saw some wildernesses,' into which absurd error he was probably led by the circumstance that the islands were called, as stated by Hulsius, p. 8, the Salvages (two small desert isles, S.S.E. of Madeira), taking Salvages for Sauvages! And this proof of the ignorance of the editor of De Bry's translation is certainly sufficient to uphold the opinion stated in the introduction of this memoir, that our collection is not alone much more correct, but is in fact indispensably necessary to those 'amateurs' who have purchased De Bry, not alone as a curious, but also as a useful book."

The whole of the volume is full of statements of this kind. Need we repeat that it affords a very curious and interesting view of the earliest European navigation and foreign discoveries?

The Phantom Ship. By Capt. Marryat, R.N., author of "Peter Simple," "Jacob Faithful," &c. 3 vols. London. Colburn.

THE vigour and power of Capt. Marryat's pen are so well known by his former works, and,

even in the present instance, have been so forcibly indicated by the appearance of nearly half of *The Phantom Ship* in the popular pages of the "New Monthly Magazine," that it is altogether unnecessary for us to say more than that the whole has thus appeared. These "whole" constitutes one of his best stories, combining the supernatural in an admirable manner with the sea and seamanship so peculiarly the writer's own domain. The exhibition of religious persecutions, too, is affecting and tragically wrought into the narrative, and a deep interest is kept up to the very last scene on board the *Phantom Ship*.

That we may not interfere with that interest we shall content ourselves with a preceding specimen, where the fated vessel speaks the homeward bound, in which the hero, Philip, and his incorporeal companion, Schriften, are passengers.

"A bank of clouds rose up from the eastward, with a rapidity that, to the seaman's eyes, was unnatural, and it soon covered the whole firmament; the sun was obscured, and all was one deep and unnatural gloom; the wind subsided, and the ocean was hushed. It was not exactly dark, but the heavens were covered with one red haze, which gave an appearance as if the world was in a state of conflagration. In the cabin the increased darkness was first observed by Philip, who went on deck; he was followed by the captain and passengers, who were in a state of amazement. It was unnatural and incomprehensible. 'Now, holy Virgin, protect us! what can this be?' exclaimed the captain in a fright. 'Holy Saint Antonio, protect us — but this is awful!' 'There! there!' shouted the sailors, pointing to the beam of the vessel. Every eye looked over the gunnel to witness what had occasioned such exclamations. Philip, Schriften, and the captain, were side by side. On the beam of the ship, not more than two cables' length distant, they beheld, slowly rising out of the water, the tapering mast-head and spars of another vessel. She rose, and rose gradually; her topmasts and topsail yards, with the sails set, next made their appearance; higher and higher she rose up from the element. Her lower masts and rigging, and, lastly, her hull shewed itself above the surface. Still she rose up till her ports, with her guns, and at last the whole of her floatage was above water; and there she remained close to them, with her main-yard squared, and hove-to. 'Holy Virgin!' exclaimed the captain, breathless; 'I have known ships to go down, but never to come up before. Now will I give one thousand candles, of ten ounces each, to the shrine of the Virgin to save us in this trouble. One thousand wax candles! Hear me, blessed Lady; ten ounces each. Gentlemen,' cried the captain to the passengers, who stood aghast — 'why don't you promise? — promise, I say; promise, at all events.' 'The Phantom Ship — the Flying Dutchman!' shrieked Schriften; 'I told you so, Philip Vanderdecken; there is your father — He! he!' Philip's eyes had remained fixed on the vessel; he perceived that they were lowering down a boat from her quarter. 'It is possible,' thought he, 'I shall now be permitted!' and Philip put his hand into his bosom, and grasped the relic. The gloom now increased, so that the strange vessel's hull could but just be discovered through the murky atmosphere. The seamen and passengers threw themselves down on their knees, and invoked their saints. The captain ran down for a candle, to light before the image of St. Antonio, which he took out of its shrine, and kissed with much apparent affection and devo-

tion, and then replaced. Shortly afterwards the splash of oars was heard alongside, and a voice calling out, 'I say, my good people, give us a rope from forward.' No one answered, or complied with the request. Schriften only went up to the captain, and told him, that if they offered to send letters they must not be received, or the vessel would be doomed, and all would perish. A man now made his appearance from over the gunnel, at the gangway. 'You might as well have let me had a side rope, my hearties,' said he, as he stepped on deck; 'where is the captain?' 'Here,' replied the captain, trembling from head to foot. The man who accosted him appeared a weather-beaten seaman, dressed in a fur cap and canvass petticoats; he held some letters in his hand. 'What do you want?' at last screamed the captain. 'Yes—what do you want?' continued Schriften, 'He! he!' 'What, you here, pilot?' observed the man; 'well—I thought you had gone to Davy's locker, long enough ago.' 'He! he!' replied Schriften, turning away. 'Why, the fact is, captain, we have had very foul weather, and we wish to send letters home: I do believe that we shall never get round this Cape.' 'I can't take them,' cried the captain. 'Can't take them! Well, it's very odd, but every ship refuses to take our letters. It's very unkind: seamen should have a feeling for brother seamen, especially in distress. God knows, we wish to see our wives and families again; and it would be a matter of comfort to them if they only could hear from us.' 'I cannot take your letters; the saints preserve us!' replied the captain. 'We have been a long while out,' said the seaman, shaking his head. 'How long?' inquired the captain, not knowing what to say. 'We can't tell; our almanack was blown overboard, and we have lost our reckoning. We never have our latitude exact now, for we cannot tell the sun's declination for the right day.' 'Let me see your letters,' said Philip, advancing, and taking them out of the seaman's hands. 'They must not be touched!' screamed Schriften. 'Out, monster!' replied Philip; 'who dares interfere with me?' 'Doomed, doomed!' shrieked Schriften, running up and down the deck, and then breaking into a wild fit of laughter. 'Touch not the letters,' said the captain, trembling as if in an ague fit. Philip made no reply, but held his hand out for the letters. 'Here is one from our second mate, to his wife at Amsterdam, who lives on Waser Quay.' 'Waser Quay has long been gone, my good friend; there is now a large dock for ships where it once was,' replied Philip. 'Impossible!' replied the man; 'here is another from the boatswain to his father, who lives in the old market-place.' 'The old market-place has long been pulled down, and there now stands a church upon the spot.' 'Impossible!' replied the seaman; 'here is another from myself to my sweetheart, Vrow Ketter—with money to buy her a new brooch.' Philip shook his head. 'I remember seeing an old lady of that name buried some thirty years ago.' 'Impossible! I left her young and blooming. Here's one for the house of Stultz and Co., to whom the ship belongs.' 'There's no such house now,' replied Philip; 'but I have heard, that many years ago there was a firm of that name.' 'Impossible! you must be laughing at me. Here is a letter from our captain to his son——' 'Give it me,' cried Philip, seizing the letter; he was about to break the seal, when Schriften snatched it out of his hand, and threw it over the lee gunnel. 'That's a scurvy trick for an old shipmate,' observed the seaman.

Schriften made no reply, but catching up the other letters which Philip had laid down on the capstan, he hurled them after the first. The strange seaman shed tears, and walked again to the side: 'It is very hard—very unkind,' observed he, as he descended; 'the time may come when you may wish that your family should know your situation;' so saying, he disappeared; in a few seconds was heard the sound of the oars, retreating from the ship. 'Holy St. Antonio!' exclaimed the captain, 'I am lost in wonder and fright. Steward, bring me up the arrack.' The steward ran down for the bottle; being as much alarmed as his captain, he helped himself before he brought it up to his commander. 'Now,' said the captain, after keeping his mouth for two minutes to the bottle, and draining it to the bottom, 'what is to be done next?' 'I'll tell you,' said Schriften, going up to him. 'That man there has a charm hung round his neck; take it from him and throw it overboard, and your ship will be saved; if not, it will be lost, with every soul on board.' 'Yes, yes, it's all right, depend upon it,' cried the sailors. 'Fools,' replied Philip, 'do you believe that wretch? Did you not hear the man who came on board recognize him, and call him shipmate? He is the party whose presence on board will prove so unfortunate.' 'Yes, yes,' cried the sailors, 'it's all right, the man did call him shipmate.' 'I tell you it's all wrong,' cried Schriften; 'that is the man, let him give up the charm.' 'Yes, yes, let him give up the charm,' cried the sailors, and they rushed upon Philip. Philip started back to where the captain stood. 'Madmen, know ye them what ye are about? It is the holy cross that I wear round my neck. Throw it overboard if you dare, and your souls are lost for ever;' and Philip took the relic from his bosom and shewed it to the captain. 'No, no, men,' exclaimed the captain, who was now more settled in his nerves, 'that won't do—the saints protect us.' The seamen, however, became clamorous; one portion were for throwing Schriften overboard, the other for throwing Philip; at last, the point was decided by the captain, who directed the small skiff, hanging astern, to be lowered down, and ordered both Philip and Schriften to get into it. The seamen approved of this arrangement, as it satisfied both parties. Philip made no objection; Schriften screamed and fought, but he was tossed into the boat. There he remained trembling in the stern sheets, while Philip, who had seized the sculls, pulled away from the vessel in the direction of the Phantom Ship."

MISCELLANEOUS.

Influences of the Corn-Laws, as affecting all Classes of the Community, and particularly the Landed Interests. By James Wilson, Esq. 8vo. pp. 135. London, 1839. Longman and Co.

OUR readers would not thank us to go into a discussion of the corn-laws, which have been thrashed out, winnowed, and sifted, in every organ of public opinion for months, till it seems impossible to say any thing new on the subject. All we shall note, therefore, is, that Mr. Wilson, after a laborious inquiry, and supporting himself on 'parliamentary returns,' takes a somewhat original view of the question (or rather of half of it, for he leaves the manufacturing effects undiscussed); and contends that a repeal would benefit the landed and agricultural interests, and through them every class of the community and the nation at large. One sug-

gestion appears to be of practical value, viz. the appointment of a Government Institution, for the purpose of collecting and furnishing, periodically, all the statistical facts connected with agricultural pursuits, similar to those which the custom-house documents furnish to the mercantile classes.

Pocket Biblical Dictionary. By D. Davidson, author of "The Pocket Commentary," &c. 1839. Edinburgh, Thornton and Collie, &c.; and London, Dublin, Glasgow, Aberdeen, Manchester.

A VERY useful little dictionary condensed from Calmet, Brown, Clarke, and later travellers and authors.

School Botany, &c. &c. By J. Lindley, F.R.S. &c. &c. Pp. 118. London, 1839. Longman and Co.

AN explanation according to the classification of De Candolle, and intended as a guide to students in botany. Dr. Lindley is a high authority on the subject: perhaps a little too technical and learned for beginners, but for those more advanced, nothing could be better.

The Sorrows of Deafness, by G. H. Beaumont. Pp. 31. (London, Saunders and Otley).—Mr. Beaumont seems to feel very acutely the inconveniences and evils attendant on deafness, and he describes them in a touching manner. We should be deaf to his representations, did we not say that his little brochure is an interesting picture of this affliction.

The First Book of Modern Geography, &c., by the Rev. Alex. Stewart. 8vo. pp. 92. (Edinburgh, Thornton and Collie, J. Brydone; London, Whittaker and Co.).—The minister of Douglas is already known as the author of several useful elementary books; and this is an addition to the number.

Considerations on the State of the Nation. Pp. 71.—A pamphlet without an author's or a publisher's name, in which the writer, 'good easy man,' because his grandfather was Scotch, his grandmother Irish, his father English, and his mother of the family of a French refugee, fancies he can persuade all the population of England, Scotland, and Ireland, to agree to one religious faith, and one mode of religious worship!!! Having arranged this business to his own satisfaction, he proceeds to settle every other national, international, political, economical, moral, statistical, fiscal, military, naval, educational, and general question (including a few in the fine arts), upon the clearest principles of the college of Utopia. The superintendence of the whole plan he would assign to a strong coalition ministry, with the Dukes of Cambridge and Wellington at its head. Such an administration, we agree, might accomplish much good for the country; but we doubt much that it could carry into effect the ideas of our cosmopolite projector.

A Letter to Dr. Birkbeck, on the Arts forming a Basis of our National Education, and a Means of Employment to an Increasing Population, by R. T. Stothard, F.R.S., elect. &c. Pp. 30. (London, Hookham).—An earnest appeal in favour of the arts, mechanics, &c. as essential parts of general education.

Political Medicine, &c., by Dr. H. Maunsell. Pp. 45. (Dublin, J. Porter, Fanning and Co.; London, Henshaw).—In this discourse Dr. Maunsell very ably handles the subjects of good distempers, quarantines, hygienic inquiries, and other matters, to which the science of medicine may be considered to be politically applied.

Myself, Morland, the Would-be Traveller. Pp. 190. (London, Houlston and Co.).—Some amusing accounts of animals of various kinds, instructive for juvenile readers.

The Devoted One, and other Poems, by Dugald Moore. Pp. 244. (Glasgow, J. Murray; London, Baily and Co.; Edinburgh, Black).—Mr. Dugald Moore is a persevering poet; but we fear he will never add much to the fame of the name. This drama, and a number of minor pieces, are not of a character to claim much praise.

The Bouquet, &c., by a Florist. Pp. 102. (London, Simpkin and Marshall).—A little treatise describing the pretty plants which flourish in rooms, and telling our fair florists how to manage them, so as to keep them in health and preserve their beauty.

The Author's Assistant. Pp. 60. (London, Saunders and Otley).—The Author's Assistant. We looked at the title, and exclaimed, "How benevolent!" No race of people need assistance more; and we shall be glad to see what means are devised to help them. On turning to the book, however, we discovered that it was only one of instruction how to correct their work, and make calculations with respect to paper, printing, and other requisites in printing and publishing.

The London and Birmingham Railway, &c., by Thomas Roscoe and Peter Leconte. Pp. 195. (London, Tilt).—This is a very pretty volume, abounding with woodcuts, and with an excellent map. As no travellers by the "road" can know any thing about the country through which they are gliding, it is very well to have a guide to tell you what are upon your right hand and your left if you could see them.

An *Introductory Lecture on the Study of English Law*, by P. Stafford Carey, M.A. Professor of English Law, Pp. 66. (London, Taylor and Walton.)—A very able lecture delivered at University College in December last. The general ideas are valuable and comprehensive.

Scriptural Hymns by the Rev. Dr. Doddridge, by his Great-Grandson, J. Doddridge Humphreys, Esq. Pp. 316. (London, Darton and Clark.)—Some new hymns, not before printed, are added to this edition, which we doubt not will add to the great popularity the collection has always enjoyed.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ELECTRICAL SOCIETY.

TUESDAY, 2d April.—Read a communication from Mr. Martyn Roberts, descriptive 'Of a Galvanic Battery,' lately perfected by him, 'which promises to be of essential service to Electrical Science.' It consists of a wooden box, divided into cells, like the trough for Wollaston's battery. The plates (copper and zinc) are circular disks, in metallic connexion, fitted on a wooden axle, and immersed in dilute acid only one-half, or to their centres. Between the copper and zinc plate, in each cell, is stretched a strip of flannel, or cloth, from one end of the box to the other, and lightly rubbing on both plates, to the axle of which a handle is fixed, to turn them slowly round. In this way the cloth rubber removes the coating of oxide from the zinc—the precipitated metal on the copper plate, and also the hydrogen gas attached to that plate. Mr. Roberts found the production of gas four times as rapid when the plates were turned, than when not. This arises from the constant clean surface of the plates, and from the great galvanic energy acquired by the plates being exposed to the air in their revolution (one-half of the surface being always so exposed). A comparison of the expense of the exciting fluid, with that necessary for Daniell's battery, was greatly in favour of Mr. Roberts's arrangement. The results of the decomposing power, &c., of the two batteries consuming the given exciting fluid, were not, however, given.—Read also, 'Arguments in Favour of Homogeneous Repulsion,' by Mr. C. V. Walker. The arguments, and close and clear investigations, were pursued in relation to all the phenomena of electricity, being contained in two propositions: "electricity attracts matter," "electricity repels electricity." With these, in order to explain the mutual repulsion of two negatively electrized bodies, some have been induced to unite a third, viz. "matter repels matter." This third proposition Mr. Walker did not admit; he conceived matter to be so inert, that but for some cause, extraneous to itself, were any portion placed in any spot in the universe, in that spot would it remain for ever motionless and changeless; and he doubted not that future inquiries will enable us to conclude, that this inertia of matter, in its fullest and most extended sense, pervades the universe; and that all the varied changes of place in the planetary system, and all the admirable mechanism which regulates the whole, owe their existence to the electric fluid alone—to that fluid which seems to him, as far as we yet know, to be repulsive of its own particles, and attractive of all else. With this view, on this basis, and in the true spirit of generalization—tracing all the phenomena of nature as dependent on the fewest causes, and detecting in these few the perfection of simplicity indissolubly engrafted on the grandeur of design—were the arguments followed out. They embraced the phenomena of bodies positively and negatively electrized. For the details we refer our readers to the Society's Journal; our space, limited always, but especially at this busy season of the year, will not permit our doing them justice.

B. B. CABELL, Esq. in the chair.—Balance in favour of Society at last settlement, 810*l*. 12*s*. 6*d*. The refreshment-room in the gardens has just been let at a rent of 360*l*. per annum; the first year paid in advance. Amongst the donations was a curious specimen of the flying opossum, presented by Lady Maria Stanley. Upwards of 6000 persons visited the gardens and museum in March. The secretary read a list of members of the council whose removal was recommended; viz. Sir J. Boileau, Bart., the Bishop of Norwich, Prof. Owen, Mr. Brown, and Col. Sykes. The names on the balloting list, proposed by the Council, were, the Right Hon. T. F. Lewis, Messrs. Darwin, Ogilvy, Wishaw, and Yarrell, and Sir G. Clerk, Bart. in the room of B. Hawes, Esq. M.P., who has resigned.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

Oxford, March 23d.—The last day of term, the following degrees were conferred:—
Masters of Arts.—Rev. W. Smith, Christ Church; C. Badham, Wadham College; J. Butler, All Souls' College.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—Geographical, 8 P.M.; Statistical, 8 P.M.; United Service Institution, 9 P.M.; British Architects, 8 P.M.
Tuesday.—Royal Medical and Chirurgical, 8½ P.M.; Zoological, 8½ P.M.; Society of Arts, 8 P.M.
Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 7½ P.M.; Geological, 8½ P.M.; London Institution, 7 P.M.; Medico-Botanical, 8 P.M.; Graphic, 8 P.M.; Literary Fund, 8 P.M.
Thursday.—Royal Society, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; Royal Society of Literature, 8 P.M.
Friday.—Astronomical, 8 P.M.; Royal Institution, 8½ P.M.

FINE ARTS.

THE PHOTOGENIC ART.

23 Polygon, Clarendon Square, April 2, 1839.
SIR,—The interest which you have taken in the subject of heliographic and photogenic drawing, and in the question of priority of invention, not only between France and England, but among ourselves, induces me to offer to your attention what I certainly claim to have been with me an original invention, whatever unpublished priority may be claimed by Mr. Fox Talbot. I herewith send you two specimens of works which I have executed, without the slightest idea that any one before me had ever thought of the process by which I produced them.† If it be a subject of reproach that a man, having made a discovery which he believes to be valuable, attempts to secure a personal benefit by a patent, it will apply to hundreds of inventions for which patents have been obtained. I did, certainly, with two other artists, attempt to secure one for the particular application of this new art; and I believe that it would have been tenable, but for some melancholy circumstances which led to the disclosure, and its abandonment. Our object was to have united with us as many artists as a patent would allow, viz. twelve. Self-protection prompted this,—for the new art, as it was spoken of, threatened us with the loss of our occupation. 'Tis sufficient that it was neither a selfish nor an unworthy procedure by which twelve artists might have been saved from the ruin, if the threatened power of the new art could have been realized; and they surely would have been justified in seeking to protect themselves. The charge comes with an ill grace from one who, by his own shewing, has kept from the world for five years a discovery which has made such progress in other

hands in five weeks! Why Mr. Talbot should have felt sore, and jealous of the improvements and discoveries which they have made upon his invention, in consequence of his disclosures, I cannot understand, and still less his seeming to claim all that others do: what he did disclose was only an amusement—a plaything. Others, and among them Mr. Havell and myself, have endeavoured to found upon it an art; and I have produced some specimens which encourage me to believe it will become an important one; but what we have done was nowhere disclosed or claimed by Mr. Talbot until after ours were produced. He says now, that he produced such effects through glass five years before. I believe sincerely what he, as a gentleman, states to be true; but as neither Mr. Havell nor I had any means during Mr. Talbot's five years' silence, or from his recent disclosures to the Royal Society, or in your journal, after Daguerre's announcement, of knowing that he had ever produced such effects as we have by etching and painting upon glass (clearly not Mr. Havell's process, who painted on the glass with opaque white the same effect which the action of the light produced upon the paper), or that he etched on glass, even as an amateur, effects like those which I have made in the specimens I now send to you; upon what grounds, then, does Mr. Talbot deny that these are our inventions? Read his letters, and see that, though he may have fancied a process by which Mr. Havell's invention or mine may have been produced, he gave no publicity to such thoughts before ours were produced; nor can any evidence be brought to prove that Mr. Havell's process or mine was derived from him. The inventions were our own, and we first disclosed their processes; he as a painter, I as an engraver. I am sorry for the soreness Mr. Talbot has shewn, for I feel under great obligations to him for what he did disclose. No doubt now remains that his process and Daguerre's, or, rather, Niepce's, are essentially different: I own, however, most willingly, that my invention, and I am sure that of Mr. Havell's also, are entirely due to the publicity he gave to his improvements upon Wedgwood's and Davy's researches, and his discovery of fixing the designs. His claim for England, as he believed that his process was similar to, and preceded Daguerre's, certainly led to every subsequent improvement here; for, if Mr. Talbot had not shewn what he could do, and how he did it, neither my productions nor Mr. Havell's could ever have been heard of. If he claims, however, all that the new art has produced, or may produce in other hands, which he did not publish before, nor claim until afterwards, he will find others beside me to refuse his claims. With this statement, I claim the invention as original with me of etching such a design upon glass as I have now the pleasure of sending to you.—I am, &c.

J. T. WILMORE.

CORONATION OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

Painted by E. T. Parris.

WHEN we heard that Mr. Parris had undertaken to paint a picture of the late coronation, we felt persuaded that it was just the kind of subject to which the peculiar talents and qualifications of that able and tasteful artist were calculated to do justice. The result has proved that our anticipation was well founded. Those who were not present at the impressive ceremony, the most important and interesting act of which this fine work represents, can have but an imperfect idea of the fidelity of the performance, although they cannot fail to remark the grandeur and brilliance of its effect. The

* Correspondence of this interesting kind we readily insert without remark.—Ed. L. G.
† They are exquisitely beautiful.—Ed. L. G.

congregation of all that is illustrious, dignified, elegant, and lovely in the land, in the richest possible dresses—many of them in the superbly ornamented robes belonging to the high offices, the duties of which they were, on that auspicious day, called upon to discharge—surrounding, and gazing upon, the fair and youthful descendant of a long line of monarchs, about to take upon herself the awful responsibility of presiding over the destinies of a mighty empire—the crowd of excited and attentive spectators, native and foreign (the latter glittering with the decorations of their respective countries), in the numerous and spacious galleries—the magnificent and venerable edifice, with its long and lofty vista of pillars, and arches, and windows, through which the sunlight streams, communicating a mellow warmth of colour to every thing that it touches—altogether, afforded an opportunity for the exercise and triumph of his pencil, of which Mr. Parris has most happily availed himself. From many of the noble actors and actresses in the regal drama, he subsequently obtained sittings; and of the others, he resorted to various modes of obtaining sketches, which materially assisted him; and enabled him, without impairing what ought to be the general character of an historical composition, to impart sufficient individuality to the principal personages present.

The picture was on private view, for the first three days of this week, at Mr. Parris's residence, in Grafton Street, previously to its being sent to Mr. Moon, for whom it was executed; and who, of course, intends to have it immediately engraved.*

ANCIENT PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

THE ancient public buildings of a nation are among its most important memorials, as is sufficiently manifested by the interest attached to the vast ruins of Egypt, and the elaborate works of ancient Greece and Rome. These are not merely objects of curiosity and study to the architect and antiquary, but are visited with avidity by all classes of travellers; and their historical and national peculiarities are matters of interesting discussion amongst scholars and the well-informed classes of all countries. If Great Britain, and the other northern parts of Europe, do not offer to the traveller buildings of equal interest, or of similar classical associations, it must be evident that they contain others equally valuable to the man of science and to the general historian. The *splendid cathedrals and monastic churches* of the middle ages, are unparalleled by any of the pagan edifices of more ancient times, in their scientific principles; in their endless novelty of design; in their picturesque and artistic combinations. Even these are, however, old, and, like those of more remote eras, are fast decaying;—are successively crumbling beneath the slow, but certain operations of time, and the more rapid spoiliations of man. The French government, with a wise and noble patriotism, has recently appointed a committee to investigate and report on the present state and former characteristics of the antiquities of their nation; and have also appropriated an annual sum of money to preserve and repair them. This is an example to be imitated; and we are much gratified to learn that some members of our own legislature are at length roused to a due sense of the value and interest attached to our *native antiquities*; and that parliamentary

* On Thursday, we were happy to see, the Queen herself gave Mr. Parris a sitting in order to finish her likeness. Her Majesty and the court expressed great admiration of the picture.—*Ed. L. G.*

measures are about to be adopted to inquire into their condition. Although too late to recover what is lost, there is great scope to save much that remains; to check the progress of a ruin which reflects on our character as a nation, and ranks us with the barbarians of an uncivilized community.

HENRY P. BONE, ESQ.

WITH political offices the *Literary Gazette* has nothing to do. Who the Queen may think fit to select as her first lord of the treasury, or chancellor of the exchequer, is, happily, no concern of ours. But it is not so with the arts; and it is, therefore, with great satisfaction we announce, that her Majesty has been graciously pleased to appoint Henry P. Bone, Esq., son of the late Henry Bone, Esq., R.A., her enamel painter. Our notices of the exhibitions have frequently brought Mr. Bone favourably before our readers. To still greater skill and power in the mechanical department of his difficult art than were possessed even by his late worthy father, he adds original talents, which the enameller, who generally contents himself with copying the works of others, can seldom boast. To say nothing of his historical compositions in oil, Mr. Bone's miniature portraits, in enamel, painted at once from the life, are eminently beautiful; and the circumstance, that they are as imperishable as they are admirable, necessarily enhances their value. We congratulate Mr. Bone on the honour he has received; and we trust the Royal Academy will not be slow in following up the mark of royal approbation, which has thus been bestowed on an able artist and a most deserving man.

EXHIBITION AT THE LOUVRE: WORKS OF MODERN ARTISTS, 1839.

[Second notice.]

Or the artists who have exhibited this year, we will select, as one of the first in name, in talent, in a rich store of grand and magnificent works already executed, Horace Vernet, and with him we will begin our notice of the historical painters. Indeed, in his own peculiar line, as a painter of battles, he has no rival—*facile princeps*; and he stands alone, far above the artists of any other country in Europe. His *magnum opus*, which was exhibited two years ago, "The Battle of Fontenoy," now at Versailles, is a picture the *pendant* to which it is hardly given to any one artist to produce, even during a long professional life; but though we have nothing of this kind in the present *salon*, we find the story of the taking of Constantina depicted on three immense canvasses, with all the force and all the success for which Vernet is so justly celebrated. The subject was much against him as a colourist, and there was every chance of his failing to please the multitude in this respect. The wintry aspect even of an African climate, the uniform gray coat and red trousers of the French army, the absence of all military pomp and ornament resulting from the severe operations of the siege, were circumstances enough to dishearten any painter. Vernet, however, with the instinct of a great mind, determined to make his picture historically true, and, by giving a military strictness to his compositions, to add to them that value of nature and faithful delineation which would fit them for being appreciated in after-times. This is what he has done; but he has thrown into the pictures the whole force of which he is master; and the grouping, the individual designing, and the general idea of each picture, are all that can be wished, or all that can be

expected from the nature of the subject. In one picture he represents the Duke de Nemours heading a battalion of the African foreign legion in repelling an attack of the besieged Arabs in a sortie against the heights of Coudiat Aty, held by the French. The Arabs are just seen coming up the steep hill side, and the French troops are making a dash over a low stone wall and a bank. The Duke de Nemours "points out the path to glory"—a little too tamely, perhaps (but the compliment of the king's favourite artist is excusable), while old Damremont stands coolly behind to see the youthful and ardent spirits of the legion pay off the Arabs in their own coin. By the side of this, is the attack on Constantina, at the moment when Marshal Valée has given the order to leave the trenches, and the first column, under Colonel de Lamoricière, one of the most gallant spirits of France, is rushing at the breach. The spectator stands in the inclosure of the breaching battery, and has a fine view of the picturesque town and the mountains beyond. On the left are the troops all in motion: in the middle, the Duke de Nemours, as honorary commandant of the trenches, repeating the marshal's order: a little further to the right, the marshal and his staff; quite to the right, the second column waiting to be ordered on; and the last gun launching its thunder against Constantina. The exquisite manner in which the severity of design consonant with military operations is modified by the poetic imagination of the artist, gives great value to this immense composition, which occupies a canvas 30 feet by 20. Some of the figures in this picture are as fine studies as ever proceeded from the vigorous hand of this master; and whenever the work comes to be engraved, it will be highly valued by the public. Nearly all the faces are portraits—and good ones too. The third picture is the second column, with the brave but unfortunate Colonel Combe at the head, just mounting the breach, while the remains of the first column are forcing their way into the narrow streets of the town. Here full scope is given to the artist for a glorious display of his powers in drawing the human figure in every possible variety of attitude; and a more successfully executed task we have never seen performed. The whole composition is full of motion and spirit; not merely the enthusiasm of the soldiers, but even their awkwardness, as they clamber up the ruinous ascent, is most admirably represented. The whole story is told so well and so truly, that the spectator feels animated with something like a longing to have been in this dread *mêlée* while contemplating the inanimate canvass. Once more, we repeat, the monotony of the colouring is a great drawback upon these pictures; and, to tell the truth, they have been painted far too hastily, their united surfaces, covering about 1200 square feet, having been entirely painted within eight months: they would stand another year's work in the atelier; but if regarded for the difficulties of the subject, and the masterly design and handling shown in them, they cannot but be highly appreciated by all who are practically acquainted with art. Horace Vernet's handling is of the most vigorous and broadest kind in his large *toiles*; and of the most exquisite Flemish delicacy and finish in his cabinet compositions. Of these latter he has three in the *salon*, all of which have been engraved. One, a small episode of the storming of Constantina; another, Abraham driving out Hagar; and a third, a Lion Hunt: all of them gems of very high price.

The warlike propensities of French lingers

have been well-nigh exhausted by the orders for Versailles, executed within the last few years; and we find only one or two other large battles (one of them by Alaux, a very rising artist) in this year's *salon*—battles, that is to say, which are worthy of being looked at.

In a totally different style, but one which is equally entitled to the appellation of the heroic, is Ary Scheffer, the most imaginative and the most poetic of any painter that France has yet produced. Five exquisite works of this great master—for such he will undoubtedly be considered in future times—are placed all in contact with each other in the Long Gallery of the Louvre. In one, the largest of the set, he has chosen for his subject the well-known story of Faust and Margaret, just at the moment when the young student first beholds the fair and simple girl coming out of church. She herself is dressed with beautiful plainness, and bears that exquisite female face which Raphael alone knew how to render. Behind her are seen, emerging from the church porch, a group of staid and dignified German burghers, clad with the stiff costume of the times, while Faust and Mephistophiles occupy a prominent place in the right hand corner of the piece. The colouring is full of harmony and solidity, highly scientific, though a little too much indebted for effect to its glazings; and the design is all that is most masterly. It will be engraved to a certainty, and would be cheap at 500*l*. On either side are two pictures, each representing Mignon in the beautiful ballad of Goëthe: one, Mignon regretting her country, a melancholy child on a wide desolate heath, and a flight of birds winging their way to her beloved fatherland: the other, Mignon thinking of Heaven, a radiant and exalted being lost in meditation, "her rapt thoughts mingling with the skies," clad all in white, and on the projecting edge of a lofty edifice. The Duke of Orleans possesses both these pictures; and all the Germans in Paris are dying with envy at the thoughts of it. A fourth picture is the King of Thule, from Goëthe, "mingling his tears with his drink;" a most elaborate study of a venerable gray-bearded man, sitting at a table, his attendant standing behind, and drinking from a gold goblet. This picture is as highly finished as any that Morales ever executed, while at the same time it possesses more vigour of touch than that master usually possessed. The colouring is very rich and sufficiently transparent; the *chiaro oscuro* is strong; the tints broad; and the effect would be quite perfect, were it not that some evil genius had persuaded this great artist to encase it in a coat of varnish as thick as a decent plate of glass, which greatly deteriorates both its value and its tone. This latter fault M. Scheffer has fortunately avoided in his fifth production, Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane, supported by an Angel. You see nothing more than two three-quarter figures, but such figures,—so exquisitely beautiful in all their details; the one so overwhelmed with the sorrows of a whole world, of the universe; the other with the patience of adoration, and the full expression of sympathetic grief checked by awe,—that you may linger and study this fine picture for hours. Christ is clad in brown, the angel in white; and the harmonious effect produced by these colours, relieved by the carnations, and the golden radiance that plays around the heads, are both original and worthy of imitation. The picture is rather thinly painted, but in handling is, we think, better than any of the others: it is liable, perhaps, to the charge of too much and

too indiscriminate glazing; and the whole practice of the master may be fully learnt from it. Had Scheffer never painted any thing else, these fine pictures would have by themselves carried him to the head of his profession. He is a young man still, and is not yet at the end of his career of improvement. Like Horace Vernet, he stands alone in France, and has no rival in England.

We have no contributions this year from Paul Delaroche, the other great chief of the historical school, and a very giant with his brush and palette. Steuben, who prides himself on his brilliant colouring, and who delights in gold and crimson, to say nothing of "purple and fine linen," has sent a beautiful Esmeralda, the representation of the ideal heroine of Victor Hugo's dramatic novel "Notre Dame." The fair Bohemian, almost without drapery, is sitting on the rude couch which poor Quasimodo has made for her in a recess of the *combles* of the venerable cathedral, and is there playing with her goat whiter only than herself. The Hunchback is seen in one corner, unperceived by Esmeralda, on his knees, and lost in silent admiration. The light and shade and colouring of this picture (magnificently framed, by the way, à l'*ogive*) are as forcible and rich, without being too meretriciously gaudy, as Steuben has been able to make them; but he cannot manage the working of his flesh tints like Scheffer,—he wants the science of that master-hand; his touch on the carnations is woolly, which he mistakes for softness; and he paints far too thinly, without at the same time effecting, what is the only excuse for thin handling, transparency. We may mention at once that Dubufe, who goes down at Paris as the prince of portrait painters,—with the vulgar, that is to say,—but who is in reality a very indifferent hand at the thing, is a close imitator of Steuben in his manner of handling the flesh tints: he, however, is not merely woolly, but cottony in his work. He has not contributed any thing this year, but has announced, rather ostentatiously, in the papers, that his atelier will remain open to the public during the exhibition,—a gratuitous piece of French coxcombry.

Several others of the best painters of the modern French historical school have treated the public shabbily this year; Gallait, Brune, Delacroix, Tigoux, have either sent nothing or have sent only minor works, sketches, &c. Tony Johannot, a man of immense talent, has given a little sketch from Walter Scott's "Monastery," the Death of Avenel—a gem by the way, and a Battle of Rosebecque, A.D. 1382, in a style with which we have become well-nigh surfeited at Versailles. All these ideal battles signify absolutely nothing; a reproach that attaches itself to, at least, half of Louis Philippe's new picture-shop.

In a style half-way between the historic and the cabinet, we have Jacquand, one of the most exquisite painters, *selon nous*, that can be met with. His figures are generally from a fifth to a sixth of the natural size, and upon a picture some five or six feet by three or four, he puts all the labour of a Wilkie, and all the conscientious detail of a Roberts. His subjects are always ideal, always melancholy; but he tells the stories which he chooses so tenderly, so naturally, and so plainly, that every body is captivated by him, and he is transferred from the exhibition-room to the print-shop sooner almost than any body else. This year he has given Louis XI. finding his queen teaching the dauphin to read;—a rich Gothic chamber well filled with stately furniture, hung in parts with

costly tapestry;—the suspicious king coming briskly through a doorway, the queen half in tears and full of beauty, and her boy frightened and irresolute at her side,—such are the details. It is very sober and very scientific, both in colouring and composition, with plenty of light and shade; forcible in the handling, though finished like a miniature; with rather too much varnish, and little or no attempt at transparency; but, on the whole, a good picture, that is worthy of a place in any modern gallery.

ORIGINAL POETRY. THE SLUMBER OF DEATH.

PEACEFUL and fair is the smiling repose
That the breast-cradled slumber of infancy knows;
Sound is the rest of the weary and worn,
Whose feet have been gall'd with the dust and the thorn.
Sweet is the sleep on the eyelids of youth
When they dream of the world as all pleasure and truth;
Yet child, pilgrim, and youth shall awaken again
To the journeys of toil and the trials of pain.
But, oh! there's a fast and a visionless sleep,
The calm and the stirless, the long and the deep;
'Tis the sleep that is soundest and sweetest of all,
[the pall.]
When our couch is the bier and our night-robe
No voice of the foe or the friend shall impart
The proud flush to the cheek or warm throb to the heart;
The lips of the dearest may seek for the breath,
But their kiss cannot rouse the cold stillness of death.
'Tis a long, 'tis a last, 'tis a beautiful rest,
When all sorrow has passed from the brow and the breast;
And the lone spirit truly and wisely may crave
The sleep that is dreamless—the sleep of the grave.
ELIZA COOK.

ADDRESS

On opening the Lyceum, written by Mr. Beasley, and spoken with great netteté and effect by Mrs. Stirling.

"The first of April! Well, how very queer!
Of all the days throughout the running year,
Our new lessee upon that one should fix,
Which law and custom set aside for tricks:
And one might think it by the bills to-night,
Which says, 'All in the Dark' shall see the light.
But this I promise—if you come to view,
He never will make 'April fools' of you.

Yet, from great fears he cannot be exempt,
When he considers this—his bold attempt,
With country hands to work a town-built ship
Through all the dangers of a season's trip.
But still reflect—though strangers form our band,
They still are natives of our native land.
And if the sick, upon their health intent,
To gain new strength are to the country sent,—
Why should not those whom provinces renown,
Infuse fresh vigour in a sickly town?
Besides he got, to meet theatrical strife,
A London pilot, aided by his wife:
It might be better too, for all your houses,
If wives could still be manag'd by their spouses.

Perhaps, good folk, you'll deem it strange that one,
Who late proclaim'd her Drama's days were done,
In mimic scene again should court the praise
Which form'd her best delight of other days.
Let woman's folly, madness, or caprice,
Rise to your minds, and bid your wonder cease;
And never for one moment deem it strange
That woman claims her privilege to change.
For my return—if you should ask the cause—
Oh! 'twas my yearning for your kind applause;
For still I own, with gratitude and pleasure,
Your handy-work produced my greatest treasure!

So much for self—and now for our lessee.
On you he trusts, 'To be, or not to be':
That is the question, a Village Hamlet asks.
To answer it well must be your generous tasks.
To-night no foreign singers strain their throats,
And change for English gold their foreign notes:

English people, and caused, it is supposed, the contagious spread of popery throughout the kingdom. None of these matters, however, are touched upon by Miss Costello, who has confined herself to the love affairs of the heroine previous to her marriage. I am not acquainted with the manners of the times of which it gives so characteristic and entertaining a picture, and I think *Mr. Worley* a stick. *Lord John Hervey*, by Mr. Shaw (from Bath), was soporific and amusing enough, for persons who like such things; and as much may be said for Mr. Addison (from Newcastle), who played the antiquated part of the *Marquess of Cleveland*. *Armand*, by Mr. H. Bedford, was too bulky, and old, and badly for a favourite French lover, though he sings, like his brother Paul, and has a sweet voice. *Bella*, Mrs. B. Penley, sang prettily, but did not look pretty; and *Mrs. Prudhoe*, enacted by Mrs. Darley (from Bath), indicated a good cast for old maids, and such other useless characters. The pieces were well received. *Dark Eve*, which followed, is too improbable even for farce; but, with great compression, some of the scenes would be laughable enough. Altogether these country people, including one Corrie, who plays clownish, when they have got more accustomed to each other, and familiar with the stage and the audience, will do well enough for Cockney play-goers. The scenery and other appurtenances reflect credit on the manager's liberality and taste. There was some "Grand Romantic Romance" after I left; for I dislike all kinds of romancing, and was engaged elsewhere.

The *Strand* also opened this evening, but I did not go till Tuesday. All the pieces were new; only Mrs. Waylett made her first appearance after an absence of four years. *A Lesson for Gentlemen* is lively; and the *King's Gardener* would not be much, except for the acting of Hammond. I speak humanely in these remarks, and not monkeyishly. In the *Four Sisters*, I was told by a neighbour, who kept humming to himself nearly the whole evening, that Mrs. Waylett had lost much of her voice; all I could reply to which was, that I had not fondled it. The last thing was *Popularity*, in which Mrs. Selby, who can't sing, was made to sing—Miss Daly was pretty and clever—Mr. Hammond a capital *Momus*, and Mr. Attwood as capital a *Puff*. *Winter* was nothing; no more was the *Ghost of Shakspeare*. But the *Ghost of old Richardson the Showman*, by Mr. A. Richardson, was dressed to perfection, and made me grin very much. *Bayadères*, Jim Crows, &c. were good; and a *débutant*, Mr. J. Bings, in *Guillaume Tell*, from Paris and Doory Lane, sang nicely, and seemed a clever person. *Mons. le Singe* (I now speak monkeyly), by Mr. Burton, was execrable. He had evidently formed himself on Mons. Jacob; and, of all villainies upon the stage, I hate imitations which are so like the originals. A number of funny parodies by Moncrieff made the folks about me laugh; but I got tired, and hope, if ever I go again, that the manager will curtail this too long and consequently tedious *feu d'esprit*.

A Market—Of this theatre I have not a favourable word to say. I never was so utterly disappointed. There is a *White Horse of the Peppers*, without a horse of any colour; and only a bearish laugh all round the house. There

is an *Irish Lion*, without a lion of any sort, and instead of the unequalled Van Amburgh, only a stupid chap of the name of Power. About this Power a great fuss seems to be made, and his name is printed on the bills posted about town in letters as long as I am. This is all nonsense: he cannot play Irish characters at all. I have never been in Ireland, to be sure, and would not know a Tipperary brogue from a Wicklow one; but I read the "Times" and "Standard" every day, and can form a right idea of the true Irish character. Dark, scowling, midnight, moody, assassins—hang-dog, perjured ruffians—brooding over evil—conspiring in mystery and silence—never enjoying the mirthful laugh—starving, weeping, wailing, murmuring;—such are the Irish; and what does this infamously bad actor, Power, make them? Laughing, joking, merry, devil-may-care, dancing, kissing, romping, frolicking, and rollicking fellows; who seem to live but for the present moment, put off want till to-morrow, and misery for ever; and, in brief, Paddy-Whack in the most provoking and insufferable style. Never was there a greater mistake in dramatic performance. Among the company are others not much better than he—such as Webster, Buckstone, O. Smith, Strickland, Wrench, Mrs. Glover and Fitzwilliam, Miss Taylor, &c. &c., none of whom gave me the slightest pleasure. By the by, there is a curious improvement in the orchestra, which rises between the acts, and gives the music with more pleasing effect.

The *Olympic*, also very bad. One Farren performed an old gentleman, called *Isaac Walton*, who is fond of fishing and walking about in the fields. A younger *Plebeian* from the Temple (Vining) goes about with another long fishing-rod; and Mrs. Vestris, in the disguise of a *Milkmaid*, sings two such songs. Mr. C. Dance is the author of this piece, but the scenery seemed to me to be too like the country which I drove through last Sunday on a visit to Tottenham and Hornsey. Another novelty, by one Planché, is called *The Garrick Fever* (after, as I understand, a club of that name; into which I am proposed to be admitted as a foreign honorary member during my residence in London); it is vilely supported by a little actor called Keeley, whom I detest for more reasons than one, and some of them personal and private to myself. [See my observations on the Surrey, for I am candid—a quality you cannot comprehend in a dramatic critic.] The audience laughed a good deal: I noticed nothing to laugh at.

Uproar House.—On Thursday, Persiani walked in her sleep, and was much applauded. The rest were quite asleep, and could not hear how much they were hissed for being unable to sing. It is supposed that there may be a few good subscription nights before the end of the season; and the English subscribers are easily satisfied. When I lived in Paris, we, of the musical and fashionable world, would not stand one night of nothingness, far less half a season. But, la! with all your John Bull pretences, you don't really care for music; and two months of it absolutely good would bore you to death.

Common Garden.—I have already mentioned several of the worst actors I ever witnessed; but of all the bad, keep me from Macready, who is the worst of the worst. In *Richelieu* he put me in mind of my friend the Abbé De l'Épée, with whom I was intimate both before and after he was made Archbishop of Paris; only he gave way occasionally to unseemly fits of senile passion and out-of-place jests, quite unbecoming his high station in the church. An aged man

with a young soul!—was there ever such a monstrous conjunction? and yet this was what he made of the part; and, consequently, the more perfectly he succeeded, the more he filled my judicious mind with contempt for his utter misconception. If he be one of your brag performers, Heaven send me back again to Rio Janeiro without seeing another. *Lodoiska*, a revival, requires no comment. Persons who are fond of sweet music, fine scenery, and complete dressing of the stage, may like it if they please; but, to my taste, the only particle of it deserving of approbation is embodied in the shape of a Mr. Harley, whose appearance, looks, and activity, delighted me. As for Macready, I would advise him to study for a month or two under Mr. Horan H. Schreyer. If his instructions and cane (applied as to the Grand Mandrill, Jacob, and the rest) do not make an actor of him, nothing can. The close of *Lodoiska* is a poor mimicry of the grand tableau of the taking of Kokomurium by Carlo, Dancos, Caesar, Domino, and their troops, at the St. Jameses.

I have now, Sir, given you, as far as my own observation allows, a fair and impartial account of these holiday amusements. There are other places of resort, I am told, but I have not been able to visit them. *Sadler's Wells* is reported to be going on famously; and somewhere about the east parts of the town, where the Jews, and butchers, and weavers live, there are several splendid theatres: but as there are no animals among them, it is not worth while to go so far.

As acting is entirely an imitative art, and as Monkeys are confessedly the best mimics in creation, it need not be insisted upon that they must not only be the best models for actors in the world, but the best judges and the best critics. I accordingly flatter myself that the recent introduction of so many *Simia Rosii* will produce an important effect in improving your Dramatic School; and, further, teach your newspaper critics the true style and method of criticism. I have the honour to be, Sir, with profound respect, your obedient and faithful,

JACKO.

Opera Concert Room.—On Monday, the first of the Societa Armonica Concerts was held, and, notwithstanding the many attractions elsewhere, the room was well filled. The best series of concerts last season were those of the Societa Armonica—the selection of music was choice, and the greatest instrumental and vocal performers, English and foreign, in turn appeared. The concert on Monday gave good promise. The lady vocalists were all English. Miss F. Wyndham, who was twice encoored, Miss Woodyatt, and Mrs. A. Toolmin, all sweet singers. Signors Giubelei, F. Lablache, Brizzi, and A. Ginbalei, also contributed their share to the evening's amusement. Mr. J. B. Chatterton played a fantasia on the harp in a masterly style, though, perhaps, dwelling rather too slightly on the promised airs from "Norma" and "Sonnambula." Mori gave a new air, with variations (Mayeder), on the violin, in his best manner. Owing possibly to the absence of many long instrumental pieces, the audience seemed as unwearied at the finale as at the commencement of the concert.

VARIETIES.

Harbours of Refuge.—We have seen in several journals a discussion of this subject, and suggestions and plans for the construction of safety harbours, by Mr. W. Tait, Civil Engineer, which, in a maritime and commercial country like ours, seem eminently deserving of

of the Church, with whom she flirted. It was also the Venetian not the Venetian virus (venereously stated to be the *Feticon*) which she brought to England; which, of course, could have nothing to do with the "spread of popery."—Ed. L. G.

consideration. Mr. Tait contests the prevalent doctrine of the utility and necessity of back-water; or, at any rate, that it ought to preserve as small an angle as possible with the tidal current. With regard to the deposit of shingle (nearly all along our coast), he proposes an isolated harbour to receive it, and in no case to oppose its progress. The scouring system he points out to be quite inefficient, as is shewn at Dover; and maintains that, on his own principles, several places not far from that port might be converted into excellent harbours. As we are not judges of this matter, we must be content to make it public; and need not add, how desirable it is to adopt any project by which so vast a value of life and property, as is annually wrecked on the coasts of England, might be saved.

Ireland.—Mrs. S. C. Hall, whose previous Stories, whether addressed to the improvement of Irish social life, especially among the middle and lower orders, or to education and the instruction of youth generally, we have often had occasion to notice in terms of warm approbation, has, we observe, commenced a new series, addressed to the former purpose, in a manner which does equal honour to her talents and her patriotic feelings. The labours of Miss Hamilton in Scotland, and Miss Edgeworth in Ireland, cannot be forgotten; and Mrs. Hall, with a yet more direct and express design, has set herself to follow their excellent example, by producing a number of Tales, the object of which shall be to point out the imperfections in the Irish character, and errors in the business of life, which are as fatal to prosperity and happiness, as even grave vices and crimes. As a vehicle, she has chosen "Chambers' Edinburgh Journal," one of our most widely circulated, cheapest, and best periodicals; and if, by this means, she secures access to the hovels and cabins of Ireland, the benefit to the community may be very great. The two stories already published point out the evils of too early marriages, and the very general Irish habit of postponing matters, nor taking Time by the forelock. They are characteristic and pertinent.

Photogeny.—The "Leipsic Gazette" mentions experiments by Messrs. Steinheil and Kobel, at Munich, on the new art. They seem to be trying the several manners we have described in the *Literary Gazette*, and to prefer the English.

No. 1. of the Magazine of Science begins judiciously with a description of the camera obscura, now rendered unusually interesting from its connexion with the new art—photogenic art. The other papers, though brief, are appropriate and useful.

Miss Galbraith's Morning Concerts at the Egyptian Hall, with a lady-band of guitarists, are quite novel in effect. The weather, however, has been sadly hostile to all public resorts during the week.

The Ceylon Herald.—In September, we observe, a new journal under this title has succeeded the "Ceylon Chronicle," out of which we have frequently enriched our pages with curiously literary and scientific matters. From what we see of the early Nos. of "The Herald," it bids fair to excel its predecessor; and we shall confidently look to it for many additions to our *selecta* of Oriental research, discovery, and learning. We rejoice to find the eastern world acquiring more and more the regards of the British public, from the mind of which distance seemed almost to have banished this most important quarter of the earth, whether viewed as belonging to ancient times or to colonial possession. Two centuries and a half

ago, the "Indies" were more the objects of European speculation and enterprize than they have been in our day; till the present aspect of affairs and the labours of the Asiatic Society appear once again to raise them to their just and inappreciable value.

Gothic Architecture.—We are glad to see that a Society for promoting the study of Gothic Architecture (by far the most picturesque and fitting for our country and climate) has been formed at Oxford. At the first meeting:—

"It was determined to hire a room, to be fitted up with casts and models, arranged chronologically, which will form an architectural museum for the use of students, and which the more advanced student may find it convenient to refer to occasionally, as well as the mere tyro. It was also determined to form an architectural library, to be used as a lending library among the members, on the same plan as a book club."

And a number of books were bought as a foundation. At the second meeting in the room (hired, as before agreed on, near Lincoln College),

"The Rev. the Master of University College, one of the vice-presidents, in the chair.—As this was the first general meeting since the society has been established, the chairman opened the proceedings by an appropriate speech on the general objects proposed, and the usefulness of such a society, especially in this place, where so many young men are preparing for holy orders who ought to consider some knowledge of Gothic Architecture as an essential part of their education. A paper on the 'Domestic Architecture of the Middle Ages' was then read by the Rev. Edward Bigge, of Merton College, from notes furnished by William Twopeny, Esq., abounding with valuable information, and furnishing many useful hints to those who wish to pursue this interesting branch of inquiry. A number of drawings, illustrating the subject, were handed round, and the table was covered with books."

The Publishing and Bookselling Trade.—It is stated, in a letter from Leipsic, that the principal booksellers in that town, Berlin, Frankfurt, and other great marts in Prussia, Hanover, &c., &c., had proposed to invite a convocation of their order from every country in Europe (why not America also, where the work of cheap reprinting is carried on upon so extensive a scale?), to discuss the best means of putting a stop to the injurious and dishonest practice of piracy, which so generally prevails, and devise a system of mutual intercourse for the benefit of "the Trade," and we trust, of the producers and authors also.

Dr. Löwe.—Trieste, February 20, 1839, Dr. Löwe from Prussia, the well-known orientalist and librarian to His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, is at present at Smyrna. After passing several years in Syria and Egypt, he lately went to Constantinople, where he wrote a grammar and a dictionary of the Circassian dialect, to which little attention has hitherto been paid, and added to the knowledge of twenty-four languages, most of which he speaks and writes with facility, that of Turkish. Dr. Löwe encountered remarkable adventures during the last insurrection of the Druses. At Japhet, he was most cruelly treated by those mountaineers. They plundered his house, robbed him of every penny he possessed, and what must have most cruelly afflicted him, barbarously tore to pieces fifteen MSS., and the drawings which he had made in Egypt, Nubia, and Syria. While in Nubia he composed a grammar of the Nubian language. He intends now to go by way of Athens to Naples, to see the Egyptian museum in that city, and then to Rome, to continue his learned researches in the Vatican.

St. Petersburg, 23d February.

Geology: Erratic Block.—In a late sitting of our Academy, Mr. Bair read a paper, from which I extract the most interesting particulars respecting an occurrence highly interesting to the naturalist and the geologist:—"In the year before last I communicated to

the Academy an account of two large blocks which, in the course of this century, had changed their position on the coast of Finland. During a short journey which I made in Finland last summer, I convinced myself, by ocular inspection, that such translocations are by no means uncommon there. A block of granite, of enormous size, has been brought by the ice across the sea to the island of Hochland, and lies now between two villages on the east coast of that island. Its length may be about twelve feet, and its height above six feet. I was not able to measure it more accurately, having no instruments with me when I drove by, but I believe I do not exaggerate in estimating this block at nearly one-third of the size of the piece of rock on which the statue of Peter the Great stands. According to this estimate, that block may weigh nearly a million pounds. The inhabitants of Hochland unanimously affirm that it is a new stone, which was never observed on the island till the spring of 1838, and that it was certainly brought over from Finland by the ice. If it had been only moved from one part of the coast of Hochland to another, the inhabitants would, undoubtedly, know it, as they surely distinguish all the larger blocks lying on the coast of their little island. I do not know whether any of them saw the ice which brought the block. Probably not; for there are no inhabitants on the bay in which it stranded. It is well known that large blocks of rock are sometimes seen on the fields of ice in the polar regions; and translocation is not incredible or improbable even in our latitudes, when we remember the severity of the winter of 1837-1838. The gulf of Finland was frozen over in its whole breadth for two months together. In such a time, the ice becomes very thick, and if the field of ice which encompassed a large block returns a considerable extent before it is stranded, it may carry the largest block to the greatest distance that it can go without melting. * * * The ancient inhabitants were not surprised at the arrival of this block, but at its size. They affirm that small blocks come and go every year. This assertion appears at once to be well founded to those who have visited Finland, where the traveller everywhere sees evident traces of antediluvian movements—where he sees on its coast and on the islands, all the greater and smaller promontories covered with very diversified boulders, which very often are not in motion. The entire attention of the traveller is here fixed on the innumerable and prodigious boulders, and their occasionally strange positions. At all events, the removal of so large a block as that here spoken of, across a gulf in our latitudes, deserves to be recorded. The notion which formerly had its advocates, that projectile forces may dislodge the blocks of granite, is by no means supported by the manner in which they lie in Finland.

Edinburgh University Magazine, No. 1.—A new Monthly started in the Modern Athens, the poetry in which we think rather oddly constructed; but some of the papers are of a fair quality, and the general aspect literary and pleasing.

The Literary World, No. 1.—We like the appearance and spirit of our new 8vo. contemporary vastly. The monument to Sir W. Scott, at Edinburgh, is a very interesting engraving; and the literary contents are various, pleasant, and intelligent.

W. Ainsworth, Esq.—The latest accounts from Mr. Ainsworth, now engaged in so interesting a course of travel, are dated Angora, 20th December. Our valued friend was then in

excellent health and spirits, and every thing had gone on prosperously and harmoniously with him and his companions in their arduous undertaking.

H. B. Caricatures.—H. B. this week runs upon all-fours. Nos. 581 to 584. The first is H. B. discovered; but this H. B. is Henry Brougham, who is in his studio, painting a bad likeness of Lord Ebrington, and boasting to his colour-grinder, Lord Lyndhurst, who calls it too flattering, that he does not think him so bad a subject. A finished sketch of O'Connell, with a long serpent-tail, is lying in the corner. The next is full of figures, and entitled "A Leaf out of 'Nicholas Nickleby,'" with slight variations." The part of Old Crummles is admirably acted by O'Connell, who is hugging Lord Normanby; whilst Lord Morpeth is suffering an equal embrace from Morgan O'Connell. Lord Ebrington is deeply affected at the sight, and the mob are shouting around. 583 is "Dentatus." Lord Normanby in noble conflict with a host of assailants, including Lords Roden, Charleville, Wellington, &c. Brougham on an eminence behind hurling a rock upon his devoted head; Lord Glenelg, with broken sword, disabled on the ground. The last is Carlo-w setting Bruen at the top of the "pole,"—a laughable graphic pun on the recent election. Hume and O'Connell are bounding on the dog of the latter, Gisborne, against Bruen (represented as Bruin at the top of a pole). The whole are very clever—some of the likenesses rather careless, and well maintain the spirit of this political history.

Old Proverb disproved.—"There is nothing new under the sun;" quite a mistake—the Sun having turned artist, and produced landscapes, figures, and other specimens of photogeny. Why, even this last word is new; and we should like to see any photogenist, or heliographist, or Daguerreotypist deny it in the face of day!

Curiosities of Literature, No. 1.—To captains of vessels and others. To be sold, a real tortoiseshell tom-cat, one year old. It is the greatest curiosity ever known. To be seen, &c. For further particulars, apply by letter (post-paid) to Mr. Hooper, &c. &c. —*Times*, March 27, 1839. Query—Whether a real cat or real tortoiseshell?

No. II.—It is now the fashion, in the catalogues of second-hand books, to tempt purchasers by brief notices of such works as are more particularly curious. In one just published we read the following strange announcements:—No. 110: "Burr's History of Tunbridge Wells," 8vo. 1776, 3s. "A work often quoted. Grammont, in his *Memoirs*, quotes it (a publication of 1776!!) as authority for the visits of Charles II."

Ellopad.—A new carriage, with three wheels, which, by working as if you were on a treadmill, carries you along at twenty or thirty miles an hour!—Go it, Ned!

Going right a-head.—Going slick a-head we surely are. Only a fortnight since, we announced the discovery of an art to render persons invisible. This week the *Eccaleobion* is exhibited, in which life is produced by machinery, accom-

panied by the development of all the phenomena of animal life!! It is a variation of the old process of hatching eggs by heat.

Natural History Pun; Reptilia.—Mr. H—, observing L— using his apparatus for hearing with its flexible tube and mouth-piece a yard long from the pipe in his ear, said, "I cannot bear the sight of these instruments, they look so like serpents." "Yes, they do (observed J—), and of the species called the deaf-add-er."

Con.—Why is a dandy pickpocket like a heavy sea? Because he is a dangerous well.

A Blow and a Word.

A fierce dispute 'tween Tom and Joe
Was finished by a knock-down blow.
"By Jove," howled Tom, somewhat more mystical,
"I did not think him so *so-fistic-al*."

Archais.

In this deep and rocky cell,
Sportive Echo loves to dwell.
Shepherds here, in harmless play,
Cheer their weary hours away.
If you choose her skill to try,
Word for word she will reply.
Whoso'er the sounds that fall,
A speaking image of them all.
Tell her aught you think upon—
There—she answers—now begone!

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Dictionary of Commerce and Commercial Navigation, by J. R. McCulloch, Esq., with a new Supplement brought down to December 1838, 80s.—Gleanings for Youth, with Sabbath Readings, f.c.p. 5s. 6d.—The Cambridge University Calendar, 1839, 12mo. 6s.—The Age of Chivalry, and other Poems, by A. Macleod, 12mo. 5s.—Employment of the Labouring Classes in Ireland, by J. H. Lynch, Esq., M.P. 8vo. 6s.—Lord Brougham's Historical Sketches of Statesmen of the Time of George III., 1st Series, royal 8vo. 9s.—The Literary Character, by J. D'Israeli, 5th edit. f.c.p. 9s.—The Life of Gibbon, with Selections from his Correspondence, by the Rev. H. H. Milman, 8vo. 9s.—Transactions of the Meteorological Society, Vol. I. royal 8vo. 2s. 2s.—Little Derwent's Breakfast, a Poem, by a Lady, f.c.p. 2s.—Impey's Stamp Act, 4th edition, 12mo. 7s. 6d.—Profession and Practice, by the Rev. Hugh White, f.c.p. 5s. 6d.—The Phantom Ship, by Capt. Marryat, R.N., 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.—Charles Tyrrel, by G. P. R. James, Esq. post 8vo. 2s.—Short Treatise on Typhus Fever, by G. L. Rouppel, M.D. 8vo. 8s.—The Saviour's Right to Divine Worship, by W. Urwick, D.D. post 8vo. 8s. 6d.—J. Wilson's Introduction to the Natural History of Birds, 4to. 12s. (From the "Encyclopædia Britannica.")—Odious Comparisons; or, the Compromise in England, by J. R. Best, Esq. 3 vols. post 8vo. 3l.—Introduction to Chemical Philosophy, by J. F. Daniell, 8vo. 16s.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1839.

March.		Thermometer.		Barometer.	
		From	To	29.53	to 29.67
Thursday	.. 31	38	40	29.57	.. 29.61
Friday	.. 32	38	40	29.61	.. 29.60
Saturday	.. 33	37	41	29.58	.. 29.60
Sunday	.. 34	35	44	29.57	.. 29.63
Monday	.. 35	37	51	29.58	.. 29.63
Tuesday	.. 36	35	49	29.58	.. 29.63
Wednesday	.. 37	38	56	29.58	.. 29.64
Thursday	.. 38	37	45	29.58	.. 29.67
Friday	.. 39	35	45	29.40	.. 29.55
Saturday	.. 30	39	42	29.68	.. 29.66
Sunday	.. 31	34	46	29.63	.. 29.50
April.					
Monday	.. 1	39	47	29.51	.. 29.57
Tuesday	.. 2	33	38	29.60	.. 29.61
Wednesday	.. 3	31	36	29.63	.. 29.64

Winds, S.W. and N.E.
Except the 25th, 26th, and morning of the 28th ultimo, generally cloudy, with frequent and heavy showers of rain.

Rain fallen, .7125 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.
Latitude—51° 37' 33" N.
Longitude—3° 51' W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our correspondent, or rather our dramatic critic of this holiday week, will, we trust, not be mistaken for a matter-of-fact writer. His praises and his censures, sometimes in jest and sometimes in ignorance, must be read with discrimination to be understood.

We cannot answer our Norwich correspondent respecting Sopwith's Writing Tables. Pratt's Travelling Compendium is to be had at Mr. Pratt's, Bond Street, and generally at respectable trunkmakers.

We have to thank the editor of the "Expositor," New York Literary Journal, for several Nos. of his publication.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

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WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

STAMMERING, whether Natural or

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By Mr. HUNT,
151 Regent Street, London; and late of Trinity College, Cambridge.

(Country Address, Swanage, Dorset.)

See *Literary Gazette* of 2d June, 1838, and 30th of March 1839, for opinions on this subject. Prospectuses containing testimonials of cures, during ten years, may be procured gratuitously at the above address.

THE ART UNION OF LONDON.

The Committee beg to inform the Subscribers of the Year 1837-8, that the Print after Mr. Simpson's Picture of "The Camaldolese Monk Shewing the Relics," will be delivered at Mr. Colnaght's, Pall Mall East, on Tuesday, April 9, on the production of the Secretary's Circular Letter. The names of the members whose Addresses are not well known will be reserved for their mail application, or until such Addresses be furnished.

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* We seldom notice works in periodical progress, because it would open too wide a field for us to do equal justice to all, where praise is merited, and we should consider it unbecoming to censure our contemporary companions; but we cannot help advert to the little episode of the life and death of the Cripple Boy, in the last part of this tale. If Mr. Dickens had never written any thing else, it would have placed him by the side of Sterne, as one of the most natural and affecting painters of life that ever studied the finest sympathies of humanity, and bade them touch every heart of feeling with the tenderest emotions. It does not fill a page, and is worth a volume!—Ed. L. G.

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No. 1160.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1839.

PRICE 8d.
Stamped Edition, 9d.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Songs and Ballads. By Samuel Lover. 12mo. pp. 135. London, 1839. Chapman and Hall.

"**LOVERS** (says Touchstone, see epigraph on the title-page) are given to poetry;" and, truly, if all **Lovers** were like unto Samuel, we should not be sorry that they rhymed for ever, holydays and working-days and all. Hitherto we have only seen or heard his charming compositions married to the concord of sweet sounds, and hardly felt their complete value as lyrical productions of the highest order. We have seen them, indeed, moisten every eye, or raise the ready laugh, or excite the powerful sense of admiration as they were chanted with their melodious accompaniments (also the work of this accomplished individual), in every circle of society. But to appreciate their variety, the intense pathos of some, the natural interest of others, the comic of a third class, the characteristic nationality of a fourth, and the spirit and beauty of all, it was necessary to have them in the closet, and to peruse them in solitude as the effusions of the lyric harp of Ireland.

Rich in minstrelsy as this country is — with a Moore in advance of his time — it is delightful to observe how Lover has followed without imitation, and presented the world with a volume of Song so entirely different from the elder bard, that it would seem as if the noble preoccupation of the ground, instead of marbling his efforts, had only stimulated him to more distinct originality in style and sentiment. The sparkling, the exquisitely polished, the classic, the amative, the alternately gay and touching Moore, seems almost to have exhausted the genius of Irish poetry; but Lover found new ground, and dwelling on the legends and superstitions of the soil, has wrought them into some of the most affecting ballads that ever were written, or occasionally converted them into the merriest pictures of manners and subjects for laughter. To the former belong "The Angel's Whisper," "The Morning Dream," "The Fairy Boy," "The Letter," "Native Music," and a host of others. To the latter, "Rory O'More," "The Blarney," "Molly Carew," and others of that cheerful description. Not to be classed with either, we have such songs as "The Four-leaved Shamrock," breathing of friendship and human kindness; "True Love can ne'er Forget," a history in a few verses, and an achievement in that sort where the writer has no equal, and of which "Jessie" is another incomparable example; the playful "Wind and the Weathercock," and "Yes and No," and the splendid pieces of national feeling and enthusiasm — "Victoria the Queen," and "Twas the Day of the Feast." Upon referring to these, our readers will agree with us that Lover is as unlike Moore as any two bards of the same country and in the same style of writing can possibly be. The temple of Fame has opened to them, though they took such different roads; and this may be an Irish feat, since opposite ways have tended to the same point.

It has been our pleasant duty on many occasions to introduce Mr. Lover's performances to the public; and will, therefore, trespass but

little on this small but delightful volume, rich in no fewer than seventy-six of his songs. They are prefaced by a becoming and grateful dedication to Lord Morpeth, who, as Secretary for Ireland, is justly honoured in a literary view; for that to him, as the writer says, "is due the credit of having discovered a neutral ground whereon your love of Ireland might display itself, apart from the fiery contention of politics, and where, unarmed, you may tread in security. That one sacred spot is the refined and refining region of literature and the arts. You, my lord, have dedicated one particular banquet, among your official entertainments, to rally round you Irishmen distinguished in arts and letters, regardless of their private political opinions; thus honouring with a distinct recognition the genius and talent of Ireland. Of this mark of favour to my country, which you, my lord, are the first to have instituted, I, for one, profess myself proud; and as some of the following songs relate to my native land, they may the more fitly be offered as a heartfelt homage to your lordship from a grateful Irishman."

It is now our welcome task to select specimens of the newest and least known of these ballads. The first more resembles Moore than any other in the publication:—

"The Happiest Time is Now.

Talk not to me of future bliss!
Talk not to me of joys gone by!
For us, the happiest hour is this,
When love bids time to fly.
The future—doubt may overcast,
To shadow Hope's young brow;
Oblivion's veil may shroud the past,
The happiest time is now!

Tho' flowers, in spicy vases thrown,
Some odour yet exhale;
Their fragrance ere the bloom was flown,
Breathes sweeter on the gale:
Like faded flowers, each parted bliss
Let memory keep—but how
Can joy that's past be like to this?
The happiest time is now!

Unmark'd our course before us lies
O'er time's eternal tide;
And soon the sparkling ripple dies
We raise, as on we glide:
Our bark the brightest bubbles fling
For ever from their prow:—
Then let us gaily sail and sing,
The happiest time is now."

A fine German superstition is embodied in the next:—

"The Angel's Wing.

"There is a German superstition, that when a sudden silence takes place in a company, an angel at that moment makes a circuit among them, and the first person who breaks the silence is supposed to have been touched by the wing of the passing seraph. For the purposes of poetry, I thought two persons preferable to many, in illustrating this very beautiful superstition.

When by the evening's quiet light
There sit two silent lovers,
They say, while in such tranquil plight,
An angel round them hovers;
And further still old legends tell,—
The first who breaks the silent spell,
To say a soft and pleasing thing,
Hath felt the passing angel's wing.

Thus, a musing minstrel stray'd
By the summer ocean,
Gazing on a lovely maid,
With a bard's devotion:—
Yet his love he never spoke,
Till now the silent spell he broke:—
The hidden fire to flame did spring,
Fann'd by the passing angel's wing!

'I have loved thee well and long,
With love of Heaven's own making!—
This is not a poet's song,
But a true heart's speaking:
I will love thee, still untired!
He felt—he spoke—as one inspired—
The words did from Truth's fountain spring,
Unwaken'd by the angel's wing!
Silence o'er the maiden fell,
Her beauty lovelier making;
And by her blush, he knew full well
The dawn of love was breaking.
It came like sunshine o'er his heart!
He felt that they should never part,
She spoke—and oh!—the lovely thing
Had felt the passing angel's wing."

Of the playful, the following is a good example:—

"Father Land and Mother Tongue.

Our Father land! and would'st thou know
Why we should call it Father land?
It is, that Adam here below,
Was made of earth by Nature's hand;
And he, our father, made of earth,
Hath peopled earth on ev'ry hand,
And we, in memory of his birth,
Do call our country, 'Father land.'
At first, in Eden's bowers they say,
No sound of speech had Adam caught,
But whistled like a bird all day—
And, may be, 'twas for want of thought:
But Nature, with restless laws,
Made Adam soon surpass the birds,
She gave him lovely Eve—because
If he'd a wife—they must have words.
And so, the native land I hold,
By male descent is proudly mine;
The language, as the tale hath told,
Was given in the female line.
And thus, we see, on either hand,
We name our blessings whence they've sprung,
We call our country Father land,
We call our language Mother tongue."

Our last is of the genus of "The Four-leaved Shamrock":—

"The Meeting of Foes and the Meeting of Friends.

Fill the cup! fill it high! Let us drink to the might
Of the manhood that joyously rushes to fight;
And, true to the death, all unflinching will stand,
For our home, and our hearth, and our own native land!
'Tis the bright sun of June, that is gilding the crest
Of the warriors that fight for their isles of the West;
The breeze that at morning but plays with the plume,
At evening may wave the red grass o'er the tomb:
The corn that has ripen'd in summer's soft breath,
In an hour may be reap'd in the harvest of death:
Then drink to their glory—the glory of those
Who triumph'd or fell in that meeting of foes.
But fill the cup higher to drink to the friends
Bound fast in affection that life only ends;
Whose hearths, when defended from foes that have
dared,
Are prized all the more when with friends they are
shared!

Far better the wine-cup with ruby may flow,
To the health of a friend than the fall of a foe;
Though bright are the laurels that glory may twine,
Far softer the shade of the ivy and vine:
Then fill the cup higher—the battle is won—
Our perils are over—our feast has begun!
On the meeting of foemen, pale sorrow attends;
Rory joy crowns our meeting—the meeting of friends!"

We thought we had done, but we must quote

"Native Music.

Oh, native music! beyond comparing
The sweetest far on the ear that falls,
Thy gentle numbers the heart remembers,
Thy strains enchain us in tender thralls.

Thy tones endearing,
Or sad or cheering,
The absent soothe on a foreign strand:
Oh! who can tell

What a holy spell
Is in the song of our native land?
The proud and lowly, the pilgrim holy,
The lover, kneeling at beauty's shrine,
The bard who dreams by the haunted streams,—
All, all are touch'd by thy power divine!
The captive cheerless,
The soldier fearless;

The mother—taught by Nature's hand,
Her child when weeping,
Will lull to sleeping,
With some sweet song of her native land!"

The Life and Correspondence of M. G. Lewis, Author of the "Monk," "Castle Spectre," &c. &c. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1839. Colburn.

WE should have thought, *a priori*, that there was hardly enough in this subject to sustain two thick octavo volumes; and our perusal of them has convinced us of the fact. But the work might have been called the history of the Lewis family; for there is as much about his father and mother, his sisters, brother, and other relations, as about our hero: and a very queer family its elders, at least, appear to have been. Their free, promiscuous living, and visiting—the parents separated—the mother blamed as imprudent—the father taking up with a Mrs. R———loving—corresponding—ceasing to love—quarrelling—forgiving—dying! such are the peculiar features of this strange group of the Lewis dynasty. Well might Mat. try to dissuade his mother from publishing a novel—and would that another, whom we noticed last week, had heard and listened to similar reasoning—and say,

"I do most earnestly and urgently supplicate you, whatever may be its merits, not to publish your novel. It would be useless to say that it should be published without your name. Every thing is known in time, and it would be the bookseller's interest to have your name known, in order that people may read it from curiosity. He would not fail to insert in the newspapers that 'it is whispered, that such a novel is written by Mrs. Lewis,' and then would follow paragraph after paragraph, with all our family affairs ripped up, till every one of us would be ready to go mad with vexation. I cannot express to you in language sufficiently strong how disagreeable and painful my sensations would be, were you to publish any work of any kind, and thus hold yourself out as an object of newspaper animadversion and impertinence. I am sure every such paragraph would be like the stab of a dagger to my father's heart. It would do a material injury to Sophia; and although Maria has found an asylum from the world's malevolence, her mother's turning novel-writer would (I am convinced) not only severely hurt her feelings, but raise the greatest prejudice against her in her husband's family. As for myself, I really think I should go to the Continent immediately upon your taking such a step. Pray write me a line immediately, to assure me that you have laid aside your intention of publishing; and that, even if you have already made a bargain for your novel, you will break it; for I will not suppose that after what I have said you will refuse my request."

This book begins with many childish stories, and throughout contains a load of matter which cannot by possibility possess public interest. The accounts of the precocious genius of Lewis (though that genius never soared to a high pitch) are pleasant literary recollections. "The East Indian," a comedy (afterwards acted as "Rich and Poor"), written at the age of sixteen; "The Monk" when only twenty; and the "Castle Spectre," and a number of other theatrical pieces, as well as his ballads and other productions, display very early and very great fertility. At seventeen "he had already written an original farce, and had translated another from the French; also a comedy, 'The East Indian,' already mentioned as having been given to Mrs. Jordan, and of which

more will immediately appear in the succeeding letters; two volumes of a novel, and two of a romance, besides numerous poems. It may be necessary to state that none of these volumes formed any portion of 'The Monk.'"

And "The Monk" he wrote in ten weeks! The correspondence exhibits Mr. Lewis in a most amiable light—well principled, affectionate, generous, and sound-minded. We select an example, from Germany, when only eighteen years old, and which is a fair specimen of his talents:—

"Weimar, 30th July.

"As I know, my dear mother, you must be anxious, to hear from me, and that I have escaped all the perils and dangers, both by land and water, I take the earliest opportunity of letting you know that I arrived safe at Weimar three days ago. I should have written to you on the moment of my arrival, had it not then been too late for the post. I had a very disagreeable journey, being very sea-sick in crossing from Harwich to Helvoet; and the roads were so bad, the postillions so stupid, and the time I was obliged to wait at the post for horses so long, that at last I began to be quite out of patience, and to despair of ever arriving at the place of my destination. I am now knocking my brains against German as hard as ever I can. I take a lesson every morning; and as I apply very seriously, I am flattered with the promises that I shall soon speak very fluently in my throat, and that I already distort my mouth with tolerable facility. The place is at present rather dull, most of the people who compose the society being gone to different places; some to their country-houses, and others being with the duke and his army at Coblenz. But I am not sorry for this; since, as the common conversation of the town is German, I wish, before I enter the routine, to know a little what people say when they speak to me; which you will acknowledge to be a very reasonable desire. The few people who are still here are, however, extremely polite; and I doubt not, when I know a little of the language, I shall find the place extremely agreeable. Among other people to whom I have been introduced, are the sister of Schweter, the composer, and M. de Goethe, the celebrated author of 'Werter'; so that you must not be surprised if I should shoot myself one of these fine mornings. As to my own nonsense, I write and write, and yet do not find I have got a bit further, in my original plan, than I was when I saw you last. I have got hold of an infernal dying man, who plagues my very heart out. He has talked for half a volume already, and seems likely to talk for half a volume more; and I cannot manage to kill him out of the way for the life of me. I have had no news of Maria since I left England, but she was infinitely better when I left her: perhaps that might have done her good. I may safely beg you to 'honour me by laying your commands on me,' since I do not conceive it possible for you to have any to lay; and, indeed, I should as soon expect you to lay eggs. But you will believe me when I tell you, could I find any opportunity to do any thing which would give you satisfaction, I would offer my services as readily as I do when I can find none. Let me hear from you soon, and tell me what you have done about the farce, the comedy, &c.—Believe me, my dear mother, your most affectionate son,

"M. G. LEWIS."

The following is an example in which his good sense and good feelings are strongly manifested:—

"My dear Mother,—I was not conscious of shewing any coolness or reserve when I saw you. Believe that my affection is still as warm for you as ever; but since you desire me to tell you my thoughts, I will openly confess to you that I feel many very different sensations upon your subject. I feel for you the greatest regard, the most eager desire to do any thing that can give you even the most trifling satisfaction; and, at the same time, I cannot help recollecting the pain and anxiety you have occasioned to my dear, my worthy father; and that it is owing to your conduct that my sisters are deprived of maternal care and attention, and of receiving the benefit of those little instructions and observations, so necessary to make young women accomplished, and which are in the power of a mother alone to point out to them with success. You ask me how much I know of your difference with my father, and whether I could publicly make allowances for you. You suppose my father has been giving me instructions. You accuse him unjustly: he has never said a syllable to me with regard to you; and my behaviour is entirely such as is dictated by my own heart. If that is good, as yourself has often told me, my conduct must be the same; if my conduct is wrong, my heart is the same; and it will be worth no one's while to seek to have a share of it. No: I will own to you openly, I could not declare in public that I can make allowances for you. In my heart I can excuse you, and believe that your own innocence, and the deceit of others, may have been the occasion of your errors. But these are arguments never received by the world, which is always eager to believe the worst side of every thing. But, saying I have arguments to bring against your adversaries (though I swear to you, on my soul, I know of no adversaries that you have), I never could bear to talk coolly upon the subject. But let me put a case to you, and make you remember a circumstance which must speak to your own feelings. My sisters are now at the age when their minds are most capable of receiving lasting impressions: they have been taught to regard me almost as attentively as their father; and from my being more with them, and entering into their amusements with more vivacity than people who are not so near their own age can do, they readily adopt any sentiments they hear me declare. Can you then openly confess that you wish your conduct to be followed by your daughters? I will not say your conduct is to be condemned; but I cannot call it commendable, when I know the anxiety it has occasioned, and still occasions, to my father, and which, at your separation, was perfect frenzy. As to the two lights which you say I may regard you in, the light in which I do regard you is composed of both. I feel the love and respect for you which you state in the first: I conceive your heart to be so good, your mind so enlightened, that I am astonished that you could be led into those errors, when the strength of your understanding must have shewn to you the calamities you were bringing upon yourself; and the excellence of your heart must have made you feel for those your errors must bring upon the people whom you declare were then, and still are, the nearest to your heart. You tell me that I ought to hear your arguments, as well as those on the other side. I have heard neither on one side nor the other; and you ought to consider it as a mark of generosity, that whilst it was in my father's power to have made my mind receive any impressions he chose to give it, he did not take the opportunity, but suffered me to draw my

own sentiments from what I might afterwards hear and feel myself: for, in these circumstances, the heart must be the best and most impartial judge. You have put me into the most distressing and embarrassing situation in the world: you have made me almost an umpire between my parents. I know not how to extricate myself from the difficulty. I can only believe neither of you to be in the wrong; but I am not to determine which is in the right. Only believe that my affection for you is as great as ever, and that there is nothing which I can do to oblige you, which shall not be done with the greatest readiness. When I am obliged not to see you, I deny myself a pleasure; and be convinced that I should not do it without good reasons. There are many reasons which make Oxford an improper abode for you. It is an uncommon thing to see a lady arrive there by herself; and as there are people who have a right to inquire into my actions, I should be subject to many unpleasant questions; and what answer would you have me give them? You wish to spend the ten pounds I offer you at Oxford, and you tell me your difficulties are over; but they may recur, and I imagine you would not wish positively to throw away ten pounds. I must now beg you to have done with this subject. Never let me again be obliged to write such a letter—so embarrassing, so distressing. I really think it unkind to tax me with coolness and reserve of conduct. I am not conscious of having failed to you in any one point of affection. The way, also, and manner in which you put it, was not a fair one. You must have been conscious that I could not decide in your favour; and to decide against you would give me infinite pain. But I have now done with this painful subject."

The poems republished here, and others which are new, do not require any critical notice; and, therefore, with a few detached anecdotes, and the striking *facts* of the life of this prolific dramatist (resembling one of his own stage imaginations), we shall conclude our review.

At the Hague, Mr. L. writes:—

"You will easily conceive that, after such society, the Dutch assemblies must be dreadful. I, therefore, seldom go near them; and, indeed, a late proof of their stupidity would have terrified a man possessed of more courage than myself. An unfortunate Irishman, known by the name of Lord Kerry, being the other night at one of the Dutch assemblies, and quite overcome with its stupidity, yawned so terribly that he fairly dislocated his jaw. It was immediately set again; but he has suffered much from the accident, and is still confined by it to his bed. He is a man upwards of fifty; and, consequently, must have been frequently envious of me. But such peculiar enmities were more than he had bargained for, or had power to resist. You may think this is a made anecdote; but I assure you that I have told you the plain matter of fact. There is a *Duchesse de Force* here, a sort of idiot, whom I wish you would see. She would entertain you much. Her conversation is composed of the same set phrases, which she vents upon all occasions. One of them is '*Et les détails?*' She said, the other day, without minding her question or his reply, '*Eh bien! M. Dillon, y'a-t-il quelques nouvelles?*' '*Il n'y en a pas, Madame.*' '*Vraiment! et les détails?*' When they told her that the Queen of France was dead, she asked for the *détails?* She would make an excellent character in a comedy."

In the Highlands of Scotland we have an extraordinary story of the timid roebuck:—

"About ten days ago, one of the farm-keepers' wives was going homewards through the woods, when she saw a roebuck running towards her with great speed. Thinking that it was going to attack her with its horns, she was considerably alarmed; but, at the distance of a few paces, the animal stopped and disappeared among the bushes. The woman recovered herself, and was proceeding on her way, when the roebuck appeared again, ran towards her as before, and again retreated without doing her any harm. On this being done a third time, the woman was induced to follow it till it led her to the side of a deep ditch, in which she discovered a young roebuck unable to extricate itself, and on the point of being smothered in the water. The woman immediately endeavoured to rescue it, during which the other roebuck stood by quietly, and as soon as her exertions were successful, the two animals galloped away together. Now, this is really a matter of fact; and if all matters of fact were as pretty, I should think it quite superfluous to read romances, and much more to write them."

"Among the visitors at Oatlands, during the period to which Lewis alludes in the foregoing letter, were Lord Erskine, and the witty and accomplished Lady Anne Cullen Smith, with both of whom he was on terms of intimacy and friendship; and one evening, after dinner, these three amused themselves in writing what is not inaptly called, 'thread paper rhymes.' It was commenced by the following impromptu of Lord Erskine, on returning Lewis's pencil:—

'Your pencil I send you, with thanks for the loan;
Yet writing for fame now and then,
My wants I must still be content to bemoan,
Unless I could borrow—your pen.'

His lordship having indulged in a not very complimentary comparison at the expense of the ladies, was thus answered by Lewis:—

'Lord Erskine, at women presuming to rail,
Says, wives are tin canisters tied to one's tail;
While fair Lady Anne, as the subject he carries on,
Feels hurt at his lordship's degrading comparison.
Yet wherefore degrading? Considered right,
A canister's useful, and potsherd's, and bright;
And should dirt be original purity hide,
That's the fault of the puppet to whom it is tied.'

To which Lord Erskine immediately rejoined:—

'When smitten with love from the eyes of the fair,
If marriage should not be your lot,
A ball from a pistol will send your despair—
It's safer than canister-shot.'

The subject of the canister was not suffered to drop, but in the course of the evening, produced the following. The 'thing of shreds and patches,' from which we copy it, hardly permits us to give it correctly.

'Ah! happy dog, too blest were I
With the fair canister I loved,
Whose prattling music spoke the tie
Of gentle guidance, as we roved.
Un-canister'd through this world's strife,
On its rough way I growling jog,
Proving myself (upon my life!)
A very stupid, idle dog.'

Now would it cheer life's pilgrim hours,
The sounds of tin or tongue to hear!
As joyful, 'mid life's sweetest flowers,
Fidelity would his treasure bear:
Perceiving he his rule might right,
From which no honest dog would stray,
That the fair canister, still bright,
Must prove his own well-chosen way.'

Then, surly hound, or puppy vain,
Deem not a canister's a log;
Winning such a prize—ah! prize the chain!
And think yourself—a lucky dog.
For in Pandora's box of ill
The snuffing hope yet lingering there,
Assurance sweet to man was still,
That canisters should banish care."

A fancy sketch of the mother of persons distinguished in our day may not be misplaced among these scraps. It is dated from Inverary Castle:—

"Mrs. T. Sheridan is also here at present, very pretty, very sensible, amiable, and gentle: indeed, so gentle, that Tom insists upon it that her extreme quietness and tranquillity is a defect in her character. Above all, he accuses her of such an extreme apprehension of giving trouble (he says), it amounts to absolute affectation. He affirms that, when the cook has forgotten her duty, and no dinner is prepared, Mrs. Sheridan says, 'Oh! pray don't get dinner on purpose for me; I'll take a dish of tea instead.' and he declares himself certain, that if she were to set her clothes on fire, she would step to the bell very quietly, and say to the servant, with great gentleness and composure, 'Pray, William, is there any water in the house?' 'No madam; but I can soon get some.' 'Oh! dear no; it does not signify; I dare say the fire will go out of itself!'"

We now close the scene. Mr. Lewis died on his voyage returning from Jamaica, in 1818; and a lady fellow-passenger writes:—

"I last saw Mr. Lewis about nine on the same evening, before I retired for the night, and promised to call out, to those who were watching in the outward cabin, the half-hours when he was to have a medicine given him. I did so. At two o'clock I heard him say, 'Thank you, thank you!' All that night his groans were dreadful; I could only lie in my berth and listen to them, for illness rendered me powerless. By degrees, his moanings subsided into low convulsive sobs; they grew fainter and fainter, and became calmed into a gentle breathing, as though the sufferer slept. I was worn out, and lost all consciousness. From this state of stupor (for I can hardly call it sleep), I was roused by the steward, at a little past four on the morning of the 14th of May, calling me by my name. He came to inform me that 'Mr. Lewis was no more.' It seemed he had requested to be left undisturbed, and appeared inclined to sleep, when the last dose of medicine was administered, and the watchers remained in the outward cabin, leaving the door of his berth ajar. All continued still for some time: at four o'clock the steward approached, and thought he slept; he described him as lying with his head a little thrown back on the pillow, his arms crossed upon his breast, as though attempting to suppress some internal convulsive feeling. The man approached his ear to the sleeper's lips to listen to his breathing, but that sleep was death; and, in a slumber, gentle as the rest of childhood, the worn-out spirit had passed away for ever!

"With all the decencies that can be observed on such an occasion, the corpse of our lamented and regretted fellow-passenger, having been placed in a proper coffin, at that impressive sentence in the form of burial at sea, 'we commit our brother to the deep,' was gently lowered into its ocean-tomb. Never shall I forget the sound of the splashing waters, as, for an instant, the ingulfing wave closed over his remains!

'Oh! that sound did knock
Against my very heart.'

The coffin, encased in his shroudlike hammock, rose again almost immediately: the end of the hammock having become unfastened, and the weights which had been enclosed escaping, the wind getting under the canvass acted as a sail, and the body was slowly borne down the current away from us, in the direction of Jamaica. I remained on deck straining my eyes to watch, as it floated on its course, the last narrow home of him who had, indeed, been my friend; till nearly blinded by my tears, and the distance that was gradually placed between the vessel

and the object of my gaze, it became like a speck upon the waters, and—I saw it no more!’

The Claims of Japan and Malaysia upon Christendom, exhibited in notes of Voyages, made in 1837, from Canton, in the Ship Morrison, and Brig Himmaleh, under Direction of the Owners. 2 vols. 12mo. New York, French; London, Wiley and Putnam.

COMBINING philanthropic and missionary labours with commercial and political pursuits, and adding something to our geographical information, these American voyages describe events, certainly of no great importance in themselves, or attended by any interesting immediate results; but well worthy of attention, as indicating the views of the United States in those remote parts of the globe, and conveying to us a few gleanings of general intelligence to add to our stock of useful knowledge.

The first volume sets out with a retrospect of the earliest European adventures (chiefly Dutch and Portuguese) in these seas; and notices the accidental intercourse between the western shores of America and the opposite coasts in the Pacific, which has been brought about by the drift of tempest-tost junks, and their despairing crews, across that mighty ocean. The voyage of the Morrison was undertaken from Macao, and seven shipwrecked Japanese were humanely embarked to be restored to their country, and in the hope that this generous act might lead to the opening of a friendly intercourse with the impracticable rulers of Japan. How vain such an attempt was shewn in the sequel.

Nagasaki, the only port to which a very restricted admission is allowed by this jealous government, was the original destination; but it was afterwards changed upon considerations which turned out to be very ill-founded. The ship touched at Loochoo, where the voyagers saw and conversed with Anyah, mentioned by Capt. Beechey and Maxwell, but could neither find nor learn much of his native companions, of whom we have an account in their narratives. The country is painted as poor and wretched in the extreme, disarmed and oppressed by its Japanese conquerors, and altogether unlike the sunny picture from the pencil of Capt. Hall.

“The last spot,” says the writer, “on which the eye rests with pleasure, after leaving the harbour of Napa, is the ascent towards Showle; the tract which Capt. Hall has peopled with the citizens of a metropolis, and crowned with the palace of a king. From all we could learn, the petty Loochooan dependant of the feudal Prince of Satsuma lives somewhere thereabouts; but whether those beautiful rising grounds, thickly interspersed with trees and dwelling-houses, should be called country or town, and whether the common-looking building on the summit of the hill be a palace, or an old temple, or a fort, was not at all important, and not at all clear.”

Hence they steered for Yeddo, and anchored in its outer bay; where they were boarded by some apparently inferior functionaries, and tried to get their packet delivered to the tyrannical authorities of Japan.

“This packet contained four papers in my name—one introducing the returned men—one respecting America—the third, presenting list of presents—and the fourth, list of cargo on board. Translation of 1st paper. ‘The American merchant King respectfully addresses his imperial majesty on the subject of the return of seven of his shipwrecked subjects. He is come to this honourable country from Cap-shuy-moon in

China, in a ship of three masts, &c. &c., called the ‘Morrison,’ commanded by Capt. Ingersoll, having on board a physician, a naturalist, &c. &c. Three of the shipwrecked men, which he has brought with him, are natives of the village of Ono-oura, in the district of Stangoi, in the principality of Owari; their names, ‘Ewa,’ st. 33; ‘Kioko,’ 21; ‘Oto,’ 19. They left Owari in November, 1830, in a rich junk for Yeddo, and meeting with a great tempest, lost their mast and their reckoning, and drifted fourteen months on the wide ocean without knowing whither they went. Their eleven companions sickened and died, and they three only remained alive, when their junk was thrown on shore in a country called Columbia, belonging to America, and in part inhabited by savage tribes. Some hunters in that country kindly took care of them, and sent them in a ship to China, where they lived nineteen months at a place Heang-shan-héen. The good people there, remembering the words of Mencius, that ‘he who does not rescue the shipwrecked, is worse than a wolf,’ took care of them until an opportunity might offer for their return to their native country again. The other four shipwrecked men are natives of different villages in the island of Kiuisu; their names, ‘Chiojo,’ st. 28; ‘Yusaboroo,’ 25; ‘Cumatoroo,’ 28. They left a port in the island of Amakusa in December, 1834, bound to Nagasaki, but were driven off in a tyfing, lost their mast and rudder, and, after drifting thirty-five days, were cast on shore in a country called Takarobo. Thence the people of that country sent them to Heang-shan-héen, where they met with their three countrymen, whose shipwreck has been detailed above. Now, I, seeing the distressed condition of these men, have brought them back to their country, that they may be restored to their homes, and behold again their aged parents. Respectfully submitting this statement, I request that an officer may be sent on board to receive them—to hear the foreign news—to inspect the register of my vessel—to grant supplies and permission to trade. I also request, that if there be any shipwrecked Americans in your country, they may be given up to me, that I may take them home with me on my return.’ Translation of the 2d paper. ‘America lies to the east of your honourable country, distant two months’ voyage. Its western parts are not yet cleared, but are still inhabited by savage tribes. On its eastern side, where the people are civilised, and from which we come, it is separated from England and Holland by a wide ocean. Hence it appears that America stands alone, and does not border upon any other of the nations known to the Japanese. The population of America is not great, though the country is extensive. Two hundred years ago it was entirely inhabited by savages; but at that time, English, Dutch, and other nations went there, and established colonies. Their descendants increased gradually, and sixty-two years ago they chose their first president, named Washington. That high office is now filled by the eighth president. Within the space of sixty-two years America has been twice invaded, but its people have never attacked other countries, nor possessed themselves of foreign territory. The American vessels sail faster than those of other nations, traversing every sea, and informing themselves of whatever passes in every country. If permitted to have intercourse with Japan, they will communicate always the latest intelligence. The laws of America are just and equitable, and punishment is inflicted only on the guilty. God is worshipped by every man according to

his own conscience, and there is perfect toleration of all religions. We ourselves worship the God of peace, respect our superiors, and live in harmony with one another. Our countrymen have not yet visited your honourable country, but only know that in old times the merchants of all nations were admitted to your harbours. Afterwards, having transgressed the laws, they were restricted or expelled. Now, we, coming for the first time, and not having done wrong, request permission to carry on a friendly intercourse on the ancient footing.’ The list of presents comprised a portrait of Washington, a telescope, a pair of globes, an encyclopædia, a collection of American treaties, an American history, &c. &c., to which the following remark was appended. ‘Languages of nations differ, and perhaps ours, though much more extensively spoken than the Dutch or Portuguese, may not be understood in your honourable country. If so, and at your request, one of my party shall remain in Japan a year to teach our language.’ The list of articles of merchandise on board was closed by a simple request to have free intercourse with the native merchants, so that future cargoes might be made to suit, in all respects, the Japanese taste. Those who are familiar with the accounts given of Japanese ideas, prejudices, &c., will perceive why some points have been touched on in these papers, and others avoided or suppressed. To the above communications there was added a further one of Dr. Parker, respecting the medicines he had brought with him, ‘the wonderful efficacy of which, as well as the singular skill of their employer, could only be known by experience.’

In reply to this ingenious contrivance, the Morrison was next morning bombarded from batteries brought to bear upon it, and obliged to cut and run as quickly as it could. The next attempt was made at Kagasima, further up the coast to the west; but here, also, after a little shuffling with boats and junks, they were again fired at, and the non-intercourse policy enforced in the most offensive and intelligible manner. The author observes—

“I rely, however, in the present case, on considerations drawn from the occasion, and not from theoretic principles. As I regarded the possession of three Japanese, who had been wrecked on the American coast, as an opportunity afforded by Providence of getting into private communication with Japan, so I look upon the injury done to the American flag in the treatment of the Morrison, as an occasion too valuable to be lost for bringing national influence to bear on the point where private effort has failed to make any impression. My view of national remonstrance is, that it is never dishonourable, even when unsuccessful. To submit for a time may sometimes be the duty of a Christian nation; to submit ‘to suffer as an evil-doer,’ by implication with other men’s sins, never. To clear itself from all such debasing connexions, is an object worthy of every nation careful of its Christian honour. On the other hand, the gratification of private or public revenge, the resort to any other than open measures for redress, the punishment of the innocent with or for the guilty, is national degradation; deeper even than cowardly submission. From all these objections, I trust that the following recommendations for the amelioration of our relations with Japan will be found free, and therefore becoming the character, and meriting the approval, of the American executive. I propose, then, that a small naval force (say two sloops and a tender) shall be directed to pass the summer of 1839 on the coasts

of Japan; the commanding officer, or rather the accompanying envoy (for I am afraid of military men) being furnished with the views of the government on the late treatment of the national flag, and with its ultimatum on the point of future intercourse. This ultimatum should embody security for the kind reception of the vessels and seamen of both nations in each other's ports; the admission of an American minister to the court of Yeddo; the necessary exequatur for such consuls as may be appointed to care for our seamen, and some other like provisions. Unless altered circumstances invite, I would not embarrass the first demand for admission to political relations with Japan, by including any stipulations whatever as to commercial intercourse. This may be the subject of after-negotiation, when distrust has given way to confidence. The first approach should be kept above the suspicion of mercenary motive; the first call should be made in the name of humanity. It is true that the right of commercial interchange is well based, on the providential division of earthly productions to different climes, and on its own beneficent results; but mankind is so little agreed on the extent of the right, and so much less on the propriety of enforcing it, that it cannot be placed in the same category with the claims of common humanity. Against this little squadron, it is my belief that no force could be immediately brought, or would be brought at all, even in the harbour of Yeddo; while a tender would find a station for it, secure from the weather. Probably the ultimatum it carried would be rejected at first without much hesitation; but circumstances may exist, which would secure its immediate acceptance. Suppose it accepted; how cheap a conquest, how fine a triumph, would be achieved over the strongest hold of Asiatic exclusion. If rejected, it should be pressed again, along with a free exposition of the injustice of such a policy as respects America, and an exhibition of the defencelessness of Japan, its immense coast line, its exposed capitals, its feudal weaknesses, its entire dependence, in fact, on the very moderation and good-will in our own and other foreign nations; on the denial of which it expels us, as it has so long excluded them. These declarations could scarcely fail to make a salutary impression, though they might come short of securing an immediate choice of the safe, easy, honourable, humane concessions proposed in the ultimatum. But if rejected, pertinaciously and finally, there remains beside an honourable retreat; beyond the discharge of the duty of protest; beside the consciousness of having attempted to subvert the cause of humanity, with which I would rest satisfied, a bolder alternative—a choice of two sets of coercive measures, if indeed it should be that circumstances justify and demand such extremities. The first of these is, and I give it first only because it has often been thought that it would work well, both in Japan and China, to turn back the junks approaching Yeddo with fish from the northern colonies and rice from the western provinces; and thus to convince the Kubo of the truth of that defencelessness, of which words have failed to convince him. There is, however, an objection to this proceeding, to me insuperable; the scarcity which would follow it, must fall on the unoffending multitude, and pride and fulness of bread would still characterise the circle around the court, unless invaded and broken up by a popular insurrection. Now, it cannot be the pleasure of the American people to inflict one pang on the guiltless and friendly million of the Japanese capital; I turn,

therefore, to the less objectionable alternative alluded to, and which, if it do not throw open the ports of the empire at a touch, can hardly fail to produce sufficient impression to warrant, in the extreme case of absolute necessity under consideration, an adoption and trial. This alternative is—the emancipation of the insular dependencies of Japan from Satsuma southward to Formosa. To accomplish this milder alternative, the harbour of Kagoshima, the only point from which a communication is maintained with these islands, need only, in my opinion, be strictly guarded; and the sole link which chains the archipelago to the master country will thus be severed. While this only avenue is commanded, a vessel should proceed to Loochoo, and successively to the smaller islands; declaring them free, relieving them entirely and for ever from the presence of their Japanese masters, and aiding them in their first efforts to discharge the obligations of independence. That it would be so easy to change the condition of this archipelago, is nearly certain; because the Japanese, after disarming these conquered islanders, proceeded next to disarm themselves; by forbidding all foreign commerce, and all deviation from the worst model in the construction of their national vessels."

We need not point public attention to the importance of this exposition; but, before we proceed to voyage the second, give a paragraph to a Loochoo fish, with which we were previously unacquainted:—

"We were boarded on the 16th by some little canoes, hollowed from logs, when fully ten miles from the shore; nor did the poor fishermen in these frail vessels appear to feel any concern at the distance. From one of these boats, we obtained some fish of an oval shape, of one to two pounds in weight and a deep blue colour, spotted all over with white. Sailors call them 'trigger' fish, because their large back fin cannot be pressed backward by a strong effort, but is levelled by the slightest touch on a smaller fin, planted a little below it."

The voyage of the Himmaleh was not more productive of results, and it seems to be as difficult to get into a little friendly correspondence with the Malayan Archipelago as with Japan itself. The writer pursued his inquiries into natural history, and botany in particular, with much assiduity; but we cannot detect much to detach for the information of our readers; nor do the missionary exertions appear to have been attended by any marked success. Singapore, Macassar, Ternate, Mindanao, and Borneo, were severally visited, and in the latter a very extensive coal-field discovered near the capital, which may, in future years, be of much consequence to the steam navigation of these seas. The government is most despotic; but the following is a curious account of its construction:—

"In all Malay governments there are certain persons called mantri, or privy counsellors, many of whom, if not all, are so constituted by special appointment. These are certain grave and reverend bodies, who visit the palace towards the decline of day, and sit down before the sultan in a thoughtful posture, as if they were musing deeply upon some important question of state. Let us take a sample, to shew us how far we may be warranted sometimes in drawing conclusions from appearances only. We may conceive that the subject of one day's consideration is propounded in the following terms: 'My lords, I went betimes this morning into the recess at the back of my throne, which is occupied by the white men, where I saw this charming piece of printed

cotton as it was suspended by a cord; I forthwith asked whose it was, whereupon the doctor said, 'It belongs to my lord, the sultan.' I then demanded, 'Who gave it to him?' 'The captain gave it to him,' was the reply.' 'No question, of course, arose out of this,' which might rob any counsellor of a night's rest; still every one was bound to regard it as a circumstance highly curious and interesting. And, to tell the truth, it had more interest than, perhaps, the reader was prepared to expect; for he had paid a certain sum of dollars in purchase of the self-same piece of cloth the last thing he did before he retired to rest, which was two or three hours after midnight; a fact which he suppressed for the sake of telling a story; as he had a memory too retentive to forget a matter that so nearly concerned his own interest. The freaks of a man, however, who had done his best to abuse the good gifts of a natural understanding, were chiefly confined to the palace; for the minister had put a hook in his nose, and so kept him from doing the mischief abroad which his folly or his avarice might prompt him to. A levee was an amusing sight; on one hand you might see the minister, in person a small man, sitting with a demure countenance at a most respectful distance, and now and then uttering some expressions in a subdued and plaintive strain. On the other, the sultan, with a proud stare mingled with a wild anxiety, who felt these soft words to be severe strictures upon his behaviour, coming, too, from a man who expected that they should not only be felt, but be considered as cautions for regulating his conduct in future. He resembled an animal with one foot in a trap, who would fain change his uneasy position with no less cost than the loss of a limb. The minister, to whom we have referred more than once, is the chief executive officer in the state. The distinction between him and the sultan was very concisely made by a brother of the latter in conversation with myself and fellow-traveller one evening. 'The one speaks and the other acts.' The entire control and management of all public matters are placed in the hands of the latter, who, from the advantage of such a situation when a man of talent, like Muda Hasim, can enact his own pleasure, and so leave the sultan a mere pompous trifle, surrounded, indeed, with the habiliments of war and majesty, but destitute of any real power or authority. We see a large hall of assembly, a throne, and a large gong, with a hide stretched over the end of a hollow tree, which hangs in a shed at the end of a long jetty, that its deep tone may not be broken by conflicting echoes. His liege subjects are at times summoned by the sound of this instrument, in conformity with the Malayan custom; when we may suppose him seated upon his throne, in the midst of his guards, while every thing is done to impress them with a sense of his royal magnificence. At other times his counsellors sit at his feet; the chiefs pay frequent visits of respect, and the orang kaya, or great men of the realm, who live at a distance, wait upon him from time to time. But, in the midst of much real respect for his person and office, and a thousand usages of ceremony observed with the most scrupulous attention, he seems to be only free to do evil; he can harass any part of his people, or put a chief to death, because his own person is sacred; but for any benefit that he might wish to confer upon the general welfare, he is solely dependent upon the wisdom and integrity of his minister. Such, if we reason truly, is a kingly denomination: without a free constitution

and a virtuous community, it may do as much mischief as it pleases, but to do good it hath no might. As the boat proceeded but slowly, we did not reach the residence of this man till midnight, as was intimated above; here we found a great number assembled, partly to welcome us, and partly to gratify their curiosity. As the interpreter had been a great favourite, the room, which good manners oblige us to style a hall, was filled with a most joyous uproar, and accents of cordial greeting saluted his ear from every side. After we had waited long enough to compose our thoughts and reckon up all the particulars of our errand, Muda Hasim stepped forth, and with an easy air shook hands with his guests, and then presented each of them with a cigar of about a foot in length. This little ceremony being over, he sat down before us, and then looked round with a studied but pleasant smile. At the first sight of him the uproar instantly subsided; without hurry or bustle in taking their places, every native sank down upon the floor with that noiseless ease and address which are the result of early habit; nor was the remnant of a smile left upon a single visage in the company. One could perceive in him a certain consciousness of his rank and mental superiority, which he exhibited as much, perhaps, to honour his guests as to exalt himself. The peaceful state of things at Borneo, when we saw it, was due to the merits of this man, which, when we consider them in reference to what we see in the rest of his countrymen, seem to be of no ordinary kind. The order of his household, and the character of the persons about him, afforded a great contrast to what we saw at the palace of the sultan. In one we have a motley group of ill-favoured eyecophants, whose business it is to execute the dirty errands of their master, and to abet him in all his knavish practices; in the other we have men of a respectable bearing, and, whatever may be some of their moral delinquencies, they appear to understand that it is their duty to perform the biddings of a spirited and enterprising chief, and not merely to wait upon his vices. He is anxious to introduce improvements among the people, and takes the surest way to accomplish his wishes by setting the example in his own establishment. The work will, of course, advance but slowly at first, for want of models, instruction, various kinds of stuff, and different utensils, and withal, that encouragement which an experienced and liberal-minded foreigner could give them. He, and several leading persons besides, are willing to learn, and would gladly listen to any hints that would assist them in the construction of useful articles. This I think I may affirm with a considerable degree of certainty, and should rejoice to see the experiment fairly tried, as there is little doubt in my mind about its successful issue. His thoughts are not confined to mechanical undertakings, they extend to the general concerns of his subjects; he wants to put matters upon some durable footing, so that his son, a very interesting youth, and the chief joy of his father, may find his seat easy and secure when his kind protector is no more. He was meditating a visit to all the neighbouring places upon the coast which acknowledge the supremacy of Borneo, in order to bind them to that state by leagues of confederacy and exchanges of mutual confidence."

From the court we descend to an assemblage of another kind, and conclude with a description of Borneo bats:—

"The bats are of the same kind as that curious one which I found in Beechey's expedition at the Bonin Islands. They live in

society about one spot, where two or three tamarind-trees afford them a lodging. From these they hang in crowds, rank and file, uttering a loud noise in concert. Their colour is black with a mixture of gray, and at a certain age with a brown patch upon the nape of the neck. Their head is shaped like that of a dog, with spiral nostrils, and an eye and mien that bespeak compassion. When first caught, they endeavoured to bite, but they soon exchange their fierceness for a temper of meekness and resignation. A single shot brought several to the ground, and among them a mother and her young one. She was wounded, but not mortally, while the young one lodged under her wing, and seemed as if doubled up in a fold of it. Though they are sightless creatures by day, yet scent directed it in the choice of its mother, to whose breast it continued to hang long after her death. This was a pitiful sight, but pity does not form any item in the composition of either a sportsman or a naturalist. I put one alive into a bottle of spirits, but did not attempt to skin any, as having no place proper for keeping such things. The pupil did not shut up like the individual of Bonin, nor did it contract on holding any object near the eye, but light seems to render them either quite blind, or so dim-sighted that they cannot discriminate objects that are near them; for when a stick was brandished near the eye, the animal did not attempt to elude the threatened blow, though it made every effort to escape when laid hold of. I suppose their food is principally tamarinds, though I made no inquiries respecting this point. They pour forth at eventide in great numbers, and resemble a crow upon the wing, both in motion and size; the tongue is thick and long, and thus well fitted for extracting the juices of fruit."

Odious Comparisons; or, the Cosmopolite in England. By J. Richard Best, Esq. author of "Transalpine Memoirs," "Satires," "Rondeaux," &c. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1839. Saunders and Otley.

AMONG his other cosmopolitan qualities, our author is a zealous Roman Catholic and advocate for the ballot-box. He, however, professes as follows:—

"I do not pretend to justify opinions resulting from the superficial glance of a stranger; and if I take upon myself to praise or to blame, it is in the character of one unacquainted with the origin and object of the custom to which he alludes. I do nothing but compare; and, like the lord mayor in his judgment-seat, I wish to be, to each country and on every subject which I mention, 'neither partial nor impartial.'"

Having spent much of his life in Italy and France, he revisits his native England with peculiar ideas; and fancying that he sees our manners differently from either a native or a foreigner, he has here given to the world the fruits of his observations. From these it will be quite sufficient for us to select a few of the most readable specimens; there being some (see p. 196, vol. i.) which would not bear extract, and serve only to shew how strong a hold continental habits had laid upon our absentee countryman. *Inter alia*, he speaks well of the wines of Auvergne, and tells us—"Both in the home and in the foreign market, depth of colour is what is most demanded. Great quantities are sent to Paris to be mixed with other wines, to which they give an undue appearance of strength and consistency: and when an Auvergnat peasant purchases wine, in order to judge of its merits, he dips his finger into the liquid and drops it on the fronting of his shirt;

according to the depth or paleness of the stain that remains on the linen, he then decides on the good or bad qualities of the wine! What would poor Sancho have said to this? When the landed proprietors of a province have gathered in and disposed of this, the last harvest, their business, as country gentlemen, is ended, and they resort to the *chef lieu*—the capital of their department. The more opulent endeavour to repair to Paris every winter, or every two winters [second winter?], according to the state of their finances; for, now that they have lost their feudal power, their country can present few attractions, and Paris is daily becoming the place of resort of all those who can afford to meet the expenses of the capital."

Drinking wine at an opulent, but evidently, from the dishes and manners, a vulgar, house in London, he says:—

"These wines were declared to be excellent and unadulterated: and I am well assured that Mr. — would set none but such as are considered the best on his table. Yet my palate—accustomed to taste the produce of the vine in its native countries—now sought in vain for the flavour of the grape; that of brandy, or some such drug, for brandy itself is too dear an article with which to adulterate another—alone predominated. When the duty on wines is so great as to make the slightest adulteration a source of gain to all those through whose hands they pass, this must be expected to be the case. The tax, indeed, has been diminished, and probably the quality of the wine is better for the change. At all events, an effort has been made towards abolishing these deceptive, unjust, interested systems, which lead nations to deprive themselves of the enjoyment of the produce of the whole globe, merely because that globe happens to be divided by a strip of water or a fictitious demarcation. The wines of the greater part of France could be more easily conveyed to London than to Paris. When I was leaving Clermont, a friend, the proprietor of extensive vineyards, offered, at the rate of two-pence a-bottle, to ship a cargo of his wines and send them by the small stream of the Allier to the mouth of the Loire, where they might have been embarked for England. Would the English custom-house be content with an *ad valorem* duty, even of cent per cent, I might now be drinking my friend's wine from the very centre of France, and should have that wine as cheap as I can here purchase the 'barley broth' of the country."

We must, however, give the dinner, to exhibit its vulgarity:—

"The repast began with a soup, the whole flavour of which was derived from the pepper with which it abounded: this seems to be the usual and only English method of seasoning a dish. As at Dover, we had helped ourselves to pieces of heavy bread, cut into small notches and carried round in a tray. Is the English climate unable to ripen your wheat, or is it solely to adulteration that we must attribute the heaviness and universal badness of your bread? This, however, sufficiently accounts for the comparatively little quantity eaten by my countrymen. The soup was removed, and four dishes with covers—as in France—were set on the table. The mistress of the house informed us what was under each cover, and what would follow in the second course. In France, the lady of the house would have known nothing of the matter. According to the custom of the country, we first partook of the fried fish placed at the head of the table: in France and Italy, the master and mistress of the house are seated at the opposite sides of

the table, whence they are able to pay more general attention to the whole of their guests. The servant brought round the stand of sauces: in France, it would have been taken for a *plateau d'liqueurs*: and, following the example of the others, I helped myself from one or two phials; mixing the contents with the melted butter and anchovy sauce contained in a separate vase. Another servant then handed round a deep octangular dish; at one end of which were potatoes, at the other cauliflowers: to me, this mixture of two vegetables on the same dish appeared far from inviting. Each helped himself to some of each sort, and then taking his silver fork—for each was provided with both steel and silver, the steel instrument being, it seems, destined for the meat—we at length tasted this long-preparing fish! The sauce mixture was very good; but a deal of time and trouble would have been saved had it been cooked up in the kitchen, and served on the same dish as the fish. I could not eat without bread; and yet found it difficult to manage at the same time the fish, sauces, potatoes, cauliflower, and bread, amongst which my appetite lost itself. [No wonder, with such a mixture!!!] However, in this *embarras des richesses*, I got on as well as I could; wishing to conform as much as possible to the customs of those amongst whom I was thrown. In the midst of the difficulty of distinguishing amongst the many and various articles which then covered my plate, the master of the house invited me to 'take a glass of wine with him.'

'Though I scarce understood
What he wished me to do, I said, Thank him, I would.'

The butler brought me a couple of glasses of white wine, and, following the movements of my adversary—for I had no will of my own, and, in true simplicity of heart, might have been led to do any thing under the idea that it was English—I put on a grave look, and then, with a dismal, solemn, and important mien, returned the nod of my friend. The servants carried off the glasses as soon as empty. Having recovered from this interruption, all proceeded well again. A couple of dishes were uncovered; one contained a joint of roast mutton, the other a plain boiled fowl; for curiosity sake, I desired to taste the latter. I was helped to a wing, and a servant offered me melted butter with parsley: this I thought as odd a sauce as the dish for which it was intended. The bird had no flavour; that, of course, had been boiled away; and the butter was little able to replace it. I refused to join to this insipid meat, potatoes and boiled cauliflowers equally insipid; and I thought with a sigh of the cookery of *Very's* and the *Café de Paris*.

From the feast and the bottle we get to the newspapers:—

"My arms (says our cosmopolite) were at full stretch, endeavouring to manage a morning paper—so much larger than our foreign journals. Yet those I have met with in England do not seem to contain more readable matter. Two sides of the sheet I was now trying to wield were exclusively devoted to advertisements, which, though they may prove profitable to the editor, have little interest for most readers. After a small portion of an English newspaper has been given up to one leading article on the most interesting subject of the day, and to one short extract from a French journal, which is sufficient to satisfy those interested in foreign news and politics,—the rest of this enormous extent of paper seems to be generally devoted to reporting the movements of great person-

ages; the proceedings at county or party meetings; a long list of births, marriages, and deaths; dreadful accidents; shocking murders; coroners' inquests; curious occurrences; the state of the weather; the particularly early appearance of different vegetables; the exact dimensions of wonderfully large potatoes; and other articles equally interesting: although to my mind they appeared insulting to the judgment of a British public. Nevertheless, they are certainly as harmless, and, perhaps, as useful, as the violent, coarse, and ungentelemanly political squabbles which, I admit, swell the unrestrained columns of a French newspaper. I once lighted upon a journal entitled 'Lloyd's List': the existence of such a paper as this speaks volumes, of which an Englishman, nay, the whole world, may be justly proud. How must not the admiration of the most classical enthusiast be diminished by a single glance over these modern mercantile pages!"

His opinion of our fine arts is a startling one, and the last that will obtain subscription amongst us.

"Of landscape painting (he boldly states), I must venture to say that my countrymen, at least the generality of those who have exposed their works, have not the most distant idea: their attempts to render the foliage of trees are, for the greater part, most completely unsuccessful, and shew an apparently insurmountable stiffness of manipulation. They do not attempt to mark the leaves of their trees, however near; but lay on dabs of yellow or green paint which they seem too idle to subdivide or to restrict to any outline. I was surprised to find them equally at a loss to represent clouds; in that department, I should have anticipated a different result."

Of the portraiture in the Exhibition, he observes:—

"In this collection, I was not only surprised at the number of portraits painted, but, still more so, at the number of those exposed to view. That a private gentleman, or his wife, or his daughter, should display their harsh, honest, homely, or blooming and coquettish, features to public gaze, appears to me directly contrary to the boasted English modesty. The good of the artist is pretended as the object in view; a charitable intention which might, perhaps, excuse the favourite exhibition of a richly embroidered military coat; but cannot justify the public appearance of a young and beautiful maid or wife, displayed in all the seducing and conceited attitudes of archness or amiability. In France and Italy, I have seen nothing so indelicate as the fashionable exhibitions of Somerset House."

Jam satis; but for a bousing anecdote from an election treat to finish withal:—

"As I was leaving it my attention was, however, arrested by seeing several persons endeavouring to remove from the floor a jolly-looking, round-about man, who lay half-asleep under a table. He had, they said, drank an unusual quantity of wine, even for him; and had, at last, succumbed. As they raised him up, he half opened his drunken eyes; and, with a cunning leer, hiccuped out 'Hallo! you must not move me without a permit.' Roars of laughter followed this speech, which, I presume, contained some hidden wit, which I am too much of a foreigner to understand."

"* This seems a joke good enough to call forth a note stating the meaning to be that a *dozet* of wine could not then be moved without a permit.—*Pyrrhus's devil*."

Democracy in Modern Communities. Translated from the French of M. Guizot. 8vo. pp. 50. London, 1838. C. and H. Senior. At this moment, with such a ministerial and political struggle at issue in France, the opinions of a person in the position of M. Guizot are worthy of more than ordinary attention. We, therefore, transcribe two of the most prominent passages from this pamphlet.

"That the state should live according to the example of the church; that the state should think, speak, and act in conformity with the church; that the people of the state should be as one with the people of the church; are the principles which the Christian church has advocated and acted upon without intermission; such (and let no believer be offended at my words, for they are full of respect), such was her Utopia. It was an Utopia of the sixteenth no less than of the eleventh century. Knox maintained it in the presence of Mary Stuart, as did Gregory VII. in that of the Emperor Henry. It was an Utopia whose most efficacious weapon was the extension and the application of those principles, full of power and attraction, upon which, in its separate existence, the religious community was based—of the fraternity of believers in Jesus Christ, and the equality of all men before God; that is to say, the principles most favourable to the increase and acceleration of the democratic movement, already so far spread and so active among the civil community. A day arrived when the church beheld with anxiety the tendency of this movement; and, as in her profound knowledge of the opposite wants of man, she professed those principles which elevate his hopes, in conjunction with those which restrain his passions, she sought, in her lofty hierarchy, in her powerful moral discipline, in her respect for established order, in her views upon the origin and nature of power, for the means of curbing within bounds that movement which she had seconded. She now became the ally of the few against the pretensions of the many, as, upon a former occasion, she had been the protectress of the people against the oppression of the great. But the movement continued; democracy was ever making further advances. The church herself, however, did not abandon those maxims which had contributed to her gradual elevation. There existed at the bottom of the moral which Massillon preached to the great ones of the earth, a policy very different from that by which Bossuet sought to restrain the ambition of the multitude. And moreover, at the same moment, when the church beat a retreat and furlled the standard of her Utopia, another power advanced and took possession of this standard.* Reason declared herself heiress of the faith; philosophy undertook to follow up the work of religion. * * * At present, thanks to the triumph of the good cause, and to God, who permitted that triumph, positions and interests are changed. There is no longer a war to be waged between the lower and upper ranks; there is no longer occasion to raise up the standard of the many against the few. No obstacle now exists to prevent either individuals or the multitude from improving their condition, except, indeed, those obstacles which are natural and inherent to the condition of humanity, such as God has ordained it; a state of perpetual labour, frequently difficult, and tedious to be borne. God has destined man to exertion, and exertion itself does not always receive its reward on earth. No longer, therefore, is there legitimate cause, no longer colourable pretext for adhering to the maxims, pretensions, and passions so long ranged together under the banner of democracy. What

was formerly democracy would now be anarchy; the democratic spirit is now, and will long continue, nothing but the spirit of revolution. Not but that society still comprises, and must of necessity comprise, high and low, rich and poor; not but that much remains to be accomplished, far more than the most ambitious dream of, for the moral and material condition of the multitude. But the reciprocal position of high and low, rich and poor, is at present regulated according to the dictates of justice and liberality. Each possesses his rights, his position, and his prospects, well defined. And with regard to future progress, the field is open before us; a wide field, indeed, already conquered, and which it will be the work of ages to occupy regularly with order and peace. The dominant and urgent, the moral and material necessities of society, at the present day, consist in construction and organisation; for it is deficient in both. Ideas, ambition, habits, social relations, and internal dispositions, all require regulation and extension among us. And the old democratic systems must, above all, prove fatal to us, inasmuch as they tend to retard the progress of general improvement. We should thus creep along in the revolutionary track, instead of ameliorating and advancing our condition. We all fear the recurrence of the past: let modern democracy strive to bury in oblivion the recollections connected with its former existence; let it occupy the high position it has conquered for itself; then only will it satisfy the present, and be able to look forward to the future in security."

MISCELLANEOUS.

Stanley; or, the Infidel Reclaimed, and other Poems. By James C. Fyler, Esq. M.A. 12mo. pp. 87. London, 1838. Rivingtons. STANLEY is founded on one of Mr. Roby's "Traditions of Lancashire," which Mr. Fyler has rendered into smooth verse. Like the rest of the compositions in this little volume, it is of a highly moral and pious tendency. See *Lit. Gaz.* No. 1156. As a specimen, we copy another of the minor pieces:—

"On Friendship.

Say, would you know pure Friendship's pow'r?
Learn it from yonder broken tower,
To which the flow'ret fondly clings,
And verdure round a covering flings;
Not Time's rude hand, nor angry storm,
That lovely ruin can deform.
Thus o'er distress and human woes,
Friendship her hallow'd mantle throws,
Her smiles the wreck of age repair,
Smoothing the rugged brow of care;
She cannot stay life's parting breath,
But brightens e'en the gloom of death."

Sermons preached in St. George's Chapel, Albemarle Street: to which is added, an Essay on the Prophecies relative to Christ. By the Rev. W. Webb Ellis, M.A. Minister of the Chapel. 8vo. pp. 328. London, 1839. Rivingtons; Hatchard.

FORTUNATE is the chapel to have such a minister. The Essay is clear and most judicious: the sermons, sixteen in number, eloquent and convincing. Were divinity a subject to which it was consistent with its plan to devote the *Literary Gazette*, we should go at length into Mr. Ellis's great merits as a preacher. Suffice it earnestly to recommend his volume for private perusal and family reading.

The Life of Edward Gibbon, with Selections from his Correspondence and Illustrations. By the Rev. H. H. Milman. 8vo. London, 1839. Murray.

THE eleventh volume and conclusion of this work, upon which we have offered the few observations that seemed requisite as the preced-

ing ten volumes successively appeared. The portrait of the historian, after Reynolds, is prefixed.

Modern Art, and Living Artists. 12mo. pp. 108. Glasgow, 1839. Symington and Co.

A PRETTY little volume of gossip on art and artists. If it does not contain much that is new, it tells in a very lively style that which is known already. As an instance, we subjoin the description of the artists who preceded Michael Angelo and Raffaele:—

"Painters there were in the thirteenth century, but their works resembled more the figures on a china bowl, or the hieroglyphic designs of an Egyptian temple. Harshness and angularity were their characteristics, with a total ignorance of the harmonies of colour, and the greatest disdain of any thing approaching to perspective; so that in a martyrdom your alarm is excited not so much for the culprit from the sword of the executioner, as for the governor of the city, who is intended to be full a quarter of a mile off; and it is no uncommon occurrence to see a distant church apparently astride on the back of a saint in the foreground, evidently without his permission or invitation."

In some of the author's dicta we cannot concur. For example, we differ from him in his depreciation of Opie and Northcote. The comparative merits of living artists is too delicate a subject for our handling; but we cannot refrain from quoting "the wicked witicism, that if Turner were engaged to portray a blackbird, he would make it a canary before he had done with it." Mr. Turner has genius enough to laugh at a thousand such jokes.

Bentley's Standard Novels, LXXIII.: The Bitouao; or, Stories of the Peninsular War. By the Author of "Stories of Waterloo." London, 1839. Bentley.

EVER lively and interesting, the lovers of these qualities must rejoice to find so characteristic a work of this author in a single volume, and in such excellent company. The frontispiece and vignette, by Brooke, are extremely spirited.

The Physiology or Mechanism of Blushing, &c. By Dr. T. H. Burgess. 8vo. pp. 202. London. J. Churchill.

WHEN that sweet girl, to whom you are popping the question, turns scarlet from as low on her neck as you can see to the height of her forehead, she knows nothing of the manner in which you affect her dermoid process and rete mucosum, or how her own and her capillary attractions are mingled with your declarations of eternal love! But if she wishes to know all this and more, let her read Dr. Burgess, from whom she will learn that "*blushing is the poetry of the soul*," and be taught the way in which it is visibly written upon a great variety of events, occasions, ideas, reminiscences, and expectations. But, to speak seriously, this is a curious treatise, and contains much valuable matter on the subject, as regards its natural history, anatomy, and mechanism."

The Barber of Paris; or, Moral Retribution. By Paul de Kock. 3 vols. post 8vo. London, 1839. Whittaker and Co.

THE writings of Paul de Kock are so well known and so popular in the originals, that it is barely worth while to translate them. The present work is so indifferently done, that we shall dismiss it without extract. Should the translator again try his fortune, we would recommend him to render some of the French ideas in a manner more in accordance with

English feelings; this would be no difficult task, and would avoid many indelicacies.

History of the Great Reformation of the Sixteenth Century in Germany, Switzerland, &c. By J. H. Merle d'Aubigné, President of the Theological School of Geneva, &c. 8vo. Vol. II. pp. 520. London, 1839. Walthers.

THE period is auspicious to this publication, at all times an important one, for the renewal and increase of controversy between the Romish and Protestant churches, and the marked division which has recently sprung up in the very centre of the latter, have given singular interest to any account of the reformation, and especially to one so detailed as this is. Here the reader will find the opinions, doctrines, correspondence, and proceedings of the earliest reformers; and from these he may form a better judgment on most of the points which so deeply occupy the public mind, and are indeed so fruitful of coming events. It is, however, one of those works, the merits of which it is not within our province to discuss; and we can only recommend it for the information it contains.

The Philosophy of Artificial and Compulsory Drinking Usages in Great Britain and Ireland, &c. &c. By John Dunlop, Esq. President of the General Temperance Union of Scotland. 12mo. pp. 331. London, 1839. Houlston and Stoneman.

To promote the purposes of the Temperance Societies, Mr. Dunlop details the various provocations to drinking, particularly by the customs in trades, shops, &c. &c., and, animadverting upon what he considers to be their deteriorating and immoral effects, earnestly recommends abstinence from the use of spirituous liquors and other libations.

Dr. Buckland's Inquiry concerning Death: a Sermon. Pp. 81. J. Murray.

IN this discourse, preached at Christ's Church before the University of Oxford, Dr. Buckland endeavours to reconcile the previous existence and destruction of whole classes of animals with the texts of Scripture which declare that death came into the world with the fall of man. It is a question far more easily raised than settled. *English Stories of the Olden Time.* By Maria Hack. 2 vols. London, 1839. Harvey and Darton, Gracechurch Street.

HAVING ourselves carefully read over the two volumes before us, we can honestly and warmly recommend them. The stories are of English history, not only of kings and queens, in the order of their succession—as is frequently the case with abridgments intended for the young—but embracing principal events, and persons whom fortune or favour made of far more importance in the history of the times than monarchs were. The explanations of names (as, Plantagenet—Planta-Gemista) are simple and comprehensive, and the references excellent. We highly commend the plan, as calculated to interest as well as greatly benefit the youthful reader.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

EXPERIMENTS WITH WOURALI POISON.

ABOUT a fortnight since we had a distressing case of hydrophobia in Nottingham, and Mr. Waterton (the celebrated wanderer in South America) was requested to attend, for the purpose of testing the wourali poison. He very promptly and kindly quitted his seat at Walsom Hall, near Wakefield, and came to Nottingham; but, unhappily, existence terminated before his arrival here. The faculty, however, expressing a wish to witness experiments made with the poison, Mr. Waterton readily consented to

* At pages 77, 28, American and Armenian make a puzzling misprint.

instruct them; and Monday morning a large room in St. James's Street having been selected for the purpose, it was soon crowded by anxious members of the profession. After eight o'clock a dog was brought in; and an incision having been made near its neck, the head of an Indian arrow was inserted and confined in the incised wound. The animal appeared fresh and lively, apparently experiencing no inconvenience for half an hour; but at the expiration of that time convulsive and spasmodic twitchings were evident, and continued to increase for several minutes. The pupils of the eyes became dilated, the pulse was very irregular, the animal struggled convulsively, and in three-quarters of an hour from the insertion of the poison the animal was dead. The body was almost immediately opened. The head was found to be full of blood, and on being pricked with the point of a scalpel, did not shew the slightest irritability. A female ass, eight years old, was next brought in; and before operation the action of the heart was regular, and the pulse at sixty-two. An incision was made on the right shoulder, and at six minutes past nine an arrow-head strongly poisoned was inserted in the wound. For nearly a quarter of an hour the pulse remained the same; but at twenty minutes past nine the pulse rose to seventy-two, and became irregular, with spasmodic twitching and distress, the respirations being fourteen in a minute. Soon after the pupils of the eyes became dilated. At thirty-six minutes past nine the pulse rose to eighty-four; there was great uneasiness, and the animal fell down, struggled for a short time, and at forty-one minutes past nine animation was entirely suspended, the respiration was gone, and pulsation wholly imperceptible. The ass was laid upon a table, the trachea was opened, and a tube, attached to a double pair of bellows, inserted for the purposes of artificial respiration. For nearly an hour the process was carried on without any sensible effect, but at the expiration of that time the heart resumed its action, and the pulse continued to fluctuate between fifty-six and ninety. This was the only symptom—not a single muscular motion was visible; the creature lay as if irrecoverably dead, with a thick film over the eyes. The process was continued for five hours without intermission, and then a slight twitching was perceptible in the fore-leg. Injections were administered, and some counter-poison applied, and at the end of about five hours and a half the bowels resumed their action; but still no sensible movement in the animal. In about six hours and a half from the commencement there were evidences of an attempt at natural respiration, and in another hour the artificial respiration ceased as the lungs were in very fair play, and the animal breathed pretty freely. Still it was considered in a very precarious state, and but few expected that it would live till morning. However, it was laid on straw before a large fire, and horns of gruel given at intervals during the night. The next morning about nine o'clock it was raised on its belly, and, to the surprise of every one, consumed a tolerably fair warm mash. Thus it continued through the day, much debilitated, and one of its legs (the left) being paralysed, it could not stand. On Wednesday morning it was recovering, but still unable to stand.

As various applications had been used to the ass, such as strychnine, turpentine, ammonia, injections, &c., it was determined to renew the experiment on another ass, leaving it to artificial respiration alone. Accordingly, on Tues-

day morning, a male ass, about six years old, was brought in, and exactly at eight o'clock the trachea was first opened. The action of the heart previously was thirty-six, the animal vigorous and playful. At six minutes past eight the arrow-head (with scarcely one-quarter of the quantity of poison inserted on the ass the day before) was introduced into an incised wound on the right shoulder, and in ten minutes the pulse rose to sixty-six, the creature perfectly quiet, without any symptoms of distress. At thirty minutes past eight the pulse was at sixty-two, and the pupil of the eye dilated; but the ass ate of some oats that were offered it, and continued eating. At thirty-eight minutes past eight spasmodic twitchings were evident near the abdomen, the animal gave indications of restlessness, and at forty minutes past eight fell on the floor, where it was allowed to remain, some loose straw having been shook down for the purpose. The respiration became quicker, convulsive, and difficult, the animal gave occasional struggles in trying to rise, but the heart was regular. At forty-nine minutes past eight the respiration was extremely difficult, with strong spasms, but the vision perfect. At nine o'clock there was a quivering of the muscles, but the action of the heart strong and irregular. At seven minutes past nine respiration entirely ceased, but the heart was energetic. The artificial respiration was commenced and kept up at an average of sixteen or eighteen per minute. At twenty minutes past nine the pulsation was imperceptible, except in the action of the heart, which was feeble. At thirty-six minutes past nine the extremities became cold, but the limbs were not rigid. At forty-five minutes past nine the action of the heart was quick but feeble, with an occasional convulsive motion of the tongue and eyebrows. At ten o'clock the nostrils manifested returning natural respiration, the heart's action irregular, but not powerful. At twenty-five minutes past ten natural respiration was restored, but irregular and hurried. At forty-one minutes past ten the artificial respiration was discontinued, the natural respirations being thirty-eight, which, in a few minutes, increased to fifty-six, the breath warm. At five minutes past eleven the pulsations of the heart were seventy-nine, quick and laborious, with sudden starting at any noise. At seventeen minutes past eleven the pulsations of the heart were sixty, and very feeble, barely perceptible in the arteries, and impossible to count. Water and gruel were occasionally given, which he licked in with his tongue, but evidently producing great agitation. At forty minutes past eleven the respiration was fifty-six, the pulse about sixty-five, and feeble. At twelve o'clock there were symptoms of sucking, but some hay being offered, it tried to eat. From half-past twelve to half-past one, mucus, sometimes tinged with blood, was forced through the tube from the trachea. At forty-seven minutes past one the pulse was at sixty, and a straw having got into the tube, irritated the trachea, and caused the animal, solely by his own exertions, to rise on his legs. He breathed more freely, discharged a considerable quantity of mucus, and walked about with a considerable degree of strength. The tube from the trachea was removed, some water was given him in a bucket, of which he drank freely. The animal continued gradually to recover; and at thirty-seven minutes past two the bowels were acted upon freely. At half-past four he ate some warm bran-mash and some hay; the wound in the trachea closed, and was done up by a veterinary sur-

geon, and the animal is now (Wednesday afternoon) perfectly restored and quite frisky, eating with freedom, and sporting about the room. Too much praise cannot be given to Mr. Sibson, the resident surgeon at the General Infirmary, for the indefatigable exertions he used, having superintended the operations on both occasions; and at each, throughout the long process, attended to the tube by which artificial respiration was kept up. The room was excessively and stiflingly crowded on Monday, but on Tuesday better arrangements were made, and the whole was admirably conducted.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

MR. QUICKET, 'On the Structure of Wood.' It is quite obvious that little or nothing new can be said on such a subject; yet it was made very interesting by a judicious condensation of facts, reference to exquisitely finished drawings and diagrams, and, finally, by the wonder-working agency of the oxy-hydrogen microscope, under the careful and experienced handling of Mr. Ross. The lecturer described nearly every species of wood known amongst us, from the iron wood of Demerara, so hard as to defy the tool of the workman, down to the softest, which crumbles between the finger and thumb, observing, that hardness, or softness, or colour, is so vague, that botanists are obliged to have recourse to microscopic tests for the purpose of ascertaining the true characteristics of specimens. The tissues—cellular, vascular, and ligneous—were then described. Some of these fibres are marvellously minute; pine-apple fibre, for instance, is only $\frac{1}{1000}$ of an inch in diameter. The curious and interesting appearance of the medullary ray, by which *cleavage*, to borrow a term, is effected, was next explained: then the simple, though exquisitely delicate, manufacture of rice-paper by the Chinese—a process exactly like that adopted by our own cork-cutters: next followed a few observations on the compression of wood, so wonderful in its effects, that boats employed in the whale-fishery, sometimes dragged by a wounded fish into the deeps, come up perfectly useless, and remain so, by the concussion and pressure of the waters, for a considerable time. These, and two or three other points, were explained with much skill. Many specimens of wood were submitted to the action of the oxy-hydrogen microscope. Amongst them were the sandalwood; the satinwood; rosewood; oak; mahogany, in most of its varieties; and, lastly, the creeping bramble and the angry nettle; the magnified sections of the latter two surpassed all the others in symmetrical beauty. The lecture and experiments gave much satisfaction. In the museum were many rare specimens of fossil wood, and a variety of pretty photogenic drawings.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

APRIL 8. Mr. W. R. Hamilton, President, in the chair.—Extracts from the following papers were read:—1. 'From a letter from Major Rawlinson, dated Rûddar, in Persia, December 5, 1838.' "During the last month," says the writer, "I have been engaged on a very interesting tour through Persian Kurdistan, the result of which has been, that I have satisfactorily determined the very intricate and little understood questions of the Ecbatana of Deioces, Gaza Phraata, and all collateral matters regarding the comparative geography of Media Atropatene; which, if possessing less general interest, will, at any rate, I think, be found equally novel with my attempt to dis-

tingulah the two cities of Sûs and Sésan — the retreat of Mark Antony and the campaigns of Heraclius impart at the same time a classic interest to the field of my recent researches."—

2. Mr. Charles Fellows gave an account of his 'Travels in Asia Minor in the spring of 1838.' "As the former part of my route," said Mr. Fellows, "has often been described, I shall merely trace the line of road. Quitting Constantinople, on the 17th of March, I travelled in a general S.S.E. direction to Nicosa, a distance of about 46 miles. There seems to me reason, from the marked difference in the natural features in the ancient architecture, as well as the implements and customs of the present inhabitants, to retain the ancient divisions of this country. Bithynia in its features is bold, and its extended mountain range of Olympus resembles Switzerland, its valleys are rich and luxuriantly wooded; I know no scenery surpassing in rich soft beauty that around the lake of Ascania, at the southern end of which, stands the ancient Nicosa. The characteristic feature in the scenery of Mysia, is the distinct division of hill and valley, scarcely a stone or undulation being found in the valleys which are bounded by abrupt mountain ranges. This great flatness gives an idea of their having been formerly lakes; the soil is extremely productive in corn, cotton, and tobacco. Rising from the back of the town of Nicosa to the S.S.E. I traversed ranges of mountains, each higher than the preceding, crossing a considerable river; and again another, the ancient Gallus, which, a little below the town of Lefké, the ancient Leuca, unite and run in a north-easterly direction toward the Sangarius; continuing through forest and mountainous country, I arrived at Vîsir Khân; then bore E.S.E. to Sobât, through a gorge in the mountain; and from this point travelled due south, continually rising up mountains, and seldom descending, each range being backed by numerous flat plains or table-lands. The very singular cavernous rocks overhanging the town of In ôni were seen across an extensive swampy plain. From the state of the receding spring, I became aware of my great elevation; but I again had to ascend the range of mountains at the back of the town, and again traversed thirty miles of table-land, which now assumed a most singular geological appearance; groups of cones or spiral rocks rising to a height of 60 to 100 feet, and in some instances considerably higher, from a thin stratum or shelf of chalcodeny or agate; the cones are chiefly a conglomerate of pumice-stone. The whole of the plains I have seen between Olympus and Taurus, as well as from the accounts of other travellers, appear to be immense raised table-lands, covered with volcanic tufa, amassed together by a rush of waters. A very large proportion is of pumice, and innumerable pieces of fractured agate and lava. This forms the characteristic feature of Phrygia, held up on all sides by ranges of mountains; the whole being of burnt earth. The irregularity of the outline of this district embraces the whole of this peculiar formation. The vegetable produce is scanty, consisting of barley and wheat; but the great proportion is pasture. Near the Taurus range a good deal of opium is grown; but on this elevated and porous district the rivers are few; trees are seldom seen, and the general aspect is wild and dreary. From Kutâhiyah I travelled about thirty-six miles S.W. to the ruins of Axani, situated upon the river Rhyndacus, there a small stream, and perhaps not far from its source. I made another excursion of about thirty miles, in search of, ac-

ording to the maps, Tôghânki. Near this is the village of Dûsalân; but Tôghânki, described as containing the interesting inscriptions upon the rock forming a tomb of a very early construction, is incorrect, for the name Vasilika, a village twenty miles further to the S.E. near Ghumbat, and eight miles from Kosev Kham, means 'writing on rocks,' and contains the objects I sought. Ascending a range of hills to the south of Kutâhiyah, following the course of the Thymbrus, and crossing a level plain of fifty miles long and twenty broad, I arrived at the village of Aktun-tash; thence to Sîchani, thirty-six miles—a country almost as dreary. A gradually descending valley, bounded on either side by chains of mountains, formed the district called Dûnbet-ovah-si, or buffalo valley, leading to Kachiburlû, on the lake Ascania, thirty-six miles from Ballûk. I entered Pisidia over ranges of beautifully wooded mountains towards the east, resembling Bithynia, which, with its alpine appearance, formed a pleasing contrast with the plains of Phrygia. Ispartah is a large populous city, with thirty or forty thousand persons, on the declivity of a hill, with numerous streams, which probably form the source of the Eury-medon. Entering at the back of the town, I ascended the mountain to the S.E. Here are immense hills of volcanic dust, with peaks of limestone rocks, forming a nucleus for the soft earth, held together in mass by a deposit from the water of the lime rocks. To the south, before ascending to Aghlân, stood the city of Saglasus, whose remains are interesting. In the valley a river forms its course, which I had reason to believe to be the source of the Cestrus. In twenty-four miles to the S.E. I arrived at Bâjak; some miles up the ridge of a chain of mountains, I discovered a most splendid city; the promontory rose perpendicularly perhaps 1000 feet, on three sides from a valley, the principal town in which appeared to be Dovre, covering an extent of not less than seven miles in circuit. I counted here more than fifty columned buildings, and saw several theatres and miles of scattered tombs, which here, and throughout Pamphylia, were of peculiar structure and ornament. This town, no doubt, was the ancient Selge. Although it was April, at this elevation the spring had scarcely commenced, and the plough was at work preparing for the seed. Within a day's journey I saw the corn in ear, so great is the change in climate occasioned by the elevated land. On the right was a fine river, with a rapid and broke a course down a steep ravine, which we entered soon after leaving Bir-Margi. The precipitous road was paved, for fifteen miles, with large irregularly shaped stones, in many places retaining the ruts cut by the wheels of chariots—the work of the ancient Greeks. The scenery towards the south, from the stern portal, in beauty and character, was almost an illusion. The whole, on each side, was bounded by lofty ranges of mountains, inclosing the gulf of Antaliyah. On the right rose the jagged limestone peaks, by degrees, to Mount Climax. About twenty miles before arriving at Antaliyah, the river had almost disappeared, and the level plain was formed of a conglomerate of pebbles and of encrusted vegetable matter. This porous substance received almost all the water of the river, which was artificially carried over the surface for the supply of mills and aqueducts. The reappearance of the fresh water from under the matter embosomed in the Taurus, is perceptible along the coast for some distance at sea. The river Cestrus is an exception, building its course down a rich valley into a

deep bed of soil, and passing the highly interesting ruins of Pergæ. Most of these plains are barren, with nothing but shrubs for the browsing of camels. From this level rise several isolated limestone rocks, on some of which have been placed Greek cities: three of these I visited; probably they were Isionda, Pedinelessus, and Sylleum. At the second of these the ruins did not appear of the earliest ages of the Greeks; but perhaps under the Roman dominion. They were in a perfect state of preservation, with the paint remaining upon the masks and ornaments, and upon the walls of the proscenium of the theatre. The country here being highly cultivated, well wooded, abounding with figs, vines, Siberian crabs, and shrubs, rendered travelling extremely difficult. Side has been fully described by Capt. Beaufort, R.N.; and, compared with many towns in the interior, appears amongst the most ruinous. I am sorry that the highly intelligent author of "Karamania" had no opportunity of seeing even a few miles of the interior of the country, as probably his opinion of its fertility would have differed less from mine. A lake is laid down on all maps between the rivers Eurymedon and Cestrus; but I sought it in vain. I found the palm-tree, apparently indigenous, at Phindka. In Sicily and elsewhere I have seen it finer, but then it was cultivated. The whole of the coast of Lycia has been so well described that I shall confine my remarks to the interior, which is very mountainous, but not barren. The hills richly wooded, and much of the timber well grown; the scenery highly picturesque, and upon the apparently inaccessible crags are tombs cut in the rock, in imitation of temples of various orders, and massive sarcophagi, of a form apparently peculiar to Lycia. Here the country is not thinly peopled, nor is there any want of hospitality. The inhabitants live in tents. The valley of the river Xanthus would in itself offer sufficient temptation to the artist, antiquarian, or naturalist, to visit the country if he were aware of its attraction. The city of Patara, at the mouth of the valley, has been well described in the excellent work of the Society of Dilettanti. About nine miles up the valley, overhanging the river, is the small but exquisitely beautiful city of Xanthus—beautiful not only in situation, but in its relics of art. Crossing the river below the town, I went about fifteen miles up the valley to Demelîr; then descended towards the river, crossed it again, and climbing the steep mountains for nearly three miles, I reached the modern town of Duvah; we found there the remains of a large town which from numerous inscriptions proves to be the city of Tlos. Travelling due west over a series of hills branching from Mount Cragus, we arrived at Makry, the ancient Telmessus, then through a country abounding in wooded scenery, crossing a considerable river, reached Dolomân; a governor's house comprising the whole village. Twenty-five miles beyond is Kugez, a large lake or bay from the sea, accessible to ships, and much misrepresented in all extant maps. The post-town of Hulah contains about eight or ten thousand inhabitants; and Mughlah, with 15,000 persons, lies twelve miles still higher up in the mountains. About thirty-two miles due west, over a country slightly undulated, but, perhaps, elevated 4000 feet above the sea, stood the ancient Stratoniceia. Bearing to the N.W. we visited Melassa, then Labranda, and, descending, skirted a beautiful little lake connected by a short river with the Mœander. Here were the extensive ruins of Miletus. Ascending the valley as high as the

ancient Priene to the modern village Sansón, we struck up the steep range of mountains broken into the Troglitum promontory, although the geological feature continues into the island of Samos. Descending to the coast, and passing the recently flourishing town of Scala Nova, we proceeded to Ephesus, crossed the range, and descended upon the ancient Tralles. Following the Meander till joined by the Lycus, I visited Laodicea, Hierapolis, and returned by Philadelphia and Sardis to Smyrna. I am at a loss to conceive the reason of this country having been so little visited, and I must, in justice, observe that during the whole of my tour I met with the greatest hospitality from all ranks, from the pasha to the peasant on the mountain; all supplying gratuitously every necessary food, with attention sometimes bordering upon annoyance. This was offered to me as to a stranger, whom their religion bids to feed and welcome. I always travelled in my European dress of the roughest materials, strongly contrasting with the splendid Turkish costume." Among the donations on the table were 15 vols. 4to. of the "Transactions of the Academy of Sciences at Berlin," liberally presented by the Academy; also a south circumpolar chart, recently constructed at the Hydrographic Office, exhibiting the tracks of all navigators in those seas from Cook to D'Urville, including that of Bellingshausen in 1820, and shewing the vast unexplored space which remains for future discoverers in the Antarctic Ocean.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

FRIDAY, 5th April. Dr. Macraight in the chair.—Read, the conclusion of Mr. Lee's paper 'On the Species of *Tilia*, natives of England.' (Former report, *Literary Gazette*, No. 1158.) This portion of the author's interesting observations embraced the growth and longevity of the linden, the historical and poetical associations of the tree, and particulars connected with its natural history. The former was illustrated with drawings of the most remarkable with which Mr. Lee was acquainted. This, however, with the next division, we will pass over, and select our notice from the particulars of its natural history. The coriaceous and indigestible fruit of the linden seems to be almost entirely neglected by man, animals, and birds. Avenues of the trees are, however, favourite resorts of the thrush family; and hence mistletoe is often abundantly distributed in such situations. The saccharine exudation termed "*honey-dew*" is more abundant upon the leaves of the linden than on those of any other tree, as might be expected from the nature of its juice and nectarious flowers. It only occurs in profusion in very sultry weather, and is not, as regards the linden, an excrementitious product of *Aphides*. On several days of extreme heat in 1837, Mr. Lee noticed thousands of bees and other hymenopterous and dipterous insects swarming on every part of the trees under his observation, upon which the phenomenon had presented itself, and no aphides were any where perceptible. Besides, the appearance did not present itself for more than two consecutive days, which it must have done if produced by aphides. During the flowering season, the linden forms a magazine of sweets for bees; hence the vicinity of such trees should not be disregarded by apiarists. Various insects may be met with on the lime, of which the most interesting and remarkable is the "lime-hawk" of collectors (*Sphinx tilia*). *Aphis tilia* is supposed to be peculiar to this tree; and a species of *Cynips* often causes a very profuse crop of pale erect *nidi* upon its leaves. The

linden is somewhat earlier disrobed than most other deciduous trees; but its fading leaves often assume brilliant orange tints, which, in masses, present a splendid effect in autumnal scenery, when lit up by the setting sun; and in early spring the ruby twigs and rosy buds have a cheering aspect wherever they present themselves.

UNITED SERVICE INSTITUTION.

MONDAY, 8th April. Major Shadwell Clerke in the chair.—Amongst the several presents to the Museum announced and exhibited, was a fine specimen of the sea-snake (*Hydrophis nigrocincta*), six feet in length. Mr. Haydon, the historical painter, presented this specimen (the bite of which had caused the death of Mr. Hyman, midshipman of H.M.S. "Wolf"), in the hope that the public exhibition of it, with the melancholy interest attached to it, may remove the erroneous impression which generally exists of the harmlessness of the sea-snake, and prevent the recurrence of a similar accident. The following papers were read: 1. 'Continuation of a Paper on the Longitudes of the Principal Maritime Points on the Globe,' by Lieut. H. Raper, R.N.—2. 'On the Coinage of the Ancient Cities of Crete,' by Mr. L. H. I. Tonna.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

THE Marquess of Northampton in the chair.—Several eminent foreigners were proposed as foreign members. A paper, giving an account of a new salt, called oxy-cyanic (if we heard aright), by Mr. Johnston, was read. This communication is almost wholly analytical. The new substance possesses a strong desodourizing power, and exhibits many interesting reactions. It is readily soluble in water, and its solution has a strong alkaline reaction. It crystallises to the last drop. Amongst the donations, there was presented by Mr. Curtis a New Acoustic Instrument, lately invented in Paris, for assisting hearing, and called the "Soniferous Coronal." It goes over the head, whence the sound is collected, and is conveyed by small tubes into each meatus. It has this great advantage over cornets, that it occasions no noise in the ears. The instrument has been tried at the Royal Dispensary by Mr. Curtis with much advantage; and he considers the "Coronal" much improved by the tips of the tubes being covered with caoutchouc.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

ON Thursday, the Earl of Ripon, President, in the chair.—Members were admitted, including the Earl of Durham: others were elected, and the names of new candidates ordered to be suspended. A letter of the 28th of February, from Mr. Tatam, at Cairo, was read, in which he mentioned that he had obtained four Coptic lexicons, and many copies of Scriptures in that language, of extreme value towards its elucidation; and also one of the finest collections of Syriac MSS. ever known. Mr. Tatam was on the eve of starting for the convents of St. Antonio and St. Paul, on the borders of the Red Sea, which were understood to be very rich in the possession of ancient literature, and where he hoped materially to increase his already important stores. Further extracts were next read from Mr. Wright's 'Introduction to the *Biographia Literaria Britannica*,' announced for publication by the Society. They furnished some most curious details of the earliest modes of education and study among our Saxon progenitors; from

which it appeared that the Hamiltonian system, the method of teaching by question and answer, and Classics with interlinear translations, were commonly used by them a thousand years ago. Some of the riddles, enigmas, and quaint stories, which have appeared in our latest publications, were found among these antiquities, and quoted by Mr. Wright as the originals from which so many of our jokes and puzzles have descended. The paper was altogether of a very interesting character; but as the whole essay will be shortly (by the anniversary meeting on Thursday week) before us, we shall not now further anticipate any of its striking and entertaining statements.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

MR. HUDSON GURNEY, V.P. in the chair.—Sir Gore Ouseley exhibited an ancient spur, purchased, among some old iron, at Chalfont St. Peter's, Buckinghamshire, in January 1830.—M. de Gerville presented casts of a stone mould for casting celts, found at Montaignu, near Valognes, and of a bronze mould for celts, found in the forest of Brecequebec, France.—Mr. Bond, of the British Museum, communicated 'An Essay on the early History of the Italians, who, being in a state of great Oppression and Distress, formed into Bands for mutual Support and Defence; and thence became Traders and Money-lenders over Europe,' part of which being read, the remainder was postponed.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—Statistical, 8 P.M.
Tuesday.—Linnæan, 8 P.M.; Horticultural, 3 P.M.; Electrical, 7 P.M.
Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 7½ P.M.; Noviomagians, 4½ P.M.
Thursday.—Royal Society, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.
Friday.—Royal Institution, 8½ P.M.; Botanical, 8 P.M.
Saturday.—Royal Asiatic, 3 P.M.; Guy's Hospital Physical Society, 8 P.M.; Artist's Conversazione, 7 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

PHOTOGENIC ART.

[It is with great pleasure we insert the following letters, which continue to unfold discoveries and improvements in an art which may almost be considered as magical, and the importance of whose eventual results it is impossible to over-estimate. Mr. Talbot's, Sir John Herschel's, and Mr. Downing's communications all tend to the same issue, and to complete the elucidation of this engrossing topic.—Ed. L. G.]

Lacock Abbey, Wilt., April 8, 1839.

DEAR SIR,—I have the greatest dislike to controversy, which I regard as a complete waste of time. I consider it sufficient to have stated, once for all, in your widely circulated journal, that I discovered the art of obtaining photogenic pictures from glass in the year 1834, along with the other processes, of which it is but a slight variation. It would have been sufficient for me to refer to the seventh section of my first memoir to the Royal Society (published January 31st). But, since that account seemed to have been already in some measure forgotten by the public, I stated it again, and in a fuller manner. How could I do otherwise, when I found that a patent had been applied for for this identical process? I was obliged then to step forward and "claim my own," which I endeavoured to do in the most courteous manner, observing what I sincerely believe "that I had no doubt that the gentleman who proposed it imagined it to be a new process, hitherto overlooked." Pressing forward in the ardour of discovery, they did not stop to inquire what had been already achieved.

I should take blame to myself for not having dwelt longer on this particular point, in my memoir to the Royal Society, if it had not been that that memoir was written under circumstances which would have pleaded excuse for much more considerable omissions. For, I beg to recall to your recollection the sudden and unexpected announcement of M. Daguerre's discovery in the month of January last; by which I was placed in a very unusual dilemma (scarcely to be paralleled in the annals of science): for I was threatened with the loss of all my labour, in case M. Daguerre's process proved to be identical with mine, and in case he published it at Paris before I had time to do so in London. I was obliged, therefore, to use all possible expedition in drawing up a statement, and exhibiting specimens to the Royal Society. If I had known that M. Daguerre intended to keep his process so long a secret, I would certainly not have written on the subject in so imperfect and hasty a manner. But I had no choice; at least, I thought I had none, which comes nearly to the same thing. But I never supposed for a moment that this memoir would be mistaken for a regular treatise written by me on the Photogenic art, or as containing all the facts which I was acquainted with. In fact, to have detailed all the experiments which I have made on the subject, would have occupied a much longer time than I had at my disposal. Many points were necessarily omitted, or abridged: and, moreover, I had laid down as a rule to myself not to include in my statement to the Royal Society any methods which I had not actually made trial of, however certainly they might seem deducible from the same principles. Thus, for instance, I have said nothing of perhaps the most important application of which the new art is susceptible (that of taking portraits from the life with a camera obscura), because I have not yet accomplished this, although I see no reason to doubt its practicability. And, upon the same grounds, I omitted mention of the process which I am now about to relate:—

Some years ago, a French artist announced that he had discovered a method of increasing or diminishing at pleasure the size of an engraving. This created considerable curiosity, and many conjectures were made concerning the process by which he effected it. But, I believe that the precise means which he employed have not yet been discovered. I suppose that these will one day be made known; in the meanwhile it may interest your readers to know that the photogenic art affords a ready method of obtaining this *desideratum*, the power of expanding or diminishing a design in any required ratio. I had long contemplated this as an almost certain consequence, from the known properties of the camera obscura. By altering the position of the lens, the image could be made to bear any required proportion to the object; and this image would stamp itself upon prepared paper, in the way which has been already described. Unless, therefore, some very unlooked-for circumstance interfered, I had no doubt of a satisfactory result to the experiment.

The same having occurred to Mr. Wheatstone, he proposed to dispense with a lens, and to use any radiant point of light. (This simplifies the process of *enlarging* the design; we lose, however, the power of *diminishing* it.)

However, the best evidence of the possibility of a thing is its actual performance; and this proposed improvement has been successfully accomplished by Sir J. Herschel, as you will

see by the following extract from one of his letters, which, with his leave, I will transcribe. His experiments were made without knowledge of our contemporaneous speculations.

Extract of a Letter from Sir J. Herschel.

"By placing an etching on a smoked glass (not having a resinous ground) behind an *aplanatic* lens, the smoked side towards the focus, a copy of the etching reduced on any required scale, is obtained. By exposure to a solar beam radiating from the focus of a lens, the scale may be enlarged. The reducing process, on trial, succeeded perfectly, only a little care is required to follow the sun. By the use of highly sensitive paper, this inconvenience would be much diminished; and, by attaching the whole apparatus to an equatorial with a clock, it would be entirely removed. If a resinous ground is used, the etching must be afterwards varnished or gummed, to destroy the loose light refracted obliquely by the thin edges of the cut-up ground, which is never quite opaque.

"Slough, March 27."

I have communicated these details of Sir J. Herschel's recent experiments, believing that you will view with interest the important extension which the art of *photogenic drawing upon glass* is likely to receive, and remain, dear Sir, &c.

H. FOX TALBOT.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR,—As your magazine contains an excellent account of all the discoveries in photogenic drawing, and as you seem to take a great interest in the subject, allow me to offer a few suggestions, which may tend to render the art more available to your unscientific readers.

In the course of my first experiments on this fascinating subject, I had to encounter many disappointments and vexatious failures. Difficulties occurred in the preparation of the sensitive paper, by which I either found it altogether insensible to light or too susceptible to its influence, becoming blackened by exposure to candle-light. I also had the mortification of once or twice spoiling the drawing after its completion in the process of *fixing the shadow*. Now, Sir, I attribute the greater part of these effects to the incomplete directions hitherto given—to the undefined quantities of the salts recommended to be used. Instead of vague proportions and cautions against dangers, we must be more exact and certain as regards the knowledge which is only to be acquired by experience.

From considering the chemical changes which take place in the processes, I believe it will be easy to deduce the exact proportions of the substances employed, without depending for success upon chance or good fortune. In the first manner of preparing the paper, it is recommended that it should be alternately washed with solutions of table salt and lunar caustic, in order to form a coating of chloride of silver. The chemical title of table salt is, as you well know, chloride of sodium; and as the atomic numbers of these elementary substances are respectively 35.42 and 23.8, according to Berzelius and Turner, the equivalent of the salt is 58.72. The caustic, consisting of $(n + 50 + ag + 0)$, has, according to the same authorities, the equivalent of 170.15. It must be evident, therefore, that if these two salts are mixed together for the purpose of exact mutual decomposition, their relative proportions should be as 58.72 to 170.15. If, after the drawing has been completed, the iodide of potassium be employed for the purpose of *fixing the shadow*, its equivalent being 165.45, that relative pro-

portion must be used in order to adjust the quantity to the conversion of the chloride into the unchangeable iodide of silver.

If then we use a solution of nitrate of silver, of the strength of thirty grains to the ounce of distilled water, which I have found to answer the purpose, the proportions of the other salts will be—

As 170.15 : 30 :: 58.72 : 10.3
As 170.15 : 30 :: 165.45 : 29.5

The strength of the solutions should, therefore, be thirty grains of nitrate of silver, ten grains of common salt, and twenty-nine and a half of iodide of potassium, to the ounce of water.

The hypo-sulphite of soda, used by some persons for the purpose of fixing the shadow, need not be in any definite proportion, as it acts in a peculiar manner upon the unblackened chloride.

The later process of Mr. Talbot I observe to be the employment of the bromide of potassium in conjunction with the nitrate of silver. As the equivalent of this new substance is found to be 117.55, its relative proportion to the thirty grains of caustic should be, by the same simple calculation, twenty-one grains nearly. I may be allowed to observe, *in limine*, that the paper prepared in this manner is certainly more sensitive to the action of light, but it does not, according to my observation, become so black by exposure, nor is it rendered so free from change after washing with the iodide. I am not aware that any certain method of fixing has been yet suggested. Hoping these ideas may be useful to the readers of your valuable journal, I beg to subscribe myself, your obedient servant,

C. TOOGOOD DOWNING.
29 Carey Street, April 8, 1839.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR,—My name having been lately frequently published, as seemingly connected with the party who attempted to secure a patent to themselves, "for an improved method of multiplying original designs," &c. &c. long after the publication of Mr. F. Talbot's original invention of photogeny, I beg to explain, that I knew nothing of their proceedings till after the attempt had been made, and I then expressed my decided disapprobation and opposition to the whole affair. The art of etching on glass was practised many years ago, and specimens printed and published by Mr. Blake, the celebrated artist and engraver: "its application to photogeny very readily suggested itself."—I am, Sir, your obedient humble servant,

WM. HAVELL.*

April 11, 1839.

24 Montague Street, Portman Square.

GRAPHIC SOCIETY.

ON Wednesday, this Society held its fourth meeting this season, at the Thatched House. It was fully attended by members and visitors, of whom the resources to "furnish forth a feast" seem inexhaustible. The tables were covered with drawings and folios. Sir Jeffrey Wyattville sent four engravings of his great work on Windsor Castle; Mr. Allnut, some fine drawings, by Dewint, and books of sketches in the Grampians, by the late George Robson. Mr. Leitch, Mr. Owen Jones, and many other members, contributed rich folios of drawings. Mr. O. Jones sent a folio of drawings, coloured on the spot, in Egypt, by Jules Gourey; and some fine sketches in Spain and Barbary, by

* Mr. Havell has sent us a specimen, a sitting figure, with an effect of a Rembrandtish character, and altogether striking and artistic. With regard to the patent, enough, we think, has been said.

Lieut. Twopenny, 52d. It is impossible to mention all the beautiful contributions to the evening's enjoyment; but Mr. J. Nash's folio of drawings must not be forgotten. The New Art, however, seemed to be the chief subject of conversation, and the repetitions (we cannot say impressions) of the beautiful subjects produced by Mr. Willmore, which he sent to us with his letter last week, were the admiration of the persons assembled.

NEW WATER-COLOUR EXHIBITION.

THIS truly interesting Exhibition opens to the public on Monday, and from the slight glance of its contents with which we have been favoured we can confidently affirm, that, in its character and improvement, it exceeds any of the preceding Exhibitions. Even the last, though greatly admired, must succumb to the present in works of talent superior to those which then met our highest approbation. Among those which attracted our principal notice, we may mention "The Happy Valley," by Henry Warren; "The Tournament," E. Corbould; "Interior of the Hall at Courtray," Haghe; "The Battle of Flodden Field," Messrs. Weigel and Warren; "Sunset, with Mackerel Fishers throwing their Nets," Duncan; "Gamblers," Johnston; "Gurth and Wamba," Newton; "Sunday Morning," Fahey; "Entrance of Henry the Fifth into London, after the Battle of Agincourt," Kearney; "Romeo and Juliet," Hicks; together with others by Green, Miss F. Corboux, Penrose, &c. &c.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Royal Gallery of Pictures. Part II.
Bohn.

THE Second Part of the "Selection of the Cabinet Paintings in Her Majesty's Private Collection at Buckingham Palace." It is quite equal to the First Part, noticed in the *Literary Gazette* on its appearance. Of the eight plates of which it consists, our favourites are, "Rembrandt's Ship-Builder and his wife," by Quilley; "Titian's Landscape, with Herdmen," by Linnell; "Tenier's Gardener," by Le Petit; and "Sir J. Reynolds's Marquess of Granby," by Reynolds. We entirely agree with the writer of the text, that the "Battle Field" is erroneously attributed to Wouvermans.

Sketches in France, Switzerland, and Italy.
By Samuel Prout, F.S.A. Hodgson and Graves.

If there be any one artist for whom lithography seems to have been more especially invented than for any other, it is Mr. Prout. Of that gentleman's style, firmness, freedom, and precision of outline, are the peculiar characteristics; and in those qualities he has, in his walk of art, no rival. When, therefore, his works are copied by others, however skilful, their spirit and beauty must, of necessity, be in some degree impaired. How fortunate, therefore, for Mr. Prout, that a mode of reproducing himself has been discovered, by which, with his own hand, he can communicate to stone all the raciness and feeling of an original design! This is precisely what has been accomplished in the superb and charming volume before us. It contains twenty-six original sketches, by one of the most able and popular artists of the day. The subjects are as well chosen, as the execution of them is admirable. It is truly said by the publishers, "The countries of France, Switzerland, and Italy—so fertile in natural beauties, and so rich in works of art—afford the artist abundant means for promoting gratification and conveying information. He

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Finden's Female Aristocracy of Great Britain.
Parts V. and VI.

"THE Duchess of Roxburghe," from a picture by Robertson; "The Countess De Grey," "The Countess of Tankerville," and the late "Lady John Russell," from pictures by Chalon; and "Viscountess Canning," and "Lady Elizabeth Hay," from pictures by Hayter, are the ornaments of Nos. 5 and 6 of this elegant publication. We will not presume to adjudge the apple among these Grosvenor Square and St. James's divinities; but they are all more or less beautiful, and, of course, have all the air of fashion. The various plates are finely engraved by Messrs. Jenkins, Cochran, Egerton, Artlett, Holles, and J. and W. Holl.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

SPRING.

SPRING, Spring, beautiful Spring,
Laden with glory and light you come,
With the leaf, the bloom, and the butterfly's wing,
Making our earth a fairy home.
The primroses glitter, the violets peep,
And zephyr is feasting on flowers and balm;
Arouse, ye sluggards, what soul should sleep
While the lark 's in the sky and the bee 's on the palm?
The sweetest song and the loudest string
Should pour a welcome to beautiful Spring.

Spring, Spring, eloquent Spring,
Thine is a voice all hearts must love,

Plenty and joy are the tidings you bring,
As an earnest below of the tidings above.
Oh, dull is the spirit, and cold is the breast,
That forgets not awhile it is earthly born,
As we look on the branch where fruit shall rest,
And the green blade promising golden corn.
Arouse, ye sluggards, awake and sing
A chorus of welcome to beautiful Spring.
ELIZA COOK.

THE DRAMA.

Her Majesty's Theatre began in earnest, and deliciously, on Tuesday, with the *Puritani*, in which the extraordinary combined talent of Grisi, Tamburini, Rubini, and Lablache was called into full exercise. Nothing can excel their exquisite mingling in this opera; which admits of each displaying, to the best advantage, the powers with which nature and cultivation have gifted and inspired them. The treat is of the highest order. The new tenor to succeed Rubini is described as a great acquisition.

Drury Lane.—On Tuesday, Albertazzi reappeared at this theatre in her popular character of the *Maid of Palaiseau*, and being well supported throughout by the rest of the musical and operatic corps, caused the performances to go off in the most agreeable and captivating style.

Covent Garden.—We sincerely regret to see it announced that Mr. Macready leaves Covent Garden at the end of the season; previous to which, however, he has announced a round of all the Shakspeare plays, which he has brought out with so much effect. He has raised the stage, and this theatre in particular, to their proper standard of elevation; and it seems a most short-sighted piece of business in the proprietors not to seize and go along with a tide so honourable, and likely to be so advantageous to all parties. For the national drama it is a very serious misfortune.

VARIETIES.

Literary Fund.—After the meeting of the committee on Wednesday, the Literary Fund Club entertained as many of the fifty stewards for the ensuing fiftieth, or jubilee anniversary, on the 8th May, as favoured it with their company, at the Freemasons' Tavern, Mr. B. Bond Cabell in the chair, and supported on the right and left by Mr. Hope and Sir Wm. Chatterton, vice-presidents. The health of H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, who has condescended to preside on that occasion, was toasted with every demonstration of grateful respect; and the whole entertainment, together with the arrangements in progress, and the numerous acceptance of invitations by distinguished persons, give promise of a brilliant meeting on the appointed day.

Sale of Rare Etchings in Paris.—We hear from a correspondent of the very curious collection of Etchings by Rembrandt, Albert Durer, Claude, Berghem, Paul Potter, and other celebrated masters, the property of the late Marshal Massena, which were sold by auction, by order of his executors, on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday last. The sale created quite a sensation, and the attendance was extraordinary, including amateurs from all parts of the Continent, and the leading printsellers of Europe. The prices were beyond all former sales, and we are happy to find that some of the most exquisite *morceaux* were secured for this country by Mr. Graves (of the firm of Hodgson and Graves), probably to be added to the national collection in the British Museum.

M. Arago has devised a means by which he thinks violent hail-storms may be averted. It is by elevating a small balloon where the storm threatens, armed with attractors, and connected with the earth by a conducting rope and metallic wires. Thus he supposes the + and - electric clouds would be discharged, and a heavy fall prevented.

M. Colas, a French artist, has invented a method of copying the finest sculptures in perfect proportions and of any size, either as large as the originals or in the smallest dimensions.

The *Barrel-organs* of Paris are far more clever musicians than those of London! The "National" states, than in consequence of the political aspects of the day, they all took to playing patriotic and revolutionary tunes. Prodigious!

Left their Homes.—The South and West winds. Have been seen separately and together, till of late, when both disappeared. If they will return to the disconsolate people of this country, they will meet with a hearty welcome, and no questions asked, notwithstanding they have been so long missing.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

A learned Italian, Manzoni, in searching through the archives of Bologna, has discovered that the celebrated Maid of Orleans was descended from the race of the Ghislieri, and was the daughter of Ferrante Ghislieri, who fled from his country in 1401, when Giovanni Bentivoglio usurped the sovereignty of Bologna.—*Foreign Quarterly.*

The Iliad of Homer has been lately translated into the Sanscrit.—*Id.*

The following account of the circulation of the Vienna journals is taken from the "Nuremberg Correspondent":—"Official Gazette, 2600; Austrian Observer, 600; The Eagle, 270; Theatrical Gazette, 1300; Humorist, 450; Vienna Journal, 600; Spectator, 750. A commercial journal, the Shareholder, is to appear next year, as well as a literary paper in French.—*Id.*

10,000,000 volumes are printed in Germany annually, and 50,000 authors.—*Id.* [See in orig. We suppose, however, that the authors are not put to press.—Ed. L. G.]

In the Press.

Forty Sermons, with an Introductory Essay, by the Rev. Richard Cattermole, B.D.—The Fine Arts in England, their State and Prospects, considered relatively to National Education. By Edward Edwards, Hon. Sec. of the Art-Union of London.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Medical Notes and Reflections, by H. Holland, M.D. &c. 8vo. 18s.—Conversations on Vegetable Physiology, by Mrs. Marcet, 3d edition, 12mo. 9s.—Hints to Mothers, &c., by T. Bull, M.D., 2d edition, greatly enlarged, fcap. 7s.—Eucharistica, by the Rev. S. Withersford, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—Eight Lectures on Electricity, Galvanism, &c., by H. M. Noad, 12mo. 8s.—Plato's Dialogues and Apology of Socrates, with Notes, from the French of Dacier, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—Welf's Manual of Hebrew Grammar, 8vo. 2s. 6d.—Dialogue between a Popish Priest and a Protestant, by M. Poole, 32mo. 1s. 6d.—Trials of Strength, Moral and Physical, by Mrs. Barwell, 12mo. 6s.—J. F. Francis's Two Lectures on Physical and Fossil Geology, post 8vo. 5s.—Watch unto Prayer: a Series of Lectures, by the Rev. J. M. Hifferman, 12mo. 5s.—Costs, as at present allowed on Taxation, 12mo. 4s.—Debate on the Evidences, &c. of Christianity, between Owen and Campbell, 8vo. 8s.—The Animal Creation, its Claims on our Humanity, by J. Styles, D.D., post 8vo. 9s.—The Life and Correspondence of M. G. Lewis, 2 vols. 8vo. 25s.—Catalogue of the Library at Abbotsford, 4to. 2s. 2s.—Association; or, the Progress of Feeling, by the Rev. G. Garioch, post 8vo. 3s. 6d.—Yorkshire Tales and Poems, by S. Roberts, 2nd edition, 12mo. 5s.—The Barber of Paris, from the French of P. de Kock, 3 vols. post 8vo. 24s.—Modern Art and Living Artists, 18mo. 2s.—Mahany's Civil Engineering, edited by Prof. Barlow, etc. 14s.—Bp. Hopkins on the Church of Rome, with an Introduction, by the Rev. H. Melville, post 8vo. 8s. 6d.—Practical Sermons, by the Rev. G. W. Woodhouse, post 8vo. 6s.—Popular Treatise on the Kidney, by G. Corrie, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Fictorial French Dictionary, imp. 8vo. 12s.—Quain's Anatomical Plates of the Nerves, folio, 2s. 4s. plain; 4s. 2s. coloured.—Dr. J. Fancourt's Essay on Anger, 6th edit. 18mo. 2s.—The Lord's Supper, by the Rev. A. Whyte, fcap. 4s.—Fox's History of Protestant Martyrs, 18mo. 2s. 6d.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*We have again the pleasure to direct the notice of our readers to the papers, &c. on the photographic art in our present sheet. It seems to be rapidly advancing to produce some of those still greater wonders predicted of it.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Rambles in the South of Ireland, during the Year 1838. By Lady Chatterton. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1839. Saunders and Oley.

THIS is a charming book. Before we have been engaged with it ten minutes, we feel as if we had got into refined and intellectual company, and confidently anticipate that the better we become acquainted, the more agreeable and pleasant we shall find it. Nor is the hope disappointed. The ease and nature of good breeding and society gradually develop in picturesque description, interesting observations on life and manners, amusing anecdote, legendary lore, just feeling, and sound common sense. With every generous sympathy enlisted on the side of the people amongst whom she rambled, Lady Chatterton is not blind to their defects; and her remarks on every Irish subject seem to us to be peculiarly unprejudiced and impartial. This is a valuable quality in a work upon that country; and though we shall rather address ourselves to its lighter features, we will commence our illustrations with a selection applicable to the point in question. After dwelling with much gratification on the kindness of heart and other good dispositions of the natives, Lady C. says:—

"It is the fashion to attribute to England all or most of Ireland's sufferings; but I think that a dispassionate and accurate view of Ireland, if such can be obtained, would prove that fashion is wrong. That some of its misery originated in its imperfect conquest by England is most certain; that this misery was increased by the Union, is a question I have frequently heard discussed; but no woman ought to be a politician, for she is sure to judge by the heart, not by the head. Therefore, without entering upon often-debated ground, I will venture to assert that, in my opinion, it forms, volcano-like, the fire within itself; and thus, from the strange character of its people, the principal miseries and misfortunes of Ireland arise. What must strike a stranger most in a visit to this country, if he happen to preserve his own senses, is the utter deficiency of that useful quality, common sense, in the inhabitants. As in quarrels between man and wife there are generally faults on both sides—so it is in the dissensions between different classes in poor Ireland. There are faults every where. The Protestants, Roman Catholics, landowners, and peasants, high and low, rich and poor, are all more violent, more full of party spirit,—in short, more angry, than in any other country. It seems as if there were something in the atmosphere of Ireland which is unfavourable to the growth of common sense and moderation in its inhabitants; and which is not without an influence even on those who go there with their brains fairly stocked with that most useful quality. Even strangers are sure to lose their sober-mindedness after a few months' residence, and to become most violent partisans. This sort of infatuation, which, to use the words of an old writer, often makes 'an Englishman more Irish than the Irish themselves;' which comes over every resident among this strange people, creates that extreme difficulty of ascertaining truth, which

has always been so wonderful. Every one who comes among the Irish is immediately hooked into some party; and unless he possess a most independent mind, and a sufficiency of self-confidence to enable him to see with his own eyes, he is sure to judge of every thing according to the ideas of that party with which he happens to associate. This is the origin of those strange and contradictory reports which are in circulation as to the state of Ireland. Common sense, I repeat, is lamentably wanted; and this occasions all other wants. Want of sense peeps through the open door and stuffed-up window of every hovel. It is plainly stamped on every thing that is done or left undone. You may trace it in the dung-heap which obstructs the path to the cabin; in the smoke which finds an outlet through every opening but a chimney. You may see it in the warm cloaks which are worn in the hottest day in summer—in the manner a peasant girl carries her basket behind her back. This is generally done by folding her cloak, her only cloak, round it, and thus throwing the whole weight of the basket on this garment, of course to its no small detriment. This same want of sense lurks, too, under the great heavy coat, which the men wear during violent exertion in hot weather. In short, it is obvious in a thousand ways. The cause of this remarkable want of sense will be more difficult to find out, than the effect it has on Ireland. Perhaps the Irish are sprung from some wandering tribe; perhaps—but a truce to speculation: let me confine myself to facts."

This extract will sufficiently bear out the truth of our remark; and we pass from it to some of the other pleasing characteristics of these entertaining pages.

"In an intercourse with the common people, a day, an hour, cannot pass without being struck by some mark of talent, some display of an imagination at once glowing and enthusiastic, or some touch of tender and delicate feeling. How strange it is that such a people should be content to dwell in smoky hovels, when, if they chose to exert themselves, and employ the energies which I think they possess, their condition might be improved. But they are generally happy; therefore, why wish to alter their state? They find additional clothing an encumbrance. How often have I heard them say, their Sunday dress gave them cold! and the first illness our old gate-woman ever had, was occasioned by her wearing a pair of shoes and stockings! A poor family were in what we considered a most miserable condition: at Christmas, by way of making them comfortable, we had given to each individual a nice suit of clothes: the consequence was, they were all laid up with bad feverish colds! Since this, I have come to the wise determination of allowing people to be happy in their own way. And the more we see of the world, the more convinced must we be, how totally independent of every outward cause and circumstance is happiness;—that it springs entirely from the mind within, the Irish are living and laughing proofs. As I said before, what surprises me is, that a country where all are clever, shrewd, and intelligent, should not have produced more

characters of celebrity. The only reason I can discover for this is, that perhaps when talent is so common, it is but little valued; and a man who in another country would be considered quite a prodigy, is here raised so little above the common standard, that he knows not his own worth, and therefore does not take any pains to improve his natural abilities."

An account of Dingle may be quoted as an example of another kind:—

"Dingle.—I have been told many whimsical stories about this very primitive place; among other strange matters, that, in a population of five thousand, there was not to be found one regularly bred M.D., or practising attorney. 'Happy people,' exclaimed the gentleman to whom I am indebted for this piece of information; 'Happy people!' and he then inquired, being a stranger like myself—'Pray, what do the inhabitants of Dingle do, in case of serious indisposition?' The reply was, 'Oh we have an excellent apothecary here; and when he sees much danger, why he sends to Tralee for help—and so most of the people, you see, die easy, without troubling the doctor.' Thus satisfied as to the state of medical practice in this ancient town, he proceeded to inquire about its form of government, whether by a corporation, or a single county magistrate, &c. To this his friend rejoined, with some warmth—'Our town, sir, governed by a county magistrate?—not it, indeed! We have a corporation, a sovereign, a deputy sovereign, and various other officers. Our court possesses great powers. We could confine you, sir, in our prison for ten pounds; and let you out on the insolvent act, without giving you the trouble of going to Dublin.' 'Your powers are very great indeed, sir,' observed the visitor of Dingle; 'but I hope your sovereign will not have an opportunity of extending his kindness to me.' 'If he had,' was the answer, 'our sovereign, with that warmth of feeling and good nature, so characteristic of his townsmen, would visit you in prison—he would entertain you there, and he would drown your sorrows in mountain dew.' 'Your court, sir, having so much power,' said the stranger, 'must occasion many trials of great moment to be held in it; and of course you have a number of those ingenious gentlemen commonly called attorneys, residing in your town.' 'Attorneys! attorneys!' exclaimed the indignant inhabitant of Dingle. 'No attorneys, sir—not an attorney—thank goodness, we have not one nearer than Tralee; and that is two-and-twenty long miles from us, the shortest way, and a hilly road.' 'But suppose,' continued the pertinacious stranger, 'that a point of law occurred in one of the cases that came before your court; what would you do then, without legal advice to expound and unravel the matter?' 'Do, sir?—Law, sir?' repeated the man of Dingle, with a look of astonishment and affright.—'Law, sir! we never mind the law in our court. We judge by the honesty of the case that comes before us; and let me tell you, sir, that if every court were so conducted, there would be but few attorneys, and the country would be quiet and happy.' 'But what would you do, if any person brought an

attorney these twenty-two long miles, and hilly road, and introduced him into your court, and that he started some points of law, which required professional skill to reply to?" "I'll tell you what I did myself," was the answer to this apparently perplexing question. "When I was deputy sovereign, two fools in this town employed each of them an attorney, whom they brought at a great expense from Tralee. When the attorneys went into court and settled themselves with their bags and papers, all done up with red bits of tape, and one of them was getting up to speak, 'Crier,' said I, 'command silence.' 'Silence in the court!' says he. So I stood up, and looking first at one attorney, and then at the other, I said, with a solemn voice, 'I adjourn this court for a month.' 'God save the king!' said the crier, and then I left them all; and I assure you," he added, "that from that day to this, no attorney ever appeared in our court; and, please God, we never will mind law in it, but go on judging by the honour and honesty of the cases that come before us."

After describing a curious ancient cell at Gollerus, Lady Chatterton tells us a nice traditional story:—

"A boy once clambered to the top of this holy cell, and stole the bell-stone, which he carried away with him, for some good or bad reason, now forgotten. But he had scarcely reached the village with it, when, to his horror, he found himself beginning gradually to swell all over like an inflating balloon; for which strange and awful phenomenon no explanation could be given, except that the guardian spirit of the place had punished him in this terrific manner for his depredation upon the property of the church. What to do to appease the anger of the supernatural protector of the bell-stone, or to propitiate it, puzzled the poor boy and the terrified villagers. He soon became too large to get out through the door of his cabin, and still went on increasing; swelling bigger and bigger, until at last it appeared probable that he would have grown as big as the little chapel itself; and then most probably have died of repletion. Happily this sad fate was prevented by a plan to which his mother had recourse, after her unfortunate son had, by gradual swelling, nearly come to that extraordinary size that he must have either pushed out the walls of his cabin, or have squeezed all its inmates to death against them, or have burst asunder himself. Before he had quite arrived at these dimensions, his distracted mother suddenly thought that, by restoring the charmed stone to its original position, her son might possibly appease the offended being by whom he was punished in this dreadful manner. The stone was accordingly conveyed back to the church, and in one moment the boy found himself restored to his natural dimensions,—thus escaping, by the happy thought of his mother, the awful fate which threatened him. Where this stone now is, no one knows; it has either been taken away by the presiding spirit, or otherwise disposed of. But certain it is, that all the people of the district believe the story, as I heard it, to be quite true, and would sooner pick a hole in their own cabins than take one stone from this holy cell, which is under such powerful and mysterious guardianship."

These traditions are very captivating, and we are tempted by another, a legend of Owennafahadee, a circular building, not unlike an old well:—

"Once on a time, one Nick Saddler, a pa-

tive of this part of the country, who was a soldier in a regiment that happened to be quartered at Dingle, dreamed one night, that beneath a certain stone, near to this round building, with a hole in it, there was a treasure of thousands of gold coins, locked up snug in a box, several feet below the ground; and that if he went there, on a certain day, and at a certain time, he would find it. Well, the day came, and away went Nick Saddler, till he arrived at the field, where he was much surprised to find several people digging, and picking up the stones that were turned up close by the very spot which he had seen in his dream; but Nick was not the sort of fellow to be daunted by a small matter of a trifle; so, as he saw little chance of getting rid of the people that had gathered there, by telling them to go away fair and easy, and with a thank'ee, so what does Nick do, but, as well became him, he pulled off his coat, and put the back of it before, and ~~was~~ it tight behind, like Paddy from Cork, he began hooting and yelling, and dancing about the field like mad; and sure enough, as 'twas in the time of the dog-days, 'twas mad that all the people thought he was, by his gambols; and they began to feel terrified, and one after the other they to their legs, cutting away without once looking back, for the fear of mad Nick Saddler; and leaving their spades, crowbars, and pickaxes behind them. Nick laughed at the fun, which pleased him mightily, when he saw them right and left taking to all points of the compass, like quarry stones blasted by gunpowder. And when he thought every one was far enough away not to observe him, he went to work without delay upon the spot that he had dreamed about. Nick soon dug a very deep hole—but as digging was new work to him, he soon began to be tired; after pulling off his coat, and putting it on the right way, and pulling it off again, at last, he began to get out of heart with his job, and was about giving it over for good and all; when what should he throw up, but a great lump of earth with his spade! and what should roll out of it but a great jack-boot! Well, the next lift of the spade brought up another jack-boot. Nick stood fairly bothered—he did not know whether to be disappointed or not; for expecting to find the thousands of gold coins he had dreamed about, and to turn up nothing but an old pair of jack-boots—that maybe wasn't a pair—was certainly not what he expected according to his dream; but sure every body knows that a little luck is better than no luck at all; so stepping aside, Nick deliberately set to work at trying on the boots, not knowing but that they might fit him, and then again he began his digging. After a little work, he dug up a fine new bridle; and as well becomes Nick, not satisfied with his luck, he went on digging lower and lower, for the gold coins that he had dreamed about by the thousands; till, with one powerful dip of his spade, he suddenly raised a great stone, which had closed up the mouth of a cavern that was quite light inside, from a pair of candles that were burning on a square table. At this table a cat and a greyhound were sitting, playing at points. 'Hallo!' says Puss, 'who's there?' 'Only me,' says Nick. 'And who's me?' says the Greyhound. 'Why, Nick Saddler to be sure, and who else?' 'Ah ha!' says the dog, answering him; 'and what do you want, Nick?' 'Want, ye puppy!' says Nick, 'I want the gold.' 'Nick, you're a rascal,' says Puss. 'Well now, I never heard a cat say that before,' observed Nick—so striking a blow at the

cat with the bit-end of the bridle, he gave one great spring, and jumped out of the cave, with both Puss and Greyhound after him, and away with him down the hill as hard as his legs could carry him, and they following him, and he with the old jack-boots. Where Nick Saddler went to, or what became of him after that, is not rightly known; but 'tis commonly said that if people were to dig deep enough near this round building with the hole in it, they would assuredly find the cave that the dog and cat are sitting in, guarding the gold; and sure 'tis a queer pair of sentries, whoever put it there, they fixed upon to take care of it; though they didn't let Nick Saddler get at it, and 'tis hard to say who will have the luck of it, though many 's the man that is wanting the same this blessed day."

Another illustration of these Kerry superstitions occurs near Darrynane, as related by the piper of that place, but we must retain it for a while.

Intermingled with such interesting relations as these, Lady Chatterton, both with pen and pencil, gives us much information in regard to Irish antiquities, and particular pagan remains of the darkest date, and Ogham inscriptions equally dark. The lithographic sketches are very pretty; and never was antiquarian research rendered less dry by taste and fancy, than in her ladyship's narrative. But we must conclude; and have two or three slight anecdotes in store to make "a good ending," which if we did not do, we should make one quite inconsistent with the genius of the work:—

An Irish boy.—"My father was looking over the labourers' book as usual, to see what work had been done in his absence. All the people were marked as regular in their attendance, with one exception—that of a young lad named Carroll, opposite whose name the ominous word 'absent' invariably appeared. Now this Carroll has been always a notorious scamp, whom my father was advised long since to 'send to sea,' as the only vocation for one of his incorrigibly wild and unsteady habits. He is the most comical-looking urchin you ever saw; with a face of irresistible drollery and shrewdness, and a pair of eyes as sharp and bright as a rat's. 'What could he be about, to keep him so long away from the work?—perhaps he staid at home to dig out his own potatoes?' 'No—the never a potato he dug, good nor bad; his mother had to do 'em with her own hands, while he was away on his thricks about the country.' 'Drinking, very probably,' said one. 'Ah, I never thought he would come to any good,' said another. All joined in deploring the depravity of so young an offender. A few days after, the truth came out,—and what do you think it was that kept Miater Patrick, commonly called Patsey Carroll, away from his work and his potato-garden?—learning the flute! We called at the cabin of the delinquent's mother soon after this. 'Terrible news about Patsey, Mrs. Carroll!' I said, looking very solemn. 'Oh then, you may well say that, miss,' she exclaimed, with a face full of tribulation;—'I don't know what I'll do with him, at all, at all. Sure I'm afraid he's past advice or mending now entirely, since he's taken to the music—bad luck to it! Here's the thing that's putting him astray,' she added, taking down an old flute from the dresser; 'only 'tis a borrowed one, I'd put it behind the fire, so I would, for all the holes that's in it, and the black rings round about it,' she continued, holding out the obnoxious instrument with a look of such indignant spite, that I was obliged to bite my lips to avoid laughing out-

right. 'And 'tisn't to play tunes like any other Christian he does he doing,' she continued; 'only he must have notes wrote down before him on a paper, just like a reading book. He'd sooner, now, part with a bit of his heart than that old flute; and he thinks more of the music he gets out of them little holes than of his breakfast, dinner, or supper. I'm afraid I'll never get any good out of him. But,' said the poor woman, trying to console herself under her misfortunes, while the mother broke out in spite of her wrath, — 'maybe 'tis better than drinking or fighting, any way; and who knows but he'll repent yet?'

There follows a touching tale:—

"When we left Mrs. Carroll and the flute, we went into the next cabin, to visit a young woman who had lost her mother-in-law during our absence. We found her and her children in great poverty, and with scarcely any clothes to cover them. 'How comes it that you are in such rags?' we inquired; 'what has become of all the good clothes that were given to the old woman shortly before she died?' 'I never touched one of them,' answered the poor creature; 'I gave 'em away, flannels and all, to poor people, for the good of her soul, the very week she left me.' I cannot tell you, my dear G——, how touching was the beautiful though mistaken piety of this poor woman. There she stood, shivering under the piercing blast of a bitter winter's day; and as I looked at her, and saw the sacrifice she had made, in giving away her mother's clothes, 'for the good of her soul,' it was not without a pang of shame at my own luxurious self-indulgence. When had I foregone ease or convenience for the good of a fellow-creature's soul?"

One more, equally honourable to the Irish character, and we have done:—

"I heard to-day an anecdote of the worthy rector of Adrigoil, a place which, even without this anecdote, was interesting to us. This excellent man, during the period when the payment of tithes had ceased altogether, had been in consequence so straitened in circumstances, that his wardrobe was in a very threadbare state. At last, with great difficulty, he contrived to get together four pounds, and with this sum he one morning started for Bantry, to make a purchase of a new suit, which was absolutely necessary for the respectability of his appearance; however, it was destined that he and his worn-out companions were not so soon to part, for, on his way, he met a parishioner in great distress, threatened with arrest and total ruin. The sum required was exactly that which the poor rector had provided for his suit, but he gave his parishioner the money, and returned home in the evening with his shabby coat; but with the enviable feelings an act like this must inspire."

Appropos, however, at this part we have a remarkable literary anecdote, from a Mr. Davy, whom the author encountered near Adrigoil:—

"Mr. Davy (she states) is still a young man, — about thirty, but has travelled a great deal, in all parts of the world. He was of Colonel Chesney's expedition, and, it would seem, is of opinion that the Euphrates, owing chiefly to freshes in the river, can never become a regular passage to India. He has been recently in the service of Mahomet Ali Pacha, and served with Ibrahim in Syria. Mr. Davy lived two years at Damascus; by his account, the Egyptians cannot retain Syria. He seems to have been admitted a good deal into the confidence of Ibrahim; an intelligent man like Davy must have been a valuable acquisition to

so inquiring a mind as the pacha appears to possess. 'Pickwick' happened to reach Davy while he was at Damascus, and he read a part of it for the pacha, who was so delighted with it, that Davy was on one occasion summoned to him in the middle of the night to finish the reading of some part, in which they had been interrupted. The extended popularity of 'Pickwick' is certainly without parallel in English literature. Mr. Davy mentioned his having read in Egypt, upon another occasion, some passages from these unrivalled papers to a blind Englishman, who was in such ecstasies with what he heard, that he exclaimed he was almost thankful he could not see he was in a foreign country; for that, while he listened, he felt completely as though he were again in England."

England under the Reigns of Edward VI. and Mary, with the Contemporary History of Europe, illustrated in a Series of original Letters never before printed; with Historical Introductions and Biographical and Critical Notes. By P. Fraser Tytler, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1839. Bentley.

OUR opinion of works like the present has been so often recorded, that it would be worse than useless to repeat or insist upon it. They are the corrections of the Romance and the Philosophy of History; the former being an idle imagination, and the latter an unreal dream. But when one is enabled to put their finger here and there upon undoubted facts, and say, like Master Froth, "here be truths," the fanciful chimera vanishes, and the unsubstantial vision fades away. Thus great events come to be sifted to their original causes; and even the collection of very slight and minute details which can be depended upon leads us to right conclusions on their compounded consequences and mingled effects.

Of so valuable a character is the work before us, wherein Mr. Tytler has, with his usual industry and judgment, brought together a mass of information which throws a curious light upon the English history of a very remarkable period. But he himself describes his task so distinctly, that we may copy his words for our introduction. Speaking of the State Paper Office, whence his materials are chiefly drawn, he says:—

"So important, indeed, are these stores, and yet so little are they known or appreciated, that the author believes he does not overstate the fact when he asserts that no perfect History of England, either civil, ecclesiastical, or constitutional, can be written till this collection is made accessible by catalogues to men of letters. But leaving this subject, upon which he will never cease to hope that something may at last be effected by the country, it occurred to him that an experiment might be made by printing a selection of such letters as illustrated a small portion of European history, and making an attempt to present them to the public in a more popular form than has yet been done. * * * Hitherto all the 'Collections of Original Letters' with which he is acquainted, valuable as they have undoubtedly been to the historian and the antiquary, have possessed few attractions for the general reader; and the reason seems obvious. They presuppose in any one who takes up the book a full acquaintance with the history of the period which they illustrate, a familiarity with an ancient and repulsive orthography, and an intimate knowledge of the lives and characters of the personages by whom and to whom they are written. Is it too much to say that these qualifications are rarely pos-

essed,—that even the best-informed reader will often find himself at fault? With a view to obviate such objections, the present work has been divided into periods, each of them prefaced by short historical introductions; slight biographical sketches are given of those illustrious statesmen and scholars who pass in review before us; and occasional critical discussions are introduced where the letters were calculated to throw new light on obscure or disputed passages of English history, or supplied unknown or important facts in the lives of eminent men. Lastly, it has been judged right to render these letters intelligible to general as well as antiquarian readers, by abandoning the ancient mode of spelling."

Our author proceeds to divide his work into convenient epochs; the first commencing with the death of Henry VIII. and descending to the overthrow of the Protector Somerset, viz. 1546, 7, 8, and 9. At the very outset, we perceive the singular nature of these revelations; and when we learn that the death of the king was concealed nearly three days, till those who succeeded to his authority and the custody of his young son had matured their plans, we feel that we are indeed raising the curtain on strange and hitherto unknown circumstances.

"Henry the Eighth died at Westminster, on Friday, the 28th of January, 1546-7, at two o'clock in the morning. Parliament was then sitting; but the king's death was kept secret for nearly three days. On Monday, the 31st of January, the Commons were sent for to the House of Lords; and the Lord Chancellor Wriothesley acquainted them with the melancholy event, scarcely able to speak from tears. He then requested Sir William Paget, secretary of state, to read to the parliament such parts of the late king's will as related to the succession, and the system by which the realm was to be governed during the minority of his son; and on the same day, Edward the Sixth was proclaimed and conducted to the Tower of London. The parliament was then declared to be dissolved by the death of the sovereign; and the members were licensed to depart, except the peers, whose duty it was to be present at the coronation. The two following letters, the first from the Earl of Hertford, shortly afterwards created Duke of Somerset, to Sir William Paget, the second from the same nobleman to the council, are valuable, because they contain some account of what took place in the obscure interval between the king's death and the public notification of that event by the chancellor,—a portion of secret history not to be found elsewhere. Even the MS. Council-books of Edward the Sixth do not commence till the 31st Jan., being the Monday after the king's death. It will be observed, that the first letter is written between three and four in the morning of the 29th January, little more than twenty-four hours after Henry expired.

"*The Earl of Hertford to Sir Wm. Paget.*

"Orig. St. P. Off. Domestic. 29 Jan. 1546-7.

"This morning, between one and two, I received your letter. The first part thereof I like very well; marry, that the will should be opened till a further consultation, and that it might be well considered how much thereof were necessary to be published; for divers respects I think it not convenient to satisfy the world. In the meantime I think it sufficient, when ye publish the king's death, in the places and times as ye have appointed, to have the will presently with you, and to shew that this is the will, naming unto them severally who be executors that the king did specially trust, and

who be councillors; the contents at the breaking up thereof, as before, shall be declared unto them on Wednesday in the morning at the parliament house; and in the meantime we to meet and agree therein, as there may be no controversy hereafter. For the rest of your appointments, for the keeping of the Tower, and the king's person, it shall be well done ye be not too hasty therein; and so I bid you heartily farewell. From Hartford, the 29th of Jan. between three and four in the morning. Your assured loving friend,
"E. HERTFORD."

"I have sent you the key of the will."

"Endorsed, 'To my Right loving Friend, Sir William Paget, one of the King's Majesties Two Principal Secretaries."

"Haste, post haste, Haste with all diligence, For thy life, For thy life."

"Edward the Sixth, at the moment of his father's death, was at Hartford, not Hatfield, as has been erroneously stated. Immediately after the event his uncle, the Earl of Hertford, and Sir Anthony Brown, hastened to this place, from whence they conveyed the young king privately to Enfield, and there they first declared to him and the Lady Elizabeth the death of Henry their father. Both of them heard the intelligence with tears. 'Never,' says Hayward, 'was sorrow more sweetly set forth, their faces seeming rather to beautify their sorrow, than their sorrow to cloud the beauty of their faces.' The following letter is written by the Earl of Hertford from Enfield.

"The Earl of Hertford to the Council.

"Orig. St. P. Off. Domestic. January 30th, 1546-7.

"Your lordships shall understand that I, the Earl of Hertford, have received your letter concerning a pardon to be granted in such form as in the schedule ye have sent, and that ye desire to know our opinions therein. For answer thereunto, ye shall understand we be in some doubt whether our power be sufficient to answer unto the king's majesty that now is, when it shall please him to call us to account for the same. And in case we have authority so to do it, in our opinions the time will serve much better at the coronation than at this present. For if it should be now granted, his highness can shew no such gratuity unto his subjects when the time is most proper for the same; and his father, who we doubt not to be in heaven, having no need thereof, shall take the praise and thank from him that hath more need thereof than he. We do very well like your device for the matter; marry, we would wish it to be done when the time serveth most proper for the same. We intend the king's majesty shall be a-horseback to-morrow by eleven of the clock, so that by three we trust his grace shall be at the Tower. So, if ye have not already advertised my Lady Anne of Cleves of the king's death, it shall be well done ye send some express person for the same. And so, with our right hearty commendations, we bid you farewell. From Enwild (Enfield) this Sunday night, at eleven of the clock. Your good lordship's assured loving friends,

"E. HERTFORD.

"ANTHONY BROWNE."

"Short as are these two letters, they furnish us with some important facts, which are new to English history, and throw light on what may be justly called the salient points in the policy of Hertford and his party—their proceedings in the interval between the king's death and its being communicated to parliament. It has been observed by Sir James Mackintosh, that, in our own time, the delay of three days before taking any formal steps relating to the demise of the sovereign, would be censured as a daring pre-

sumption; but neither this writer, nor any of our historians who had before, or who have since treated of this reign, were aware how far more daring was the conduct of Hertford and his associates than the mere concealment of Henry's death. Their leader had the will in his private keeping. This is proved by the emphatic postscript, 'I have sent you the key of the will.' And the fact increases the suspicion which hangs over this extraordinary document. They opened it before the king or the parliament were made acquainted with the late king's death; they held a consultation what portions of this deed were proper to be communicated to the great council of the nation. Hertford himself deemed some parts of it not expedient to be divulged; and when parliament and the nation yet believed Henry to be alive, the measures which were to be adopted under the new reign were already secretly agreed on by a faction to whom no resistance could be made. It is worthy of remark, also, that Hertford, although still bearing no higher rank than one of the executors of the late king, is consulted by them as their superior, and already assumes the tone and authority of protector; another proof that all had been privately arranged amongst them."

This is a fair example of our author's labours; and throughout the whole, he fills up many blanks which the preceding researches of Strype, Haynes, Carte, Burnett, Sir H. Ellis, and others, had left in the secret history of this period. Among the rest, we have some very interesting particulars of the entrance into life of the famous Lord Burleigh. Thus we are told:—

"The following letter from Lady Browne, written in July 1547, not six months after the accession of Edward the Sixth, proves that Cecil was then in some situation of confidence and power under the Protector Somerset. The author of his life in the 'Biographia Britannica' (the best critical account of him yet written, though too indiscriminate in its praise), imagines that he was Master of Requests as early as 1547; but to this office he certainly was not promoted till much later. This clearly appears from the letters addressed to him which I have seen in the State Paper Office; and from the same source it is evident, that in 1547 he managed the whole correspondence of the protector; probably, in the capacity of his private secretary. The letter of Lady Browne, at all events, establishes a fact, not before known in the life of Burleigh—that, at the age of twenty-seven, he had embraced the service of the Duke of Somerset, and was not only a statesman, but in a place of high trust and influence. It is pleasant to find a letter, apparently immaterial, throwing light upon the early life of so remarkable a man.

"The Lady Browne to Cecil.

"Orig. St. P. Off. Domestic. 23rd July, 1547.

"Gentle Mr. Syssyll,—After most hearty commendations. This shall be to render you most hearty thanks, for your gentleness shewed unto me at all times. Further, it may be to certify unto you, that I have unto my lord protector's grace a letter, in the which I am a humble suitor to the same his grace, for as much as I understand, his grace doth appoint certain gentlemen and others to go into Scotland to serve the king's majesty there, that it will please his grace to accept and appoint my brother to be one also amongst them. And supposing his grace not to know my brother, I shall desire you to prefer his suit, and that by your means he may deliver my said letter to my lord's grace; and for your gentleness herein, I

shall reckon myself, as I am indeed, much beholden unto you. Thus always ready to trouble you, I will desire you to have me commended unto your good bedfellow, and so bid you most heartily to farewell. From Horsley, this Saint James's day. By your assured to my little power,
"ELIZABETH BROWNE."

"Endorsed, 'To my friend Mr. Syssyll be these delivered.'"

A letter from Wotton, our ambassador at France (April 16th, 1548), leads to a remarkable historical fact, thus stated by Mr. Tytler:

"Henry the Second about this time incurred great odium for his project of creating a diversion in his favour, during his wars with the emperor, by bringing in the Turks upon Christendom: his object being to keep Ferdinand employed at home in defending his dominions against the infidels, and thus prevent him from assisting Charles the Fifth. It was this conduct which drew from Sir John Mason the pithy remark, that if the devil were to be had as an ally, Henry would not scruple to entertain him; and it is to this that Wotton alludes in the following extract from one of his letters to the protector and council. It proves also, that the French intrigues with the sultan commenced at a much earlier period than is assigned to them by Sismondi, the latest French historian."

The political position and hostilities of the Protector Somerset, and his brother, the lord high admiral, Seymour, are significantly illustrated in these pages, and Mr. T. relates:—

"In these designs to supplant his brother, Lord Seymour was assisted by John Fowler, one of the gentlemen of Edward's privy chamber. The following letter from Fowler to the lord admiral shews how artfully and successfully they worked:—

"John Fowler to my Lord High Admiral.

"Orig. St. P. Off. Domestic. 15th July, 1548.

"I most humbly thank your lordship for your letter dated the 15th of this present, which letter I shewed to the king's majesty: and whereas, in my last letter to your lordship, I wrote unto you, if his grace could get any spare time, his grace would write a letter to the queen's grace, and to you; his highness desires your lordship to pardon him, for his grace is not half a quarter of an hour alone: but such leisure as his grace had, his majesty has written, here inclosed, his recommendations to the queen's grace and to your lordship, that he is so much bound to you, that he must needs remember you always; and, as his grace may have time, you shall well perceive by such small lines of recommendations with his own hand. News I have none to write to your lordship, but that we have good hope that Haddington shall be able to bide this great brunt. The king's majesty looks every hour for good news; for, as they come, my lord's grace sends the letters to the king's majesty. My Lady of Somerset is brought to bed of a goodly boy, thanks be to God; and I trust in Almighty God the queen's grace shall have another. The king's majesty shall christen my lord's grace's son. I cannot tell your lordship whether his grace shall go to Shene himself or not, for as yet the child is unchristened. I must, among other news, declare unto your lordship, that my lord protector's grace is so good lord unto me, that his grace hath given me the keeping either of the great park of Petworth, or else of Wellawynnton,

* It is curious to observe, how little regard was paid to the spelling of names in those days. In this volume the name of Cecil is written by his most intimate friends, in no fewer than ten different ways: Crecell, Syssyll, Cecil, Cicill, Cecille, Cysell, Cycill, Cycle, Sicile, Cicil. And Lady Jane Grey, of unfortunate memory, signs herself Jane Graye.

ther I will choose ; and, Monday next, I in-
God willing, to go into Sussex and see them.
sire your lordship, when you send me any
ers, let them be delivered to myself ; trust-
also, your lordship will provide, that this
tell no more tales after your reading ; for
I write at length to your lordship, because
n promised of a trusty messenger. And
I commit your lordship to Almighty God,
preserve your lordship with the queen's
e, and all yours, to his pleasure ! Written
ate, at Hampton Court, this 19th of July.
r lordship's most bounden,

"JOHN FOWLER."

'I had forgotten to declare to your lord-
concerning the money your lordship would
friend should have : when he has need, I
be bold to send.'

The 'small lines of recommendations,' writ
the king's own hand, are enclosed in this
or of Fowler's. They are as follows :

'My lord. Send me for Latimer as much
e think good, and deliver it to Fowler.'

"EDWARD."

To my Lord Admiral."

The second is, if possible, still more laconic.
'My lord. I thank you, and pray you to
me recommended to the queen.'

The minute, torn, and shabby scraps of pa-
tron which these royal notes are written, seem
indicate the haste and secrecy which Edward
obliged to use."

[To be continued.]

Charles Tyrrell ; or, the Bitter Blood. By
P. R. James, Esq., author of "Darn-
y," &c. 12mo. pp. 717. London, 1839.
entley.

only objection we can have to this novel
a novel form, which is certainly incon-
ent, and will not, we hope, pass into a
edent. A volume of above seven hundred
is unhandy, and one of the delights of
t reading certainly consists in the ease with
h one can turn over the well-printed pages
lear paper in a neat shape.

ut, leaving externals, we have to speak of
Charles Tyrrell as a work of fiction from a pen-
ally prolific and popular. Had the author
before him the melancholy catastrophe
h has lately painfully occupied the public
tion, with the untimely death of one
able youth, and the unhappy condemnation
a felon of another, he could not more
bly and emphatically have illustrated the
of giving way to passionate temper than
as done in this history of "Bitter Blood."

Tyrrell, like the Medhurst family, yields
ible examples of this fatal error ; and a
al lesson fraught with more useful inculca-
while it is wrought up with admirable skill
deep interest, has seldom been presented
the reading world. The characters are
rn with a fine insight into human nature ;
yet, in several instances, stamped with an
anality which shews the high creative, as
as the descriptive powers of the writer.
plot thickens to the close, and the
ément is unexpected and striking. What
e could we require in a tale of fiction ?
e we have feeling, style, reflectiveness,

'There are strange contradictions in Mr. Lodge's
or Characters of two persons so intimately connected
een Catherine Parr, and her husband, the Admiral.
e queen's life, he doubts whether she was ever de-
ed at all. 'It has been commonly asserted,' says
that she died in childbirth ; 'a report which, ad-
ding to the fact, that she had been childless in three
ous marriages, might reasonably be doubted. In the
ral's life he states, without the slightest reference to
unreasonable scepticism, a few pages back, 'Lord
our was never married but to Catherine Parr, who
him an only daughter, Mary, born in Sept. 1548.'"

incident, verisimilitude, touches of humour,
and an excellent and instructive finale ! That
we may, in our notice, illustrate some of these
attractive qualities without making inroad into
those secrets which would partially rob the
story of its zest is rather a difficulty, and must,
at all events, shorten our extracts ; we select,
as a commencement, the account of the fated
race of Tyrrell :—

"The father of Sir Francis Tyrrell had
differed very little from his ancestors. He
had been a bold, fearless, overbearing, and
tyrannical man ; a soldier in his youth, a
fox-hunter in his latter days ; a despot in
his magisterial capacity, an irritating neigh-
bour, and an insufferable master of his house.
He had been a very handsome man withal ;
and, in order to prove his disregard for per-
sonal beauty, he had married a young lady
of the neighbourhood of considerable fortune,
but who certainly possessed few personal at-
tractions. As a girl, she had been silent,
calm, unobtrusive, apparently thoughtful ; in
person, little, dark, pale, with small keen
black eyes, and a somewhat pointed nose.
Her voice had been sharp, but not very mu-
sical ; and there was something in her whole
demeanour which made the old clergyman of
the parish, who had known her from her
youth, and who was, moreover, somewhat
waggishly disposed, declare, when he heard
of the marriage about to take place, that he
was excessively glad of it, for that she was
just the wife for Sir John Tyrrell. When
they were once fairly married, more of the
lady's character appeared ; not that she ever
became more loquacious or loud-tongued than
she had been before ; but Sir John very soon
found that she had always ready for any of his
furious breakings forth of passion a calm,
quiet, stinging reply, in which she seemed to
combine with diabolical ingenuity every thing
that was most disagreeable for him to hear,
and to compress it into the fewest possible
words. She had a particular art, too, of mo-
dulating her voice, so that in the midst of one
of his most furious and noisy fits of rage, her
low quiet tones made themselves distinctly
heard, and not one biting word was lost to his
ear. Sir John was not a man to be frustrated
even by this sort of warfare, and he carried it
on with his lady through the whole of his life ;
but he was a candid man, and used occasion-
ally to acknowledge that his furious speeches
and behaviour, compared with the quiet words
and demeanour of his wife, were as a drubbing
with a crab-stick to a cut with a sith. The
offspring of this hopeful union was Sir
Francis Tyrrell, and well might his bio-
grapher declare that he combined in his own
person all the virtues and qualities of his father
and his mother : for, to an ungovernable tem-
per, such as had descended to him from his
ancestors, he added a sarcastic bitterness pecu-
liarly his own.

"His family were totally without what the
phrenologists call the organ of veneration.
They had little respect for any thing, and set
out with having no respect for themselves.
This they concealed in their own case, of
course, as far as possible ; but this want of
respect never failed to make itself manifest
both in words and deeds, when it referred to
any member of their own family. Thus, Sir
Francis was heard to declare that his father
was one of the greatest fools that ever lived,
and, on being asked why, replied, 'For mar-
rying my mother.' 'A man puts a lemon to a
bottle of spirits,' he said, 'and people call him
a sensible fellow, and go to drink punch with

him ; but if a man were to eat a whole lemon,
plain people would say he was mad.' Again,
on the occasion of his own marriage, he set out
upon the principle of finding somebody the
direct reverse of her who had been chosen by
his father, declaring that he looked upon it as a
duty to his children. Such an event, he said,
as the marriage of his father and mother was
sufficient to serve ten generations, and that he
would do his best to dilute the quintessence of
bitterness which had been hence produced.
He chose, accordingly, a young lady from a
distant part of the country, possessed of little
or no fortune, of a gay and happy disposition ;
who had been brought up in great subjection
to the will of parents that were really kind to
her, and who had a fund of gentle and kindly
feelings and good principles, but who was
somewhat imprudent and incautious of speech,
and of a timid as well as of an affectionate na-
ture. From the first sight of Sir Francis Ty-
rell, she had rather disliked him than other-
wise. He had gained a little by attention upon
her good graces, and upon her esteem by some
philanthropic doctrines which he put forth ;
with no desire, indeed, of deceiving her or
others, but solely because they were theories
for which he had a fondness, and in which his
vanity was concerned. His progress in her
favour, however, had not arrived beyond the
dangerous point of indifference, when he pro-
posed himself to her parents as her future hus-
band. She shrank from the very idea ; but he
was wealthy, bore a fair reputation, had, in-
deed, acquired a high character as a man of
honour and integrity, and her parents pressed
her so urgently to accept him, that she who
was accustomed to yield to them in all things,
yielded to them in this also, and she became
the wife of a man that she did not love."

One of the principal persons who figure as a
friend in this domestic circle is a Mr. Driesen,
very cleverly drawn and original, from whom
we shall endeavour to extract a few passages
that may be understood by themselves without
trenching on the plot :—

" 'I defy him to spoil the case of my good
friend, Charles, who is as certain of being ac-
quitted as I am of living till to-morrow morn-
ing, which I'm sure I hope I shall do, as I have
no less than seven letters to write, some upon
business, which might be put off very well upon
the eve of a journey to the other world ; but
some mere letters of politeness, and the good
folks would think me rude if I were to go
without writing to them.' As he ended, he
whistled two or three bars of an air, and then
suddenly turning to Mrs. Effingham and seem-
ing to recollect himself, he said, 'I beg pardon,
my dear lady, for presuming to whistle in your
presence ; but that whistling lili-bullero is a
bad trick, which I caught of my uncle Toby.
I always do it when there's a cat or a lawyer in
the room — no offence, Mr. Morrison ! for I
was bred a lawyer myself, you know.' 'And
pray, my good sir,' said Morrison, 'how did
you manage then, if you always whistle lili-
bullero when there's a lawyer in the room ?'
'Why I did nothing but whistle all day long,
with my hands in my pockets,' replied Mr.
Driesen, not at all put out of countenance ;
'so I was obliged to give up the law, my good
sir, otherwise I should have whistled myself
away altogether. As it was, I had whistled
myself into the shape and likeness of a flagpole,
as you now see.' "

A part of the examination of a queer old tar
on the trial referred to in the foregoing, may
further serve to exhibit the humorous portions
of the work :—

"The evidence was so clear, so exact, so conclusive, in regard to the facts which it went to establish, that a well-pleased murmur ran through the court; and the counsel, who had received a hint from Morrison not to press Captain Longly further than necessary, upon his occupation at the time, judged that he might leave the matter there, especially as he might elicit any other facts from Hailes at an after period, if he found it requisite. The counsel for the prosecution, however, was not to be so satisfied; and as it fell to one of the junior counsel to cross-examine this witness, he did it in a less mild and considerate manner than his leader might have done. 'Now, Mr. Longly,' he said, 'or Captain Long, as I am told you are called, you have given very good evidence indeed; but I have got a question or two to ask you, and be so good as to remember that you are upon your oath. Now, Mr. Longly, alias Captain Long—' 'Make haste,' said Longly, bluffly; 'for though they call me Captain Long, as you say, I am fond of short questions and short answers.' 'Well, then, Captain Long,' he continued, 'be so good as to explain to us, if it is not an impertinent question, what you were doing at the time the prisoner at the bar was with you, as you have stated.' 'Why, I think it is an impertinent question, Mr. Parchment-face,' replied Captain Long, who did not at all admire the demeanour of his cross-examiner. 'I came here to give evidence of what he was doing, not what I was doing, and so I say it is an impertinent question, and I shan't answer it.' 'Then the court must compel you,' replied the lawyer. 'I am afraid you must put your question in another form,' said the judge. The lawyer bowed, and tried it in a different shape. 'Pray, then,' he said, 'what was Sir Charles Tyrrell, the prisoner at the bar, doing at the time that he was with you, as you have just stated?' Captain Long, however, was not a man to be easily outdone, and he replied, 'Why, part of the time he was walking up under the park-wall towards me; part of the time he was talking to me, and part of the time he was walking away again; part of the time he was turning to look at what we were about; part of the time he was coming back again to us, and part of the time he was going back to his own house;' and Captain Long put his hands behind his back, and looked the lawyer straight in the face, while a general and unbecoming titter ran through the court. 'Silence!' exclaimed the judge; 'this is very indecent! I do not, however, think our learned brother can press the witness to say anything that might criminate himself.' 'I have no objection, my lord,' replied Longly, turning towards the judge, 'to say anything in the world, if I am asked in a civil way, do you see; but if he tries to brow-beat me, he shall find himself mistaken.' 'You must respect the court, sir,' replied the judge. 'We will not suffer you to be brow-beaten, but you must remember the awful nature of the proceeding in which we are engaged. The life of a fellow-creature is at stake—a terrible crime has been committed, and the law must be satisfied. Have you any objection, Mr. Longly, to answer the court what was the business you were engaged in during the time that the prisoner at the bar was with you? You are not obliged, however, to say any thing to criminate yourself, therefore let your answer be considerate.' Longly paused for a moment, ere he replied, and turned his eyes towards Everard Morrison; but then, slapping his knee after his own peculiar fashion, he answered, 'Well, I don't care! It must be told one day, so it shall out now.'

But not "now" with us; for we must leave this to the readers of the book itself, and conclude with a few brief selections, as specimens of the author's talent, as plentifully sprinkled over these delightful pages.

Childhood.—"The innocence of childhood is the tenderest, the sweetest, and not the least potent remonstrance against the vices and the errors of grown man, if he would but listen to the lesson and take it to his heart. Seldom, too seldom, do we do so."

Silent Language.—"Throughout life we are constantly holding long conversations without saying a word, for the expression of the countenance is just as much a language as that which hangs upon our tongue; and though the one and the other are often equally deceitful, yet we are constantly endeavouring to correct the falsehood and mistakes of either by the commentary of the other."

Boarding-School Education.—"She had in most things a natural good taste, and notwithstanding having been at school, was not, in reality, vulgar, except inasmuch as the least approach to affectation of any kind is vulgar in itself."

Housemaids in the Morning.—"Those lazy jades of yours are never up before six o'clock in the morning, so that when I come down sometimes, to seek for a book in the library, I find them walking about with their brooms in their hands, like the apotheosis of a March wind enveloped in a cloud of dust."

The World fairly divided.—"There are two classes of consummate fools in the world: the fools that cannot open their eyes, and the fools that cannot shut them. The first are very annoying to every body round them; but the second are very annoying to every body else and themselves too."

We have only to add, that a clever portrait of Mr. James, engraved by Greatbatch, after a drawing by Houghton, adds much to the value of this excellent novel.

Hymns and Fireside Verses. By Mary Howitt. 12mo. pp. 202. London, 1839. Darton and Clark.

THE tears shed by a little girl (who for several days has looked upon this little volume as her own), on parting with it, is a greater compliment to its merits than all we can say in its praise. She called it her "Little Mabel," from the title of one of the beautiful poems which it contains, and would only be consoled by a promise that it should again be her own when noticed. We know no living writer who has done more to please and instruct the rising generation than our fair authoress; she has children of her own, and has written to their capacities, taking care to select such subjects as are best adapted to their tastes, and veiling under her beautiful stories just such morals as they are capable of comprehending. They read her works with both interest and pleasure, and we doubt not but that in after-life many a sweet stanza which had its birth in her own home-loving and quiet mind, will come like a dream of the past upon their memories, and they will bless her in their hearts for the thoughts she first awakened. There is a simplicity about her writings which even we, who are bending westward, are not yet too old to feel; and although she strikes the chord with a gentle hand, yet the sound vibrates through a thousand emotions which have long slumbered, and the past again arises: visions—how bright!—upon which we deemed the night of memory had closed for ever, rise like the morning upon another world. Her mind has been steeped in the holy

fountain of the Scriptures; and many a drop from that sacred stream has she treasured in her heart, which now steal forth with a low sweet gushing sound—

"Dropping gentle tears"

wherever they fall—for there is a healing and a freshness in the waters. Take but the first and longest poem in the present volume, and see what a sweet simplicity reigns throughout it. Christianity is personified, and, to use her own words, "Like a little child goes wandering over the world, fearless in its innocence." There may be those whom the amiable Cowper has hit off in three lines, who

"— know no better
Than to interpret by the letter
A story of a cock and bull—
Who have no brains within the skull,

and who do not feel the beauty of this allegory; but we will read a few more pages, and soon forget their foolishness. Little Marien sets out on a pilgrimage through the world—an angel in the disguise of a child. But here is the opening:

"Through the wide world went Marien,
On a holy mission sent,
A little child of tender years,
Throughout the world she went.

And ever, as she went along,
Sweet flowers sprang 'neath her feet;
All flowers that were most beautiful,
Of virtues strong and sweet.

And ever, as she went along,
The desert beasts grew tame;
And man, the savage, dyed with blood,
The merciful became.

No friend at all had Marien,
And at the break of day,
In a lonesome place within the world,
In quiet thought she lay.

The stars were lost in coming morn,
The moon was pale and dim,
And the golden sun was rising
Over the ocean's rim.

With upturned eyes lay Marien;—
'And I am alone,' said she;
'Though the blackbird and the nightingale
Sing in the forest-tree:

Though the weak woodland creatures
Come to me when I call,
And eat their food from out my hand;
And I am loved by all.

Though sun, and moon, and stars, come out,
And flowers of fairest grace,
And whate'er God made beautiful,
Are with me in this place:

Yet I am all alone, alone,—
Alone both night and day!
So I will forth into the world,
And do what good I may:

For many a heart is sorrowful,
And I that heart may cheer;—
And many a weary captive pines
In dungeons dark and drear;—
And I the iron bonds may loose,—
Then why abide I here?

And many a spirit dark with crime,
Yet longeth to repent;
And many a grievous wrong is done
To the weak and innocent;—
And I may do the injured right,
May save the penitent!

Up, I will forth into the world!
And, thus as she did say,
Sweet Marien from the ground rose up
And went forth on her way.

Through the wood went Marien,
The thick wood and the green."

In the dark wood she meets with two brothers who are at strife about their heritage. The elder says, "Thou shalt not have a part of our father's land;" the younger stabs him to the heart without replying, then escapes into the forest, and gentle Marien is left kneeling beside "the bleeding and murdered man." Such are the first objects that the angel-pilgrim meets when she sets out into the world: so murder speedily followed the expulsion of our first parents from Paradise. Poor Marien leaves the murdered man "stiff in death," and journeys along disconsolate through the wild forest

until she comes to where a woman sits with her arms folded upon her breast. "A woman desolate," pale as marble, she sat with fixed eye, "enchained, as in a trance, by her great misery." But it is in vain attempting to connect the beauty and simplicity of the narrative by analysis. The following will find its way into every feeling heart:—

"What ails thee, mother?" Marien said,
In a gentle voice and sweet;
'What aileth thee, my mother?'
And knelt down at her feet.
'What aileth thee, my mother?'
Kind Marien still did say;
And those two words, 'my mother,'
To the lone heart found their way.

As one who wakeneth in amaze,
She quickly raised her head:—
And 'Who is it calls me mother?'
Said she, 'My child is dead!'

'He was the last of seven sons—
He is dead—I have none other;—
This is the day they bury him;—
Who is it calls me mother?'

'Tis I,' said gentle Marien,
'Dear soul, be comforted!'
But the woman only wrung her hands,
And cried, 'My son is dead!'

'Be comforted,' said Marien,
And then she sweetly spake
Of Jesus Christ, and how he came
The sting from death to take.

She told of all his life-long love,
His soul by suffering tried;
And how at last his mother stood
To see him crucified.

Of the disciples' broken hearts
She told, of pangs and pain;
Of Mary at the sepulchre,
And Christ arisen again.

'Then sorrow not,' she said, 'as though
Thou wert of all bereft;
For still, though thy beloved are not,
This blessed faith is left,

That when thy dream of life is o'er
Thou shalt embrace thy seven,
More beautiful than earthly sons,
With our dear Lord in heaven!'

Down on her knees the woman fell,
And 'blessed be God,' said she,
'Who in my sorrow need hath sent
This comfort to me!'

Marien, "abides a little space" with the "desolate woman," and becomes as dear to her as a daughter. But the time arrives when she must again depart; and the childless mother accompanies her a part of the way across "the desert heath, and the wild mountain." They sleep together in the "hoar forest," and in the morning,

"They said farewell, as those who part
To meet on earth no more."

Marien pursues her journey alone, "from morn till set of day," singing as she goes along, for the "peace of God rested upon her spirit," and

"The joyfulest song sang Marien
That e'er left human tongue;
The very birds were mute to hear
The holy words she sung."

But the "darksome night came on," and the heavenly pilgrim laid her down to sleep beside a cave,

"On mosses green and brown."

In "the deepest hush of night," rude robbers entered the cavern, and having ate and drank, they prepare to murder an old man whom they have robbed. But Marien springs up from her mossy couch, and enters the cave, and the robbers fly, believing her to be "a spirit stern and beautiful." The aged man is rescued, and journeys hand in hand with his deliverer to the "forest grange," where he dwells, a sweet sylvan spot, "where the white doe and the antled stag" bound in freedom. But the good old man dies soon after, and,

"Then came forth
A kinsman for the heir.
A lean and rugged man of pelf
In wickedness grown old;

From some vile city-den he came
And seized upon the gold;—
He slew the tamed forest-beast,
The forest-grange he sold.

And with hard speeches, coarse and rude,
Away the child he sent:
Meek Marien answered not a word,
But through the forest went."

With the following, from the third part of "Marien's Pilgrimage," we must conclude:—

"Through the wild wood went Marien
For many a weary day;
Her food the forest-fruits, and on
The forest-turf she lay.

The wildern wood was skirted
By moorlands dry and brown;
And after them came Marien
Into a little town.

At entrance of the little town
A cross stood by the way,—
A rude stone cross, and there she knelt
A little prayer to say.

Then on the stone-steps sate her down;
And soon beside her crept
A pale child, with a clasped book,
And all the while he wept.

'Why weep you, child,' asked Marien,
'What troubleth you so sore?'
At these words spoken tenderly,
The child wept more and more.

'I have not heard,' at length he said,
'Kind words this many a year,
My mother is dead—and my father
Is a hard man and severe.'

I sit in corners of the house
Where none can see me weep;
And in the quiet of the day
'Tis here I often creep.

The kid leaps by his mother's side,
The singing birds are glad;
But when I play me in the sun,
My heart is ever sad.

They say this blessed book can heal
All trouble, and therefore
All day I keep it in my sight;
I lay it 'neath my head at night,
But it doth bring no cure to me:—
I know not what the cause may be,
For I of learning have no store!

Thereat, like to a broken flower,
The child dropped down his head;
Then Marien took the clasped book,
And of the Saviour read.

She read of him the humble child
Of poverty and scorn;
How holy angels sang for him
The night that he was born.

So conversed they of holy things
Until the closing day,
Then Marien and the little child
Rose up to go their way.

As to the town they came, they passed
An ancient church, and 'Here
Let us go in!' the pale child said,
'For the organ pealeth over head,
And that sweet strain of holy sound
Like a heavenly vesture wraps me round,
And my heavy heart doth cheer.'

So Marien and the little child
Into the church they stole;
And many voices rich and soft
Rose upward from the organ loft,
And the majestic instrument
Pealed to an anthem that was sent
To soothe a troubled soul.

Anon the voices died away,
The pealing organ ceased,
And through the church's ancient door
Passed chorister and priest.

And Marien and the little child
Went forward hand in hand
Adown the chancel aisle, and then
At once they made a stand.

Over the altar hung a piece
With holy influence fraught,
A work divine of wondrous skill
By some old painter wrought.

The gracious Saviour breathing love,
Was there like life expressed,
And round his knees the children small
Were thronging to be blessed.

Down dropped the child upon his knees,
And, weeping, tenderly
Cried 'Bless me also, poor and weak,
Or let me go to thee!'

Anon his little head dropped low,
And his white lips 'gan to say,
'Oh kiss me, gentle one, for now
Even I am called away—
The blessed mother's voice I hear,
It calleth me away!'

So died the child;—and Marien laid
His meek arms on his breast,
With the clasped book between his hands:
Thus God had given him rest!

And Marien, weeping holy tears,
Sate down beside the dead,
And slept that night within the church,
As in a kingly bed.

Scarce from the church had Marien passed,
When came the father there,
As was his wont, though fierce and bad,
To say a morning prayer.

Not seven paces had he gone,
When, heart-struck, he surveyed
Before his feet, that little child
In his dead beauty laid.

At once, as by a lightning stroke,
His softened soul was torn
With a deep sense of all the wrong
That little child had borne.

And then came back the timid voice,
The footsteps faint and low,
The many little arts to please,
The look of hopeless woe,
And many a shuddering memory
Of harsh rebuke and blow.

No prayer of self-approving words,
As was his wont, he said,
But humbled, weeping, self-condemned,
He stood before the dead."

We did purpose giving an analysis of the whole of this poem (the idea of which may have been suggested by Parnell's "Hermit"); but we have already trespassed deeply upon our columns; for it is seldom that we meet with a work that carries us so far away, and has such a just claim to the space of our pages. Of the smaller ballads and hymns, we can only say that they are all excellent; and the one entitled "Mabel on Midsummer Day" is a perfect little gem, finished exquisitely. We do not remember reading a fairy legend, addressed to children, that we liked so well. The book is illustrated by several very beautiful vignettes designed by Mr. Brown, whose name, in connexion with the late splendid annuals, is well known. Mabel milking the ewe, and surrounded by the "fairy folk," together with Marien reading at the ancient cross, are most to our liking; but they all do great credit to this young and rising artist. We need not add a further recommendation, the extracts we have given will speak for themselves. The volume ought to be put into the hands of all good children who can read; and those who cannot might, like Alfred of old, be tempted to learn by a sight of it. We give it our praise and our best wishes; and, in the words of the fair authoress, conclude:—

"Go forth, and have thou neither fear nor shame;
Many shall be thy friends,—thy foes be few;
And greet thou those who love thee in my name,—
Yes, greet them warmly! Little book, adieu!"

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Numismatic Chronicle. Edited by J. Y. Akerman, F.S.A. No. IV. April 1839. London. Taylor and Walton.

THE present number of this interesting periodical, for interesting it is, as well as indispensable, to all who devote any attention to the subject of numismatics, fully maintains the reputation which its predecessors have acquired. In addition to various papers, of which some are curiously illustrative of classical antiquities; some of mediæval archaeology; and others, as that on the medals of the Pretender, of more recent English history; and the usual reviews and miscellanea; it gives us the first portion of a descriptive catalogue of the curious collection of the Chevalier de Horta, formed by his father while ambassador at Vienna, the Hague, and St. Petersburg, drawn up by Mr. Akerman, who has made several of the inedited coins which it contains the subject of a very ingenious paper.

Mr. Akerman, acting upon the Shaksperian

doctrine "of finding good in every thing," has applied himself to the study of numismatics in a very philosophical spirit; and in his hands the work before us will, no doubt, prove highly instrumental in spreading abroad a well-directed taste for a branch of antiquarian lore, which, if rightly applied, is eminently calculated to throw light upon the most important historical questions.

A Brief History of the United States' Boundary Question. Drawn up from Official Papers. By G. P. R. James, Esq. Pp. 32. London, 1839. Saunders and Osley.

As historiographer to her Majesty, Mr. James has access to the current tide of State Papers; and from those relating to the important question of a boundary line between the territory of the United States and the British North American Colonies, he has drawn up this concise and clear account of the question. He shows that in rejecting the award of the King of Holland, the United States have taken new grounds, and put forward claims not only inconsistent with the treaty of 1783, but with that of Ghent; and he contends that there is no use in going to another reference, unless provision is made for its being finally binding on both parties, and not liable to be set aside because the general government of the United States cannot control the independent government of the State of Maine—a State, by the bye, which did not exist when the treaty of 1783 was concluded. Mr. James suggests proper measures to be adopted to secure this finality.

We should very much have missed a map to render Mr. James's statements more distinct as to geographical points, but, by a lucky coincidence, one by Mr. James Wyld, with the whole North-Eastern Boundary in dispute laid down for reference, has just been published, and reached us whilst reading his pamphlet. They are necessary to each other, and should go together.

The Guberniusia, a Scottish Comedy. Pp. 75. (Edinburgh, W. Elgin; London, Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.)—Rather a pleasant imitation of Allan Ramsay's "Gentle Shepherd;" in which the disguised King James, of merry memory, figures in his old character of a guburnius; and with a jolly friar, a miller, and his bonny daughter, and other characters, makes out a light comic pastoral, interspersed with songs of an agreeable description.

Marianna, a Tragedy, by W. Waller. Pp. 50.—We cannot say much for this play, wherein are figured Herod and his court. The conclusion is very lame.

Isabella Aldobrandi, a Tragedy, by Guido Sorelli. Pp. 84. (London, Rolandi).—M. Sorelli, so well known and appreciated as the translator of Milton, has given us here a fair specimen of his own original composition in the English language. There are many poetical thoughts in the play of *Isabella Aldobrandi*.

Wolcott, a Tragedy, and the Poetical Works of James Magnus. Pp. 179. (London, S. Magnus).—These compositions have amused the writer, and we fear they will not extend their influence much further.

The Organs of the Brain, a Comedy, in Three Acts, Translated from "Kotszebue," by Lieut. Colonel Capodose. Pp. 68. (London, E. Bull.)—Phrenology, a comedy:—we always thought it a farce.

The Siege of Vienna, a Tragedy. Pp. 91. (Edinburgh, Bell and Bradfute; London, Ridgway.)—We cannot say that this breaks the spell of mediocrity, which comprehends so many of our recent dramatic productions.

The Priamides, a Tragedy. Pp. 84. (London, Saunders and Osley.)—Nor this, which is very mystical, and has no interest.

Montezuma, a Tragedy, by Dillnot Sladden. Pp. 95. (London, Longman and Co.; Canterbury, Ward).—Nor this.

Edith and Morcar, a Tragedy. Pp. 132. (London, Miller.)—Norman and Saxon, in prose and verse.

Eucharistica: Meditations and Prayers from the old English Liturgy, &c. by the Rev. S. Willerforce, M.A. Pp. 150. (London, Burns.)—A pious selection, and well calculated to impress the mind in a salutary manner in regard to the solemn ceremony of holy communion.

The Simplicity and Intelligent Character of Christianity, by Presbiterius. 8vo. pp. 64. (London, Longman and Co.; Bath, Simms, Collings, &c.)—Four brief discourses, the object of which is to show that the Christian is a clearly revealed religion, and not a mystery.

On the Present State of the Navy, by Capt. Sartorius, R.N. Pp. 32. (London, Turner.)—A pamphlet to point out the expediency of making the naval service more

coveted than at present, by securing and increasing the pensions for long services, &c.

Trials of Strength: a Tale, illustrative of Moral and Physical Courage, by Mrs. Barwell. Pp. 256. (London, Harvey and Darton.)—A book of instruction for boys, from which improvement may be gathered, though we dislike the expatriation of vicious contrasts, which suggest evil that might never otherwise enter into the mind.

The Animal Creation: its Claims on our Humanity stated and enforced, by the Rev. John Styles, D.D. Pp. 357. (London, Ward and Co.)—This essay, gained for its author the prize of a hundred guineas offered by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, for the best illustration of the argument on behalf of the brute creation, and the obligations of mankind to treat them with humanity. We are afraid that our account of the experiments with the Woorah poison, in our last Gazette, might expose the operators to severe animadversion, notwithstanding the useful object they had in view. We would recommend this work to them and all others who are liable to forget a duty in itself so gratifying as mercy and kindness to animals.

Notes on the Relations of British India with some of the Countries West of the Indus. Pp. 23. (W. H. Allen and Co.)—A brief but intelligent exposition of our past and present relations with Persia and Afghanistan; and contending that, when the former lends itself to Russian influence, it is our policy to strengthen our frontiers by cultivating the best understanding with the Afghan rulers. At page 29, a misprint of Indus instead of Indus (twice on the same page) ought to be corrected, as very fatal to the sense.

Gertrude and Beatrice; or, The Queen of Hungary; a Historical Tragedy, by G. Stephens, author of the "Manuscripts of Eridy." Pp. 104. (Mitchell.)—Mr. Stephens himself justly observes, that there are parts of this play which are a bar to its appearance on the stage; and he might have gone a step further, and allowed that even for perusal they go beyond the taste of the present age, whatever license may have been given to our elder dramatists from whom he has drawn his inspiration. With some happy thoughts and expressions, and more that are strained and offensive, we must dismiss his effort with this slight note, complimenting him, at the same time, on his consolatory and joyful condition as described in his preface, where he unfolds his felicity in the following confession: viz. that "partly owing to his reclusive habits, he has not the happiness of owing in this world one single literary acquaintance or friend to whom he might submit his MS." As the Archbishop of Dublin said to the beggar, who urged charity because he had no relations, "Would the man be an archangel?"

The New Aid to Memory, Part First: containing the Most Remarkable Events of the History of England; illustrated by One Hundred and Twenty Symbolical Engravings, by a Cambridge M.A. 12mo. pp. 63. (London, Whitaker and Co.)—A hundred and twenty symbolical engravings, illustrating the history of England, are the keys to this new aid; but as we have never professed to be able to follow systems of artificial memory, we can only say, that those whom they do assist, will find this a very curious and impressive form. We insert some of the examples of the mode of simplifying the remembrance of letters, for instance:—"C. K. p. q." The figure 7 somewhat resembles a hooked stick, and to remember this stick the better, let us suppose a cage to be suspended from it. In the word cage there are the consonants c and g—k is also added to the number, for c is more frequently pronounced hard (as in cage) than soft (as in centre)—g being a guttural, and a crooked letter may unite with the cage and the stick. Thus, for the figure 7, we have the voice of the letters, c, k, g, q.—8. B. a, v, w. In the numeral 8 there are two noughts, or two round things: these may be converted into bee-hives; and if one be placed upon the other, the result will convey a tolerably accurate idea of the figure 8. For the numeral 8, then, we adopt the letters b, a, v, w,—it being scarcely possible to pronounce the word beehive without calling to mind these letters. 9. P, f. The figure 9 is rather like a pipe, and a pipe is seldom used without a puff of smoke issuing from it. The association of p and f with the pipe-like form of the figure 9 cannot, therefore, easily be forgotten.—0 S, z, z. The 0 being round may be compared to a wheel or grinder of a mill; and this wheel, when in swift rotation, gives out a hissing sound. The hissing consonants, s, z, z, are therefore attached to the cipher; z is also formed (in writing) from two half circles or wheels; and z is the first letter of the word zero or nought.—We have thus the ten numerals, of which all letters are composed, expressed by certain letters of the alphabet, which letters are consonants, be it observed. It only remains to convert these letters into words by the introduction of vowels.

The author states that in practice his method has proved very sufficient.

Stammering practically considered, with the Treatment in Detail, &c. by T. Bartlett, Assistant-Surgeon King's Own Light Infantry. Pp. 83. (London, Sherwood and Co.)—We regret to say, after the examples we have witnessed of Mr. Hunt's successful treatment of stammering, that we consider this treatise equally wrong in principle and the remedial treatment prescribed.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

FRIDAY, 12th April.—Mr. Everett, 'On Professor Liebig's Method of Analysing Organic Bodies,' introduced the subject by explaining

the difference, to the chemist, of organic and inorganic matter. Both are composed of certain distinct principles or elements, the former invariably of a few, the latter of upwards of fifty, according to our present knowledge. The organic relieved of vitality can be reduced to its inorganic elements, but, with perhaps one exception, cannot be reproduced artificially; the inorganic, on the other hand, after being resolved into its elements, by an acquaintance with their influences and agencies can be reproduced. This difference, however, may only exist because of our limited knowledge. Organic substances are compounds or proximate principles, which exist ready formed in animals and plants. In some cases, one principle is so mixed with others, that a process is necessary for its separation. This is termed proximate analysis, and a further resolution of the proximate principles into their elements constitutes ultimate analysis, which presents to the chemist a knowledge of the quantity of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen, in either of the before-mentioned proximate principles. Previously to 1810, when Gay Lussac and Thenard proposed their simple method, little was known of the latter process. Though difficult in practice, in theory it is easy. It consists in mixing a portion of the substance to be analysed with peroxide of copper, exposing the mixture to a red heat in a glass tube, and collecting the gaseous products over mercury. They are also passed through a tube filled with fragments of chloride of calcium to absorb the portions of oxygen and hydrogen forming watery vapour; and if nitrogen forms a constituent of the substance, it passes over mixed with carbonic acid. Its quantity may be ascertained by removing the carbonic acid by a solution of potash. The analysis having been successfully conducted, the weight of the different products added together will make up the exact weight of the organic substance. The chief difficulties attendant on the practical analysis are the presence of moisture and atmospheric air, which would give an erroneous amount of oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen. To remove which, and every other source of error, much has been done, and very successfully, by Dumas, and more especially by Liebig, as described and practically illustrated by Mr. Everett. Sugar was the substance analysed: it would be impossible, however, in our limited space, to describe the minutiae of the process; we shall, therefore, only point out the essentials. The sugar having been ascertained to be perfectly pure and to contain no moisture but what was necessary for its composition, every precaution must be taken to prevent it, or the substances employed in the process, absorbing moisture. For this object it was, after having been accurately weighed, as well as the peroxide of copper, mixed with the latter, which had been heated and not allowed to cool, and placed in a tube of Bohemian glass, in which was no lead, in the following order: oxide of copper, unmixed; sugar and oxide, mixed; then, again, oxide, unmixed. This tube, containing nothing but oxide of copper and sugar was submitted to heat; the products of the combustion would be, of course, water and carbonic acid. To collect these, fragments of chloride of calcium for the water were used, which allowed the carbonic acid to pass over (the chloride had been previously dried, and the mode was described), and for the carbonic acid, in lieu of the mercury of the process of Gay Lussac and Thenard, which was the source of many errors, liquor potassæ was employed. It was contained in five bulbs of a triangular glass

tube, three of which occupied the base; the centre one larger than the others on each side of it; and the remaining two, larger than either of the other three, were on the top of each side of the triangle. This, we understood, was an invention of Professor Liebig's. The tube being very light, and the specific gravity of the liquor potasse known, the weight of the whole could be ascertained to the one-hundredth of a grain. Various little niceties to obtain the whole of the constituents, and to obviate the difficulties of practical analysis, before stated, were satisfactorily described. The increase of weight of the chloride, and of the liquor potasse, gave the results of the water and carbonic acid, the oxygen of the copper, or otherwise, being taken by the difference; upon which any error was consequently thrown, and, therefore, the chance of the numerical proportions of the constituents being wrong, was considerably diminished. The sources of error arising from the possibility of the chloride absorbing carbonic acid, and from the presence of atmospheric air, were shewn, by calculation, to be inconsiderable and neutralized. From those bodies containing nitrogen, similarly treated, that gas would be left, and the process was therefore equally accurate for either animal or vegetable substances. The practical results, Mr. Everett observed, were data producing quite a revolution of ideas, and interpretations of changes of bodies to mathematical precision. The conversion of starch into sugar, alcohol into ether, acetic acid into acetone, &c., and that which affords a glimpse of hope of ultimate success with respect to all organic matter, the artificial production of urea, are determined. This will be the more evident from the numerical examples we subjoin: the constituents of each compound will be given, and the necessary subtraction or addition of the superfluous or the requisite substance will be manifest.

Alcohol	C.	H.	O.	=	46
Ether	4	6	2	=	37
Water	0	1	1	=	9
Acetic acid	4	3	3	=	51
Carbonic acid..	1	0	2	=	23
Acetone.....	3	3	1	=	29
Cyanic acid ..	2	0	1	=	34
Ammonia ..	0	3	0	=	17
Water.....	0	1	1	=	9
Urea	2	4	2	=	60

The interest and importance of the subject we think an excuse for the length of this notice.

STATISTICAL SOCIETY.

THE Right Hon. Holt Mackenzie in the chair.—A number of fellows were elected, others proposed.—It was announced from the chair, that the president had appointed, in accordance with the regulations, the vice-presidents of the Society for the present year as follows: Lord Sandon, Right Hon. Sturges Bourne, Right Hon. Holt Mackenzie, and James Heywood, Esq.—The paper read was a 'Report made to the Council by a Sub-committee of the Committee on Vital Statistics,' upon the subject of the next census of the population of the kingdom in 1841. It states that the committee, entertaining a deep sense of the importance of a well-directed census of the British population, view with considerable anxiety the near approach of the year in which the next decimal census is to take place, and regard the present season as one of preparation, in which the friends of useful statistical inquiries ought to watch attentively the signs of the intentions of government, and interpose their objections or recom-

mendations according as they appear necessary to secure, on the part of the government, the selection and adoption of such questions as are calculated to render the results of the next census most valuable. The committee would, in the first place, remark that there have been four censuses of the British population at decimal intervals, the first in 1801, and the last in 1831. In each of the four censuses the males and females have been separately enumerated. In each of the last three censuses have been distinguished the number of families employed in agriculture, the number employed in trade and manufactures, and the number of families not employed in agriculture, trade, or manufacture. In the census of 1821 the population was distinguished according to the gradation of age to which each part belonged, the numbers of males and females being separately stated: in this classification according to age, one-ninth part only of the total population was admitted. In the census of 1831 the important question of age was altogether omitted, and in its place was substituted a question as to which of some 80 or 90 specified callings or occupations each man belonged. The question of age, one of practical and acknowledged utility, was omitted in 1831, in order that room might be found to insert an experimental question, of which the utility has not yet been discovered. The committee would now earnestly recommend that the influence of the Statistical Society and of the council should be especially directed to securing the adoption, by the government, of the question of age, among the questions for the census of 1841. The classification of the population according to age, is indispensably requisite for the determination of the law of mortality suffered by that population; and, in order that the resulting law may be entitled to a high degree of confidence, the enumerations, according to age, ought to be repeated at intervals not exceeding ten years. In Sweden, which is the only country wherein the mortality of the population is accurately known, the enumerations of the living, classified according to age, are made once every five years, and enumerations have been made for a continued series of more than eighty years. In the United States of North America there have been made five enumerations of the living according to age, at the decimal periods 1790, 1800, 1810, 1820, and 1830. But the value of these enumerations has been greatly reduced by a deficit, which was not discovered and rectified until the census of 1830. At this last census the intervals of age comprising the separate classes were changed, and made to ascend by decimal gradations, from birth upwards; the gradations of age adopted in the previous censuses being sometimes greater and sometimes less than ten years. It is now known that the gradation of age observed ought to correspond with the intervals between different enumerations. If the population be enumerated once every ten years, the gradations of age must be decimal; so that the survivors of those contained in one class, at a certain enumeration, may constitute, and represent in succession, the classes in the higher gradations of age, observed at subsequent enumerations. In recommending, to the especial attention of the Society, the means of securing the insertion of the question of age in the next census, the sub-committee are biased by their devotion to vital statistics. The contemplated census is an arrangement for collecting the statistics of population, of which the chief branch will generally be admitted to be the statistics of the mortality of such population. In recommending the question of age,

the sub-committee are merely recommending the ascertainment of a class of facts which they know to be essential for the accurate determination of the law of mortality of the population. The sub-committee have also to observe, that, connected with the results of the past censuses of the English population, there have been published the numbers of baptisms and burials entered in all the parish registers of England and Wales during the ten years preceding each census. Together with the result of the census of 1831, there was also published a return of the ages of all the burials recorded in the parish registers. It is the opinion of the sub-committee, that this parish-register inquiry ought to be continued, and that the publication (similar to that of 1831) of the ages of all the dying in England, during the ten years 1831-1840, would be productive of great benefit, and prove a valuable addition to the materials requisite for determining the mortality of the English population. Some conversation followed the reading of this report, and a resolution, approving of it, was passed *nem. con.*

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

APRIL 10th. Rev. Dr. Buckland, President, in the chair.—A paper was read on as much of the 'Transition or Grauwacke System' as is exposed in the counties of Somerset, Devon, and Cornwall, by the Rev. D. Williams, F.G.S. The author commenced by stating, that his views respecting the structure of the country had been derived from independent observations; but that, while he claimed originality for himself, he did not in the remotest sense impugn the originality of the views of other geologists who have examined the same districts. The sedimentary deposits older than the new red system, and constituting the whole of Cornwall, the greater part of Devon, and the south-west of Somersetshire, are arranged by Mr. Williams in the transition class, and under the following formations, commencing with the youngest:—9. Floriferous slates and sandstone; 8. Coddon Hill grits; 7. Trilobite slates; 6. Wollacomb sandstone; 5. Morte slates; 4. Trentishoe slates; 3. Calcareous slates of Linton; 2. Foreland and Dunkerry sandstone; 1. Cannington Park limestone. Of these formations, only 9, 8, and 7 were described in the paper, the other six not occurring in Cornwall or in Devonshire, except in the north-west corner of the county, and are reserved by the author for future consideration. The floriferous slates and sandstone (9), arranged in the true coal measures by Professor Sedgwick and Mr. Murchison, in memoirs read before the British Association in 1836, and the Geological Society in 1837, Mr. Williams considers to be a grauwacke formation, because he has traced passages into the subjacent deposit (8), and he employs the term floriferous to avoid the ambiguity which he conceives would arise from using the word carbonaceous; and he objects to the expression culmiferous, as anthraxite constitutes but a very small part of the formation. The deposit occupies a large portion of Devonshire and detached minor areas in Cornwall. The sandstone, he says, are quite distinct in external aspect from any other in the district, but that the slates are occasionally undistinguishable from those employed for roofs. The Coddon Hill grits (8) constitute, on the north, a narrow band from Fremington, near Barnstaple, to Holcomb Rogus, and in the south a broader district flanking the floriferous sandstones, from Forraburg, by Launceston, to the granite of Dartmoor. The deposit passes

gradually upwards into No. 9, and downwards into number 7, the intermediate strata being termed by the author neutral beds. The grits which compose the greater part of the formation are perfectly distinct from any other in the district, and afford most valuable assistance in tracing the range of the deposit; they contain, also, the Wavellite, for which the north of Devonshire has been long distinguished. In the middle of the series are lenticular masses of limestone associated with beds of black shale, the former containing goniatites and posidonia, and the latter, plants with flakes of anthracite. The trilobite slates (7) constitute, in the north of Devon, a band ranging from Braunton on the west, nearly to Milverton on the east, and, on the south, extensive districts around the granite of Dartmoor; he believes that the whole of the slate series of Cornwall belongs to them. In the north and south they gradually pass upwards into the Coddon grits, and in the north downwards into the Wollacomb sandstones (6); the expression neutral being also applied to these passage beds. In some parts the slates abound with trilobites, and the limestones of Plymouth, Newton Bushel, and Torbay, which belong to the formation in corals and shells. The remainder of the series, from 6 to 1, will be described in a future memoir.*

LINNEAN SOCIETY.

THE Bishop of Norwich in the chair.—The first paper read was 'On a Gall, gathered in Cuba by Mr. Macleay, upon the leaf of a plant belonging to the order *Ochnaceae*, by the Rev. Mr. Berkeley. The greatest peculiarity of this gall, is its being possessed of an *operculum*, and presenting a striking analogy to some of the *Epiphytous fungi*. The border is furnished with seven lobes, resembling very much a *Peziza*. It is the only instance known of a gall having an *operculum*. Mr. Macleay is inclined to think that it is the gall of a hymenopterous insect, allied to the *Diplolepidia*. Another paper read was, 'On British Lichens and Fungi,' by C. Babington, Esq. The paper comprised descriptions of a number of new species and varieties, not before recorded as British. Five new members were admitted.

ELECTRICAL SOCIETY.

TUESDAY, 16th April.—Read, a paper 'On the use of Black Paint, in diverting the effects of Lightning on Ships,' by Capt. John Arrow-smith. In the "Philosophical Transactions," vol. xlvii., will be found a relation of lightning passing over the parts of the masts painted with lampblack and oil, without the least injury, while it shivered the uncoated parts, tearing out splinters in such a manner as to render the masts entirely useless. The experience of thirty voyages, during which, on reference to his journals, the vessels he commanded had been at ninety-eight different periods within the vortex of the electric fluid, and escaped without having been once struck, has confirmed Capt. Arrow-smith in the belief of the efficacy of the precautions adopted by him at the commencement of those voyages, on reading the singular facts related of piebald cattle and horses struck by lightning. The affinity of the fluid to those parts of the streaks in the animals which were white being very remarkable, led him to adopt the use of black paint on the mast-heads, yards, caps, and trucks; and to take in and furl the upper and light sails, whenever forked lightning approached the vessels he commanded. The security afforded in the numerous instances of

* Our report of the preceding meeting is still in arrears, owing to the pressure of other papers.

his experience, presents a conclusion, "that any part of a body composed of wood, sufficiently coated with black, or lamp black and oil, possesses a property of resisting the destructive effects of the fluid, and did resist it in those instances related in the "Philosophical Transactions" above referred to, which, if Capt. Arrow-smith had seen and read during his sea-life, he would have used the black in the fullest extent, covering with it the entire of the masts and hull of the vessels. Read, also, a paper 'On the action produced in the flame of a Candle by the Voltaic Battery,' by Mr. Gassiot. Dr. Paris, in his life of Sir Humphry Davy, states, that in the "Laboratory Register of the Royal Institution," of the 6th of October, 1807, there is described a beautiful experiment of Sir Humphry's—"that of producing the vegetation of the carbon of the wick of a candle, by placing it between the wires of a voltaic battery." No further account of this experiment appearing in Dr. Paris's work, or in the life of Sir Humphry, published by his brother Dr. Davy, induced Mr. Gassiot to repeat it and follow it out; who says, "It is difficult to describe the beautiful appearance displayed during the progress of the experiment, while the carbon is depositing on the electrodes." The result of Mr. Gassiot's series of interesting experiments is, that when the ends of the terminal wires or electrodes of a voltaic battery are introduced into the flame of a candle, certain constant and distinct effects are produced on each electrode, although no evidence of the circuit being completed can be detected, either by a delicate galvanometer or by the evolution of iodine from hyd. of potas. On the other hand, while, with single plates, electro-magnetical and electro-chemical actions are distinctly shewn, and are so easily developed, no effect can be produced on the carbon of a candle. The battery used by Mr. Gassiot consisted of one hundred cells, each containing about one quart of rain-water: it was composed of the usual elements—copper and zinc, rolled one within the other—metallic contact being prevented by linen interposed between the plates.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, April 16th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Doctor in Civil Law.—J. P. Deane, Fellow of St. John's College.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. P. Maule, Fellow of Exeter College; Rev. A. Hackman, Chaplain of Christ Church; B. E. Bridges, Fellow of Merton College; Rev. F. Curtis, Balliol College.

Bachelor of Arts.—J. M. Lakin, Worcester College, Grand Compounder.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

APRIL 6.—Professor Wilson read 'An Account of the Physicians of India who taught and practised in Arabia before the 13th Century of the Christian Era,' taken from the original Arabic, by the Rev. W. Cureton, with some notes by the professor, identifying some of the works mentioned by the Arabian writer with those now in use in Hindustan. The paper of Mr. Cureton contained the names, and some biographical anecdotes, of many Indians, with short accounts of their writings, some of which Professor Wilson shewed to be now actually in use. One of these physicians, named Mankah, had acquired sufficient celebrity in his own country to be sent for by the great Hareem Al Rashid, to cure him of a serious illness, which he readily effected. It is related of Mankah that one day he saw in the market-place a quack selling a medicine which cured all kinds of diseases: being informed by his interpreter

of what the fellow said, he observed, that if it was true, the khalif was guilty of folly in sending so far as India to get a physician; and, if false, he was equally reprehensible in not putting such a dangerous quack to death, whose living would doubtless cause death to many persons. A curious anecdote is told of Salih bin Bhalah, who also lived in the reign of Hareem al Rashid. A favourite relative of Hareem, named Ibrahim bin Salih, was, apparently, at the point of death; and the physicians had declared that he could not live the day through. Hareem was then persuaded by his vizir, Jaaser, to send for the celebrated Hindu, Salih bin Bhalah, who, on examining the patient, declared that he was ready to give up his property, to manumit all his slaves, and to divorce his wives, if he did not succeed in restoring him to health. It was, however, reported to the khalif in the course of the night that his cousin was dead; on which the khalif cursed India and its medicines, and sat on the ground in the extremity of his grief, which, says the writer, in a parenthesis, was the origin of the custom of sitting on the ground instead of on sofas, which had been hitherto used. But the Hindu, nothing abashed, persisted that the patient was alive, but in a trance; and in proof of his assertion, he pierced his thumb with a needle, on which the patient drew away his hand quickly. He then blew some stimulating powder up his nostrils, when Ibrahim rose up, and said that he had been sleeping comfortably, and that he had had very agreeable dreams, until he dreamed that a dog had rushed upon him, and had bitten his thumb, of which he still felt the pain. He then shewed the mark on his thumb where Bhalah had pierced it with the needle. The account goes on to say that Ibrahim lived many years after this, that he married the princess Alabbasah, daughter of Almuhd, and that he became governor of Egypt and Palestine, and that at last he died in Egypt. Many of the names of the physicians mentioned in the paper were clearly shewn by Professor Wilson to be Sanscrit; and others were probable corruptions of the same language. The identification of some of the works was very manifest. The "Kitaba Sasrao" was the "Susruta," a work of such note in India that it had been printed in the original Sanscrit. Another was the "Yedan," which was said by the Arabian to be a description of the symptoms of diseases, without notice of the treatment. This, the professor observed, is the branch of the art known as Nidan, which word differed from the Arabic Yedan only by the position of the diacritical points of a single letter. Upon the whole, he remarked, the account was very interesting, as demonstrating the antiquity of the Hindu medical literature, and of its cultivation by the Arabs of the eighth and ninth centuries; and as proving that the text-books of a modern Hindu physician were studied by the learned men of the courts of Hareem and Mansur.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

MR. HUDSON GURNEY, V.P. in the chair.—The auditors' report on the treasurer's accounts for the year 1838 was read, and contained a statement of the improved and prosperous finances of the Society.—Mr. Halliwill exhibited a drawing on vellum of three figures, which, from the costume, he considered to be of the time of Edward the Fourth, or Richard the Third. A letter was also read from Mr. Halliwill, containing some notes on the early history and constitution of Freemasonry in

England. Mr. C. R. Smith communicated an account of Roman remains discovered at Baisdon, near Pangbourn, Berks, with drawings of two tessellated pavements, destroyed by the railroad makers. An extract of a letter from the Commander of H. M. schooner, *Magpie*, to Capt. Beaufort, was read, announcing that, while surveying the Gulf of Kos, he had discovered several tombs, inscriptions, columns, and other remains, of the ancient city of Keranus, the particulars of which were promised at a future period. Mr. Harding exhibited a copy, in water-colours, of a large painting of the ancient family of Clifford, of Skipton Castle, Yorkshire. The several portraits, and numerous shields of arms, were minutely described in a letter from Mr. H., which was read.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—Geographical, 9 P.M.; British Architects, 8 P.M.; United Service Institution, 9 P.M.
Tuesday.—Antiquaries (Anniversary), 3 P.M.; Medical and Chirurgical, 8½ P.M.; Civil Engineers, 8½ P.M.; Zoological, 8½ P.M.
Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 7½ P.M.; Geological, 8½ P.M.; London Institution, 7 P.M.; Medico-Botanical, 8 P.M.
Thursday.—Royal Society, 8½ P.M.; London Institution (Anniversary), 8 P.M.; Royal Society of Literature (Anniversary), 3 P.M.; Numismatic, 7 P.M.
Friday.—Royal Institution, 8½ P.M.

FINE ARTS.

NEW SOCIETY IN WATER COLOURS.

This Exhibition is now open to the public; and, possessing every claim that merit can give, is entitled to their best patronage and encouragement. We feel assured that the lovers of native art will find in it varieties of subject and style calculated to gratify the most fastidious taste. Our first sample shall be

207. *Interior of the Town-Hall at Courtray.* L. Haghe.—It is not in language to convey an adequate idea of the technical skill with which this admirable performance is executed. We must content ourselves with saying, that nothing more perfect of the kind has hitherto met our view; whether with regard to the richly decorated interior and its splendid accessories of carved work, or to the animated characters which constitute the pictorial drama performing in it. Here are seen the deliberative statesman, the ardent soldier, the anxious citizen, all occupied with a game, in which life or death, freedom or slavery, is the stake to be played for. This fine production has been purchased by Mr. Vernon; and we congratulate that gentleman on so valuable an accession to his noble collection of the British School.

From this scene of agitation and solicitude, we turn to

224. *The Happy Valley.* (See Dr. Johnson's "*Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia*.") H. Warren.—There are few, we believe, in this sublimely working-day world, who have not occasionally "recreated their travail'd spirits" by allowing their imagination to dwell on some such spots as this. It is for the poet to represent them to the "mind's eye;" the painter's privilege is to embody them, and to render them the objects of actual vision. In the present instance, the artist has most happily performed his pleasing task. For our own part, its sunny glades, its lengthened vistas, its rippling waters, and its covert shades, would content us: let the castle-builders, landscape-gardeners, or improvers of domestic grounds or forest scenery, try to do better if they can. Independently, however, of its brilliant colouring and poetical character, Mr. Warren has enriched his performance with figures, clad in the real costume of Abyssinia.

Upon the whole, whether as a splendid vision of the fancy, or as an excellent work of art, it is deserving of the highest commendation.

53. E. Corbould.—A quotation in the catalogue shows that this is a representation of one of the chivalrous achievements of Richard Beauchamp, earl of Warwick; and certainly a more romantic incident could hardly have been described in a work of fiction. Yet, in times of old, such things were; and were considered "sport for ladies!" However that may be, a more splendid "passage at arms" (to use Froissart's phrase) was never illustrated by pictorial skill. To the right and to the left excitement has reached its climax; and the catastrophe has called into every countenance an expression of intense interest. When to this we add that the whole is executed in the most spirited yet finished style of art, some idea may be formed of its excellence.

328. *Battle of Flodden Field.* C. H. Weigall and H. Warren.—From the tournament to the actual battle-field was no uncommon transition in those days; but to be equally at home in the battle-field and in the poultry-yard, as shewn in No. 9, by Mr. Weigall, or with the lace-maker, as shewn in No. 345, by Mr. Warren, is reserved for the versatility of an artist. Referring, however, to the work immediately under our consideration, we congratulate Messrs. Weigall and Warren on having produced one of the most spirited and picturesque representations of a well-fought field it has ever been our happiness to—encounter we were about to say, but see will do better. By the bye, Sir Walter Scott, in "*Marmion*," has greatly added to the effect of his description of this memorable battle, by borrowing a thought from Drayton, who, in his "*Barron's Wars*," has the following simile:—

"From battered casks with every envious blow
The scattered plumes lie loosely heere and there,
Which in the ayre doth seeme as drifts of snow,
Which ev'ry light breath on his wings doth beare."

But now for something in the way of repose; and where shall we find that feeling better or more agreeably illustrated than in 154, *The Spanish Girl*, L. Hicks, where the sunshine without seems reflected by the sunshine within; or in such scenes as 153, *A Ripple on the Thames*, Thomas Robins, and 149, *Scene near St. Donat's Castle, South Wales*, H. Bright? All here is harmony and tranquillity. The same sentiment pervades 219, *A l'Opéra*, F. Rochard; a gem of art, beautiful in character, and exquisite in execution.

To prolong the alternation of scenes of horror and pleasure we will now notice 233, *Brasilian Gamblers*, H. Johnston. The quotation in the catalogue states, that in Brazil "all disputes are settled by an appeal to the knife." It is an appeal which, we regret to observe, is becoming much too frequent in our own country. Mr. Johnston has well suited the action to the words. His composition reminds us of one of the spirited designs of Tintoret, or of the powerful contrasts in the groups of Rubens.

[To be continued.]

BIOGRAPHY.

JOHN GALT, ESQ.

WE see with sorrow in the Scottish newspapers, that our old and estimable friend, John Galt, is no more. He died at Greenock, whither he had retired for some years, to reside amid the attentions of near relations, on Thursday week. Galt's was eminently a literary life. His first work with which we are acquainted, was "*Voyages and Travels in 1809, 10, 11*," in which he described his journey to Malta,

Serigo, Turkey, &c., in a portly quarto. "*The Life of Wolsey*" appeared in 1812; and in the same year, the four tragedies of "*Maddalen*," "*Agamemnon*," "*Lady Macbeth*," and "*Antonio and Clytemnestra*." "Letters from the Levant," were published in 1813, and "*The Life of Benjamin West*," and "*The Majola*," a tale, in two volumes, shortly followed. But at length he discovered his true vein, and gave the public in succession those inimitable pictures of Scotch life and manners, which have fixed his name among those of the most popular writers of the age. "*The Provost*," "*The Spae-wife*," "*The Last of the Lairds*," "*The Radical*," &c. &c., are delightful examples of his inimitable art in this style of composition. At one period, Mr. Galt was almost sovereign of Upper Canada; but we fear his latter days were clouded, in consequence of the disappointment he experienced in that quarter. His health too suffered, and he was frequently attacked by paralysis. In person, Mr. Galt was uncommonly tall, and his form muscular and powerful. Pleasant and frank in his manners and conversation, he was ever a most intelligent and agreeable companion; and though he had been for a considerable while out of the circle of his literary friends, we cannot but deeply feel and deplore his loss, now that he is taken from us entirely and for ever.

PETER TURNERELLI, ESQ.

WE have also to announce the death of this artist, about the 20th ult., at his house in Newman Street, after an illness of only a few hours. For many years his busts in the Exhibition displayed his talents as a sculptor, and it was his good fortune to model many very eminent and distinguished persons. His figure of Burns at his plough, for the monument erected to his memory at Dumfries (that monument, the beautiful work of the late Mr. Thomas Hunt), is his principal work known to us; though his statue of George III., his bust of the Princess Charlotte, his Blucher, Platooff, and a long list of other interesting personages, will long preserve his name and memory from oblivion. Mr. Turnerelli was a charming singer, with a voice of singular quality and sweetness. He had a few years ago married a second time, and has, we believe, left families by both wives. His eldest son entered the paths of literature with much promise, but we have not recently seen any proof of his having pursued them.

THE DRAMA.

Her Majesty's Theatre.—Madlle Dettmar, on Tuesday evening, made her appearance as *Pippo*, in *La Gazza Ladra*. Her voice, as far as we could judge from so slight a part, is pleasing, and she sings in good time and tune. She seems accustomed to the stage, and her manner is easy and unaffected.

Drury Lane.—A certain class of musical entertainments, called *Concerts à la Valentino*, was begun here on Saturday, for the enjoyment of which there was the small charge of a shilling a-head; and we will say for the heads we saw, that most of them were in such shocking bad hats, that we are sure the price was conformable to circumstances, if not rather too high. The four walls of a theatre never witnessed a rabble to compare with this audience; and the lowest meeting of pot-house radicalism alone can afford any idea of its quality. The pit was boarded over, level with the stage, and crammed with men, not a female being able to endure the mob. A shabby orchestra displayed some sixty-five performers,

whom the bills advertise as a hundred; and, in the midst of din, vulgarity, and confusion, Mr. Eliason produced some fine pieces of music, and Albertazzi sang delightfully.

"So Orpheus daddled, and so provoked the brutes."

The whole affair seemed worthy to succeed Van Amburgh and the beasts; only the visitors were more mixed up with what was disagreeable in this than in the preceding *entertainments*. On looking into the area there was no need to cry "take care of your pockets," every body did it instinctively; and the only hope of impunity that appeared was, that the crew did not look genteel enough for pickpockets.

Haymarket.—Touch and Take; or, The Law of the Kiss, produced at this theatre on Monday, was less successful than might have been expected from the strong cast of characters. The plot is whimsical enough, and the music lively and pleasant; the fault is in the length of some of the scenes, and the general meagreness of the dialogue, which gives the actor little scope for display. Mr. Power did the best he could for a part somewhat graver than he is accustomed to play. Mr. Webster and Mr. Strickland also made the most of theirs. Mrs. W. Clifford played a learned and stately dame very well; and Miss Taylor looked and dressed the heroine most temptingly: she had little to do except a single speech in the last scene, which she delivered with great feeling—and to become necessary after the fact, to the kiss-stealing by *Sir Roderick Macarthy*. Mrs. Fitzwilliam, always lively and agreeable, sung two songs with great archness; notwithstanding which some disapprobation was manifested at the end of the piece. It has, however, since been shortened, and goes off with much better effect. Power, who was really nervous on the first night, is now fully assured, and of course carries the audience along with him.

Mr. Webster has wisely secured the services of Macready for the whole of next season. At the Haymarket we shall then have Shakspeare and sterling plays got up and performed as they have been at Covent Garden; and there cannot be a doubt but that this liberal enterprise will have its great reward. The *Geese* who have caused this loss to Covent Garden Theatre will then find to their cost that *ubi Macready ibi Drama*.

Olympic.—Dr. Dilworth, a very droll and farcical piece of humour, has been brought out here with complete success. The story turns on the humours of an old grammarian, and is capably supported by Farren, Vestris, Mrs. Orger, Miss Murray, Keeley, and Brougham.

The *Adelphi* has got Musard concert promenades; and the band of the Coldstream Guards are announced, in full uniform, for performances on wind instruments, at the *Lyceum*. At the *Surrey* the *Adelphi* company are carrying on in great style; and at the *St. James's* the monkeys proceed with undiminished *colat*. *Sadler's Wells* has produced some successful novelties; and improves much upon the productions of late years.

New Strand.—I would be a Duchess is so full of points, that it must increase the funds in the treasury of the prosperous little theatre in the Strand.

Miss P. Horton.—Our dainty Ariel takes her first benefit to-night, and sure we are that public liberality will stamp the occasion in a way to show how highly her rising merit is appreciated. We always predicted that her versatile powers would make her an ornament to the stage; and every new character she undertakes confirms that opinion. Give her opportunity, she will do more yet, and reach such

a station as will negative the green-room joke upon her name.—*Missphorton*.

Queen's Rooms, Hanover Square.—On Monday evening, Mr. G. A. Kollman gave his first grand concert, in which the new pianoforte invented by him was introduced with very fine effect. The novelty consists in the hammers striking downwards instead of upwards, and, consequently, instead of causing the strings to fly off with uncertain vibration, confining them to tone, which the music requires. The *terzetto*, "Ti parli l'Amore," by Miss Birch, Begrez, and Phillips, was the most applauded vocal effort of the concert; and there were some good instrumental pieces by Kollmann, Mori, Puzzi, Hansman, and Sedlatzek.

Hanover Square Rooms.—On Wednesday, Mademoiselle C. Botts, one of the most extraordinary piano-fortists we have heard, gave a concert, which was crushingly attended. The entire music was good. Mrs. and Mr. E. Seignin sung well. We were not fortunate enough to obtain a programme, so cannot venture upon names. Mademoiselle Botts herself was the principal performer. Her wonderful power over the instrument astonished and enchanted us: her execution with the left hand alone was perfectly magical, and we fear indescribable, as, though we may praise, we can scarcely give an idea of the rapidity, force, and sweetness of her performance.

On Monday, the second *Societa Armonica* was attended even to the filling of the passages. Madame Persiani, Madame Albertazzi, and Signor Ivanhoff, sung separately and together during the evening. Donizetti's delightful "Sulla Tomba" was encored; in it Madame Persiani and Signor Ivanhoff made perfect harmony. Madame Albertazzi was in full voice, and gave Lord Burghersh's serenade, "The Dew of Night," finely. The instrumental music was of the first order.

VARIETIES.

Caricatures.—H. B. has been busy again. 585 and 586 represent, the first the collision between the Lords and Commons, the Duke of Wellington and Lord John Russell as dogs fighting for a stick (it should have been shillelah) marked "Ireland Committee." John Bull is looking on one side, and O'Connell behind a tree on the other. The last is Giovanni in London, with the infernal chorus "Turn him out." The Premier is the fallen Don, and Lords Brougham and Durham, Mr. C. Buller, Mr. Roebuck, Mr. Grote, &c., are the Furies, armed with torches inscribed Ballot, Universal Suffrage, Canada—the whole Hog (Buller), Everything (Brougham), Radicalism (Durham), make altogether a very spirited group.

Adelaide Gallery.—Among the present attractions in this very instructive lounge, we were very much gratified the other day with a lecture on the polarisation of light, with beautiful illustrations, by Mr. Goddard, in which the important phenomena in this branch of science were demonstrated in a novel and interesting manner. The Invisible Girl is also deservedly popular; and the gymnotus feeds and flourishes in high health and electricity.

Female Musicians.—"The Musical World" of last week announces the formation of a Female Musical Society, with a fund to aid them in old age and cases of poverty and distress. Such an institution is much wanted, and we trust it will meet the support it deserves. No class of persons is more exposed to the sad contingencies of life, and a provident

provision to meet them cannot be too much or too warmly encouraged.

A very interesting *Antiquarian and Archaeological* meeting is appointed for Monday, in connexion with the Archaeological Society at Rome.

The Winds.—It is with great pleasure we have learned that the advertisement for the return of the South and West in our last, has been the cause of restoring them to their long-lying friends. The whole country appears to rejoice in this auspicious event.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

In the Press.

Memoirs of the Life and Correspondence of Robert Morrison, D.D., compiled by his Widow.—A Treatise on the Nature of Club-foot, and other Distortions of the Feet, and their Treatment, with or without Operation, by W. J. Little, M.D.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

'Dictionary of Arts, Manufactures, and Mines, containing a clear Exposition of their Principles and Practice, by S. M.D. 1. very thick vol. 8vo. 50s.—Riddle's Young Scholar's English-Latin and Latin-English Dictionary, square, 12s.—Rules and Exercises on the Right Use of the Latin Subjunctive Mood, by the Rev. R. B. Greenlaw, M.A. 12mo. 6s.—Deformities of the Chest and Spine, by W. Coulson, 2d edition, post 8vo. 6s.—Condition of the Industrious Classes in Sheffield, Part I. Medical Charities, royal 8vo.—Magical Investigations, by the Rev. W. Scoresby, Part I. 8vo. 6s.—Practical Hints on the Culture of the Pine-Apple, by R. Glendinning, 12mo. 5s.—The Antiquity of the Book of Genesis Illustrated, by H. F. Talbot, 8vo. 3s.—Insurrection of Poland in 1830-31, by S. B. Gnorowski, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—English Protestant Martyrs, by T. Smith, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—J. M. Cramp's Text-Book of Popery, 2d edition, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Glimpses of the Past, by Charlotte Elizabeth, 12mo. 6s.—Notices of the Reformation in the South-West Provinces of France, by R. F. Jameson, 8vo. 6s. 6d.—Experimental and Profitable View of the Atrocities, by O. Winslow, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—England under the Reign of Edward VI. and Mary, by F. E. Haller, 2 vols. 8vo. 30s.—Howe on Christian Union, edited by the Hon. and Rev. B. Noel, 8cap. 4s.—Dodd's Church History, by Rev. M. A. Tierney, Vol. I. 8vo. 12s.; large paper, 21s.—Outlines of Ancient and Modern Sculpture, Part I. royal 8vo. 14s.—Abricht's Divine Emblems, after Quarles, 12mo. 4s.—Goethe's Faust, translated in English Verse, royal 8vo. 12s.—Ditto, ditto, with Plates from Retchs, 8vo. 16s.—India Proofs, 21s.—Delille's Répertoire Littéraire, 2d edit. 12mo. 6s. 6d.—First Report of the Constabulary Force Commissioners, 8vo. 6s.—Dr. Philip on the Vital Functions, 4th edit. 8vo. 12s.—The Metropolitan Pulpit; or, Sketches of Popular Preachers, by the Author of "Random Recollections," 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.—The Banished: a Swabian Historical Tale, edited by J. Morier, Esq. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.—Alison's History of Europe during the French Revolution, Vol. VII. 8vo. 18s.—Hannibal in Bithynia; a Play, by H. G. Knight, M.P. 8cap. 5s.—Selections from the Works of Rev. R. Herrick, by C. Short, 8cap. 5s.—The Agreements of Ezechiel, with Notes, by the Rev. T. W. Peile, 8vo. 12s.—Hambles in the South of Ireland, by Lady Chatterton, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1839.

April.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday .. 4	From 30 to 37	29.67 to 29.91
Friday .. 5	... 38 .. 38	29.73 .. 29.63
Saturday .. 6	... 30 .. 41	30.03 .. 30.22
Sunday .. 7	... 24 .. 47	30.26 .. 30.28
Monday .. 8	... 28 .. 39	30.47 .. 30.22
Tuesday .. 9	... 28 .. 43	30.23 .. 30.19
Wednesday 10	... 35 .. 49	30.32 .. 30.33

Wind, N.E.

Except the 6th, 7th, and 10th, generally cloudy; snow on the 4th; snow in the morning, and rain in the afternoon and evening of the 6th, and snow on the 8th and following day.

Rain fallen, 4 of an inch.

April.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday .. 11	From 29 to 49	30.42 .. 30.45
Friday .. 12	... 30 .. 47	30.30 .. 30.17
Saturday .. 13	... 40 .. 51	30.17 stationary
Sunday .. 14	... 41 .. 54	30.18 .. 30.13
Monday .. 15	... 43 .. 53	30.47 .. 30.34
Tuesday .. 16	... 40 .. 57	29.78 .. 29.44
Wednesday 17	... 45.5 .. 59	29.54 .. 29.44

Winds, N.E. and S.W.

Except the 11th and 16th, cloudy; rain fell on the 12th and 17th.

Rain fallen, 0.125 of an inch.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The lecturer on the remedial agencies of the mind forgot to tell us where.

ERRATUM. In our last, page 233, col. 2, line 19 from bottom, for "sucking," read "sinking."

ADVERTISEMENTS,

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R. HILLS, Secretary.

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THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY will be celebrated by the Friends of this Institution on Wednesday, the 8th of May, at the Freemasons' Hall, when his Royal Highness the DUKE of CAMBRIDGE will take the Chair, and be supported by the following

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ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.—

The General Anniversary Meeting of the Society, for the Election of Vice-Presidents, Council, and Officers, for the ensuing Year, and for other business, will be held at the Society's House, 4 St. Martin's Place, Trafalgar Square, on Thursday, the 25th inst. The Chair is to be taken at 8 o'clock.

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Mercers' Hall, 20th March, 1880.

MAPS of the SOCIETY for the DIFFU-

SION OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.—No. 79 of this Series, containing Western Africa, 1 and 2, will be published at the Society's Office on the 28th inst. No. 79, containing Plans of Birmingham, and of Ancient Syracuse, will be published on the 15th of May. THOMAS COATES, Secretary.

59 Lincoln's Inn Fields, April 9, 1880.

BOOKS IN THE PRESS.

Preparing for publication, the Continuation of **M. DE TOCQUEVILLE'S DEMO.** CRACY IN AMERICA, translated under the Author's Inspection, by his Friend HENRY REEVE, Esq. Saunders and Otley, Publishers, Conduit Street.

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“A Meeting of Gentlemen who take an interest in Literary and Archaeological Pursuits will be held, &c., to commemorate the Institution of the Archaeological Institute of Rome, which on that day will complete the first decennium of its existence; and whose anniversary was selected to coincide with the generally received opinion of the foundation of the city of Rome. The Chevalier Bunsen, secretary-general of the Archaeological Institute, and Dr. Lepsius, secretary of the same, will lay before the meeting various notices appropriate to the occasion, and in connexion with some of the latest discoveries, which serve to illustrate the antiquities of Egypt and Italy. The proceedings of the day will commence at one P.M., and the chair will be taken by the Earl of Ripon, President of the Royal Society of Literature.”

“W. R. HAMILTON, H.S.”

Soon after one o'clock the noble president took the chair, and briefly addressed the meeting, nearly as follows:—

Gentlemen,—It is with no ordinary gratification that I have accepted the honour which has been proffered to me, of presiding at the meeting which is assembled in these apartments; and I am sure that those members of the Royal Society of Literature, who are now present, will rejoice with me, that it has been in our power to render these apartments, however small in their pretension and limited in their extent, available for an occasion so interesting to the friends of literature and the arts. We are met together for the purpose of doing honour to an institution recently established in the imperial city of Rome, of which the object is to forward archaeological inquiries, and to develop those yet unexplored treasures of ancient taste and learning which industry and science delight to draw from the obscurity under which barbarous ages have concealed them, and to spread before the light of modern investigation. Those who have summoned this meeting, and invited your attendance on this day, feel that the most effectual mode of doing honour to such an institution is to make it known; and it cannot be made known more effectually than by presenting to a meeting, constituted as this is, the two individuals who, holding an eminent place in that Society, have favoured us with their company this day. In the Chevalier Bunsen, we acknowledge the founder of the Archaeological Institute of Rome, and one of the most distinguished contributors to its interesting lucubrations. In Dr. Lepsius we recognise a fellow-labourer in the same field, no less distinguished by the depth of his knowledge and the extent of his

researches. In both we see united that unwearied spirit of investigation, that capacity of combining the most discordant materials, that power of analysing the most abstruse arcana of literary speculations, and that habit of systematically applying philosophy to literature, which distinguish the learned men of the country to which they belong, and of which they are justly the ornament and the pride. Having thus taken the liberty of introducing to you by name the two gentlemen who have honoured us with their company, I do not think that I can more appropriately illustrate what I have presumed to say respecting them, than by reading to you a short memorandum with which they have kindly furnished us, explanatory of the objects and progress of the Institution with which they are connected; and I flatter myself that they will be so obliging as afterwards to lay before us some specimens of the manner in which they discharge the functions which devolve upon them in that capacity.

His lordship then proceeded to read the memorandum alluded to, and make a few comments on its more important passages. We are happy to be enabled to give the mem.; and only regret that we took no note of his lordship's valuable observations upon it:—

“The Institute of Archaeological Correspondence at Rome.”

FOUNDATION.—“The Institute was founded on the *Natalis Urbis*, or the *Palilia*, of ancient Rome, as the anniversary of the beginning of the Roman era (the 2582, according to the commonly received computation, beginning with 753 A.C.), on the 21st April, 1829, under the patronage of H. R. H. the Crown-prince of Prussia. The direction was vested in a president and a board of ten directors; the business to be carried on by one or two acting secretaries and their assistants. The names of the founders are as follow:—

President.—The Duke of Blacas.

Members.—Chevalier Bunsen, Secretary-General of the Institute; Count Bartolomeo Borghesi; Signor Carlo Fea; Chev. Gerhard, R.A. of Berlin, Secretary; Chev. Kestner, Archivist of the Institute; Duke de Lugo, Secretary of the French Section; Mr. James Millingen, Secretary of the English Section; M. Panofka, R.A. of Berlin, Secretary; Chev. Thorwaldsen; M. Welcker, Professor at Bonn, Secretary of the German Section.

OBJECT.—“The object may be most concisely stated to be a double one: on the one hand, to supply the learned men and friends of classical monumental antiquity in the north of Europe with the facts and monuments furnished by the classical soil, in the speediest and most faithful manner; on the other, to acquaint the antiquarians and the public of Italy and Greece with the researches and inquiries of England, Germany, and France.

MEANS.—“I. *Publications*. For these purposes the direction publishes yearly twelve great plates of inedited monuments, and six or more smaller ones; forty sheets of letterpress, divided into annals, or explanation of the plates, and similar articles, yearly or half-yearly; bulletins, monthly, for the current news.

“II. *Literary Management*.—1st. Regular, generally weekly, meetings in the library hall of the Institute, erected in the capital in 1836, for all the subscribers, and, besides, for the

artists of all nations residing at Rome. The substance of the correspondence is read; new monuments, or their copies, exhibited; and the explanations of such exhibitions are given orally.—2d. Correspondence, for communication of current news and local or provincial illustrations. It is carried on actually under the superintendence of the secretaries of the national sections (Italy, France, Germany, England).

In Italy	by 101 Correspondents.
Ionian Islands and Malta	3 ..
Greece and Asia	12 ..
Egypt	3 ..
France	21 ..
Germany	12 ..
Hungary	1 ..
England	7 ..
Scandinavia	1 ..

III. *Excavations and Literary Expeditions.*

—Both are undertaken when extraordinary means are supplied. Thus the substructions of the Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus have been excavated at the expense of the Earl Stanhope. The paintings of the tombs of Tarquinii have in the same way been copied under the direction of the Institute, before they went into decay.

“IV. *Finances*.—The expenses of the publications, the correspondence, and the appointment of two acting secretaries, and an assistant treasurer, are defrayed by the annual contributions of the members and subscribers, of two guineas and a half yearly, and voluntary contributions.*

“V. *Establishments*.—By voluntary contributions, and by gifts of the directors in particular, a Library and Museum have been established in the hall of the Institute, containing about 2500 volumes and specimens of the different species of ancient monuments. They are open to all subscribers three times in the week, besides the hours of the meetings. All residing artists of England, Germany, France, and Russia, have free admission to them, on giving their names.

“VI. *Actual State of the Members and Subscribers*.—

1. Crowned Heads, Princes of Royal Blood, and Cardinals	47
2. Public Libraries	71
3. Individual Subscribers	120
4. Members.	
Subscribers—Honorary Members (Patrons or Proprietors of Classical Collections)	30
Ordinary Members	38
Correspondents	160

“VII. *Publications and Subjects treated*.—

20 volumes of Annals and Bulletins.	
120 large Plates of Inedited Monuments.	
80 smaller ones.	
1 volume of Memoirs.	

The principal subjects contained are:—1st. The great subject of the origin and interpretation of the painted vases, called Etruscan or Grecian. The discovery of the thousands of these vases at Canino and its neighbourhood (Vulci) connected with the foundation of the Institute. It is only in the Annals and Monuments that the facts are completely and faithfully collected, and brought before the public. Prof. Gerhard's ‘Rapporto Volcente’ contains

* Lord Ripon upon this offered a very convenient suggestion, viz. that on subscribing ten years' purchase (twenty-five guineas), the parties should enjoy for life the rights of annual subscribers.

the result of an examination of upwards of 3000 vases. The finest of them are given in the *Monuments*.—3d. The *Annals of Roman Topography, and the Results of the Excavations of the Forum*, began at the same period. The last work is the complete plan of all the fora of Rome and their restoration, by the Secretary General.—3dly. The Egyptian archeology has been set on a safe foundation, first by the more enlarged and correct system of the phonetic alphabet, and secondly by the fixation of the epochs of Egyptian art, both by Dr. Lepsius. The proof of the unsafe basis of the chronological system of M. Champollion and his followers is also contained in the *Annals*, in the 'Discours Préliminaire' of the *Annals* of 1834, by the Secretary-general.—4th. Many important inscriptions, particularly the last will of Dasumius, found on a marble tablet in a tomb on the Appian Road, and preserved in the portico of the Institute. It contains the names of his two friends, Pliny the younger (who speaks of him) and Tacitus, and is explained by Niebuhr and Borghese."

The Chevalier Bunsen, being then called upon, read a very learned and interesting *Essay on the Authors and the Age of the Great Pyramids*.

After some complimentary expressions he proceeded, as he said, agreeably to the Statutes of the Society, to submit "some observations on the most important archaeological facts that have come to light, or received their completion, during the last twelvemonth, and to accompany them with such observations as our own researches and studies have suggested to us on the same. The facts (he observed) which present themselves to us in the first rank, if we consider merely their importance, are of such a magnitude, as to overawe the mind of the inquirer, even more powerfully than they attract it irresistibly by the interest that is connected with them. The subjects to which we are led by them are so vast, that we must almost necessarily either become tiresome to you by our explanations, or appear presumptuous by our bare assertions; or, what would be still worse, incur the one evil without avoiding the other. By a singular favour of circumstances, those facts and monuments to which I have alluded have been brought to light by the efforts of illustrious individuals of this nation, and most of them are deposited in this metropolis, in that sanctuary of monuments which unites with the most sublime remains of Grecian sculpture the very records on which the whole knowledge of the most ancient epoch of profane history chiefly depends—in that Museum which is worthy of the name it bears. Whatever therefore, we—my friend and I—may believe that we know of those monuments, is due principally to what we have found in this country; and if this fact renders it our more imperative duty to mention on this day what we consider the most important events in the archaeological annals of this year, the same seems also to call upon us not to lose this opportunity of offering, in the observations to which we are led by your own monuments, the feeble but sincere tribute of gratitude to your country, and to those in particular whose kindness has afforded us every imaginable facility, and a highly valuable assistance, in approaching and studying them. The first subject, then, on which we shall have to submit our observations to your kind attention, are the discoveries recently made in two

of the three great pyramids, the results of which have during the last twelve months been placed in the British Museum. It would be superfluous to call your attention to those remains which, as the reward of the most indefatigable and judicious efforts of Colonel Howard Vyse, have been presented, by his generosity, to the national Museum—the remains of the most interesting and the mummy of king Mycerinus, the author of the third of the great pyramids of Dgizeh, and the inscriptions found in the newly discovered chambers of the first of them. It would be equally superfluous to recall to your mind the splendid work in which most of those remains have been published by their enlightened discoverer, and to the acute and learned observations of our honoured colleague, Mr. Samuel Birch, of the British Museum, and acting secretary of the Institute in this realm, whose researches do honour to the country of Doctor Young. My object now is exclusively to lay before you some of the arguments which have led me to believe that, by combining the facts which those monuments reveal to us with other facts and dates known besides, particularly through the benefit of the greatest discovery of this century, the hieroglyphical alphabet, we are enabled to resolve that historical problem which has occupied the human mind so many centuries; yea, which had been the sphinx of humanity before that city was built whose 2591st anniversary we celebrate on this day: I mean the destination of those pyramids, and the name and age of their authors. This assertion must certainly appear rash, if not presumptuous, to those who have gone through the sterile and apparently despairing researches of the most learned book on the ancient monuments of Egypt, published on the very eve of the finding of that precious tablet which first led to the discovery of the hieroglyphical alphabet. The book I mean is Zoega's work on the Obelisks. That assertion may even appear bold to those who, having approached the monuments and history of Egypt, even with the light of that precious discovery, have been the more struck by the awful silence that surrounds those imposing masses; who know that the hieroglyphical researches have hitherto only been able to prove that the pyramids cannot have belonged to the epoch after Sesostris, in which Herodotus evidently places them; who may even have doubted, with many learned authors, although against the authoritative evidence of Herodotus, the existence of original hieroglyphical inscriptions on the pyramids, and therefore even the nationality of these monuments; who, finally, recollect the condemning sentence passed upon all the efforts of classical antiquity to resolve the great problem raised up to all posterity by the mysterious and indestructible towers that seem to mourn, through all periods of history, over the tomb of an age of gigantic power, and to challenge and baffle the inquisitive and bold mind of Europe. Pliny the Elder sums up, in the following words, the result he had been obliged to draw from the study of all the ancient authors before him respecting the epoch and authors of the pyramids. "Qui de illis scripserint, sunt Herodotus, Euhemerus, Darius Saminus, Aristagoras, Dionysius, Artemidorus, Alexander Polyhistor, Butoridas, Antisthenes, Demetrius, Demoteles, Apion. Inter omnes eos non constat, a quo factæ sint; justissimo casu obliteratæ tantæ vanitatis auctoribus." This result appears certainly discouraging, for it seems unreasonable to hope that we should ever collect from the few isolated fragments of ancient records, from which

it is the object of philology to reconstruct the history of the ancient world, a more satisfactory result than one of the most learned Roman authors has been able to do, writing, as he did, in the fulness of all those materials mostly lost to us, and surrounded by every facility of inquiry and living information. But the appearance is by far more discouraging than the reality. Had Pliny extended his researches to the whole of Egyptian history, as he might have found it treated in Eratosthenes, Apollodorus, and other writers of the Alexandrian school; and had he taken the slight trouble of having himself taught the hieroglyphic alphabet, in which, at his own time, and a century later, inscriptions were composed and sculptured in honour of the Cæsars, and placed in Rome and its neighbourhood, he would not have passed that sentence, which in, in truth, more a condemnation upon himself than upon the Greek or Egyptian authors he consulted, or ought to have consulted. But the gallant and inquisitive admiral was too good a Roman to go out of his way for any such trouble; antiquity and ancient history were so much a sealed book for his countrymen, that the Greeks were to teach them first to inquire into their own; and when, in the imperial age, the conquerors and rulers of the world found leisure for studies, they preferred the more material objects of natural history to the less tangible problems of the history of mankind, as their readers did single curiosities and striking anecdotes to deep research or patient speculations on the laws of the human mind and its development. Pliny did not attach any real importance to the question: What age, and what circumstances, produced those gigantic masses? His own words afford a proof, even more convincing than the catalogue of his narrow researches. 'The most important question,' he says, in that very passage about the pyramids, 'is this: How could the Egyptians raise their materials to such a height, and contrive to leave no traces of the scaffolding behind?' With such a low view of the object of historical inquiry, even a learned and ingenious author will scarcely find any thing beyond the surface of human history. The problem of our age is evidently acknowledged to be a higher one, and Providence itself seems in our days not obscurely to call our mind toward the investigation of the history of the human mind, by the unparalleled accumulation of new materials, brought out of the very bowels of the earth, and the most remote corners of our archives, mostly by circumstances independent of human ingenuity and research. I take the first leading assumptions of the system which I shall venture to lay before you on that great subject, from a work almost ready for publication, of which I shall premise a few words here, only to prove that, in speaking of these questions, I have at least satisfied the Pythagorean precept of seven years' silence, and may probably satisfy, as to some parts, of the existence of convincing proofs not yet brought to bear upon the subject, even the 'nonum præmatur in annum,' of Horace. It was in 1832 that I was first struck with the untenableness of that system of chronology which Champollion and his followers in France and Italy, up to this day, have adopted, as to the era of that new Egyptian empire, which is known to have risen out of the struggle against northern conquerors and usurpers. I had, in the following year of 1833, an opportunity of hinting at this point in the preliminary discourse, delivered on the Capitol, on the anniversary of the Institute, and printed in the *Annals* of 1834.

* Our readers will remember our review of Lucian Buonaparte's (*Prince of Capri*) interesting work on this subject.—Ed. L. G.

Having followed those dates down to the Persian conquest, I extended my researches in the summer of 1835 to the chronology of the earlier periods of Egyptian history, and finally availed myself of the unhopd-for leisure afforded to me in the two first months of last year at Rome, in order to compose from these researches a general work of Egyptian chronology and history, the first volume of which will soon appear in Germany, containing the entire system of that chronology from Menes to Alexander. The principal results of these historical researches that bear directly upon the monuments in question, may be comprised under the following heads:—1st. What regards the authority of the Greek historians, it may be considered as a fact established by the indisputable results of the examination of the Egyptian monuments themselves, that of the time before Psammeticus they had no certain chronology; and of that before Sesostris, only fragmentary facts, mostly unintelligible to them, and mixed up with popular fictions and sacerdotal impositions. Examining now their accounts from the monumental knowledge we can derive elsewhere, we find that here, also, Herodotus is at once the father, and the never-equalled model of history; his very errors and mistakes proving in Egyptian history his eminent genius and his admirable veracity, as his doubts against the account of the sailors afford the best proof that Africa was really circumnavigated under Necho. 2d. The justly doubted, and at last, by the best critics, despairingly rejected, lists of the thirty dynasties extracted from the historical work of Manetho, the priest of Sebennytus under the second Ptolemy, are proved by the monuments to contain a groundwork of chronological truth from the eighteenth dynasty, or the era of the restoration of the Pharaohs on the throne of whole Egypt. But they are convicted by the same monuments of interpolations so palpable during the epoch of the eighteenth and nineteenth dynasties, or the epoch of Thuthmosis and Ramesses-Sesostris, that the question for the critical examiner can now only be, whether we are able to find the key to the real understanding of these lists, and separate the interpolations from the genuine groundwork, without destroying the chronological authority of the lists themselves? I believe that this question can be answered in the affirmative, and that Manetho himself may be brought forward as an evidence against the misunderstandings and interpolations of the lists in general, and in particular against the extracts of that period, given by Josephus, and afterwards reproduced in the lists of Julius Africanus, and of Eusebius. On these premises I believe, therefore, that a real and complete restoration of the Manethonian chronology of this later Pharaonic empire is possible and safe. It would follow from this assumption, that the era of the restoration has been fixed 250 years too high by the French and Italian Egyptologists; who, from the beginning, have been contradicted by all English writers on this subject. The epoch of 1570 B.C., which I believe to be the true Manethonian assertion, is most satisfactorily concordant with the chronology of Scripture, and the safest fixation of the epoch of the Exodus; but it is as perfectly independent of it, as it is supported by the evidence of the monuments. According to this, the reign of Sesostris must have lasted from about 1318 to about 1253 B.C. 3d. The later, or restored Pharaonic empire, was indeed preceded, as Manetho asserts, by an epoch of foreign dominion and oppression, during which a Philistean or Palestine nation ruled over

Lower Egypt; and, during a certain part of it, also over Middle Egypt, or the Heptanomia. The duration of the reign of the Shepherd Kings, or Hyksos, cannot yet be fixed with certainty; it must suffice here to say, that, according to Manetho, it lasted either 518 or 511, or about 900 years. The contemporary monuments, and other Egyptian evidence, prove the existence of such a period of foreign domination, and oblige us to acknowledge that it was indeed an epoch of some centuries. We have the names of more than sixty Pharaonic kings, which must belong to this period; they exist on monuments either contemporary, or of the good times of the restored empire; but it can be proved by Manetho himself, that there were during this period two collateral lines, at least, of Pharaonic kings, and probably more; the researches of Doctor Lepsius on the Chamber of Carnac, will enable him to shew more than two co-existing dynasties in a part of that period. In this state of the inquiry it seems, then, safest to adopt for that period the lowest number of Manetho, which seems critically to be very well attested as really proceeding from him; I mean, 518 or 511 years. 4th. As we ascend the current of Egyptian history, we find that these pastoral tribes whom we have seen in possession of a part of Egypt, had on their arrival destroyed a great Egyptian empire; 'beginning' with Menes, the confused anagals of which are given in the first twelve dynasties of Manetho. But we have a critical and authentic record on the successions of the Pharaohs in this primitive empire, from the hands of the most learned and most critical of all Greeks, the Aristotle of the historical school, Eratosthenes, founder of the Alexandrine critics. He was charged by the third of the Ptolemies, Evergetes I., to compile a list of those Pharaohs out of the records and lists of the archives of Thebes. If can be proved, on the principles of strictest criticism, that we possess at least the extract of this great work, in an authentic form, without the possibility of an error in the chronological dates given by Eratosthenes, and with a very considerable assistance for the restoration of the Egyptian names of the Pharaohs, by the Greek version added to them by that author. According, then, to this list, the duration of the first empire was of 1075 years; and it can be proved that the genuine Manetho, whose lists seem now to assign almost 2500 years to this period, did really differ from his more critical Greek follower in Egyptian research, by less than one hundred years. 5th. According to this system, the era of Menes would have begun about two centuries after the epoch of Noah, if we fix this point of sacred history with Syncellus, and many of the fathers and chronologists of the Greek church, at about 3350 B.C., the era of Menes beginning about 3150. Thus the Egyptian monuments and records themselves speak against those of modern authors, who pretend that we are obliged by them to assign to Menes a period before the Mosiac time of creation; and still more against those who, with the Greeks, have maintained that they attest an antiquity of from 10,000 to 15,000 years before our era. 6th. Of the period of those thirty-eight Theban kings, we have not a few contemporary monuments, shewing a great proficiency in the arts of civilisation, and exhibiting the phonetic alphabet and writing. All the gigantic works of Egypt belong to this period; in particular, the Pyramids, the Canal of Moëris, and the Labyrinth; works, in comparison with which, in point of magnitude, the renowned and wonder-

ful palaces and temples of Thebes and Nubia, of the Sesostrian period, dwindle into miniature performances. The Moëris of Herodotus, author of the canal which bears his name, and also of the Labyrinth, is one of the last of that series, and not Thuthmosis III., fifth king of the restored empire, who was surnamed Moëris, and who has been quite gratuitously identified with the real Moëris of the Egyptian and Greek authors. Having thus enumerated the general results of my researches, which seem to bear upon the immediate subject of our inquiry, I request you to accompany me for a few minutes in the inquiry into the monuments themselves, which we have to examine. Manetho's lists add to the name of the second king of his fourth dynasty, called Suphis, the following statement:— 'He built the greatest pyramid, ascribed by Herodotus to Cheops.' It is known that the names of kings found by Col. Howard Vyse, painted on stones in the chambers of the great pyramid, are NVKHVFV, or NVKHVVV, and KHVFV, or KHVVV, according to the correct reading of them demonstrated by Dr. Lepsius: names both known already by other inscriptions. We pass here over the first name, of which we shall speak later. As to Chuuf, it is clear that both Manetho's and Herodotus's Greek spelling of the name, Suphis and Cheops, are derived from the hieroglyphic writing, in which the first character has been proved by Dr. Lepsius to have become afterwards sibilant; so that Herodotus's spelling has preserved the ancient pronunciation; Manetho's, that of the later period. It is further known, that Herodotus ascribes the second pyramid to Cheops's brother and successor, Chephren, who reigned, according to him, fifty-six years, as his brother had reigned fifty; and the third, to Chephren's successor, Mycerinus; lastly, the fourth pyramid to Asychis, who followed Mycerinus on the throne. Others ascribe this to Nitocris, a queen of Manetho's sixth dynasty. Diodorus gives, first, the same account as Herodotus, with a slight variation in the names, and then some other fragmentary accounts borrowed from different authors. Manetho's lists exhibit the following series:—

1. Soris	29 years.
2. Suphis	63 ..
3. Suphis	66 or 66 ..
4. Mencheres	63 ..
5, 6. Two kings, with 25 and 32 ..	
7. Sebercherus with	7 ..

Now I maintain, first, that in this series there are interpolations; and, secondly, that it may be reduced to its authentic state by means of the list of Eratosthenes and of the monuments. The fifteenth king of the list of Eratosthenes is called Saôphis, in which we acknowledge easily the Suphis-Cheops-Chuuf, author of the great pyramid. He reigned twenty-nine years; his successor, Saôphis II. twenty-seven: both together, therefore, fifty-six years, which is the exact number of years ascribed by Herodotus to the one Chuuf he knew. This coincidence can scarcely be accidental, even if two reigns, amounting together to 106 years, were not highly improbable in themselves. But Manetho's errors (viz. that of his lists) are still greater, and more evident. His first $\omega\upsilon\pi\iota\varsigma$ is evidently $\omega\upsilon\pi\iota\varsigma$. The identity of the years of his reign, twenty-nine, with the first Saôphis of Eratosthenes, would suffice to prove it. Now the two Suphis, his pretended successors, are stated to have reigned fifty-six and sixty-three, making 119 years; and their successor again, sixty-three—

three successive reigns of 182 years. It is evident that three reigns of 182 years are an impossibility in a hereditary monarchy; but the comparison with Eratosthenes shews immediately how such an absurdity came into Manetho's extracts. There existed only two Suphis, having reigned together fifty-six years. Now Manetho's first Suphis has the correct number of the historical Suphis I.—twenty-nine years; and his third, exactly the sum of the reign of both—fifty-six; for sixty-six must be corrected into fifty-six, to make the sum total agree with the single reigns. The fifty-three years of the second Suphis, finally, are again the sum of the two reigns, less exactly given. In the same way, Manetho's Mencheres, the follower of the Suphis, and the only one of this name in his lists, has the amount of the reigns of the two historical kings that follow in Eratosthenes's list after the Suphis I. less one year—sixty-three instead of sixty-four. The repetition of the same corruption shews the origin: interpolation and misunderstanding of identical names differently spelt. But what shall we say of the name of the successor of the first Suphis—Cheops, according to Herodotus—the well-known Chephren, Cheops's brother—Diodorus's Kephren, or Chephren, or Chabryes? It is evident that the Egyptians must have distinguished at least the second Suphis by an individual name, such as the prenomen of the later kings exhibit; for denominations like Saophis II., and so on, are not in the spirit of antiquity, and the assumption of such a use is in direct contradiction with all Egyptian monuments. We now are, indeed, already enabled to say, that the monuments prove Herodotus to have given, in the name of Kephren, the surname or individual name of the second Suphis. For, although the second of the great pyramids has not yet been explored, a sepulchral monument of exquisite beauty, discovered by Mr. Salt near those pyramids, and now one of the brightest ornaments of the British Museum, affords us this very name. For the name of the king, which occurs repeatedly on this monument, read according to the same system as other prenomen, sounds SCHE or SCHAPHRE, according to the usual pronunciation of the first element; which, from the analogy of homophonic signs, may even be supposed to have sounded originally *ch*. Wherever this name occurs in the different inscriptions of that monument, it is followed by the hieroglyphic OER, great, and the sign of the pyramid. An inscription published by Mr. Burton, and found likewise near these pyramids, shews the same particularity; the name of the king is followed by the two signs just mentioned. Mr. Leemans, in his excellent collection of royal names existing in the British Museum, proposes to explain those signs in the sense of the great pyramid. Perhaps it may be more accordant to the way in which they are simply annexed to the royal name, and more agreeable to the grammatical order of the words, to translate them 'The Great of the Pyramid,' as a title of this king. At all events, a connexion between him and one of the pyramids of Gizeh, where these inscriptions were found, seems in itself indubitable: and the name is as near to the name of Kephren, as it is unlike any one of the other authors of pyramids. We may therefore take it for granted, that we are in possession of the monumental name, preserved by Herodotus, as that of the author of the second pyramid; and we learn from the list of Eratosthenes, that the king, whose common designation that prenomen

must have been, was the second Saôphis or Suphis. I have met with the same explanation in the French translation of the English *Memoirs on Mycerinus*, by M. Lenormant, communicated to me last week; and I feel it my duty to attest that Mr. Birch had arrived at this solution already in the summer of last year, in application of a principle to which I had come before my arrival in this country, and which was also known to Champollion, as his posthumous works shew. The third pyramid was built by Mycerinus, according to Herodotus, or by Mecerinus, Mencerinus, as Diodorus calls him. He was the son of Cheops, according to the father of history; which, absurd as it would be if his father and uncle had reigned 106 years, is not exactly impossible, according to the true historical account which we know through Eratosthenes. But it is more probably only a misunderstanding originating in the circumstance that his father was also really called Cheops, which name Herodotus knew only as that of the first of the two. Mr. Birch has been the first to read the Egyptian form of this royal name in the inscription engraved on the coffin of the king, found in the third pyramid by Col. Howard Vyse. It contains a prayer for the blessing of Nephe, Osiris's mother, over the deceased. This royal name reads most unequivocally MEN-KA-RE, from which all the Greek forms are so obviously derived. Evidently this Mencheres-Mycerinus must be one of the two Moscheres which followed the two Suphis, in the Eratosthenian list. This reading is perfectly sure, and so is the interpretation 'Hades', which can never be made to contain the translation of Mencheres; for in Menkare we have two well-known roots, *stabilire* and *offerre*, or *oblato*; and this is as far from the translation of Eratosthenes as Menkere is from Moscheres. An observation of M. Rosellini (*Mon. Stor. iii. pt. i. p. 99*) seems to prove that the word written MC, and pronounced Mus, or Mos, designated often the action of oblation in a sacrifice; and this explanation would illustrate admirably the translation of Eratosthenes, the literal translation being *oblatum donum soli* (MOS-KA-RE). This, then, we have to take as the individual name of that king; that the Manethonian name, Mencheres, gives us the prenomen (as is often the case in these lists), is proved by that hieroglyphic inscription, which exhibits all the insignia of a royal prenomen (Suten-het). But we are even able to explain why Manetho has given here not the common name, but the prenomen or individual name. As there were two kings of the same family name, it is very natural that they were also both called and recorded by their individual names. We believe, moreover, that the name of the second Moscheres is discoverable in Manetho. Mencheres has now in his lists two successors, whose names occur in the Eratosthenian lists in the same order, but as the immediate predecessors of the first Suphis. If then we eliminate them here as intruders, the real successor of the first Moscheres in the Manethonian text is Sebercheres. This name is not reducible to any hieroglyphical writing, but if we adopt Dr. Lepsius's emendation, and read, with a scarcely perceptible variation, Sebekcheres, we have a very intelligible Egyptian name: Sebek-che-re, viz. *Sebek*, like *Phre*, the Sun, one of whose forms was called Sebek, the god with the head of the crocodile. But this trace leads us, perhaps, further; for Herodotus calls the successor of his Mycerinus, which we found to be the first Moscheres-Mencheres, Asychis, and to him the construction of

the fourth pyramid, that built of bricks, is ascribed. The name of Asychis is evidently formed from the root of Sûch, Herodotus's Sûchos, the Egyptian word for the good crocodile, exactly as Athothis is formed from Thoth, with the usual abbreviations of the vowel. The name of the crocodile-god is Sebek, perhaps the more ancient and complete form of the name of the animal itself. But whether this be admitted or not, the hieroglyphical sign of the crocodile might as well be read Sebek the god as Sûch the crocodile, and SEBEK-CHE-RE seems the full individual name of the second Mencheres, called by Herodotus, Asychis. The chamber of Karnak proves that one of the prenomen of the ancient kings began indeed with the figure of the good crocodile. However this may be, Manetho himself ascribed the third pyramid, or that of Mencheres, to the Queen Nitôcris, the fourth after the second Moscheres. The fact, that one of the latter pyramids was the work of that queen, celebrated as the most beautiful and most valiant of her sex in Egypt, explains a tale of Herodotus, which hitherto has appeared merely a ridiculous fable. He says, that some ascribed the fourth pyramid to Rhodôpis, who was slave of Iadmon, together with Asop, and who was, as a frail Ionian beauty, renowned equally in Greece and Egypt. He ridicules himself the belief, that such a woman could have amassed riches to so enormous an amount; which, again, would not be more incredible than that she actually obtained a burial among the most ancient kings of Egypt. But Manetho's account of Nitôcris, 'that she was celebrated for her fair complexion,' seems to give the key to this strange tradition. Rhodôpis, the rosy-faced, appears to be the translation of a surname given to that celebrated queen; a flattery not so much to be wondered at, considering the ordinary dingy hue of Egyptian ladies. This surname, then, was mistaken for the well-known name of the fair Ionian by the Greeks, who found nothing too strange to believe, if it tended to attest Hellenic genius and beauty, acknowledged and worshipped by barbarians. The four kings of Herodotus represent thus four successive kings of Manetho's fourth dynasty, corrected after Eratosthenes; and Manetho's own account seems to have differed from him only as to the author of the third, or rather of the fourth pyramid. Those kings were the fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth of that list of the Pharaohs of the first empire which begins with Menes; and their reigns must have occupied the years 415 to 534 of the era of that king. This, then, would give us the year 2735, or the beginning of the seventh century after the Noachian epoch, for the first year of Suphis, the author of the great pyramid. The age of Mencheres, according to this computation, extends from 2680 to 2650 B.C. The relics of this king, then, who reigned twelve centuries before Moses conducted the children of Israel out of Egypt, and six centuries before Abraham came down into Lower Egypt, then ruled by a kindred shepherd nation—the relics of this king, I say, may be visited by every one here present; and the very name given by Herodotus may be seen engraved on the coffin, which was extracted in 1837 from the interior of the third pyramid, and may be read with the greatest ease by every one who will apply the leisure hours of a week to the hieroglyphical alphabet. The most ancient name we find in the pyramids is that of Nuchuf, mentioned already before, as painted on some of the stones employed in the interior of the great pyramid. He was, ac-

according to Eratosthenes, who calls him Anusyphus, or Anusyphis, the fourth predecessor of Cheops, and preceded, therefore, Mycerinus by 138 years. Is it possible that this king, who died 63 years before the accession of Cheops, began the building of the pyramid, or at least the preparations for the immense undertaking? Otherwise, we must assume that Cheops used some stones which bore the marks of Nuchuf's name, either for having been extracted by that king from the quarries, or employed by him in a construction demolished by his fourth successor. That the inscriptions are mere stone-marks from the quarries, is proved by the circumstance of most of them being in the wall inverted. If thus, according to our system, we cannot defend the chronology of Herodotus, we must not forget to observe, how admirably he has preserved the genuine series of the first four kings of that Memphitic dynasty, which were named to him as the builders of the four most celebrated pyramids. That he misplaced this whole series, so as to range those kings after Sesostris, is a mistake that can easily be accounted for, by reducing his narrative of the kings to the sources of information from which he took it. Herodotus evidently knew nothing of the shepherd-epoch, although a passage of his gives evidence that he was really told of a shepherd nation ruling over Lower Egypt, after the mighty, and probably, in part, tyrannical Pharaohs of the first empire. But I must not trespass any longer on the patience of this meeting, and will only express here my most ardent wishes that the other pyramids of Dgizeh and Saggarah, and the tombs around them, may be made the objects of the most scrupulous inquiry; and that the site and ruins of the old labyrinth in the Fayum, the discovery of which is one of the most brilliant parts of the French expedition, may be carefully examined. The documents and remains of the most ancient ages are to be found on those sites; and the history of mankind, and many of the most important researches, are intimately connected with them."

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Diary of the Rev. John Ward, A.M. Vicar of Stratford-upon-Avon. Extending from 1648 to 1679. From the original MSS. preserved in the Library of the Medical Society of London. Arranged by Charles Severn, M.D. Registrar of the Society, &c. 8vo. pp. 315. London, 1839. Colburn.*

"QUOTATIONS (says Mr. Ward, in one of his diarial entries, selected by Dr. Severn), quotations resemble sugar in wine, says one, marring the natural taste of the liquor, if good, then of itself, if bad. The more triviale and drie the subject is you write uppon, the more braines must bee allowed for sauce."

Now, as this our review will consist chiefly of quotations, and as, indeed, the plan of the *Literary Gazette* indulges in that course, though we do endeavour to throw in some brains by way of sauce, we would humbly protest against the validity of this doctrine, and insist that there is no better way of making a book tell its own tale than by rationally sugaring, or, it may be, squeezing some lemon into the wine. Crumbs of criticism thus applied are, in our opinion, far superior to whole batches which overlay a small article; as a *côtelette panée* is a finer dish than a toad in a hole, especially if there be very little toad in an insignificant hole, and

* Only thirty-two years after the death of Shakspeare.—How near!! His mention of him, however, occurs in 1663—fifteen years later.

a huge matrix of indigestible dough. So, 'spite of Mr. Ward, we will proceed in our old way.

To Dr. Severn we feel infinitely indebted for this volume. There is, we confess it with him, less of Shakspeare in it than could have been wished, but there is enough to leaven the whole; and what else there is, is curious and full of interest. Of the library of the Medical Society we mentioned the character and value in our notice of its anniversary meeting (see *L. G.* No. 1141); and well has the editor of this work availed himself of one of its singular portions, viz. seventeen volumes of Mr. Ward's genuine common-place books, probably belonging to Dr. Sims, which he discovered on one of its dusty shelves. From these the selections now before us have been made; but first we have a biographical sketch of their writer, who, at the period indicated by the title-page, combined the offices of vicar and medical practitioner at Stratford-upon-Avon, where "his memoranda present a more lively, interesting, and exact picture of the state of medical practice, and of the method of performing surgical operations, than can be collected from works printed at the time." He died in 1681.

Dr. Severn observes:—

"The effect of time and proximity on human judgment with regard to contemporaries, is aptly illustrated by the scantiness of Mr. Ward's records of that divinely gifted being, whose name has immortalized the obscure village where he dwelt, and whose simple tomb had so recently invested the humble roof of its rude church with a halo of splendour and fame unknown to the proudest mausoleum that earthly wealth, or human pride, ever piled over the ashes of mortal grandeur. With unavailing regret we perceive how numerous, varied, and precious our memorials might have been in these volumes, but for the strange and almost universal sentiment which prevents men from appreciating the talents of those with whom they hold familiar intercourse. 'His father and mother are with us, and his brethren we know,' is the language of envious mediocrity, ever prone to treat the genius it can neither understand nor value with insulting disregard. Many a priceless gem must also have been scattered, forgotten, and lost, amidst the rude but useful and engrossing avocations of the vicar's rustic flock; and as John Ward bent over the beds of the aged and the dying, to impart religious consolation, or, in his character of medical friend, ministered to the infirmities of sickness and decay, he must frequently have conversed with those to whom Shakspeare was well known, and who had 'walked awhile with him' in the world, as acquaintances, friends, and neighbours. At these professional and consolatory visits it must be supposed that by a man of Mr. Ward's kindness of heart, mental research, and social feeling, many interesting conversations must have been entered into; but regardless of a 'pearl richer than all their tribe,' it appears they talked not of Shakspeare, who had proved his love to his native village by returning to it, and again becoming the associate of his former friends, after his splendid career, when he had, with unblemished character, acquired an ample competency, and won a name that must last as long as the annals of English history. What Mr. Ward does record of him, who wrote 'not for an age, but for all time,' little though it be, must be regarded with deep interest by all who have felt the power of the immortal bard."

And who does not? Is there a British bosom that does not kindle with enthusiasm at the bare mention of the sweet Swan of

Avon? For ourselves, if we may say it without impropriety, so strong is our admiration, that we can hardly bear his name mentioned without coupling it with an aspiration from our earliest prayer that it may be "hallowed." Shakspeare is to England what Apollo was to the Greeks,—an unembodied essence, a god of poetry; and every mode and particle of the worship addressed to him are symbols of feeling allied to genius, and the love of what is glorious and good. In adoring Shakspeare, even in the smallest degree, there is something to be approved; for it shews that we appreciate what is excellent, and to imitate is the next step to such appreciation. We can form an idea of a Bacon, a Newton, a Milton—how their wonderful minds grasped matters far above the sphere of common humanity; but Shakspeare is alone—we cannot comprehend his vastness, or conceive the superhuman powers which sprang from Nature herself, and yet so illimitably surpassed all that Nature hath ever done for another of the race of man!

With Dr. Severn earnestly do we hope that other discoveries are yet in store for us, which will throw more light upon the history of this matchless being; and we agree with him that, "in the absence of all documents of a date so near the time of Shakspeare as those of the reverend vicar of Stratford-upon-Avon, his *Diary* must be deemed the most credible authority yet published, as it is the only record extant of the income enjoyed by the poet while living, and of the illness which terminated his existence."

Previous to leading us to the brief notices of these interesting questions, Dr. S. discusses several incidental points which have been previously much debated. He seems to think there is no certain standard for the spelling of Shakspeare's name, as he and his contemporaries probably paid no attention to uniformity. Like that of Cecil (see last *Lit. Gaz.* p. 244), it was probably written a dozen of different ways, not only by others, but by himself. Jansen's portrait the editor prefers to any other. The deer-stealing story he discredits, except as a youthful frolic. He holds that the poet lived happily with his wife to the end of his days; and he shews that his birth must have been respectable, and his property, acquired by his own talents, very considerable.

With regard to the latter, we have not seen urged what we think a very strong argument in support of this opinion, namely, that Alleyn, his friend and associate in the theatre and on the stage, realised so large a fortune that he was enabled to found and endow Dulwich Hospital. Now, with similar pursuits, Shakspeare being also, as proved by Mr. Collier, highly paid as a dramatic author, is it not fair to conclude that he too must have acquired large means whereupon to retire, as he did, to his native place, and live in an honoured estate?

But come we to the memorandum respecting him in Ward's *Diary*.

"Shakspeare had but two daughters, one whereof Mr. Hall, the physician, married, and by her had one daughter married, to wit, the Lady Bernard of Abbingdon. I have heard that Mr. Shakspeare was a natural wit, without any art at all; he frequented the plays all his younger time, but in his elder days lived at Stratford, and supplied the stage with two plays every year, and for it had an allowance so large, that he spent at the rate of 1000*l.* a-year, as I have heard. Shakspeare, Drayton, and Ben Jonson, had a merie meeting, and it seems drank too hard, for Shakspeare died of a fever there contracted. Remember to peruse Shakspeare's plays, and be much versed in them, that I may not be ignorant in that matter. Whether Dr. Heylin

does well, in reckoning up the dramatick poets which have been famous in England, to omit Shakespeare. A letter to my brother, to see Mrs. Queeny,* to send for Tom Smith for the acknowledgment."

Dr. S. justly remarks, that New Place must have been a mansion of considerable magnitude, and adds:

"Shakespeare purchased the lands which he attached to New Place, anno domini 1602, at least twenty years after he had been engaged in performing and writing for the stage in London, during which time he unquestionably had an ample opportunity of making such a provision for the purchase of his house, out of the honourable earnings of his pen, without the necessity of having recourse to the Earl of Southampton's assistance. Patronised by Queen Elizabeth, by whom, doubtless, his genius was thoroughly appreciated (and who is said to have 'distinguished him by many fair marks of her favour'), it is far more likely that she very liberally rewarded the efforts of his muse, than that he should owe to the private friendship of one individual the means of making the purchase of New Place, especially as we are now informed by Mr. Ward, that 'Shakespeare's allowance for two plays a-year was so large, that he spent at the rate of 1000*l.* a year.' Out of this ample income, which, according to Malone's calculation, would be more than equivalent to 3000*l.* a year at the present day, it would have been perfectly easy for Shakespeare to make such a reservation as would fully suffice to complete any purchase 'he had a mind to.'"

We will not follow the worthy editor into his warmly imagined picture of the latter years of Shakespeare, his illness, and death: and only observe, that the feeling which dictated the fancied facts is of the true spirit, whilst we pass to a selection of some of the very interesting and strangely mixed memoranda upon general subjects from Mr. Ward's *Diary*:

"Dr. Conyers dissected a person not long since, that died for love, in London: and they found (at least as they fancied) the impression of a face made upon his heart."

"Dr. Turner being to be examined by the Colledg for his admission thereunto, the young Dr. that examined him askt him how many chapters there was in such a book of Galen? He made answer, he read Galen before he was divided into chapters."

"Almanack makers doe bring their almanacks to Roger le Estrange, and hee licenses them. Sir Edward Walker told mee he askt him, and hee confest that most of them did foretel the fire of London last year, but hee caused itt to bee put out." [The fire?]

"In the reigne of Queen Marie, one Walter Rippon made a coach for the Earl of Rutland, which was the first that ever was made in England."

Origin of the word *quid* as applied to tobacco:

"A bark of a tree, which apothecaries call *nescio quid*, itt was first brought over to bee used by dyers: but not answering expectation in their facultie, itt was made use of to scent tobacco; itt gives a fine fragrant scent."

Beware of blue lips — perhaps of Blues altogether:—

"I have heard this to be a certain truth, that women that have blew lips are allways scolds. Mr. Dod heard this att London."

"I have heard that the phraze Scott free came first thus; the Scots in King James his time, if they committed crimes still escaped, even when Englishmen were hangd."

"My Lord Paget seeing a little bitt of mutton on a great platter of fat and gravie, put off his doublet; itt being askt what hee intended to doe, hee told them hee intended to swimme for that bit of mutton."

"I heard of one neer Oxford who borrowed 50*l.* of his father-in-law, so itt was to be concluded when itt was to bee paid, and they being a little knavish concluded the 30th of next February, hee being an ignorant fellow, assented, the lawyer drew the writings accordingly, but the fellow cannot get his money to this day, hee lives at Marston, neer Oxford."

"The sleepy eye that speaks the melting soul:—"

"I have heard of a gentlewoman in Oxford, who hearing that one was accounted a beautie who had a heavie, sleepeie look with her, when shee went to the play, sate uppe the night before, that shee might look sleepeily too."

"One said merrily, hee wisht hee had a sinecure, for his parts lay much that way; itt was one Washburne of Oriell."

New music:—

"I have heard of person Philpot, that hee would have a consort of hogges, and whenne hee would have them sing hee kept them hungry, and set their trebles and bases in their several ranks and orders."

"Some say when man lost free-will woman found itt, and hath kept itt ever since."

"Our English proverb which expresses women's lying-in, by being in the straw, argues that feather beds are not auncient."

"King Henry's wives comprised in this tetrastich:—

Three Kates, two Nans, and one dear Jane I wedded,
One Spanish, one Dutch, and four English wives;
From two I was divorced, two I behadded,
One died in childbed, and one me survives."

"James Sande, of Horburie, in Staffordshire, outlived five leases, of twenty-one years a-piece, after he was married; he died aged 140, his wife, 120."

Royal Society:—

"I have heard this guest att, as the ground of founding the Royal Societie; the king well knew that Harrington, who wrote "*Oceana*," and such strange fellows as hee, had their discourses and meetings, and there tatted about a Commonwealth; whereuppon hee instituted another, whereof his royal self vouchsafed to bee one in opposition to itt, not thinking fitt to putt down the other by open contradiction."

"A Parliament is a perfect syllogism, the Lords and Commons are the two propositions, and the King is the conclusion."

"Lawyers' gowns hurt the commonwealth as much as soldiers' helmets."

"One Rainsford, a courtier, petitioned Queen Elizabeth, that Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John might be released out of prison, meaning translated into English, for the Scripture had been kept in an unknown tongue."

"Rowland Lacy, when hee heard his father was tapt, says hee, 'Is my father tapt? Then hee will not last long, for nothing in our house lasts long after itt is tapt.'"

"A good match might bee made betwixt a blind woman and a deaf man."

"King Edward the First forbad sea-coal to bee burnt in London, in regard of the great smoke which itt made."

"150,000 houses in London before the fire. About 15,000 or 16,000 dy yearly in London when no plague, which is thrice more than in Amsterdam. The excise in London comes to about 12,000 pound a-yeer, about a fourth part of the excise of England. London stands on 466 acres of ground. Lost in books 150,000 *li.* att the fire of London. London Bridg is 800

foot long, 60 foot high, and 30 broad; itt hath a drawbridg in the middle, and 20 foot between each arch."

"A certaine woman that eat much before her husband, and hee complained of her to her mother, shee told him itt was her fault, for shee had not wormd her; wherefore shee advied him to let her have her home to worrne her; and shee advied her to eat little before her husband, but to pay itt in private: and so shee did, which very much pleased him, insomuch that hee forgave tenne pound of her portion which was left behind, for worming her."

"I have heard that the protector should promise Dr. Lambert Olbeston, that no man should take away his living; so hee divided itt amongst two."

"In 266, under Gallienus, Pope Dyonysius ordained churches, and churchyards, and parishes; but Cuthbert, the archbishop of Canturburie, about the year 752, obtained that the bodies of the dead should bee buried in churchyards within cities, whereas aunciently they were buried without."

Nothing new under the sun: here is the modern *pedometer*:—

"An instrument calld a waywiser, by the motion whereof a man may see how many steps he takes in a day: I have seen one worth thirty shillings."

"Old Sampson, the chymist, told mee that hee made the aqua fortis with which Sir Walter Rawleigh did precipitate gold to enrich an oar, which hee presented to King James, proffering to bring the same from beyond sea, but could not perform his promise."

"Mr. Hartman had a piece of unicorn's horn, which one Mr. Godeaki gave him; hee had itt att some foraine prince's court. I had the piece in my hand. Hee desired Dr. Willis to make use of itt in curing his ague; but the Dr. refused, because hee had never seen itt used. Mr. Hartman told mee the forementioned gentleman had as much of itt as would make a cup, and hee intended to make one of itt. It approved ittself as a true one, as hee said, by this; iff one drew a circle with itt about a spider, shee would not move out of itt."

All Souls, Oxford:—

"Archbishop Chichly, having persuaded King Henry the 5th to a warre with Ffrance, built a colledg in Oxon, to pray for the soules of those who were killed in the warres of Ffrance. Hee calld itt Allsoules, as intended to pray for all, but more especially for those killd in the warre of Ffrance."

"Wee have utterly lost what was the thing which preserved beer so long, before hops were found out in England."

"Three spoonfuls of the juice of stinging nettles in posset drink, with three mornings intermission, is a certain cure for the stone."

A plaster:—

"Watson, parson of Sutton Colefield, in Staffordshire, hath an extraordinarie way of curing dropsies by the help of pills and a dyet drink. Hee hath likewise a kind of ointment, made, as is supposed, of tarre and the basting of a shoulder of mutton, and of soot, they tell me, or some such thing, and this cures anie sore presently."

"If a physician comes in unto a patient, let him take care that hee comes not near the fire, which draws the infection."

Phrenology:—

"If a man have a round forehead, hee is subject to follie and lightnes. If a man have a sharp chin that stands forward and a little forehead, hee is brutish and stupid, like a hogge, whose image hee bears."

* "Probably Shakespeare's daughter Judith, who lived to be seventy-seven years of age."

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London to visit my native home,—to place my feet upon the very hearthstone by which I had sat when a boy. Mine was no affected feeling, no imaginary delight, but a mad, wild eagerness, to look upon the old woods and green hills which had been familiar to me from childhood, and to which my mind had so often sailed on the dreamy wings of pleasure, asleep or awake, just as fancy wandered. The old house was still the same, and every thing it contained seemed to stand in the very position that they occupied twenty years ago; there was no change, saving that they appeared to look older, somehow more venerable; but the alteration was more in myself than the objects I looked upon. I gazed upon the old clock, and fancied that the ancient monitor had undergone a great change since my boyish days; it seemed to have lost that sharp clear clicking with which it had greeted mine ears when a child, and when it told the hour, it spoke in a more solemn tone than that of former years. I looked upon the brass figures which ornamented the old clock-face, until fancy began to trace a resemblance between myself and them; in former days they looked bright and gladsome, they seemed not to bend under the huge load they supported; but now they have a careworn look about them, and what they seemed to bear once with a playful grace, now hangs upon them like a burden; their brows, too, seemed heavy, as if they had passed away long years in painful thought. The gilt balls, which decorate the tall case, were tarnished; the golden worlds into which my fancy had so often conjured them, were gone; the light that played around them in other days was dimmed; the sunshine rested upon them no longer. I heard the clock-chains slipping at intervals, as if they could not keep pace with time; they seemed weary with long watching; they could no longer keep a firm foothold down the steep hill which they had traversed so many years. I looked on those ancient fingers, now black with age, and which were bright when they pointed out my hours of pleasure. They no longer told the time when my play-fellows would call upon me to wander into the green fields,—they warned me that it was nearly the hour for the delivery of letters, and I became anxious to hear from those whom I had left nearly two hundred miles behind me;—another home and other cares came before me. I called Memory a coward for thus reverting to the past. I summoned him before me, and he stood up in my own likeness,—a boy who had seen but twelve summers. I looked upon him, and saw that he was unworthy of the notice of Care; that Sorrow disdained to buckle her load upon his back; but gave him his own thoughts for playthings to amuse himself with, until he could learn the great game of life. I saw why the tempest passed over him harmlessly, for, like a lowly plant, he had no bulk to oppose to its might, and had only, after long years, become a mark for the storm, with bole and branches strong enough to wrestle against its power. ‘The finger of heaven,’ exclaimed I, ‘guideth all things aright.’ My eye fell upon the old mirror into which I had looked twenty years ago, on which I had gazed when a child, and marvelled how another fire and another room could stand within the compass of so small a frame. It gave me neither flattery nor welcome, but gravely threw me back, seated by the same hearth which I had so often scrawled over with the mis-shapen figures of men and monsters, when a boy. We confronted each other with a familiar boldness, as if proud that we had stood the wear-and-tear of

time so well. We looked seriously, but not unkindly, upon each other. The image in the mirror seemed as if it would have accosted me, and had much to utter, but its lips became compressed, as if it scorned to murmur. It gave back another form for a moment,—a lovely maiden stood arranging her ringlets before it,—but that was only fancy, for I remembered she had long been dead. The very crack which I had made along the old looking-glass, when a boy, with my ball, seemed like a landmark dividing the past from the present. I could have moralized for hours on that old mirror. On the wall hung the large slate on which I ventured to write my first couplet: what I then wrote was easily obliterated; my ragged jacket-cuff was the willing critic that passed lightly over my transgressions, and shone all the brighter after the deed. I knew not that such men as authors lived; every book was taken up without a suspicion of its lacking truth, and, strange as they might seem, I felt proud in the wisdom I gathered from their pages. I could point out to my playmates the green rings which the fairies had made on the grass, tell them the very colours which the elves wore, or shew them a valley which resembled that wherein Sinbad gathered his diamonds. Ignorance was then bliss indeed!”

Need we pause to indicate the many beautiful images conjured up here—the flights of fancy and the frame of philosophical reflectiveness in which they are set? And the playfulness mixed with sadder thoughts; the originality of the ideas, and yet the absolute commonness of the matters brought forward for its exercise? We go on:—

“Then there was that old tea-board, with the stately lady in a garden on the centre, herself overtopping every tree. But that tray was only used on rare occasions, real ‘whitecake-days,’ when some cousin or aunt came to tea; and the mended china was handed carefully from the corner-cupboard, and the blue glass sugar-basin, which I hoped some day to see broken, that I might have the bits to spy through. The old white table was still in the same place; and its long drawer seemed at last to have found rest—tops, marbles, and fishing-tackle, which it was opened a score of times a-day to rummage for, were all gone; there is no danger now of running fish-hooks into their fingers when they open it. ‘Robinson Crusoe’ and ‘Robin Hood’s Garland’ are gone. That old drawer was a true index to my mind in those days;—they who looked therein might discover the true taste of its occupier; old and worm-eaten as it may now seem, it has contained the greatest literary treasures—the works of Shakspeare and Milton. How little it took to make me happy in those days! A dry crust from the large bread-crock, which yet stands under the old table; Shakspeare, or a volume of Scott’s immortal novels; a day of sunshine, and that a holiday, and I had but to traverse a single street, enter Foxby Lane, and bury myself in the woods, to reach my own heaven. No pride—no object—no ambition—poverty was never felt, and therefore unknown; so long as the bread-crock furnished forth its crust all was pleasure, for the clear brook in the wood was never dry. Ariel passed not a happier life than mine under ‘the blossomed bough.’”

The vivid emotions produced by these scenes tend to as touching a picture of autobiography as we have ever seen.

“And have I (exclaims the poet) forgotten those days? No! I traversed the scenes with as much pleasure last summer as ever I felt in my boyhood. And oh! pardon me, if for a

moment I felt proud at the thought, that the emotions which I had gathered in those lovely solitudes had been waited to a thousand hearths. I carried the sweet sights and sounds of the woodland with me into the huge city, and many a time, while bending over my lonely hearth, they have come upon me like music from heaven, and I have ‘blessed them unaware.’ From the low humming of unseen insects in the air, to the heavy murmuring of the bee, as it flew singing from flower to flower, or was lost amid the drowsy brawling of the brook, had my heart become a treasurer of their melodies. There I first heard the solemn tapping of the woodpecker, measuring the intervals of silence; and saw the blue-winged jay, as she went screaming through the deep umbrage, startled by the harsh sounding of the woodman’s strokes. Sometimes the grey rabbit stole noiselessly as a spirit past me through the long grass, or the ruddy squirrel caught my eye as he bounded from branch to branch. There the melancholy ring-dove struck up her mournful note, and was answered by the cuckoo, as she stood singing on the tall ash that caught the sunshine by the side of the forest. Then up flew the lark, carrying his ‘tirra lirra’ heavenward, until he was lost amid the silver of the floating clouds, and the wide azure of the sky rained down melody. Sometimes a bell came sounding solemnly over the distant river (glimpses of which might be seen here and there through the trees), until the deep echo was broken by the dreamy cawing of the rook, or the lowing of some heifer that had lost itself in the wood. Anon the shrill ‘chithering of the grasshopper’ fell upon the ear, or the tinkling of sheep-bells, mingled with the bleating of lambs from the neighbouring valleys; or up sprung the pheasant with a loud ‘whurr,’ the sunshine gilding his gaudy plumage as he divided the transparent green of the underwood in his hasty flight. Sometimes the rain fell pattering from leaf to leaf with a pleasing sound, or the wind arose from its slumber, muffling its roar at first, as if to awaken the silence of the forest, and bid the gnarled oaks to gird up their huge limbs for the battle. Nor was it from the deep woodlands alone that all these sweet sounds floated; hill and valley, and outstretched plain, sent forth their melodies until the very air became filled with dulcet sounds, made up of all strange harmonies. The plough-boy’s whistle and the milk-maid’s song mingled with the voices of children in the green lanes, or the shouts of labourers in the fields, as they called to each other. Then came the rumbling of huge wains, and the jingling of harness, mixed with the measured tramp of some horseman as he descended the hill. The bird-boy swung his noisy rattle amid the rustling corn, or the mower ceased his loud ‘rasp, rasp,’ and leant upon his scythe to wipe his brow, or listen to the report of some gun that sent its rolling echoes through the valley. Sometimes the baying of a dog, or the clap of a far-off gate, was mingled with the sound of the hunter’s horn, or the crowing of cocks, as they answered each other from the distant granges. The shrill plover wheeled above the wild marshes with its loud screams, while the bitter boomed in hollow concert from the rank sedge. When the village was neared, the humming of human voices came louder upon the ear, or the sounding of the thresher’s flail was broken at intervals by the tinkling of the blacksmith, until all was lost amid the gabble and deafening clamour of some neighbouring farm-yard. Many of these old familiar sounds fell pleasantly on mine ear when I revisited home; some of them coming upon me like departed voices, which, although

not forgotten, make the hearer start when he finds them so near at hand. They reminded me of scenes gone by—of companions who are now dead—of happy hours that can never return—they came full of foolish regrets, and

‘Silly truths
That daily with the innocence of love
Like the olden age.’

Then up rose a thousand mute objects in the landscape, which had haunted me when far away, by unconsciously shaping themselves into the imagery of thought, and diffusing their colourings over my pages. They had imprinted their forms upon the mind years ago, and ever stood present to view when Fancy turned her eye homeward. And many a time, amid the storm and darkness of winter, and in the silent watches of the night, had those scenes presented themselves, lighted by as sweet a sunshine as slumbered there when I looked upon them. The old mill still stood with its huge sails resting upon the sky boldly and darkly, as when I watched the moon rising between them, and fancied her some monster with outstretched wings, newly alighted from the clouds. The distant hills upheaved their green heads, bright and beautiful, as they had done twenty years ago, when I wondered what new world outstretched beyond them. The deep water rolled as rapidly under the dark arches of the old bridge as when I launched my paper boats upon the eddies, and stepped across to see them float through in the sunshine, and, when any of them was wrecked, sat down to draw sad comparisons between their fate and the voyage of life.”

What clusters of rustic imagery, what pictures of sylvan scenery, what animation in every part, what poetry in the whole! How strong and heartfelt the love of home, and how well is it instanced in the following exposition!

“I have at times tried to imagine the feelings of a man who is about to emigrate, fully convinced that he never again will look upon his native land—to my mind it brings thoughts allied to death. I could fancy that I was going away to die—going to live somewhere until Death came—in some huge prison, with a gaol-like sky above it, and an area that might stretch hundreds of miles with a wide sea around it, on the margin of which I should wander alone, sighing away my soul in wishes to regain my native land. Everything would be strange to me, the landscape would call up no recollections; I should not have even a tree to call my friend, nor a flower which I could say was my own. Ah! after all, it is something to look upon the churchyard where those that we loved are at rest, to gaze upon their graves, and think over what we have gone through with them, and what we would now undergo to recall them from the dead. Reader, pardon these childish thoughts—they forced themselves into my mind, and I have recorded them; they seem to awaken my memory anew and strip me of a score of years: they have a foolish hold of my affections. But surely it is a worthy passion to cherish; there seems something holy about the past; it is freed from all selfishness; we love it for its own sake; we sigh for it, because it can never again be recalled; even as a fond mother broods over the memory of some darling child that is dead, as if she had but then discovered how much her heart loved it.”

We shall only add, that the entire paper is full of similar description and sentiments: but we trust we have quoted enough to make out our case, and more! At any rate, we have quoted so much that we have left ourselves no room for the other sketches, &c., and can, there-

fore, only hastily enumerate and note them. At page 46, there is an anachronism in regard to a quotation from Sir W. Scott. “Railway Travelling,” is very clever and amusing. “Country Courtship,” “The Old Coachman,” and “The Old Fisherman,” perfect pictures of country manners, and executed with truth and feeling. “Tumbling Tommy,” the Young Outlaw, and “Jack Grab,” are very singular stories. “Mary Gray,” “Bonny Bell,” “The Gamekeeper’s Hut,” and others, very pathetic. “The Country Fair,” “The Country Justice,” &c. &c., picturesque and full of incident. And a retrospect on William Browne’s poetry, of the Elizabethan time, and another on England’s Helicon, proofs of a fine judgment in matters connected with rural poetry. We shall conclude with a few lines from the former:—

“Our object in the present chapter is to bring before our readers a few beautiful passages from the works of a sterling old English poet, whose writings are too little known; one who, in his day, was a favourite of Rare Ben Jonson, and had complimentary poems addressed to him by Michael Drayton, Selden, Brooke Herbert, Withers, and many other celebrated writers of that period. Beautiful, however, as his poems are, and excelling, in our humble opinion, nearly all that come under the denomination of pastoral poetry in the English language, you look in vain for his name in the *Essays* of Pope, Warton, and Johnson, in which they profess to treat upon this subject. They make no mention of either William Browne or his ‘*Britannia’s Pastorals*,’ and sorry are we to add, that among all the miscellaneous collections of poetry, but few extracts (and those of an inferior description) from his works are to be found. Many of the compilers of English poetry have never once alluded to him, and those who have, almost lead us to conclude that they never read a tithe of his works.

“Poetry ought to be judged by the emotions it awakens more than the mere sounding of words, and the artificial turning of its sentences; for, after all, it consists in the thought and not the expression; you cannot feel the words: the image it calls up and the feeling it stirs belong to a higher power than mere language. Instance the thousands of lines which are published and read every year, and contain not an atom of true poetry. The same power is to be found in descriptive or rural poetry; for, although in this case the passions are but seldom appealed to, yet must the author produce a series of pictures, or so shape his thought, that it shall call up some object which has before been seen, and bring it as forcibly to the mind of the reader as if it stood before him. This power, as we will prove, our author possesses to an extent which has rarely been excelled.”

We can select but two of the given examples:—

“*Early Morning.*
—‘Tis not too late,
For the turtle and her mate
Are sitting yet in rest;
And the throstle hath not been
Gathering worms yet on the green,
But attends her nest.
Not a bird hath taught her young,
Nor her morning’s lesson sung
In the shady grove;
But the nightingale P’r’ dark
Singing, woke the mounting lark;
She records her love.
The sun hath not with his beams
Gilded yet our crystal streams,
Rising from the sea;
Mists do crown the mountain tops,
And each pretty myrtle drops
‘Tis but newly day.”

“*Night.*
Now great Hyperion left his golden throne,
That on the dancing waves in glory shone;
For whose declining on the western shore
The oriental hills black mantles wore,
And thence apace the gentle twilight fled,
That had from hideous caverns ushered
All-drowsy Night; who in a car of jet
By steeds of iron-gray is drawn through the sky:
The helps of darkness waited orderly.
The pitchy curtains fell ’twixt earth and heaven,
And as night’s chariot through the air was driven,
Clamour grew dumb, unheard was shepherd’s song,
And silence girt the woods: no warbling tongue
Talked to the echo; satyrs broke their dance,
And all the upper world lay in a trance.
Only the curled streams soft chidings kept
And little gales, that from the green leaf swept
Dry Summer’s dust, in fearful whisperings stirr’d,
As loath to waken any singing bird.”

Correspondence between the Right Hon. the Speaker of the House of Commons and Sir F. W. Trench, M.P. on the Lighting of the House. Pp. 32. London, Olivier.

THIS may at first sight appear to be a light subject, and many people may be disposed to make light of it; but if we reflect that much of the comfort and health of the members of the House of Commons, sitting night after night throughout lengthened debates, depend upon it, we shall feel more inclined to give respectful consideration to Sir F. Trench’s statements and efforts. If the eyes are to have it, a glaring light may be preferred; and if the nose, an infected atmosphere. But it seems to be quite unparliamentary that both should carry it on the same question—the eyes on the oil-oxygen flames, and the nose on the oil-oxygen odours. Sir F. Trench complains that his wax lustre lights, with shades of a softening green tint, have not been fairly tried; and he appeals to the Speaker not to waste money on an uncalled-for experiment with Bude’s patent illumination, and, at any rate, to afford his plan the justice of a fair comparison. This seems very reasonable; and at all events we must pay the tribute of our hearty approbation to any man who devotes his time and talent to the best mode of enlightening the House of Commons.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

APRIL 22. Mr. Hamilton, President, in the chair. Read extracts from—1. A letter from Lieut. Saumarez Brock, R.N. addressed to Captain Beaufort, R.N. Hydrographer. “I have at length,” says Mr. Brock, “the pleasure of forwarding the chart of the Gulf of Kos, on the southwestern coast of Anatolia, with the surveys of the various harbours contained in it, together with some sketches of the land, from the points most useful to distinguish the approaches to them. The gulf occupies an extent of nearly sixty miles, from east to west, and is very deep; no bottom in the middle of it, with three hundred fathoms of line, and even in the vicinity of the shore seldom less than from fifty to seventy fathoms. No chart extant gives an idea of its shape or extent, and the isthmus has been hitherto laid down apparently by guess. In the summer months the upper part of the gulf is unhealthy, and is abandoned by the inhabitants, in order to escape the malaria; this, combined with the absence of fresh water on the coast, rendered our survey a task of some difficulty. I have completed a plan of the town and harbour of Budrin, on the scale of nine inches to a mile: I have traced the ancient wall, and fancy I have discovered the site of the mausoleum which has been so often sought for unsuccessfully; and have got sketches of the bas-reliefs in the walls of the castle, and have little doubt but that they

were brought from that celebrated monument. The shores of the gulf are almost uninhabited, but the numerous remains of both modern and ancient edifices, prove that in former times it must have been densely peopled. The description of the isthmus given by Herodotus is true to this day; it is about half a mile broad, and a natural ravine which extends from the gulf of Symi might, with a little exertion, and by digging through a hill of moderate height, convert the Triopium promontory into an island. The structure of the isthmus appears to be volcanic; it is composed of small vitrified rocks, resembling lava, and would doubtless much annoy workmen in excavating through it; although moderns who might undertake the task would find no great difficulty in connecting the two gulfs of Kos and Symi by a canal. I send a drawing of a gate standing amongst the ruins of ancient Keramus, interesting both from its antiquity, its solidity, its complete state of preservation, and the elaborate manner in which it is ornamented. The city has been of moderate size, but contains the remains of temples and porticoes, which seem to have been overthrown by an earthquake, leaving, however, enough to shew the wealth and good taste of its former inhabitants. After much search I found some imperfect inscriptions. The doorway and gate at Keramus approaches, in form, to the Egyptian style of architecture, which frequently occurs in this place; but no others are thus ornamented. The number of sarcophagi found along the shores of the gulf is considerable, more especially at Keramus, where a double line seems to have formed the principal entrance to the city: they are very massive, but have all been opened. Some fluted columns, with Corinthian capitals, and well-executed amphoræ and grape-vines, lead me to believe that a temple to Bacchus once existed there. The columns are in excellent preservation, but prostrate and overgrown with trees and shrubs. The city has passed through many hands, and several styles of architecture may be seen; the walls, which are plainly traced, and in some places perfect, are principally Cyclopean, repaired at different periods with Hellenic masonry, and guarded by square towers at unequal intervals: they are carried up to the foot of a range of hills joining the south end of the city. On a small hill, at the extreme end of the range, there has been a square fort, surrounded by a triple wall, which has probably been the citadel. At Giova, at the head of the gulf, I found some tombs cut in the rock; of which I also enclose a drawing and ground-plan." Mr. Brock's letter was illustrated by two large and beautiful charts of the island and gulf of Kos, on the scale of $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch to a mile, shewing the sites of the ancient towns, the height of all the mountains, &c., together with various plans of ruins, and several coloured drawings of headlands.

[The rest deferred.]

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, April 18th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—O. Gordon, Student of Christ Church; J. C. Prichard, R. W. Church, Fellows of Oriel College; Rev. T. B. Morrell, Balliol College; Rev. J. Ballard, Trinity College; W. F. Donkin, Fellow of University College.

Bachelor of Arts.—D. W. Griffith, Jesus College.

CAMBRIDGE, April 17th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—W. Conway, J. I. Smith, A. Smith, W. L. Coxhead, Trinity College; W. H. Bateson, St. John's College; J. Toner, Caius College; A. Paton, Queen's College; J. Cottle, Catherine Hall; P. H. Freer, Fellow of Downing College.

Bachelors of Arts.—E. Pizey, W. Mills, Queen's College; T. W. Marshall, S. Smith, Trinity College; G. H. Capron, A. J. Hammer, St. John's College; R. Wosnam, Caius College; C. E. George, P. C. M. Hoskin, Jesus College; G. J. Sayce, Christ's College; E. Husband, Sidney Sussex College; T. M. Sherwood, Downing College.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

THE Marquess of Northampton in the chair.—A paper referring to the magnetic experiments carried on by Professor Airy and others, by order of the Board of Admiralty, on iron-built ships, was in part read. These interesting and important experiments were made at Deptford, on board the iron steam-boat Rainbow, which was placed at the disposal of Professor Airy and his coadjutors by the Steam Navigation Company, to the proprietors in which it belongs. The paper briefly notices the first discovery of disturbing forces a few years ago: at that time they were not fully understood; the Admiralty, however, did not lose sight of them. An iron-built ship acts like a permanent magnet, hence the great interest which attaches to the experiments in question. Until the reading of the paper shall have been concluded, we must defer analysis.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

At the anniversary meeting on Thursday, the Earl of Ripon, President, in the chair; his Grace the Duke of Rutland, Lord Bexley, and other Vice-Presidents present; the Minutes of the last yearly meeting and the Report of the Council for the present year were read. The President also addressed the members; and the space we have this week allotted to the Archaeological Assembly on Monday compels us to postpone any report of these proceedings. A ballot took place for the officers of the Society, when it appeared that—

The Earl of Ripon was re-elected President. The Dukes of Rutland, Newcastle, and Sutherland; Lord Bexley; Sir Gore Ouseley; H. Hallam, W. M. Leake, and L. Hayes Pett, Esqrs.; and the Rev. Dr. Spry, were re-elected, and the Earl of Clare elected, Vice-Presidents. On the Council, the re-elections were—the Earl of Munster, Dr. John Bostock, the Rev. Richard Cattermole (Secretary), the Rev. Henry Cissold, N. W. Ridley Colborne, Esq., W. R. Hamilton, Esq. (Foreign Secretary), H. Holland, Esq., W. Jordan, Esq., the Rev. G. Tomlinson, and William Tooke, Esq. (Treasurer); and the new elections in the room of members retiring agreeably to the charter—the Earl of Durham, the Bishop of Winchester, Lord Carrington, Sir J. Dorant (Librarian), Hudson Gurney, Esq., and J. Morice, Esq. Newell Conop and D. Pollock, Esqrs. were elected Auditors; and the other officers as noticed above.

Thanks were voted to the chairman, and to Mr. Jacob for his great services as treasurer during eight years; and the meeting separated much gratified with the proceedings of the day.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

ON St. George's Day, the Society held their anniversary meeting, for the election of president, officers, and council. Mr. Hudson Gurney, V.P., in the chair.—Sir Henry Ellis announced the names of twenty-nine members who had died, and two withdrawn, within the last year, and of thirty-four new members, and three honorary, elected in the same time. At the close of the ballot, the Earl of Aberdeen was declared re-elected president; Mr. Amyot, treasurer; Mr. Gage Rokewood, director; and Mr. Carlisle and Sir Henry Ellis, secretaries; and Mr. Blom, Lord Braybrooke, Mr. Bruce, the Bishop of Durham, the Rev. J. Forshall, Mr. Hawkins, Mr. Martin, the Marquess of Northampton, Mr. Phillips, and the Rev. W. Howell, the new members elected on the Council. After the meeting, the Society dined at the Freemasons' Tavern, Mr. Hudson Gurney in the chair.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—Zoological (Anniversary), 1 P.M.
Tuesday.—Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.
Wednesday.—Horticultural (Anniversary), 1 P.M.; Society of Arts, 7½ P.M.; Royal Institution (Anniversary), 3 P.M.; Literary Fund, 3 P.M.
Thursday.—Royal Society, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; Zoological, 3 P.M.
Friday.—Royal Institution, 8½ P.M.; Botanical, 8 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

WATER-COLOUR EXHIBITION.

THE private view takes place to-day. Yesterday the Queen was expected, but, owing to the Court-fatigues of the two preceding days, sent an excuse. In the absence of royalty, we were favoured with our usual glance, and are happy to say that it enables us to promise the public their usual enjoyment at this justly popular exhibition. Cattermole has "Wanderers Entertained," his most highly finished production. Taylor is very good. Cox at his very best; and Evans in the same fortunate category. To Neesfield we may apply the like observation. Copley Fielding excellent as ever; and Dewint as beautiful and natural. Hunt, redolent of character and colour; and many others, whom we cannot now particularise, contributing their full complement of talent to complete a charming gallery. We miss Lewis, who has, we believe, been abroad; but all the rest reminds us of former and most successful years.

NEW SOCIETY IN WATER-COLOURS.

[Continued.]

241. *Mackerel Fishing; Fishermen laying their Nets off the Gulfstream Light; Sunset*. E. Duncan.—Though by no means confined to subjects of this class, still we consider them very prominent features in Mr. Duncan's practice; and on no occasion have we seen a more splendid display of his talent than in the present instance. The effect of sunlight on the glittering waves, and reflected upon the busy craft scattered over their surface, is perfectly magical.

246. *Roméo and Juliet*. L. Hicks.—Full of the soft and tender sentiment belonging to the subject. We think, however, there is too much of glare in the colouring—it subtracts something from the expression; but the composition, as a print, would be divested of this drawback, and would tell to great advantage.

246. *The Chieftain's Daughter*. W. H. Kearney.—The siege and the foray too frequently bring home such sights to the eyes of wife or daughter. The fields of glory abound in harvests like this. Not the least touching passage in the pictorial tragedy is that of the young heir-apparent, who has taken possession of the chieftain's sword, and is looking mournfully on the fatal catastrophe.

178. *Sunday Evening*. James Fahey.—There are few more pleasant scenes for contemplation than what this picture presents; but "Rural Life in England" must be far removed from large manufacturing towns and beer-shops ere it can be met with. As it is, let us be thankful for what remains, and hope such subjects will not become mere works of fiction.

304. — H. Newton.—Like most first impressions, the characters of Gnrth and Wamba, in the opening scene of "Ivanhoe," have always occupied a conspicuous place in our memory of that popular and interesting novel; and we are pleased to see them so powerfully and individually brought into view by the skill of the artist.

272. *Notre Dame, Calais*. G. Sims.—Though, like scenes in Venice, such views find a frequent place in our exhibitions, the interest

taken in the splendid specimens of pictorial architecture, their grandeur, and the variety of the surrounding objects, must ever attract our attention, and justly excite admiration in examples like this.

274. *Bridal Procession in Cairo, Egypt.* H. Warren.—The fidelity in character and costume which distinguishes the works of this artist, gives great interest to the representation of a custom which must appear so novel and curious to the eye of an untravelling European.

162. *Vessels Making for Port; and 17, West Indiamen Laying-to for a Pilot, off Beechy Head.* Thomas S. Robins.—Examples in a department of art much in request and practice, by a new member of this society, who does great credit to their choice, and promises future advantage to their exhibitions.

122. *Clock Tower at St. Alban's.* G. Howse.—We select this; but it is only as one of the numerous and admirable proofs of the versatility and excellence of this able artist's talents.

138. *Fraughting; or, Gathering Sea-weed on the Coast of Jersey.* E. H. Wehnert.—Clear and beautiful in effect and colour.

231. *Our Villages: "Nature in Simplicity."* A. Penley.—While we express our gratification in beholding such a scene, it is still rather in the hope than in the belief that such exhibitions of nature and simplicity really exist.

170. *Ruins of the Royal Exchange, after the late Fire, painted on the Spot.* Geo. S. Shepherd.—Strange to say, but hardly a public calamity by flood or fire, but a pictorial record of it is presented by the painter. Of such sad memorials, we have never seen a more faithful or a more picturesque representation than the present.

182. *The Tour de Beurre, Rouen Cathedral.* A. K. Penson.—Our exhibitions abound in these picturesque objects. The one under our notice is rich in form and colours, powerful in contrast, and effective in every essential quality of art. 97. is a ruin under the effect of moonlight, by the same artist, and is (as appears by the quotation) called *The Chateau of Robert the Devil*; a beautiful variety from Mr. Penson's pencil.

168. *Braemar Castle: Highlanders returning from a Tryste.* G. B. Campion.—The scenic grandeur of this view is much aided and set off by the figures in the foreground, the character of their costume, and the mellow tone in which they are made to contrast with the cool distance to which they are opposed. 131. *Windsor Castle*, by the same artist, is a gem in its way, and, as an effect of light and colour, pure and natural.

130. *King Henry the Fifth entering London with his Prisoners, &c., after the Victory of Agincourt, A.D. 1416.* W. H. Kearney.—A quotation gives the details of the subject, which the author has illustrated with considerable skill, and filled an ample space with characters and costumes of the olden time. Perhaps to the hero of all this pomp and display, a little more of dignity might have been advantageously given—even under the garb of humility. Pictorial or poetical license would have allowed it. [To be continued.]

THE DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE OF THE TUDOR AGE.

SEVERAL specimens are lying before us of the plates, in a folio volume, which Mr. M'Lean is preparing for immediate publication, to be entitled "Mansions of England in the Olden Time," by Joseph Nash. "The revival of the old English styles of domestic architecture," says Mr. M'Lean, "is gratifying evidence of

the improvement of the public taste, shewing itself in a natural partiality for a mode of building peculiarly national, both in origin and its adaptation to our habits and climate. The few remaining mansions of the Tudor and Elizabethan periods, and the still fewer buildings of an earlier period that admit of being termed mansions, have become objects of popular interest, besides being attractive subjects for the pencil, from their picturesque beauty. To preserve the characteristic features of the several structures, and to exhibit them as they appeared when their ancient possessors dwelt in them, furnished in the quaint fashion of their day, and peopled with groups of figures, displaying the costumes, habits of life, customs, and amusements of our ancestors;—in a word, to depict the homes of merry England in the olden time, is the object of this work." Nothing can exceed the lightness, elegance, and picturesque beauty of the specimens we have alluded to. They afford an additional proof of the value of lithography, in its present improved state, in enabling an artist of taste and talents, like Mr. Nash, to communicate his original feeling to prints, which might otherwise, perhaps, be vulgarised by an inferior hand. When this promising publication comes regularly under our notice, we shall describe the various subjects of which it is composed.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SPRING.

She is coming! she is coming! with her laughter-loving eye!
Before her car of sunshine, how the storms of winter fly!
On the brow of some bleak mountain, there may linger snow-drifts still, [in the fill.
But the lake hath burst its ice-chains, and there's music How gladly the palm-willow greets the elder's early leaf—
While Nature's life with glances, why should man give way to grief?
She is coming in her beauty! wreaths of sweetest flowers bring! [But Spring?
She is coming!—who is coming? why, who should it be Brighter skies may welcome Summer, as we wander through the glade; [shade:
More leafy and more grateful then may be the forest But there's something in the freshness of a bright and glad spring morn, [horor.
That even summer hath not; no, nor autumn's fruitful We remember, on the mountain, how we faced the sleety flower.
And we doubly feel the value of the sunshine and the She is coming in her glory! all that's bright around her cling! [Spring!
She is coming!—who is coming? Summer's herald, sunny Oh! many love the Autumn, with its reaper's shout and song, [belong:
But the corn and the primrose not to Autumn's hour Proud of her mimic honours, no young queen of "merry May"
O'er loved and loyal subjects awaits the sceptre of a day. Sweet and fair may be the flowers our autumnal walks that greet, [so sweet.
But they are not as the spring-tide's half so fair nor half She is coming, in her gladness! hark! a thousand voices sing, [Spring?
She is coming!—who is coming? who but laughter-loving April 9, 1836. H. BRANDERTH.

BIOGRAPHY.

ROBERT MILLHOUSE.

ON Saturday last, about midnight, this eccentric son of genius departed this life, after a lingering and painful illness of nearly eighteen months. Born of poor parents on the 17th of October, 1788, he was put to work when only six years old; and at the age of ten he was employed in a stocking-loom. The only education he received was at a Sunday-school, and that consisted of merely reading, the first rudiments in writing, and a very little knowledge of arithmetic. But his mind was not to be fettered by the want of scholastic lore: the vast volume of nature was opened to him, and in the ample stores which constantly presented themselves, he was taught to

"Look through nature up to nature's God."

Nor did he neglect the written records of beauty, in language and ideas which Shakspeare, Milton, Pope, Gray, Collins, Goldsmith, and many others, have shed over English literature. He became an ardent reader—reverenced the sublime, but fondly loved the passages which portrayed the works of the Creator in their simplest attire. At the age of twenty-two he quitted the stocking-frame, and enlisted in the Nottinghamshire militia. It was whilst serving with the regiment at Plymouth that he made his first essay in poetry, by "Stanzas addressed to a Swallow." Several other pieces of considerable merit followed, which were published in a Nottingham newspaper. At the peace, in 1814, the regiment was disbanded, and he returned to labour in his frame, where, during the hours of, and amidst the noise and toil of his business, he composed several longer poems, the first of which was, "Vicissitude," containing some admirable passages. This was followed by a small volume of sonnets, entitled "Blossoms." Next followed the "Song of the Patriot," which was succeeded by "Sherwood Forest," a beautiful production, attached to locality, and describing those delightful haunts that he so earnestly loved. In 1832, he gave up the labour of the loom, and applied himself to composition; but soon afterwards his wife died, leaving him a widower with five children, but, through the kind assistance of Mr. Thomas Wakefield, and of her friends, he was enabled to provide for his family. Nor was that excellent institution, the Literary Fund, wanting in rendering its generous assistance. Since that time he has published his last poem, in two parts, "The Destinies of Man,"—a work that will ensure him celebrity as a poet of no mean grade, as the following lines, closing the fourth canto, will testify. It is an invocation to worship the Deity.

"Oh, Spring! adorned with flowers, refreshed with dews!

Thou Summer! beaming with a bridegroom's smile; Thou Autumn! while the full ripe fruits diffuse Redundant stores in many a swelling pile: And thou, stern Winter! though thy frowns defile The landscape, pouring tempests, floods, and snows, Be mingled all your voices, to compile A song of praise to Him, from whom arose The bounty and the charms your changeful round bestows!

Praise Him, while here, oh, man! the very grave Shall send up gratulations to His name; He, whom His potent mercy sent to save, Will touch the dead with His immortal flame! Then, when no more oppressed by earthly shame, With soul of fire, of ecstasy, and love; When flesh no longer shall the spirit tame,— The vital particle will upwards move, And praise Him evermore with seraphim above!"

About eighteen months since, Millhouse was attacked with severe illness, but he partially recovered so as to get out of doors for a short time during the early part of last summer. On the day of the queen's coronation, however, he took fresh cold, and never quitted the house afterwards. During his long affliction he was kindly and gratuitously attended by Dr. Howitt; and though paragraphs have appeared in the papers, stating him to be in a state of destitution and want, yet they were fabricated by well-meaning but mistaken friends, who were unacquainted with the private bounty that unremittently supplied his necessities. He lived in a very comfortable house, decently furnished; and though naturally anxious, yet he never suffered privation or want. He was for some time assistant at the Nottingham Savings' Bank, and, through his illness, a considerable portion of his pay was continued to him. From early childhood, Millhouse was of an unbending disposition and irritable temper.

He considered himself entitled to the sympathy and support of the public, nor would he perform the slightest office that he considered menial or degrading to a man of talent. He was steady and sober, and rigidly honest. He has left two very young children by his second wife, making seven in all. The widow is left in indigent circumstances, but it is hoped that the hand of benevolence will be extended towards her.

MUSIC.

Mrs. Henry Mason's Musical Soirée.—A *début*, of no inconsiderable importance to the musical world, was made at Willis's Rooms on Tuesday last, in the person of Mrs. Henry Mason, whose compositions and performances on the harp and pianoforte have been hitherto confined to private society. The programme on the occasion contained some songs of this lady's composition, as well as a duet and a glee, all of which evinced not only a thorough knowledge of the art, but a pathos and accurate adaptation to the words, such as we have rarely met with. "Ye burning Stars," a very brilliant composition, was exquisitely sung by Miss Bruce, and as exquisitely accompanied on the harp by the composer, Mrs. Henry Mason. Miss Dolby evinced such purity of expression, as well as of voice, in the manner of her giving the song "Narcissa" (also by Mrs. Mason), that she may be said to have gained an additional laurel. There appeared to exist a pleasing rivalry between that young lady and Miss Cawthorn, for it must be observed that the latter also sung Mrs. Mason's song, "The Forget Me Not," in a manner which excited a deep interest. Handel Gear, and Ghibllei, contributed their valuable aid with much effect. We must not omit to observe that a duet of Mrs. Mason's, "This World is our Own," the words by Lieut. Johns, struck us as a very happy composition, and exhibited the voices of Miss Cawthorn and Miss Dolby to great advantage. The instrumental attractions of the evening were a sonata by Beethoven, for the pianoforte and violin, executed by Mrs. Mason and Mr. Dando, in a manner that highly gratified the *cognoscenti* present; as did also Mrs. Mason's extemporaneous performances on the pianoforte. Her playing is perfectly poetical, and rivets the attention. We heard some passages on the harp also, which convinced us that she is a brilliant performer on that instrument; but at times there was a feebleness of tone, for which we regretted to learn a cause before we quitted the room, viz. that this accomplished lady had just left a sick bed after a long illness, and that she was then suffering considerably. She ought not, perhaps, to have risked a first appearance under such circumstances; but, having done so, we heartily wish her a return of health, and success in a profession to which her talents well adapt her. We should remark, that the room was thronged with fashionable company, who seemed highly pleased with the evening's entertainment.

Bermondsey Amateur Concerts.—The East v. the West shews that the love of harmony is not limited to the fashionable end of the town, but cultivated and enjoyed among the mercantile and trading classes. At Hubbard's Hotel, in a part of Southwark, undergoing great improvements, the sixth of these concerts was given on Wednesday the 17th. Miss Birch sang delightfully, and with Ghibllei in the vocal department, Mr. Dando as leader, and the two Harpers, with a corps of amateur performers on various instruments, made out a concert of

a very agreeable kind. The room was filled with company.

THE DRAMA.

Her Majesty's Theatre.—On Saturday, Persiani appeared again in *Lucia di Lammermoor*. She has improved greatly since last season; or, feeling more certain of her power, she gives herself more entirely up to her part, and acts, as well as sings, in a style which entitles her to be considered at the head of her profession. In expressing extreme emotion, either in joy or sorrow, she is at present unequalled. The new ballet, *Une Nuit de Bal*, is short and showy, and the dancing therein certainly not of the first order. The quartet *cachucha* is very pretty.

Covent Garden.—On Saturday, after the *Tempest*, for the benefit of its charming *Ariel*, was produced a new piece, called *Agnes Bernauer*, which was capitally played, and went off successfully. It is from the pen of Mr. Searle.

Haymarket.—Whoever want to laugh till their sides ache, should see Power in his new portrait of the *Irish Lion*: it is irresistible, and a perfect piece of acting. Mr. Blake has appeared in the *Three Singles*, without talent enough for one.

The Queen's Theatre, Tottenham Street. is again announced to be opened, on Monday, under the management of Mr. George Wild; on which occasion, the *Evil Eye*, a new farce, a *burletta*, and a variety of other entertainments, are promised.

Diorama.—On Thursday we were favoured with a private view of the Dioramas now opened in the Regent's Park. Santa Croce, with its beautiful lights and shades, is yet worthy of its former admiration. The other is the Coronation of our Queen, at the moment the Archbishop of Canterbury is placing the crown on her head. The Abbey itself is finely painted, but the actors on this great scene are not so natural nor so like (in many instances) as could be wished. The *ensemble* is the chief merit of the picture; and those who did not see the ceremony may obtain a fair idea of it here.

VARIETIES.

The Camden Society.—We take this opportunity merely to mention the appearance of the fourth volume, within its first year, of this excellent Society; being the "Plumpton Correspondence," letters chiefly domestic of the times of Edward IV. Richard III. Henry VII. and Henry VIII. It is a quarto of three hundred and twelve pages. But our reason for directing especial attention to it at this moment is again to impress upon our readers the advice, for which we are sure they will greatly thank us, that they should get enrolled in the Camden Society, even before the general meeting on Thursday next, when the second year's subscription commences. The four volumes published are so far above the value of an annual, 11., that we are convinced it will be felt to be a literary loss and mortification not to possess them; and we would not have the opportunity for securing them lost. Instead of a thousand, there should be five thousand members of the Camden.

German Literature.—On Thursday, Mr. Hirsch began a course of lectures on German literature at Exeter Hall; and the first gives promise of much interest to the students of that language.

Natural History: Lunacy in Fleas.—A descendant and namesake of the great philosophical author of the inductive system, recently puzzled a modern man of science by asking him if he had read Dr. Von Shlenmycher's Treatise on the Cause of Lunacy in Fleas? "No," replied the hoaxee; but it is a very interesting subject, and it must be curious to trace the disease among the lower insect tribes. But (added he, after a solemn pause), how has it been ascertained that Fleas are liable to insanity?" "Oh, very easily," rejoined B—, "since so many of them die cracked!"

Box.—Among the curiosities of literature we may notice a course of lectures illustrative of the writings of this popular author, now delivering at a Literary Institution in the City, by Mr. B. Seare.

A Merman.—"Galligani's Messenger" states that a singular fish, resembling a male ape in the upper form, and a fish in its lower extremities, has been caught near Havre. It is described as quite sufficient to account for the mermaid fables of all ages.

Paul Periwinkle; or, the Press-gang, No. I. (O. Hodgson. Pp. 36), comes recommended by two clever illustrations by Phiz (Mr. Brown). The text involves us in a tale of murder; and paints characters in the broad, Smollett manner; of which, of course, as all is yet in the dark, we can say nothing, but that the distress on one hand, and the sea-caricatures on the other, form a prominent contrast.

No. I. of the Life and Adventures of Valentine Vox (Tyas) sets out with a merry account of the tricks and effects of ventriloquism. It seems laughable enough; and the illustrations by Onwhyn are broad and farcical.

Paganini.—Report says that Paganini is dying. The last notes of the swan vibrate on our ear.

Curiosities of Literature, No. III.—The following advertisement appeared in "the Times" of Wednesday:—"Curious and Valuable Relic. To be disposed of, a *Lock of the Poet Milton's Hair*. Satisfactory proof of its genuineness will be furnished to the purchaser, &c. No. IV. In "Boyle's Court Guide," the famed firm of Coutts, the bankers, is entered thus: "Coutts, and Co., Esqs., 59 Strand."

Earthquake in the Highlands.—On the 20th ult. the shock of an earthquake was pretty generally felt over the county of Inverness. Many families were greatly alarmed; but, fortunately, though it continued about a minute, no lives were lost or property injured.

The following clerical squib is handing about:—"Deanery of Exeter." Wanted a Canon, to superintend the above old-established concern. Some knowledge of Cathedral business is found to be indispensable to fill the situation. Salary good, and work easy. A premium will be expected. Inquire at the house over against the Establishment. N. B. No time to be lost.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

The late Mrs. Hemans.—The collected works of this distinguished writer cannot fail to prove a most acceptable boon to the literary world, many of her earlier writings having been long entirely out of print, and others so little known, that they must come before the world in almost all their original freshness. Without disparagement to any of the bright female names which have adorned, or still continue to adorn, British literature, it may be affirmed that, in the walk of poetry, Felicia Hemans has hardly been excelled, and approached by only a very few. Nor is her reputation likely to suffer from the lapse of time; as her writings are founded on imagination, taste, and beauty, the great elements of poetic fame; and are indebted for their celebrity neither

to the buoyancy of current topics nor to exaggeration in the expression of the feelings. The edition recently announced in monthly volumes comes out under the superintendence of her family; and several compositions of length, which have, as yet, never seen the light, are promised. We shall be anxious, also, to see the memoir from the pen of her sister, with the correspondence attached to it, to throw additional light on the expansion of the author's mind, on the variety of her intellectual pursuits, and on her opinion of men and books.

In the Press.

A volume of Original Sermons, by Clergymen of the Church of England.—The Lord Bishop of Ripon, the Rev. Dr. Hook, &c., &c. The object of the volume is to raise a fund for the restoration of Christ's and St. George's Churches, Leeds, from the damage they sustained by the recent hurricane.

British History, chronologically arranged, from the invasion of the Romans to the accession of Queen Victoria, by the author of the "Cabinet Lawyer."

Gift of Fluency in French Conversation, and a set of Exercises for the Learner of the French Language, and the last step to French, by M. Lepage, author of "L'Echo de Paris."

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

An enlarged Edition of Murray's abridged English Grammar, by the Rev. Dr. Giles, 18mo. 1s. 6d. bound.—The Cottager's Bee Book; containing Remarks on "The conservative Bee Keeper," by R. Smith, 12mo. 1s. 6d.—The Nautical Steam Engine Explained, by R. S. Robinson, R.N., post 8vo. 7s.—Dr. S. S. Allison's Inquiry into the Propagation of Contagious Poisons, post 8vo. 5s.—Raid's Elements of Chemistry, 3rd edition, 8vo. 18s.—Elements of Zoology, by W. Bland, fcap. 3s.—Influence of the Affections upon Character, by E. Chapman, 18mo. 1s.—Perils and Adventures on the Deep, fcap. 3s. 6d.—Rev. C. B. Pearson's Plain Sermons, 12mo. 5s.—Rural Sketches, by T. Miller, with 23 Illustrations, post 8vo. 12s.—Life and Times of Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, Vol. 1. 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Saltmarsh's Free Grace, new edit. 12mo. 3s.—Thirty Years in India, by Major H. Bevan, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.—Institutions Pies; Meditations and Devotions, edited by the Rev. W. H. Hale, 24mo. 7s.—The late Rev. J. Young's Sermons, 3d series, 8vo. 10s.—Historical Memorials relating to the Independents and Congregationalists, by B. Hanbury, Vol. I. 8vo. 14s.—The Gospel Preached to Babes, square, 1s. 6d.—Man in his Intellectual Faculties and Adaptations, by R. Mudie, fcap. 3s.—Hand-Book of the Toilette, 18mo. 2s.—Peele's Dramatic Works, Vol. III. edited by Dyce, post 8vo. 10s. 6d.—A Practical Treatise on Accounts, by J. P. Cory, 8vo. 7s. 6d.—Diary of the Rev. J. W. G. Aldrich, Vicar of Stamford-on-Avon, 1648 to 1679, by C. Severn, M.D., 8vo. 12s.—The Highland Inn, 2 vols. post 8vo. 2s.—The Husband Hunter, by D. J. Moriarty, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

. Our report of the proceedings at the Archeological meeting on Monday, brings down the business to the reading, by Dr. Lepsius, of his paper 'On Mr. Bankes's Obelisk, and Translation of the Inscriptions upon it and the Pedestal.' We had rendered this from the French for insertion; but, in order to be more correct, have been obliged to leave it over for revision till next week, when we shall continue our notice of these very interesting transactions. We ought to mention that the meeting was adjourned to Tuesday next, at one o'clock, when the Chevalier Bunsen will go on with his papers 'On the Excavations and Discoveries in Rome during the last year,' and 'On the Principles of Niebuhr, as applied to his Historical Researches.' We would also direct the public regard to the liberality of the Institution at Rome towards artists of all countries; and state, what we are assured of by many of our countrymen who have been resident at Rome, that nothing can exceed the hospitality they received from Chevalier Bunsen, nor the attentions paid to them, and facilities offered for becoming acquainted with all that was worth notice by both these gentlemen, now welcome visitors to England. We are glad to find, among other compliments paid to them, that they are to dine at the Literary Fund Anniversary on the 8th.

The Duke of Wellington, if we may guess from the Numbers of works just sent to us, has about as many lives as a cat. We must take time to look to all these tales.

To Advertisers.—We have to request Advertisers will do us the favour to send as early in the week as they can. We are sorry to omit so many sent at too late an hour this week; but we have repeatedly stated that we could not go beyond Thursday evening; and when we endeavour to do so, it is at so much extra expense, and with so much trouble, as to be extremely inconvenient, and altogether unprofitable.

. We have forwarded the letters from our correspondents at Liverpool, Norwich, &c., to Mr. Hunt; and may observe that that gentleman's address has been given in his advertisements in our present and preceding Nos. We have much pleasure in adding that very recent cases, which may be referred to, have more than confirmed our opinion of the extraordinary efficacy of Mr. Hunt's remedy for stammering.

"C" is informed that we cannot make use of his proffered contributions, which are left under cover for him, at our Office.

Several articles are postponed to give room for our first paper.

ADVERTISEMENTS, Connected with Literature and the Arts.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, FALL MALL.

The Gallery, for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of British Artists, is open daily, from Ten in the Morning until Five in the Evening.

Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 1s.
WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

THE THIRTY-FIFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS, at their Gallery, Fall Mall East, will open on Monday next, 29th instant. Open each Day from Nine till Dark.

Admittance 1s.—Catalogue, 6d.
R. HILLS, Secretary.

SONS OF THE CLERGY.—The Rehearsal of the Music to be performed at this Festival will take place on Tuesday, the 30th of April, in St. Paul's Cathedral; and the Anniversary on Thursday, the 3d of May, when a Sermon will be preached before H. R. the Duke of Cambridge, the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, the Bishops, the Lord Mayor, Sheriff, Aldermen, Clergy, and others.

By the Rev. Lord JOHN THYNNE, D.D.,
Prebendary of Westminster.
Divine Service will commence at Two o'clock, and the Doors of
the Cathedral will be opened on each day at One o'clock.

Singers.

H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge (seventh time).
The Duke of Wellington, K.G. Rev. Edward Hawkins, D.D.
(8d time) Rev. Thomas Heberden, B.D.
The Marquess Chomondley Rev. Benjamin Harrison, M.A.
The Earl Mann-Cornwallis Lesley Alexander, Esq.
The Earl of St. Germans Robert William Barnard, Esq.
The Lord Bishop of Chester Philip Hardwick, Esq. (3d time)
The Lord Bishop of Norwich John Austin, Esq.
The Lord Bishop of Hereford Mr. Ald. Copeland, M.P. (3d time)
The Lord Willoughby de Broke William Evans, Esq.
The Lord Sondes Philip Fidler, Esq. (3d time)
The R. H. the Lord Mayor (2d time) Henry Kemble, Esq. M.P.
The Hon. Mr. Baron Alderson John Labouchere, Esq.
(3d time) John Parry, Esq.
Sir Thomas Mayson Wilson, Samuel Poynder, Esq.
Baroness de Mervill, M.A. Frederick Robinson, Esq.
Rev. L. Vernon-Harcourt, M.A.

The Performance of Music will consist of
The Duetting to Deum Handel.
The Hallelujah Chorus Handel.
The Grand Coronation Anthem ("Zadok the Priest") Attwood.
Cantata Domino (Composed for this Charity) Attwood.
Anthem, "God is our hope and strength" Greens.
Conductor, Sir George Smart.
Organist, Mr. Jess.

Leader of the Band (which consists of the Members of the
Royal Society of Musicians), Mr. F. Cramer.
The Committee beg to state, that each person contributing
gold will be admitted either at the North or South Doors of the
Cathedral, to the Galleries and Closets; and for admission into
the Choir, at the North-west and South-west Doors, it is expected
that each person will contribute not less than Half-a-Crown.—
Carriages are to be set down at the South Door.

"The Collections at St. Paul's Cathedral and Merchant-Tailors'
Hall are appropriated by the Corporation of the Sons of the
Clergy in apprenticing the Children of Neoclassical Clergymen,
or otherwise placing them in situations of respectability.
After the conclusion of Divine Service on Thursday, the 3d of
May, the Annual Dinner will take place at Six o'clock precisely,
at Merchant-Tailors' Hall, Threadneedle Street, for which
Tickets may be had of the Treasurer; and of Messrs. Rivington,
St. Paul's Churchyard, and Waterloo Place; and at the London
Tavern, Bishopsgate Street.

Benevolence to this Charity will be thankfully received, and
any information communicated, by the Treasurer, Oliver Har-
greave, Esq., 3 Bloomsbury Place.

. Tickets are not required for admission into the Cathedral
on either of the days.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

The Examinations for the Degree of Bachelor of Medi-
cine will commence on Monday, the 1st of July next, and the
Examination for the Degree of Doctor of Medicine on Monday,
the 5th of August.

The Senate is prepared to receive applications from such Me-
dical Institutions and Schools as are desirous of being authorised
to grant Certificates to Students who wish to Graduate in the
University.

The Regulations of the Senate relating to the Examinations
for Degrees in Medicine may be procured from Messrs. Taylor,
Printers and Publishers to the University, Red Lion Court, Fleet
Street. Further information may be obtained by application to
the Registrar, at the Apartments of the University.

By order of the Senate,
R. W. ROTHMAN, Registrar.
Somerset House, 18th April, 1832.

ROYAL INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS. Incorporated 7 William IV. Patron- ess, the Queen. 16 Grosvenor Street, London.

The Medal of the Institute will be awarded, next year, to the
Author of the best Essay on the subject of the

1. On the different principles of Design which distinguish
the Architecture of Athens, Asia Minor, and Magna Græcia,
previously to the dominion of the Romans.

2. On the principle of Framing, which directed the Gothic
Architects in the construction of the Roofs of great span, to
cover large Halls, such as Westminster, Croydon, Eatham,
Hampton Court, and those of the Colleges of Oxford and Cam-
bridge, accompanied by Diagrams.

3. The Soane Medalion will be awarded for the best Restora-
tion of a Master House, prior to the sixteenth century, and not
hitherto published,—with the Courts, Stables, Offices,
Stabling, Gardens, and other dependencies: to be drawn from
actual measurement.

The Competition is not confined to Members of the Institute.
The Essays and Drawings are to be delivered at the Rooms of the
Institute, on or before the 31st of December, 1832, by 12 o'clock
at noon.

Further particulars may be had on application to the
Secretaries, by letter, post paid.

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for opinions on this subject. Prospectuses containing testimonials
of cures, during ten years, may be procured gratuitously at the
above address.

MR. CARLYLE'S LECTURES on the REVOLUTIONS OF MODERN EUROPE.—Two lectures on the Reformation, two on the English Revolution, two on the French Revolution, will commence on Wednesday, the 1st of May, at Three o'clock precisely, at the Lecture Room, 17 Edward Street, Portman Square, and be continued on the successing Saturdays and Wednesdays.

Subscriptions to the Course, One Guinea.
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MUSIC.

MORI'S GRAND CONCERT on the STAGE OF THE OPERA HOUSE, on Friday Evening, May 10, at Eight o'clock.—Meadores G. Gris, Ferriani, and Albertazzi (Madlle. Paulina Garcia will be offered an engage- ment); Madlle. Ernesta Gris, Madlle. De Riviere, Madame Stancanese; Signor Rubini, Ivanhoff, Tamburini, Labache, F. Labache, Tati, and Brizi (Signor Mario, the celebrated Pianist, will be offered an engagement); Miss Birch, Miss Pany, Wyndham, and Mr. Phillips. Solos on the Violin by Mr. David, the German violin-player; on the Piano-forte, by M. Döhler; on the Harp, by M. Labarre; and on the Flute, by Mr. Richardson. A Grand Concertante Duett for Two Violins, Mr. David and Mr. Mori (first and only time this Season). The Orchestra, which will be erected on the Stage, will be on the grand scale of former years, and comprise 100 Performers.

Leader, Mr. Mori; Conductor, Mr. Costa.
Programme, Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets, to be had of Mori and
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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Illustrations of Science by Professors of King's College, London: Mechanics. By the Rev. Moseley, M.A. F.R.S. &c. &c. 18mo. 436. London, 1839. Longman and Co. This work is the first of a series, entitled *Illustrations of Science*, by Professors of King's College, London, to be published at intervals of months, and continued until the circle of physical sciences and the sciences of observation is embraced in it. The author has based to himself the development of that class of experimental facts and theoretical principles on which the whole superstructure of mechanical art may be considered to rest, as an introduction, under an available form, to the great business of practical education. To effect this object, and to reconcile, as far as may be possible, the strictly scientific with the popular and elementary character of the undertaking, a new method has been sought, the nature of which is sufficiently indicated by the title—'Illustrations of Mechanics.' The work consists, in fact, of a series of illustrations of the science of mechanics, arranged in order in which the parts of that science are connected with each other, and connected by such explanations only, as may serve to carry the mind from one principle to another, and enable it to embrace and combine the whole—a plan which leaves to the author the selection of such parts only of his science as are capable of illustration, and as come within the scope of practical instruction; and which enable him to exclude from his work all abstract reasoning and mathematical deduction." This is Professor Moseley's succinct description of the plan to which this volume is the first, and of the volume itself, in which he has so satisfactorily heralded the undertaking. Giving as much as possible of the sciences reduced to the level of the capacity of schools is the object; and, consequently, not to omit all the exactness of the analytical reasoning on which many of their deductions are thereby repelling fifty for every one who could be attracted by such a course of elementary education. Discarding the pretensions to a complete treatment of the various subjects in hand, abstract demonstration and mathematical deduction, there is yet enough to impart a knowledge of God's works about us, and usefully and practically mix with the business of life, whatever it may be. For the title of "Illustrations" is well chosen, and properly designates the character of the work; which, in our opinion, is admirably adapted to the general capacity of youth, and foretells precisely what such a production is to be. We cannot do better than append some examples of this, from which the nature of the whole may be appreciated:—*Art and Nature.*—"The illustrations of the mechanical properties of matter and the laws of force are drawn promiscuously, and almost indistinguishably, from art and nature. It is not by detached examples taken from these distinct sources thus intermingling, but simply because they suggest themselves as readily from the one source as the other—from nature as abundantly as from art. An important truth is

shadowed forth in this fact. There is a relation between art and nature—a relation amounting to more than a resemblance; a relation by which the eye of the practical man may be guided to that God who works with him in every operation of his skill, and mechanical art elevated from a position which is sometimes unjustly assigned to it among the elements of knowledge. It cannot be misplaced in this commencement of a work, which has for its object to develop the great principles of natural science, and which bears upon its title the arms and the motto of an institution formed to unite instruction in the precepts of religious knowledge with the elements of human learning, to point out this relation. The following illustration will serve the purpose, and will assimilate with the general method of the work:—"I take up a work of art, I examine it, I see on it stamped the evidence of the power and skill, the judgment and knowledge, of the maker: there is the evidence of design in it, there is proof of the economy of labour—its material is suited for its use, and as little of it as possible is used, and its form is controlled by a perception, however imperfect, of the beauty and regularity of form. These are things, the evidence of which I perceive in the thing itself. It matters not that I saw it not made,—that I know not the maker,—that he has never instructed me in the secret of his art: for centuries he may have been dead, and may have left no record of the manner of his working. This matters not, I see plainly the design with which he wrought. The thoughts of his mind rise up before mine as though I were present to them—stamped upon it are the traces of intelligence, power, and skill, which have operated in its formation—invisible things—no hand any longer works in it—no skill has any longer its visible exercise in it—no name is inscribed upon it—no legend records for me the fact that there wisdom, knowledge, and power were exercised—yet is the existence of these things, and their exercise in that work of art, among the most certain elements of my knowledge: my reason claims for me the admission of these among the most certain of the things that I may know, deduced by no new or unaccustomed operation of my mind, but by processes of thought which I am daily in the habit of verifying. Now let me take up a work of nature, and place it beside that thing of art. Evidence such as that which I have found in the artificial thing is to be sought only in the thing itself, and essentially belongs to it. I may seek it then in this work of nature, as in that of art, and it may, or it may not, be found here, as it was found there. By every mark and sign that I judged of that work of art I judge of this of nature—every rule which I applied to the one I apply to the other; and the conclusion which I draw from the one, with a certainty that never, as I know by experience, fails me, I draw with equal certainty from the other. Is there in the work of art the evidence of means to an end? I behold the very same evidence in the work of nature. Is there an adaptation of the material in the one case?—there is the like in the other. Is the artificial thing collected and arranged as

to all its elements for a specific object, to which each element is made subordinate?—so is the natural thing. Is the contrivance of the one complicated, involving many subsidiary contrivances, all having their direction towards an ultimate result?—so is that of the other. Does the work of art manifest an economy of material and of labour in its construction?—there is the like economy apparent in the work of nature. Subject to the adaptation of the form of the artificial thing to its use, and to the economy of its material, and the labour bestowed upon it, is the disposition of its parts governed by a certain perception of beauty and of grace—who shall describe the beauty of nature? The only difference is, indeed, this, that in the work of nature all these qualities exist in their infinite perfection—in the work of art, in their infinite imperfection. The evidence is perfectly alike in kind, although it is the evidence of things infinitely remote in degree. With whatever certainty, then, I reason of the finite wisdom and power of the artificer from that work of his art, with the same certainty do I reason of the infinite wisdom and power of the eternal God from the works of his hand; and on this evidence I declare with St. Paul, that 'the invisible things of him from the beginning of the world are manifest, being plainly seen by the things which are made, even his eternal power and Godhead.' (Rom. i. 20.) Every work of human art or skill is a thing done by a creature of God; a creature made in his own image, and operating upon matter governed by the same laws, which He, in the beginning, infixed in it, and to which he subjected the first operations of his own hands—a creature in whom is implanted reason, of a like nature with that excellent wisdom by which the heavens were stretched forth—living power as that of a worm, and as a vapour that passeth away, but an emanation of Omnipotence—a perception of beauty and adaptation akin to that whence flowed the magnificence of the universe—and to control these, a volition, whose freedom has its remote analogy and its source in that of the first self-existent and independent cause. It is from this relation between the Author of nature and the being in whom the works of art have their origin that arise those relations, infinitely remote, but distinct, between the things themselves, of which the evidence is every where around us."

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the intervention of a cylindrical hardened steel bar, acting like a solid piston through a hollow cylinder, which served it as a guide. In all these experiments he found the cylinders with the rounded ends to break with a pressure which was scarcely one-third that of the cylinders with the flat ends. When one end of the cylinder was rounded, and the other flat, the breaking pressure was about two-thirds that which broke the cylinder when both ends were flat; so that, in the three cases, the strengths of columns, equal in every other respect, were as the numbers 1, 2, 3."

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"*The Qualities of Wood as a Material of Construction.*—Such is the form which, guided by experiment and such other resources of science as we possess, we find ourselves led to give to the substance, iron, which, forming part of the solid materials of the earth, and ministering there to some wholly different use, we dig up and apply to our purposes of construction. Now let us turn to the architecture of trees, and examine Nature's material, and let us consider whether, guided by the light which our efforts to economise this artificial material of construction may have given us, we may not discover, in the material which has been elaborated wherewith to build up those stately structures, some feeble traces of that mighty and all-perfect wisdom of which ours, feeble as it is, is yet an emanation. And let the principle first of all be stated, as one observable throughout all nature, that creative power, infinite in its development, is infinitely economised in its operation. Were wood but as durable as iron and stone, it would supersede their use as a material of construction. If other evidence were wanting, the unparalleled boldness of the structures erected with wood would, for itself, speak to the fact. What have we to compare with the structures erected in wood? There is no arch of iron or stone, for example, that approaches to the span of the wooden arches which have been erected by Weibeking in Germany, or to that arch at Philadelphia, which, with one vast span of 350 feet, crosses the Schuylkill. The superiority of wood to iron or stone, as a material of construction, results from the extraordinary lightness which it unites with its strength. Thus deal has only one-fifteenth the weight of cast-iron, although it has considerably more than one-half the tenacity, and sixteen bars of it would weigh only the same as one bar of the same dimensions of wrought-iron, although they would have together more than the strength of three. Now it is evident that a building erected with a material, however

strong, which was in the same proportion heavy, might, and probably would, be a weak building. Such a structure, notwithstanding the great strength of its material, might load itself with its own mass to the utmost that it would bear, so that the slightest additional pressure would cause it to yield, as it is the last ounce which breaks the camel's back. Many, and memorable, are the instances of this weakness in artificial structures. The case of the Brunswick theatre, whose iron roof fell in by the pressure of its own weight, and that of Mr. Maude's factory in London, and of the Conservatory at Brighton, are in every body's recollection. Bat wood falls short of other materials in durability. The food of living vegetation is extracted from decayed vegetation; decay was thus, for the great purposes of nature, made its inseparable concomitant. This decay—which was a necessary property then of timber, as a material of nature's architecture—unfitted it for that of man; who, reserved for immortality, and struggling, even here, in an unceasing combat with the fleeting and transitory character of all that surrounds him, would construct for himself an abode whose durability may laugh to scorn the shortness of his tenure, and dig its material from among those mineral substances out of which the mass of the earth itself is builded up, and whose duration is coeval with it."

[To be continued.]

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present day, which leads editors of posthumous works to sacrifice the reputation of their deceased friends to the debased appetite of the public for private gossip and scandal;—a few unfinished fragments of poetry, that will rest quietly in the vault of the Capulets;—the sketch of a rejected tragedy, which the author believed to be too classical to please the sophisticated taste of a modern audience;—a plan for a history of medicine, which the editor laments his friend did not live to execute;—and the diary, of which this volume is a fragment."

The description of the dressing apparatus of an antiquated beau is a fair sample of the amusing:—

"The table at which the old beau was seated was of rosewood, inlaid with lacquered brass-work in the most classical taste. The looking-glass, which stood upon it, was in a massive, antiquated, carved frame, partly silvered, partly gilt, and apparently an old family relic, as the glass was panelled Dutch-plate: on each side of it lay a small oval, handled glass, intended to aid the examination of every part of the head; and, before it, a handsome crimson velvet pincushion, in which were two brilliant pins, attached by a small gold chain, four rings, and a splendid topaz brooch, which the baronet had worn that evening at Lady Fancourt's. The dressing-box, of chased silver, was open, and displayed the soap-glass and other appendages, with gilt, chased covers, embedded in the richest purple velvet. The table was, besides, spread with a profusion of scent-bottles, tooth-brushes, pots of cosmetics, bottles of washes, and pill-boxes. Behind the glass, raised upon stands, were two handsome wigs, of deep auburn, of Robinson's most natural make; one of which had, only a few minutes before, left the cranium of its possessor, and yielded place to a deep-green velvet cap, trimmed with gold lace. The washing-stand was a pure white marble slab, supported upon a richly carved frame of the same wood as the dressing-table; whilst the basins, soap-boxes, and covered jars of various kinds, were of the most valuable china; and the water-bottles and tumblers of the richest cut-glass. On the opposite side of the room stood a large swing looking-glass, adapted to exhibit the entire person; and, close to it, a boot and shoe stand, on which hung as many of these articles as might have sufficed for setting up a ready-made shoe shop. The slippers that now incased the feet of the baronet were dark-red satin, embroidered, and trimmed with fur, to correspond with the dressing-gown, which was of Indian shawl, lined with white satin, and furnished with a deep fur collar. The old beau, as I said, had just laid his glass-eye into clean water; and was in the act of examining, in the looking-glass, a new set of French teeth, which he had that evening worn for the first time; whilst Louie, his valet,—I believe, doctor, I should call him gentleman, should I not?—In my time, by Gad! the term valet was thought good enough for these fellows: but times are altered, and they are now called gentlemen. Well; Mr. Louis, who was the faithful chronicler of all the scandal of the neighbourhood, whilst folding up his master's clothes, was also busy in amusing him with some scandalous gossip. On opening the door to the tap of the groom, Louis received the epistle of Lady Fancourt, which he handed to his master. The poor old beau thought it unfortunate—most unfortunate, indeed,—that the note had not arrived sooner, as he might have been spared the trouble of being again made up: but he

consolated himself with the idea of his own importance, and the conviction that it arose from his having the reputation of sound judgment. A note was, therefore, quickly despatched, in reply to Lady Fancourt's; and, with the aid of Louis, the eye being replaced, and every thing made right to the satisfaction of the baronet on viewing himself in the swing-glass; and his shoulders being covered with a Spanish cloak, he was assisted by Louis into a hackney-coach; and, in a few minutes afterwards, was safely landed in Portland Place.

"He (the old beau) was left to brood over his disappointment, and to tranquillise himself, as he had done on a score of similar occasions, by letting loose his imagination, and drawing his consolation from the ideal future; the contemplation of which had ever been the counterpoise to all his actual griefs. 'By Gad! Doctor,' continued the veteran, 'the old beau was right; to do him justice, he was a philosopher; for what else can we term him who sinks the practical part of life in the visionary—who finds, that if the world has many evils, it contains also many comforts; and that, if joy be fleeting, misery is not immovable?'"

No bad specimen of the philosophical reflections with which the author seasons his work. His observations in a brief colloquy on phenology display equal acuteness; and, indeed, on many points connected with science, and particularly medical science, there is much intelligence and instruction evolved within very small compass.

The story of Minstrel Willy and his idiot follower, Tam, is one of fine natural pathos; but we find it impossible to make any extract which can illustrate either the affecting or the imaginative portions of these narratives; so we will conclude with bits of a rencontre with a Cockney citizen's family-party in the Highlands, and a single anecdote:—

"The other division of the party, which we had time to reconnoitre, consisted of a squat, or rather dumpy, round-faced, consequential little man, dressed in a green frock-coat, white trousers, and a hat with an unusual breadth of brim; a lady of a similar calibre, richly attired, but without the smallest attempt at elegance, who screened a broad, red, shrewish face from the sun with a white silk parasol; and a tall, slender, sharp-faced, sarcastic-looking female, evidently, from the plainness of her dress, some dependant or humble friend: a footman, in a handsome livery, with a gold-headed cane, which would have been in place in Grosvenor Square, followed at a respectful distance. As we approached the last group, my astonishment was excited in recognising, in this trio, the father and mother of my brother officer and worthy friend Wetherell, and his maiden aunt, Miss Mary Stapleton, his mother's sister. Miss Standard was remarking, in a whisper, on the stately strut of the little man and his companion, when he suddenly stopped, shook off his womenkind, and, advancing towards me, put out his hand, and exclaimed, 'Dr. Mc Alpin, or I am much mistaken?' and, without waiting for a reply, continued, 'how happy I am to see you; who would have thought of meeting you in this wild place?' 'I was about to make the same remark, Mr. Wetherell,' said I, shaking the little man by the hand, and bowing to the ladies, who now came up; 'I did not expect to meet you so far from the Exchange.' 'True, Doctor! true—a fool's errand—dragged here by my daughters to see an island and a cave—could have gone to the Isle of Wight for half the money—know nothing about the cave—I dare

say the Thames Tunnel is a better thing—but women will have their way. Did you not speak to the girls? Hoa! hoa! Kitty.' Kitty was beyond hearing; and Mrs. Wetherell pronounced nothing to be so vulgar as bawling after people. 'Well, well, my dear! suppose it will soon be vulgar to eat or sleep. Snubbed more than ever, Doctor! since we got to Russell Square.' Mrs. Wetherell tossed up her head; 'Dr. Mc Alpin,' said she, in the most pompous and measured strain, 'you must excuse Mr. Wetherell; nothing will ever alter his manners.' I assured her I saw nothing to excuse. 'That's right, Doctor! that's right!' replied the little man, 'manners! eh—humbug!'

"I attempted to change the conversation, and asked whether he had brought any news from the metropolis. 'Metropolis! why it is a month since we left town—foolish thing to travel with one's own horses—much better to come in the mail—but women will have their way. I haven't seen a paper since I left town—stay! there I am bouncing—I saw the paper in the Tontine at Glasgow—nice room that there news-room. I told my clerk to send me the price current there; and so I saw the room and read the papers.' 'And what do you think of the Highlands, madam?' said I, addressing Mrs. Wetherell. 'Think, Doctor! how can you ask such a question?' replied the little man before his wife could open her mouth; 'women never think at all—if they did, they would not spend so much money on dress and nonsense—beg pardon, ma'am!' addressing himself to Miss Standard, who continued hanging on the arm of her father during this dialogue. Mrs. Wetherell, however, was not to be put down. 'I beg,' said she, 'Mr. Wetherell, that you will speak on your own account. The Highlands!—why, sir, I think the inns very inconvenient—that there one at Callander is the dirtiest I ever was in—no service at all. My two daughters aver that, if they hadn't brought their own maids, they couldn't 'ave survived—and I can't tell what we should 'ave done without John.' 'And the charges are most tremendous,' said Miss Stapleton, curling up her sarcastic lip. 'Hold your tongue, Mary Stapleton,' said her sister: 'you are not to pay for the journey. Mr. Wetherell can very well afford the money; and the girls ought to see the world.' Miss Stapleton was mute. 'You ask us about the Highlands, Doctor!' again chimed in Mr. Wetherell; 'why, d'ye see, they are more than a hundred years behind us in improvements—great capabilities, but nobody to suggest. I would have had a papermill in this here valley: water the clearest I ever saw: casting his eye upon one of the limpid, little runnels, which crossed the road; 'plenty of it for either undershot or overshot wheels: eh! Doctor? eh?'"

And now for our anecdote—it is of the poor idiot Tam, who in 'reply to the schoolmaster, who foolishly enough asked him, one day, how long a man could live without brains, Tam, laying hold of the dominie's button, and gazing for a few moments in his face, replied, 'How long has ye lived, dominie?'"

P. F. Tytler's England, &c.

[Continued.]

We stated in our last, that some of the principal historical events illustrated in these volumes were connected with the fall of Seymour, which paved the way to the destruction of his haughty brother; and we proceed to offer a few extracts on the subject:—

"The examinations of the principal witnesses against the admiral are preserved at Hatfield, in the noble collection of manuscripts belonging to the Marquess of Salisbury. Many of these have been printed by Haynes; but others, perhaps still more curious, exist in the State Paper Office. They leave no doubt upon the mind, that he was engaged in a plot to gain possession of the king's person, supplant Somerset, and install himself in his place; and, as they throw new light on an obscure portion of our history, the reader may be pleased with some extracts."

These are indeed curious, as for instance:—

"The next paper, which contains a conversation between Russell, the lord privy seal, and the admiral, as they were riding to the parliament, is not only important in the light it reflects upon the plots of the admiral, but interesting from the dramatic form into which it is thrown. It is difficult for those who have seen the beautiful apostolic-looking head of Lord Russell, by Holbein, its mild eye and venerable expression, to believe it should belong to the swearing old lord, who, under the name of 'Father Russell,' figures in the following dialogue. It is entitled

"*Certain Communications between the Lord Privy Seal and the Lord Admiral.*

"Orig. St. P. Off. Domestic. 1548.

"'Riding one day together with my lord admiral, as we followed my lord protector towards the Parliament House, I said unto him, 'My lord admiral, there are certain rumours bruited of you which I am very sorry to hear.' My lord admiral demanded what the same should be. I shewed him I was informed he made means to marry either with my Lady Mary or else with my Lady Elizabeth. And touching that I said, 'My lord, if ye go about any such thing, ye seek the means to undo yourself and all those that shall come of you.' He asked me who informed me thereof, desiring earnestly to know the authors of that tale to me. I shewed him I heard it of divers of your near friends, and such as bear you as much good-will, and wish you as well to do, as I do myself. At that time he seemed to deny that there was any such thing attempted of his part, and that he never thought to make any enterprise therein. I answered, 'My lord, I am glad to hear you say so;' and, giving him exhortation not to attempt the matter, we finished our communication in that behalf for that present."

"*Certain Communications betwixt us at another time.*

"Orig. St. P. Off. Domestic. 1548.

"'Riding in like sort together, within two or three days following, from my lord protector's house unto the Parliament House, my lord admiral said unto me, 'Father Russell, you are very suspicious of me; I pray you tell me, who shewed you of the marriage that I should attempt, whereof ye brake with me this other day?' I answered, he should not know the authors of the tale, but that I understood it by such as bare him right good-will; and said, 'therewithall, my lord, I shall earnestly advise you to make no suit for marriage that way.' He replied, saying, 'It is convenient for them to marry, and better it were that they were married within the realm than in any foreign place and without the realm. And why might not I, or another, made by the king their father, marry one of them?' I answered, 'My lord, if either you, or any other within this realm, shall match himself in marriage either with my Lady Mary or with my Lady Elizabeth, undoubtedly, whatsoever he be, shall

procure unto himself the occasion of his utter undoing; and you especially, above all others, being of so near alliance to the king's majesty.' And he being desirous to know the cause, I alleged this reason:—'You know, my lord, that although the king's majesty's father was a prince of much wisdom and knowledge, yet was he very suspicious and much given to suspect. His grandfather also, King Henry the Seventh, was a very noble and a wise prince, yet was he also very suspicious. Wherefore it may be possible, yea, and it is not unlikely but that the king's majesty, following therein the nature of his father and grandfather, may be also suspicious. Which, if it shall so prove, this may follow, that in case you, being of alliance to his highness, shall also marry with one of the heirs of the crown by succession, his highness may, perhaps, take occasion thereof to have you hereafter in great suspect, and, as often as he shall see you, to think that you gape and wish for his death; which thought, if it be once rooted in his head, much displeasure may ensue unto you thereupon.' I added also, 'And I pray you, my lord, what shall you have with any of them?' He answered, 'that who married one of them should have three thousand a-year.' I answered, 'My lord, it is not so; for ye may be well assured that he shall have no more than only ten thousand pounds in money, plate, and goods, and no land. And therewithal,' I asked him, 'what that should be to maintain his charges and estate, matching himself there?' He answered, 'They must have the three thousand pounds a-year also.' I answered, 'By God! but they may not.' He answered, 'By God! none of you all dare say nay to it.' I answered, 'By God! for my part, I will say nay to it; for it is clean against the king's will.' * * * Riding together another time, in like sort together, toward the Parliament House, my lord admiral said unto me, 'What will you say, my lord privy seal, if I go above you shortly?' I answered, 'I would be very glad of his preferment; and, concerning going above me, I did not care, so that he took nothing from me.' Which my lord admiral's saying, and my answer, I declared to my lord chancellor immediately the same morning.

'J. RUSSELL.'"
The following needs no remark beyond Mr. Tytler's:—

"Its domestic tone, and the light it throws on the mode of *posting* in England in 1548, render the following letter interesting. Of the facetious writer himself, or the errand upon which he was sent by Cecil, I can discover no traces; still less of his old friend, Mr. Trigg.

"Thomas Fisher to Cecil.

"Orig. St. P. Off. Domestic. 27th July, 1548. Stamford.

"Sir,—After all hearty commendations; albeit I have been but ill-favouredly handled hitherto of post-horses, and specially on the post at Royston, who played a very lubberly part with me (tho' too long to write, but understand it, I prithee, to be very lewd), I therefore promised him, and that not without some melancholy terms, that I would signify part of his forwardness, and trusted, as I said to him, that he should hear somewhat thereof from the Master of the Posts; wherefore I beseech you require Mr. Mason that in some [of] his next despatches it will please him to take occasion of a quarrel of this said post on my behalf. And unless that he, and such others as he is, he sometimes remembered by the master, in faith, neither I, nor any other that shall pass in post, can be able to make such speed as might be required of them in

cases. Well, sir, I am at the last here arrived, about two of the clock this afternoon, with much ado, I assure you, because of store of rain fallen this last night in these parts (as the devil would), which hath so [endangered] the way—I mean, made it so slippery—that a better gelding than any of these post-horses might scant be able to hold his feet. Well, I swat for fear; and, as we rode by the way, both my back and sides, with also my man and the guide, did full well mark the chafes, and now and then with head and shoulders. And at our being within four miles of this town, we were so intrapt with a short shower of rain and great hail, of no less than three hours' length, that my lord privy seal's hedge at Thornhaws, not able to hold out, we made a hole to [squeeze our way thro'] from thence hither, as our garments and skins can witness; for here I am enforced to shift me, and my servant likewise, who is so pitifully arrayed with rain and plain dirt (saving your reverence), that, as I [hope] to be saved, I fear I shall leave him behind me, either here or at Grangemouth. As for thunder, hail, rain, and lightning, your country lacketh none; I pray God continue it, so as I were rid out of it, as presently I am ready to my saddle with a lame jade. And so assuring you that your father and mother, with your son, are merry and in good health, as my old friend Mr. Trigg telleth me, God keep you. At Stamford, this Friday, at four in the afternoon, 1548, 27th July. I remembered an old housewife's proverb, that of an hard beginning cometh, I trust, a good and merry ending.—Yours, assured to command,

"THO. FISHER.

"I pray you let this make my hearty commendations to your bedfellow, and also Mr. Steward Jenkin; and, amongst the rest, at your leisure, I pray you to my old wedlock Wenefield.

"To the Right Worshipful Mr. William Cecil, Esquier, Master of the Requests, attendant upon my Lord Protector's Grace."

The fall of the protector is accompanied by some singular matters. For example:

"The next paper in illustration of this conspiracy is not a little curious. It is a proclamation, or hand-bill, written by a friend of the protector, dropped in the streets of London, and having this inscription on the back: 'Read it, and give it furth!' Its account of the causes and object of the plot will, of course, be read with caution, as proceeding from a quarter where we cannot look for impartiality. Its indignation against the new nobility,—'men,' as it terms them, 'come but of late from the dunghill, more meet to keep swine' than to sit as councillors,—and its concluding allusion to Merlin's prophecy, mark strikingly the feelings and superstitions of the time.

"Orig. St. P. Off. Domestic.

"Most loving and true Englishmen, which love God and your king, unto such do I write. Remember with yourselves your loyal obedience, and be not carried away with the painted eloquence of a sort of crafty traitors, which draw at one mark and shoot at another. Weigh their devilish policy. First: whereas they have, like bribers, undone and murdered the king's true subjects; and now fearing that the lord protector, according to his promise, would have redressed things in the Court of Parliament, which he shortly intended to have set, to the intent that the poor commons might be godly eased, and things well redressed; to defeat him of the said good purpose, they now, of mere malice, have conspired his death; which done, they will find the means, shortly after, to dispatch your most noble liege lord; partly for

their insatiate covetise and ambition, and partly to plant again the doctrine of the devil and anti-Christ of Rome. Wherefore, let not their persuasions, nor their proud proclamations, move your hearts any thing at all; but think and know this for a surety, that in case the lord protector hath done any thing contrary to truth and justice, without all doubt they were partakers and of counsel in the same, altho' now they would pluck their heads out of the collars, and put him headlong into the briers. But if ye will diligently ponder and weigh what they be, and what their accustomed conditions be also, ye shall easily perceive what they intend. And here also note, how they be come up but late from the dunghill; a sort of them more meet to keep swine than to occupy the offices which they do occupy; and now [conspire] to the utter impoverishing and undoing of all the commons of this realm. Wherefore I desire you, for the tender mercy of God, give not hasty credit unto their doings and sayings, but stick fast unto your most godly and Christian prince and king; for tho' they traitorously call them the body of the council, yet they lack the head: then may ye call it a monstrous council, for truly every body is nothing without the head. But the Lord shall destroy such a body at his pleasure! And as for London, called Troy untrue, Merlin sayeth that twenty-three aldermen of hers shall lose their heads on one day, which God grant to be shortly. Amen!—By the king's true and loving subject to his power,

"HENRY A—,"

"At the same time that the proclamation which we have just given was dropped in the streets of London, the protector dispersed the following short hand-bill amongst the commons in the different counties.

"Orig. St. P. Off. Domestic.

"Good People,—In the name of God and King Edward, let us rise with all our power to defend him and the lord protector against certain lords and gentlemen, and chief-masters, which would depose the lord protector, and so endanger the king's royal person; because we, the poor commons, being injured by the extortions of gentlemen, had our pardon this year by the mercy of the king and the goodness of the lord protector; for whom let us fight, for he loveth all just and true gentlemen which do no extortion, and also the poor commonalty of Englonde."—God save the king and my lord protector, and all true lords and gentlemen, and us the poor commonalty."

"Endorsed, 'The copy of the bill sowed amongst the Commons.'"

"In the MS. Privy Council Books of Edward the Sixth, under the date of the 9th of October, is this passage:—'The lords (meaning the faction of Warwick), thinking it to be expedient to communicate their proceedings with the Lady Mary's and the Lady Elizabeth's graces, wrote to the same, letters of the whole discourse, as aforesaid.' These letters do not appear in the MS. Books of Privy Council, but I have found them in the State Paper Office; and they will form an interesting conclusion to the original documents, in which we have traced the history of this remarkable conspiracy from its origin to its consummation.

"To My Lady Marie's Grace, and My Lady Elizabeth's Grace."

"Orig. St. P. Off. Domestic. 9th October, 1549.

"It may please your grace, with our most hearty and humble commendations, to under-

* "This hand-bill of the protector supplies a hiatus in the MS. privy council books of Edward the Sixth, where an allusion is made to it; but the words 'Good people' are all that are given."

stand, that where some trouble hath chanced between us of the king's majesty's council and the Duke of Somerset, because the same may be diversely reported, we have thought it our parts to signify to your grace briefly how the matter hath grown, and by what means it is now come to some extremity. We have long since, and daily more and more, perceived his pride and ambition, aspiring further than became a good governor, or a true subject. We have travelled with him, the number of us together, and in manner every [one] of us apart, to stay himself within reasonable limits, ever hoping to do good; but all hath not prevailed: for, as we have devised with him for the preservation of the king's majesty's person and honour, so hath he (from time to time, as he durst) covertly laboured to bring his majesty, who God long preserve! and his whole estate, to such confusion as he might of both dispose at his pleasure; declaring in his continual proceedings, that he meant never to account with any superior. When we saw that no counsel could prevail, and that his pride grew so fast as to do what he listed, [that] he would hear nothing spoken by the council for his majesty's affairs, but either he would contemptuously reject it, or, doing nothing, would pass it over in silence—we thought we could suffer no longer, well weighing with ourselves the state, and remembering therewith our duties, unless we would in effect be parties with him; and so resolved friendly and quietly to have treated the matter with him, and, if we might by any means have brought him to reason, to have avoided all trouble and slander, and to have appeased all things without extremity. But we had not a few of us dined above twice together, but immediately he took the Tower, and raised all the country about Hampton Court, bruiting and crying out that certain lords had determined to repair to the court to destroy the king's majesty, whom we pray to God on our knees to keep and make as old a king as ever was any of his progenitors. And, when he had thus gathered the people and commons together at Hampton Court, then he brought his majesty into the base-court there, and so after to the gate to them that were without; and after he had caused his highness, good prince, to say, 'I pray you be good to us and our uncle,' then began he his oration; and, among many his untrue and idle sayings, declared that one special cause of our displeasure to him was, that we would have him removed from his office, and that we minded to have your grace to be regent of the realm, and also to have the rule and government of the king's majesty's person: dilating what danger it should be to his majesty to have your grace, next in succession and title to the crown, to be in that place; and that therein was meant a great treason, which, as God knoweth, we never intended, considering all laws touching government to provide to the contrary; neither any of us all at any time, by word or writing, hath opened any such matter to your grace, as your honour knoweth; [and] concluded, like a most irreverent and unkind subject, that if we should attempt any thing against him, the said duke, 'Here he is,' quoth he, pointing to the king's majesty, 'that shall die before me!' which was the most abominable saying that ever passed the mouth of a subject towards his prince and sovereign lord.* When we understood this his manner of proceeding, we thought

it neither meet to go to the court, as we had determined, neither to rest so unfurnished as he might use his will first upon us, and after the more easily proceed in his purpose; and so have in quiet sort both gotten the Tower for the king's majesty from him, and furnished ourselves, with the help of the good city of London, who have showed themselves most loving and faithful subjects in this great matter, content to serve his highness, even when the Tower was not in our order for his majesty, as it now is, as we should command and appoint them, in such sort as we trust in God to deliver our sovereign lord from his danger, and to establish a better order for his grace's surety than he hath used. Beseeching your grace not to conceive any lack to be [in] us, that we have not advertised the same hitherto of our doings, for the matter was so much to us unlooked for, and so quick, that we were fain to travail almost night and day since the ruffie, to keep him from advantage, and put ourselves in order for him. He hath now carried his majesty to Windsor late in the night, in such sort as may declare that he maketh no great store of him; but God, we trust, will help us to deliver his majesty out of his cruel and greedy hands; wherein, if it should come to an extremity, as we trust it shall not,—and for our parts we shall do what we can to manage it so, if it can be possible, as no blood be shed on the occasion of it,—we trust your grace, in our just and faithful quarrel, will stand with us; and thus we shall pray to Almighty God for the preservation of your grace's health. From, &c. It will be scarcely necessary to observe, that we must receive with much caution this account of the revolution, written under the dictation, if not by the hand of Warwick, and with the express object of enlisting the feelings of Mary and Elizabeth upon his side. The original papers and letters which have been given above, will enable any reader to correct its partial statements, and to detect the craft and hypocrisy of Warwick, the treachery of Hoby, the duplicity and desertion of Paget and Cranmer. I may add, that the detailed account now given of the progress and termination of this remarkable conspiracy, is new to English history. Nothing of it is to be found in our most popular general historians, or even in the pages of Burnet, Strype, or Fuller; another proof that historical truth is progressive, of slow attainment, and to be found, if anywhere, in the original letters of the times."

With this we conclude for the present, intending to take up another era in our next (from the downfall of Somerset to the death of Edward); and we need hardly add, after these extracts, how high we think the work entitled to rank in the historical library.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Medical Notes and Reflections. By Dr. H. Holland, F.R.S. &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 628. London, 1839. Longman and Co.

As far as an extra-professional critic may have a right to pronounce an opinion on a work like this, we should venture to say that a more valuable contribution of practical skill and experience to science has rarely been given to the medical world. The notes upon twenty years of extensive practice, and, consequently, intimate acquaintance with every class of disease which can assail the human frame, are here collected and arranged with great judgment; and we are convinced that their study may not only supply very important information and correct views, but, what is no less

essential, lead to the correction of many errors of an afflicting and fatal nature. We cannot speak too highly of the work.

A Manual for the College of Surgeons, &c. &c. By J. Steggall, M.D. and M. W. Hilles, &c. 12mo. pp. 327. London, 1839. Churchill, Edinburgh, MacLachlan and Stewart; Carfrae and Son. Dublin, Fannin and Co.

THIS is another desideratum in medicine—a most useful compendium for students, and an excellent manual for reference on almost every interesting subject connected with anatomy and surgery. The reasons assigned for the opinions given are as satisfactory as the state of the faculty in 1839 renders it possible for them to be.

The Banished; a Swabian Historical Tale. Edited by James Morier, Esq. author of "Hajji Baba," &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1839. Colburn.

WE understand that the editor's brother is the translator of this tale, which is taken from the German of Hauff, an author who is far too little known to English romance readers. Mr. Hauff flourished about the same time as Sir Walter Scott, whose works he took for the models of his own; he could not have selected a better master, on whose style to graft the legends of Germany. The present tale is very freely translated, but always adheres to the subject-matter of the original. The style of writing is good, and there is enough of love, feasts, battles, &c. to content the most ravenous appetite for such themes. The historical portion is admirably interwoven, and illustrates an important epoch in Swabian history—the entrance of the confederates into Ulm, in 1519.

Lady Cheveley; or, the Woman of Honour. 12mo. pp. 47. London, 1839. Churton.

A SEVERE castigation of the author of "Cheveley," in verse; and written with much force and feeling.

Speech of Sir George Sinclair, Bart., M.P. April 19, on Lord J. Russell's Motion respecting the Government of Ireland. Pp. 41. London, 1839. Fraser.

THIS is a speech rather peculiar in itself, and different from the ordinary run of the Commons' House. With argument it mingles much humour, and hits straightforward on so many points, that it exhibits more of legislative politics than is usually suffered to escape from either side. Without offering any opinion upon its party views, we can say that we have been much pleased with its perusal as a composition.

Reasons for becoming a Roman Catholic; addressed to the Society of Friends. By Frederick Lucas, Esq. of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. Pp. 109. London, 1839. Booker and Dolman; Lumley.

THE extraordinary fact of a Quaker being converted to the Roman Catholic faith is here acknowledged, and the author enters at length into his reasons for joining that church. There are some curious views in this pamphlet, and especially Mr. Lucas's attempt to reconcile the leading principles of Quakerism with those of the Romish religion; and maintaining that there is less essential difference between them than between the Quakers and the Protestants.

Nature Displayed, &c., by W. Pincock. Pp. 141. (London, Cornish and Co.)—A little school-book, in which the subject of natural theology is exemplified in the useful way of familiar conversations.

Bible Story-Book, by Bourne Hall Draper. 3d and 4th Series. Pp. 254. (London, Darton and Clark).—One of those little lesson-books devised for the instruction of youth. It is a good selection of Scriptural stories, and is neatly ornamented with wood-cuts.

Lockhart's Life of Scott, 2d Edition. Vol. II. (Edinburgh, Cadell; London, Murray).—A portrait of Anne Rutherford the poet's mother, is a very interesting prefix to this volume. She is a gauchy-looking good wife, with

* "This sentence is first written thus in the draft: 'Concluding in the end, like an irreverent and unkind subject, that, or he would be destroyed, his majesty should die before him. Oh, what abomination!'"

strongly marked features, indicative of sense, kindness, and shrewdness. A charming vignette, by Turner, of Sandy Knowe, or Smørholm, is the other appropriate embellishment—picturesque and poetical even beyond the natural beauties of the spot, striking as they are. *Elements of Zoology*, by W. Rhind. Pp. 119. (Edinburgh, Fraser and Crawford; London, Smith, Elder, and Co.)—A very useful little elementary book, in which the organisation and functions of all orders of animated creation are sensibly and clearly expounded for the instruction of the student.

ARTS AND SCIENCES. GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

APRIL 24. Rev. Dr. Buckland, President, in the chair.—Several communications were read.—1. 'On the climate of the Newer Pliocene Period,' by Mr. Smith, of Jordan Hill. An examination of the shells contained in the newest tertiary deposits on the shores of the Clyde, has convinced Mr. Smith that the climate of this part of the globe, during their accumulation, was colder than it is at present. His attention was first called to the subject by observing that the shells found at Uddevalla, and described by Mr. Lyell in his memoir on the change of level in the Baltic, agreed with some of those most common in the raised shelly beds of the Clyde; and his views respecting the northern aspect of the peculiar or most abundant of the Scottish fossils, have been confirmed by Mr. Gray, Mr. G. Sowerby, and Mr. Deshayes.—2. Remarks on some fossil and recent shells collected by Captain Bayfield, R.N., in Canada, by C. Lyell, Esq., V.P.G.S. Several eminent conchologists having observed that in the English crag there are certain shells which indicate a somewhat colder climate than that which now prevails in our latitudes, and it having been supposed that a similar inference may be deduced, but with greater certainty, from shells found in the newer pliocene strata of Scotland and Ireland, Mr. Lyell has been induced to examine, with great care, a collection of shells sent to him by Captain Bayfield, consisting partly of fossils procured from the most modern tertiary deposits bordering the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and partly of recent testacea from the gulf itself. The shells were found principally at Beauport, about two miles below Quebec, in a deposit similar to that now forming in the bed of the St. Lawrence; and the uppermost stratum, nearly one hundred feet above the level of the river, is almost exclusively composed of bivalves. Similar shells occur at a still higher elevation in the valley of the St. Charles, three miles from Beauport; and at Port Neuf, forty miles above Quebec, at heights varying from fifty to two hundred feet. Numerous boulders of primary rocks are imbedded in the strata at different levels, and appear as if they had been dropped there from drifted masses of ice, at widely distant intervals of time. Though some of the shells are broken, yet many are perfect, and it is impossible to imagine that the clay, sand, and gravel, composing the strata, could have been forced together by the boulders and testacea into their present position by a violent current, as the fragile *Terabratula psittacea* is found with both valves united, and their long, brittle, interior appendages entire. The shells bear a strong resemblance to those found in the newest tertiary deposits at Uddevalla, in Sweden, and some of the most abundant at each locality are common to both. The Canada fossils, however, so far as they have hitherto been examined, do not agree, as a whole, with the testacea now inhabiting the Gulf of St. Lawrence, many of the species ranging, in a living state, from the gulf, to the border of the north polar circle, or are

now only known in high northern latitudes, as in the seas of Greenland, Iceland, and Norway; or agree with shells found in the newer pliocene of Scotland and Sweden; on the contrary, many of the shells most conspicuous in the Gulf of St. Lawrence have not been found in a fossil state. As the climate of Canada is now excessive, it is natural that many northern and arctic shells should exist in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, without any mixture of tropical forms: it is very probable, also, that in the period immediately antecedent to the present, the climate of Canada was even more excessive than it is now; and that the shells resembled still more closely that small assemblage now found living in high northern latitudes. It is likewise evident, from the manner in which the large fragments of rock are interspersed through the shelly strata near Quebec, that while these deposits were forming, blocks of ice were annually transported, as at present. Among the fossil shells near Quebec, not one has yet been found which can be affirmed to be extinct. They relate, therefore, to an extremely modern period; and though the climate may then have been more excessive than at present, a more equable one may have preceded, and the alterations may have been connected with the geographical changes which upheaved the shelly deposits of Canada 200 feet above their former level.—3. An extract from a letter addressed to Dr. Fitton, by Herr F. A. Roemer, dated Hildesheim, 20th March. The Wealden formation, including the Purbeck stone, is very extensively developed in the north of Germany, and is overlaid by a great argillaceous deposit, containing marine shells, similar both to the oolitic and the cretaceous systems. Of the fossils found in the Wealden of England, almost every species occurs in Germany, including even the minute *Cypris tuberculata*, *C. granulosa*, and *C. Valdensis*. Last autumn, Herr Roemer discovered the Wealden with its characteristic shells near Bottingen, in the High Alps. He possesses also the *Lepidotus mantelli* of the English Wealden, from Saxony. The Portland sand occurs in the north of Germany, but the Portland stone and the Kimmeridge clay are so intimately connected by their fossils, that the intermediate sandy beds cannot be considered as a separate deposit. The chalk with flints occurs possibly in the Hartz. The green-sand series is extensively developed, the Flammenmergel of Hausmann being the upper green sand of England, and the quadersandstein the lower. Herr Roemer also believes that the gault exists in Northern Germany.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY. (Anniversary.)

VISCOUNT BRAYBROOKE in the chair.—Satisfactory accounts for the past year were exhibited; the total income for that period was stated to be 14,094l. 2s. 9d.; the expenditure 12,588l. 12s. 1d.; leaving a balance in favour of the Society of 1505l. 10s. 8d. Our regular monthly reports throughout the year have made our readers acquainted with details. The Earl of Derby, a great patron of the Society, and strongly attached to zoology, though very infirm, was again elected President: a just compliment to the noble earl. The Rev. Mr. Barton was elected Secretary. Members of the council were chosen.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

FRIDAY, 19th April.—Mr. Cottam, 'On the Manufacture of Bricks and Draining Tiles by Machinery.' The invention holds forth ad-

vantages to the bricklayer and the agriculturist, and, possibly, benefit to the pa-tantee; but, without taking the last possibility into consideration, we have pleasure in making known that a machine has been perfected for the manufacture of bricks and tiles, far superior to those of the olden method of moulding by hand. Where the latter process completed 7000 bricks a-day of sixteen hours, the machine works off 20,000 in a day of ten hours' length; and of draining tiles, 10,000, where only 700 could be heretofore worked under similar circumstances, namely, the difference of time and by hand. The productions of the machine, the secret of which is "mouse cloth," to prevent the clay sticking to the rollers, a cloth with a nap like out velvet, are far superior to those of the common method, especially with regard to solidity and absorption of moisture. A working model, unconnected with the well-known pug-mill, with which, for extensive operations, the new machine is combined, and worked with water, horse, or steam power, illustrated the newly invented process, which also manifested several other ingenious contrivances. At the conclusion of this subject, Mr. Faraday filled up the time with remarks upon photogenic drawings, several of which in the library attracted great attention. He dwelt more particularly on the process of Mr. Taylor, who prepared his paper with ammonio-cyanide of silver, and fixed his objects with hypo-sulphate of soda. This compound of silver, he observed, is an explosive mixture, and he cautioned persons not to keep it in any quantity together after being prepared.

INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.

ON Monday week, an ordinary meeting of this Society was held at their chambers in Lower Grosvenor Street, when the president, Earl De Grey, took the chair. The Marquess of Northampton, Sir Jeffery Wyatville, Mr. Barry, Sir Henry Ellis, and many distinguished members, were present. After routine business had been transacted, presents acknowledged, &c., Mr. Poynter read a paper 'On the Pointed Style of Architecture,' as it was successively developed in France and England, and shewed the different forms it had assumed.—Mr. Godwin informed the meeting of the establishment of the Society at Oxford for promoting the Study of Gothic Architecture, and expressed his good wishes for its success—a feeling which was responded to, apparently, by the whole meeting. Earl De Grey then proceeded to present three medals which had been awarded by the council for certain essays for drawings which had been sent in; and, in so doing, addressed himself eloquently to the several successful candidates. His lordship afterwards invited the members of the Society to an entertainment to be given at his house in St. James's Square, on Monday evening. [This meeting, we are informed, was brilliantly attended.]

UNITED SERVICE INSTITUTION.

MONDAY, 22d April. Major James Waller in the chair.—Several presents were announced and exhibited. The papers read were, 1st. 'Continuation of a Paper on the Longitudes of the principal Maritime Points on the Globe,' by Lieut. H. Raper, R.N.—2d. 'On the Origin and Progress of the Relief of Shipwrecked Persons,' by Capt. R. Saumarez, R.N., who brought up the history of this subject to the present times, reserving the merits of the various contrivances for the relief of shipwrecked persons to a future paper. He exhibited, however,

practically, the contrivance of the kite and messenger, invented by Capt. Dausey, R.A. The kite is to be flown from the ship, and as soon as it is over the land, with which it is desired to make a communication, the messenger is sent up, and is carried along by the wind with sufficient force to disconnect one of the fastenings of the kite. The kite immediately turns on its edge, and falls, carrying with it the line, to which afterwards hawsers may be bent, and communication kept up with the shore. The meeting was thinly attended; this is the more remarkable, because these evening meetings of the members of this Institution afford such facilities for the explanation to brother-officers of the inventions for the advantage of either service.

LITERARY AND LEARNED. UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, April 24th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Divinity.—Rev. J. Carter, Fellow of St. John's College.

Masters of Arts.—J. J. Plumer, Balliol College, Grand Compendium; Rev. J. A. Ashworth, Fellow of Brasenose College; Rev. M. Matthie, Pembroke College; Rev. J. Dodson, Christ Church; S. A. Pears, J. M. Wilson, Scholar, J. T. White, Corpus Christi College; Rev. J. Brownell, Rev. F. Brown, Exeter College; Rev. C. Sanger, E. M'Leod, Worcester College; Rev. W. S. Thomson, Jesus College.

Bachelors of Arts.—H. Maister, New Inn Hall; J. W. Beumeld, Lincoln College; W. H. Hughes, Christ Church; G. H. Pedlar, Magdalen Hall; G. A. Buller, Queen's College; H. Bathurst, Merton College; B. H. Adams, J. M. Bennett, Exeter College; J. R. Alsop, Scholar; W. Mathias, Brasenose College; J. Dixon, Trinity College.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

MR. HAMILTON, V.P. in the chair.—Mr. Akerman exhibited (from the Rev. T. V. J. Arundell) a sword, probably Italian, and of the sixteenth century, found at Tralfis, in Lydia; and a sheath, found in a tomb at Thebes: the latter appeared to have been broken, with its sword, over the deceased owner. A further portion was read of Mr. Bond's communication 'On the Banking Transactions of the Italians, in the reign of King John; and subsequently chiefly taken from the Liberate Rolls; and the remainder postponed.

THE CAMDEN SOCIETY.

THE first annual meeting of this Society took place at the Freemasons' Tavern on Thursday, Lord F. Egerton, President, in the chair.—Mr. Thoms, the secretary, read a very gratifying report of the council, from which it appeared that the Society was, every way, in the most flourishing condition. The whole number of members, a thousand, is complete; and it was moved and agreed to, to increase them to twelve hundred. A council of fifteen were elected for the ensuing year; and, in returning thanks for a vote of compliment from the assembly, the noble chairman stated that several interesting MSS. in his own possession, would be among the forthcoming publications of the Society.

ARCHÆOLOGY.

[CONTINUING our report of the ARCHÆOLOGICAL Meeting at the rooms of the Royal Society of Literature, we now insert Dr. Lepsius's paper 'On the Obelisk of Philæ,' which possesses much interest for the Egyptian antiquary. At the adjourned meeting on Tuesday, Mr. Birch read some remarks on a very curious papyrus, considered to be of the age of Trajan. It is the oldest caricature in the known world; and every one acquainted with the memorial paintings of Egypt, in tombs or on

temples, will readily recognise in it a ridicule of their religious rites. To exemplify it for our general readers, we have caused a tracing to be made of several of its most ludicrous groups, and a wood engraving facsimile is appended to this article.* Animals of various kinds are represented in actions such as are usually assigned to gods and priests; and games and sports take the place of ritual ceremonies. The whole scroll is about a yard in length, and nearly four inches in width. The drawing, it will be seen, possesses much humour and spirit; and is not unworthy of the Cruikshank of that distant day.]

THE OBELISK.

England has just cause to be proud of possessing monuments which are unquestionably of the utmost importance in the history of Egyptian literature and science. She possesses several of the most ancient on record, viz. of the time of the pyramids; and historical deductions of the greatest moment have just now been drawn from them. She possesses the tablet of Abydos—the end of the cord which conducts us to these earliest periods of Egyptian history; and the Rosetta stone—the foundation-stone of the whole science, which has enabled us to decipher the cartouches of the tablet. But the Rosetta stone would not have been sufficient of itself to have pointed out the way to the attainment of this new, but already most important science, if in the great and wonderful chain of events which have favoured its founders, one of the first links had been wanting, namely, the Obelisk of Philæ, concerning which I have a few remarks to offer. To justify my previous observations, I must again call your attention to the commencement of Egyptian science, the subject of which has so long been an object of national rivalry between France and England. To this dispute I hope to add some data which are not known, and which have been only lately communicated to me by the discoverer of the tablet of Abydos, and possessor of the obelisk of Philæ, Mr. Bankes.

It is generally known that Dr. Young first published, in 1819, an analysis of two hieroglyphical names, viz. Ptolemy and Berenice; but it is not so well known that Young had made this discovery two years before he published it; this is, however, proved by a note from Dr. Young to Mr. Bankes, while he was at Constantinople, in 1817, after his first travel in Egypt. He could already decipher the names of Ptolemy and Berenice, and this was neither a mere conjecture nor a discovery made accidentally, but a most ingenious process, which, after great study, and many judicious combinations, led him to form this analysis: and I regret that there is not sufficient time for a detailed account, which would of itself prove the extraordinary genius of Dr. Young; even if his renown had not been established by successful researches of a very different kind known to all the world.

One might, however, declare, that Dr. Young's discovery would never, of itself, have led to these remarkable results, which are deduced from it, into the hands of Champollion, who published his first hieroglyphic alphabet in 1822. It seems evident that Champollion was acquainted with Young's discovery; but it is no less certain that Champollion took a totally different road to Young's; and that it was by an entirely new and very happy com-

bination that he was enabled to profit by Dr. Young's discovery.

His process was as simple and equally favoured by circumstances, as that of Young's was complicated and embarrassed with difficulties. He made a comparison between the cartouches in the Rosetta stone, containing the name of Ptolemy, and analysed by Young, and another cartouche, which he presumed to be that of Cleopatra. Both names, by a fortunate accident, contained five known letters, and a sixth, which occurred twice in Cleopatra. The comparison of these hieroglyphical names, once tried, must immediately banish all doubt of the reality of the discovery itself. Indeed the confirmation of these six letters ought, moreover, to establish with perfect certainty the real value of nine different letters, a number more than sufficient to lead to the deciphering of all the Greek and Latin names in the other cartouches, which necessarily soon furnished an alphabet much more extensive, and, to a certain degree, even complete. It is this alphabet which, on the one hand, conducted him quickly to the reading of the whole series of the ancient Pharaohs, serving for a base to the chronology of ancient Egypt, such as we do not possess of any other nation of antiquity, neither in regard to extent nor authenticity; and which, on the other hand, placed him in the position of not only reading proper names, but the greatest part of all the language, and thus laying the foundations of an Egyptian philology, whose rapid and all-astonishing progress can be examined by all the world, in the posthumous work which he had fortunately finished before his premature death. I refer to his "Hieroglyphical Grammar."

But it might be asked, Where did Champollion obtain his previous acquaintance with the meaning of the Cleopatra cartouche, a name which was so evidently calculated to confirm that of Ptolemy?

Now the Obelisk which is at this moment erected at Mr. Bankes's seat in Dorsetshire, formerly stood on the right hand of the entrance of the great temple of the island of Philæ. On searching about some paces from this spot, he found the pedestal with a Greek inscription, which was copied by him,* and afterwards by

* The three Greek inscriptions on the pedestal of this obelisk are translated by Mr. Bankes as follows. The first two are only painted in red letters upon the surface, the lowest is cut into the stone:—

The uppermost Inscription.

Epiphane . . . of the gods Euergetes . . . gods
of the god Eupator, and of the god Philo-
metor, and of the god Euergetes, greeting. We have
submitted to you the copy of the letter written to Locust
our cousin and general, and we permit to you the setting
up the monument which you apply for . . . Pacon 22.

The second Inscription.

King Ptolemy, and Queen Cleopatra the sister, and
Queen Cleopatra the wife, to Locusts their brother,
greeting . . . to us . . . from the . . .
a copy . . . you shall make . . . not
to trouble them . . .

The third Inscription.

To King Ptolemy, and Queen Cleopatra the sister,
and Queen Cleopatra the wife, beneficent deities, the
priests of the great goddess Isis in Abaton and Philæ,
greeting. Whereas those frequenting Philæ, as generals,
and prefects of the frontier-guards, and all other func-
tionaries and constituted authorities, and the rest who
are in office, compel us to make contributions to them
against our will; and out of this it results that the temple
is deteriorated, and that we are in danger of not having
what is appointed for the sacrifices and libations to be
made for you and your children: we request of you,
great deities as you are, if it shall seem good, to order
Noumenius your cousin and secretary for correspondence
to write to Locusts your cousin and general of the The-
baid, not to trouble us in these things, nor to suffer any
other to do the same, and to give us the necessary de-
crees to that effect, and in them to permit us to set up a

* These cuts represent a lion tearing a sacrifice on the altar, a cat driving ducks, an ass and a lion playing at draughts, a pig-shepherd with his wallet on his back, playing on a double pipe, and two other animals in marching order.—See p. 282.

M. Cailland, whose copy was published by Mr. Letronne. No attention had been paid to the Obelisk itself, until Mr. Bankes, considering the high interest which would be attached to the collation of the Greek inscription upon the base, with the hieroglyphics upon the shaft, undertook, during his second voyage to Egypt, to transport this monument, of more than 21 feet high, with pedestal of 6 feet high, from the isle of Philæ to England. It arrived at Deptford in 1821, and was there copied for the first time by Mr. Bankes himself, who immediately had the drawing lithographed, and a certain number of copies printed off to distribute among his friends and other *savans*. [Here are some copies, which Mr. Bankes has had the goodness to allow of my placing before your eyes.] It was him, also, who, by a series of very judicious observations, as striking as they were independent of the analytical method of Dr. Young, was convinced at first of the reality of the discovery of Young (which he had at first received with considerable distrust); and had obtained, in the second place, the conviction that the cartouche which he had found upon many Egyptian temples, and which is repeated upon the obelisk, ought to contain the name of Cleopatra: so much so, that he wrote, with his own hand, the name of Ptolemy and that of Cleopatra beside the two cartouches of the lithographed copy of the Obelisk which he sent to M. Champollion. One thus sees, that all the elements upon which M. Champollion founded the induction which he published a year after that he had received the drawings of Mr. Bankes—viz. in 1822—had been furnished him by discoveries already made by the English upon monuments in England.

I think what I have already said will be sufficient to draw your attention to the Obelisk of Mr. Bankes, which bears a remarkable part in the history of the deciphering of the hieroglyphics, although it has been, up to the present moment, forgotten. But besides the historical interest which I have just claimed, the monument is yet distinguished, by many other circumstances, from the great number of Egyptian monuments which have ever been brought into Europe; and I beg your attention, for a few minutes, to allow me, in a few words, to lay before you what I think most remarkable upon it, and what the inscriptions on the four sides contain. I have had the advantage of seeing, about eight days ago, this interesting object; and the extreme kindness of the proprietor has allowed me to take even impressions upon paper of it with every facility, such as I have the honour of now laying before you.

The first question is, Whether the Greek inscription on the base is not, perhaps, a translation of the hieroglyphics on the obelisk? But we must deny that.

The great inscription on the pedestal contains a letter from the priests of the temple of Isis, at Philæ, to King Ptolemy Evergetes II., to his sister Queen Cleopatra, and to his wife Queen Cleopatra, in which they complain of

monument on which we may inscribe your kindness to us upon these points, that your favour may be perpetuated upon it to all time: when this shall be done, we and the temple of Isis shall hold ourselves obliged. Fare ye well.

The height of the three plinths (in one block), 2 feet 10 inches; of the lower member of the pedestal, 3 feet 4 inches; of the upper member of ditto, 2 feet 5 inches (the whole pedestal in one block); of shaft, 22 feet 11 inches (in one block also). Total height, 30 feet 8½ inches.

Lowest plinth, 12 feet 9 inches square; upper plinth, 8 feet 10½ inches; lower member of pedestal, 3 feet 5½ inches; upper member of pedestal, 3 feet 1 inch; bottom of shaft, 2 feet 2 inches; top of shaft, 1 foot 5½ inches. The material of the whole monument is red Egyptian granite.

the contributions exacted from them unjustly by the military and civil authorities of Thebes and the frontiers, and demand to be freed from them; they wish also to erect a monument, which they call a *stèle*, and on which they wish to inscribe the benefits they expect to receive from the monarchs. This was the only inscription which had been seen and copied by other persons. One day, one of Mr. Bankes's workmen told his master that he could see some letters of another inscription. On examining the higher part of the pedestal, just above the known inscription, Mr. Bankes was much astonished to find it exactly correspond with what the workman said. Indeed he found several letters traced in red paint; and on continuing his researches by different lights, mirrors, and also by the light of torches, he succeeded in deciphering the greater part, and found that the space between the obelisk and the great inscription contained two other inscriptions on the same subject, namely, the answer of the king to the priests of Philæ, according to their demand; and the letter from the king to Lochos, the commandant of the Thebaid, informing him of the king's pleasure. This discovery, which was perfectly unknown to the public, is of the utmost importance; for it would be difficult to imagine what interest the priests could have in perpetuating, by a sculptured inscription, the letter which they had sent to the king, unless they added the king's reply, confirming them in the future enjoyment of their rights. This was, undoubtedly, their intention, when they asked permission to erect a monument to the king's kindness. And it may justly be supposed, that the two first letters, which contain this precious guarantee, had been placed above the third, in order to attract the greatest attention. It may be objected, that the two first letters are not sculptured like the third, but only painted, which may appear opposed to my preceding observation. But on this point, I believe, Mr. Bankes has already made the only sustainable conjecture, namely, that the characters of these precious documents were originally in gold, which must naturally strike the eye more than any other mode of inscription. This discovery alone, indeed, enables us to resolve another difficulty: Where is the monument asked by the priests, in order to inscribe the king's benefits? So long as the hieroglyphic inscriptions were unread, the most natural supposition was that this must be the very monument mentioned in the Greek inscription. But it will soon be seen, that the content of the inscription on the obelisk has no connexion with the Greek inscriptions; and we should even reject the opinion of their identity were we unable to decipher the hieroglyphics of the obelisk. In the first place, the word *stèle* was opposed to this opinion—a word which is not applicable to an obelisk, but only to monuments similar to the Rosetta stone; and the second objection was the destination, now well known, of obelisks in general, which were always erected by kings, in honour of the divinities of the temple to which they belonged, not in honour of kings, by the priests. Finally, the poor priests of the temple of Isis, who, in their letter to the king, lament that they soon shall not have wherewith to make sacrifices and libations, would certainly not have imposed on themselves so great a sacrifice as the labour, transport, and erection of a granite obelisk.

But let us examine the contents of the obelisk itself, as the easiest method of settling this question. I am ignorant of the reasons by which Mr. Bankes was guided in his arrange-

ment of the four faces on the lithograph before us; but I believe that it is just the same arrangement in which the obelisk ought to be read, when it was still standing before the temple of Isis at Philæ. For on the first three faces we only find the titles and attributes of the king without a *verb*, while on the fourth face the subject has its proper complement. It may consequently be presumed that the first face of the lithograph was that towards the spectator entering the temple, and that the Greek inscription was placed beneath it. Here are the translations of the four faces, such as I can now prove and establish. Many passages cannot be interpreted at this time, but they are happily unimportant, and their omission does not embarrass the very clear purport of the whole. Omitting, then, the titles either of kings or gods, which I cannot translate, the following text remains:—

1st Face.—The Horus . . . upon the throne of his fathers . . . the lord of Upper and Lower Egypt . . . the king (descendant of the god Epiphaneis, approved by Phtah, the son of truth) . . . the god Soter, beloved of Isis, the great mother-goddess, the giver of life, mistress of Manouab [Egyptian name of the Abaton upon the isle of Philæ], directress and mistress of Manlak [Egyptian name of Philæ], mistress of the countries to the south, queen of the north . . . manifesting, the gods Philadelphie, the gods Evergete, and the gods Philopatores, cherishing the gods Epiphaneis, giving all life and power, all force, and all joys of the heart, like the sun for ever.

2d Face.—The Horus of gold, the greatest of chiefs, the lord of panegyries, like his father Phtah, the father of the gods, the king like the Sun, the son of the Sun Ptolemy, the ever-living beloved of Phtah, with his wife the queen, mistress of the two Egypts, Cleopatra, the two gods, Soteres—beloved of Osiris Ounofre the great god, the lord of Philæ, the king of the gods residing in the Abaton, the king gracious in the towns and districts, beloved by his divine father and by his divine mother, giver of all pure and established life, like the sun for ever.

3d Face.—The Horus . . . on the throne of his father . . . approved by Atmou . . . the king, descendant of the gods Epiphaneis, approved by Phtah, son of truth . . . the gods Soteres—beloved of Amon-ra, king of the gods, lord of the thrones; resident in Thebes . . . the great support (?) of the heaven, earth, and the stars, of the waters and lands . . . the great god, the lord of the Abaton, giver of all power and victory on the throne of Horus, resident for ever among the living.

4th Face.—The Horus . . . ruling over the barbarians, the son of Osiris, born of Isis, has assumed the royal power in the place of his father, the son of the Sun Ptolemy, ever-living beloved of Phtah, the god Soter, he has erected . . . to the goddess Mout . . . the giver of life, mistress of Philæ . . . residing in the Abaton, two obelisks of good red granite, to her . . . he has made . . . during his great reign, upon the throne of Horus, residing among the living for ever.

If this pompous language of the Egyptian priests could be followed, it would be seen that the inscription of each face is divided into two compartments, one containing the epithets of the king, the other the titles of the divinity cherishing the monarch. Omitting all the particular qualifications, the purport of the four faces is reducible to this very simple phrase:—

1st. Ptolemy the king—beloved of Isis.

2d. Ptolemy the king, and Cleopatra the Queen—beloved of Osiris.

3d. Ptolemy the king—beloved of Amon-Ra.
4th. Ptolemy the king—erected these Obelisks to the Goddess Mout.

This division of each face has been expressed in a very extraordinary manner by the sculptor; of which I do not know another example in all Egyptian antiquity, and which must in itself be regarded as a violation of the ancient laws of calligraphy, which were religiously observed in former times by the sacred scribes; namely, as soon as the sculptor came, in each face, to the name and titles of the divinity, turned, in the middle of the column, the direction of the hieroglyphic signs: a proceeding which now enables us to seize the partitions of the phrase at a single glance, but which must have looked scandalously in the eyes of the priests, who had not yet entirely forgotten the ancient sacred customs.

It may be further remarked, that in the sole hieroglyphic inscription, no mention is made of the king's benefits towards the priests. It was the king, on the contrary, who erected the monument to Isis, and the other deities worshipped in the same temple. Nor is any mention made, in the same inscription, of a single monument, as in the Greek inscription, of two obelisks. And, indeed, it was the variable custom to erect two obelisks before the principal entrance of a temple.

To my knowledge, the public know nothing of this second obelisk; but it did exist, and Mr. Bunsen also brought over the remains of it, which he found near the second base, on the right hand of the entrance to the temple. It is, unfortunately, impossible that we should ever possess the second obelisk entire. The upper part is gone, but the lower part is of great importance: it shews that the inscription of the second obelisk was precisely analogous to that of the first; it still preserves to us the titles of four deities friendly to the king; and it enables us to replace the last sign of the four signs of the first obelisk, which is destroyed, but not necessary in order to comprehend the meaning of the phrase; for it is the very sign expressing "beloved," which attaches the name of the deity to the name of the king which it precedes.

We have further observed, that in the hieroglyphic inscription there is only *one* Cleopatra named, while in the Greek there are *two*, sister of the king, and widow of his father and predecessor; and the other, daughter of his wife and Philometor (whom he succeeded shortly after he repudiated his first wife). It is known, that in the twentieth year of his reign he was reconciled to his first wife, and that he reigned in peace with both of them. It must therefore be concluded that the Greek inscription was added after this time, about 126 years before Christ. But it must also be concluded, with equal certainty, that the obelisk which only mentions one Cleopatra—his wife, and not his sister—was erected previous to this time, and before his reconciliation. Thus, instead of having the Greek and hieroglyphic inscriptions, it is certain that the obelisk had already existed perhaps twenty years previously to the time when the priests to the king.

It only remains for me to prove that the enemy of the hieroglyphic inscription is nevertheless the same Ptolemy Evergetes II. of whom the Greek inscription speaks. This is proved at first to be drawn from the obelisk itself, in which his predecessors, Philometor, Evergetes I., Philometor, and Epiphanes are mentioned, himself being called the son of Epiphanes. His brother Philometor, after his succession he usurped, by assassinating

his little nephew Eupator, is not mentioned; and what is very remarkable, the inscription states that he received the royal power, not from his brother, but directly from his father.

There are two modes of explaining this fact, which is the more curious, as in the Greek letter, written by the king in reply to the priests of Isis, mention is made at the beginning among the king's predecessors, of the king Philometor, and even of the infant Eupator, who, in fact, reigned some months before his uncle returned from Cyrene. It must be thought that Evergetes, after having usurped the throne, endeavoured to obliterate the remembrance of his brother and nephew, by attributing to his own reign the thirty-five years which had elapsed from the death of his father, and that afterwards he threw aside this foolish idea; or else,—and this appears the most probable to me,—it was only in the official and sacred language of the priests, regulated on old customs, that the regular succession from father to son was mentioned, and all the years that elapsed from the death of the father were counted in the reign of the last reigning son. This is a custom, indeed, which was observed in very remote antiquity, in all the series of kings which are found on public monuments, and it is a custom which explains many facts which have hitherto always appeared very strange.

One of these two suppositions must be admitted, because in no case can the name of Philometor, brother and predecessor of Evergetes II., be recognised in our cartouche; for on other monuments we find our cartouche united to that of the *two* Cleopatras, and this perfectly distinguishes Evergetes II. from all the other Ptolemies; as also the portrait which accompanies this cartouche, and which has been published by M. Rosellini, declares distinctly to all the world, and brings back to you, by a single glance, the whole history of that Ptolemy called Physcon by the people, on account of his large belly; and of Kakergetes, instead of Evergetes; of that monarch, the most execrable of that perverse race, so unworthy to sit upon the throne of the Pharaohs, their illustrious predecessors. "Erat enim (says Justinus) et vultu deformis et statura brevis, et saginâ ventris non homini, sed belluæ assimilis."

The other papers and lectures submitted at the meetings, were 'On the Invention of the Arch, and Pelasgic Monuments,' by Dr. Lepsius; 'On the Origin of the Alphabet,' by the same; 'On Honorary Medals,' by Mr. Hamilton; and 'On the late Discoveries at Rome,' relative to the age of the kings, and the beginning of the republic; of all which we shall give such reports, as the nature of the subjects require, so that the reader may have a complete account of them.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—Entomological, 8 P.M.; British Architects, 3 P.M.; United Service Institution, 9 P.M.
Tuesday.—Linnæan, 8 P.M.; Horticultural, 3 P.M.; Medical and Chirurgical, 8½ P.M.; Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.; Electrical, 7 P.M.

Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 7½ P.M.; Geological, 8½ P.M.; Medico-Botanical, 8 P.M.; Graphic, 8 P.M.

Thursday.—Royal Society, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; Royal Society of Literature, 4 P.M.

Friday.—Royal Institution, 8½ P.M.; Astronomical, 8 P.M.

Saturday.—Royal Asiatic (Anniversary), 1 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

[Second notice.]

THIRTY-FIVE years' growth and improve-

ment have invested this attractive exhibition with claims to high and original distinction, in a department of art raised, by the persevering efforts of the Society, to a degree of perfection beyond that of any other school in the world; for whatever excellence of a similar kind may have elsewhere appeared in contemporary art, may be said to have been incidental, and to have emanated from its example.

160. *King Charles the First conveyed a Prisoner from Newcastle to Hornby House, Northamptonshire, by the Parliamentary Army.* Frederick Taylor.—The character of the subject and the skill of the performance, unite in directing our earliest attention to this picture; and cold must be the heart and fastidious the eye in which are not to be found sympathy for the one, and attraction towards the other. We hear of an "iron-bound coast;" here is an iron-bound king, surrounded by guards armed to the teeth, inflexible in purpose and invested with power. But the tale has frequently been told, pictorially and historically; and, in the present instance, with so much novelty of treatment, and with expression of such dignified submission in the royal captive, as must win for the talents of the artist high and just commendations.

317. *Wanderers Entertained.* G. Cattermole.—Those who have not visited this gallery of art, or have not been informed of its contents, can form no idea of the interest concealed under so unassuming a title. We are at some loss in what class to place this beautiful production; whether in the romantic or in the imaginative. To whichever it may belong, the usages which it depicts are of a far country and of a remote period. It embraces character, costume, and persons, of interest sufficient to attract the attention of the poet and the novelist. The magnificent style of architecture of the interior, and the spectacle of the wanderers regaling at the ample boards, are objects which it is delightful to contemplate.

84. *The Rustic Toilet.* W. Hunt.—Though similar in subject to other works by this able and entertaining artist, we are inclined to give this the preference, for the magic of its effect of light, which seems fixed as a sunbeam, and partaking of its splendour. The comedy of art, abundant in variety, and represented with all Mr. Hunt's accustomed skill, will be found in 92. *Interior of a Stable*; 117. *All-Fours*; and 270. *A Cricketer*. In this last, Mr. Hunt has, indeed, "made a hit." So determined in look and gesture is the young aspirant of the game, that, should his bat meet the ball, it is impossible to calculate the probable extent of its flight.

159. *After the Storm.* S. Prout.—We feel much inclined to find fault with the arrangement which placed this interesting picture so much above the eye. The stupendous bulk of a stranded vessel occupies nearly the whole space. Its shattered fragments have become objects of interest to the mariners and others collected around; who seem impressed with an idea of the weakness of human might when opposed to the mightier powers of the elements. A nearer view of the details of this magnificent performance, we feel assured, would shew still more distinctly its merits.

82. *The Devil came Fiddling through the Town*, and 102. *The Vale of Idleness.* J. M. Wright.—We bring these together, as shewing the versatile powers of the artist. In the first, he has met the spirit and humour of Burns with what may be called a kindred feeling; and in the latter, the grave morality of Doctor Johnson's allegory with nearly the tact of the



her himself, and illustrated in a composition which thought and character want nothing a little more time and a little more labour the execution to have made a perfect work of art.

15. *A German Lady, with her Nurse, coming to Church.* Mrs. Seyfarth. — We hardly know which to admire most, the lively colouring or the lively expression of the old nurse, who leads the way in the little domestic group. Her truth and individuality do great justice to the skill of the fair artist, whom we are also to thank for introducing us to a view of the *Public Garden at Charlottenburgh, near Berlin*, which, but for the stiff formality of military and other male costumed figures, would have the qualities of Rubens' "Garden of Elysium."

But other views await us in the extraordinary talents exhibited in the landscape variety of the rooms. Here the display is so various, and abundant, as makes it difficult to choose. We cannot be wrong, however, in pointing out 132. *Cooking, on the Moselle, and the River—Lago di Garda*, J. D. Harding. The qualities of clearness and brilliancy of the choice, and of careful execution, in the two views by this truly gifted artist, cannot be surpassed. 107. *Afternoon*, G. Barrett. Such a sun, such a warmth, and such a peace, with leisure to enjoy them, would make the east winds and chilling atmosphere which trench upon our comforts in the springs of our uncertain climate. At any rate, we can anticipate the enjoyment held out to us by his beautiful Claude-like picture.

12. *View on the Rhine*; 88. *A Hay Field in Montgomeryshire*; 329. *On the Thames, near Wint.* We select these examples from among the lesser productions of the artist, as exhibiting the sparkling effect, energy of penmanship and natural character of his scenery. His *View of Lowther*, 110; and 162. *A Fen Mill, in Dorsetshire, in the distance*, embrace more massive objects, and a wider field in which to lay his powers.

107. *Tenby, South Wales.* C. Bentley. — Truly this is a fearful scene! Will that boat with her little crew ever effect a landing? Such the ideas conjured up by this vision of grey. We would recommend pictures like this to decorate the rooms of any castle of defence, made such by its lazy proprietors, so they might reconcile to the inflictions of any chair and a warm night-cap!

138. *Versailles, from the Bois de Statory.* Mackenzie. — A splendid view from the pen of one of our most careful and efficient artists. Seen from a distance, it might fill the contemplative mind with reflections on the plutonic crowd within its precincts, and awake with a desire always to keep them at bay. Yet again, it might call associations of joyous, or tender, which deserve to be cherished. As a work of art, it would enrich any collection.

(To be continued.)

NEW SOCIETY IN WATER-COLOURS. (Conclusion.)

2. *The Student.* B. R. Green. — The care and study employed on this performance are manifest in the character and effect so skillfully produced.

1. *A Little Bit of Rustic Courtship.* H. Jones Riviere. — Every thing must have a meaning, and "a little bit of rustic courtship" thus simply displayed, is worth all the artificial refinements connected with other beings of the same character.

To these we shall add, 6. *Camellias*, and 196. *The Garden*, by Mrs. Harrison; with 144. *Wild Flowers*, by Mrs. Chase: — studies which, in colouring, composition, and execution, appear to give light and life to the collection. We regret to say, that our limits will not allow of our noticing the works of the following artists: T. A. Firminger, W. N. Hardwicke, T. Kearnan, W. Oliver, T. Lindsay, Miss Laporte, T. Malsey, W. Robertson, J. Abeolon, and W. Telbin; all of whom have much contributed to the value and interest of the exhibition; and who, like the rest of the members, appear like men engaged in an undertaking of vital importance, each in his way exerting his powers as if success depended upon individual effort.

Mikrotypopurogenetion. — Take a page, or any other definite portion of printed paper (for instance, the advertisements appended to the magazines), cut it into two pieces, note the size of the type, and place one piece aside as the muster, or test. Thrust the other piece between the bars of a lighted grate, or ignite it in any other manner which may be preferred; place it gently on the hearth, and let it burn away till entirely consumed. Take up the paper so charred, carefully, and, holding it to a good light, the size of the print, which is perfectly legible, will be found to have become considerably reduced, while the sharpness, or purity of the impression, will have been singularly increased.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Her Majesty Queen Victoria. Painted by Thomas Sully; engraved by C. E. Wagstaffe. Hodgson and Graves.

THE etching for this fine print was some months ago noticed in the *Literary Gazette*. A finished proof of the plate now lies before us; and a most beautiful performance it certainly is. The resemblance appears to us to be wholly unexceptionable. Her Majesty, with the imperial diadem on her brow, and her ermine and embroidered robe falling gracefully over her shoulders, is represented as on the point of ascending the throne: but, although her figure is consequently seen only *en profile*, her head is turned round, and her eyes, full of animated expression, are directed towards the spectator. Near the Queen is a cushion, with the crown and sceptre; and the whole is finely relieved by a fluted column, and a deep-toned curtain. The rich, powerful, and sparkling execution of the engraving, does Mr. Wagstaffe the highest credit.

Portrait of Her Majesty. Painted and Engraved by Henry Pidding.

OUR columns have frequently borne testimony to the fact that Mr. Pidding is a very clever artist. We regret, however, that we are unable to say a word in praise of the present performance.

A Camaldolese Monk showing the Relics in the Sacristy of his Convent at Rome. Painted by W. Simson, R.S.A.; Engraved by W. Giller.

THIS is the first of the series of prints which the Association for the promotion of the fine arts, called "The Art-Union of London," have intimated that it is their intention to publish annually; and we think it a very auspicious commencement. Of the finely composed, and powerfully and broadly executed picture, we spoke, at the period of its exhibition, with the praise which it deserves. It appears that Benjamin Bond Cabbell, Esq. F.R.S., a member of

the Art-Union, having drawn a prize of a picture of the value of twenty-five pounds, with equal taste and liberality added the difference between that sum and a hundred and fifty guineas, and purchased Mr. Simson's performance. Mr. Giller has engraved it with corresponding vigour and spirit.

A Lancashire Witch. Painted by William Bradley; engraved by Thomas L. Grundy. Moon.

WITH the exception of the mouth, which is grossly sensual, a fine, animated, Sir Joshua-like head. The bold and broad style of stipple in which it is engraved does Mr. Grundy great credit.

The Shores and Islands of the Mediterranean. A Series of Views from Nature, comprising Sicily, by W. L. Leitch, Esq.; the Barbary Coast, by Major-Gen. Sir Grenville T. Temple, Bart.; Calabria, Gibraltar, Malta, and Ionian Isles, by Lieut. Allen, of the Royal Engineers. With an Analysis of the Mediterranean, and Descriptions of the Plates, by the Rev. G. N. Wright, M.A. Parts I. to VIII. Fisher, Son, and Co.

"THE Shores of the Mediterranean," says the able editor of this pleasing publication, "embracing a littoral of 5000 leagues, present the most splendid subjects for graphic illustration in the whole range of the olden world." Of the truth of this statement, the numerous and beautiful plates before us afford abundant proof. The work is "a natural continuation of Fisher's Syria, Holy Land, and Constantinople;" and will evidently be a valuable addition to the various and excellent topographical publications, domestic and foreign, which Messrs. Fisher and Co. have from time to time brought out, at prices which render them accessible to all classes of the community.

BIOGRAPHY.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY, ESQ.

THIS sweet lyrical poet died at Cheltenham, on Monday the 22d, after a severe illness and long struggling and suffering. He has been, we fear, another example of the sad and unfortunate lot of literary men. Born to good expectations, and married to a beautiful and accomplished woman, who brought him a considerable fortune, Mr. Bayly began the world under the most favourable auspices, and mixed with the best society of the day. His expectations were, however, disappointed; and he could not fall back into a sufficiently economical course, till the pressure of circumstances impoverished him beyond a remedy. For it is hard and difficult, if not impossible, for a person so situated to disentangle himself, and again enjoy a fair field for the exercise of his abilities. In England, poverty is the worst of crimes; and punished more unrelentingly than the deepest guilt. So did Mr. Bayly find it. Demand would not wait for the fruits of exertion; and no sooner was his head raised above the stormy waters to breathe for a while, than it was ruthlessly plunged down again, and he was doomed to perish, as we have said, another sad instance of the miserable fate of genius, when once involved in pecuniary embarrassments. Mr. Bayly, besides his many beautiful songs, has written, we believe, thirty or forty pieces for the stage; and from these a comfortable provision might have been drawn. But, alas for the author in want! He must sell for what he can get to supply immediate necessities; and sacrifice his birthright, indeed, for a mess of pottage!

The public go nightly to theatres to laugh at "Tom Noddy's Secret," to see "Perfection," or witness other popular productions;—the Drawing-room is redolent with the touching melody of "Oh, no, we never mention her," or the playful strains of "I'd be a Butterfly,"—whilst the writer is pining in sickness and distress, dying oppressed and unpitied. It is a thoughtless, a heartless, and a gloomy picture; but so it is, and rare is the occasion when struggling talent is taken by the hand and lifted above the wrongs of life—or even allowed to lift itself. The avenger is quick, the saviour slow; until, as here, an early death releases the victim, and he sinks into that grave "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

Mr. Bayly has left a widow and two children to bewail his premature loss.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFFE.

SIR JOHNNY was a noble soul,—

Oh, sing unto his praise;

And though he was a gallant knight,
He had seen better days.

He never ran away, except,

When he was in a fright;
And never was the least afraid,
But when he had to fight.

How handy were his legs to him,

In battle's fierce alarms;
Or else what deeds he might have done
By glorious feats of arms.

How often did he proudly say,

My comrades, never fear;
For I myself will lead you on,
By bringing up the rear.

His heart would rise up to his mouth,

And almost make him choke;
From which one wood in-fir, no doubt,
It was not heart of oak.

Oh, were all soldiers just like him,

In battle none would die;
For, as all armies have their wings,
Of course they're meant to fly.

C. DE LA PRYNE.

THE DRAMA.

Her Majesty's Theatre.—On Saturday, Donizetti's *Anna Bolena* introduced Ernesta Grisi to the public, in the character of *Smeaton*; her voice is a good contra-alto, somewhat coarse in the lower tones, but flexible and cultivated, and possessing considerable power. Such a voice was much wanted on this stage; and from the applause bestowed on her on Saturday, and on Tuesday (when the opera was repeated), we may consider the place (so effectively filled last season by Albertazzi) very fairly supplied. Madame Monani is utterly incapable of executing the music allotted to *Jane Seymour*. It is painful to witness her vain efforts. In *Giovanni*, on Thursday, the absence of Albertazzi was still more felt.

Covent Garden.—On Thursday Mr. Rooke's new opera, entitled *Henrique, or Love's Pilgrim*, was produced here. The cast was exceedingly strong, embracing every musical voice in the company, with the addition of a most agreeable tenor in the person of Mr. Harrison, who made his *début* on the occasion. The overture is not so striking as that of *Amilie*; being altogether of a lighter character, and consisting of short disjointed movements, rather than the usual connected strain of such compositions. These movements are, however, en-

livening and musical, and prepare the audience for the same light character of music which pervades the whole of the first act. Miss Rainforth and Mr. Harrison were warmly encored in a lively duet, which they executed delightfully. A sweet air—*Bright-eyed Moorish Maiden*—by Mr. Harrison, received the same compliment. The second act is infinitely too long: recitative followed by air upon air, with perhaps some eight or ten lines of melody to redeem a mass of cleverly composed, but wearying music. In this act Phillips, Miss P. Horton, Leffler, and Manvera, have all good songs, which would be advantageous to the singers, and charming to the hearers, if shorn of the tedious parts, which "mar, not grace, an honest English air." The necessary curtailing will, no doubt, bring them into this desirable position. The finale to this act is spirited. The third act has like merits and faults. Oh, weep not, sweet *Maiden*, a sweet song, sung by Mr. Harrison with great feeling, was most rapturously and deservedly encored, although at half-past ten o'clock. Mr. Phillips was taken hoarse in the middle of the second act, and apologized for not doing justice to the composer: he had, however, no need to excuse himself, and acquitted himself admirably. The choruses are all good—one answered from behind the scenes, and another very original of the *Zingari*, are striking. No expense has been spared in "getting up" the opera. The scenery is beautiful, and the dresses are new and handsome. The whole is doubtlessly successful—a fact, we opine, which might be demonstrated without the violent shriekings, jumpings, &c., of injudicious admirers. It is, indeed, a credit to the English school.

On Monday, we observe, *Coriolanus* is announced for the last time, and for the benefit of Mr. Macready. The largest theatre in Europe could not contain a tenth part of the reward which his exertions in the cause of the drama deserve from a grateful public.

It is rumoured, that some musical gentlemen have offered for Covent Garden, next season; and that Mr. James Wallack is likely to have Drury Lane.

Societa Armonica.—The third concert was, on Monday, as fully attended as the two previous. Madame Stockhausen, one of our old favourites, made her first appearance these four years. Her voice is beautiful as ever; and we wonder, as we listen to her pure tones, how we have been able to spare her so long. Mr. N. Mori, jun., played a fantasia on the violin in first-rate style, and was much applauded.

Madame Sala.—We perceive that Madame Sala has announced a morning concert at Willis's Rooms for Monday week, to the success of which we wish much to contribute. From the length of time this lady has been known, and from the circumstances of her long and severe illness, added to the loss of sight for many months, which has forced her to abandon her profession, we trust her friends and the public will need little persuasion to rally round her on this occasion, and prove their estimation of her talent in this her hour of need.

VARIETIES.

The Literary Fund Anniversary, on Wednesday, being the *fiftieth*, and to be observed as a jubilee year, with H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge in the chair, promises to be not only the most numerous, but the most distinguished assembly of the kind ever witnessed. A number of individuals of high rank, of foreign ministers, of learned foreigners, and of

eminent native authors, have signified their intention to be present; and altogether it may fairly be anticipated that it will be a memorable day for the Fund, and a bright one in the general annals of our literature.

On Friday, that excellent Medical Charity, so zealously sustained by Mr. Salmon, holds its anniversary dinner; and

The Artists' Fund anniversary is on the following day. This is the full season of humane and charitable feasting.

The late Mr. Vendramini's fine pictures, and splendid collection of rare prints, engravings, and other works of *veris*, are, we observe, in Messrs. Christie and Manson's catalogue for sale. To the lovers of such interesting objects of art we would recommend a visit to the private view on Wednesday and Thursday, for many of them are equally rich and curious.

The Copyright Bill.—Mr. Serjeant Talfour's Copyright Bill passed partially through a committee of the House of Commons on Wednesday, after one of the most obstinate and vexatious struggles to defeat it ever witnessed in parliament. No fewer than twenty-four divisions took place, in which a clique of seven, eight, or nine members, led by Mr. Warburton, tried to throw out this wholesome measure. Authors, like eels, in the estimation of these gallant opposition, must love to be skinned alive, and have no right either to their own heads or tales.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia, Vol. XCIV.—Thriwall's Greece, Vol. VI. fcap, cloth, 6s.—W. Coulson on Deformities of the Chest and Spine, 3d. edit. post 8vo. 6s.—Bunbury's Six Sermons on Public Worship, 12mo. 3s.—The Listener in Oxford, fcap, 3s. 6d.—Art of Dress for Females, fcap, coloured, 4s.—Lady Chevelay, or the Woman of Honour, 12mo. 2s.—The Church's Vow of Instruction, by Krummacher, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—Essays on Romanism (Bickersteth's Library), Vol. XXXI. fcap, 5s.—Lord Glenelg's Despatches to Sir F. B. Head, 8vo. 5s.—Rev. W. Orger's Lectures on Lot, fcap, 3s.—J. J. Lonsdale's Statute Criminal Law of England, 14s.—Bishop Goodman's History of His Own Times, 2 vols. 8vo. 11 10s.—Cooke's Insolvent Practice, 2d. edit. 8vo. 16s.—De Bonnacchese's History of France, 12mo. 7s. 6d.—Adrian, and other Poems, by H. Cook, 8vo. 7s. 6d.—McCulloch's Statistical Account of the British Empire, 2d. edit. 2 vols. 8vo. 21 2s.

METHEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1839.

April.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday ... 18	From 36 to 53	29.44 to 29.52
Friday ... 19	44 .. 45	29.55 .. 29.84
Saturday ... 20	36 .. 51	29.94 .. 30.08
Sunday ... 21	37 .. 55	30.13 .. 30.16
Monday ... 22	29.5 .. 61	30.15 .. 30.12
Tuesday ... 23	42.5 .. 54	29.93 .. 29.80
Wednesday 24	36 .. 52	29.98 .. 30.01
Thursday ... 25	28 .. 51	29.90 stationary
Friday ... 26	32 .. 55	30.02 .. 30.11
Saturday ... 27	42 .. 59.5	30.11 .. 30.13
Sunday ... 28	34 .. 61	30.19 .. 30.23
Monday ... 29	30 .. 62	30.18 .. 30.12
Tuesday ... 30	36 .. 65	30.11 .. 30.03
May.		
Wednesday 1	45 .. 66	29.97 .. 29.94

Winds, N.W. and S.E.
Except the 24th, 25th, and 28th ult., and two following days, generally cloudy; rain fell on the 18th, 20th, 21st, and 23d. Two Parusellene between 2 and 3 o'clock on the morning of the 25th.
Rain fallen, '85 of an inch.
Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* To make room for the Egyptian Antiquities, with which we have continued to enrich this No. of the *Literary Gazette*, we have deferred some of our usual Reports; and, as there has been little novelty in publishing since our last, have been able to abridge our Review without injury to that department.

"The Foreign Monthly Review," No. I., is received and acknowledged. There seems to be a variety of articles, and one of them, "Lappenberg's History of England," is a clever piece of criticism.

Part I. of "The Illustrated Shakespeare," with designs by K. Meadows, engraved by Orrin Smith, also demands our acknowledgments. Twenty illustrations of "The Tempest," are extremely characteristic and good.

ADVERTISEMENT,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

CLOSURE OF THE PRESENT EXHIBITION.
BRITISH INSTITUTION,
FALL MALL.

The Gallery, for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of British Artists, is open daily, from Ten in the Morning until Five in the Evening, and will be closed on Saturday, May 11th.

Admission, Catalogue, 1s.
WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

The Gallery will be reopened shortly, with a Selection of Pictures by Ancient Masters.

THE THIRTY-FIFTH ANNUAL

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS, at their Gallery, Pall Mall East, is now open. Open each Day from Nine till Dark.

Admission, 1s.—Catalogue, 6d.
R. HILLS, Secretary.

THE MODEL of the BATTLE of

WATERLOO is now EXHIBITED at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, by brilliant Artificial Light. Constantly illuminated from Five o'Clock in the Afternoon, and throughout the day in dark or unfavourable weather.

Open from Ten in the Morning until Nine in the Evening.
Admission, One Shilling each.

MUSIC.

MORI'S GRAND CONCERT on the

STAGE of the OPERA HOUSE, on Friday Evening next, May 10th, at Eight o'Clock, at which Mesdames Grisi and Persiani will sing a grand Duett together, her first appearance at Public Concert; Albertazzi, Stockhausen, Ernesti Grisi, Monami, and De Riviere; Signori Rubini, Ivanhoff, Tamburini, Lablache, P. Lablache, Tati, and Brizzi (Signor Marie, the celebrated Tenor, will be offered an engagement); Miss Birch, Miss P. Wyndham, and Mr. Phillips, Solo on the Violin by Mr. David, the German Violin-player; on the Piano-forte, by M. Döhler; on the Harp, by M. Labarre; and on the Flute, by Mr. Richardson. A Grand Concertante Duett for Two Violins, by M. David and Mr. Mori. The Orchestra will be on the grand scale of former years, will comprise 100 Performers, and be directed by the Master.

Leader, Mr. Mori; Conductor, Signor Costa.
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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The History and Antiquities of the Parish of Hammersmith. By Thomas Faulkner, author of "The Histories of Chelsea, Fulham, and Kensington." London, Nichols and Son. 1839.

THE well-known story of Oliver Goldsmith's recommendation respecting a dish of old peas has so indelibly fixed in the mind of all literary readers the precise locality of Hammersmith, as the way to Turnham Green, that it is unnecessary for us to explain the exact situation of the parish of which Mr. Faulkner has now presented us with the history, thus completing an account of the western suburbs of London.

As our taste, however, for meddling with parish matters has been very much on the decline since rose-water has gone out of fashion, we will not enter into the discussion of various grave and important subjects which, however, well become the character and dignity of parochial history, but proceed at random to make such selections from Mr. Faulkner's volume, as will best exemplify to those unacquainted with Hammersmith the manner in which various curious and amusing particulars are brought together, concerning this extensive outlet of our great metropolis.

The origin of the name of Hammersmith, which has puzzled former historians so much, and about which old Bowack in his "Antiquities of Middlesex," gives what he is obliged to admit to be a "fantastic relation," Mr. Faulkner derives from the Saxon words *ham* and *hythe*, i.e. the village creek, or harbour; which he would no doubt modify into Hamerhyth, and so on into Hamersmythe, and Hammersmith, but of these changes no evidence is offered, as in the earliest Court Rolls inspected by Mr. Faulkner, and which he states to be about the reign of Henry VII., "the name is written Hamersmith, being nearly the same as the modern spelling."

The population of this parish appears to have about doubled within the last thirty years, so wonderfully is London extending itself; stretching out its gigantic arms of brick and mortar in all directions, and covering the green fields, where in days of yore the worthy citizens were wont to rusticate, with rows of houses denominated "places," and "crescents," and "villas," which "dust boxes," as the latter have been termed, when "to be let or sold," are usually described as "charming rural retreats, delightfully situate in an improving neighbourhood, and within a convenient distance of the metropolis." It is true, that with these improvements—if the substitution of villas that spring up like mushrooms and look like what they are not, by means of stucco and cast-iron, can be so called; other improvements have taken place. How wonderful would a paragraph now sound, which announced that the Duke of Devonshire, in proceeding to his seat, at Chiswick, from London, was stopped by a highwayman and robbed close to the entrance of the Horticultural Gardens!

* Why not derive it from the obvious action of a smith hammering on his anvil? the distance from London and the mode of travelling in the olden times rendering such a locale not unlikely for such a trade.—*Ed. L. G.*

What a sensation would this intelligence create in the fashionable world! Yet, in the history of Hammersmith, we find Mr. Faulkner recording that, little more than half a century ago, viz. on the 3d September, 1776, "The lord mayor of London was robbed near Turnham Green in his chaise and four, in sight of all his retinue, by a single highwayman, who swore he would shoot the first man that made resistance."

A mighty revolution is in progress; "gas, steam, and lithography," are changing the world. The two former appear to have nearly destroyed the fishery of Hammersmith, "which branch of commerce," to use Mr. Faulkner's words, "in former times, yielded much profit and gave employment to a great number of hands, but it is lamentable to observe it in its present depressed state, arising chiefly from the agitation of the waters, caused by the daily passage of the steam-boats, which frighten away and destroy the fish."

At Hammersmith we are told that

"Flounders are taken all the year, and were formerly caught in great abundance; but since the completion of the docks below London bridge, they have almost disappeared, owing to the spawn being carried by the tide into the docks, where it is destroyed by the water being impregnated with the copper with which the bottoms of the vessels are covered, as well as by the agitation caused by the numerous steam-boats, which destroy the spawn and cast it on shore. Smelt-fishing begins on the 25th of March, above London Bridge; but so very few have appeared here during the last five years, that the product scarcely pays the fishermen for their labour in catching them. Salmon-fishing begins on the 1st of January, and ends on the 4th of September. The salmon formerly caught here were highly esteemed, and sold for from five to twelve shillings a-pound; but they also have abandoned these parts of the Thames from the above-mentioned causes, and now frequent the Medway, where they are considered merely as salt-water fish. It is more than ten years since a salmon was seen either at Fulham or Hammersmith; and the poor fishermen have been obliged to sell all their expensive salmon drags. Barbel was formerly taken in great abundance in the season, which begins on the 11th of July and ends on the 1st March: this branch of the fishery still continues, but in a very depressed state. Sturgeons are sometimes taken hereabouts; they are considered as royal fish, and are claimed by the lord mayor as conservator of the river Thames: it is about four years since the last was caught here, and for which the lord mayor gave the fishermen three guineas, previously to its being presented to the king. Eels are caught hereabouts very large and fine. The principal method of taking them is by pots made of basket-work, laid at the bottom of the river. A great quantity was also caught by bobbing; but the large eels have entirely disappeared, and small ones only are now taken, in diminished numbers. The season for blennetting for roach and dace, which is performed with a small drift net with boards, begins on the 1st of July. They are caught

here in great abundance, especially after a heavy rain. Their scales are sold to the Jews for the purpose of making false pearls, and were once worth from twelve shillings to a guinea per quart; but now they are sold for about eight shillings. Lamprey-fishing begins on the 24th of August, and ends on the 30th of March. Between Marlow Lock and Battersea, which is a distance of about fifty miles, in all the deep waters, the lampreys were frequently caught in great plenty, and were sold to the Dutch, as a bait for their turbot and other fisheries. In one season, it is said there have been sold not less than five hundred thousand. The price of the lampreys was forty shillings per thousand; but the Dutch having contracted for an increased quantity at sixty shillings, it rendered them so scarce, as to raise the price for our own use to nearly six pounds. The Thames has sometimes furnished upward of a million; but the steam-boats have driven them higher up the river; and now none, or but few, are caught at Hammersmith."

Mr. Faulkner gives a long and interesting account of the Benedictine Convent, which has existed at Hammersmith since the death of Charles II.; and which was established there by Mrs. Frances Bedingfield, a relation of the first baronet of that family. A school which was opened in this convent for the education of young ladies accounts for some otherwise very scandalous entries to be found in the parish register, viz.: "1672. Mrs. Bedingfield's child buried. Nine shillings." Again, in "1705. A child from the nunnery. Eighteen shillings." And in the following year, "A child from the nunnery." While speaking of the parish registers of Hammersmith, we may add that upon the burial entry "1683, Lucy Walters, June 5," Mr. Faulkner observes: "The coincidence of this name with the unfortunate mother of the Duke of Monmouth has led to its extraction; though the death of that person is said to have taken place in Paris."

Our limits prevent us making further extracts from Mr. Faulkner's volume, which our readers will readily perceive that we are tempted to do, when we mention as among the distinguished residents of Hammersmith, at various times, who are particularly noticed, the queen-dowager of Charles II.; Caroline, the queen of George IV.; Lady Craven, afterwards Margravine of Anspach; Mrs. Billington; Mrs. Mountain; Cipriani, De Louthenberg, and Hoffman, the painters; Worlidge, the engraver; Arthur Murphy, &c. From among other anecdotes of less celebrated parishioners, we select the following, with which we must conclude:—

In a house not far from the Broadway "resided Mr. Speer, ironmonger and smith, who was born on the 4th of June, 1738, the birthday of his late majesty, George III., and nearly at the same hour; he was also married on the same day, and died nearly at the same hour as the king, viz. on Saturday evening, January 29, 1820, at about nine o'clock, aged eighty-two. This family have been resident inhabitants of the town ever since the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Richard Speer was in possession of lands

near Bradmore in the reign of James I., as appears by a deed appertaining to Pallingswick manor. The last descendant of this family is Mr. Richard Speer, who resides in the town, and enjoys good health, at the age of seventy-eight. He still lives in the same house in which he was born, and sleeps in the same room in which he drew his first breath, and has here carried on business for fifty-four years."

The work is illustrated by several wood engravings; which, although unequally executed, convey sufficiently the notion of the objects they are intended to represent.

Thirty Years in India; or, a Soldier's Reminiscences of Native and European Life in the Presidencies from 1808 to 1838. By Major H. Beran, late 27th Reg. E. I. C. Madras Infantry. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1839. Richardson.

THIRTY years of varied experience are here thrown into the form of casual reminiscences, and largely interspersed with sporting adventures and anecdotes: for the gallant major seems to have been a very Nimrod in every jungle of "the Presidencies." Wherever he came, wo betide the *fera natura*; and fish, fowl, and beast of every kind that inhabited water, air, and earth, felt the mortal energy of his cunning and prowess:—

"A villager (he tells us in one of his earliest marches in India) informed me that some animal had taken up his quarters in a betel tope, from which he could not be expelled, and that he used at night to commit great havoc among their goats, and he requested my assistance to dislodge him. I took the necessary precautions to prevent escape, and, accompanied by some volunteers of my detachment, whom I posted at intervals round the place, entered it myself with a sepoy. We came suddenly on the object of our search, which rose up and snarled, displaying a formidable set of teeth, at no great distance. My fire was instantly given with effect, and it turned out to be a very large she-wolf, with two cubs, which we speared. A dreadful accident occurred to me near Gingee, when out snipe-shooting. While in the act of reloading, the powder-flask exploded in my hand, by which I was very much torn and burnt on the breast, face, and neck, and my eyes much injured. The cotton clothes I wore had also taken fire; on feeling this (as I could not see), I rolled in the wet morass, by which means the flames were extinguished. Two inches of the muzzle of the barrel, that had the flask in it, was burst open. As I was about forty miles from the nearest station where medical aid could be procured, I despatched a servant to Pondicherry on my arrival at my tent, to which I had to be led. I thought at times this mishap would have cost me the loss of sight, as all power of vision was gone for nearly a week. The natives most kindly eased the tortures and dreadful pain, by anointing the lacerated and burnt parts with cocoa-nut oil, and picking out the particles of powder that could be removed. All the benefit I derived from the European medical man at Pondicherry, was some goulard-water, of little or no use. I attribute the explosion to some of the paper having remained ignited in the barrel, as it was of that fuzzy description commonly used in bazaars, all my good wadding being at the time expended. It was a most providential escape that the large powder-flask did not fracture my head or hand, as it was blown out of sight!"

This is a fair specimen of the hunting ex-

ploits, of which, however, we must indulge our readers with a few further examples:—

"On his return from Bombay, Lieut. C. had a still more singular adventure near the same place. He entered the jungle in search of game, preceded by a favourite powerful dog, that had courage to seize any thing. The dog ran a little a-head, and suddenly made a noise as if choking. 'Run, master! a cheetah has caught your dog,' said the natives. Lieut. C. advanced cautiously, and saw a large heap, just the colour of a royal tiger, black and orange. In a few seconds he beheld the head and neck of an enormous boa-constrictor slowly uncoiling itself, and gliding towards him. He waited until half of the snake was out of the coil or lump, and then fired both barrels. One ball entered immediately behind the eye, the other about four inches from the head. The whole coil instantly fell, and revealed the poor dog crushed to death within the folds. In the meantime, all Lieut. C.'s followers had fled, and he was forced to go to a village for assistance. Having with some difficulty mustered a little band, he returned and brought out the snake, the dog, and a spotted deer, that the snake had killed, the scent of which had probably tempted the unfortunate dog. The carcass of the deer was so bruised, that even the lowest caste in the village refused to touch it, declaring that it was full of *sakar*, or venom of the *ashgur*, as they called the snake. The boa was twenty-three feet eight inches long, and about six feet in circumference. There was a large cake of fat all the way inside from the head to the tail, and of this the natives shewed great anxiety to obtain possession, declaring that it was an infallible cure for all diseases. The body was hung up on the banyan tree opposite the choultry, or inn of the village. People flocked from all parts of the village to see the monster, and many of the natives used to try whether it was possible to cut through the monster with a blow of a sword; but even after it was skinned, no person was found who could penetrate more than half-way at a single stroke.

"During my tour of command at Ryacottah, I had shooting of every description in its vicinity, as there was hardly a spot from fifteen to twenty miles round that I did not explore. In the hot weather, when most of the tanks and streams are dried up in the jungle, I used to shoot hog and deer at those springs which retained some moisture, by lying in wait behind a small screen, during moonlight nights, for the animals as they came to drink. One circumstance connected with this sporting will probably be novel to English readers, and will certainly be useful as a hint to those who practise fowling by night in India. I tried the experiment of fastening a fire-fly on the sight of my gun, and found it of the greatest value in directing my eye along the barrel, and enabling me to cover my object correctly."

Could one try a bit of phosphorus, or a farthing rushlight in England? But we proceed:—

"Having heard of some elephants that made their appearance in the neighbourhood of Ryacottah, and had committed great havoc among the gardens and frightened the natives, I went in pursuit, and overtook one after a chase of twelve miles, but he made off on the first shot, at such a rate as to baffle all hopes of coming up with him again. Night closed in before we could return, and we were obliged to sleep in a small village near Kistnagherry, from which we obtained some pillau, rice, &c. from my friend Golaum-Ally. This supply

was rendered more delicious by the fatigue and hunger we had undergone, and we were thereby so much refreshed as to be able to ascend the hill early next morning, when, with the assistance of a few natives, we unharboured some elk. I shot a fine buck, but the doe that was in company escaped by taking a most desperate leap down a rocky precipice of about sixty feet, after which, much to our astonishment, she went off unhurt. She had no other way of evading her pursuers than by this extraordinary bound; but, it must be observed, that elks possess great bone, strength, and agility."

"I had a most providential escape this day from a ball fired by one of the party at a hog, but the shot fortunately lodged in the tree behind which I was stationed. One night on the hill of Nundidroog, the sentry placed over a European prisoner confined in a solitary cell, was disturbed by his cries. On entering the cell he found he had been much alarmed by a cheetah springing up to the bars of the grated window, to which he clung, staring at him for some time. This circumstance, as also some other complaints of the loss of cattle belonging to the sepoys in the fort, where they used to graze them, determined some of the officers to try our luck on the approaching moonlight nights. Having made all the preliminary arrangements, namely, a pit, dug and fenced, and a bullock picketed to entice the tiger, several nights passed without any animal making its appearance, owing to the abundance of food which the ravenous beast obtained by the destruction of some village bullocks. Two of our party then lost patience, and would sit up no longer; however, Lieutenant B. and I resolved to make out the week, though we got rather drowsy towards the latter part of it. On the sixth night, about eleven o'clock, it being my watch, I heard the distant growl of a tiger, which, as he approached, became too distinct to be mistaken. I therefore immediately awoke my companion. Just then, the moon emerging from a cloud, shone brightly on one of the largest royal tigers I ever saw; he slowly and majestically kept pacing backward and forward several times, eyeing askance the bullock, which had become greatly alarmed and bellowed most lustily. I had some difficulty to prevent my friend from firing, his anxiety was so great; but he restrained it at the request of an experienced old native, who told us that the distance was too great and the time not yet arrived. Nearly half an hour elapsed in the most breathless suspense, ere he contracted his distance from us (which was about forty yards), disappearing at times in the shade of the trees and surrounding shrubs, as if some suspicion lurked within him of our proximity. Tigers are at times equally cautious and timid to attack, as they are bold and savage on other occasions. At last, by a side-long spring, he knocked over the bullock with a single blow on the haunch, and seizing the throat, lay across the body sucking the blood, growling and lashing his tail most fearfully. Now was the time! and we fired two barrels with such good effect, and so simultaneously, that he hardly ever moved; this tiger measured nearly twelve feet in length, from the nose to the extremity of the tail. Shortly after we killed a cheetah, and caught two others in traps baited with a kid. I recommended the leaden plugs used on this occasion, as they produce a most severe wound, smashing bone, and all before them. They are made to fit the gun, about two inches in length, containing three ounces of lead, and a quarter of an ounce

pewter. In one of our shooting parties, Colonel W., who was a most worthy man, and ardent admirer of field sports, became ill, from over-excitement, heat, and fatigue, in ascending Colarum-droog, which is the most steep and difficult peak of this range. Fortunately, a little water was procurable in the cleft of a rock, of which Lieutenant B. brought me in his hunting-cap, and thereby so novated the colonel, that he was in a short time able to get on his legs, though too weak to follow any sport; he was therefore obliged to turn home. This day was one of those that our during the rainy season, when occasional moods partly appear in contrast to the general arid sky of India, through which the sun's rays strike with greater intensity, as being more condensed; they thus render all exertion men exposed to their influence most oppressive. My constant excursions to most parts of the neighbourhood of Nundidroog, I found a rough black Scotch terrier most useful; particularly the commencement of the snipe season, when birds are scarce and difficult to find. His power of winding the birds was truly extraordinary; he generally led me to the exact spot where the snipe lay. This is not a solitary instance of the like faculty being exhibited by the Scotch terrier; at a subsequent period I and a dog of the same description remarkably for making a steady point; but I think it right to mention the circumstance, as sportsmen generally are not aware of the full value of terriers."

So much for Indian sports, and if the author had been sent to the East to do nothing else than shoot, he could not have painted them better. In his graver parts we are rather annoyed by the use of initial letters instead of names, where there is nothing that need be concealed. Sir A. B., Mr. C. D., Captain E., Lieutenant F., and Colonel G., are nonentities, and the loss of personal interest is a defect in a work of this kind. But, speaking of names, come now to an anecdote or two:—

"The amount of pay is now the general criterion by which the natives measure the relative ranks of European officers; whoever has the best pay is called *Berah-Sahib*, or the big gentleman, and a person of inferior pay is called *Chota-Sahib*, or the little gentleman." This curious nomenclature sometimes induces whimsical misapplications of epithet; remember two gentlemen of the same name, one six feet four, and the other four feet six, and the latter having the larger stipend, was always called the big gentleman, while the former was sentenced to bear the diminutive name."

A fatal mistake:—

"The extraordinary death of the doctor, some years after, by his own hand, is worthy of notice. On his removal to another regiment, having been falsely accused of taking or using improperly part of the medical stores, he was for a short time (till cleared of the charge by the opinion of a court of inquiry) suffering under a depression of spirits. Soon after, an officer of this regiment, one morning, sent to borrow a sword from another; but the servant, making a mistake, went and asked the doctor for his; who, on giving it, thought it was for the purpose of placing him under arrest again (as is the usual mode), and while under this erroneous impression, he blew out his brains." Mentioning the Pindarries, Major Bevan dates:—

"It would be impossible to give an adequate notion of the craft and perseverance displayed by these robbers in ascertaining the amount

and the exact position of any property they may covet; and the almost incredible deceptions they practise on the possessors. Precautions are almost useless for the contrivances employed. Horses ever so securely picketed and guarded, have been stolen from the midst of the camp; the whole property in a room or tent has been swept away without awakening the sleeping owner; nay, the very mattress has been removed by a skilful thief, without disturbing the slumbers of the officer by whom it was occupied. I witnessed the performance of this last-named feat when in camp at Trichinopoly, by one of the Colliries, a class of persons noted for their expertness and adroitness as thieves. It was then performed for a wager, to convince an incredulous officer of the surprising dexterity of Indian thieves. When the officer's breathing gave proof of his being in a sound sleep, the Colliry entered the room stealthily as a cat, taking with him a small chafing-dish on which he burned some intoxicating herbs, especially the seeds of the bang or hemp-plant, which is nearly as powerful a soporific as opium. He allowed the officer to inhale some of the stupefying fumes, and then gently tickled him with a feather; as he mechanically shrunk from the tickling, the thief adroitly pulled away the mattress, until he succeeded in removing it altogether, when he went out of the room without being detected."

In describing the ignorance of the natives of Hindustan of the chemical arts, especially as applied to manufactures, and, indeed, in noticing how far they are behind Europe in many arts, &c., which might turn their produce to most important commercial purposes, and the interchange of commodities of extreme value to both hemispheres, Major Bevan says:—

"Since my return to Europe I have seen with great pleasure and surprise the copies from the Egyptian monuments, published by Rosellini, Champollion, Wilkinson, and others. Had I been ignorant of their origin, I should have supposed that those which represent the condition of Egyptian manufactures in the age of the Pharaohs were pictures of Hindoo artisans at the present day. The most remarkable feature in Asiatic civilisation, as has been frequently observed, is its stereotype character: in the arts especially, there seems to have been an early limit set to invention, which the system of caste rendered fixed and inviolable. A friend of mine, some years ago, who devoted much of his attention to the intellectual improvement of India, maintained that instruction in the arts was far more likely to accomplish this object than scholastic education: it was a favourite aphorism with him, that 'an improved plough is an excellent missionary, and a box of carpenter's tools worth a dozen schoolmasters, because the value of education, whether secular or religious, cannot be appreciated by the uneducated unless its connexion with material improvement be distinctly shewn.' I fully agree with him in these views; they have, indeed, a wider range than India, for they are applicable to the uninstructed in every part of the globe. His reasoning appears to me so conclusive, that I think I shall confer a benefit on my readers by transferring a portion of his paper on native education to these pages. 'What, then, is the proximate cause of the want of improvement and nearly stationary condition of India? What can it be but the comparative indolence and want of enterprise characteristic of the people? But whence comes this indifference? Does it exist where a certain and immediate prospect of advantage lies open to their perception? This can

scarcely be said. The inactivity complained of must therefore originate, in a great measure at least, in the want of a full and distinct understanding of the advantage of pushing enterprise into other than the customary channels. And how is it that such perception is wanting? Custom, long and deeply rooted, prejudice, and ignorance (connected no doubt, in part, with the physical character of the people, but attributable still more to the nature and effects, which have been operating for ages, of the religion they profess, and the civil institutions arising from it) have obscured the reasoning powers of the nation, and blunted the measure of ingenuity which they undoubtedly possess, so as to debar them from the attainment of just principles in philosophy, from the discovery of truth in the sciences; and as a consequence, in some degree necessary, from a knowledge of the simplest and most effectual processes in the mechanical and other arts. In the meanwhile, the almost total want of intercourse with more enlightened foreigners, until a recent period, rendered it impossible that the valuable knowledge, of which, as long experience had shewn, there were no indigenous germs, could be introduced from other quarters. The ultimate principle, it appears, then, to which we are conducted by this analysis, is the ignorance of the people, which disables them from perceiving, and profiting by, those means of bettering their condition and augmenting the national wealth, which their interest would otherwise render them quick to seize upon and turn to advantage."

In the like sensible manner the author indicates the remedies for these evils; but our limit is exceeded, and we must conclude with recommending a very entertaining, and, when serious, a very intelligent publication. In doing so we must omit all details about the ghosts of tigers, legends of the country, management of the army, traditions, state of India, moral and political, and other topics of interest; all which will be found in these volumes, treated in the manner we have shewn by the mixed character of our extracts.

Ignatia, and other Poems. By Mary Ann Browne, author of "Mont Blanc," &c. 12mo. pp. 176. London, 1838. Hamilton and Co. Liverpool, Marples.

BUT few things afford us so much pleasure in this "matter-of-fact" age as to alight unexpectedly upon a volume of true poetry,—one which has perchance been buried for weeks beneath the pile of volumes that contain verses, and comes forth at last uncontaminated from all the dullness amongst which it has so long slumbered. Such a volume are we about to bring before our readers: and that, too, without endeavouring to persuade them to place implicit faith in our assertions only; for the passages which we have marked for quotation must of themselves be the proof on which we rest our own judgment, and appeal to the opinions of others.

We have but seldom seen of late the rich descriptive talent of poetry, accompanied with so much deep and earnest feeling, and stirring passion, as in the present work; and, without further remark, or even selection, give the following, which is the opening of the poem:—

"Summer and sunshine! The rich rose is wreathing
Around the porches of my father's hall,
Wild incense from the jasmine flower is breathing.
The fountain's waves in silver plashes fall
Beneath the broad old chestnuts, and the trees
Of blossomed times are all alive with bees;
Green are the boughs where the young orange blazes,
And the low vines upon the mountain's sides

Already have their wealth of living gold
And amethyst, beneath the shadowy fold
Of their green leaves. Sunshine and summer days!
The earth its festival time of gladness hath,
Yet not a flower-scent comes upon my path,
Save when some long-lived breath mournfully strays
On the chill sea-wind, from the smiling land,
And pauses lingering on this island strand.

"O glorious Ocean! well
It fits my weary heart near thee to dwell;
Thou chapest not—and yet art full of change;
The tempest chafes thee, the wild winds may range
Across thy crystal fields, and yet again
Thou art the same, the salt and tasteless main;
Thou hast a voice—a strong, eternal tone,
A low, deep burden, an unvarying moan,
Heard even amidst thy calm; and when the wind
Whistles and raves above thee, still that voice
Doth with the louder sound accord and blend,
And in my lonely heart an echo find
Unto its moan; and therefore make I choice
Of thee, cold Ocean, for my latest friend."

The following is also very beautiful:—

"My mother, my dear mother! how we met
In thought and feeling! I was reconciled
To all the tasks thou didst so sweetly set,
Whilst thou to pleasure me wast half a child;—
Still lingering near me in my play-time hours,
Helping to feed my birds, to rear my flowers,
Telling me tales, to please my childhood planned,
Yet full of the romance of thy far land.
Then how thine eye would kindle! how thy cheek
Would glow—thy form grow statelier at the tale!"

There are some fine natural touches in the adjoining lines—a simplicity and a feeling that all can appreciate:—

"Ere long, one summer night
I watched beside her, the full moon shone bright
Into her chamber, and the lamp gleamed faint
Amidst that lustre. On her couch she lay
So beautiful, we might have deemed some saint
Had paused to rest there on her pilgrim way.
She slept—my father, sad and overworn,
Retired and left me; till the breaking morn
I sat in the deep window, nor would stir,
Lest I should chase that blessed sleep from her;
But when the sunshine filled the quiet room,
I put aside the curtain's purple gloom;
Still did that face its calm expression keep,
But oh! I saw at once this was not sleep!
And so my mother died."

The following description of recovering from delirium, and the sensations produced, belong to a very high order of poetry: it may remind the reader of some of those dark passages which Byron was too fond of brooding over; but it will lose nothing if even compared with some of his best and similar pieces:—

"Once methought I lay
Upon a mountain top, clouds drifted o'er me,
The wild flowers choked the mountain's upward way,
And far below the blue sea lay before me;
I heard the winds so whispering around,
I heard the sea—breeze murmuring to the wave,
I heard it rustling in the echoing cave,
I saw its ripple on the blue profound;—
I longed to feel it on my burning brow,
But that was charged, so that it could not feel;
I longed to plunge into the waves below—
My limbs were held with unseen bonds—the reel
Of the bright waters maddened me—in vain
I strove and struggled with my viewless chain,
And the dream vanished. I was in a dell,
Walled in with many a rocky pinnacle,
Clear drawn against the sky; that sky was gray,
It was the evening of an autumn day,
And on one range of mountains the black pines
Heaved 'gainst the leaden sky, like the dark lines
Of stormy ocean waves; and far beneath
There rolled a torrent, deep and still as death;
Noiseless as moveless giant phantoms on,
It poured into the forest; there was one
Huge tree that bent above it, spreading wide
Its aged arms, yet not in summer pride,
But wintry majesty—from that vast tree
There came a heavy moan, and suddenly
'Twas full of faces that did jeer and jibe;
And then, as if to answer every mock,
From the thick waters, and the o'erhanging rock,
And waving pines, came forth a fearful tribe;
All the dark clefts, and rifts, and secret places,
Gave up a myriad of fantastic faces;
Then a strange concert rose, the trees began
To bend as with a sudden hurricane,
And the black waters roared, and yet through all
The fearful din came the delicious fall
Of soft, sweet music, separate and apart;
With those wild sounds it came, but did not blend;
It seemed to melt into the very heart,
Like the low, soothing voice of some kind friend,
And then, methought, the scene less dreary grew,
The heavens had sudden streaks of wavy blue;

And a soft breath, which I had panted for
Through all those fantasies in vain, was now
Breathed freshly on my faint and feverish brow;
The vision melted—was it dreaming, or
Only delirium? On my couch I lay
In mine own chamber—'t was the hour when day
Awakens—pleasant air was softly streaming
Over mine eyes—I raised my languid head,
'T was cool, 't was clear; the early light was beaming,
And through the window fell its radiance red,
And the crisp tendrils of the jessamine
Peeped through the open lattice, where they crept
Mingling with roses many a graceful twine;—
For very love of those sweet flowers I wept
In my relief and weakness. Only those
On whom the fever's parching power hath been,
Can tell how, when the weary eyes unclosed,
To life returning, one doth love the rose,
Or any flower, or leaf of living green!
I had a longing to my heart to clasp them,
Yet was I far too weak to rise and grasp them;
I was alone—ah, lonely then indeed."

The annexed extract is a little gem, the last ten lines of it would do honour to the name of any of our greatest poets. Reader, look over it, and if thou hast a love for the memories of the dead, it will find its way at once to thy heart:—

"Sometimes, when sunset fell, I sought the place
Where lay the ashes of my noble race;
Where, underneath a yew-tree's solemn gloom,
Couched the pale marble of my parents' tomb:
In childhood I had felt a shrinking fear
When that lone spot my careless feet came near,
A strange averting of the startled eye,
When in the twilight hour I passed it by;
But now it seems a refuge for my heart,
A spot where my affections had a part;
Oh how the grave doth lose its strangeness, when
Our loved are lying there! 't is like a land
Divided from us by the mighty main,
When kindred go to dwell upon its strand.
A land whose name scarce an impression made
Before they went there; but becomes possessed
At once with deep and thrilling interest;
Imagination doth its shores invade,
Passing with viewless wing the pathless sea,
And picturing what its hidden scenes may be."

The following description of the feelings accompanying a first confession of love, are very graphic; and if our memory serves us right, want but the feminine substituting, to realise what we ourselves have dreamed over some forty years ago, when neither gout nor gray hairs troubled us. But as Falstaff says, "We are old now, and inquire not what stuff they will have a kirtle of." But here are the extracts, and such as we cannot offer every day to our readers:—

"How different were our meetings from that time
Unto the former ones—when I would look
For hours upon the pathway he must climb
Up the green mountain-side, yet seize a book
The moment he appeared, nor lift mine eyes
Until he stood beside me, and then seem
Awakened suddenly from some deep dream,
As if his presence were a vast surprise:
But now with bounding gladness, forth I went
To meet him half-way up the steep ascent;
And now I dared to lean upon his arm,
And look into his face, and talk, and smile:
And now I wandered with him many a mile,
Unwearied, listening to the gentle charm
Of his low voice; and in some green retreat
We lingered oft, and when he found a seat
Upon some fallen tree, how at his feet
I have reclined, up-looking in his face;
Whilst he entwined fresh blossoms in my hair;
No wreaths I ever wore had such a grace
As those my Leon's hair had twisted there.
I never thought such hours could tire or cloy—
I was a very child amidst my joy.
But most, when evening fell, I loved to go
Unto the spot where first our love was told,
And, gazing on the watery waste below,
With all its heaving waves of living gold,
To ponder on my love till thought grew dim,
Confused in bliss—then turn, and gaze on him.
Oh, those deep hours of silent happiness!
It was enough for me to know and feel
We loved: 't was joy that nothing may express,
To feel the same cool wind-breath softly steal
Over my forehead, that o'er his had swept,
Over my lips, that o'er his own had crept!
One beautiful evening, long we stood and gazed,
Yet spake not:—lightly resting on his arm,
I watched the intense and burning west, that blazed
So gorgeously, and would not break the charm,
Even by seeking in his eyes to find
If the same thoughts were passing through his mind;
I felt, that moment, that a look, a touch,
A whisper, or a breath, would be too much;

And still I gazed until the thick mists dimmed
My dazzled eyes, and my full heart o'erbrimmed
Found the relief of tears, for its excess
Of cloudless joy and yearning tenderness."

Here we must halt, without endeavouring to unravel the story of this beautiful poem, which is throughout well sustained. Twenty years ago, such a work as this would have made a great sensation in the world of letters; but a great change has taken place since then in the taste for poetry, and we are sorry to add, in too many instances, for the worse. We will not say that our fair authoress ranks amongst the very highest of English poets, but we do think that our extracts will fully justify us in asserting that she leads the way by many a long league, and far outdistances the general class of modern poets.

Lady Chatterton's South of Ireland.

[Conclusion.]

THE legend omitted in our last, and well worthy of the charming volumes to which it belongs:—

"A little lower down (says our fair authoress) I saw, to the left of the road, at the distance of three or four fields, a circular stone fort, apparently resembling those of Cahir-Gal and Steague, but inferior in preservation. The piper shewed me a very curious building in a field some way to the right of the road. It consisted of two circular mounds of stones, one within the other, but not at equal distances, the inner circle being nearer to the outer one on the northern side. There is an entrance to a subterranean passage and chamber in the centre of the inner circle. The piper said it had been explored some years ago by a gentleman, who found the passage ran eastwards for some distance. The tradition of the place is, that it extends as far as another building of the same kind, which the piper pointed out to me, on the side of a mountain about half a mile distant, near which stand four large high stones, which I could plainly discern. 'How strange,' I observed, 'that none of these stones should have been removed; that these old altars and edifices should have remained for so many centuries, when nothing would be easier than to take them away, and to build cottages or walls with them.' 'Faix thin,' said the old man, 'it would be aisy enough to do that same; but sure, there's anould spirit o' the place, that do be always guarding every stone. It takes different forms, and, maybe, 'tis in that big black crow, that's perched upon the top of the stone this blessed minute, looking for all the world as wise as a Christian, and hearkening, perhaps, to every word we're sayin, the Lord save us! I'll tell you,' he continued, in a lower tone, when we had reached the bottom of the field: 'I'll tell you about a man that offended the spirit ont upon a time; 'twas Mick Purcell, as likely and nate a boy as you'd see in your day's walk, and married to the purtiest girl in the county of Kerry. He lived in a little cabin down in that village ye see yonder: the habitation was not so illigant as it might be, but 'twas there his father lived afore him, and he had been born and bred in it himself. Now Mick Purcell had two fine cows that fed in the commons out there, and two beautiful pratee fields up here; so says his wife to him, one fine morning, 'Mick, dear, suppose you were to build a nice new little house up near the pratee fields above; there's plenty o' stones close by in those old buildings, all convaynient to your hand.' 'God forbid,' says Mick, 'that I should do the likes o' that, or lay a finger on ere a stone of theould buildin.' 'An' why so?' says she; 'sure what better use in life could they be put to, than to

build a house, a nice little dawning house, like Jim Ryan's, the boy who wanted to marry me afore I took you, Mick?" "I'll have nothing to do with them stones, good nor bad," said Mick; "so don't be coaxing me now, woman. They say that there's life in them; don't ye remember hearing tell what happened near Dingle, the Lord save us! how the boy grew as big as the house in one minute, for having taken away the bell-stone on the top o' the ould chapel?" "That was the holy ground, and consecrated by the blessed St. Patrick himself," said the wife; "no wonder he suffered for his audaciousness: but I see how it is; ye won't stir a step for my axing, or do the last hand's turn to content yer own Jenny, after her leaving all the other boys that was coorting her, to marry a spalpeen like you. 'Twasn't that way Jenny Ryan would have served me.' With that Jenny begins to cry, and to rock herself to and fro, and wipe her eyes with the blue apron. So Mick saw there was no use in going contrary to her; he was a tinder-hearted gossoon, and next morning up he gets and begins taking down the stones from the side o' the ould building. Just as he was going to carry them to the place where his wife wanted to have the new house built, a beautiful bird came and perched on the top of the ancient edifice. Its feathers shone like gold, and its two eyes peered into Jim's face with such a tindher beseeching look, that it melted the heart within him, and made him stand stock-still. "Arrah what's keeping you, Mick, dear?" calls Jenny, from the other end o' the field; "and why don't you bring the stones to me, jewel?" Mick felt quite ashamed like, at being knocked of a heap that way by a dumb creature's eyes; so he takes courage, and was going off with his hands full, when the bird flutters out before him, and looked at him with the most threatening angry look ever you see. "A plague on you," cries Mick, "for all your fine gold feathers! Why, what is it that ails ye at all, an' can't ye let me go in peace?" With that the bird fluttered nearer, and seemed fairly to block up the passage, while its eyes shone upon him like the fire o' hell. Mick's blood was up, for he thought Jenny would make game of him for being such a born fool and omedhaun, as to be hindered by a bit of a bird; so he ups and he throws one o' the stones at the craythur, but though 'twas close to him he missed it, and the two eyes blazed out with more anger than ever. With that, my dear, Mick seizes a larger stone, and, holding it up with both hands, aimed a desperate blow at the beautiful bird. This time he succeeded; the stone struck the golden wings with a sound as if all the plates and dishes in Ireland, and the rocks and the valleys, were striking together, and Mick fell all along upon the ground as if he had been shot. Even Jenny, at the distance she was standing, fell on her face quite stunned, and 'twas long afore she recovered her senses enough to get up and look after her husband. At last she come to, and went sarching about for Mick. She found him sitting on the heap o' stones, the very picture of wo. "What's the matter with you, avourneen machree?" says she, looking in his face as coaxing as possible, and putting on a smile as sweet as the best lump sugar, as if to make up for the mischief she had done with her fine vagaries about the new house. "What's the matter indeed!" cries Mick; "why 'tis ruined I am, woman alive! Bad luck to yourself for putting me up to disturb those blessed stones; taking liberties with them, sure, like a cow with a haystack in winter. See what a holy shew you've

made o' me. I can't stand, no more than a trout or a salmon. 'Tis crippled for life I am entirely.' And so it was, sure enough; the moment Mick hit the golden bird, that moment he lost the use o' his legs, and never recovered them to his dying day."

MISCELLANEOUS.

Faust; a Tragedy. By J. W. Von Goethe. Translated into English Verse, by J. Birch, Esq. Embellished by Twenty-nine Engravings, on Steel, after Retsch. Large 8vo. pp. 276. London, 1839. Black and Armstrong. Leipsig, Brockhaus.

It is with regret we see another laborious and painstaking effort to translate *Faust*, and especially into the most unfit medium, English rhyme. Even had we been without the previous versions of this drama, the attempt could not, in our opinion, have been successful. As it is, it is a literary curiosity, and a few lines will shew of what quality:—

"Fourth Journeyman. Let's all to Burgdorf—we're sure of there

The prettiest girls, and the best of beer,
And bang-up battling!

A Fifth. What, madcap! Hast forgotten thy thruppling?

Does the hide itch again, for—thou knowest what!
The name's enough for me—it makes one hot.

First Servant Girl. Marry come up! And what th' better should I be,

To see him coaxing of you, and slighting me?
He'll dance with none but you upon the deals!

Fine sport, indeed, to see you kicking up your heels!

A Student. Zounds, how those buxom wenches step it out!

Come let's o'ertake, and toddle 'em about;
A flagon of strong beer, good pungent tobacco,
And a tny lass, is pastime comme il faut.

There once was a Rat made her nest in a cellar,
She lived upon nothing but fat bacon and butter—
By dint of such living she waxed quite oecular.

One should not with the fair in love affairs love-joke."

We have said enough for so much toil of authorship; we should be sorry to dwell on the failure. *Parturiunt montes, nascitur ridiculus mus.* We are told that Mr. Birch is really a very clever German scholar, and feel annoyed that our critical duties oblige us to condemn his present translation. He is, however, no poet; and we think it would be advisable for him to stick to humble prose.

The Metropolitan Pulpit; or, Sketches of the most Popular Preachers in London. By the Author of "Random Recollections," &c. &c. 2 vols. London, 1839. Virtue.

THESE sketches bear a close resemblance to the writer's preceding publications. With as much observation as his opportunities have afforded, he dashes away his pulpit portraiture; and if frequently in error, and often guessing as well as he can instead of being able exactly to ascertain his facts, he, we believe, fairly tries to have his statements as correct as possible. His present subject is a popular one with the multitude who run after popular preaching; and we dare say, without venturing on its examination, that it will answer the purposes of the very industrious author.

England and its People, &c., by Emily Taylor. (London, Houlston and Co.)—A familiar review of our history for very young folks, and with very droll woodcuts, from which they could learn little correctly.

The Ladies' Flower Garden, by Mrs. Loudon. No. IV. (London, Smith.)—Continuing in freshness and beauty, this sweet illustration of Oriental Annuals wins its way wherever the natural charms of these rich and lovely flowers are admired and cultivated.

The Journal of the English Agricultural Society, Vol. I. Part I. (London, Murray.)—We are glad to see a publication of this description, as every thing which tends to the diffusion of agricultural knowledge must have a good effect. We know how slowly improvements march, and hail any means to expedite their movement.

A Brief Survey of Physical and Fossil Geology. Being Two Lectures delivered at the Marylebone, &c. Institution, by F. J. Francis. Pp. 175. (London, Hatchard and Co.)—These

lectures having been popular in their delivery, Mr. Francis has been requested to put them into a more permanent form, in which they are well calculated to inform a more numerous class than in their original shape.

A Popular Treatise on the Diseases of the Eye, &c., by George Corfe. 8vo. pp. 304. (London, Baines; Kennerly.)—This is a curious book, with considerable novelty of observation, but it treats of subjects more fit for medical readers than for our varied classes, and therefore we must content ourselves with recommending it to their notice. Its treatment of the oils, which form part of the human system, is well worthy of attention.

A Manual of the Diseases of the Eye, &c., by S. Littell, M.D., revised, &c. by H. Houston. Pp. 307. (London, Churchill.)—A very clever treatise, in which the diseases to which the eye is liable are acutely investigated, and suitable remedies proposed.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

FRIDAY, May 3. Mr. Solly 'On the Structure of the Bird, in relation to its Habits of Life, and Position in the Animal Kingdom.' In the study of the medical profession, Mr. Solly observed, it is as useless for its votaries to confine their attention to the vital phenomena of the human being, as it would be for the investigators of geological science to the small and limited portion of the crust of the earth. The most extended views and examinations of the animal creation, in all its complicate and wonderful structure, are requisite to the former; not by experimental cruelties on the living or dying creature, but by an intimate and practical acquaintance with its organisation. The day is gone by for the confined views of those who think that physiology can be studied without the aid of comparative anatomy. He then proceeded to offer a few general observations on the organisation of the bird, dwelling on its perfection, as marking the most exquisite design. He also alluded to those organs which (and instances are to be found in the whole animal kingdom), though useless to the animal itself, termed rudimentary, are carried out in another species, as proving that the whole must be the result of general laws, ordained by Almighty Power,—regulating not merely individual, but universal organisation. With regard to the habits of the bird, the first phenomenon which presents itself to the general observer is its power to elevate itself against the power of gravity. Is there other than the bird possessing this power? After adverting to the bat, Mr. Solly referred to that species of lizard which springs and flutters in the air for a short time, but does not raise itself against gravity. The skeleton of this lizard (*Draco volans*) is principally interesting from the fact, that all its ribs are not bent forwards, as in other creatures, for the protection of its vital organs; but some of them are spread out, and covered with a membrane, like an extended wing, by which it sustains itself for a while. Amongst fossil animals of this kind, the pterodactylus has excited great attention, and some have questioned whether or not it was a bird. It did not, however, possess an instrument to dress feathers essentially necessary for this whole class, and therefore the question is easily solved. The principal point in the organisation of birds, in reference to the power of flight, is the air-cells they possess; the trachea, or windpipe, communicating not only with the lungs, but also with the bones, which are firm and unyielding cylinders, permeated with air, and thus are almost as light as paper. These air-cells are likewise found in the cavities of the abdomen, chest, &c., and their number and extent are in proportion to that power. Thus the apteryx, a bird without external wings, one of the interesting links between the bird and mammalia, has all its bones solid, not one permeated, whereas the bones of the crested horn-

bill are all hollow. This beautiful provision, though peculiar to this division of the vertebrata, has its parallel in the organisation of the insect, which likewise has its body furnished with air-vessels. The general anatomy of the bird was then illustrated by numerous diagrams, and by a skeleton of the adjutant, or gigantic crane;—the arrangement of the bones of the neck to prevent injury to the spinal cord in all the turnings and twistings, to which it is liable when acting as an instrument of prehension and protection, as also the construction and adaptation of the bones and muscles of the lower extremities. One most striking peculiarity in the formation of the skeletons of birds is the projection from the sternum, or breastbone. The plain surface, as in man, would not be sufficient for the attachment of those enormous muscles which move the wings, and therefore the breastbone is projected in all birds that fly, but not in the ostrich, cassowary, &c. The collar-bones of birds, familiarly called the merrythought, are of great strength in birds enjoying powers of high and continued flight; and the coracoid bone, which, in the human being, is merely a short process from the scapula, in the bird is prolonged to the sternum, performing, as explained by Mr. Owen in his interesting observations on the apteryx, the most important part in the dilatation of the chest through the action of the serratus magnus on the scapula. The muscular system is also beautifully adapted to the habits of the bird. The pectoral muscles in the human subject consist of two parts, one proceeding from the clavicle down, the other from the sternum directly up to the os humeri. That which passes up and inserted near to the centre of motion, is called into action when a rapid movement of the arms is required; the other, when power is to be gained in the action, as in lifting. In the bird, where great force is necessary to depress the wing, no portion of the muscle is folded, or inserted above the other, but all in the same line, into the os humeri. Mr. Solly then demonstrated, by means of a diagram, that when the larger pectoral muscle is turned back the second pectoral is exposed, which acts through a pulley to elevate the wing; and that these two muscles, arising from the same point of the sternum, are placed there, like ballast, to balance the floating bird. The provision of a muscle, with its tendon running in front of the knee-joint, and then attached to the flexor muscles of the toes, by which the bird is enabled to roost without muscular exertion, was described. Mr. Solly eulogised Hunter, and agreed with him that, although the diaphragm, as a septum dividing the chest from the abdomen, with one exception, does not exist, still in all birds there is something more or less analogous to it. The rudimentary appearance of the diaphragm in the raven, and the perfect septum it forms in the apteryx, were demonstrated. He then cursorily alluded to the nervous system, as the best guide for the divisions in the animal kingdom, and general form in the birds, and passed on to the organs of digestion and the parts connected therewith, directing attention to the curious points, like brushes, at the base of the tongue in graminivorous birds, and surrounding the aperture of the larynx. Mr. Solly considers these points do really brush down small portions of food which it would be difficult for the oesophagus to clasp. This inability of the oesophagus to grasp a small body is frequently experienced in swallowing a pill. When the food is swallowed it is pushed into the crop, where it is more or less dissolved, and passed on to the gizzard to be ground down.

This operation of grinding is performed in other vertebrata in the mouth, by means of strong massy teeth; but if that of birds were supplied with teeth, great difficulty would be experienced to support, during flight, the consequently weighty head. Therefore, the graminivorous bird picks up teeth in the shape of stones, gravelly pieces of brick, &c. The stomach of the crocodile curiously resembles in appearance the gizzard, shewing one, out of numerous alliances, between the bird and the reptile. The organs of circulation and respiration, so highly developed in the bird, concluded this interesting illustration. Mr. Solly treated the subject with great ease and skill; and although he made the best and utmost use of the space allotted for these illustrations, the facts developed by the comparative anatomists are so numerous, that it was impossible for him in that time to give the general reader a perfect idea of all the proofs of exquisite and benevolent design. Our own limits of necessity preclude us laying before our readers all the proofs which were demonstrated by Mr. Solly.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

[Continued from our last.]

APRIL 24.—4. 'Classification of the older Rocks of Devonshire and Cornwall,' by Professor Sedgwick and Mr. Murchison. In a communication read in May 1837, the authors explained their general views respecting the older rocks of Devonshire and Cornwall, but having recently been induced, on zoological evidence, not then obtained, to make a change in the lower part of their classification, they give in this paper their reasons for doing so. With respect, however, to the geological age of the culmiferous strata occupying the greater portion of Devonshire, they adhere to their first opinion, and consider them the equivalents of the true coal measures of other parts of England. In the grouping, succession, and lithological characters of the great series of beds underlying the culmiferous strata, they likewise make no alteration; and used, in reading the paper, the same section which they exhibited to the British Association at Bristol, in 1835, when they first explained the true position of the culm deposit. On their first examination of Devonshire and Cornwall, they were induced to consider the great slaty and sandstone districts forming Exmoor and the Quantocks on the north, and a large portion of southern Devon and the whole of Cornwall, as the lower part of the Silurian system, and the upper part of the Cambrian, having been misled by the slaty character of the rocks, and its supposed proof of geological antiquity. A recent examination, however, of the fossils collected by the authors, or kindly sent to them for examination by the Rev. R. Hennes and the Rev. D. Williams, has proved that the strata immediately subjacent to the culm series (shewn on a former occasion to contain true coal-measure plants), enclose fossils resembling those in the lower carboniferous strata of the north of England; that the great mass of intermediate beds are characterised by peculiar fossils; and that the lowest strata contain some which partake of the same type, and others which belong to the upper Silurian formations. On these grounds, therefore, the authors have been induced to remove the slates and older sandstones of Devon and Cornwall from the position they first assigned to them, and to place them on the parallel of the old red sandstone, the intermediate series of strata between the carboniferous and Silurian systems.

Had, however, the whole of the evidence derived from organic remains been before the authors in 1836, the geological age of the strata could not then have been determined, as the fossils of the Silurian system, one of the terms of comparison, had not been fully ascertained. In the gradual passage of the strata from one group to another, and in the recurrence of the same groups north and south of the great culmiferous or carboniferous series of central Devon, there is the most decided stratigraphical evidence of the whole of the country belonging to one geological epoch. The marked difference between the slates of Devonshire and Cornwall, and the sandstones of Herefordshire with the adjacent counties, hitherto considered types of the old red system, the authors shewed can be no valid objection to the proposed classification, as lithological characters have been long proved to be of little or no importance in connecting deposits at even very limited distances. The absence of the true carboniferous limestone, was also shewn to be no argument against the arrangement of the authors, as in the western extremity of Pembrokeshire that formation is entirely wanting, and the culm or coal-measures rest immediately on older rocks. Lastly, the authors proposed, in consequence of the strata in Devonshire yielding the best zoological type, to substitute the term, Devonian system, for old red; and they expressed a hope that the determination of these fossils would assist in filling up the sequence of geological formations, and enable observers to discover in other parts of the world a series of deposits hitherto supposed almost peculiar to the British isles. The authors acknowledged the assistance they have received from Mr. James De Carle Sowerby; and that Mr. Lonsdale first suggested that the limestones of South Devon would prove to be of the age of the old red sandstone. The paper was illustrated by the large index map of the Ordnance Survey, coloured by the authors, and it exhibited the range of the several systems through North and South Wales; the border counties of England, Devonshire, and Cornwall.—5. 'A Notice on the general Relations of the various Bands of Slate, Limestone, and Sandstone in South Devon,' by R. A. C. Austen, Esq. F.G.S. Commencing with the oldest deposits east of the Teign, there appear, 1. Slates; 2. A band of black limestone, containing corals and shells, and sometimes thin seams of anthracite. It ranges from Staple Hill through Bickington, Ashburton, Buckfastleigh, and Dean. 3. Fine-grained schistose shale and slates. 4. The limestones of Plymouth, Dunwell, Shilstone, Ugborough, North Huish, Little Hempston, &c.: they are associated with schistose rocks. 5. A great arenaceous deposit, often coarse, and resembling old red sandstone, sometimes conglomeritic, when it resembles the new red; it ranges from Plymouth Sound and Bigbury Bay, across the central part of South Devon, by Modbury and Blackdown, cutting the Dart below Totness, and ranging thence through Marlton, Cockington, and Barton; in some places it contains thin bands of limestone. 6. The limestones of Torbay. Mr. Austen says the carbonaceous rocks of central Devon form no part of this series, but rest upon it unconformably.—Lastly, a notice by Mr. Miller, of Cromarty, 'On the exact Position in the old red Sandstone of the bed containing Fossil Fishes, and exposed in the Cliffs of the Moray Frith.' It is overlaid by a yellow sandstone, and rests upon a deposit of red sandstone, chocolate-coloured conglomerate,

and impure limestone. The base of the whole is stated to be granitic gneiss.

ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY.

'ON the method of determining the Longitude by Moon-culminating Stars,' by Mr. Epps, late assistant-secretary to the Society. The author remarks, that the advantages of moon-culminating observations, for the purpose of determining the difference of longitudes, particularly in the case of distant meridians, are now universally admitted, every other method being found subject not only to greater trouble and difficulty, but to errors far exceeding the limits of those to which the results of moon-culminating observations are liable. But although this method, the merit of introducing which belongs chiefly to Mr. Baily, is justly regarded as the best known, yet the result of a single observation, or of a few observations, is liable to a considerable amount of error, even when the observations are made by the best instruments and the ablest observers; and the object of the present communication is to shew the extent to which the error may be expected to reach. The moon's proper motion, on which the method entirely depends, is such, that an error in the observation is necessarily greatly augmented in the resulting longitude; in fact, the error in longitude will always be from 21 times to 35 times the amount of the error of observation. If, then, it be assumed that 0.2 of time is the probable error of an observed transit, and that the observed interval between the transits of the moon and star is liable to an error of 0.4, the resulting difference of longitude will be in error from 8 to 14 seconds of time. This is the probable effect, from observations made at one station only; and as it is quite possible that the effect may be doubled by an equal amount of error, in a contrary direction, at the other station, the author thinks he will be within limits in assuming ten or twelve seconds of time as the probable error of longitude, resulting from the comparison of a corresponding interval observed at two stations, admitting that the best means of making the observation exist at each. In order to shew that the probable error is not overrated, by assuming it to amount to ten or twelve seconds, the author refers to two lists of results given by Professor Henderson, in the introduction to the first volume of the "Edinburgh Astronomical Observations." One of these lists contains the computed differences of longitude between Edinburgh and Greenwich, and the other between Edinburgh and Cambridge; each contains thirty-six combined results, some of which differ by a much greater quantity than the probable error above assumed. The mean of all the results as deduced by Professor Henderson, likewise shews the degree of approximation which the method may be considered as capable of giving, in the most favourable cases. Each of the lists referred to consists of a mean of the differences of the observed intervals at the two places on the several days stated, so that each series of results contains about 100 corresponding intervals; and, consequently, the final difference of longitude, deduced from each list, is the mean result of thirty-six mean quantities, deduced from about 100 corresponding intervals, observed at both stations. In fact, there are 136 corresponding transits made at Edinburgh and Greenwich, and 133 at Edinburgh and Cambridge; and from all these the difference of longitude between Greenwich and Cambridge comes out = $13^m 5^s 5 - 12^m 44^s 4$, or $21^m 1$. But the difference of the longitude of the two

places, ascertained by other means, and, doubtless, with scrupulous exactitude, is $23^m 54^s$; so that the final result of the moon-culminating observations is wide of the truth by more than two seconds of time. The author concludes by observing, that the results here referred to, instead of tending to depreciate the method, may be considered, on the contrary, as affording proof of its excellence; for, in respect of distant meridians, an error of two seconds is undeserving of notice. It is however evident, that, considering the inferiority of instruments, and other sources of error incident to a temporary station, a tolerable degree of accuracy can only be expected from an extensive series of corresponding observations.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

FRIDAY, 19th April. Dr. Willshire in the chair. — Read, 'Observations on the Genera *Potentilla* and *Tormentilla* of Linnæus,' by Mr. W. H. White. Smith, in his English "Flora," insists on the distinctness of the genus *Potentilla* from *Tormentilla*. Mr. White's observation and examination have, however, led him to conclude that the name given to the plant or plants, in Dr. Macreight's "Manual of British Flora," *Potentilla Tormentilla*, is more suitable, and preferable to Smith's keeping them as distinct genera. — Read, also, a 'Catalogue of the *Orchideæ* of Essex, with Remarks on their Localities,' &c., by Mr. Arthur Wallis. After giving an outline of the geological character of the country, so far as related to the exterior layers, Mr. Wallis observed, that though it is well known, that the orchis tribe more especially delight in a calcareous soil, yet he had found them in all the varied habitats which the country presents, from the light rich soil to the loam and chalk. Indeed, it appears (however important, may be the influence of soil) that their existence depends almost as much on the nature of the locality with respect to the surrounding vegetation. And he has been led to conclude that most of our *Orchideæ* may be termed epiphytical; inasmuch as they generally flourish in districts where the ground is studded with roots. He had never found specimens of any of the genus that were not either growing in the vicinity of woody vegetation, or surrounded by dense patches of grass. He had frequently removed several species with a view to cultivation, but, unless the roots were taken up with a mass of their native soil, which is invariably intersected with roots, the plants died after the first year. The specimens of the *Sisteria nidus avis* which he had gathered have been usually growing on the underground stems of the hazel or elm; and, from other facts, he is led to consider this species as a true parasite. Certain it is, Mr. Wallis further observes, that not only the *Sisteria nidus avis*, but the whole of the tribe require the aid of other plants to promote their more perfect development; and it appears to him a subject well worthy attentive consideration, as to whether they absorb nutrition directly from the soil, or indirectly through the medium of other vegetation. The *Orchis moris*, or meadow orchis, *O. mascula*, the early purple orchis, *O. ustulata*, dwarf orchis, *O. pyramidalis*, the pyramidal orchis, and *O. latifolia*, the marsh orchis, and their several characteristics and habitats, were described. This interesting paper is to be continued.

Friday, May 3. Mr. J. E. Gray, President, in the chair. — Read 'Remarks, Geographical and Historical, relating to some Exotic Cryptogams,' by Dr. Lhotaky. The principal object of this paper was to rectify an assertion of

Humboldt regarding the most striking example of social plants occupying large areas. He instances the *Thalassaphyte*, *Sargassum*, and omits the *Eucalyptus* of New Holland, which, according to Dr. Lhotaky, really occupies the largest extent. This latter genus spreads over the whole of "Terra Australis," and is so abundant as to form at least four-fifths of its forests. Dr. Lhotaky's conclusions may be thus expressed, almost in his own words: — "Neither the Pampas of South America, nor the Ericeta of Africa, nor the *Thalassaphytes* of the Atlantic, present the greatest accumulation of social plants, but by far the greatest mass of generically identic plants is to be found in Australia." A specimen of *Sargassum*, collected on the west side of the Azores, and two other Cryptogams, Australian Fungi, accompanied the paper, for the Society's collection.

ELECTRICAL SOCIETY.

TUESDAY, 7th May. — Read, a paper detailing experiments made by Mr. Mason, and repeated before the Society, with his constant battery, consisting of thirty elements. First, the vegetation of carbon, on the positive pole with the water battery, was reversed with the constant, and produced on the negative. The deflagration of mercury with both the electrodes followed; the positive producing a red light and a chattering noise; the negative, a bluish light, throwing off dense fumes of the oxide. One-eighth of an inch of flame was gained on making contact with the charcoal electrodes, after having been placed for a second or two in bichromate of potash; and it obeyed the same law of rotation on the poles of a magnet, as under the ordinary circumstance of simple charcoal points. Mr. Mason considered that thus the flame may be assisted for experiment without in any way diminishing the accuracy of the results. In an attempt to procure an amalgamation of chromium and potassium, or a triple compound of chromium, potassium, and mercury, the two latter combined, but the former appeared to be at the positive electrode, and scintillated as iron. An amalgam of mercury and potassium was next procured. After this experiment, on taking the negative electrode out of the mercury, and throwing that which adhered to it into water, it instantly took fire, proving, according to Mr. Mason, that a portion of the potassium must have passed through the mercury without combining with it, and attached itself to the negative electrode. In carrying out experiments with the constant battery, Mr. Mason recommends that one solution should be exhausted before another is supplied.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, May 2d. — The following degrees were conferred: —

Masters of Arts. — Rev. C. R. Hall, Christ Church. A. Waddilove, Trinity College, Grand Compounders; Rev. S. Stead, Brasenose College.

Bachelors of Arts. — J. L. Thomson, Exeter College, H. Smith, Queen's College, Grand Compounders; W. J. Braikentidge, Exeter College; J. Williams, G. Talbot, St. Mary Hall; G. D. Guille, Scholar, W. H. Biedermann, Pembroke College; E. W. Garrow, Brasenose College; J. W. Routh, Demy of Magdalen College; C. H. Walker, Worcester College; H. W. Steel, Jesus College; W. Fanson, C. Bewicke, University College; W. N. Richards, Wadham College (incorporated from Trinity College, Dublin).

CAMBRIDGE, May 2d. — The following degrees were conferred: —

Honorary Master of Arts. — T. L. Yeman, Trinity College, grandson of the late Earl of Zetland.

Masters of Arts. — W. Kipling, Trinity College; C. R. Hoare, S. Jenner, St. John's College; F. Fisher, E. Crow, Catharine Hall; H. F. Bacon, Christ's College.

Bachelors of Arts. — A. H. Stogdon, J. F. Hore, Trinity

College; J. H. Austen, Jesus College; W. Yates, L. Deedes, Emmanuel College.

ARCHÆOLOGY.

WE continue our report of the discourses of Dr. Lepsius and Chevalier Bunsen, though the nature of the later papers renders it unnecessary for us to go into their details.

Dr. Lepsius, after having finished reading his paper upon the 'Obelisk of Philæ,' made a communication upon the discovery of eight rolls of historical papyrus, which he had made last year, in the rich collection of Egyptian antiquities of M. d'Anastasi, at Leghorn. He entered into a short explanation of historical papyri in general, instancing those of M. Sallier, of Aix in Provence, having contents entirely analogous with those of M. d'Anastasi. It is known, that the most celebrated papyrus of M. Sallier contains, according to the mature examination of M. Champollion, the recital of part of the military expedition of the great conqueror, Rameses Sesostris, into Asia. The papyri of Anastasi contain, according to the hasty inspection which Dr. Lepsius was able to make during his journey through Leghorn, and according to the more careful examination of some specimens which he had traced, certain *true literary compositions, of a purely historical content, relating to the life or actions of Rameses Sesostris, and drawn up during the very epoch of that celebrated dynasty to which the greatest of the Pharaohs belonged.* One papyrus, whose commencement he had traced, was dated in the reign of the king Menephtah III., second successor of Rameses Sesostris, who flourished about the close of the thirteenth century before Christ. After having gone through all the other historical papyri brought to Europe, that had come under his notice, amongst which he especially mentioned certain fragments which he had recently recognised at Leyden; at London, in the collection of Dr. Lee; and at Oxford, in the Bodleian library, he announced to the meeting the good news, that the English government had just authorised the British Museum to purchase the entire collection of M. d'Anastasi, as well as the papyri of M. Sallier, by granting for that purpose 40,000 fr. (1,700*l*).

Mr. Hamilton now read his paper 'On Honorary Medals,' the argument and object of which are already known to our readers.

The last memoir of the first meeting was by Dr. Lepsius, upon the invention of the arch in ancient architecture, principally among the Egyptians and Romans, and relative to some other deductions which proceed from it, for the history of the art in general. After making some observations on the intimate relations which formerly existed between ancient Egypt, Greece, and Italy, and recited the proofs which he had given in other places upon the Egyptian origin of the Greek column, he demonstrated that the construction of the arch was known to the Egyptians from the earliest antiquity, especially after the commencement of the eighteenth dynasty, in the sixteenth century before Christ. He, however, rested upon the fact, that all the concentric arches in Egypt, till the era of the Ptolemæi, were constructed of brick, and that they constructed at the same time stone arches, not cut concentrically in blocks, but joined by horizontal layers, forming a vault, by their approach above; and that the first arch in stone, constructed upon the true principle of the concentric arch, according to the researches of the celebrated traveller, Mr. Wilkinson, dates about the commencement of the sixth century; that is to say, precisely at the

same time when the first introduction of it among the Romans may be proved. Dr. Lepsius then entered into some details relative to the Cloaca Maxima and the Carcer Mamertinus at Rome, the two most ancient works exhibiting the concentric arch; the last of which encloses, in its lowest part, the remains of an ancient arch constructed by horizontal layers, and consequently belonging to an epoch anterior to the introduction of the true arch. He finished his paper by concluding, that generally all edifices, where the arch is found formed by horizontal layers, whether in Egypt, Asia Minor, or Greece, may be placed anterior to the sixth century before Christ, and that this especially applies to the great number of tombs constructed in this manner, recently discovered at Cæré and other parts of Etruria, as well as to all the objects found in those tombs, if they were still unopened. The last excavations at Cæré appeared to him to open a new road to the desired researches upon the ancient civilisation of the Pelasgians.

At the adjourned meeting Chevalier Bunsen, after having, in a few words, mentioned the most interesting single archaeological facts which have occurred during the last year, relative to the city of Rome and its neighbourhood, laid before the Society the results of the late excavations and researches respecting the Capitol and the Forum, as most particularly connected with the Eternal City and its history. He shortly adduced the proofs for placing the Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus on the western summit of the hill, where the Palazzo Caffarelli stands, and then explained the topography of the Forum Romanum, according to its different epochs, and likewise that of the Imperial fora grouped around it. This led him naturally to the questions respecting the *ancient history of Rome*, and to an explanation of the principles of the system of historical criticism, as exemplified in the immortal works of Niebuhr. He established these principles with particular reference to the history and topography of ancient Rome, but illustrated them also by examples taken from similar periods of history. The development of this discussion is scarcely capable of an extract, especially as it was accompanied by plans and maps; and we abstain the more from attempting to give an analysis, as the whole lecture will soon, we understand, be before the public in a printed form. The conclusion was very eloquent.

[Having devoted so much of our journal to the interesting subject of Egyptian Antiquities, we have much pleasure in giving place to the following communication from (as evidently appears) an extremely well-informed correspondent. We have no doubt but that both our archaeological visitors, and our readers in France, Italy, and Germany, will bestow upon it the consideration it so well deserves.—Ed. L. G.]

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR,—Will you allow me, through the medium of your *Gazette*, to offer one or two brief remarks touching the matter of a recent address to the Society of Literature, an epitome of which appeared in your last week's number.

Then *Cheops* is an epithet composed of two nouns in regimen, which in Græco-Coptic characters may be written χ -EWQ. χ means *possessor*, and EWQ means *business*, business of any kind whatever; and when a pyramid is found added to the words, nothing more is intended than a specification of a particular business, namely, that of building a pyramid. The epithet χ -EWQ may be, word for word, rendered in Arabic *عِلّو* *ilw*, in common mo-

dern Persian *صاحب* *sahab*; whilst in Greek, Eratosthenes has very fairly translated it *χρηματιστής*.

I own I was much surprised to find two such scholars as Messrs. Bunsen and Lepsius still at this day upholding the pretensions of *King Shesô*; and still more astonished to perceive that although χ , in the sense I have used it, acts a very prominent part in very many of the names of each of the lists of Egyptian sovereigns, still its power or meaning has hitherto passed entirely unnoticed.

If χ occurs as the former of two nouns in regimen, it may be almost always translated *possessor*; if it occurs alone, it means nothing more than the individual great man, the sir or seigneur, or what the Greeks translated *ναύαρχος*; and if it is used as the former of two nouns not in regimen, it then has little more force or power than the definite article. In the hieroglyphic writings it is often to be seen, but oftener it is to be supplied by the reader. We find, for example, such words as

●  Egypt, whilst oftener we meet

●  Egypt; in the

one case the ● χ being given, in the other omitted.

And here I will avail myself of the opportunity to observe, that I purposely refrained from putting the proper vowel Δ I or OI to χ -EWQ, in order that I might more pointedly remark, that, if the word to which χ is prefixed begins with a consonant, χ is $\chi\alpha$, pronounced like our English letter K; if the word begins with a vowel, it is $\alpha\chi$ or $\alpha\chi$, pronounced like the syllable *ek*. Or, in a word, χ is pronounced both ways, and hence $\alpha\chi$ -EWQ-*es*, Egypt, and hence $\chi\Delta$ I-EWQ, $\chi\Delta$ I-EQW, or, if our northern tastes like it better, $\chi\epsilon$ -EWQ, Cheops. With the knowledge of this χ we easily get at the meaning of a great variety of such words as *χρηματιστής*, *χίμαρα*, *χὺς χίτης*, *Αρχιεγὴς Ἐγυπτῶν*, &c. &c., and also we can readily identify such words, sculptured on the monuments, in their proper hieroglyphic characters.

The foregoing, Mr. Editor constitutes one remark. I will only add another, and that is, that judging from Champollion's "I'Égypte sous les Pharaons," and Quatremère's work of the same kind, also from the recent address of the two eminent German gentlemen I have named, I much fear that our continental friends are still exerting themselves unprofitably as regards ancient Egypt. Owing probably to the early period at which it was written, Champollion's work is a series of errors of all kinds from beginning to end; whilst the very recent address to the Society of Literature may be placed on a level with the knowledge of Egypt contained in the Bishop of Peterborough's "Sanctioniatho," a work published more than a hundred years ago. Eratosthenes was in his day, no doubt, a very able man in many respects; but he himself proves that he knew next to nothing of the Egyptian language, and about as much of the chronology of the Pharaohs. If we call Joseph's canal in part *Menes*, or in the whole *Mæris*, neither name has anything to do with the name of the, doubtless, early sovereign, whoever he was, or whatever was his name,

who caused the canal to be formed, or who led the waters of the Nile into the Fai-ma district. But, Mr. Editor, I must end abruptly, having no wish to occupy too much space in the columns of the *Literary Gazette*. My object has been to solicit attention to a word in the Egyptian language of much importance, and, secondly, to suggest to parties interested, both here and on the continent, that the best—nay, the only—way of arriving at a true knowledge of all matters incident to Ancient Egypt, the series of her sovereigns inclusive, is by a careful and continued study, I think I may say *thorough re-examination*, of her monumental remains, as contained in the various museums of Europe or *in situ*. A fragment of basalt not a foot square shews me the land of Psammetichus and the Delta of Egypt, strictly according to Herodotus, together with the correct name of each principal branch of the Nile; another records the names of *Λχμυς* and *Ψαμμαχτις*; another, *Μετς*, shewing, respectively, their small territories, lands dependent on *χους* and *Pepremis*: and so on, either as regards sovereigns of an earlier epoch, or those comparatively of a modern date, or any thing else of interest incident to Egypt. With many thanks, Mr. Editor, to you if you can allow space for my note, I beg to subscribe myself faithfully yours, C. S.*

London, May 3, 1839.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

ON Thursday, Lord Bexley in the chair.—Dr. Lepsius favoured the Society with some observations on the cartouches, &c. in the Temple of Karnak; and by a comparison of these remains with those on the tablet of Abydos, the monuments at Turin, and the inscriptions of Beni Hassan, endeavoured to supply more correct and ample lists of the Pharaohs than any former catalogue of the kings which we have seen from ancient authors, or other documents. Where there are hiatuses in one place, they are partially filled from others; and the corroboration of one by another leads to more satisfactory conclusions than hitherto reached. Thotmes III. offering to his ancestors, indicated by a multitude of cartouches, is an important representation; and we only regret that, without the figures, we can supply but a poor idea of this curious inquiry.

THE LITERARY FUND.

THE Jubilee Anniversary (fiftieth year) on Wednesday, was, as we anticipated, very numerously attended. Between two and three hundred sat down to dinner; H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge in the chair, and surrounded by the Bishop of Llandaff, the Mexican Minister, Lord Ripon, Lord Ellenborough, the Right Hon. H. Ellis, Sir C. Lemon, Col. Wood; Messrs. Gally Knight, Milnes, Hope, &c., M.P.'s; Sir W. Chatterton, Sir D. Wilkie, Sir H. Ellis, Mr. Hallam, Major Sabine, Captain Beaufort, and other distinguished guests. At the other tables, the Rev. Mr. Maxwell, Mr. Barrow, Mr. Croker, Mr. Colley Gratian, Major Bevan, and many other popular writers, were seated; whilst the great publishing houses furnished their representatives, in Messrs. T. Longman and J. Murray, jun., Colburn, Bentley, R. Fisher, Baily, &c. &c. There were not so many of our most eminent literary characters as might be expected on such an occasion, where

the cause of their less successful brethren is at stake; but, altogether, the Press shewed well in every part of the hall, and there was no lack of sympathy for the unfortunate and distressed.

Between 600*l.* and 700*l.* was announced as the subscription for the evening, by the treasurer, Mr. W. Tooke.

After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, "Prosperity to the Literary Fund Society," was given by the Chair, and drank with acclamations. Mr. Tooke, in his succeeding report, referred to a brief address written and distributed "on the fiftieth anniversary," from which it appeared that, since the Society was formed, no less a sum than 25,000*l.* had been carefully distributed among 892 cases, whereof were—

Of Families	534
Females	113
Widows and families	195
Foreigners	60

Many of these (528) had been relieved only once, but others from twice to above twenty times, as their necessities required: the former demonstrating how effectual the aid had been—the latter, how perpetually the fountain of benevolence had flowed, where circumstances,—old age, growing infirmities, and the like,—had made the later calls more imperative than the earliest. On this tabular return, the Address alluded to, observes:—

"The brief tables annexed, in their few figures, tell the tale of a multitude of wounded spirits—of the dearest ties rent asunder—of the finest chords in nature stretched on the rack to madness—of forlorn age—of destitute widowhood—of helpless orphanry—of human sighs, and tears, and groans innumerable;—alas, who can estimate the statistics of the brain and heart? They are here before our eyes, but our minds cannot comprehend and contemplate the amount of endurance and the horrors they involve. Nearly nine hundred of our fellow-beings have here sought for help, nor sought in vain. Time after time have the unfortunate come to us, and time after time have their homes been gladdened by our answer to their call. The religious and moral writer has received proof that the precepts of religion and the duties of morality were acknowledged to be obligatory on us; the sons of science and art have had their toils lightened and their griefs lessened; the imaginative have been taught, that whilst there existed real woes, there were also real humanities; the historian of the past, that there were present charities; and every cultivator of every deserving and honourable branch of literature, that a kindred and living sense of their merit glowed brightly and permanently in the breast of the British people, whose willing and devoted agents in this dispensation of gratitude and mercy, are the directors of that Fund intrusted to their care, and in whose behalf are penned these few lines of a jubilee appeal."

The Earl of Ripon proposed the health of the illustrious chairman, after an eloquent eulogy upon his public and private virtues; and the toast was drank with great enthusiasm. Other tributes of respect to the Bishop of Llandaff, and the Church; Lord Ripon, and the Royal Society of Literature, of which his lordship is President; Sir David Wilkie, and the Royal Academy; Sir C. Lemon, and the Statistical Society; Dr. Lepsius, and the Archaeological Society of Rome; Mr. Hallam, and the Historians of England; Mr. Milnes,

and the Poets; Mr. Gally Knight, and other travellers who have adorned our literature—called up suitable responses from the parties, and kept the meeting in activity till the close of the day.

The musical department, under the direction of Mr. T. Cooke, assisted by Messrs. Francis, Chapman, and Masters Martin and Chip, was most pleasingly filled; and a song by Miss Hawes, admirably sung, and encored, very sweetly varied the entertainment.

Before concluding, we may notice that Dr. M'Henry, author of "The Antediluvians," &c. &c., very kindly printed "An Ode to Britannia,"* and presented it to the Fund, for whatever profit might accrue from its sale. The following lines are apposite, and full of good feeling:—

"And let my song that generous hand proclaim,
In heart and deed, Britannia, truly thine,
Who seek the sons of genius where they pine
The wo-struck victims of that very flame,
Which, while it scorches, causes them to shine
Lights of the world, unfading stars of fame!—
In Want's drear hovel, on the bed of pain,
Writhing in all the pangs of hope deceived,
Too oft the impassioned bard of noblest strain,
Is friendless laid;
And he whose soothing song has oft relieved
Full many a sorrowing heart,
In his own adverse hour finds none to aid:—
Alas! in winter's storms how summer friends depart!
But not in Britain now
Need bards or sages long despair,
Glad justice will their claims allow,
And zealous hands the wrongs of fate repair.—
'Tis yours, Associates in that holy cause,
Which now to generous league so many good men draw,
To find where suffering genius lies,
Chase thence the fiend of Want away,
Cause fallen hopes again to rise,
Relume the darkened soul's ethereal ray.
And bid the joyless heart with gladd'ning pulses play."

On the whole, the anniversary passed off as the friends of the Society could wish; and the tempest which flamed around, detained some of the convives about a second chair till midnight.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

THE Marquess of Northampton in the chair.—The continuation of a paper by Dr. Carson, of Liverpool, 'On the Blood,' was read. In this paper the author very scientifically contends for the superiority of his plan of killing oxen, as compared with the old method of bleeding. The conclusion of Professor Airy's paper on magnetic experiments, made by him and others on board the iron-built steam-ship, the *Rainbow*, was likewise read. Professor Airy suggests several rules to be adopted in reference to iron-built vessels; the chief of which is a constant and careful examination of every part of the ship; as its independent magnetism will change in time, observations ought to be frequently made. A remarkable result is stated, viz. the great intensity of permanent magnetism in those parts constructed of malleable iron. The noble marquess read a message from the Grand Duke of Tuscany, inviting the learned of this country to a literary and scientific *r  union* at Pisa, to take place about the middle of October next. The senior professor at Pisa will preside, and every facility and kindness is warmly proffered to visitors by the Grand Duke, the treasures of whose famous library and sculpture gallery will be thrown open on the occasion.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

APRIL 20.—Professor Wilson read an 'Analysis of the Padma Purana,' the second in order of that curious collection of Sanscrit writings which treat of the creation of the world, the

* Will C. S. oblige us by giving an address where we can send to him? We are not sure as to perfect correctness in printing his letter.—Ed. L. G.

* The Chevalier Bunsen, we are sorry to say, was prevented from attending, by sudden indisposition.—Ed. L. G.

* Published by W. Stephenson, Parliament Street.
† The Literary Fund Society.

establishment of law and religion, the genealogies of great families, and the dynasties of kings. The importance of some analysis of this nature will be evident from the fact that the Puranas contain nearly 1,600,000 metrical lines, which would seem calculated to damp the ardour of the most laborious orientalist. The 'Analysis of the Brâhma Purana,' the first in order of the whole, has appeared in the Journal of the Asiatic Society; and the professor has announced his intention of going through the whole series. The Padma Purana is so named from the lotus plant (in Sanscrit, *Padma*), whence Brâhmâ issued in order to create the world. It contains above 50,000 slokas, or stanzas, and is divided into five principal heads, the first of which treats of the primary creation; the second, of the formation and division of the earth; the third, of the regions above the earth; the fourth treats of the genealogies of princes; and the fifth of the practice of devotion, and the means of obtaining final emancipation. These are the divisions set down in the first chapter of the work, although they do not entirely correspond with its contents. The work is so voluminous that the paper read, although extending to a great length, was a closely condensed abstract, which we cannot pretend to give any analysis of in the little space allowed us, but must limit ourselves to the mention of a few striking points. Among other curious matters, we find it mentioned that the Puranas altogether contained a thousand million of stanzas; but that the gods, in compassion to man's weakness, had imparted to him only the *small* portion found on the earth, keeping the remainder to themselves. We find also here the usual legends of the birth of Lakshmi from the churning of the ocean, and the wars of the gods and *Asuras*, and some other matters which remind the classical readers of the Greek mythology. A subject that pervades the greatest part of this Purana is the sanctity of Pushkara, or Pokhar, a lake near Ajmere, to which Siva was compelled to repair in order to expiate his wickedness in tearing off the fifth head of Brahma, to which he was excited by the jealousy of the gods, who were envious of its superior lustre; since that time, Brahma has been able to boast of only four heads. This is evidently typical of the struggle for superiority between the followers of Brahma and Siva, in which the latter triumph, although at the expense of some humiliation. There are several curious tales in illustration of the principle that persons, as well as places, may be objects of pilgrimage and veneration; shewing in what instances a parent, or child, or spiritual teacher, may be found worthy of such homage. Another story relates the marriage of a king's daughter with a handsome youth, instead of the hunch-backed son of a king to whom she was destined; a tale which reminds us of the "Arabian Nights." A good deal is said of the efficacy of sectarian marks; of the merit of fasting on the 11th lunation; on the sin of eating on a day sacred to Vishnu, sufficient to point out this Purana, as eminently sectarian: also of things lawful and unlawful to be eaten; the times of dressing and anointing the body; the proper posture of sitting and lying on various occasions; lucky and unlucky omens; and similar matters. Much of the work is taken from the "Rajhuvansa," and "Ramayana," and the compiler appears to have had before him the Vaja, Vishnu, and Bhagavat Puranas; but it is a peculiarity of this Purana that the sectarian of the legend of Pushkara is rather the worship of Brâhma than that of Vishnu. Pokhar

is still a place of pilgrimage; but it was probably not much resorted to during the Mahomedan ascendancy in its vicinity; and the worship of Brâhma had not been popular for some centuries at least. The sectarian feeling, in every other respect, is that of Vishnu's; it increases as the work advances, until, at last, the worship of any other than Vishnu is absolutely prohibited. The Professor, in conclusion, brought forward much internal evidence to shew that the "Purana" could not be the production of a remote period; and that, in all probability, the greatest portion, could not pretend to an antiquity greater than that of the fifteenth century.—Mr. E. Solly read a report 'On Indian Silk.' He stated that, specimens of silk having been received from India, he had placed them in the hands of Mr. H. Soper, a silk manufacturer, requesting from him a report on the quality of the samples of silk. He had in consequence received a report from that gentleman. In this report Mr. Soper described one of the specimens (from Colonel Frazer, resident at Travancore) as being of very superior quality, and much better than any of the silk usually imported from Bengal. The sample was not prepared in such a manner as to be marketable; having been wound on too small a reel; but if silk of that quality, wound on reels of the required size, could be imported from India, it would find a ready market in this country, and its introduction would be of great benefit to the silk manufactures.—Mr. Solly also read 'An Account of a New Resin,' for specimens of which he was indebted to Dr. Babington. He stated that it was wholly unknown in this country; the only author, he was acquainted with, by whom it had been mentioned, was Dr. Ainslie, who in his "Materia Medica of Hindostan," described it as a substance similar to myrrh, and employed in native medicine under the name of cumbi-gum. Mr. Solly described at length its properties and nature, and the difference between it and gum myrrh; he stated that it was a resin, and not a gum-resin, and dissimilar to all the resins now known. In the state in which it had been brought over, it was mixed up with a considerable quantity of impurities, amounting to nearly seventeen per cent: when purified, it was of a deep amber colour, brittle, easily fusible, and combustible; easily soluble in alcohol, and insoluble in water and caustic potassa. From the virtues attributed to it in India for various purposes, and amongst others, in various diseases of cattle, he thought it reasonable to expect considerable medicinal powers, and stated that experiments on its medical properties were in progress.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

MR. HALLAM in the chair.—Sir W. Betham communicated some observations on the inscription on a bronze arm, engraved in the *Archæologia*, but which had never yet been deciphered. He said the inscription was decidedly Irish, and that part of it has been damaged and rendered illegible; he reads the remaining part, "pray for the souls of" several persons, by name. Also a drawing of a carving on stone in Llandavaelog churchyard, about two miles north of Brecknock, which Sir W. supposed to be of the fourth century.* A further portion was read of Mr. Bond's account of the Italian money-lenders, in the reigns of Edward I., II., and III.; and the remainder postponed.

* We think this carving must have been of a later date, from a large cross over the head of the figure.—Ed. L. G.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—Geographical, 9 P.M.
Tuesday.—Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.; Zoological, 8½ P.M.; Society of Arts, 8 P.M.
Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 7½ P.M.; Noviomagiens, 4½ P.M.
Thursday.—Royal Society, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; Electrical (Anniversary).
Friday.—Royal Institution, 8½ P.M.; Botanical, 8 P.M.

PINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.
AGAIN the crowning wonder of the pictorial season is exposed to the public gaze. The Exhibition of the Royal Academy opened on Monday last. With its general character, and the greater part of its contents, we feel ourselves well inclined to be pleased; and for the best of all possible reasons—because we came with a knowledge of the talents of most of the contributors to it, and with a desire to look at the results of those talents in a favourable point of view: for we think with Sterne, that to give up the reins of our imagination into the hands of those who cater for our amusement and pleasure, is the best way to satisfy them and to gratify ourselves. And now for some samples.

65. *Sir David Baird discovering the body of the Sultan, Tippoo Saib, after having captured Seringapatam, on the 4th of May, 1799.* Sir D. Wilkie, R.A.—In all subjects of this character, the wail and the triumph are necessarily brought together, but the circumstance which gives, perhaps, the greatest interest to this picture, will be found in the concluding part of the quotation, by which it appears that with the victor and the vanquished, the wheel of fortune has come full circle. Such an incident is of itself sufficient to call forth the powers of the artist to embody the fact. As a work of art, its merits will principally be found in the group which surrounds the body of the sultan; but the upper portion of the picture is so much in the skylight, that it is impossible to judge of it. But we descend from the elevated to the familiar, in

49. *The Rencontre, or Much Ado about Nothing.* W. F. Witherington, A.—Such rencontres are not unfrequent in country villages and farm-yards. A goose is defending her gosling, who is menaced by a dog, and the children of the hamlet are taking part in the contest. But the charm of the picture is the pastoral beauty of the scenery, and its careful and brilliant execution throughout.

57. *Who can this be?* and 82. *Who can this be from?* C. R. Leslie, R.A.—The first we consider the original thought, the second would follow of course, and to the "Who can this be?" we principally look, and to the three personages of this pictorial drama. Here, then, is a staid consequential old gentleman, with a buxom damsel hanging on his arm; he just touches his hat to a gorgeously dressed stranger, who is bowing to this slight civility, while the female (who, we suspect, is in the secret) is carelessly talking to a little dog. The scene, a rich and cultivated spot; the costume, such as we find in the pictures of Metzu, Gonzales, &c. So that in taste, character, and expression, we can hardly imagine any thing more interesting. The companion, "Who can this be from?" is an interior, and in every respect worthy the pencil of the artist.

6. *Scene from the Burletta of Midas, &c.* D. MacIse, A.—We are glad to see in the representation of this old and favourite burletta a more mellow and subdued style of execution, than in some others of the artist's pictures. Its treatment is rich in character and costume,

bringing the days of Garrick and Hogarth to the mind's eye. We think a little more grace and dignity might have been given to the head of Apollo.

20. *The Broken Heart*. J. P. Knight, A.—With all deference to the talents of the artist, his skilful arrangement, and powers of execution, we cannot compliment him on the choice of his subject. By a singular coincidence a picture of a similar character, and a quotation from the same writer, meet the eye, in 58. *The Pride of the Village*. J. C. Horsley. They are both works of great merit; and we cannot but lament should so much labour be unrequited in speculation—if they are such.

13. *River Scene, Devonshire*. F. R. Lee, R.A.—If any thing in the way of the pastoral and the picturesque can serve as an antidote to gloomy scenes and dismal prospects, it is such an assemblage of sparkling objects as those which here enchant the sight; all is freshness and light.

12. *Luxuriating in the Pleasures of Memory*. Mrs. C. Aders.—A pretty Guido-like head, and a compliment to Mr. Rogers, are seen in this performance: but this is not all—it is in a manner, we believe, entirely new; and such are the powers of the process, that, from copies which we have seen by the hands of this lady, after Hamelinck, Albert Durer, Lucas Von Leyden, &c., we think it capable of accomplishing any thing in art, with advantages of clearness and durability, perhaps beyond any other.

42. *A Study of Moonlight*. J. H. Millington.—But that the picture so called is a work of talent, and in a pure historical style of art, we should pass it over, as a mistake in the catalogue. The scene is a field of battle, a dead body, foreshortened, is on the near ground, and cannon and other implements of war are scattered around. In the horizon, and towards the right, something like the rising moon may be discerned: at all events, whether a moonlight study or not, it is a clever picture.

43. *The fighting "Téméraire" tugged to her last berth, to be broken up*, 1838. J. W. Turner, R.A.—We have seen nothing of late so much to our mind, from the pencil of this artist, as this performance, treated as it is historically and allegorically. The sun of the glorious vessel is setting in a flood of light, such as we do not remember ever to have seen represented before, and such as, we think, no one but Mr. Turner could paint.

86. *Jack Sheavehold's Return to his Father's Cottage, after a Ten Years' Cruise*. T. Clater.—The subject is taken from a humorous poem in "Bentley's Miscellany," and, we think, illustrated to the life by the hand of the artist. Glee in its highest pitch—provisions in meat and vegetables duplicated to make plenty, and joy and happiness in old and young. Such is the general character of the picture, while its details would not discredit the pencil of the best Flemish masters.

109. *Constancy*. J. R. Herbert.—The subject illustrates the following lines:—

"Love out-watched the drowsy guard,
And stealthily between the storm-worn bars
Conveys forbidden succour."

The hands are seen through the prison bars, and the anxious looks of the female conveyancer (if we do not spoil the pathos by introducing a law phrase), give a touching interest to the scene.

138. *Rising of the Pleiades*. H. Howard, R.A.—Although this is one of the most beautiful of the artist's floating fancies, and one of his most graceful groups, it is still a repetition of

the same forms, perhaps, too long remembered; and should he be inclined after this to let the Pleiades set, their present pictorial rising will be thought of with *éclat*.

124. *The Second Adventure of Gil Blas*. D. MacIise, A.—Oh, the sunshine of that novel! what young and gay associations are connected with its name! Thus lit up by the pencil of this able artist, it is like life renewed. What a lesson for the incautious and credulous does it convey, chiefly indeed bought by the simple Gil Blas: but, query, Did not the caustic hoax give a spice of the rogue to him in after life? As a work of art, in its characters of host, sharper, and dupe, we cannot speak too highly of its merits. It is the deepest and best in tone and colour of any, even of the most admirable, productions from this artist's hand; and shews that his execution may be equal to his genius, his style to his invention.

[To be continued.]

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS. [Third and concluding notice.]

70. *Sir Walter Raleigh witnessing the Execution of the Earl of Essex in the Tower*. G. Cattermole.—The subject described in the title of this clever picture is, properly speaking, but an accessory to the rich display of horse and foot armour, in which the artist's powers always appear to so much advantage. Still, as an event in history, the incident is one which communicates great interest to the performance.

50. *The Opening of the Letter-Bag*. J. W. Wright.—A family group can hardly be exhibited to greater advantage than under such circumstances. From the exalted station of the personages here represented, the emotions and passions take a more subdued aspect than might in other cases be expressed; but there are enough of them shewn in the youthful part of the family to attract attention. In the mean time the artist has not been wanting in gay and brilliant colouring to set off and enliven his subject.

122. *In Windsor Park*. W. A. Nesfield.—All the objects, animate and inanimate, that fill the scene, are of the most picturesque and pleasing kind that can meet the eye, and are no less richly and harmoniously coloured than skillfully designed.

172. *Chingford Church, Essex*. W. Scott.—Another equally pleasing and varied example of the picturesque is furnished by the pencil of this able artist.

170. *Long Gallery, Haddon Hall, Derbyshire*. Joseph Nash.—This beautiful scene of light and life is rendered doubly attractive by the cheerful way in which its inmates are employed. The little lordling and his fairy partner, figuring in the dance with all the grave solemnity of future greatness, is an agreeable and appropriate incident; while the rest of the figures in their picturesque costume are equally apposite and in keeping with the splendid interior.—203. *Terror: Bramshill, Hants*, by the same artist, exhibits also a lively picture of the olden times and their localities.

202. *Monastery at Newton, near Trim, County Meath*. H. Gastineau.—Of such remains we have hardly ever seen a more beautiful example, or one in which the taste of the artist and the qualities of art were more happily united.

226. *Interior of the Ruins of Netley Abbey: Autumnal Morning*. Frederick Nash.—The spectre-like atmosphere thrown over the grassy ruins (if the expression may be allowed), is at once judicious in its character, and skillfully executed; while the figure employed in de-

lineating the abbey, and the objects in the foreground, give additional value to this admirable work of art.

210. *Ulverston Sands*. W. Evans; and 10. *Market People crossing Lancaster Sands*. D. Cox.—These performances, similar to each other in character, afford a striking contrast to the above, but require no less skill to bring into view objects in themselves monotonous and sterile. Such, however, is the power of art, that interest is excited, and effect given to the least promising form, where level and distance are the only materials on which to work.

11. *Red Deer*. W. A. Nesfield and R. Hills.—The study of this noble and graceful animal, its form, character, and habits, wild and domestic, make a prominent feature in Mr. Hills' practice. It is here represented in its free, natural, and independent state, and a background suitable to its haunts and range has been ably furnished by the pencil of Mr. Nesfield. Other varieties of the animal, by Mr. Hills, will be found in 227. *Fallow Deer*; and in 307. *Beech in Knowle Park, with Fallow Deer*.

101. *Corrick-a-Rede, or the Rock in the Road, County Antrim*. H. Gastineau.—One of the most awfully sublime scenes we ever saw represented, and treated in a style becoming its fearful character.

116. *An Apartment in Bolsover Castle, built by John, duke of Newcastle—Scene during the Civil War*. Lake Price.—The preparations of the inmates of the apartment sufficiently shew what is expected without; but the subject is chiefly valuable as a relic of the olden times.

281. *The Gentle Teacher*. F. Stone.—Never was a title more truly or more beautifully illustrated. Of its colouring, its composition, and its character, we can only say, they might belong to the "golden age."

63. *A Tournament—Fourteenth Century*. One of a series intended to illustrate the Customs and Manners of the Olden Time. J. Stephanoff. 261. *Cosensiers—Seventeenth Century*, by the same artist, and for the same purpose. In both instances (especially the Tournament) there are very favourable examples of such characteristic scenes.

46. *Cynthia, with her attendant Dews and Zephyrs*. J. Cristall.—The subject classical, and the idea beautifully and tastefully illustrated; and to which the lines of the poet are justly applicable:—

"A kind, a philosophic calm,
The cool creation wears;
And what day drank of dewy balm
The gentle night repairs."—J. Cunningham.

316. *Fruit*. V. Bartholomew.—The French hold our flower painting, and we, presume, our fruit, in great contempt, as the following will shew. "As for flower painting, English artists are not worthy to grind up the colours and prepare the palettes for the French; and there's the truth."—"Exhibition of the Louvre," *Literary Gazette*, No. 1158. We would ask the French critic, Whether he had seen studies of hollyhocks and of dahlias by this artist, paintings of flower by the late Hewlet of Bath, T. Baxter, &c. &c.? and, lastly, Would he say the same of this example of fruit? Should he stick to his text, we can only exclaim with Hamlet, "Have you eyes?" and think, like the fox in the fable, "not able to reach them, he would call them naught."

We must now quit this richly fraught and diversified field of art, and merely mention, among other of its attractive works, *Salisbury Plain, with a View of Stonehenge*, Copley

Fielding; *Burlington Pier*, by the same artist; *Broad Stairs*, *Anchor-boat going off*, G. Chambers; *Evening Composition*, J. Varley; *A Saw-pit*, D. Cox; *Retirement*, O. Finch; *A Water-mill*, Frederick Nash; *Setting Sun*, G. Barret, &c. &c., as affording the lover of nature and the admirer of art materials for contemplation, in every varied character of subject and style of execution.

THE DRAMA.

Her Majesty's Theatre.—On Thursday, Pauline Garcia made her *début* as *Desdemona*, in *Oello*. She possesses an extraordinary voice of immense compass; the high and low notes appearing to the listener to be equally natural and easy, costing her no effort, and so powerful as to fill the house without trouble to the organ whence they are poured forth. To these qualities we may add those of sweetness, clearness, and flexibility; but yet all are so immature, that we feel sensible regret at her appearing so early upon the boards: she is only eighteen. Her acting, like her singing, though wanting in energy, is full of promise; and her conception, consequently, superior to her execution. Four or five years of hard study and constant practice, and she will be able to accomplish any thing—every thing. Her face is not of the beautiful order, but expressive; and her figure is pretty good, and will be better. The house was indifferently filled.

Drury Lane, with its miserable *Valentinos*, has completely fallen out of the rank of theatres.

Covenant Garden.—On Monday, *Coriolanus* was attended, as we anticipated, by a numerous audience, though the upper slips (as they are called) were not crowded. The reception of Macready was worthy of the occasion; and such as has seldom, if ever, been witnessed in a theatre. The public voice echoed most enthusiastically, and with long-continued plaudits, the sense universally entertained of his services to the stage; and we have only to express our hope, attended, we regret to say, by an anxious fear, that the effects of his splendid efforts and example may not be thrown away and lost to the profession and the country.

St. James's.—In addition to the Canine and Simian attractions to this house, we have, this week, had introduced to us six Spanish dancers, whose national and picturesque execution of a bolero and an Aragonese dance in the striking costume of their country, is rewarded by unanimous applause.

Queen's Theatre.—We paid a visit to the little theatre in Tottenham Street on Thursday evening, to witness the *début* of a young lady, Miss Vivian, in the character of *Caroline Grantley*, in the *Beulah Spa*. Madame Vestris has made this character so peculiarly her own, that the *débutante* must have possessed considerable fortitude to fix upon it for her first appearance. Her courage, however, wavered considerably when she came to make her courtesy before a very numerous audience; and her nervousness was so evident, that we cannot fairly judge of her abilities until we see her more at her ease upon the stage. She possesses a good face and figure, and towards the end of the second act warmed a little into her part, and delivered the last few lines with great *naïveté* and archness. She was encircled in the Tyrolese, "By the Margin of Zurich's fair Waters," and called for at the termination of the piece. Altogether, her reception was a very kind one; and we trust that, as she grows familiar with her audience, she will become a delightful "stage companion." The

piece was produced in a style that would have been highly creditable even to the Olympic.

We stated, in a former *Gazette*, that Mr. George Wild had become the lessee of this house; we may now add, that he possesses humorous powers of a very high order, and has never, as we think, met with the encouragement to which his activity and talents, during a long theatrical career, both as actor and manager, have justly entitled him.

Strand Theatre.—The active proprietor of this house gives his visitors novelty enough. On Monday last a new piece, entitled *Lodgings to Let*, met with unqualified success, but certainly not more than it deserved, were it only for an Irish jig danced by Miss Daly. It was one of the best and most characteristic things we have seen, and the audience seemed to be of the same opinion, for they laughed till the "roof rung again."

Sadler's Wells.—We have been negligent to this house of late, but propose paying it a visit early in the week, anticipating much amusement from two domestic dramas, in both of which Mrs. Honner plays the heroine.

Mlle. Henrietta Roedel's concert, at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Thursday, was fully attended, although there were not any of the great names announced in the bills. Miss R. herself was the principal attraction. She is only ten or eleven years of age, and exhibits signs of great promise. A Russian family sung some glees, one of which met with a tremendous encore; and Mr. Balfe warbled his own beautiful ballad, "A home in the heart." The instrumental music was generally good, particularly a fantasia on an Indian air, by Mr. Edward Roedel; and a duet for two pianos, by the *Bénéficiaire* and Mr. Louis Werner. Mr. Eliason was the leader, and Mr. Dumon the conductor.

VARIETIES.

Mr. Hayler's Portrait of the Queen, exhibited during the week at Messrs. Hodgson and Graves', has attracted much attention. It represents her majesty in the "imperial Dalmatic robes," with the crown upon her head, as seated on the throne in Westminster Abbey, and is extremely like the royal original. The figure is well disposed, and the general air expressive of the solemn occasion. This fine national picture is to be engraved by S. Cousins; and those who have read our frequent notices of the productions of that artist need not be told that it could not be in better hands.

The Artists' Benevolent Fund, which meets to-day, to hold its anniversary, at Freemasons' Hall, bids fair to be a gratifying assemblage, notwithstanding the political agitation of the times.

The Wheel Rifle.—A gun, invented and patented by Mr. Wilkinson, of Pall Mall. Its novelty consists of a wheel, containing seven complete charges, revolving on a centre, which, when discharged, can be replaced in an instant by other wheels, carried in the belt, so as to keep up a continuous firing. As rapidly as the command, "load, cock, fire," can be uttered, can this rifle be discharged, several hundred times, without missing fire, or requiring to be cleaned.

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W. H. Burgess, Esq.—This amiable gentleman and accomplished artist died this week, in Sloane Street, at the early age of 48. His publications of trees, &c., are very beautiful and interesting. These ancient and picturesque occupants of the British soil never had a more feeling nor a more accurate observer.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

In the Press.

Memoirs of the Life and Correspondence of Robert Morrison, D.D., F.R.S., M.R.A.S., &c. &c. Compiled by his Widow.—A Critical Essay on the Literary Labours of Dr. Morrison. By the Rev. Samuel Kidd, Professor of Chinese in the University College, &c. &c. &c.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The Vegetable Cultivator: Modes of Cultivating and Cooking, by J. Rogers, fcap. 7s.—*A Key to Structural, Physiological, and Systematic Botany*, by John Lindley, new edition, with additions, 8vo. 5s.—*The Life of Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington*, by Major Jackson and Capt. Scott, Part I. 2s. 6d.—*Family Prayers*, by Rev. W. Sutcliffe, 18mo. 2s.—*Mind, and the Emotions in Relation to Health and Disease*, by W. Cooke, M.D. 8vo. 2s. 6d.—*The Hand-Book of Paris*, square, 2s.—*Geraldine, a Tale of Conscience*, Vol. III. 12mo. 6s.—*The History of St. Elizabeth of Hungary*, Translated by A. L. Phillips, Vol. I. royal 4to. plates, 12s.—*Ditto*, ditto, without plates, 12s.—*Blunt's Lectures on Elisha*, 12mo. 5s. 6d.—*Memoir and Select Remains of Rev. W. Nevius*, 12mo. 6s.—*The Works of the Rev. Andrew Gray*, by Rev. W. K. Tweedie, 8vo. 9s.—*Shaw's Details of E Kitabian Architecture*, med. 4to. 3l. 3s.; royal 4to. 6l. 6s.—*Andrew's Private Devotions*, by Rev. J. Nash, new edit. fcap. 8vo. 5s.—*Hints on Horsemanship*, square 8vo. 3s.—*Adcock's Rules and Data of the Steam Engine*, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—*Richardson on Warming and Ventilating*, 2d edition, 8vo. 5s.—*McCombie's Hours of Thought*, 2d edition, royal 8vo. 3s. 6d.—*Chrysostomus in Matthæum*, by Field, 3 vols. 8vo. 2l. 2s.—*Little on Club Foot*, 8vo. 12s.—*The Excerpta of Wilt; or, Railway Companion*, 18mo. 4s. 6d.—*Arts and Artisans at Home and Abroad*, by J. C. Symons, post 8vo. 6s.—*Portraits of Living Divines*, edited by the Rev. S. Isaacson, No. I. 12s. Proofs 1l. 1s.—*Sparks from the Wheel of Man* wet Grinda, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—*Rev. J. Adam's Exposition of 2d of Peter*, by Shirlman, imperial 8vo. 1l. 5s.—*Simeon's Appeal to Men of Wisdom*, 32mo. 1s.—*Historical Applications*, by George, Earl of Berkeley, 32mo. 1s.—*A Tour to Killarney*, 12mo. 3s.—*The Book of Bon Accord; or, a Guide to the City of Aberdeen*, Vol. I. 12mo. 6s.—*The Seasons of Life*, by Mary Ashdown, post 8vo. 8s. 6d.—*Hill on Lunatic Asylums*, imperial 8vo. 6s.—*Missions the Chief End of the Christian Church*, by Rev. I. Duff, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—*Early Efforts, a volume of Poems by the Misses Moss*, 18mo. 3s. 6d.—*Rev. J. Pegg's Prize Essay on Capital Punishment*, royal 18mo. 2s. 6d.—*Temperance Rhymes*, 12mo. 2s.—*Rev. John Scott's Sermons*, with Memoir, by Dr. Barr, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—*Wylde's London and Birmingham and Liverpool Railway Guide*, 18mo. 3s.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1839.

May.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday ... 2	From 42 to 71	29.90 to 29.93
Friday ... 3	... 42 .. 67	29.93 .. 29.90
Saturday ... 4	... 40 .. 66	29.63 .. 29.65
Sunday ... 5	... 51 .. 68	29.63 .. 29.72
Monday ... 6	... 44 .. 63	29.43 .. 29.54
Tuesday ... 7	... 41 .. 65	29.97 .. 29.93
Wednesday 8	... 40 .. 72	29.65 .. 29.62

Prevailing wind, N.E.

Except the 2d, and evening of the 8th, generally clear. From about half-past seven in the evening of the 8th till about midnight, a terrific thunder-storm, accompanied by the most vivid lightning and heavy rain: from midnight till about two in the morning of the 9th, distant thunder and lightning; thunder also on the afternoon of the 2d.

Rain fallen, ± 125 of an inch.

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The MS. of Mr. W. A.—, &c. is left addressed to him, as directed, at our office.

"Thomatos," of Manchester, declined. Would open the way to too many communications on similar subjects and productions.

"Albert," of Canterbury, declined with thanks.

"N. N. N.," at present no room for the application.

ERRATUM.—In our last Number, page 281, column 3, line 13, for "Taylor" read "Tayler."

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

THE FIFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION
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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Travels in the Trans-Caucasian Provinces of Russia, and along the Southern Shore[s] of the Lakes of Van and Urumiah, in the Autumn and Winter of 1837. By Captain Richard Wilbraham, 7th Royal Fusiliers. 8vo. pp. 477. London, 1839. Murray.

THOUGH the region traversed by our countryman between the Caspian and Black Sea, and parts of the Caucasian Chain, possesses much interest, and has, at this time, peculiar attractions for the English reader, the critic need not be long detained by these pages. For they very slightly skim matters of the chiefest importance, and are more the remarks of a gentlemanly tourist upon the surface of society and superficial things, than the researches of a person bent on investigating the usual and graver objects which obtain the attention of travellers.

When the Persian army marched to the siege of Herat, Captain Wilbraham sought the opportunity to make this autumnal excursion, and, previous to his departure from Tehran, had an audience of leave of the new Shah. As we have not met with any account of him since his accession, we copy it; and also the description of his prime minister:—

“His majesty was seated near the window supported by a pile of cushions, while a single attendant knelt behind him, waving a broad fan of feathers above his head. His dress was, as usual, perfectly simple, the rich-jewelled handle of his dagger alone betokened his rank. His age does not exceed one or two and thirty, but his thick beard and heavy figure make him appear an older man: his countenance is rather handsome, and, except when his anger is excited, of a prepossessing and good-humoured expression: his manner, especially towards Europeans, is extremely affable: he generally speaks Turkish, the language of his tribe, but, both in that and in Persian, his enunciation is so rapid that it requires some practice to understand him. Compared with the generality of Asiatics, the shah is a man of considerable energy, and by no means deficient in information: he is well versed in the history of his own country, and has a tolerably correct idea of the geography and political state of Europe. His army is his hobby, and to his thirst for military fame he sacrifices both his own ease and comfort, and the welfare and prosperity of his country. His court is far inferior in style and splendour to that of his grandfather and predecessor, the principal offices of state being occupied by men of low origin, deficient in that magnificence and courtliness of manner which formerly distinguished the Persian noble. The late king was always attended by a numerous and gallant retinue of princes of the blood, and officers of state, besides a crowd of inferior retainers; the present monarch often rides out with a few ill-mounted and worse-appointed followers. The shah is a strict and conscientious Mussulman: he never indulges in the forbidden juice of the grape, an abstinence rare in the royal family, nor does he follow the universal practice of smoking. His harem, unlike that of his grandfather, the number of

which exceeds all credibility, is within the limits prescribed by the Mahomedan law. Well would it have been for Persia had Fattah Ali Shah been as moderate, for every government, however insignificant, was conferred upon one of his countless sons, who drained the very heart's blood of the country. Since the accession of the present monarch the greater part of these have been removed, and many of them are now reduced to the utmost distress, living from hand to mouth by the sale of shawls and jewels, the relics of better days. Some of the late king's wives have passed into the harems of private individuals: others, who had amassed some property, live in their respective villages. Mahommed Shah has two sons; the eldest, his destined successor, is now at Tabreez, under the care of Suleiman Khan, his maternal uncle. The mother of the boy was of the royal tribe. The second, who resides at Tehran, is a chubby little fellow, about three years old, the son of a Koordish woman. Having answered some questions put to me by the king on military subjects, and recommended to his majesty's notice several of the officers who had been under my command, I quitted the royal presence and repaired to the tent of ‘Haji Mirza Aghassi,’ the grand vizier, which communicates by a private door with the Nigaristan. The haji, or pilgrim, as this important personage is always called, from his having performed his devotions at the shrine of Mecca, is the most remarkable man that I have ever met with. He is by no means destitute of talent, but his words and actions are strongly tinged with real or affected insanity. He is said to be deeply versed in the mysteries of Soofeism, the wild theories of which, though incompatible with the religion of the prophet, are daily extending the number of their votaries. The extraordinary degree in which he has possessed himself of the confidence of his sovereign, both as political and spiritual adviser, has rendered him almost omnipotent, and emboldens him to treat the ancient nobles, and even the princes of the royal family, with the utmost hauteur and coarseness, doubly galling to them from the lowliness of his origin. The whole business of the state is transacted by him, and the other ministers of the shah are mere instruments in his hands. It is impossible to introduce any subject, but the haji immediately assures you that he understands it more thoroughly than any man alive; and I have heard him utter the most consummate nonsense about military matters, while the whole assembly, with imperturbable gravity, agreed with all he said. On one occasion, some one having ventured to praise the generalship of Napoleon, the haji sharply interrupted him, saying, ‘Napoleon! whose dog was Napoleon?’ The good sayings attributed to the haji would fill a volume, but unfortunately few of them would admit of repetition to ears polite. His tent was as usual crowded: on either side of the great man, with the most punctilious regard to precedence, sat a long row of ministers, priests, and soldiers, whilst several secretaries, seated behind him, were writing despatches, or presenting them to him for perusal

and signature. The approaching departure of the army occupied every mind; and gholams, or couriers, ready booted for the journey, stood in readiness awaiting their orders to proceed to the different provinces from whence new levies were to be summoned. The vizier is a short but athletic man, of about sixty, with a shrewd gray eye and a thin scanty beard,* the cause of much witty remark in a country where that appendage is cultivated with so much care. Until the accession of the present shah, the haji filled a subordinate station in the household of the prince royal, and had something to do with the education of the reigning king. He was raised to his present dignity in 1835, when his predecessor, a bold and clever man, having excited, by his ambition, the jealousy of the monarch, met with the fate of the bowstring. He affects a great friendship for the English, overwhelming us frequently with expressions of regard, such as ‘My life,’ ‘My soul,’ ‘My ancient friend;’ but it is almost hopeless to transact any business with him; for, whenever the subject becomes disagreeable, he turns the conversation to some other topic, and his ready-made promises are as readily broken.”

Capt. W. estimates the population under the rule of these two personages at seven millions. The army is in a sadly disorganised state, and two or three years in arrear of pay. The consequence is, that wherever the soldiery march, they devastate the land and villages worse than if they were in an enemy's country.

From Tehran, Capt. W. went to Tabreez, crossed the Arras (ancient Araxes), now the frontier of the Russ-Georgian province, performed a short quarantine, and advanced to Erivan, the capital of Russ-Armenia. He notices here a patriarchal habit:—

“As I rode along the plain (he says) where the reapers were at work on either side of me, many of them brought sheaves of corn to the road-side, and laid them down before my horse's feet. It is an ancient custom, and one that I reverence: it is, at least, a graceful way of begging.”

From Erivan he proceeded to Tiflis, the capital of Georgia, and finding impediments thrown in the way of the route which he wished to take, the emperor being on the eve of visiting his Georgian provinces, and certain jealousies existing with regard to British officers, he made a sort of provisional trip to the baths of Pelligorsky, and returned to Tiflis in time to join in the imperial reviews, fêtes, and entertainments. Nothing very worthy of observation occurred; but we select a few passages:—

“Now that I was fairly established in Tiflis, I began to enter into the society of the place, and there were several houses where I could always reckon on a good dinner and a cordial welcome. In the evening, too, many were glad to see their friends; and, as the dinner-hour was early, and there were no public amuse-

“A Persian noble, in describing the haji to the ambassador, who had never seen him, completed his picture by saying, ‘He has five-and-twenty hairs in his beard;’ and, making the incredulous look of his listener, he added, ‘by your head, it is true—I counted them myself.’”

ments in Tiflis, I often availed myself of this custom. Many of those whose houses I frequented were foreigners, who form a very large portion of the class of Russian *employés*. An adventurer, who styled himself the Baron Dieskau, who had the impudence to pass himself off for an English Elchee among the Affghans, and the knavery to procure money in that character, expressed himself desirous of making my acquaintance—an honour which I declined, knowing rather more about him than he reckoned upon. He is an officer in the Russian service, into which he has been admitted since his doings in Afghanistan. Any one, indeed, who has been in India, whatever may have been the cause of his quitting the country, is received by Baron Rosen into the Russian service."

The author says elsewhere:—

"It is almost as difficult to obtain any correct information in Georgia, regarding the war in Circassia, as it is in England. I have spoken on the subject with many officers who have served against them, and can only learn that it is a complete guerilla warfare. All agree that these mountaineers are as brave as steel, and that there is no prospect of a speedy termination to the contest.

"The Georgians (he also tells us) have the reputation of being the greatest drinkers in the world: the daily allowance, without which the labourer will not work, is four bottles; and the higher classes generally exceed this quantity: on grand occasions the consumption is incredible."

One of these fellows should come to us and try for the *whistle*.

Leaving Tiflis again, not without witnessing a striking act of justice by the czar,* Capt. W. passed into Turkish Armenia, and visited Anni, its ruined and ancient capital, of which the description is touching:—

"Over the gateway are some curiously sculptured figures. The walls and towers are built of irregular masses of stone cemented with mortar, but they are faced with well-hewn blocks of sandstone. The sacred symbol of Christianity is introduced in various places. Huge blocks of blood-red stone, let into the masonry of the tower, form gigantic crosses, which have defied the hand of the destroying Moslem. The only buildings which are now standing are the Christian churches, a Turkish mosque, several baths, and a palace, said to have been the residence of the last Armenian monarchs. All these display much splendour and architectural beauty, and the fretwork of some of the arches is very rich; but it is

evident that the public buildings alone were on this massive scale, and that the private dwellings were always very humble. The hollows in the ground, and the mounds of loose stones scattered over the whole area of the city, would lead me to suppose that they were much of the same style as those now in use. Throughout the whole of Armenia and Georgia I have remarked, that while the villages are scarcely raised above the level of the ground, the churches are massive structures visible from a great distance. There are a vast number of inscriptions at Anni, some in Turkish, but the greater part in Armenian. The churches are precisely of the same architecture with those of Etchmiadzin, and some of them are still in perfect preservation. In one, the walls are covered with rude paintings, in some of which I recognised subjects from the Scriptures; but the miracles of St. Gregory, and other saints of the Armenian calendar, occupied the large share. The Oriental Christians appear always to have had a fancy for building their churches in the most inaccessible situations; and of this there is a curious instance at Anni. On a narrow ledge of rock, washed on three sides by the Arpachai, stands a little chapel, accessible only by a steep and dangerous footpath. Tradition says that it was erected by the daughter of some old Armenian king, famous for her piety and beauty, who used to spend the greater portion of her days in this isolated spot. As I rode among the mounds of stones, several covies of the rock partridge rose from beneath my horse's feet, so seldom are they disturbed in the once crowded streets of the capital of Armenia. One solitary Koordish shepherd, with his white felt cloak, was standing beneath the shelter of a ruined porch, while his small flock of mountain-goats were perched upon the crumbling arches of an adjoining bath. Shepherd and flock were both in keeping with the desolation of the surrounding scene, and would have furnished a subject worthy of Salvator's pencil. In one of the old roofless churches, a scanty fire, still smouldering among the blackened ruins of the fallen altar, marked his cheerless bivouac. My guide dismounting allowed his horse to stray within the gateway of the sacred pile, and, sheltered from the raw and piercing blast by the massive buttress of the vaulted aisle, vainly attempted to fan the dying embers to a flame.

"The city of Anni was built in the early part of the sixth century, and continued for several hundred years to be the capital of Armenia. It fell several times into the hands of those fierce conquerors who during the middle

tion is so general an offence, that there are few, if any, whose conduct would stand a close investigation. The emperor spoke most kindly to the poor old baron; and, by way of affording him some consolation, named his eldest son one of his aides-de-camp. Since the emperor's arrival in Tiflis, the number of petitions that have been presented amounts to upwards of two thousand; and if they should be read, they will probably unfold an extent of corruption and injustice for which his majesty is not prepared, and which will implicate some of the highest officers in the country. An aide-de-camp stands at the palace gate, and receives every paper with his own hand." (Different governments, different principles, different customs,—there are good and evil in all nations; and it is the grossest of absurdities for any one country to try others by its own standard. In England, people talk of "the Russian despot," "the tyrant," &c. &c.; but what a commentary it was to see the despotic son of this despotic monarch, by the generous and noble disbursement of a sum of base money, give freedom to a number of the citizens of this our land of boasted liberty, whose freedom had been valued at less than from five paltry pounds to twenty shillings a-piece. Let us cease to shout patriotic songs and toasts, and declaim about the glorious blessings we enjoy, when a Russian Prince, visiting us, can read such a lesson to our national boasting and vanity; and liberate a hundred British prisoners at the cost of hardly more than as many Muscovite roubles. It was a gracious and princely act,—Ed. L. G.]

ages overran the East, and experienced the most cruel treatment from them. The old historians inform us that, when Anni was captured by Alp Arslan, the slaughter was so great, that the streets were choked with bodies, and the river crimsoned with the blood of the slain. The feelings excited by the sight of this deserted city are very melancholy. The forsaken churches remind you that a powerful Christian nation here sank beneath the repeated attacks of the most barbarous tribes of Asia, the bitterest foes of civilization and Christianity. The very preservation of the buildings heightens the impression of loneliness, and you involuntarily look around for signs of life. Amid the utter ruin of more remote antiquity, very different feelings are excited. The shapeless mounds of Babylon are like the skeleton; but the deserted yet still standing city resembles the corpse whose breath has fled, but which still retains the semblance of life."

Hence by Kars and Erzeroum, and passing the Euphrates by a stone bridge, and the Kara Su, or Black Water, by fording, our travellers arrived at Moush, and from Moush journeyed to Bitlis, among Turks and Koords. Of the lake of Van we are told, "The waters are exceedingly bitter to the taste—far more so than those of the Caspian. A species of herring is taken in great abundance at some seasons of the year; but I tried in vain to procure a single fish at any of these villages. At noon I halted for an hour, and the sun was so powerful that I preferred breakfasting in the open air. At sunset we quitted the shores of the lake, whose waters looked as black as ink, and ascended a steep and winding road which led across a high mountain-pass. It was very late when we reached the wretched Armenian village of Narnigas; and during the last hour the snow fell thick and fast. I thought that we should never reach the end of our stage, and had fully persuaded myself that my guide had mistaken the path, when the welcome bark of dogs proclaimed that the village was at hand. Our accommodation was most miserable, for we were crowded into a stable which resembled a Noah's ark. Children were squalling the whole night through, and two young buffaloes, mistaking my lair for their own, walked over me in the dark.

The lake (he adds) appeared to me to be about five-and-thirty or forty miles in length, and from fifteen to twenty in breadth. During the two days that I skirted its shores, I did not desecrate a single sail, nor even a fishing boat."

His road eastward into Persia led him by the salt lake of Urumiah, the waters of which "are so salt that no fish can exist in them: several large streams of bitter brackish water flow into the lake from the northward, and it doubtless contains numerous subaqueous saline springs."

There is an interesting account of four American missionaries who are here devoting themselves to the reclamation of Nestorian worshippers, and who are represented as succeeding with the rising generation. "Their labours (says Capt. W.) are exclusively confined to the Nestorians, of whom there are many villages in the vicinity of the lake, although, as I have before mentioned, their principal seat is among the almost inaccessible mountains of Koordistan, into which none of the missionaries have as yet succeeded in penetrating. Hitherto they have devoted the principal share of their time to the task of mastering the languages of the Nestorians: I say languages, because the written and the spoken Syriac are almost distinct tongues. They have

* "After the parade had been dismissed, a terrible act of justice was performed: the officers were called to the front, and Prince Dadian, the colonel of the grenadiers of Georgia, the son-in-law of the governor-general, and an aide-de-camp of the emperor, was conducted into his majesty's presence. I saw that all was not right, and walked towards the other end of the parade with Colonel Rauch. I did not hear what was said, but saw the military governor step forward, unbutton the prince's coat, and tear off his aiguillettes. His sword was taken from him, and, within a few hours, he was on his way to a distant fortress to await his trial by court-martial. It was so unexpected, that I am told several of his nearest relations were looking on from the balcony of his own house, without a suspicion of what was about to take place. I could scarcely believe my eyes, for I had seen him the preceding day at the emperor's table. A charge had been brought against him for employing large numbers of the men of his regiment in his own private concerns; and an aide-de-camp of the emperor had been sent to the station of his corps to inquire into the truth of the statement: he had only returned the preceding night. I was very sorry for the poor prince, who had only been married to him a twelvemonth. I have since heard that the military tribunal sentenced him to serve in the ranks, and that in despair he committed suicide. This example, which proves that no amount of interest is able to screen the offender, has naturally alarmed the officers commanding the different regiments: for pecu-

made great proficiency, and are now able to instruct the children, who attend their school in great numbers. I regretted very much that I had not an opportunity of witnessing the result of their exertions; but during the few days that I remained under their roof, the children were all absent with their parents."

Of Capt. W.'s return to Tabreez and Tehran, and subsequent ramble through the province of Mazanderan to the shore of the Caspian, we shall say nothing; having, we trust, done ample justice to his volume by the extracts we have already selected.

The Gentleman of the Old School: a Tale. By G. P. R. James, Esq. author of the "Huguenot," &c. &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1839. Longman and Co.

We do not know how to treat this tale, for its chief attractions as a work of fiction are in its dramatic construction, incidents, and *dénouement*; and if we were to interfere with these, as specimens of the author, we should preclude our readers from a pleasure which it is our rule never to prevent their enjoying. The style we do not think quite so good as in some of Mr. James's productions; probably because we found the word talented used by him (vol. i. p. 232), an offence in a sterling English writer, which we do not overlook, and which we daresay made us more fastidious with the rest. The Old English Gentleman is a fine character, and well opposed to Mr. Forrest, a consummate villain; as is Capt. Trafford, his nephew, to Young Forrest, a relative of the latter. Of the ladies, Lady Mallory is the most original; love and honourable feeling struggling in her for superiority. The heroine, Edith, is a charming creature; and Lucy Williams, in a lower degree, another. There are others of some note, such as Castle Ball, a stout honest yeoman; but in this class, Meakes, a retired serjeant, landowner and poacher, is by far the most prominent and entertaining.

Having said so much, we must try to give two or three separable passages by way of example. A sketch:—

"There is in all ages and at all times a class of young men, of whom John Forrest was but a type; and perhaps there is not a class so deservedly to be detested upon the face of the earth. He had considerable talents of various kinds, and the possession of those talents made him idly fancy that he possessed genius—that most rare of all jewels. The belief that he possessed genius, based upon natural self-conceit, and stimulated into activity by egregious vanity, induced him to have recourse to every means for the purpose of forcing the same opinion of his merits down the throats of other people. As self-conceit, from the impossibility of its being always gratified, is generally a pugnacious quality, he, like many others, soon learned to believe that the strongest proof of genius was to assail the opinions which the good and the wise have received and promulgated; and, with a natural turn for speculation, which he called philosophy, considerable powers of sophistry, which he called logic, a supercilious smile and a sarcastic expression of countenance, he had convinced a great many soft persons that he was what he pretended to be—a man of real and sterling genius, who was to be courted, feared, and admired. Though he was thus far successful, and had gathered round him in the capital a circle of small idolaters, who adopted his philosophy, spread his fame, and talked him into notoriety, John Forrest was nevertheless a disappointed man. The credit he obtained,

though far more than he deserved, did not satisfy the greediness of his self-conceit. In the first place, he found that, although flattered and caressed, he was by no means generally loved or liked; and he was shrewd enough to perceive, that even amongst women his success and favour was [were] principally, if not altogether, with those who had neither minds, nor principles, nor hearts; that they gratified his vanity to gratify their own; and that there were very many, who, though they might not be able to combat his arguments even if they had tried, viewed him with coldness, reprobation, and contempt. All this spread a bitterness through his mind; and that weakest of small ambitions, the love of saying a smart thing, was mingled with a sneering virulence from the disappointment of egregious vanity."

Another sketch will readily be recognised as drawn from the life, and a highly gifted barrister of our day to have sat for one of an older time. In a case of great trouble and difficulty, Sir Andrew Stalbrooke (the gentleman) says:—

"I have got down here Sir Frederick Polaxe, to give us his advice upon your case. You have heard of him often of course, my dear boy, and know that his eloquence and his knowledge and his judgment are not to be equalled in the senate or at the bar, while, to all the rest, he adds a heart which gives the depth of personal feeling to all that he undertakes in the cause of others. I have also here our good friend and solicitor, Samuel West, whose eagerness in behalf of those to whom he is attached seldom fails to find the means of serving them. They arrived late, but we set to work upon the business immediately; and though of course you must now, my dear boy, make your abode in a prison for some time, yet with the evidence of Meakes and Lucy there cannot be the slightest doubt that an instant verdict of acquittal will be pronounced in your favour. Two almost distinct contradictions have already been discovered in the evidence of this unfortunate young man's servant. The last words were spoken at the library door, and the next moment Sir Andrew and Trafford entered. With one of the gentlemen of the law who were sitting there consulting, Trafford was already well acquainted, and shook hands with him warmly, as well as with his uncle's fellow-magistrate, Sir Arthur Brotherton. The third gentleman was unknown to him except by the voice of fame. But he found in him those mild and graceful manners which have such inexpressible charms, although want of health, at the time, had rendered his demeanour somewhat grave, perhaps we might call it languid, except when the fire of genius blazed suddenly up, and all was light and energy."

When the trial came on, his legal acuteness was found fully to bear out this encomium. But we must add a bit of our friend Meakes, who has pumped Mr. Forrest out of one of his dearest secrets:—

"If Mr. Forrest had possessed any means of shooting Meakes upon the spot, and any security that he would not be discovered, there can be no doubt of what would have been the fate of the old soldier at that moment. He once more started up, with uncontrollable rage expressed in every line of his countenance, and replied fiercely, 'I came neither to hear you defend a murderer, abuse my murdered nephew, or give me your wise counsel to let a felon escape. All I have to ask of you is, after all your professions, will you, or will you not, do what I require?' 'Pon my soul,' replied

Meakes, rising quickly also, 'I wonder you have the impudence to ask me. If you won't do what I ask, why should I do what you ask? But come, come, Mr. Forrest, be persuaded; listen to good advice. If I were you, the moment the cause came on, I'd drop the prosecution, call no witnesses, and leave the matter as it is. Now pray do be persuaded, and do what is just and right for once in your life.' 'If I did what was just and right,' said Mr. Forrest, 'I should knock you down.' 'Those that have tried it,' answered Meakes, coolly, 'have neither found it easy, pleasant, nor profitable. Tim Meakes is a tough bait for any fish to gorge. But, putting aside such stuff as that, do let me persuade you; and if you do, I can assure you you will spare yourself a great deal, and say, years hence, perhaps, that I was the best friend that ever you had in your life.' 'You are a cursed, treacherous scoundrel,' replied Mr. Forrest; 'and I doubt not will go and swear to-morrow that I have come to bribe you, and tamper with your evidence, after first having sent for me yourself.' 'If I did,' answered Meakes, 'you know very well that I should swear nothing but the truth. But I shan't do that, either, Mr. Mason, or Mr. Forrest, as the case may be. No, sir, about all that, I shall hold my tongue; and they shall not make me say a word. I am not a grass-cat,* to squeal like a young baby at the first pinch. But as to Captain Trafford, sir, I shall tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth: you may make yourself as sure of that as if you had heard it. Then, touching my having sent for you, and held what the outlandish folks call a palaver with you, and all that,—you see, Mr. Forrest, whenever we find a fox out of his earth in the hunting season, we stop all the earths round about, so that he must run for it. Now hang me, Mr. Mason, if we have not stopped all your earths for you, and I do not think you will find a hole to get into in the country; so you had better take to your legs and make a burst of it; for I'll be shot if the dogs are not after you.' 'I do not understand you, sir,' exclaimed Forrest, turning somewhat pale; 'be so good as to tell me what dogs you mean. I do not understand such fine allegories.' 'No, no, Mr. Forrest,' exclaimed Meakes, with a shrewd look; 'I am an old fox myself, and do not easily say more than I like; but I have given you a fair warning, as I told the folks I would; and I have tried to persuade you to do what is right; but if you will neither take the warning, nor do as I say, why it is your own fault, you know. We should give every beast a start. You have a fair start now, and if you do not make the best of it, I cannot help you any further. No man can do more than he can do, in the situation he may be in. I may have wings and a broad back, like other birds, but it is only a stork that can carry his grandfather over a style, as I have seen them do many a time. So now I have done, and no more to say."

We now conclude with a touch at our own genus, which, however, we do not take as a personal insult:—

"After riding on for some way, he came to a place where three or four roads divided, and where a tall old finger-post reared itself in the angle of one of the hedges, pierced with worms, covered with green mould, and bearing not the slightest vestige of those directions which it once afforded to the weary wayfarer. It was the image of a conceited critic holding up its dull straight head, as if it were the only source

of information upon earth, yet affording none to any one, and possessing in reality none itself."

Tytler's History, &c.

[Third and concluding notice.]

HAVING already devoted two papers to these valuable historical volumes, and having "Goodman's Reminiscences" of a similar character before us, we must be content with a shorter winding up of Mr. Tytler's publication than, even with our limits, we intended.

Before we proceed with this, we may be allowed to offer a remark on the author's plan of changing the ancient spelling of the documents he has quoted, upon which system a difference of opinion is, we know, entertained. For ourselves, we would say that Mr. Tytler has our entire approbation. If he addressed only scholars and antiquaries, the zeal of having every old letter literally printed, it is true, gives a relish to the transcript, but when he (or any one) publishes for the general mass of readers, whom he wishes to understand him, it would be worse than affectation to retain antiquated and often unintelligible forms, when the sense can be exactly preserved by substituting equivalents in the common language in use at the day.

The second period, embraced in this work, is from 1549, i.e. from the deposition of the Protector Somerset, to 1553, the death of Edward VI. A return of the prisoners in the Tower in October 1549, when Somerset was conducted thither, is a very curious paper. From among many of its items we select the following examples:—

"Anthony Foster, late marshal of Ireland, committed to the Tower because he was minded to sell his said office, and to have gone with Geoffrey Poole, being his father-in-law, as is supposed.—To be examined touching the king's supremacy. Mr. Wotton, Mr. Gage, and the lieutenant."

"Julius de Carcano, Italian, committed to the Tower for bringing of counterfeit testoons; which matter hath been divers times examined, and he denieth it, and no witnesses to prove the offence.—By Mr. Wotton. To be convicted, and upon submission to be pardoned."

"William West, cousin to the Lord Delaware, which intended to have poisoned the said lord."

"James Noble, a Scot, brake Colchester Castle, and was taken on the seas; and hath lands and goods.—Northampton."

"Patrick Baron, merchant and Scot, taken in the wars, and brake the said prison of Colchester; and hath goods, but to what value is not known.—Lambert."

"Richard Coole, of Mynny, in the county of Somerset, mariner, was a pirate by the space of one year, and took divers prizes; and at last he sued to the lord deputy of Ireland, Mr. Bellingham, by five supplications, to come in and submit himself to the king's mercy; which lord deputy commanded him to go to a castle in Straugham, in Ireland, which the Scots had taken; and so he did, and took the castle from them, and restored the owner to the castle; and, after this, examine did help the said lord deputy's servants against one Savage, a rebel in Ireland, and the said lord deputy promised to sue for his pardon; and, after this, examine went to the Isle of Man, and there sent to land his mate, in pledge to submit himself; and shortly after he was taken by Cornelius and other, of his own good will, and hath been in prison since May last.—To

be examined, and ordered by the admiral's officers."

A letter from Bishop Hooper to Cecil, in April 1551, possesses, in our opinion, a singular value, were it only for the anti-plurality-of-livings' sentiment with which it sets out: but the rest is very interesting:—

"As for the success and going forthward of God's word, praised be his holy name! every day the number doth increase; and would so do more and more, in case there were good teachers amongst them for the furtherance and help thereof. I pray you, and in God's name require you, that ye stay what ye may, that no man obtain license to have two benefices, which is a great destruction to this country,—dangerous before God, as well to the king's majesty that giveth it, as to the person that receiveth. For the love and tender mercy of God, persuade and cause some order to be taken upon the price of things, or else the ire of God will shortly punish. All things be here so dear, that the most part of people lacketh, and yet more will lack, necessary food. The body of a calf in the market 14s.; the carcass of a sheep at 10s. White [wheat] meat so dear, as a grot is nothing to a poor man to be sowing any kind of victuals. All pastures and breeding of cattle is turned into sheep's-meat; and they be not kept to be brought to the market, but to bear wool, and profit only to their master. Master Secretary, for the passion of Christ take the fear of God and a bold stomach to speak herein for a redress, and that the goods of every shire be not thus wrested, and taken into few men's hands. If it continue, the wealth and strength of the realm must needs perish. What availeth great riches in a realm, and neither the head nor the greatest part of the members to be the better for it? You best know.* . . . apud Justinian. non prosunt . . . quoniam non ad commodum reipublice sed ad labem detrimentumque pertinent, inquit. So much as have more than enough, buyeth when things be good cheap, to sell afterwards dear. God amend it! It is my bounden duty, and all other true men's, to persuade and teach obedience unto the people; and, thanks be to the Lord! I can perceive none other here but love and reverence among the people to the king's majesty, and to the laws; but, Mr. Secretary, it is the magistrates, and their own doings, that shall most commend them, and win love of the people. Ye know what a grievous and extreme—yea, in manner unruly—evil hunger is. The prices of things be here as I tell ye; the number of people be great, their little cottages and poor livings decay daily; except God by sickness take them out of the world, they must needs lack. God's mercy give you and the rest of my lords wisdom to redress it, wherein I pray God ye may see the occasion of the evil and so destroy it."

The worthy bishop goes on to plead that the king may give him leave to eat flesh upon fish days, as "his stomach is not as it hath been;" and so we mingle small things with great, individual with national, the state of our stomach and the stomach of the state!

Mr. Tytler's researches go far to shew that Somerset was not guilty of the crimes or treasons (for any thing seems to have been treason in those times) with which he was charged by his political enemies; and that Edward VI. was as hard-hearted a young gentleman as ever

wore a crown. The only excuse that could be suggested for him is, that, like all young, and most old, sovereigns, he was coerced by circumstances, and had not moral courage to resist, and, perhaps, overcome them.

Sir R. Moryaine, our ambassador to Vienna, in one of his despatches, gives a characteristic account of the emperor, from which we select a small portion. He said:—

"He had not forgot the amity that so many years had lasted between the realm of England and the house of Burgundy; he trusted the king, his brother, had in these, his young years, found friendship, and no . . . , at his hands; and that he had seen a desire in him perpetually to preserve this ancient amity, using this sentence, 'that old amities, which had been long tried and found good, are to be made of;' and this he spake a little louder than he did the rest, as though he would, indeed, have me [think] that he did earnestly mean that he said: and yet hath he a face unwont to disclose any hid affection of his heart, as any face that ever I met with in all my life; for where all white colours (which, in changing themselves, are wont in others to bring a man certain word how his errand is liked or disliked) have no place in his countenance, his eyes only do betray as much as can be picked out of him. He maketh me oft think of Solomon's saying, 'Heaven is high; the earth is deep; a king's heart is unsearchable.' There is in him almost nothing that speaks beside his tongue; and that at this time, by reason of his leaf and soreness of his lip, and his accustomed softness in speaking, did but so-so utter things to be well understood, without great care to be given to his words; and yet he did so use his eyes, so move his head, and order his countenance, as I might well perceive his great desire was that I should think all a good deal better meant than he could speak it."

An offer of the bishoprick of Rochester to John Knox in October 1552, the year before Edward died, is clearly stated in a letter from the Duke of Northumberland to Cecil. The paragraphs relating to this are worth quoting:—

"I would to God it might please the king's majesty to appoint Mr. Knocks to the office of Rochester bishoprick; which, for three purposes, should do very well. The first, he would not only be a whetstone, to quicken and sharp the Bishop of Canterbury, whereof he hath need; but also he would be a great confounder of the anabaptists lately sprung up in Kent. Secondly, he should not continue the ministration in the north, contrary to this set forth here. Thirdly, the family of the Scots, now inhabiting in Newcastle chiefly for his fellowship, would not continue there, wherein many resorts unto them out of Scotland, which is not requisite. Herein I pray you desire my lord chamberlain and Mr. vice-chamberlain to help towards this good act, both for God's service and the king's."

"Knocks," however, had a different game to play, and would not have it at *sec-saw*.

The catastrophe of Lady Jane Grey has much additional light thrown upon it in the letters rescued from their dusty shelves by Mr. Tytler, and we regret that we have not room to go into their particulars. The sham illness of the crafty Cecil to keep out of the dangers he foreaw at this crisis, is of a piece with all his subtle character. And it is amusing to find Lord Audley, really believing the cunning statesman indisposed, thus hastening to give him the best medical advice:—

* "Here the original has been injured by fire."

* "The MS. here is illegible."

† "Truth (says Mr. Tytler, in remarks upon a confession of Lord Arundel, in 1551), has been said to be the daughter of Time, but in England it would be more just to call her his victim."

"9th May, 1553.

Good Mr. Cecil.—Be of good comfort, and pick up a lusty merry heart, and thus shall overcome all diseases: and because it pleased good lord admiral lately to praise my sic, I have written to you such medicines wrote unto him, which I have in my book my wife's hand, proved upon herself and me; and, if I can get any thing that may do any good, you may be well assured it shall be a joy to me to get it for you.

A good medicine for weakness or consump-

—Take a sow-pig of nine days old, and him and quarter him, and put him in a latory with a handful of spearmint, a handful of red fennel, a handful of liverwort, half a handful of red nepe,* a handful of celery, nine clean picked and pared, a handful of raisins, and pick out the stones, and a quarter of an ounce of mace, and two sticks of cinnamon bruised in a mortar; and distil together, with a fair fire; and put it in a glass and set it in the sun nine days; and drink nine spoonful of it at once when you

A Compost.—Item.—Take a porpin, other called an English hedgehog, and quarter in pieces, and put the said beast in a still with these ingredients: item, a quart of red wine, a pint of rose-water, a quart of sugar, rhamon and great raisins, one date, twelve raisins. If there be any manner of disease that he be aggrieved with, I pray you send me knowledge, and I doubt not but to send you a proved remedy. Written in haste at Greenwich, the 9th day of May, by your true friend,
JOHN OF AUDLEY."

That Lord Burleigh acted with great treachery to the poor Queen Jane is evident. The intrigues and perjuries of her council are sad proofs of policy.

The third period embraced by our author from the accession of Mary, 1553, to her death, 1568, five years. There is much in it to deserve attention, but, for the causes we have assigned, we can only recommend it, like the whole work, to the best consideration of critical readers.

Pencilings by the Way. By N. P. Willis, Esq. 2mo. pp. 452. London, 1839. Macrone.

A new edition of Mr. Willis's *Pencilings*, in its now favourite form of a single volume. A few corrections seem to be all the alterations made; and, in justice to a foreign writer, we must say his preface, of which the only part we have seen is a sort of unmeaning bravado threat to fight across the Atlantic, as people used to do in London about meeting with pistols in the Serpentine.

In putting forth a second edition of *Pencilings by the Way* I cannot but express a surprise (which, I doubt not, is shared by the critics) that a work so hastily written and published with such doubt and unwillingness, should have met, I will not say with such decided success, but with so extensive a sale. Having staked no feeling on it, its failure in this respect would have given me no pain than the treacherous criticism with which it is now distinguished; while the rapid disposal of a very large edition, and what little kindness it has met from reviewers, have given me, I may say, almost a gratuitous gratification. Having thus, however, like the traveller in the abandoned my cloak to the lion, I have stood aloof from any interest to see how it would be torn in pieces. From my book (numerous from its very nature) have been skillfully detected; and I sincerely thank those to whose judicious comments this new edition will be indebted. To those who have thought it necessary, in reviewing the book of a stranger, to attack his parents, country, and his private character, no reply is necessary—none any where indeed, except when the reviewer is responsible for his words in some other character than that of a critic. Public opinion in England, while it punishes the offence, punishes with sufficient severity the offender. It is only those who are removed from the

fountains of literature who imagine that the inventive hirelings of such reviews are either seen or named among the honest men with whom they claim fellowship. Among the more respectable reviewers, I notice a disposition which I comment upon, because I think it the main fault even of the higher school of criticism in this country. It is that of finding fault with a book on points to which it never pretended excellence. In a notice of these volumes in the 'Edinburgh Review,' for instance (a notice written unquestionably in a kind and just spirit, and which I quote as a strong example for that very reason), there is the following passage (the reader will remember that the title of the book is *Pencilings by the Way*): "In those more important matters which unfold to us the condition of a people, and which are learnt by inquiry, study, and reflection, let not the reader hope to be enlightened. The work is eminently superficial. Its author is observant, but the character of his mind is not reflective. He is not prone to speculate and philosophize; and an abstract sentiment rarely escapes him." I ask. Would any reader, buying a book called *Pencilings by the Way*, require to be put on his guard lest he should expect to find in it 'study,' 'reflection,' and 'abstract sentiments'? The object of my letters was simply and unambitiously to amuse. For instruction, the reader does not go to a book of *Pencilings*. With this object in mind, I recorded nakedly and faithfully my first impressions; and they were as correct, and as deep, and 'abstract,' as first impressions usually are. They were written, as I have elsewhere mentioned, with every species of interruption, and despatched, 'unshrived,' by the post; and to re-write them by my subsequent observation would be to write a new book. It will be seen, by the dates added to this edition, that there were considerable intervals of time between some of my letters from the Continent, and (a circumstance which I wish particularly to be understood) that, though I have been in England nearly two years, these letters end with the first four months after my arrival. My impressions of England then ceased to be first impressions, and therefore were unfitted to the previous design of my letters; and I found occasion so often to correct my *Pencilings by the Way*, that I ceased to write altogether. Why it is more difficult to write hastily of England than of other countries, will be apparent to those who have travelled. In other countries, the objects of interest are classic or physical, and reducible to known standards; in England, they are social or moral, and require diligent observation and study. I commit my letters once more to the public, with a strong impression of the truth of Southey's remark, that the best book (and, *a fortiori*, the worst) does but little good to the world, and much harm to the author."

Practical Treatise on Bridge Building, and on the Equilibrium of Vaults and Arches. By Edward Cressy, Architect, C.E., F.S.A. London, 1839. Williams.

"THE object of the above work is to condense all the valuable information on the history, theory, and practice of bridge-building, contained in Perronet, Gauthey, Bruyère, Sempie, Smeaton, Ware, Telford, &c., &c.; and to illustrate the subject by full and accurate representations of those bridges, erected by the most eminent architects and engineers in this and other countries. The history, so fully contained in the works of Gauthey, &c., will be carefully condensed; and the theory of the science, as treated by Hutton, Gregory, Ware, and others, will be exemplified by sections of some cathedrals, drawn and measured expressly for this purpose; as well as to shew the principles adopted by the most eminent architects employed on the buildings of the middle ages—the which, time has acknowledged to be admirably adapted for their purpose, and also in themselves to form a theory for any future construction. The practical part of the essay will describe the strength, properties, and value of the different materials employed—the various machines called into action by the different architects and engineers in their several constructions—the method of forming coffer-dams, centering, &c.—together with descriptions of the whole art, as contained in the practice of bridge-building, as adopted by Rennie, and other eminent men."

Although in our time we have built many castles (in the air), our knowledge of bridge-building is rather limited, being principally restricted to poetical structures; such, for instance, as the bridge of life, in the "Vision of Mirza;" or the ancient and celebrated bridge—we suspect it is still in existence—

described by one of the greatest architects in that branch of the profession, as having been erected anno mundi 1:

"A broad and beaten way
Over the dark abyss, whose boiling gulf
Tamedly endured a bridge of wondrous length,
From hell continued, reaching the utmost orb
Of this frail world; by which the spirits perverse
With easy intercourse pass to and fro,
To tempt or punish mortals."

Having made this candid confession, all we can further say is, that, judging from Mr. Cressy's high character, and from the numerous, elaborate, and beautifully executed plates, we have no doubt that this will prove a very valuable work; and when we consider the vast amount of bridge communication in every district of the empire, and when we recollect the immense sums that have been wasted, and the perils that have been incurred, by the failure of bridges, owing to their unscientific and defective construction, we cannot but feel the national importance of a publication, the object of which is to establish such principles as may prevent the occurrence of similar disasters.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Romancist, and Novelist's Library. 4to. Pp. 412. London, Clements. 1839.

THE work before us is an astonishing example of what may be accomplished by enterprise and industry. It contains above fifty complete works of fiction, selected principally from among the works of romance writers of established reputation; though many are derived from other sources, such as popular American authors, translations, &c. To those on their voyage to far countries, this volume will be a fund of endless amusement, as its very abundant and various supplies can always be resorted to in hours of weariness and ennui. To those visiting watering-places, it will also form a pleasant companion, either on the green hills, the sandy beach, or when the weather in its untoward fits may prevent their accustomed rambles. Need we say more in praise of so deserving a compilation? Yes! Its price is six shillings and sixpence.

A History of Greece. By the Rev. Connop Thirlwall, &c. Vol. VI. (Lardner's "Cabinet Cyclopædia," Vol. 114.) Longman and Co.

THIS volume is occupied with the period between 346 B.C. to 327, and relates to the struggle between the Macedonians and Athenians, and the deeds of Philip and his glorious son Alexander, to the time when he put Calisthenes to death. An appendix treats of some points of geography connected with Alexander's marches. The whole illustrated with notes, drawn not only from ancient but from recent sources, and tending greatly to render the text more explicit and clear.

Irish Stew. Pp. 64. (London, Southgate.)—A collection of political *jeux d'esprit* and parodies; and, consequently, out of our literary purview.

Lady Cheveley.—We noticed this poem a fortnight ago, and would hardly return to it, were it not for the very preposterous report which we observe is circulated by some of our literary quidnuncs, that it might be written by Sir Edward Bulwer; and, like other equally absurd rumours when often repeated, obtain some credit among the ignoramuses of the gossip school. The internal evidence (such as not being aware that there were more than two brothers) is so decisive against this silly notion, that it might be left alone for its refutation; but as we possess, of our own knowledge, the means of positively denying its truth, we take upon ourselves to disabuse the public ear on

the subject, or rather the ear of those who have been credulous enough to fancy the possibility of such a folly. Sir E. Bulwer has shewn too sincere an attachment to his family, and, as a man, must have felt too severely the affliction of such a production as *Cheveley*, not to be most desirous to suffer the whole to sink, as soon as idle curiosity and the love of scandal would permit it, into oblivion.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

AMERICAN GEOGRAPHY.

We copy the following letter from the "Times." It contains an interesting account, of the farthest progress of an expedition, under the direction of the Hudson Bay Company, to advance the survey of the northern shores of the American Continent. After the main body had reached the sea, and the boats were prevented from proceeding. Mr. Simpson set out on foot, and accomplished the journey here described; by which, in ten days, he has added the knowledge of about 120 miles of this country to our previous stock, and visited 68°43' N. lat., in long. 106°3' west.

"On the 20th of August, the date appointed for the return of former expeditions from these desolate shores, I left our boats, still hopelessly beset with ice, to perform a ten days' journey of discovery on foot to the eastward, and my companions were five servants and two Indians: we carried a wooden-framed canvass canoe, and nearly the same other baggage as on the journey to Point Barrow last year, with the addition of a tent for the nightly shelter of the whole party, on a coast almost destitute of fuel. Each man's load at starting weighed nearly half a cwt., and our daily progress averaged 20 geographical miles. About the middle of the first day's journey we passed the furthest point to which Sir John Franklin and his officers walked in 1821. Beyond that the coast preserved its N.N.E. trending to the encampment of the same night, situate on the pitch of a low cape, which I have named Cape Franklin. From the west to the north-east a new land, or crowded chain of islands of great extent, in many places high, and covered with snow, stretched along at the distance apparently of thirty miles, and led to the apprehension that we were entering a deep sound or inlet. The main land now turned up to E.N.E., which continued to be its general bearing for the three following days. It is flat, its outline or path leading alternately over soft sand, sharp stones, and swampy ground. At the distance of from one to two miles the coast is skirted by a range of low stony hills, partially clothed with dull verdure, which sends down to the sea numberless brooks and small streams; none of the latter at that season reached above our waist, though the deep and ragged channels of them shewed that in the spring they must be powerful torrents. Two leagues inland a hill, which I have named Mount George, after Governor Simpson, rises to the height of 600 feet, and forms a conspicuous object for a deep journey; on either side the ice all along lay immovably aground upon the shallow beach, extending in every direction as far as the eye could reach. The great northern land still stretched out before us, and kept alive doubts of our having explored an immense bay; which, however, the increase in the tides, the quantity of sea-weed, and the shells, and the discovery of the remains of a large whale and of a polar bear, could not altogether dispel. These doubts seemed almost converted into certainty as we drew near, on the fourth evening, an elevated cape, and saw land apparently all around, with feelings of

bitter disappointment. I ascended the height, from whose summit a splendid and unlooked-for view suddenly burst upon me. The ocean, as if transformed by enchantment, rolled its free waves beneath, and beyond the reach of vision. To the eastward, islands of various shape and size overspread its surface, and the northern land terminated in a bold and lofty cape bearing north-east, at least forty miles distant, while the coast of the continent trended away to the south entrance of an ice-skirted strait. The extensive land to the northward I have called Victoria Land, in honour of our youthful sovereign; and its eastern extremity I called Cape Pelly, after the Governor of the Hon. Company. To the promontory where we encamped I have attached the name of Cape Alexander, after an only brother, who would give his right hand to be the sharer of my journeys. The rise and fall of the tide there was about three feet, being the greatest observed by us in the Arctic Seas. The coast here changes its character; the water becomes deep, and the approach easy; and I have little doubt that the islands contain secure harbours for shipping. Next morning, at the distance of eight or nine miles, we crossed another high cape, formed of trap-rocks, in latitude 68°52'18"5 N., the variation of the compass being 63 E. The travelling had become more and more toilsome, our road now passing over some miles of round loose stones, and then through wet mossy tracks sown with large boulders and tangled with dwarf willows. At our usual company hours we opened a large bay studded with islands, which ran on five miles to the S.S.W., and then turned off in a bold sweep of rounded granite hills, like those near Melville Sound and Cape Barrow, dipping to the sight in the E.S.E. at the distance of thirty miles. The walk round even this portion of the bay would have consumed three days; the time allotted for outgoing was already expired, and two or three of my men were severely lame from the fatigue of their burdens, the inequalities of the ground, and the constant immersion in icy cold water. I besides cherished hopes that by making the best of our way back we might, agreeably to my arrangements with Mr. Dease, meet him bringing one of the boats, in which case, with an open sea before us, we could have still considerably extended our discoveries before the commencement of winter. I may here remark, that we were singularly fortunate in the five days of our outward journey, the weather being so moderate and clear that I daily obtained astronomical observations; whereas, before our departure from the boats, and during our return to them, we had continual storms, with frost and snow, rain and fogs. Close to our furthest encampment appeared the site of three Esquimaux tents of the preceding year, with a little stone chimney apart. We passed the remains of a larger camp, and the remains of several human skeletons near Cape Franklin, but throughout the journey we found no recent traces of that few and scattered people. The morning of the 25th of August was devoted to the determination of our position, and the erection of a pillar of stones on the most elevated part of the point; after which I took possession of the country, with the usual ceremony, in the name of the Hon. Company, and for the Queen of Great Britain. In the pillar I deposited a brief sketch of our proceedings, for the information of whoever might find it. The situation is in lat. 68°43'39" N., long., reduced by C. T. Smith's watch, from excellent lunars at the boats, 106°3'11" W., the

magnetic variation being 60°38'23" E. The compass grew sluggish and uncertain in its movements as we advanced eastward, and frequently had to be shaken before it would traverse at all. Two miles to the southward of our encampment a rapid river of some magnitude discharges itself into the bay, the shores of which seemed more broken and indented than those along which we had travelled. Independently of Victoria Land, and an archipelago of islands, I have had the satisfaction of fully exploring 100 miles of coast, and of seeing thirty miles further, making in all, after deducting Franklin's half-day's journey already mentioned, about 120 miles of continental discovery. This is, in itself, important; yet I value it chiefly for having disclosed an open sea to the eastward, and for suggesting a new route along the southern shore of Victoria Land, by which that open sea may be traversed, while the main land, as was the case this season, is yet environed by an impenetrable barrier of ice. Whether the open sea to the eastward may lead to Ross Pillar, or to the estuary of Brack, Great Fish River, it is hard to conjecture, though the trending of the most distant land in view should rather seem to favour the latter conclusion. The same evening, on our return, we met the ice at Trap Cape, driving rapidly to the eastward; as we proceeded, the shores continued inaccessible. Several bands of buck reindeer were tracked to the southward, along the hills; two which we shot were in far superior condition to those in Bathurst Inlet and near the Coppermine; a few musk-oxen were also seen, and numerous flocks of white geese (*Anser Hyperboreus*), in general officered by large gray ones (*Anser Canadensis*), were seen assembling on the marshes, and taking their aerial flight to more genial climates. At dusk, on the 29th of August, our tenth day, we regained the boats, and found them still enclosed in the ice, which the north and westerly gales seemed to have accumulated from far and near towards Point Turnagain. THOMAS SIMPSON."

"Port Confidence, September 15, 1838."

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

MARCH 27. Rev. Dr. Buckland, President, in the chair.—A paper was read by Mr. Owen 'On a Tooth and part of the Skeleton of the Glyptodon, a large Quadruped of the Edentate Order,' to which belongs the tessellated bony armour, figured in Mr. Clift's description of the megatherium, and been supposed by some naturalists to have belonged to that animal. The first notice of the remains of a large fossil edentate mammal associated with fragments of a tessellated bony armour, is an extract from a letter by Don Damasio Larrañaga, curé of Monte Video, inserted at the end of Cuvier's description of the megatherium ("Oss. Foss." tom v. Part I. 1823). The bones noticed in that communication were found in the alluvium of the Rio del Sauce, a tributary of the Solis Grande. The next observations bearing on the question are contained in "Weiss's Geological Memoir on the Provinces of San Pedro do Sul and the Banda Oriental" ("Berlin Trans." 1827.) The bones were collected by Sellow, the Prussian traveller, and were obtained in part near the Arapey Chlico, in the province of Monte Video, and partly in the proximity of the Rio Janeiro. These remains were not described by Weiss; but after the death of Sellow, they were confided to Professor D'Alton, who has given an excellent account of them in the "Berlin Transactions for 1833;" and he states that the bones

did not belong to the megatherium. In 1832, Mr. Clift described part of the fossil remains brought to England from Buenos Ayres by Sir Woodbine Parish; and the remainder, found at Villaneuva, south of the Rio Salado, form the subject of Mr. Owen's memoir. They consist of the extremity of a jaw, with three alveoli; also, of portions of a humerus and a scapula, nearly a perfect radius, and parts of a fore and hind foot; likewise of fragments of a thick tessellated shell or armour, found about twelve inches below the mass of bones. On the first inspection of these remains, it was evident, both to Mr. Clift and Mr. Owen, that they did not belong to the megatherium, and that the grooves in the alveoli of the fragment of the jaw also exhibited a mode of dentition differing more widely from that of the existing sub-genera of armadillos than their respective dental characters differ from one another. Mr. Clift, therefore, in his description of the megatherium, gave no account of the tessellated bony covering brought to England by Sir Woodbine Parish, or of the bones associated with it. Soon after the arrival of these remains, casts were made by the College of Surgeons, and sent to different museums, including that of the Jardin du Roi, at Paris, where they attracted the attention of M. Laurillard and Mr. Pentland. These naturalists were also induced to conclude, that the shell and bones were not portions of the megatherium; and they inferred, from an examination of the portion of the foot, that the fossils belonged to an extinct animal allied to the armadillos. More recently, Sir Woodbine Parish received intelligence of the discovery, in the bank of a rivulet near the Rio Matanza, twenty miles south of Buenos Ayres, of an entire skeleton, including its tessellated coat of mail; and with the account there were transmitted to him one of the teeth, and a sketch of the animal itself. On examining the tooth, Mr. Owen did not hesitate to pronounce that it indicated a new sub-genus of the armadillo family, for which he proposed the name of Glyptodon, in reference to the fluted or sculptured character of the tooth. Subsequently, on comparing it with the fragment of the jaw before alluded to, he perceived that the peculiar longitudinal ridges in the socket precisely corresponded with the characteristic flutings in the tooth; and thus the shell, with the other remains found at Villaneuva, were ascertained to belong to the same species as those of the perfect animal discovered in the banks of the Matanza; and the bony mail proved not to be a portion of the megatherium, but of the glyptodon. Mr. Owen then pointed out some peculiarities exhibited in the sketch of the animal, and which demonstrate that the glyptodon is distinct from any of the existing armadillos; but he confined his anatomical details to the remains which have been brought to England, and were exhibited on the Society's table. The tooth is a fragment, but the grinding surface and upwards of an inch of the crown are perfect. The whole length was probably about four inches, and there is no indication of a diminution in any of its diameters, from the grinding surface to the opposite fractured end; in this respect it agrees with the abrupt termination of the socket in the fragment of the jaw. The teeth are much more compressed than in the megatherium, and they differ still more materially in their intimate structure, which corresponds with that of the armadillos. The teeth of the glyptodon differ in a marked degree from those of any known species of armadillo, being traversed through their whole length, both on the inner and outer sides, by two broad and deep angular grooves, so as to divide

the grinding surface into three portions, joined together by the contracting isthmus interposed between the opposite grooves. In the lower jaw the sockets turn inwards as in the toxodon, and the teeth, from their complicated form, indicate a transition from the edentata to the pachydermous toxodon. The modifications in the locomotive extremities also bespeak a similar tendency in the glyptodon to the multungulate pachyderms. Mr. Owen then proceeded to explain, with his wonted skill, the points in which the remains of the glyptodon agree or differ from those existing or extinct mammals with which it is most closely allied; but we cannot attempt to give more than the general inferences at which he arrived. Of all the edentata, recent or fossil, the glyptodon approaches most nearly to the species of dasypus in the structure of the ungual phalanges; but in their shortness, as compared with their breadth and depth, they resemble still more the ungual phalanges of the pachyderms. The short broad terminal phalanges of the glyptodon must have been encased in corresponding short and strong hoof-like claws; and "I would ask," observed Mr. Owen, "if we have not here a modification of the base of the anterior column of support which relates immediately to the necessity of carrying so ponderous a cuirass as that which undoubtedly covered the body?" There cannot be a greater contrast than is presented between the short, broad, and flat phalange of the glyptodon, and the long compressed claw-bone of the megatherium, which, with its bony ungual sheath, bespeaks an instrument, the employment of which, in scratching, digging, perhaps defending its possessor, were of more consequence in the living economy of the individual than mere subserviency to support and progression. Mr. Owen, however, does not deny to the glyptodon the power of applying its stout fossorial anterior extremities to all the purposes to which the armadillo, his nearest congeners, apply theirs. The bones of the hinder extremities, when arranged in their natural juxtaposition, present a foot of such singular proportions, as to be without a parallel in the animal kingdom, but expressly modified to form a base to a column destined to support an enormous superincumbent weight. From the examination of these bones of the feet, Mr. Owen also infers that the glyptodon cannot be called an armadillo without using an exaggerated expression, still less can it be considered a species of megatherium; but that it offers the type of a distinct genus which is much more nearly allied to the dasypodid than to the megatherioid families of edentata. Mr. Owen afterwards shewed that the portions of armour described by D'Alton, in the "Berlin Transactions," and those obtained by Sir Woodbine Parish near Villaneuva, present the closest resemblance in point of structure; but that, from the agreement alone, it could not be satisfactorily inferred that the animals were specifically the same, in consequence of the near resemblance which different species of armadillo present in the structure of their tessellated armour. The parts of the skeleton, however, obtained both by Sellow and Sir Woodbine Parish, prove that they are positively identical in species; and, therefore, that the only portions of tessellated armour transmitted to Europe testify to their having formed part of the structure of an edentate animal widely differing from, and, as proved by the comparative measurements, much smaller than, the megatherium. He then proceeded to the inquiry, Whether the megatherium had a bony coat of

armour?—a question which at present must rest on arguments afforded either by modifications of the skeleton analogous to those which, in the armadillos, have relation to their osseous coat of mail, or by other peculiarities indicative of a similar relation. In reasoning from the analogy of the armadillos, the only quadruped which possesses a carapace, there is presented to our observation a skeleton, which affords throughout that family a constant and unvarying series of well-marked modifications in direct relation to such a carapace as the megatherium has been supposed by some naturalists, and De Blainville more particularly, to possess. The modifications of this nature in the armadillo are the following: 1. The ankylosis of a great number of vertebrae forming a very large sacrum. 2. The great antero-posterior development of the spines of the sacral vertebrae, which thus constitutes a continuous vertical ridge of bone bearing immediately the superincumbent weight by the corresponding development of a ridge from the median line of the under surface of the armour: this weight is further transferred from the sacrum to the thigh bones by two points on each side; one of these—the ischium—is ankylosed to the posterior part of the sacrum,—the second, and more characteristic mode, is by the conversion of the iliac bone into a stout three-sided beam, passing straight from the thigh joint to abut against the anterior part of the sacrum, where the weight of the shell is greatest. In the pelvis of the megatherium, the sacral vertebrae do not exceed four, the spinous processes are small, and are not locked together as in the armadillos, but are separated by intervals as in the sloths. In no species of armadillo is the ilium expanded, while it is greatly developed in the megatherium; and among the edentata the nearest approach to this structure is exhibited by the sloths. Another, and still more striking character in the skeleton of the armadillo, in connexion with its armour, is the remarkable production of a part of the vertebrae from above the anterior articular process on each side in a straight direction upwards, outwards, and forwards, to nearly the level of the extremities of the true spinous processes. Now these oblique processes, which are thus developed in no other quadruped, except in the loricated edentata, precisely correspond in position and use with the tie-beams in the architecture of a roof. In the megatherium, these oblique processes—these tie-beams, are wanting, and this part of the vertebral column corresponds with that of the hair-clad sloths and ant-eaters. The broad ribs of the megatherium have likewise been supposed, by some naturalists, as indicative of a bony armour, but the ribs of the sloths and the ant-eaters are broader and stronger than those of the armadillos. Again, the prodigious strength of the bones of the leg of the megatherium has been urged as a proof that the animal had a bony armour; but Mr. Owen shewed that this great strength was requisite for the support of the enormous pelvis, which, as already stated, is unprovided with any apparatus for bearing a weighty coat of mail.—A description was then given of some remains of the glyptodon deposited in the museum at Monte Video; and the author, in conclusion, expressed a hope that the anatomical descriptions, embodied in the paper, would fully establish the glyptodon as a distinct genus on both dentary and locomotive organs; and he trusts that he has vindicated the opinion of Cuvier, with reference to the megatherium, by demonstrating it to be, in reference to its tegumentary covering as in its osseous system, more nearly

allied to the ant-eaters and sloths than to the armadillos.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

MAY 13. Mr. W. R. Hamilton, President, in the chair.—Read extracts from the following papers and letters:—1. 'An Account of the recent Arctic Discoveries,' by Messrs. Dease and Simpson; * communicated by the governor and committee of the Hudson's Bay Company. The narrative of this spirited enterprise, which has already been laid before the public, was illustrated by a map, on a large scale, shewing the track of the discoverers; also a map of North America, by Mr. John Arrowsmith, on which the 120 miles of coast have been engraved, and the whole coloured, to distinguish the discoveries of Franklin, of Ross, of Dease and Simpson in 1837, and also in 1838: from which it appears that only 160 miles have to be explored to connect the late discoveries with those of James Ross, in 1832, and Back, in 1834, and thus to complete the outline of the northern shore of America.—2. 'A Letter from Captain Sir George Back, R.N.," dated Hastings, May 12, 1839:—

Dear Sir,—I am not sufficiently recovered to attend the meeting of the Geographical Society, which, for obvious reasons, I would gladly do, to-morrow evening; but I cannot deny myself the satisfaction of writing a few lines, and of congratulating the Society on the additional information procured for it by the persevering efforts of my friends, Messrs. Dease and Simpson. Without referring to the systematic and admirable plan on which these enduring and pains-taking individuals have acted,—without dwelling on the obstacles and privations which must have been patiently encountered, though modestly concealed,—without recapitulating details so clearly narrated by themselves, I would bestow on them that high meed of praise which their exertions so richly merit, and pass at once to the interesting question of the year's operations. Supposing the boats left in the "woody bluff," on the banks of the Coppermine River, to be uninjured by the Esquimaux, and the season to be no worse than that experienced last year, the expedition, by keeping a good offing and skirting along the south shore of Victoria Land, would be enabled to gain what, it is to be hoped, would then be an open sea, leading to the eastward. It is, however, scarcely to be expected, that this favourable circumstance will continue, comparatively, for any great distance, though it might do so; and in that event the solution of the question will be of easy performance; but if not, the low, shelving shores will be impacted with drift ice, while the immediate vicinity of the alternate high bluffs will be dark with open water. The result of such a state of things would, most likely, be the impracticability of pursuing, along the main shore, a channel so shoal as to be blocked up by ice, which would frustrate all attempts in that direction, and leave the question of an inshore passage as perplexed and doubtful as ever. Though this may apply to the coast near to and west of Point Maconochie, it would hardly hold good further north; by which another passage will, I think, be found to the Thlew-ee-choh. Looking to the eastward of the river round Cape Hay (though nothing more has been elucidated, and every thing must be conjectured), I cannot help drawing your attention to the coinciding appearances observed off there, by myself, in 1834, and recently by Mr. Simpson, at Cape Alexander. How far the resemblance may be

borne out hereafter will, I hope, be determined by the skill and intrepidity of our countrymen, Messrs. Dease and Simpson; to whom, and to the spirited liberality of the Hudson Bay Company, the country at large, and the Geographical Society in particular, must feel deeply indebted. Ever faithfully yours,

GEORGE BACK.

To Captain Washington, Royal Navy.

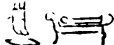
3. 'Notes on a Journey from Constantinople, by Heraclea, to Angora, in the autumn of 1838.' By W. Ainsworth, Esq.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ARCHÆOLOGY.

In laying specimens of the curious EGYPTIAN CARICATURE in the British Museum, which appeared in our *Gazette* of the 4th, before our readers, we very briefly noticed their general character; but having since been indebted to Mr. Samuel Birch for a copy of his interesting paper, explanatory of the subject, we have very great pleasure in giving it insertion here.

The papyrus (said Mr. B.), of which a tracing accompanies the present paper, formed part of the collection of Egyptian antiquities purchased of J. Sams by the British Museum, in 1834, and was unrolled by Mr. Hogarth, who made an accurate drawing and coloured facsimile of the same, in 1838. It is not complete, having formed portion of a larger roll; but it may justly be considered as one of the most extraordinary with which the National collections are enriched. From the style and execution, compared with Egyptian monuments whose epochs, through their Greek inscriptions, are fixed beyond the power of a doubt, it must have been executed about the period of the reign of Trajan, and certainly not later than the epoch of the Antonines; while the general freedom of the execution, the boldness of the subject, and the sarcasm conveyed by this religious caricature, evidently indicate the hand of an artist seizing the weakest and most ridiculous points in the religion and delineations of the Egyptian race. It is scarcely credible that any native Egyptian artist would have dared to conceive and execute so hardy a flight of the imagination; and it would have been interesting to know the precise locality where it was found,—a fact, unfortunately, little cared for by the mere dealers in collections. The delineations are not taken from the purely religious scenes, such as figure in the various rituals, of which I hope, at a future opportunity, to offer some analysis to the public; but are derived from the paintings and subjects with which the sides of the tombs themselves are covered, or the walls of the temples are adorned. If the object of the caricature be to represent animals in a future state of existence, as is far from improbable, the jest assumes a still more direct character against the opinions of the Egyptian psychology; and an antithetical juxtaposition, the very light and shade of the ridiculous, runs through the whole, considered in whatever view it may be. An interpretation of its meaning can only be offered provisionally, and assumes the shape of a collation of the comic with the serious, rather than a definite explanation of the subject itself. Following the usual analogy of Egyptian paintings, the scenes should proceed from right to left. The whole represents animals in various occupations.

I. A lion in the act of cutting up a victim placed on a long tressel with lion-clawed feet, called in the texts *gal*, or "bier," written in hieroglyphics  $\Delta\lambda$; being

the transcription of the equivalent Coptic expression $\Delta\Delta\lambda$, "to deposit" as upon a bier. The lion stands erect on its hind legs, and holds with its right fore-paw the hoof of the inverted victim, apparently cutting off the thigh with the other. In the scenes of slaughtering (bas-relief, B. M., Rosellini, M. C., No. lxxiii. 1), the thigh was always the first part

removed, and called the $\text{C}\Delta\text{N}\text{T}$ or $\text{C}\Delta\text{N}\text{T}$ $\sqrt{\Delta} \equiv \parallel$ the "chosen" portion; and, along with the head, always appears on the altars before deities, and the viands offered to the deceased. The head of the victim has been torn off, the papyrus here being deficient.

II. A cat, in the act of conducting along a flock of geese. Grimalkin stalks along upon her hind legs with as much gravity as puss in boots. In her left fore-paw she holds a crooked stick, like the pedum or crook placed in the hands of Osiris pethempamentes. The geese are in two rows, two in the first and four in the last one. The bird in the hand of the cat is probably meant for a lame one, which are generally transported by this means. Goose-feeding, an occupation of the lower classes, is frequently represented in the paintings of the tombs. (Rosellini, M. C., No. xxx. 4.) The driver conducted them with the koncoupha sceptre, called gom, catching hold of a required bird by the head. Under the Roman government the goose-feeders, called $\chi\eta\sigma\tau\epsilon\sigma\iota\varsigma$, were Egyptians. The cat, of course, must have been considered a very proper guardian for the goose.

III. The next figure in succession may belong either to the preceding group or the one which follows. It represents a jackal walking on its hind legs, holding in its right fore-paw a baton or stick; and in the left paw, turned down in a peculiar manner for that purpose, a stick across the shoulder, to which is suspended a bag or basket, of trapezoidal form, by a strap. Immediately after this figure is a herd of gazelles, two in the first row, one to the extreme left followed by two other animals apparently of the goat species; they are accompanied by a wolf walking as all the other animals do, upon their hind legs, and playing upon the double flute. The wolf also bears a basket, suspended upon his shoulders across a pole. The feeding of goats or gazelles is also a favourite subject in the tombs (Rosellini, M. C., No. xxxi. 2), and the various species of this animal appear to have had their peculiar names. The Egyptian shepherds, however, a low and degraded class, do not appear to have been addicted to, or educated for, the acquirement of sweet sounds, if we may judge from the paintings of the tombs, while the flute was the constant companion of the Greek rustic.

IV. The most amusing and spirited scene of the whole papyrus. It represents a game at latrunculi or draughts, between a lion and a gazelle. The lion is seated to the right upon a stool with four legs, holding in the right paw a latrunculus, and in the left a purse, or some indistinct object. The gazelle is also seated upright upon a camp-stool, and holds a latrunculus in the right hoof. The board, which is placed between them, is on a long four-legged stool, and each party has four men upon the board, the heads of the pieces of the different parties being of a different shape. From the expression of the lion's attitude, he is apparently winning the game, to the great horror of the gazelle, who expresses unequivocal marks of fright. The game of draughts is not of rare occurrence, either in the bas-reliefs or the

* See article "American Geography," p. 310.

of the tombs. (Rosellini, M. C., No. At Medinet, also, the Pharaoh R-IV., or Sethos /Egyptus, is depicted at this game with one of the sultanias; mention is made in Herodotus, b. ii., e, of the monarch Rampsinitos having at draughts with the goddess Isis. The of the draughtsmen in Burton's "Ex- are of similar shape, but the different vary in Rosellini's work, and are d green and yellow. Immediately be- scene is a basket of fruit, probably and a crow helping itself liberally from tents of the same.

The scene following this represents a or hyena, standing erect, holding in its w a draughtsman, which it has probably from the table of the players. The upper the animal is imperfect, owing to a rent papyrus. After this is a sow and hippo- s, standing erect. The sow holds in its w a patera, in which is some viand; and popotamus dips both fore-paws into a tier ræ, placed upon two large vases. The the sow is turned back towards the im- figure first mentioned. I am not aware scene parallel to this among those already ed.

erto the papyrus has presented one con- roll; the rest consists of detached por- whose arrangement is only conjectural. A cat standing on its hind legs, making ring to a rat seated on its hind legs, and erect upon a high-backed chair. t holds in its right fore-claw the stem d of some flower, and in its left a snake. n them are various offerings of bread, ced upon a rectangular four-legged stool. et of the rat's chair are lion-clawed. e the chair stands another rat, erect upon legs, holding in its left fore-paw a mir- fly-flap, and in its right a bag. This detached piece. This refers to the fu- honours represented upon the steles, the commencement of the ritual, as paid junior surviving branches of a family to ceased ancestor.

A lion seated as before, on a seat or before a stand or table. The action in he is engaged is very indistinct, and portion only of a scene.

f. A cat and jackal, or dog, carrying a cross their shoulders. From the pole is led a bag or basket by straps. The cat back to the dog. This mode of transport- acts seems to have been commonly used the Egyptians: milk, water, &c., was carried by pole and strap across the er, as at the present day.

last fragment represents a swine standing and legs; behind it are the fore-paws of animal holding a palm-branch. The rer of the scene is imperfect. Owing to ence of Mr. Hogarth, who had intended nd some observations on the different used in this composition, I am unable cate the various materials and shades ed; as also to lay before you the very ely coloured facsimile which he has made ame. The composition may be consi- s either representing animals in a future f existence, or glancing at the doctrine metempsychosis. A similar papyrus, ntng the combats of cats and monkeys, I believe, in the Royal Egyptian Museum in; but it has never been published: e fact of its existence had been notified by M. Dulaurier, in a preface to the cal canon of the same museum, which t me to copy; and by Dr. Lepsius.

Until lately, I had conceived the account to be apocryphal, when the discovery of the MS. in the museum fully confirmed the existence of similar efforts of art. It may justly rank as the oldest known caricature; and whether the hand of an Egyptian, or one of the hybrid Græco-Egyptian race, pencilled the production, the feeling which dictated it is self-evident, and the era at which it was drawn equally apparent. The religion of Egypt, under the domination of its foreign masters, had already begun to exhibit all the elements of decay. The plant spirit of polytheism, as it is called, tolerated her superstitions with a sneer; and no opportunities were lost by the philosophic or profane to treat with contempt, and to hold up to sarcasm and ridicule, those objects of worship, which the efforts of its last votaries endeavoured to term philosophical allegories, or astronomical truths. Instances of similar literary compositions occur among the Greek writers, in the "Batrachomomachia" of Homer, and the "Galeomnomachia" of Aristobulus.

THE ALPHABET.

AFTER this interesting memoir, Dr. Lepsius, as we have previously stated, entered into a detailed exposition of the origin of the order of letters in our alphabet; and, after making mention of the different opinions upon the subject from the time of Plutarch to M. Seyffarth, who beheld in the alphabet only an astronomical constella- tion, he established his own opinion in demon- strating a principle at the same time organic and historical. He commenced by proving that in all languages the sibilants and the letter r are the last developed, and that these letters must, with the exception of the *samech*, be eliminated from the Semitic alphabet, in order to retrace its primitive form; also that the *jod* and the *kaf*, of which he proved the later in- troduction, must be cut off, and that thus there only remain the following sixteen letters:—

A	B	G	D
E (I)	F	CH	TH
L	M	N	S
O (V)	P	Q	T

The constituent principle of which is readily perceptible by abstracting at once the inter- posed semi-vowels. It is then seen, that in the horizontal lines the *medials* commence after the most feeble aspiration, viz. *alef*; then fol- low the *aspirates* with a stronger breathing, *he*; and the third line contains the *tenues* with the strongest aspiration, viz. *ain*. In the verti- cal lines the three breathings begin; then come the three labials, then the three gutturals, and finally the three dentals. The interposition of the semi-vowels is explained by the observation, that in languages in general the *tenues* are the last developed, and that there was a time when the alphabet finished with *samech*, and only had twelve letters. Dr. Lepsius added, finally, some remarks upon the arrangement of the four letters of each line, and finished by the comparison of the alphabetic order of the De- vanagari, which is mentioned by the ancient Indian grammarian Panini, and is attributed by him to the god Siva himself. This alpha- betic order, which differs from the ordinary arrangement of the Devanagari, coinciding perfectly with that of the Semitic alphabet, proves, consequently, a resemblance extremely ancient between these people; also the highest antiquity for the alphabet itself, and writing in general.

[The following explanation and corrections of our able correspondent, C. S., are also neces- sary to the due illustration of these Egyptian researches.]

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR,—When I wrote my note, of date the 3d inst., I am sorry I did not advert to what might be the facilities which the printing de- partment of your establishment possessed for readily putting to press occasional words writ- ten in Coptic or Arabic characters; and I feel, in consequence, under additional obligations to you for the difficulty and trouble you must have experienced, from so readily and politely acceding to my request.

The Arabic words used by me to translate Cheops may be written *zu-aml*, which words (very common, well-known words) mean nothing more than "he who is engaged in any affair," the doer, performer, or maker of any thing; or, I may repeat, *zu-aml* is an epithet equipollent with one of the two Greek words hazarded by Eratosthenes as conveying the meaning of Cheops.

The other principal mistake which has oc- curred through my inadvertence, may be thus noticed: The Greeks had no H, the Egyptians had one, which they called Hori; I inserted this Hori, this consonant H, immediately after the Che of Cheops, and the Sa of Saophis, to give the epithet its correct reading, and to shew its real import; and, moreover, as *hoph*, the second of the two words composing *Che- oph*, is variously written in the Coptic lan- guage, I pointed to such being the case in the ovals under review; by giving the reading in three forms, as it occurs, a little varied.

Permit me to add that Wilkinson, at page 278 of the third vol. of his classic work, "Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egypt- ians," gives, in succession, the ovals contain- ing the popular names of the builders of the three greater pyramids. The first oval contains nothing more than *Cheops Primus*; the next, *Cheops Secundus*; and the third, *Shomish Cheops*. We know the real prenomen of this third Cheops; and I may add that, as in the oval of Wilkinson, so by the side of the preno- men, on the fragments in the Museum, *Shom- ish* is given in phonetic characters. Kemran, another name by which he was known, and apparently better known, is also to be seen on the fragments of his coffin; and this compels me to notice that the fragments do not, as has been conjectured, contain any address to Net- phé; on the contrary, Netphé is made to ad- dress Mycerinus by the honourable title of Kemran. The words are, "*Why, O Kemran, do you traverse the skies, tread the milky way?*" This title or epithet refers to the popularity enjoyed by Mycerinus as a sovereign prince, a fact not passed unnoticed by Herodotus. As to who were the builders of these pyramids, if not of all, of some of them at least, I think it may be answered, that the village of Bon sirs points to who they were; I myself judge by the form in which this village is given in hiero- glyphics, whilst Bouairis and Osiree-s en differ nothing at all in meaning.

And now to conclude entirely. As a decided John Bull, I deemed it but fair and just to write my note of the 3d instant; but now, at parting, to make amends, I will ask the atten- tion of the friends of phonetic hieroglyphics, to the sarcophagus of the Queen of Amasis, which may be very fairly termed quite an encyclopædia for that epoch. It is one of the most valuable treasures in the Egyptian Sa- loon of the British Museum. Memnon, too, when acting under the auspices of Baba-
Google

challenges much notice, especially regarding the eastern part of Egypt, bordering on Syria. Yours, Mr. Editor, very faithfully,
C. S.
London, 14th May, 1839.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

MR. CHILDREN in the chair. — A letter from Mr. Cooper to Mr. Faraday was read. It treated of the visibility of those rays to be found beyond the usual red rays of the solar spectrum. The paper is merely introductory; the writer notices the fact mentioned by Sir D. Brewster, that the greatest solar heat is found where the greatest rays are produced. Part of a communication from Professor Daniells to Mr. Faraday was likewise read, being the fifth letter by the same author 'On Voltaic Combinations.' The details and results of several experiments are given. Plates $\frac{3}{4}$ inches in diameter are mentioned as the best. The heating power of the battery, condensed and passed through a lens, readily burned a hole in paper. Professor Daniells and his colleagues were severely injured about the face and eyes by the electric discharge. The conclusion of the paper was deferred till after the Whitsun holidays.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday. — Geographical, 9 P.M.; Statistical, 8 P.M.; United Service, 9 P.M.
Tuesday. — Horticultural, 3 P.M.; Medical and Chirurgical, 8 P.M.; Electrical, 7 P.M.
Wednesday. — Society of Arts, 7½ P.M.; Geological, 8 P.M.; Medico-Botanical, 8 P.M.
Thursday. — Royal Society of Literature, 4 P.M.; Numismatic, 7 P.M.
Friday. — Linnean (Anniversary), 1 P.M.; Royal Institution, 8½ P.M.

PINE ARTS.

PHOTOGENIC DRAWING.

VARIOUS have been the methods detailed for the preparation of paper which can be acted upon with facility by the powerful agency of the light from the sun; yet, notwithstanding all that has been written on this interesting subject, the practical student in this art finds that great difficulties occur in every department of photogenic drawing.

In the first place, he finds that the paper which he has prepared the preceding evening is by no means equal in its qualities, as sometimes he may have two or three sheets very excellent, so that, when they are exposed to the light, they become in every part of a uniform dark colour; sometimes, on the contrary, he finds that the paper, after it has been similarly acted upon by the solar rays, becomes black over the greater part of its surface, yet numerous white spots occur throughout which detract much from the beauty and effect of drawings made with it; and, lastly, it occasionally happens, that some sheets are not affected by the most powerful light, except, perhaps, at a few points.

Indeed, should the paper be good, and the drawings made, yet, without the greatest care in the fixing of them, they may be found to have a ground of an irregular tint, or they may be imperfectly stopped, and even the colour may be altogether removed.

To surmount with certainty these various difficulties, numerous experiments have been performed in every department of the manufacture of photographs, which we shall now describe; first as regards the chemical substances, then the paper, and, lastly, the most efficient stopping solution.

The various compounds of silver have been long known to be acted upon powerfully by the solar rays: this property is possessed by far the

greater number of the preparations of that metal, yet not by all; and upon the former, the effect of light differs materially in its degree of sensitiveness.

The two soluble salts of silver with which we are most acquainted, are the nitrate and sulphate, both of which communicate to organic textures and substances made from them a black stain when exposed to light; but these, neither on paper nor in combination with albumen, gelatin, gums, or glues, have sufficient delicacy to be applicable for the manufacture of photogenic drawings.

The ammonia-nitrate of silver will be found considerably more delicate than either the nitrate or sulphate, and may be used where rapidity of action is not required, particularly as it lessens the trouble, by the application of only one solution to the paper.

The chloride of silver is the substance to which we principally look for the ready action of the solar rays, and the modes of its application to the paper are numerous. It is by itself very insoluble in water, and, on the contrary, easily dissolved by ammonia; but, unfortunately, the ammonia-chloride of silver cannot with good effect be used for the preparation of this paper, and thus we are compelled to form a chloride upon it by a more circuitous process. This object may be effected by the application of either chlorine, chloride of an oxide, chloride of metal, or hydro-chloric acid, first to the paper, and afterwards a solution of nitrate of silver.

When a nearly saturated solution of chlorine is used, it should be applied lightly with a sponge to the paper, taking care that every part is moistened by the liquid: the paper should then be allowed to dry, and the solution of nitrate of silver applied also with a sponge, in a similar way.

This form of chloride is not quite so delicate as some others, and requires a long time to become quite black. It has its advantages from enabling the most highly glazed papers to be prepared with great facility and certainty; and it becomes of a beautiful brown, which is but slightly altered by the stopping agents.

The chlorides of oxides, such as the chlorides of soda and of lime, may be advantageously applied in some cases where the chlorine is useful. * * * The chloride of soda, however, must not be used for absorbent papers, such as those used in printing; but with the glazed papers it becomes very delicate and sensitive to light, whether it be applied before or after the solution of silver. The strength which was found most useful was that usually employed for medical purposes.

The solution of chloride of lime was made by adding twelve grains of chloride of lime to an ounce of water, and allowing any insoluble part to subside. This is found applicable both to printing and to glazed papers, but is more certain when used prior to the nitrate of silver.

The chlorides of metals, as common salt, require more care in their proportions than the foregoing substances; and an experiment which was tried, shews the absolute necessity of using an excess of nitrate of silver.

A weak solution of nitrate of silver (twenty grains to the ounce) was treated with excess of chloride of sodium, when an insoluble chloride was precipitated; this was exposed to the direct rays of the sun, without the slightest change; the supernatant liquor was then poured off, and the precipitate well washed two or three times with distilled water, to remove any superfluous salt which might perchance be present; the chloride of silver was again

exposed to the light for many hours, when only a slight brown tint was produced. On the contrary, when the nitrate of silver was treated with such small quantities of salt, that part of the solution of silver remained in excess, the light speedily blackened the chloride exposed to its action. * * *

Similar experiments were tried with chlorine, chloride of lime, and chloride of soda, when excess did not prevent the blackening; but when muriatic acid was used the same phenomenon was observed. * * * Without endeavouring to explain the difference of the action of light under these different circumstances, an important practical inference is to be drawn from them; for if any circumstance prevents the nitrate of silver being in excess, no action will be produced.

The proportions given by Mr. Golding Bird are evidently so designed, that an equivalent proportion of each substance should be used; for although he employs only a twenty-grain solution of nitrate of silver to the ounce, with a twelve-grain solution of salt, yet, by using the silver twice, it becomes equal to the single application of a forty-grain solution. To ensure success, the ratio of the chloride of sodium to the nitrate of silver should be about one to five. As the relative proportions of these two substances are of importance, great care must be taken in the application of the salt in the first place to the paper. A ten-grain solution of salt should be sponged over one surface of the paper, and all superfluous moisture carefully removed by the sponge wrung dry; the paper ought then to be allowed to dry, but taking care that the salt does not settle in any part, and thereby cause an excess; when the paper is dry, the solution of nitrate of silver is to be applied in a similar way. An advantageous mixture can be made of the chlorides of oxides and chlorides of metals: thus, a very excellent paper may be made by a solution containing ten grains of salt and twelve of chloride of lime to the ounce of water.

Dilute muriatic acid may also be used for the manufacture of the photogenic paper, in the proportion of about twenty-four drops of the distilled acid, S. G. 1.12, to an ounce of water. It may be used either on the glazed or absorbent papers, but for the latter it should not exceed half the strength. The same observations apply to any excess of muriatic acid as were noticed to apply to the chloride of sodium. This forms a delicate paper, and becomes of a very even colour.

A more sensitive paper may be prepared by using the bromide of silver instead of the chloride; but the expense of bromine and its compounds is an objection.

A solution of bromine in water cannot be used in a way similar to a solution of chlorine with any good result, and recourse must be had to the bromide of potassium, of which 12 grs. to the ounce, applied in the way described when treating of the chloride of silver, and afterwards conjoined with a solution of nitrate of silver (fifty grains to the ounce), will be found a suitable proportion.

Other salts may be used besides the chloride and bromide, such as the phosphates, chlorates, &c., but have the disadvantage of not being so sensitive to light. A benefit, however, attends the use of the phosphates, &c., for while any excess of the chlorides must be so carefully avoided, an undue proportion of the latter salts is attended with no inconvenience.

The expense of the nitrate of silver renders it desirable to reduce the quantity used; but if a dark ground is wanted, a smaller quantity

than fifty grains to the ounce cannot well be employed.

Having considered the chemical substances which may be used for the photogenic paper, the different kinds of paper, and those suited to each particular preparation of silver, next demand attention.

Papers may be divided into three classes, the bibulous, the absorbent, and the highly glazed papers. Of the bibulous papers, blotting paper and tissue papers are examples; but none of them will be found at all applicable to the purposes of the photogenic art. These papers are made from rags, but there are papers made from other substances, such as old sacking, &c., which possess great strength, as well after they have been moistened as before.

The finest paper of this sort is called "double small ends." That which I employed, when sponged over, seemed to be equally moistened in every part, and was found well adapted for the intended purpose, as there was not, after being prepared with the solutions, a single spot that resisted the action of light in any one of the sheets. There are, however, disadvantages attending the use of this paper, for it is not so smooth as others more highly glazed, and therefore not so well adapted for every description of photographs.

The absorbent papers, or the papers used in printing, possess a finer texture than that last described; and when they can be obtained good, they answer very well for photogenic purposes.

Of the various papers which have been tried of this description, a thin paper used for printing newspapers, called "double copy," was found the best; for the thicker papers, that have much plaster of Paris added to increase their substance and weight, do not answer so well, as they are apt to absorb the solutions unequally. These papers are fittest when the common salt and nitrate of silver are used.

The highly glazed papers, or writing papers, require no particular observation, for if either chlorine, chloride of lime, or chloride of soda be used, the colour will be found uniform; and the finer and more highly glazed the paper is, the better will it suit the intended purpose. These will be found advantageous, not only from possessing a smooth and uniform colour, but also from a smaller quantity of the solution of nitrate of silver being used in their preparation, as it is applied only on the surface, and does not penetrate any distance into the texture. For this latter property, paper such as the satin post, may be prepared on both surfaces, should that be deemed advisable.

The modes of applying the chemical substances to the paper have been already noticed, and the sponge was mentioned as being the agent employed.

The extent to which the paper should be moistened is, that such a quantity of solution should be used, that it may, as artists term it, "bear out" in every part of the surface; that is, that a slight layer of moisture should appear at every point after the usual absorption has taken place, and that all superfluous moisture is to be carefully removed by a pressed sponge.

After the paper has been prepared, it will be hardly necessary to state that it must be kept carefully from the action of the light.

The mode of making the drawings has been sufficiently detailed in various publications. When prints are to be copied, the printed side must be pressed by a piece of flat glass close to the prepared paper, and exposed to the light of the sun. When drawings of feathers, or other irregu-

lar bodies are desired, a piece of the photogenic paper is to be laid upon any yielding substance, as folded linen, flannel, or, what is perhaps better, a layer of sand, or bran; the object is then to be covered with a square of flat glass, and, if necessary, pressed down by weights, and is to be finally exposed to the light of the sun.

The paper will be found to be most rapidly acted upon by the direct rays of the sun, but this is by no means indispensable, as a clear sky is very effectual, and even on a very cloudy day a delineation is produced, only it requires a longer time. The circumstances which appear most to retard the photogenic properties of the solar beam, are those dense collections of smoke which hover over the metropolis when the wind has not sufficient power to disperse the deleterious particles of which they are composed.

Most of the modes of preparing the paper, which have been described, are applicable to the camera obscura with a short focus, and those prepared with the chloride of soda, chloride of lime, and bromide of potassium, do extremely well. Its use in this department will for ever be limited, for a portion of an object only can be represented accurately; as, for every distance, the camera requires a different adjustment of its focus, so that to take a landscape, a hundred different foci would scarce suffice. For this reason, it certainly appears that the results of M. Daguerre's experiments must be exaggerated.

The fixing of the drawings after they have been made is completely a chemical action, and requires as much care as the preparation of the paper. The substances that may be employed for this purpose, are dilute muriatic acid, chloride of sodium, hydriodic acid, hydriodate of potash, iodic acid, hyposulphites, sulphocyanate of potash. Before using any of these substances, the drawing ought to be soaked in common water for a few minutes, to remove any excess of the salt of silver; the stopping solution is then to be applied with a sponge to every part of the surface equally.

No particular advantage attends the use of the muriatic acid, but it will be found to stop pretty well when in the proportion of about twenty-four drops of the distilled acid to an ounce of water, but it is not quite permanent. The chloride of sodium, or common salt, is very effectual in stopping any further action of the light, as drawings fixed by this agent have not undergone the slightest alteration from many hours' exposure to the brightest sunshine. When the impressions are very dark they do not change colour, but lighter drawings become altered to a yellowish brown; the addition of a little sesquichloride of iron corrects this, and gives a pink tinge to them. The solution recommended by Mr. Bird answers very well, it contains two ounces of salt and one ounce of the sesquichloride of iron to the pint of water. The hydriodic acid, and the hydriodate of potash, are also very effective in preventing any further action of the solar rays; they turn the white parts to a pale yellow, and are very apt, if the solution be too strong, to remove the colour of the dark ground, especially if the drawing had been exposed to the light for only a short time: for this reason, the solution of hydriodate of potash ought not to exceed ten grains to the ounce of water. A solution of iodic acid, fifteen or twenty grains to the ounce, is very excellent for stopping photogenic drawings; it is particularly applicable to delicate drawings of feathers, when it is desirable not to allow them to remain long in the light; and

at the same time the contrast of black and white heightens the effect. Care must be taken not to apply too strong a solution, for that is apt to whiten the dark ground, but it never turns it to any other tint.

The hyposulphates of potash and soda have been much used for the fixing of drawings, but, if exposed to the sun, they do not appear quite so effective as the common salt, or hydriodate of potash; they have the advantage, however, of stopping them a darker colour. The sulphocyanate of potash is also found to stop these drawings; it changes the colour of the ground to a brown, and has no particular advantage.

The different effects of these several fixing solutions can be turned to good account by suiting the colour of the drawings to the fancy of the artist, or the nature of the subject; and a still greater alteration of tint may be produced by varying the duration of time which the light is allowed to act upon the paper.

Many other chemical substances have been tried for fixing the drawings, but none attended with success. The following are the principal:—Chlorine, chloride of soda, chloride of lime, tincture sesquichloride of iron, chloride of manganese, chloride of tin, chlorate of potash, solution of iodine in water and in alcohol, carbonate of potash, hydrocyanic acid, dichromate of potash, biborate of soda, oxalate of ammonia, fluato of ammonia, benrouxate of ammonia, succinate of ammonia, phosphate of soda, gallic acid, arsenite of ammonia, sulphite of soda.

Should it from any cause be thought desirable to remove from the paper the colour which it acquired by light, this may be performed either by a strong solution of corrosive sublimate, which will render the paper quite white, or by a strong solution of hydriodate of potash, which gives it a yellow tint. If to the saturated solution of corrosive sublimate a little gum be added, it may be used with a quill pen, either to prevent the action of light, or to make white lines or marks after the action of the solar rays. Drawings may be made with great effect in this way, on paper previously exposed to the sun; and this is by far the best mode of proceeding, when naturalists or others are desirous of circulating a few copies of any delineation among their own friends; for, as the white parts are exceedingly diaphanous, and the black impervious to light, the drawings made by this means are much more distinct than those made by the ordinary described processes. This mode will be found exceedingly valuable where a few copies of any drawing of machinery are suddenly wanted for estimates of prices or other causes; and the strongest light will never affect the original drawing.

By the common method of making photogenic drawings, should any be imperfect or otherwise damaged, it will be better to expose them freely to the action of the sun; by which means a uniform black ground will be produced, which will be suitable to the use of the corrosive sublimate: and thus any waste will be prevented. A thin paper, which should be slightly moistened before use, is most applicable to this mode of drawing. The photogenic paper may be blackened either by a dilute solution of proto-sulphate of iron or by hydro-sulphate of ammonia.

The principal points in every department of the photogenic art have now been described, and if the minutiae which have been detailed are strictly followed, and the preparation of silver suited to the kind of paper as here laid-

down, the student in this interesting and new field of science will be enabled not only to prepare his paper, but also to make and fix his drawings with ease and certainty.

ALFRED SNEE.

Bank of England, May 14th, 1839.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.
[Second notice.]

NOTHING could have been more appositely chosen then the motto for the catalogue of this year's Exhibition; which goes to establish a fact ever present to our mind, that to cultivate a knowledge of the principles of art is the best means of creating an interest in the beauties of nature. But to proceed with our remarks on what is now before us.

129. *The Sonnet*, and 143. *Open your Mouth and Shut your Eyes*. W. Mulready, R.A.—The first a beautiful pastoral, the second a boyish sport; both rendered interesting by their skilful treatment and the rich and harmonious tone of colour under which they appear.

154. *Grace before Meat*. Sir D. Wilkie, R.A.—A subject much in request with the Flemish painters, and, perhaps, indicative of their sense of the duty. Under the hand of Sir D. its character takes a more graceful and intellectual form. The lines quoted in the catalogue (the penultimate one of which is deformed by a typographical error) are from the pen of Lady Blessington, and convey a perfect description of the picture. The performance is, we think, likely to be transferred to copper, and from its moral influence deserves to become popular; if, as a print, it is not made too expensive to suit the pockets of those it would most benefit.

166. *Gathering Oranges, Capo di Monte*, and 180. *Neapolitans during the Tarrantella*. T. Uwins, R.A.—If Mr. Uwins sometimes raises emotions of pity and regret in some of his works, as in 84. *A Newly-made Nun taking leave of her Friends, &c.*, he is sure to revive pleasant sensations in those who contemplate the two first noticed: warmth and sunshine pervading the first; mirth and hilarity, the latter. But we must now look into the other rooms, and return upon our steps when occasion serves.

MIDDLE ROOM.

293. *Robin Hood*. D. Maclise, A.—We know of no artist in the present day with so exuberant an imagination, or such fertility of invention, as Mr. Maclise. In the present instance, he has directed attention to some of the leading points in his picture, still it baffles the eye with its multifarious matter—repose is out of the question; the spectator must take it piecemeal, as we do, and go to the right and left alternately, though what he sees on the right will most likely fix his regards. Here mirth and revelry, colour and splendour, fill the space; costume and accessories dazzle the sight; and, notwithstanding the crudeness of its tints and hardness of its outline, we are carried away by the beauty of the piece, and can only say with Dominie Samson, "Pro-di-gi-ous!"

Opposite to this mirth-inspiring production is one of a very different stamp, viz—

389. *Lady Jane Grey at the place of her Execution*. S. A. Hart, A.—The character of this picture (which is of ample dimensions) is calculated to excite admiration and win approval; for, often as the subject has been treated, the person of Lady Jane has never appeared under a more saintlike and beatified form, or with an expression of more heavenly

With equal judgment and skill,

the artist has made her figure conspicuous amidst the group by which she is surrounded. The bigoted monk is leaving her to her fate. The constable of the Tower seems unwilling to disturb the last aspirations of her soul; and her sorrowing attendants are about to perform the last sad office to their adored mistress. The figures in the foreground are not, we think, so ably managed. They are in great measure meretricious in costume, and, but for the breadth preserved above, are calculated to disturb, rather than to aid; the effect of the picture.

[To be continued.]

BRITISH GALLERY, PALL MALL.

THE last *soirée*, on Monday week, was crowded with company, embracing most of the talent in and out of the Royal Academy. The rooms were beautifully lighted; and the pictures and sculpture appeared to great advantage.—Saturday last the exhibition closed, after a good season, very many purchases being made by the patrons of the fine arts; such as the Marquess of Lansdowne, Lord F. Egerton, Lord De Lisle, Lord Northwick, Earl of Normanton, Duke of Northumberland, Earl of Tyrconnell, Sir Thos. Baring, — Wells, Esq., J. V. Thompson, Esq., Sir Robert Bateson, Marquess of Ailsa, Lord Lynedoch, Lord Colborne, Robert Vernon, Esq., Thos. H. Hope, Henry Holland, Esq. The latter gentleman was the purchaser of that interesting subject of "Grace Darling," by H. P. Parker, of Newcastle.

The Gallery is to be reopened the beginning of June, with a choice selection of the works of ancient masters.

THE DRAMA.

Her Majesty's Theatre.—On Friday, the 10th, too late for us to notice last week, Mr. Mori's Grand Evening Concert was held. The programme promised a rich treat to the lovers of music—a promise amply fulfilled, in spite of two serious disappointments in the persons of Madame Persiani and Pauline Garcia, from whom letters of apology were read amidst considerable disapprobation. Some delightful music, not named in the programme, was substituted by way of amends. The selection of vocal music was generally from favourite operas. We need scarcely say how it was executed, since Madame G. Grisi, Madame Albertazzi, and Signora Rubini, Tamburini, and Lablache, were the principal singers. Madame Stockhausen enchanted us with a new German ballad and a new Swiss air: in the latter she was warmly encored. She is, indeed, unrivalled in this style of singing; her fine, delicate, high notes, are most exquisite. The instrumental music was light and agreeable: David and Mori on the violin, Döhler on the piano, Labarre on the harp, and Richardson on the flute, all first-rate performers. The pit of this large house was crowded before the commencement of the concert; and parties arriving late were politely accommodated with boxes. Indeed, the whole affair was excellently managed.

Haymarket.—Here Power, supported by Cooper, W. Lacy, Strickland, Flemming, Perkins, Mrs. W. Clifford, Misses Taylor and Mordaunt, &c., contrives to keep the audience laughing at his performance in *King O'Neil*, a comedy we believe formerly acted at Covent Garden, and now played several nights in the week at this theatre. Since writing this, we are sorry to say, that Mr. Power has been obliged to desist from acting for several nights,

on account of severe indisposition. He is now, however, so much better as to be announced for a short renewed engagement next week.

Olympic.—On Monday, a new burletta, called *Meet Me by Moonlight*, met with an excellent reception: it is a mere trifle, bordering on the absurd, but makes one laugh one scarcely knows why. The last scene, which is by far the best, exhibits Keeley in a laughter-provoking disguise; his appearance as well as his acting is irresistibly comic; indeed, the little piece owes its success chiefly to his efforts, assisted by Messrs. Green, Selby, Granby, &c. &c., Mrs. Macnamara, Mrs. Franks, and Miss Murray, who acted with their usual ability, although we must confess we do not comprehend the necessity for the latter lady appearing *en cavalier*, an exhibition we would fain see altogether abandoned.

New Strand Theatre.—During the week, a new burletta, the story founded on Auber's "Le Lac des Fées," has been played at this theatre with success. The music is selected from Auber, Herold, Boildieu, and Marschner, and arranged and adapted by Mr. A. Lee, to whom great credit is due for the able manner in which he has performed his task. Of course, any attempt to get up an opera in so small a theatre, and with so limited a company, would be absurd. Aware of this, Mr. E. Selby and Mr. A. Lee have merely made the fairy lake a vehicle for a few sweet songs, duets, and light choruses. Mrs. Waylett is at home in her part, and sings a ballad song and duet delightfully. Mr. Binge, who plays the hero, also sings one ballad with much feeling. Mr. Cook, Mrs. Selby, &c. &c. play the other characters. The scenery is pretty, and the dresses new and clean.

Società Armonica.—The fourth of these concerts, held on Monday evening, introduced Mr. Hammann, a fine performer on the violin, who was received with favour, and obtained the only encore of the evening. Madame Grisi and Madame Albertazzi sung the favourite duet, "Ebben a te ferisci," in splendid style; nothing could exceed the harmonious blending of the two voices. Signor T. Lablache also contributed much to the gratification of the audience; nor must we forget to mention a delightful duet on the harp and pianoforte, by Messrs. Forbes and J. B. Chatterton.

Willis's Rooms.—On Tuesday, the 7th inst., Mr. G.A. Kollman's second concert was crowded to excess. The vocal and instrumental music was excellent, and detained the company until six o'clock. The fine tone drawn forth by Mr. Kollman, who played a fantasia on his splendid grand piano, elicited much applause.

Madame Sala's Concert at Willis's Rooms on Monday was fully and fashionably attended, and we were glad to see the appeal to the good feelings of her friends and the public met in so proper and kind a manner. The entertainments were very various and very delightful. Among the vocalists we had foreign singers of high repute—Stockhausen and her niece Miss Bildstein, and Madame Balfe; but the muster of native talent was uncommonly strong, including Albertazzi, Miss Rainsforth, Miss P. Horton, Miss F. Wyndham, Madame Pilati (the Miss Stanley of the St. James's Theatre), Miss Birch, and Miss Bruce. In other points, Mori, Bennett, Parry, jun., Balfe, Lefter, Brizzi, M. Stockhausen, and Regondi, strengthened the programme; and the whole, under the direction of Negri, went off with great élat. Miss P. Horton was encored in "Where the Bee sucks."

VARIETIES.

Charterhouse Square Institution.—We rejoice to state that the Anniversary of this most humane and excellent Institution, yesterday week, was attended and supported in a manner befitting its usefulness and the benevolent character of the citizens of London. The lord mayor, Mr. Alderman Copeland, and others, warmly advocated its cause, from individual and careful examination of the benefits it had conferred on a numerous and much-suffering class of our fellow-creatures, the nature of whose maladies too often induce fatal delicacy and lead to irremediable concealment. Due honour was done to Mr. Frederick Salmon, the founder and unwearied friend of the charity; to whose exertions, indeed, the success of the Infirmary is mainly to be attributed. Above 640l. (including 100l. from the corporation of London) was subscribed, and we trust it will be followed by many public benefactions; as, it was stated, the number of applicants for relief far exceeded the capabilities of the hospital.

Artists' Benevolent Fund.—In consequence, we take it, of the great political excitement, the anniversary dinner of this charity was not nearly so well attended on Saturday as was anticipated by all parties interested in its success. The lack of numbers, however, was nearly counterbalanced by the amount of subscriptions collected during the evening. By the treasurer's report, these amounted to between four and five hundred pounds, including liberal donations from H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge, who presided; Her Majesty; the Queen Dowager; Sir John Swinburne; Mr. Bond Cabbell; Sir P. Egerton; Mr. Sergeant Talfourd; and Mr. Landseer. Toasts peculiar to these occasions were responded to by the various parties present, and the meeting separated shortly after 10 o'clock. The musical arrangements were under the charge of Mr. T. Cooke, and afforded great amusement to the company assembled.

Caricatures.—H. B. will have a new and copious mine opened for him now in the *changeable* nature of the times. His last three performances (Nos. 587, 8 and 9) complete nearly 600 pictures of the Whig ministry and politics (with the not less productive interlude of the brief Peel administration of 1834); and are not unworthy of his prolific pencil. "A Cure for a Broken Head," represents Lord Normanby as the wounded, nursed by O'Connell and be-moaned by Lord Morpeth and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, whilst Lord J. Russell is advancing with an adhesive plaster, "*Majority 22*," to apply to the broken head; Lord Melbourne is leading him, and Mr. Stiel following with a pair of scissors. The grouping and expression are in H. B.'s best style. The next is Peel and Lord John settling an affair of honour; and not remarkable for any striking effect. The last is "A Coroner's Inquest, that was to have been," and founded on a passage in Sir George Sinclair's speech, in which he alluded to a coroner's inquest on the defunct cabinet. Thus as if coming events cast their shadows before, and a different course of caricatures was begun, Mr. Wakley sits as coroner, and the jury are stating their opinions:—"O'Connell, 'wilful murder,'" Peel, "death by wilfully aggravating the wound;" Lord Stanley, "a previously very unsound state of body;" others, "*felo de se*," "natural death," &c. &c.; altogether a very clever and amusing piece.

Lighting the House of Commons.—On Thursday night we witnessed the experiment of lighting the House of Commons with the

oleo-oxygen lights. Many members were present, and a number of ladies. The lights consisted of six circular spaces in the roof, and two others over the reporters' gallery, not so brilliant as those for the body of the building. The general impression appeared to be that the effect was too bright for the eyes, and the dark shadows under the side-galleries contrasted strangely with the dazzling lustre in the centre on the floor; altogether, the character of the illumination seemed more appropriate for lighthouses, than agreeable or convenient for interior lighting.

Con.—When is a man really smoking, not smoking? Do you give it up? When he is smoking a *Meersham* (*Merscham*.)

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

In the Press.

A concise Account of the several Orders of Knighthood and other marks of Honourable Distinction, by N. Carrile, Esq.—Nan Darrell, or the Gipsy Mother, by Miss Pickering.—Recollections of the Departed, and other Poems; together with some Serio-Comic Pieces, by Robert Rose, a West Indian of Colour.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The Gentleman of the Old School, a Tale, by G. P. R. James, Esq. 3 vols. post 8vo. 11s. 6d.—Reignley's History of England, 2 vols. Vol. II. 12mo. 7s.—Barlee's Explanatory Version of the Minor Prophets, fcap 8vo. 4s.—Browning's History of the Huguenots, Vol. III. 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Frank Howard's Science of Drawing, Part I. Trees, fcap 8vo. 4s.—Coleridge's Aids to Reflection, 4th edition, fcap 8vo. 7s. 6d.—Sir J. Maundeville's Voyage and Travels, by Halliwell, 8vo. 3s.—Rev. E. Sidney's Life of Sir R. Hill, Bart. 8vo. 12s.—Butler's Analogy, with Memoir, by Dr. Croly, fcap. 4s. 6d.—Remarks on the Slavery Question, by W. E. Channing, 8vo. 1s. 6d.—A Parting Token, 32mo. 1s. 6d.—Rev. R. J. M'Ghee on the Law of Papacy, 12mo. 4s. 6d.—Engineer's Common-Place Book, by W. Templeton, 12mo. 6s.—Evidence and Authority of Revelation, by R. Haldane, new edition, 3 vols. fcap. 10s.—Thorpe's Descent of British Empire, 3d edition, 12mo. 4s.—Dr. Ryan's Formulary of Hospitals, 3d edition, 32mo. 4s.—Six Years' Residence in Algiers, by Mrs. Broughton, 1 vol. post 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Tocqueville's Democracy in America, 2 vols. 8vo. 11s. 1s.—Bingley's Stories about Homes, 13 plates, square 16mo. 4s.—Archbold's Poor-Law Act, 5th edition, 12mo. 8s.—Friendship with God illustrated in the Life of Abraham, by Rev. R. P. Buddicom, 2 vols. 12mo. 14s.—The Alpenstock, by C. J. Latrobe, 3d edition, 7s.—Four Lectures on the Ceremonies of the Holy Eucharist, by N. Wiseman, D.D., 8vo. 8s. 6d.—Life of Duchess of Marlborough and Memoir of Court of Queen Anne, by Mrs. A. T. Thomson, 2 vols. 8vo. 11s. 6d.—Westmoreland and Cumberland Dialects, post 8vo. 9s.—T. Clarke's History of Slave Trade, new edit. 8vo. 15s.—Catholic Character of Christianity, by F. Nolan, LL.D., 12mo. 5s.—The Instructor, Vol. VII. 12mo. 2s.—Travels in the Trans-Caucasian Provinces of Russia, by Capt. R. Wilbraham, 8vo. 18s.—Hand-Book for Travellers in Denmark, Norway, &c. crown 8vo. 12s.—The Poetry of the Pentateuch, by the Rev. Robert Caunter, 3 vols. 8vo. 11s. 10s.—Bushman's Practical Economy, fcap. 4s.—Key to Greenlaw's Rules and Exercises on Subjective Mood, 12mo. 2s. 6d.—Lindley's Introduction to Botany, 3d. edit. 8vo. 18s.—R. Naugham's Questions on Common Law, 12mo. 5s.—Register of Experiments on Living Animals, by J. Turner, 8vo. 2s. 6d.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1839.

May.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday .. 9	From 45 to 52	29.80 to 29.79
Friday .. 10	40 .. 55	29.79 .. 29.91
Saturday .. 11	43 .. 58	30.05 .. 30.06
Sunday .. 12	30 .. 49	29.94 .. 29.94
Monday .. 13	41 .. 61	29.98 .. 29.98
Tuesday .. 14	34 .. 43	29.83 .. 29.85
Wednesday 15	38 .. 48	29.36 .. 29.36

Prevailing wind, N.

Except the 11th and morning of the 13th, generally cloudy, with frequent and heavy showers of rain; hail at times on the 14th.

Rain fallen, 1 inch and 1/5 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

Latitude .. 51° 37' 35" N.

Longitude .. 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* * We beg to point attention to the practical account given by our correspondent, Mr. Smeo, of the various parts of the process by which Photogenic Drawings are produced. Notwithstanding all that has been published on the subject, we have found even well-informed persons generally at a loss to understand the art.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

THE FIFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of the NEW SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER COLOURS is now open, at their Gallery, 55 Pall Mall (adjoining the British Institution), from 11 o'clock till dusk.
Admittance, 1s.—Catalogue, 6d.
JAMES FAHEY, Hon. Sec.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION for the ADVANCEMENT of SCIENCE.

The next Meeting of the Association will be held at Birmingham, during the week commencing on Monday, the 28th August. The Members of the General Committee will assemble on the preceding Saturday.

JAMES YATES, Secretary to the Council.

JOHN TAYLOR, Treasurer.

London, April 15, 1839.

PHOTOGENIC DRAWING. On Thurs-

day next, May the 23d, at Eight o'clock in the Evening, a Lecture on this newly discovered Art will be given at the Russell Institution, by G. C. TOOGOOD DOWNING, Esq. M.R.C.S.

GERMAN LITERATURE, at EXETER

HALL.
Mr. Hirsch's next German Reading, with Explanatory Remarks in English, will be given on Wednesday Evening, 29th instant. Subject, Schiller's Drama, 7m Tell, morocco; Chaucer's Single Tacket, &c. ditto, for the Course, One Guinea. To be had of Black and Armstrong, 8 Wellington Street North, Strand; Mr. Rolandi, Berners Street, Oxford Street; Mr. D. Nutt, 150 Fleet Street; and Mr. R. Ackermann, 191 Regent Street.
Reserved Seats for Ladies.

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It is, therefore, with the accession of Anne that the greatest interest of these volumes will be found to be combined, though there is much in their previous statements which deserves our serious consideration; and to these we must, in the order of dates, pay our first devoirs. Among other particulars respecting her work, Mrs. Thomson tells us—

"A great portion of the duchess's narrative having been delivered in conversation to Hooke, the historian whom she employed to make the book intelligible, the most characteristic portion of the Account, which was suppressed by the prudence of Hooke, is of course wholly lost. In the materials which the duchess collected to form the volume, many minute particulars which were not deemed worthy of insertion in the Account, are, however, preserved; and it has been the good fortune of the authoress of these *Memoirs* to supply, in some instances, the garbled passages from the duchess's papers, and to restore to the Vindication the duchess's own language; those expressive and happy phrases which, as the reader will perceive, described her own sentiments, and portrayed the characters of others, in a manner that no dispassionate historian could imitate. Of such papers as were deemed fit for publication by the Marlborough and Spencer families, Archdeacon Cox, in compiling his elaborate 'Life of John Duke of Marlborough,' had the free use, with the privilege of making copies. In the able work of this indefatigable historian

he availed himself, in some measure, of most of these valuable materials; but in the progress of his heavy task, he never forgot that he was compiling a biography of the Duke, not the Duchess, of Marlborough; that he was dealing with the enterprises, the treaties, the opinions, and the projects of men; and not with the intrigues, the foibles, the feelings, and the quarrels, of women. He has, therefore, but rarely and incidentally referred to the Duchess of Marlborough: hastening from the subject, as if he indeed feared that her formidable spirit might be recalled by the expressions of disapproval which he cautiously bestows upon her, by the hints which he gives of her temper, and the conclusion to which he fails not to lead the reader, that she was the source of all the duke's disappointments and reverses. This determination on the part of the archdeacon, and the manifest prejudice which he had imbibed against the Duchess of Marlborough, may readily be traced, by those who are induced to examine the manuscripts which were placed in the museum by the executors of Dr. Cox. These papers, which formed, in part, the materials for the life of the great general, and also for the duchess's 'Account,' are extremely interesting, and afford a satisfactory basis for a memoir. They contain, amongst other documents, many private letters, from which a selection has been already published, with great success, under the title of 'Private Correspondence of the Duchess of Marlborough.' They comprise also, not only a mass of papers relating to the duke's continental and political affairs, but a discussion upon the reasons for the dismissal of Lord Godolphin, the mode in which it was effected by Queen Anne, some curious correspondence relative to the building of Blenheim, the letters of Lord Coningsby to the duchess, and her grace's long and reiterated remonstrances with the Treasury upon various topics, passages of which develop more of her character than long pages of description could unfold.

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"There is always something in feminine altercations that is ludicrous as well as painful. Few women know how and where to stay the course of anger; when it once begins to flow, every charm, every grace so fondly prized by the sex, is obliterated, when retort follows retort, and retaliation grows vigorous; and dignity, to assert which the fair sex is oftentimes so valiant, takes its departure immediately we become vociferous in its defence."

We do not deem it necessary to follow Mrs. Thomson either in the historical details of the period, or in the alliances and other concerns of the Marlborough family, with which intelligent readers are well acquainted; but will select, here and there, such quotations as seem to us best calculated to exhibit the spirit of her work. Thus:—

"The Duchess of Marlborough's dismissal from Anne's favour may be said to have commenced, in reality, when that princess ascended the throne of England. The favourite was now wholly devoted to Whig principles; Anne was always, in her heart, a Tory. Lady Marlborough could ill brook opposition from one whose actions she had for years guided, and who had scarcely dared to move except at her bidding. The Queen had, as a monarch, one great failing, which characterised the house of Stuart: she allowed too great familiarities in those around her, and forbore to rebuke insolence, or even to check presumption. No one was so likely to presume upon this want of

dignity as the Countess of Marlborough. Her haughtiness soon grew into downright contumacy. Even whilst holding the queen's fan and gloves, or presenting them to her majesty, in the capacity of an attendant, she turned away her head with contempt directly afterwards, as if the poor harmless queen inspired her with disgust. How long Anne bore with such conduct, remains to be seen. For the first ten years of her reign, Lady Marlborough, however, ruled paramount."

Having ascended the throne, we are informed:—

"Whilst the public were amused with the pageantry of this imposing ceremony, busy cabal occupied the private hours of the queen, and within her palace, a contemporary writer has not hesitated to affirm, there was a very busy market of all the offices of government. 'For,' says Cunningham, 'the queen's own relations being kept at a distance, all things were managed by the sole authority of one woman, to whom there was no access but by the golden rod; and it was to no purpose for the Earl of Rochester to set forth his own duty, affection, and the rights of consanguinity.' This 'woman,' it needs scarcely be stated, was the Countess of Marlborough, whose frank avowal of her exertions to form the queen's household, at this period, in her conduct, was not necessary to establish that which all the world knew. With respect to the grave charge preferred against her by Mr. Cunningham, the consideration of her imputed corruption must be hereafter discussed. The elevation of her royal mistress to the throne brought the countess, as she observes, 'into a new scene of life, and into a sort of consideration with all those whose attention, either from curiosity or ambition, was turned to politics and the court.' Hitherto, whilst her personal influence over the princess had furnished many a topic for the gossip of the day, it had produced no apparent effect upon the affairs of the nation, the princess herself never having been allowed any means of interference in politics, or power in public appointments. But now the countess began to be regarded as one who possessed a great extent of patronage,—that curse and temptation, as it often proves; in short, as one, 'without whose approbation neither places, pensions, nor honours, were conferred by the crown.' The intimate friendship with which she was honoured by the queen favoured this supposition.

One of her letters in the Appendix is a singular proof of the manner in which her influence was exercised. We give it with Mrs. Thomson's note.

"This letter proves that, so early as the year 1707, the good understanding between the queen and her favourite was undermined.

"August 7, 1707.

"Lord Marlborough has written to me to put your Majesty in mind of Count Wratelaw's picture, and in the same letter desires me to ask for one that he sent Lord Treasurer, which came from Hanover, which I have seen, and which I know you would not have me trouble you with; and I have been so often discouraged in things of this nature that I believe nobody in the world but myself would attempt it; but I know Mrs. Morley's intentions are good, and to let her run on in so many mistakes that must of necessity draw her into great misfortunes at last, is just as if one should see a friend's house set on fire, and let them be burnt in their bed without endeavouring to wake them, only because they had taken laudanum, and had desired not to be disturbed. This is the very case of poor dear Mrs. Morley;

nothing seems agreeable to her but what comes from the artifices of one that has always been reported to have a great talent that way. I heartily wish she may discover her true friends before she suffers for the want of that knowledge; but as to the business of calling for the Princess Sophia over, I don't think that will be so easily prevented as she (perhaps) may flatter herself it will, though I can't think there can be many, at least, that know how ridiculous a creature she is, that can in their hearts be for her. But we are a divided nation; some Jacobites that cover themselves with the name of Tory, and yet are against the crown. And whoever comes into the project of that sort must do it in hopes of confusion. Others there are that are so ignorant that they really believe the calling over any of the House of Hanover will secure the succession, and the Protestant religion. And some of those gentlemen that do know better, and that have so many years supported the true interest against the malice of all the inventions of the enemies to this government, I suppose will grow easy, and be pretty indifferent at least in what they think may be of no ill consequence, further than in displeasing the court, not only in this of the Princess Sophia, but in any thing else that may happen; and as Mrs. Morley orders her affairs, she can't expect much strength to oppose any thing where she is most concerned. Finding Mrs. Morley has little time to spare, unless it be to speak to those that are more agreeable, or that say what she likes on these subjects, I have taken the liberty to write an answer to this, which you will say is sincere, and can be no great trouble only to sign it with Morley."

With this extract, and the first volume, we must conclude for the present; only adding, that from Dalrymple, as well as from Cunningham and other able authors, Mrs. Thomson has, with honourable impartiality, culled her public materials. Some repetitions occur in the narrative, but they are of little consequence, and occasionally seem almost unavoidable to complete the sense; a few typographical errors also require correction.*

Fair Rosamond; or, the Days of King Henry II.: a Historical Romance. By Thomas Miller, author of "Royston Gower," "Beauties of the Country," "A Day in the Woods," &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1839. Colburn.

It cannot rain but it pours: this is the third three-volume work we have received within a few days, preluded also by Mr. James's publication, noticed so lately as in the *Literary Gazette* of Saturday. Were we to occupy our whole sheet with them, we could not do sufficient justice to these productions, some of them employing, as they do, the talents of very popular writers; and we fear, in so far as regards their authors, that they will not allow in such cases brevity to be the soul of wit. To any thing from the pen of Mr. Miller, we should feel inclined to do much more than we can, under these circumstances, afford; for he has raised himself a name from his humble beginning, which ranks deservedly high in our living literature. Of his efforts, he speaks very unaffectedly in a preface to *Fair Rosamond*, and says, "The few ill-natured rubs he has had, he regards not, for the man who sits down with the firm conviction that he has had more praise than he deserves, must expect

* See Introduction, p. v. the date 1510 instead of 1710; p. 86, slight treason instead of reason (what a difference to a T!); in p. 443, "Splendidi mexer," for "Splendide mendax," if, indeed, being copied from MS. in the British Museum, the original may not be in fault.

to meet with a few drawbacks. And although his works are open to criticism, yet there are points about them which ought not to call down the whole weight of the lash: to such belong his humble station in life, his short practice in the craft of authorship, and his lack of education; let these be dealt mercifully with, and he will be content to submit to all fair chastisement, for he has not forgotten the old couplet, that says,

'The man who printeth his poetic fits,
Into the public's mouth his head commits.'"

Well for him — his head is as safe there as Van Amburgh's in the mouth of one of his tamed lions, and so far from being in danger, the animal in both instances would wag its tail, and be wondrously pleased with the feat.

As in his preceding publications, Mr. Miller, in the present performance, displays a fine poetical vein, an admirable conception of the historical characters belonging to the period he has chosen, even greater talent than before, in commanding individual portraiture, glowing powers of description, and felicity in making his under and fictitious agents play a consistent part in developing the drama of his principal personages. His Rosamond is a beautiful loving creature; his Henry, noble and chivalrous; his Eleanor, revengeful and implacable; and his Becket one of the most vivid and striking pictures we have seen on such a canvass. Glanvil, the minstrel Pierre de Vidal, and other sketches, are equally true; whilst Ugglethred and Gamas Gobbo (the latter suggested by an idiot in White's "Selborne," and only transplanted to a former age) are excellent specimens of the skill with which fancy may interweave the supposititious with the real. Altogether, *Fair Rosamond* is a stirring representation of the distant date to which the romance refers; and the liberties Mr. Miller has taken, both with the meagre authentic facts handed down to us, and the ideal legends founded upon them, respecting that famous heroine, are such as do credit to his taste and judgment. We will not, however, anticipate them; for the author, having to struggle against long-established belief and actual history, has had enough to do in establishing an interest and creating a sympathy, without our cutting any more of his ground from under his feet.

Henry (we may say) is presented to the reader as privately married to Rosamond Clifford, and we quote a passage thereon:—

"Leaving Henry and his chancellor to discuss the best means for keeping his marriage a secret, and for blinding the keen-eyed and jealous Queen, we will return to Rosamond, who had now become fully aware of her position. She loved Henry too fondly to take any advantage of the situation in which she found herself so unexpectedly placed, and was moreover of a disposition so much inclined to peace, that she never once thought of making use of the secret which she had so unexpectedly obtained. All tenderness and trust, she could not for a moment think of accusing Henry of what he had done, and was at times scarcely conscious of the position in which she stood. Hers was a disposition the very reverse of Eleanor's; she seemed like a lovely landscape, over which sunshine and cloud alike career without injuring its beauty. Eleanor, on the other hand, resembled a jagged and mountainous country, breaking the light of heaven in a thousand ways — whole masses sleeping in shadow, and possessing many an unannounced depth which the eye of man could with difficulty fathom. Rosamond would have been content if her life had glided away like a gentle

river, that rolls along through its own native banks, happy in the music which it throws out from its own bosom, and delighting in the few trees and flowers that are mirrored in its own calm surface. Eleanor was like the sounding sea, ever bearing a wild tumult upon its own bosom, never at rest within itself, and but rolling towards the shore in search of deeper caverns, or waging war with every jutting headland, and trying its strength against every opposing rock. No wonder then, if Henry, after the toils of state, preferred the smooth campaign to the 'hill of storms,'—that he chose rather to glide along the smooth river of peace, than subject himself to the constant buffetings of a rough sea, where every moment his attention was called to the breakers ahead, or the hidden quicksands which were so constantly shifting. He was one of those who mingled enough amongst daring and valorous spirits in the field, without needing their presence constantly around his pillow; who, however much he loved to hear the war-banner rustle and shake its folds above the stormy camp, would choose the flag of peace to droop over his hearth; and who, although mated with the eagle, loved to rest an hour beside the timorous dove; to forget the thunder-cloud which he had pierced, and the giddy regions into which his ambition had prompted him to soar."

A picture of the times gives us, *inter alia*, the following traits:—

"Fighting and feasting followed each other so naturally in these barbarous ages, that it almost appeared as if they won a victory merely to shew after-kindness to the conquered. Numerous are the instances on record of those who were opposed hand to hand in the morning, sitting down by the same festal board at night. Nor did King Henry ever push his revenge to the extent of his power on those who had so stoutly held out their castles against him; but having once conquered them, he endeavoured, by courtesy and fair promises, to retain them as friends. It was his policy also to extend the greatest favours to those who had shewn the most resistance in defending their possessions, rightly judging that such brave warriors were dangerous enemies, and, in that restless age, the friends to be most valued. Acting upon this politic principle, he had prepared a large feast at the palace at Woodstock, and invited the chief knights amongst the prisoners, to share it, together with the different nobles who were leaders of his armed forces, taking care, however, that the numbers of the latter should at least double those of the conquered. Great preparations were of course made for the occasion; the Thames was dragged with nets to furnish its share to the feast; steers and sheep were slaughtered; and many a buck, that had carried his antlers stately enough the day before, fell beneath the shafts of the foresters. The huge hall of the palace was strewn afresh with green rushes; the ponderous oaken tables were removed from almost every other apartment, and brought thither to accommodate the guests. Seats also, each formed of a solid oaken plank, and supported by tressels of the same material, were ranged on each side the tables, and covered with haubergestain, a kind of coarse cloth of mixed colours, for the tables were not so much as smoothed by the plane. The walls of the immense hall were decorated with arms and armour, and sylvan trophies mingled with banners, and lances placed cross-wise over hauberk and helm, and many a shield that bore the dint of former frays. On the doors, and by the upper table, which was

set apart for the chosen guests, stood a rich canopy, emblazoned with the arms of England, two lions blazing in gold; this was set apart for the king. Drinking-vessels of silver and gold also glittered upon every table; yet, amid all this barbaric splendour, there were not those real comforts which the meanest cottager now possesses. The huge loaves of bread were neither half kneaded nor half baked, and bitter as aloe with the dregs of beer with which they were mixed; and also heavy as lead, and not freed from a tenth portion of the bran. Even some of the wine was so thick and full of dregs, that the barons were compelled to filter it between their teeth, and spit out the thick sediment upon the floor. Their repasts seemed to resemble their armour—heavy, showy, and cumbersome; but possessing little or no comfort. Henry entered the hall from a private door, followed by Glanvil, the great law-giver of the age, and Thomas à Becket: the chancellor was seated on the right of the monarch, and the judge on the left. At the sounding of trumpets, the guests took their seats; those at the upper end of the table placing themselves according to their rank, which each one seemed perfectly to understand; those at the lower tables took their places as chance offered, or seated themselves beside their companions in arms. Although there seemed more of chance than order in this arrangement; yet, by some nice stroke of art, it was so contrived that one or other of King Henry's trusty followers sat between the knights they had so recently conquered. The dishes were handed from guest to guest by the attendants, each carving off that which suited his taste. Many a dagger which dealt the death-blow the day before at the siege, was now making deep inroads into boars' heads, barons of beef, and haunches of venison, which they placed upon their wooden trenchers, and having cut it into such mouthfuls as would choke any modern gormandizer, they helped themselves with their fingers; for forks were unknown, and therefore never wanted. A few rather delicate dishes there were at the upper table, where the king was seated; but even these were spoilt to preserve a show; peacocks half roasted, that the beauty of their trains might be uninjured; and cranes served up with their heads and necks raw, and so propped up that they looked murderously on their devourers, and seemed ready to leap off the dishes. Even the boars' heads grinned hideously, and shewed their horrid tusks and deadly eyes (which were thrust into their heads again after they were dressed), as if they were ready to rend every knight who brandished his dagger over them. Wines there were in abundance; but many of these were spiced, and retained none of their natural flavour; even those that were drank in their original state, were drawn from massy hogsheds with a spigot and faucet, much after the manner that an English peasant, in the present day, draws his home-brewed and muddy beer. Hippocras, pigment, morat, and mead, were served up in large vessels, into which each guest plunged his cup as he pleased. Ale and cider were also plentiful, and stood in large open tubs along the sides of the hall. More than one attendant, when a chance offered, knelt down and drank his fill out of these huge wooden vessels; for King Henry was not so plentifully supplied with drinking-cups, but that two or three knights were compelled to drink from the same vessel. One knight at the lower end of the table, who had thrice called on an attendant to bring a drinking-cup, was at last told that there was not one but what was in use, filled his hel-

met from a huge vessel that contained mead, and having drank himself, gave it to his comrade. Although many of the huge joints were not half cooked, yet there were no squeamish stomachs, but what could each bear their two pounds of solid flesh; for, as Peter of Blois says (and he fed many a time at Henry's court), 'their stomachs, by the help of powerful exercise, got rid of every thing.' But the whole scene was in keeping with the characters there assembled. The high-pillared and vaulted hall, with its richly painted windows, comported well with the broad-breasted, deep-voiced, and mail-covered guests, that sat beside the massy tables. Even the ponderous drinking-cups, which they from time to time uplifted to their lips, seemed only made for such strong steel-covered arms to upraise. And when they reached over the table to converse with each other, between the huge mountains of meat, the beholder felt assured that the men who fed on such pastures could fight. Nay, some there were talking apart on the late blows they had dealt, who pointed with their daggers to the immense joints, running lines with the point, and saying, 'An thus were his gorget, thus I brought my battle-axe, as it were, on this point of the haunch, striking his neck as I now separate this joint.' Or, pointing to a round of beef, into which another would stick his dagger, saying, 'So came the point of my lance, cleaving the fastenings of his accoutre through; and I hold it a good stroke, if the head of the lance can enter a-lant in this wise,' again mangling the joint, to shew how he had dealt his blows on the enemy. But deem not that all who met there were alike unfeeling; some there were who conversed together in low voices, and talked over the virtues of those who had fallen in the fight. How nobly they had dealt with the foes they had in their day struck down; how their shields had interposed between their companions, when the death-blow had all but fallen. How they had sheltered their enemies in the late wars, setting at nought the menaces of either Stephen or Matilda, when weighed beside their own honour. How beautiful maidens (whose names have been for ages forgotten) sought out their lovers from amid the slain—how some wept, and others shed not a tear, but buried themselves in the solitudes of their ancient castles, and died broken-hearted. But all are now gone; the mourned and the mourners are forgotten; even the gray and the weather-beaten turrets of their castles have long ago mouldered to dust. Those with whom they fought, and those whom they loved, and wept over, have not left even their ashes upon the earth. Nearly a thousand harvests have been gathered over their graves. Summer and winter, day and night, storm and sunshine, have gathered over and passed away, from their silent beds; and we cannot now point out the spot where they sleep; for even cities have sprung up over the solitudes where they fought, fell, and were interred! A few of their names, worm-eaten and mouldered, are all that we have left to tell that they once lived, that they possessed lands and dwellings in spots which even the scholar is now puzzled to discover,—that they married—and time has even erased the fair name of her they loved; a worm has eaten out what we shall never again discover."

A trial before Glanvil, referring to the "Doomsday Book," is another capital bit of manners, and we regret we can only refer to it; as indeed we must now be content to close this too-brief notice of a very masterly production, reminding us often of Scott but with

features peculiar to the author himself, and to that bent of mind and fancy which has made his writings of another description so deservedly favourites with the public. One or two epithets sound rather harshly to our refined age; but *Fair Rosamond* is altogether so fair that they are scarcely specks even for hyper-criticism to note.

The Court of King James the First. By Dr. Godfrey Goodman, Bishop of Gloucester. To which are added, Letters illustrative of the Personal History of the most Distinguished Characters, &c. &c. Edited, from original MSS., by John S. Brewer, M.A. of Queen's College, Oxford. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1839. Bentley.

HAVING disposed of Mr. Tytler's publication illustrative of a preceding period, we now turn to Bishop Goodman's MSS. from the Bodleian Collection, which also throw a historical light upon an after-reign of much importance in the annals of our island, and respecting which so much has been said and written.

On the memoir of this chronicler of events and hoarder of correspondence, contained in the first of these volumes, we are not, we confess, disposed to place unqualified reliance. Our deference is shaken by the evident looseness of his religious principles, which, in those days of extreme latitudinarianism, was too much calculated to give a tinge to his personal and political opinions. To change their faith, retract, recant, and change again, were the habits of the rainbow flitters through that age in which Dr. Goodman was made a Protestant bishop (A.D. 1625); and, for aught we can gather from his sentiments, the see of Gloucester would have been quite as agreeable to him under a Romish sovereign and the pope, and under King James as the head of the church. In other respects, he seems to have been a civil, quiet, well-spoken prelate, liberal, charitable, and content to pass through life in an easy and comfortable manner; neither the most acute nor the best informed of men or of bishops, and, therefore, in his testimony to be received merely as a contemporary witness, with opportunities for acquiring a knowledge of certain things, and no disposition to falsify or misrepresent them. Let us, therefore, hear what he states of the king:—

"Sir Roger Aston, whom I had cause to know, was a very honest, plain-dealing man, no dissembler, neither did he any ill office to any man. Let me also say so much for my old master King James, now with God: no man living did ever love an honest man more than he did. This I ascribe not only to his own goodness (for as yet I never knew any man who had so great an understanding, and so great an affection, and such a violent passion of love as he had), but likewise to the lamentable experience of those factious times in Scotland, which continued all his youth, inasmuch that no man durst scarce be in a low room in his own house by night for fear of pistoling; and, therefore, no marvel if the king made much of them whom he found entirely honest."

If such were the condition of the king whilst he lived among his fierce and turbulent nobles in Scotland, what must have been the deplorable situation of his unfortunate mother? History has never, we think, made sufficient excuses for her errors with reference to this point. A lamb in the midst of tigers and lions is hardly more to be pitied and commiserated than poor Mary, in the midst of her wild and fanatical subject-controllers.

The death of Raleigh furnishes a fair example of Goodman's work:—

"That Raleigh should long after be executed for that treason, surely there the king did but follow the advice and counsel of his lawyers: for if he had given him his pardon, yet his offence then committed had deserved death, for him without any commission from the king to seize upon the Spaniard's town where many lost their lives; there being at that time a peace between England and Spain. The king could do no less in honour and justice than either deliver him up to the Spaniard, or else, seeing blood requireth blood, and that so many had been slain in the action, and every one of them their lives as precious in the sight of God as was Sir Walter Raleigh's, surely it was necessary that his blood should pay for it. So to appease the wrath of God, and to preserve the peace and amity with Spain, the breach whereof might have cost much more blood than the life of one man could be estimated at, and the judges being consulted withal, they gave this resolution, that matter of treason was such that it could no way be satisfied or wiped off but by a pardon under the great seal, which Sir Walter Raleigh not having, he might be put to death for his former offence. And so, to save further trouble for his trial, for that an offence committed in the West Indies, whether it were triable in the King's Bench, or rather in the Court of Admiralty, many questions might be made, and, to save all that trouble, he was called to the King's Bench, and there was demanded what he could say for himself, why the former sentence of death should not be put in execution: and he could allege no sufficient reason to the contrary. And so for the form of his trial there, the judges are to be charged with it, and not the king. No man doth honour the memory of Sir Walter Raleigh and his excellent parts more than myself; and in token thereof I know where his skull is kept to this day, and I have kissed it."

Another criminal cause has some curious matter:—

"After the great armada in '88, then O'Rourke, an Irishman, suffered: he was arraigned at the King's Bench, and I was then present. This man had very great possessions in Ireland, and what is proper to some dispositions, they will never learn but one language, so this man did not so much as learn English. The like example we have of the emperor's brother, who, under the King of Spain, was viceroy of Portugal, in the year 1615 as I take it; he would never speak any language but Dutch, and if he had not been taught that in his infancy, and that there was a necessity he should speak some language that he might call for meat and drink, and such things as he wanted, certainly he would have taken no pains to learn that language. This O'Rourke, as it is said, built a house which, as they say, he called a defiance to the English; he did once use the queen's picture very contemptibly; when the Spanish Armada was defeated in '88, some of them being cast upon the shore, it should seem that he in pity and compassion did relieve them: this the deputy took as a capital offence, whereupon warrants were out to apprehend him; he having notice thereof, fled into Scotland; the King of Scots apprehended him and sent him to the queen, and so he was arraigned and executed. His son recovered some part of the land, he did allege for himself that Sir Richard Bingham would acquit him. His grandchild was lately a prisoner in the Tower, who living riotously, I think he died there in a poor condition."

The reasons for acquiring the use of at least one language are dull enough; but we proceed to graver matters, and instance the fall of the favourite Somerset:—

"The true fall of Somerset was this,—that love and affection, though they are the strongest passions for the instant, yet they are not of longest continuance, for they are not grounded in judgment, but are rather fancies which follow the eye; and as beauty itself doth decay, so love and affection abate. Take the wisest man; he loves his own children better when they are young than when they are old: so in the best things there is a glut, a surfeit, and a satiety; men are as mean of their pleasures as they are of their labours, and the chief delight which man hath is in change and variety. A man be glutton with one favourite, as he is feeding upon one food, though it be manna; therefore to have choice of dishes best pleaseth the palate: so truly I think the king was weary of an old favourite."

The correspondence contained in the second volume is by far the most valuable portion of this work; and is not only delightful for its glimpses at truths and traits of personalities, but important as corrective of national history. We shall make a few miscellaneous selections, to exhibit these points:—

The torture of Guy Faux is mentioned with that want of feeling which the frequency of such horrors induced, in a letter from Sir E. Hobart to Sir T. Edmonds, our ambassador at Brussels, in which are other remarkable particulars respecting the gunpowder plot.

"When Johnson was brought to the king's presence, the king asked him how he could conspire so hideous a treason against his children, and so many innocent souls, which never offended him? He answered that it was true; but a dangerous disease required a desperate remedy. He told some of the Scots that his intent was to have blown them back again into Scotland. We say that Sir Anthony Shirley hath been with the emperor, and is at this time employed by him into Spain; and there is further news, that his brother, Robert Shirley, hath been the chief instrument for the Persian to overthrow fourscore thousand Turks. Since Johnson's being in the Tower he beginneth to speak English; and yet he was never upon the rack, but only by his arms upright."

"Sir Walter Raleigh is much suspected to be privy to this action; for White-locke had had private conference late with him. The prisoner's right name is held not to be Johnson, but Faux. He hath further confessed, that there be many gentlemen, which at this time serve the archduke, that have been made privy, that they should be prepared for that day for an insurrection; and that he verily thinketh they will come shortly over by degrees."

"The king's position in England appears in some instances to have been little mended from his Scottish perplexities. The cabals against Buckingham, when in Spain, led to the following from Sir Toby Matthews:—

"My Lord,—I have written to your lordship, this very day, more at large of some things which I conceive to import your lordship's service; but I have humbly prayed my lady marquis that she will be pleased to inclose that letter of mine in a cover of hers. This is chiefly to serve but for a conveyance to this inclosed, from your most worthy mother, who hath required me to send it to your lordship's hands. I forgot in my other to tell your lordship that, howsoever his majesty hath distinctly professed that he would grant no suits

till your lordship came home,—and certainly his majesty's direct intention was such, as knowing that he should be most truly informed by you both of persons and things,—yet I assure your lordship that by importunity men are growing to do their business daily. The king is much disgusted with it, but knows not how to help it; and I am told that he said to somebody the other day: 'You will never let me alone. I would to God you had, first, my doublet, and then my shirt; and when I were naked, I think you would give me leave to be quiet.'"

The duke's munificent patronage of the fine arts is shown by letters from Balthasar Gerbier, his agent, in the purchase of the best works that could be found on the Continent; which letters, by the by, also distinctly prove that Buckingham broke off the Spanish and formed the French match. We will conclude with quoting a few passages on the former subject:—

"I mentioned, in my former letter by Sir James Arthur Long, the large and rare paintings in possession of a person called President Chevallier, who has also some antique heads in marble and in bronze, the whole neither to be sold nor to be given away without some scheme; but I have sworn to myself, as I did about the prelate of Venice, that we must have them, or I lack invention, for, as they are the ornament of a handsome house in France, they must be jewels at York House. These paintings and these heads, five thousand pounds sterling in tapestry, rich with gold and silver and silk, and made after a pattern by Raphael, and one hundred and fifty thousand francs in cash, which make fifteen thousand pounds sterling, are within the centre and circumference of this business; I fear the long recital of it will make your excellency as weary as I am vexed at the sea, that prevents my seeing your blessed countenance. This is the matter. The very day that I had given my last letter to S. James Arthur Long, a stranger came to see me, who had heard that I was in the employ of the Duke of Buckingham, and who, as I very well remarked, had taken notice of the pictures which I had been looking for; he addressed me in these words: 'The marriage concluded, people were now only anxious for the arrival of the Duke of Buckingham, whose virtue and popularity, in a time so extraordinary, could not fail of acquiring for him the power of doing any good service to whom he would; that if it were the will and favour of the duke to shew it to one who cast the anchor of his hopes upon his arrival, that not only he would present him with all the pictures which I had seen, but also 50,000 francs' worth of Raphael tapestry, and a present of 150,000 francs besides.'"

"I think I remark that the president, who has the pictures, has an interest in the business, for he was very complaisant one day when I went to see him, and said to me laughing, 'No, no, sir, they are not to be sold at all;' and I replied only with the word 'But,' without saying any thing more. And I am well convinced, that the man who spoke with me looked that way, and I suspect will not say his name, nor the name of him who employs him, until they know your will; then they will discover themselves. There are many things to say that cannot be expressed in writing, for fear of wearying your patience too much. If it please your excellency to speak in this business, these pictures will come into our hands with all the rest. The tapestries are on the road from Antwerp to Paris; and, for

the other sum, they promise, as I have said, fifteen thousand pounds sterling. I think, my lord, that coming for a week out of the journey undertaken will not retard business; for, now the marriage is accomplished, friendship has its turn, as your excellency knows. At Rome there will be more opportunity and means of having something, and thither I shall hurry post with all speed as soon as I receive your excellency's answer about this business. If your excellency undertakes this affair, I will leave my address at Paris, and will, as becomes me, advise your excellency of every thing. However I will not do as John Tredecant, who asks pardon at the beginning; for as your excellency well replied to him at Newhall, that, for him who has an evil purpose to offend, asking pardon first is not enough: but at the end, on my knees, my lord, I ask pardon, if my ignorant zeal has made me slip into any fault. During the time I have been in Paris, I have not passed one hour without searching after some rarity; and I should have stayed there but four days, had it not been, as I thought, very necessary that I should find out all that there is in Paris; and I never could have thought that they had so many rare things in France, all which are to come into your hands at your happy arrival. I beg your excellency yet to read the other sheet, and you will there see three rare pictures of Michael Angelo Raphael. It is, my lord, because since my last I have found at the house of the bishop of Paris three of the most rare pictures that can be. The first is a St. Francis, a good-sized painting, from the hand of the Cavalier Ballion, as good as Michael Angelo Carazozo; and the other a picture of our Lady by Raphael, which is repainted by some devil who I trust was hanged; but still it is so lovely, and the drawing is so fine, that it is worth a thousand crowns. There is another picture of Michael Angelo Bonnarotta; but that should be seen kneeling, for it is a Crucifixion, with the Virgin and St. John,—the most divine thing in the world. I have been such an idolater as to kiss it three times, for there is nothing that can be more perfect. It is a miniature. I have a hundred thousand things to say, but I offend too much in trespassing so long upon your patience. I have met with a most beautiful piece of Tintoret, of a Danaë, a naked figure the most beautiful, that flint as cold as ice might fall in love with it. I have given twenty crowns in hand; it costs, with another head of Titian, sixty pounds sterling. I have given also twenty crowns in hand for the Gorgon's head; it costs two hundred crowns. I have not yet paid for them, because I was not willing to draw bills until I knew how much I should employ at Paris, which I shall know when I leave. But, my lord, after your excellency shall have made a large collection, I beg of you to attack Mons' de Montmorency, for he has the most beautiful statues that can be spoken of; that is to say, Two Slaves by Michael Angelo, and some others. He is so liberal that he will not refuse them. I beg of you to mention it to Mons' de Fiat, for perhaps he has some friends about him. I hope that your excellency will carry away fine things from France, particularly the sweet lady, of whom the ambassadors command me to say to your excellency, that she esteems herself as happy as if she were to have the monarch of all kings; and she was so transported with joy that she would not speak coyly, but she was forced to confess before all the world, that since it was true that my lord the prince was a prince in all points, so accomplished, and so perfect, and ex-

pert, she had two-fold reason to love and honour him: adding this parenthesis (that if Nature had not been so favourable to him as to give him a good figure, that nevertheless it was necessary she should have him for reasons of state); but since he was so accomplished, her happiness was complete. I hope also, my lord, that your hopes will be accomplished in spite of the Spanish factions, that may now well go to the Château de Crevecoeur. The picture of the Secretary of Titian I send by the bearer, to be delivered at York House to my father-in-law, who will put it in a frame. It is a jewel."

State affairs of the highest importance, the purchase of the finest productions of art, and a little to do with one of the choice productions of nature, must have given M. Gerbier plenty to do. His own letter is indeed a curious picture of the times. A short time after, he thus addresses his patron:—

"Sometimes when I am contemplating the treasure of rarities which your excellency has in so short a time amassed, I cannot but feel astonishment in the midst of my joy. For out of all the amateurs, and princes, and kings, there is not one who has collected in forty years as many pictures as your excellency has collected in five. Let enemies and people ignorant of paintings say what they will, they cannot deny that pictures are noble ornaments, a delightful amusement, and histories that one may read without fatigue, which neither eat beef, nor drink greedily, nor feed on oats (as this horse that Mr. Graymes has given me will do, and for which therefore I take the liberty of begging your excellency that I may have an allowance of oats). Our pictures, if they were to be sold a century after our death, would sell for good cash, and for three times more than they have cost. I wish I could only live a century, if they were sold, in order to be able to laugh at those facetious folk who say, 'It is monny cast away for bobbles and schadows.' I know they will be pictures still, when those ignorants will be lesser than schadows. So much for them! But for Mons. Douet, who like the cat is set to guard the milk, he is a nice man, only he is a joker; and one picture of Raphael's is a trifle, a treasure which the kings, his ancestors, always kept as a holy relic: but I am not content with that, more must be had; this is a good beginning for others."

We have only to notice, in addition, that portraits of Queen Elizabeth, Count Gondomar, James, and Villiers, embellish these volumes; which well merit a place in every historical library.

Stories of Torres Vedras. By the Author of "Adventures of an Irish Gentleman." 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1839. Bentley.

Few persons have enjoyed better opportunities for observation, and few have the power to describe what they have observed in a more agreeable and lively manner, than Dr. Millingen, the author of these *Stories*, whose popularity in various kinds of writing has kept pace with his productions in fiction, the drama, and medical curiosities. The volumes now issued will, we think, meet with an equally favourable reception; for they are very various, well contrived and wrought up where invention is called in, and full of anecdote where real illustrations are introduced. The first volume, after a sensible preface, contains six stories, in which military characters and peninsular events figure in an amusing or interesting manner—the memoir of Major Rumford being particularly piquant.

The second has four narratives of similar merit, and from one of which, "the French Colonel," we select the following:—

"I recollect, when last in Paris, a certain noble marshal was shewing some valuable paintings that he had seized upon in Spain, but which he however had the decency to say he had purchased. One of them, a valuable Murillo, struck the eye of a connoisseur, who observed that the marshal must have given a very high price for it. 'Pardon me, sir,' he replied; 'it is the cheapest in my gallery—for it only cost me two Capuchin friars.' This reply required some explanation; it was as follows: 'When I was stationed at B——, I admired this painting, placed in the sacristy of the convent church. It was in vain that I sought to purchase it from the monks; a holy tradition was connected with its history; and neither bribes nor threats could enable me to become the possessor of this *chef-d'œuvre*. However, my corps marched; guerillas, as usual, hovered around me; some prisoners were made, amongst them two monks of B——. They were, of course, tried as spies, and condemned to immediate death. I then thought of the picture, and felt compassion for these unfortunate miscreants. So I instantly despatched a message to the general of the order, informing him that my two holy prisoners under sentence of hanging, were at his disposal, in exchange for Murillo's production. The following day the painting was mine, and the two Capuchins chanted *Te Deum* in their church.' Can the irregularities of the soldier be restrained with such scenes before their eyes?"

The last volume concludes a tale begun in the second, and adds five other separate pieces; from two of which, entitled "Maurice Quill," and "Marauding," we shall copy the few extracts our limits permit us to offer from these pages.

Maurice Quill was an eccentric Irish assistant surgeon:—

"On his joining the army in Portugal, he remained some time at the dépôt of Belem. There his eccentricities brought him into great popularity. But popularity may become irksome, and so Quill found it. The youngsters of the army would crowd round him, and, to use his own expression, 'bored him like a cullender.' To get rid of them was not so easy, but he hit upon an ingenious plan. Most of these young officers were from the Irish militia, having joined with volunteers. One day, after dinner, Maurice informed them that he also had been in the militia, but he couldn't stand their impertinence, as they had actually turned him out of the regiment. The cause of this expulsion was naturally called for, when Quill told them it was 'Nothing at all at all—only some spoons and forks were missing. One of the waiters swore that he had seen me slip them in my pocket. My barrack-room was searched; and sure enough some spalpeen or other had managed to introduce the plate into my kit!' Our young heroes, of course, felt ashamed of associating with a man turned out of a corps for theft, and invariably 'cut him dead,' expressing their surprise when they afterwards met him walking with superior officers, whom they presumed 'were not aware of what he was.'

"A most amusing circumstance occurred when the second division crossed the bridge of Alcantara, when Quill, although a mere assistant-surgeon, halted the whole column. An arch of this splendid Roman fabric, constructed by Trajan, had been previously blown up by

the Lusitanian legion; and when our troops had to recross the Tagus, a rope bridge was thrown over the breach, of sufficient strength to bear the infantry, but not secure for horses and baggage animals, that were therefore ordered to ford the river. The current was strong; Maurice's baggage was borne by a little donkey, and over his baggage, which was in general very scanty, was a new bridle and saddle. The poor ass, weak and tottering, could not stem the rapid stream, and was gradually losing ground, swept down the river. Quill, on beholding his little all in danger of being carried away, was distracted, and roared out, 'Second division, halt! Pass the word halt! Blood and ouns! my donkey's drowning—with all my kit! and a spick-span new saddle and bridle—murder—murder! will no kind Christian save my *boutro*!' I'm lost and undone—and the saddle's not paid for!—murder!' The ranks were broken—the men on the bridge rushing to the parapet, and shouting as they beheld the poor animal struggling and borne away. The officer in command roared in vain, to fall in, and move forward. The bugles in vain sounded the advance—all was confusion and insubordination, until Maurice's ass had disappeared in its watery grave, when its owner sat down on the bridge, pouring forth the dismal and discordant Irish funeral howl. The interruption to the march had been so amusing, that the anger of the general officer in command soon subsided."

From "Marauding," we copy the following, the lightest examples of the horrors of war:—

"Some men had attained the knack of crowing like cocks, to draw forth a respondent chant from some concealed poultry, well knowing that where there was a cock, most probably there were also hens. Nay, a German soldier of the 60th always carried with him a decoy duck, that he could make to 'quack' whenever he thought proper, to ascertain whether any of his feathered tribe might be kept in bondage. Nor were our allies more safe than the peasants; and the principle of exchange being 'no robbery' was fully applied to practice with a Portuguese brigade. The *Vos Mercês*, as they were called, had fallen upon a store of hidden brandy; but they had no meat—we supplied them. Our people had fallen upon a herd of swine, which they exchanged for the spirits;—this was the morning after we had carried the heights of Garris. The night had been dark, the ascent steep. At every tree a group of the enemy poured a volley upon the assailants with such a compact fire, that many of our officers and men were wounded by several balls. Thus fell poor Fearon, and Clithero. But despite the darkness, and the unseen foe, who could only be perceived as they retired before us, by the flashing of their pieces, the hill was carried by Byng's brigade, led on by their brave commander, and the face of the mountain was strewn with the enemy's dead. What was our surprise at daybreak, when proceeding to bury the slain, we perceived that out of those who had been in good condition, large slices of flesh had been cut off with as much dexterity as a London butcher could have cut out steaks. Here was the herd of swine on which our rogues had stumbled! and they were swilling the Portuguese brandy, while our worthy allies were cooking a *caldo* of Frenchmen in exchange. All might have gone on smoothly, had not some bungling journeyman butcher left a piece of integument hanging to a steak. The discovery was awful. The Portuguese

* "Portuguese for an ass."

rushed in crowds to their officers, displaying this sample of barbarity. They had also seen the mangled Frenchmen. Their shouts and execrations were loud and furious. Those who had eaten the soup endeavoured to disgorge it, with horrible faces and convulsive throes; while others, more fortunate, upset the camp kettles, and cast away their contents, with deep imprecations on all our heads, our fathers and our mothers. The inquiries set on foot to discover the offenders were idle. No one 'peached, although the corps that had committed the disgusting act was well known. For weeks the Portuguese cursed us as they marched past our battalions, while, in reply, our fellows roared out, 'I say, *Vos-messês*, how are you off for *carne de porco*?'"

"One of our drunken chaplains invariably called himself a bishop; and whenever he arrived at a bishopric, or a town with a wealthy monastery, he was quartered in the episcopal palace or the convent, where, of course, despite his heresy, courtesy commanded an ample fare."

Historical Sketches of Statesmen who flourished in the time of George III. To which is added, Remarks on Party, and an Appendix.

First Series. By Lord Brougham, F.R.S., &c. 8vo. Pp. 404. London, Knight.

A CONSIDERABLE portion of this volume has already appeared in the "Edinburgh Review," and elsewhere, as we are informed by the following note:—

"Several of the Sketches contained in this volume have already appeared in print, but as parts scattered throughout other and much larger works. But great additions have been here made to some of them: as George III.; Lord Chatham; Mr. Perceval; Mr. Canning; Mr. Windham; while the following are entirely new: Lords North; Mansfield; Thurlow; Loughborough; Lord Chief Justice Gibbs; Sir Wm. Grant; Franklin; Joseph II.; Catherine II.; Gustavus III.; and the Remarks on Party."

This fact would abridge our Review of the book, even were it not farther excluded from our plan by its political character. Admiring, and even wondering at, as we do, the marvellous talent and irresistible energy of the noble author, we are not sure that we feel him to be the guide to whom we would pin our faith in the estimate of his contemporaries. He has been too closely engaged for and against many of these individuals to be able to divest his mind of prejudices in regard to them. The person with whom he has agreed in discussion he must be apt to think right; the man with whom he has fought the tough battle of debate he must be equally apt to deem in error. It is not in the power of the most vigorous intellect to clear itself of such partialities; and Lord Brougham has occupied so many arduous positions in the turmoil of the period, that there is scarcely an event in which he has not taken a prominent part, so as to be deeply imbued with the prepossessions to which we have alluded.

The memoirs are of George III., Lord Chatham, Lord North, Lord Loughborough, Lord Thurlow, Lord Mansfield, Lord Chief Justice Gibbs, Sir W. Grant, Mr. Burke, Mr. Fox, Mr. Pitt, Mr. Sheridan, Mr. Windham, Mr. Dundas, Mr. Erskine, Mr. Perceval, Lord Grenville, Mr. Grattan, Mr. Wilberforce, Mr. Canning, Sir S. Romilly, and some foreign rulers; with engraved portraits, which add much to the interest of the work.

In the life of Mr. Windham a passage has struck us forcibly. Lord Brougham observes:

"When untrammelled by official connexion, and having his lips sealed by no decorum, or prudence, or other observance prescribed by station, it was a brave sight to see this gallant personage descend into the field of debate, panting for the fray, eager to confront any man or any number of men that might prove his match, scorning all the little suggestions of a paltry discretion, heedless of every risk of retort to which he might expose himself, as regardless of popular applause as of court favour,—nay, from his natural love of danger and disdain of every thing like fear, rushing into the most offensive expression of the most unpopular opinions with as much alacrity as he evinced in braving the power and daring the enmity of the crown."

When we apply this sentence to the present hour, how strange does the constitutional difference appear, merely from the crown having descended on a youthful female head! Who is afraid *now* of the enmity of the crown? or runs a risk in braving its power! There is surely a poise wanting to what we have had before; and the nation appears to be balanced between two parties, instead of being governed by a limited monarchy and two estates. The affairs of the last ten days afford a remarkable proof, however, of a force still inherent in the throne.

In another place, we find the noble author has been led into a historical mistake, though he was himself almost on the spot; and this shows how little we can really depend upon many similar statements. Mentioning the death of Mr. Perceval, his lordship says:—

"On the 11th of May, Mr. Perceval had been later than the appointed time; and, after complaining of this delay, Mr. Brougham, at a quarter before five, had called his first witness, and was examining him, when a messenger despatched to bring the minister met him walking towards the house with Mr. Stephen, arm-in-arm. He instantly, with his accustomed activity, darted forward to obey the summons, but for which Mr. Stephen, who happened to be on his left side, would have been the victim of the assassin's blow, which prostrated Mr. Perceval as he entered the lobby."

We will venture to assert of our own knowledge, that so far from this being the case, Mr. Stephen was not even present at the assassination of his friend.

In order to make some amends for our enforced brevity on the main body of this work, we have pleasure in adding the following very interesting letter, which is from the youngest and only surviving daughter of Lord North, and of a very interesting value:—

"My dear Lord Brougham,—You mentioned to me the other night, your intention of writing the character of my father, to be placed among some other characters of the statesmen of the last century, that you are preparing for the press, and at the same time stated the difficulty of describing a man of whom you had had no personal knowledge. This conversation has induced me to cast back my mind to the days of my childhood and early youth, that I may give you such impressions of my father's private life as those recollections will afford. Lord North was born in April 1733; he was educated at Eton school, and then at Trinity College, Oxford; and he completed his academical studies with the reputation of being a very accomplished and elegant classical scholar. He then passed three years upon the Continent, residing successively in Germany, Italy, and France, and acquiring the languages of those countries, particularly of the last. He spoke French with great fluency and correctness; this acquirement, together with the observa-

tions he had made upon the men and manners of the countries he had visited, gave him what Madame de Staël called *l'Esprit Européen*, and enabled him to be as agreeable a man in Paris, Naples, and Vienna, as he was in London. Among the lighter accomplishments he acquired upon the Continent, was that of dancing; I have been told that he danced the most graceful minuet of any young man of his day; this I must own surprised me, who remember him only with a corpulent heavy figure, the movements of which were rendered more awkward and were impeded by his extreme near-sightedness before he became totally blind. In his youth, however, his figure was slight and slim; his face was always plain, but agreeable, owing to its habitual expression of cheerfulness and good humour; though it gave no indication of the brightness of his understanding. Soon after his return to England, at the age of twenty-three, he was married to Miss Speck, of Whitelackington Park, Somersetshire, a girl of sixteen: she was plain in her person, but had excellent good sense; and was blessed with singular mildness and placidity of temper. She was also not deficient in humour, and her conversational powers were by no means contemptible; but she, like the rest of the world, delighted in her husband's conversation, and being by nature shy and indolent, was contented to be a happy listener during his life, and after his death her spirits were too much broken down for her to care what she was. Whether they had been in love with each other when they married I don't know, but I am sure there never was a more happy union than theirs during the thirty-six years that it lasted. I never saw an unkind look, or heard an unkind word, pass between them; his affectionate attachment to her was as unabated, as her love and admiration of him. Lord North came into office first, as one of the lords of the Treasury, I believe, about the year 1763; and in 1765 he was appointed as one of the joint paymasters.* In 1769 he became chancellor of the exchequer, and some years after first lord of the treasury. He never would allow us to call him prime minister, saying, there was no such thing in the British constitution. He continued in office thirteen years; during the three last he was most anxious to retire, but he suffered himself to be overcome by the earnest entreaties of George the Third that he should remain. At length, the declining majorities in the House of Commons made it evident that there must be a change of ministry, and the king was obliged reluctantly to receive his resignation. This was a great relief to his mind; for although I do not believe that my father ever entertained any doubt as to the justice of the American war, yet I am sure that he wished to have made peace three years before its termination. I perfectly recollect the satisfaction expressed by my mother and my elder sisters upon this occasion, and my own astonishment at it; being at that time a girl of eleven years old, and hearing in the nursery the lamentations of the women about 'My lord's going out of power' (viz. the power of making their husbands tide-waiters), I thought going out of power must be a sad

* "An anecdote is related of his paymastership which will paint, though in homely colours, his habitual good humour. He was somewhat disappointed at finding he had a colleague, who was to divide the emoluments of the office, which was then chiefly prized for its large perquisites. The day he took possession of his official house, a dog had dirtied the hall, and Lord North, ringing for the servant, told him to be sure, in clearing the nastiness away, that he took half of it to his colleague, as it was a perquisite of the joint office.—EDITOR."

thing, and that all the family were crazy to rejoice at it! It is hardly necessary to say that Lord North was perfectly clean-handed and pure in money matters, and that he left office a poorer man than when he came into it. His father being still living at that time, his income would have scantily provided for the education and maintenance of his six children, and for the support of his habitual, though unostentatious hospitality; but the office of lord-warden of the Cinque Ports becoming vacant, the king conferred it upon him. His circumstances, by this means, became adequate to his wishes, as he had no expensive tastes, or love of splendour; but he was thoroughly liberal, and had great enjoyment in social intercourse, which even in those days was not to be had without expense. Lord North did not long continue out of office, the much-criticised coalition taking place the year following, 1783. The proverb says, 'Necessity acquaints us with strange bedfellows': it is no less true, that dislike of a third party reconciles adversaries. My eldest brother was a Whig by nature, and an enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Fox; he, together with Mr. Adam, and Mr. Eden (afterwards Lord Auckland), were, I believe, the chief promoters of the coalition. My mother, I remember, was averse to it; not that she troubled her head with being a Tory or a Whig; but she feared it would compromise her husband's political consistency. I do not pretend to give any opinion upon this subject, having been too young at the time to form any; and since I grew up, I have always been too decided a Whig myself to be a fair judge. This ministry, in which Mr. Fox was at the head of the foreign, Lord North of the home-office, and the Duke of Portland of the treasury, lasted but a few months: in 1784, Mr. Pitt began his long administration. My father, after he was out of office, attended parliament, and sometimes spoke and voted, independent of the opinions of his new allies; but this made no difference in the cordiality of their friendship, which remained unimpaired to the end of his life. I will now attempt to give you my impressions of my father's style of conversation and character in private life. His wit was of the most genuine and playful kind; he related (*narroît*) remarkably well, and liked conversing upon literary subjects; yet so completely were all these ingredients mixed and amalgamated by good taste, that you would never have described him as a sayer of *bon-mots*, or a teller of good stories, or as a man of literature, but as a most agreeable member of society and truly delightful companion. His manners were those of a high-bred gentleman, particularly easy and natural; indeed, good breeding was so marked a part of his character, that it would have been affection in him to have been otherwise than well-bred. With such good taste and good breeding, his railery could not fail to be of the best sort,—always amusing, and never wounding. He was the least fastidious of men, possessing the happy art of extracting any good that there was to be extracted out of any body. He never would let his children call people *bored*; and I remember the triumphant joy of the family, when, after a tedious visit from a very prosy and empty man, he exclaimed, 'Well, that man is an insufferable bore!' He used frequently to have large parties of foreigners and distinguished persons to dine with him at Bushy Park. He was himself the life and soul of those parties. To have seen him then, you would have said that he was there in his true element. Yet I think that he had really more enjoyment when he went into the country

on a Saturday and Sunday, with only his own family, or one or two intimate friends: he then entered into all the jokes and fun of his children, was the companion and intimate friend of his elder sons and daughters, and the merry, entertaining playfellow of his little girl, who was five years younger than any of the others. To his servants he was a most kind and indulgent master: if provoked by stupidity or impertinence, a few hasty, impatient words might escape him; but I never saw him really out of humour. He had a drunken, stupid groom, who used to provoke him; and who, from this uncommon circumstance, was called by the children, 'the man that puts papa in a passion'; and I think he continued all his life putting papa in a passion, and being forgiven, for I believe he died in his service. In the year 1787 Lord North's sight began rapidly to fail him; and in the course of a few months he became totally blind, in consequence of a palsy on the optic nerve. His nerves had always been very excitable, and it is probable that the anxiety of mind which he suffered during the unsuccessful contest with America, still more than his necessary application to writing, brought on this calamity, which he bore with the most admirable patience and resignation; nor did it affect his general cheerfulness in society. But the privation of all power of dissipating his mind by outward objects, or of solitary occupation, could not fail to produce at times extreme depression of spirits, especially as the malady proceeded from the disordered state of his nerves. These fits of depression seldom occurred, except during sleepless nights, when my mother used to read to him, until he was amused out of them, or put to sleep. In the evenings, in Grosvenor Square, our house was the resort of the best company that London afforded at that time. Mr. Fox, Mr. Burke, Mr. Sheridan, occasionally; and Lord Stormont, Lord John Townshend, Mr. Windham, Sir James Erskine, afterwards Lord Roslyn, his uncle, then Lord Loughborough, habitually frequented our drawing-room: these, with various young men and women, his children's friends, and whist-playing ladies for my mother, completed the society. My father always liked the company of young people, especially of young women who were sensible and lively; and we used to accuse him of often rejoicing when his old political friends left his side and were succeeded by some lively young female. Lord North, when he was out of office, had no private secretary; even after he became blind, his daughters, particularly the two elder, read to him by turns, wrote his letters, led him in his walks, and were his constant companions. In 1792 his health began to decline: he lost his sleep and his appetite; his legs swelled, and symptoms of dropsy were apparent. At last, after a peculiarly uneasy night, he questioned his friend and physician, Dr. Warren, begging him not to conceal the truth: the result was, that Dr. Warren owned that water had formed upon the chest, that he could not live many days, and that a few hours might put a period to his existence. He received this news not only with firmness and pious resignation, but it in no way altered the serenity and cheerfulness of his manners; and from that hour, during the remaining ten days of his life, he had no return of depression of spirits. The first step he took, when aware of his immediate danger, was to desire that Mr. John Robinson (commonly known by the name of the Rat-catcher) and Lord Auckland might be sent for; they being the only two of his political friends whose desertion had hurt and offended him, he wished before his death to shake

hands cordially and forgive them. They attended the summons of course, and the reconciliation was effected. My father had always delighted in hearing his eldest daughter, Lady Glenbervie, read Shakspeare, which she did with much understanding and effect. He was desirous of still enjoying this amusement. In the existing circumstances, this task was a hard one; but strong affection, the best source of woman's strength, enabled her to go through it. She read to him great part of every day with her usual spirit, though her heart was dying within her. No doubt she was supported by the Almighty in the pious work of solacing the last hours of her almost idolised parent. He also desired to have the French newspapers read to him. At that time they were filled with alarming symptoms of the horrors that shortly after ensued. Upon hearing them he said, 'I am going, and thankful I am that I shall not witness the anarchy and bloodshed which will soon overwhelm that unhappy country.' He expired on the 5th of August, 1792. Lord North was a truly pious Christian; and (although from his political view of the subject) I believe that one of the last speeches he made in parliament was against the repeal of the Test Act, yet his religion was quite free from bigotry or intolerance, and consisted more in the beautiful spirit of Christian benevolence than in outward and formal observances. His character in private life was, I believe, as faultless as that of any human being can be; and those actions of his public life which appear to have been the most questionable, proceeded, I am entirely convinced, from what one must own was a weakness, though not an unamiable one, and which followed him through his life, the want of power to resist the influence of those he loved. I remain, my dear lord, gratefully and sincerely yours,

CHARLOTTE LINDSAY.

"Green Street, February the 18th, 1839."

Magnetical Investigations, by the Rev. W. Scoresby, B.D., F.R.S., &c. &c. Part I. 8vo. pp. 92. London, Longman and Co.

MAGNETISM, more especially since the discovery of Oersted in 1819, has been, and is, the pursuit of the highest and mightiest minds of all intellectual countries. The source and cause of magnetic influence, the laws of its action, the existence of two or more poles, their motion, the changes in the intensity of the magnetic force, the variations of the dip, and other important inquiries connected with the higher branch of this science, have been followed out to a considerable extent; valuable information gained, and data determined. Yet still so much uncertainty prevails in the magnetic phenomena of the earth, that the results hitherto attained require to be continually corrected by new observations. Why is this? The question is more easily asked than answered; at least, with any degree of certainty. Probably, however, much may be owing to defects in the instruments by which the wonderful phenomena are made manifest to the mind of man. And we are the more strengthened in this opinion, because many magneticians differ even in the method of magnetising a compass needle, and in their use of material for that purpose. Whatever, therefore, tends to remove this defect, by the production of more powerful instruments to determine delicate variations in, and the actual condition of, the earth's magnetism, always meets with our cordial approbation. Such is the aim of the investigations before us, which have been conducted with evident care, and on a large scale. Whether the practical data are

correct, *practical* magneticians can alone determine; and to their notice we especially recommend this Part I. of Mr. Scoresby's work. In the year 1836, at the meeting of the British Association at Bristol, it will be in the recollection, perhaps, of most magneticians (for such we are now more directly addressing), Mr. Scoresby exhibited a new magnetical instrument, with a compound compass, needle, or bar. The principle from which this bar was considered to have its superiority over a single bar of the same weight and magnitude, was, that several thin bars of tempered steel (tempered throughout the mass) had a greater capacity for permanent magnetism than what is afforded by the mere proportional of their mass similarly tempered. This principle has been followed out, and the results are given, as well as those of several new and distinct investigations. They together comprise the "Ready and effective processes for magnetising large bars and their plates; the ready determination of the proportional directive powers of magnetic needles or bars; the determination of the relative strength or tenaciousness of the magnetic condition in each of a series of apparently similar plates or bars of steel; of the ratio of the power of magnets with the augmentation of the thickness or mass, in otherwise similar bars, with the modifications of such ratio by difference of tempering; of the relative degree of hardness or temper of plates or bars composed of the same kind of steel; and of the quality of bars, plates, or instruments constructed of steel." The latter division treating of the determination of the quality of the unmanufactured or raw material; the application of the principle for testing the quality of steel; and the determination, by the magnetic test, of deterioration in the quality of steel in the process of hardening, or by otherwise overheating, hold out a promise of practical benefits, the importance of which will be readily perceived by the steel-worker as well as the magnetician. We conclude with repeating our recommendation of Mr. Scoresby's *Magnetical Investigations* as well worthy attention and examination.

MISCELLANEOUS.

History of Europe from the Commencement of the French Revolution in 1789, to the Restoration of the Bourbons in 1815. By A. Alison, F.R.S.E., Advocate. Vol. VII. Edinburgh, Blackwood; London, Cadell.

THE present volume of Mr. Alison's elaborate work sets out with a view of our Indian Empire prior to the administration of Lord Wellesley, and brings down affairs in that quarter to the victories of Wellington and the year 1806. The next part takes up the continental campaigns in 1808, the wars in Germany, the Tyrol, Walcheren expedition, maritime war and peninsular campaigns of 1809 and 1810. This is a stirring and momentous period, and the author has bestowed adequate pains upon its illumination; for the right understanding of which several modern publications have afforded excellent materials: need we mention the "Wellesley Despatches," "Gurwood Papers," "Pelet," "Thibadeau," "Montholon," "Malte Brun," "Segur," "Las Cases," "Bartholdy," "Bignon," &c. &c. &c., from all of whom he has sought the best intelligence, and, through comparison, elicited the truth?

Of the spirit in which Mr. Alison writes we have nothing to remark, except that his seventh volume, like the six volumes which have preceded it, is in a high Tory tone, and unsparing of every deviation from high Tory principles.

We confess we cannot agree with his extreme judgment, as applied, for instance, to Mr. Canning, whose ministerial crisis we think he misstates. His desertion by the Tories was the greatest political error that party ever committed; and they have to rue its effects to this hour. But these are subjects which we refrain from discussing; and we have only to add, that Mr. Alison displays all the diligence and research which are so essential to genuine history, and deserves accordingly at the hands of the public.

Hints on Horsemanship, to a Nephew and Niece. By an Officer of the Household Brigade of Cavalry. Small 4to. pp. 105. Moxon.

THIS is an elegantly-got-up little volume, and quite the thing for a horse-riding age, when the example is set by the queen of these realms in taking this healthful and delightful exercise. The instructions are as judicious as the outside and embellishments are pretty.

The History of England. By T. Keightley, author of "The Mythology of Greece and Italy," &c. &c. Vol. II. Pp. 600. London, Longman and Co.; Dublin, Milliken and Son; J. Cumming.

As the able author signifies his intention to improve this history from a work chiefly intended for schools and tuition, into the importance of a more general history, all we shall say of the present volume (which completes the work in its first form) is that it is diligently and impartially executed, and well deserves a place among the best productions of its class.

A Hand-Book for Travellers in Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Russia, &c. &c. With a Map and Plans. Pp. 276. London, 1839. J. Murray: Leipzig, Black and Armstrong.

THE preceding publications by Mr. Murray of works of this useful class, are a sufficient guarantee for the value of this volume to those who have opportunities of extending their travels to the less frequented, but very interesting northern parts of Europe. To us it seems extremely well executed; and we should imagine that tourists in these quarters could nowhere find so good a guide.

A Treatise on the Nature of Club Foot and Analogous Distortions, &c. &c. By W. J. Little, M.D., &c. 8vo. pp. 276. London, 1839. Jeffs; S. Highley. Leipzig, Brockhaus.

THESE subjects, as far as we are aware, have never been separately treated before; and it seems to us that they are handled in a very ample and able manner in this volume.

The Seasons of Life; with an Introduction on the Creation, and Primeval State of Man. By Mary Ashdowne. Pp. 309. London, 1839. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

A VERY pleasing and interesting production of an amiable mind, and belonging to a class of reading peculiarly adapted for youthful females. Gracefulness, order, a love of nature, and a mild religion, are its chief features; and when it enters into the domestic circle, its sketches and advice are all directed to improvement and happiness. From some of the opinions we should beg leave to differ—for instance, p. 176, where the fair author says, "What can equal the tranquil home graced by the pensive mood of an amiable wife?" we, for *pensive*, would put *cheerful*; but taken altogether, there is much to create proper and kindly feelings in these pages.

The Poetry of Flowers, &c. &c. London, 1839. W. and H. Rock.

THIS is a very new and beautiful little per-

formance. In a quarto volume, on appropriate paper, is embossed on every page a flower, and a border of pretty embellishments. The effect is pleasing, and, notwithstanding the white purity of the medium, rich. In addition to the art bestowed on these emblems, we have also poetical illustrations neatly printed; and of which the lines to the Tulip may furnish a favourable example:—

"If rainbow tints, or gracefulness of form,
Could chain the sun—blast or resist the storm;
Or if the crowds which hang on beauty's neck,
Were fond and faithful after beauty's wreck:
Queen of the flowers, gay Tulip, thou shouldst be,
And all would bow to beauty and to thee:
But since, when past thy little day of bloom,
Thy fading beauty leaves us no perfume,
We dare not bow before thy beauty's shrine,
Or worship charms which fade so fast as thine.
Ah, no!—the beauty which leaves not behind
Some lasting charm, some loveliness of mind,
Some perfume of the soul, which will live on,
When grace of form and rainbow hues are gone,
May for a day our admiration move,—
May please our fancy, but not gain our love."

For the ornament of albums, for the boudoir, or for the drawing-room table, we can fairly say this is an elegant production.

The Husband Hunter; or, Das Schicksal. By Denis Ignatius Moriarty, Esq., author of "The Wife Hunter." 3 vols. London, 1839. Bentley.

MR. MORIARTY is a determined author, for we have not only a three-volume novel now before us, but a prefix to it announcing another. Having so much on hand, we need only note of the present production that it lays its scenes in Ireland and Germany, and is altogether a moving panorama, or rather a sketch of Chinese ombres, who pass along the busy walks of such life as the writer has chosen to represent—ladies of title, noblemen, Irish priests and peasants, German princes, and people of all sorts—who talk and act according to the fancy of their creator. There is much variety in the *dramatis personæ*; and the lady who gives the name to the work is a successful trapper of four husbands. The whole is pleasant enough, but there is little interest in the incidents, or effect in the conclusion.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

MR. WILLIAMS, 'On the Ancient Agriculture of the Egyptians.' Though this was literally the subject of the last illustration, Mr. Williams touched upon the customs, manners, habits, &c., of the Egyptians. With respect to the hieroglyphical inscriptions on their monuments, nothing, in his opinion, like a satisfactory solution had yet appeared. We need not follow the lecturer through his succinct and satisfactory address, which was remarkable, not for the novelty of its points—how could it be? but for the taste and judgment with which they were arranged. Numerous drawings, taken from Rosellini's magnificent work, were referred to. One of these shewed how the Egyptians gathered the grape;—curious enough, and ludicrous,—monkeys were trained to climb the tender vine, pluck the bunches, and hand them to individuals stationed below! If we may judge from the drawing, these cunning assistants first took care of themselves, exacting tithe of each bunch as it was plucked. Amongst the Egyptian curiosities exhibited was a bird-flapper, two or three thousand years old; with such instruments the Egyptian boys, like our own in many parts of the country, went out at dawn, and by the clack of the simple instrument alluded to, they frightened the feathered depredators from the fields and fruit gardens. The lecturer gave a proof of its

excellent adaptation to the purpose intended. Specimens of Egyptian bread were likewise exhibited; several of the cakes were of great antiquity, and in shape exactly resembled those three-cornered things sold by English bakers, and called by the urchins, for whom they are more particularly furnished, "rasberry turn-overs." By the introduction of light, pleasing, and instructive anecdote, a lecture, which otherwise might have been tedious, was rendered very interesting.

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

[Owing to the pressure of more temporary matters, we have fallen somewhat into arrears with our regular reports of this Society, which we must therefore abridge a little in bringing down to the present date.—Ed. L. G.]

APRIL 22. 'An Abstract of Mr. Russeger's Journey from Mount Sinai to Hebron and Jerusalem,' was communicated by W. I. Hamilton, Esq.—Mr. R. gives a series of barometric levels, from the shores of the Red Sea to the summit of Mount St. Catherine; which, by his measurement, rises 8168 French feet above the sea. Other levels were taken, and Bethlehem found to be 2538 feet, and Jerusalem 2479 French, or 2640 English feet, above the sea. Although the mountains between Jerusalem and the Jordan, in the valley of the Jordan itself, and those around the basin of the Dead Sea, bore unequivocal evidence of volcanic agency, yet not a trace could anywhere be discovered of volcanic or plutonic rocks, porphyry, granite, trachyte, &c., or, indeed, of any rock at all resembling them. On hanging up his barometer on the shores of the Dead Sea, Mr. R. could no longer continue his observations, for the quicksilver rose to the top of the tube; but he calculates its northern end at 1319 French feet, or 1400 English feet, nearly, below the level of the Mediterranean.—2. Mr. A. T. Holroyd read a paper 'On the Practicability of Exploring the Source of the White Nile with a Steam-vessel,' and pointed out the season and form of vessel most expedient for the purpose. The probable expense of such an expedition would not exceed 5000*l*. Volunteers also would be found gladly to serve in a cause which must excite the greatest interest in all geographers.—3. 'Some Notes on the Route from Cordova to Mendoza,' by Capt. Gosselman, of the Swedish navy, were also read.

May 13th. (Concluded from our last.)—1. 'Notes on a Journey from Constantinople, by Heraclea, to Angora, in the autumn of 1838.' By W. Ainsworth, Esq.—Quitting Constantinople on the 18th September, the party, consisting of Mr. Ainsworth, Mr. Russell, and Mr. Rassam, took the road by Izmid, Sabanjah, and across the Sangarius to Khandak, whence they turned off the high road in a N.E. direction, through forests of beech and oak, to Uakib; thence crossing over a chain of mountains, 1350 feet in height, they descended upon the shore of the Black Sea, at Akchah Shehr, and continued along the coast to the eastward to Ereklî; thence by the banks of the Lycus, in a circuitous direction, to the mouth of the Filyas; to Barten; to Amâserah; Zafra Bolî; Kastamûni; Tash Kôpri; over the Ilîk Tagh (4000 feet) to Boi-abâd; Vezîr Kûpri; Osmanjik; Churûm; Iskîlub; Kankari; Kalah-jik and Angora. Of these places, many of which have been seldom visited by Europeans, Uakib has been identified with Prusa ad Hyrium; Ereklî contains about 250 houses of Mohammedans, and 50 of Greek Christians, who have one church. Barten is built upon two low hills of cretaceous limestone, and is paved with large slabs of the same material; its population is about 3200, only 50 of which are Christians. Amâserah is picturesquely

situated on the shores of the Black Sea, and contains about 800 inhabitants. Zafran Bolı, a town almost unknown to travellers, is built at the junction of two small streams; and the united waters flow under the lofty arch of a bridge, and down deep rocky dells, to the Soghanlı Sü. The town has a tolerable market, four handsome and several smaller mosques, and one Christian church; its population is 15,000, including 1500 Christians. Kastamüni is a large town, 2350 feet above the sea, in a valley half a mile wide, which it completely fills up; and on the rocky cliff above stand the ruins of an ancient castle. Its population, from numerous inquiries, appears to be about 48,000 persons, of which 650 only are Christians; here are thirty-six mosques and one Christian church. Its principal trade is in wool; the men work largely in copper, and the women in cotton. Tash Küpri stands on the right bank of the Gök Irmak, and is approached by a bridge seventy-five yards long; the town contains 7500 inhabitants, the greater part of whom are tanners and blacksmiths. The numerous architectural remains denote an ancient site, which an inscription found here proves to have been that of Pompeiopolis. The town of Boi-abad, at an elevation of 1000 feet, is scattered over a small valley, watered by a rivulet, and filled with luxuriant gardens and fine fruit-trees overrun with vines; its population about 1800. Mr. Ainsworth's journal was illustrated by his route-map in eight sheets, on a scale of an inch to four miles; by a plan of Heraclea, with several plans of castles and other buildings, by Mr. Russell; numerous inscriptions, and a list of the names of places in the Arabic characters, with their explanation, by Mr. Rassam; and an astronomical journal, detailing the observation on which the positions of the places depend, are laid down in his map.—2. Mr. Thomson D'Abbadie then gave an account of his recent travels in Abyssinia. Quitting Jiddah, the sea-port of Mekka, Mr. D'Abbadie and his brother coasted along the Arabian shore of the Red Sea as far as Eas Widan, in 18° N. lat. nearly, taking much trouble to obtain correctly the native names for the various capes, islands, &c.; from that point they crossed to Massawah, where they landed in January 1838. This place, called Baté by the natives, is supplied with water from Harkikü (named Dokhono by its inhabitants, and Mender by the Shohú); Massawah contains about 5000 inhabitants, although stated at much less by Rüppell, Salt, &c. After a stay of two months here, the travellers proceeded to Halaï and to Ogör-zabo, where they were detained a month; and then on to Adowah or Adwa, the principal town in Tugraï, and situated about 5400 feet above the sea; while Halaï can be hardly less than 7000 feet. Mr. D'Abbadie then proceeded on to Gondar, the once beautiful capital of Eghiopta, where he resided for two months, studying the language, &c.; this town is situated on the flat summit of a hill, and is about two miles long by half a mile wide, and contains from twenty-five to thirty thousand inhabitants; the Mussulman suburb at the foot of the hill has about 500 houses. In July, Mr. D'Abbadie left his brother at Gondar, who was resolved to try and penetrate to Enárea, in about 8° N. lat. Enárea is said to be watered by the Gibe, a river larger than the Abbaï (called Blue Nile). Beyond Enárea is Kaffa, inhabited by black people not quite negroes; the neighbouring states of Waratta, Guma, Nono, &c., are inhabited by Galla tribes. Returning to the coast by the mountains of Se-

men, Mr. D'Abbadie measured a point which he states at 13,000 feet above the sea. The fissure or cleft in the mountains through which the Takazzi flows, is 2000 feet in depth; the mountains of Lamalammo are of trap formation.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

MAY 8. Rev. Dr. Buckland, President, in the chair.—Three communications were read: 1. 'On Casts or Impressions of Vermiform Bodies on thin Flag-stones, belonging to the Carboniferous Series near Half-whale, in Northumberland,' by Mr. G. C. Atkinson. The bed of sandstone is about 18 feet thick; and the surface of the layers of which it is composed present, in almost every instance, tortuous impressions or casts marked by a longitudinal furrow, and occasional transverse closely set lines. 2. 'On the London and plastic Clays of the Isle of Wight,' by Mr. Bowerbank. The object of this communication is to shew, that there is no geological distinction between the two clays; the author having found that many of the same species of testacea range through the whole series of beds in White Cliff and Alum Bays. 3. 'On the relative Ages of the tertiary Deposits, commonly called Crag, in Norfolk and Suffolk,' by Mr. Lyell. Three points of great importance relative to the crag of Norfolk and Suffolk are discussed in this memoir:—First, The direct superposition of the red to the coralline crag, as pointed out by Mr. Charlesworth, in 1835. Secondly, Whether mammalia are really imbedded in undisturbed marine strata of the crag of Norfolk? Thirdly, Whether the proportion of recent as compared to the extinct shells, is decidedly larger in the crag of Norfolk, so as to indicate a posteriority in age relatively to the Suffolk crag? With regard to the first point, Mr. Lyell states, that the red crag is clearly superimposed on the coralline at Ramsholt, Tattingstone, and Sudburn, resting at the two former localities on denuded beds of the lower deposit. He ascertained also, by the kind assistance of Mr. W. Colchester, that at Sutton, near Woodbridge, the red crag abuts against a vertical face or cliff of the coralline, and likewise overlies it. In this instance, the sand which composes the older bed, or coralline crag, had evidently acquired a certain consistency at the bottom of the sea before the red crag was deposited; for it has been perforated by numerous pholades, the tortuous holes of which descend six or eight feet below the top of the bed, and still contain the shells of the pholades, while the remainder of the cylindrical hollows has been filled with the sand of the superincumbent stratum. With regard to the second point, the occurrence of mammalia in undisturbed beds of marine crag in Norfolk, Mr. Lyell stated, that he had ascertained, by an examination of this crag near Southwold and Norwich, that it is not purely marine, but contains every where an intermixture of land, fresh-water, and sea-shells, with bones of mammalia and fishes. In this deposit near Southwold, Captain Alexander, who accompanied the author, found, some time since, the tooth of a horse within a large specimen of *Fusus striatus*; and he informed Mr. Lyell that bones of mammalia are frequently associated in the same beds with those of fishes, marine shells, and crustacea. In the neighbourhood of Norwich this deposit forms patches of variable thickness, resting on chalk, and covered by gravel. It is well exposed at Bramerton, Whitlingham, Thorpe, and Postwick; and presents beds of sand, loam, and gravel, con-

taining a mixture of marine, terrestrial, and fluviatile testacea, ichthyolites, and bones of mammalia. The chalk on which it rests was shewn by the late Mr. Woodward to have been drilled by marine animals, and the Rev. Mr. Clewes of Yarmouth presented Mr. Lyell with a specimen of chalk, containing a *pholas crispatus* in a perforation several inches deep. That this portion of the crag was slowly accumulated is evident, from Captain Alexander having found at Bramerton the tusk of an elephant with many serpents on its surface; and from this fact Mr. Lyell infers, that the bones of quadrupeds were really washed down into the sea or estuary of the Norfolk crag, and were not subsequently introduced into the deposit by diluvial action. The fresh-water shells are rare in the neighbourhood of Norwich, in comparison with the marine, and the terrestrial species are still more scarce. Mr. J. B. Wigham, however, has ascertained that the fresh-water testacea predominate in a bed at Thorpe. The same gentleman found at Postwick, in a stratum containing marine shells and fishes, a portion of the left side of an upper jaw of a mastodon, containing the second true molar and the indications in the socket of the first. This specimen Mr. Owen has been enabled to refer to the mastodon longirostris discovered at Eppelesheim. In the same bed were found the teeth and jaw of a mouse, larger than the common field species; also bones of birds, and of several species of fishes, the horns of stags, bones and teeth of the horse, pig, elephant, and other quadrupeds, have been likewise detected at Postwick, Thorpe, Bramerton, &c.; and this association of the mastodon and horse near Norwich, as well as in many other places in Europe and America, Mr. Owen considers to be a subject of interest. The third point, respecting the relative antiquity of the Norfolk and Suffolk crag, was discussed at considerable length, and the author acknowledged the great assistance afforded him by Mr. Wigham, who has nearly doubled the number of species formerly obtained from this deposit near Norwich; also the aid which he has received from Mr. Searles Wood, who submitted to Mr. Lyell's examination the whole of his magnificent collection of crag shells; and from Mr. George Sowerby, to whose extensive knowledge of recent testacea the author stated that he is indebted for a rigid determination of the existing shells found in the crag. The number of well-defined species in the Norfolk crag is 112, out of which eighteen are land and fresh-water. Compared with the Suffolk crag this number is small; but Mr. Lyell shewed from the fauna of the Baltic, that species are much less numerous in brackish than salt water, the latitude, climate, and other conditions being the same; he also shewed that, in analogous deposits in the valley of the Rhine, the amount of species is small. Of the ninety-four marine shells, seventy occur in the red crag; and, therefore, it might be inferred, that the two deposits are nearly of the same age; but in the Norfolk beds the recent species, both of fresh-water and marine testacea, amount to between fifty and sixty per cent, and are nearly all British shells, whereas in the red crag there are only thirty per cent, and in the coralline but twenty. This comparatively recent origin of the Norfolk deposit had been previously inferred by Mr. Charlesworth on the general character of the fossils. In the examination of the collections which led to the above results, the greatest care was taken to reject those shells which might have been washed out of the red crag into the Norfolk beds, or those species which

apparently did not live in the waters which deposited this division of the crag. From this numerical proportion of recent testacea, Mr. Lyell inferred that the coralline and red crag belong to his Miocene division of the tertiary series, and the Norfolk strata to his older Pliocene; he also shewed that the lacustrine beds at Grays, in Essex, and many other places, constitute another link in the geological sequence of formations, as they contain ninety per cent of recent testacea, and must consequently be referred to the newer Pliocene epoch. Lastly, a comparison of the crag with the tertiary strata of the faluns of Touraine has convinced Mr. Lyell that M. Desnoyers was right in considering the Suffolk and Touraine deposits to be of the same age, although he formerly dissented from that conclusion.

STATISTICAL SOCIETY.

MR. HEYWOOD in the chair.—Fellows were elected, and donations announced. The communication read was the abstract of the statistical report of Major Tulloch 'On the Sickness and Mortality among the Troops in the United Kingdom,' prepared by J. W. C. Lever, Esq. This valuable report is divided into two parts: the first, embracing the medical and statistical details of the dragoon guards, and dragoons; and the second, those of the foot guards only. As these troops are better lodged, and better fed, and have less onerous duties to perform than the great mass of the labouring population; and, moreover, as they are carefully selected, and, as far as can be ascertained, are subject to no physical defect at enlistment; and as their profession, during peace, involves no danger, it might be expected that sickness and mortality would be much lower among them than among those engaged in the occupations of civil life. This is not the case; the average ratio of mortality is found to be 13½ per 1000. The mortality in the Russian army, on an average of ten years, from 1821 to 1830, was 11½ per 1000 annually; but that army is entirely composed of young men, between twenty and twenty-five, whilst the British troops are, for the most part, above that age. The mortality of the French army, on an average of six years, from 1820 to 1826, amounted to 19½ per 1000 annually; but this possibly may include the deaths in corps serving in the colonies. Out of the whole of the dragoon guards, and dragoons, it was found that nearly one third were between eighteen and twenty-five; another third, between twenty-five and thirty-three; and the remaining third of various ages, between thirty-three and forty, with the exception of a few boys under eighteen. By the Carlisle tables, the number annually dying out of a thousand persons, of that age, would be about ten; and by Mr. Finlayson's observations, derived from the duration of life among the government annuitants, the number is about thirteen. We find we cannot present consecutive notes of this paper, without trenching upon our limited space; we shall, therefore, only present detached portions of interest. On the subject of suicides, it appears that the large proportion of them among this class of the military deserves particular attention. Out of a total of 686 deaths, no fewer than 35, or upwards of one in 28 of the whole, have been from this cause alone, independently of many attempts which did not prove fatal; while, among persons insured in the Equitable, the proportion of the deaths is only one in 110. It is interesting to compare the tendency to self-destruction in the army with the proportion of suicides in civil

life in different countries. M. Quetelet states, that in France there is one suicide annually to 18,000 inhabitants:

Prussia	1 suicide to 14,404 inhabitants.
Austria	1 .. 20,900 ..
Russia	1 .. 49,182 ..
New York	1 .. 7,797 ..
Boston	1 .. 12,500 ..
Baltimore	1 .. 13,534 ..
Philadelphia	1 .. 15,875 ..
Dragoon Guards and Dragoons of the United Kingdom ..	1 .. 1,274 ..

From the returns of the Metropolitan Police Force, notwithstanding all the disadvantages of frequent night-duty to which that class of men is exposed, the mortality out of an average strength of 3400, continually employed, is but thirty per annum, being under nine per thousand; in addition to which, nearly the same proportion was invalidated for bad health. The average strength of the household cavalry is 1193; the annual deaths, 17; therefore, the ratio of deaths per 1000 of the mean strength will be 14.5. The mortality is not so high by at least one half, as among the foot guards; and is lower, by a small fraction, than among the cavalry corps employed throughout the kingdom. Among the household cavalry, the annual ratio of deaths per 1000 of the mean strength, from diseases of the lungs, is 8.1; that of the foot guards being 14.1. This difference cannot arise from the foot guards being in a greater degree exposed on night duty, for among the troops of the line serving at home, and whose constitutions have been deteriorated by residence in tropical or unhealthy climates, the mortality by diseases of the lungs is much lower.

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

APRIL 1. The Rev. F. W. Hope, President, in the chair.—A great number of donations of scientific works presented by the Royal Society, the Royal Academy of Brussels, &c., were announced, and numerous gentlemen were elected as ordinary or corresponding members. The president exhibited a collection of insects received by him from Sierra Leone, including the rare *Chiroscelia digitatus*. Mr. Raddon exhibited various heliographic drawings of plants, &c., and pointed out the advantages which might be obtained from adopting this process for obtaining correct representations of insects. He also presented proof-engravings of W. Spence, and J. G. Children, Esqrs. The following memoirs were read:—1. 'Some Remarks on Wireworms, which seriously damaged the potato crops in Shropshire, Worcestershire, and Herefordshire,' in 1838, by the Rev. F. W. Hope.—2. 'On the Habits and Structure of the Nests of Gregarious *Hymenoptera*, particularly those of the Hornet and Hive-Bee,' by George Newport, Esq. This memoir led to a very extended discussion.—3. 'Sketch of an Arrangement of a Cabinet of Insects, illustrative of their Economy, and Structural Peculiarities,' by W. Sella, Esq.

May 6. The Rev. F. W. Hope in the chair.—Donations of entomological and other works, by Drs. Germar, Burmeister, Messrs. Hope, Haliday, Westwood, &c., were announced. Mr. Yarrell exhibited a large and very hairy caterpillar of South America, which has been observed to possess the power of communicating a powerful electric shock. The president exhibited a specimen of a foreign beetle which he had had in his cabinet for several years, from the body of which a living flaria had very recently partially protruded itself. Various heliographic drawings of insects, and of their anatomical details, were exhibited by Messrs. Shipster and

Raddon. The latter gentleman also exhibited two magnificent specimens of *Goltathus Drurii*, and *Regius*, from the coast of Africa. The same gentleman also communicated other interesting objects.—The president read an extract from a letter received from J. Strachan, Esq., stating the recent capture of the hitherto unique *Eudacilla morgani*, at Sierra Leone.—The memoirs read were:—1. 'Description, accompanied by Figures, of a minute *Strepsipterous* Insect discovered in Ireland,' by Robert Templeton, Esq.—2. 'Some Remarks upon the Entomophagous Tribes of the Australian Alps,' by Dr. John Lhotsky, containing a short notice of the Bugong moth (of which a much more detailed account has, however, been published by Mr. Bennett, in his "Wanderings in New South Wales").—3. 'Extract (from an unpublished memoir) relating to the Edible Insects of the West Coast of Africa,' by Lieut. Sayers.—The president also communicated some extracts relative to the attacks of Cock-roaches in Africa upon various articles, as well as upon persons asleep. Various other instances of the latter were given by Messrs. Raddon and Sayers.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

CAMBRIDGE, May 15.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Doctor in Medicine.—G. F. Evans, Caius College.
Bachelors in the Civil Law.—Rev. B. C. Smith, Trinity Hall; Rev. C. Osmond, Jesus College.
Masters of Arts.—O. Walford, C. J. Selwyn, F. Cusance, Trinity College; S. Bridge, Queen's College; H. Howes, Caius College; F. Barker, Jesus College.
Bachelors of Arts.—E. Moonyart, Trinity College; R. P. Baker, E. P. Luscombe, J. Rose, St. John's College; G. W. Robinson, J. H. Wise, St. Peter's College; G. W. Money, F. E. Durnford, W. Young, J. H. Browne, F. E. Long, King's College; W. B. Brett, A. Boodle, Caius College; A. Wilkin, F. A. Baines, G. J. Ansley, Christ's College; R. J. P. Broughton, C. Wood, C. G. Smith, Clare Hall; C. Ward, G. Jackson, J. Buck, Magdalene College; J. Jones, Corpus Christi College; C. Cream, Pembroke College; T. Gleadow Fearn, Catharine Hall.

At the same congregation, C. J. Belin, of Oxford, was admitted *ad eundem* of this university.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

AFTER a Council, the Lord Bishop of Winchester in the chair, when the Chevalier Bunsen and Dr. Lepsius were elected honorary members of the Society, the ordinary meeting was held. L. Hayes Pettit, Esq., presiding. Mr. Hamilton laid upon the table some interesting newspapers of Athens, in Greek, and accompanied by engravings of various antiquities recently discovered, together with Inscriptions, &c., executed in a very creditable style. A continuation of Mr. Wright's Introduction to the "Biographia Literaria Britannica" (in progress under the auspices of the Society) was read, in which the educational treatises, medical books, and other of the earliest and most curious works of our Saxon ancestors were illustrated, and many singular customs and anecdotes brought to bear upon this popular subject.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS
FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—Geographical (Anniversary), 1 P.M.; British Architects, 8 P.M.
Tuesday.—Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.; Zoological, 8 P.M.
Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 7½ P.M.
Thursday.—Royal Society, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.
Friday.—Royal Institution, 8½ P.M.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

[Third notice.]

351. *Van Amburgh and his Animals*. E. Landseer, R.A.—Wonder and curiosity are alike excited in the astounding facts which this

picture exhibits; but incredulity is forced to yield when thousands of living witnesses can attest the reality of the scene represented. In contemplating the performance and its extraordinary character, we for a while lose sight of that skill in the artist which has in every other instance, where animals were introduced, been the first object of our attention; but such powers cannot long remain unappreciated, for never were these ferocious creatures more fearfully or more truly delineated: while the spectators without the den, in their expressions of fear and astonishment, are a just comment on the powers (by whatever means obtained) which man now possesses over the hitherto untameable part of the creation.

327. *The Pillaging of a Jew's House in the Reign of Richard I.* E. Landseer, A.—When subjects like this become the choice of an artist, we may say with Zanga, in the "Revenge," that "Horrors are not displeasing" to him; for more of violence, plunder, and cruelty, under the sanction of religious zeal and bigotry, was never, we think, more powerfully, and, we must also say, more skillfully brought into view. In all the chaos of atrocity, neither the picturesque, nor any other essential quality of art, is omitted. Costumes, furniture, and character, are preserved, and all is in keeping with the destructive scene. The emotions excited by such pictures, are not pity or sympathy for the sufferers, but anger and shame that such acts should ever have disgraced the nation and outraged humanity. But let us call another subject, and where can we find one better calculated to disperse rueful thoughts than,

361. *Portrait.* D. Cowper.—Which is, in fact, the witching countenance of "Kate Kearney," with its quotation,

"Beware of her smile," &c.

Cheerfulness and roguery are the characteristics of the damsel.

394. *Othello relating his Adventures.* D. Cowper.—We have been so long accustomed to African features in all the representations of the Moor, of Venice, that we are not quite satisfied with the sort of half-caste countenance in this performance. In all other respects the scene and its personages are admirably depicted, and the expression is well suited to the different characters. There is, besides, a breadth and clearness in the execution which is entitled to great praise; and will, we feel confident, with the union of other qualities already observed in Mr. Cowper's works, give him a distinguished rank in art.

377. *Quentin Matsys, the Blacksmith of Antwerp.* R. Redgrave.—In addition to the account given in the quotation, we may say with the old ballad,

"By this you see what love can do;"

for not a vestige of the blacksmith is visible in the well-proportioned figure of the artist, shewing off his performance to the admiring old painter. Indeed, the time taken to win his mistress (judging from his picture of the Two Misers) must have been of sufficient length to have rubbed off the rust of his trade, which, together with the kind looks of the lady, evince that "Love's labour" has not been "lost."

428. *The Bride of Lammermuir.* R. S. Lauder.—At the first glance of this performance we looked eagerly in the catalogue for the name of the artist, and, somewhat to our surprise, it was new to us: we then examined past catalogues, but it was not there; yet we felt quite assured that much practice, and a true feeling of the subject, must have gone to

the production of such a work. We are bound to say, that *The Bride of Lammermuir* must place the painter high in the rank of his profession. The forlorn and desolate character of the victim bride, the stern and vindictive looks of the ambitious mother, with the dignified melancholy of the master of Ravenswood, are all in perfect keeping with the sad story and its fatal results. As a work of art in all its qualities, we have seldom seen a more perfect performance.

441. *Sweet Summer-time.* T. Creswick.—The painter could hardly have made choice of a better title to his picture: *Sweet Summer-time* is associated with every feeling of delight and pleasure.

"The pomp of groves, the garniture of fields," are brought to the mind's eye. Its illustration by the artist is simple in character, yet highly interesting in its beautifully executed foliage, whose feathery lightness is one of the distinguishing characteristics of this skillful artist's pencil. Two lovers, seated at the feet of some lofty elms, and cheerful vistas opening on the right, are the principal features of the scene.

470. *Returning from Gleaning.* T. Roods.—In some former works by this artist of Italian peasants, their habits and character, we observed much promise from the qualities elicited by his pencil. In the present instance, we think he is quite as much at home and equally successful. A clear and brilliant effect of light relieves his figure to great advantage.

469. *Le Chapeau de Brigand.* T. Uwins, R.A.—What a fertile field and resource are incidents and accidents to an artist! What are passed over as ordinary events by the greater part of mankind furnish him with subjects for his pencil, as may be seen in the present example. In this performance, we are indeed reminded of the famed *Chapeau de Paille*, but in no unfit or unworthy way of comparison; on the contrary, in point of colouring, *Le Chapeau de Brigand* is as warm and splendid, and in expression and beauty of subject, more attractive and interesting: for with us, a name in art is not every thing.

538. *A Scene from Parnell's "Hermit."* A. Fraser.—Of this picture we may observe, that in its varied, rich, and harmonious colouring, and its fluent and masterly execution, it much resembles the works of Rembrandt; but in point of feeling, character, and expression, is more tastefully and judiciously treated. All the accessories brought to bear upon the subject are calculated to display the above-named qualities in art.

519. *Columbus asking Bread and Water for his Child, &c.* W. Simson.—There is something anomalous in the dress and appearance of Columbus and his child, with the request for bread and water; but ancient hospitality was at that period like the chivalry of knight-hood: liberality was a redeeming trait in both, and travellers and strangers of every degree were accustomed to solicit food or shelter in religious asylums. The subject, however, conveys the idea of the vicissitudes of fortune occurring in the case of one of the greatest names and most imperishable characters the world ever produced. The picture is painted in the artist's usual clear and distinct style: perhaps, in the opinion of some, it may be thought to have too much of that quality.

[To be continued.]

PHOTOGENIC DRAWING.

An omission was made in the paper on Photogenic Drawing, which was inserted in the last Number of the *Literary Gazette*; for, whilst

treating of the ammonio-nitrate of silver, I forgot to mention the proportions which were found most suitable: this may seem unimportant in a paper which is not very sensitive, but, as the ease and certainty of its preparation, as well as its cheapness, exceed all other described papers, it possesses a particular claim for our notice. Twenty grains of nitrate of silver are to be dissolved in an ounce of water; then a few drops of ammonia are to be added, which at first throws down a considerable precipitate; this, by a further addition of ammonia, redissolves, and the solution becomes quite clear, when it will be ready to be applied by a sponge to the paper. The most suitable paper for this preparation of silver is the "double copy." The whole cost of photogenic paper does not exceed, by this process, one penny for a sheet equal in size to large foolscap, which, if bought of venders, would cost between one shilling and fourpence and four shillings. The cost of all other papers does not exceed twopence-half-penny the sheet, except that prepared with the bromide of potassium; which, for the same quantity, would be about one penny more expensive. The preparation of paper suitable to the use of the corrosive sublimate is still more simple, for here it is only necessary to sponge over a very thin paper with a 20 gr. solution of nitrate of silver, and expose it to the action of the light of the sun. Drawings made in this way have analogy with etchings executed on glass, covered with black varnish, but are more easily made; the white parts of the paper are, however, not so transparent as the glass. An error requiring notice has also crept into my paper; for the hyposulphates, instead of the hyposulphites, are there mentioned as stopping agents.

ALFRED SMEE.

Bank of England, May 21st, 1839.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Royal Review at Windsor, on September 18th, 1838. Engraved by S. W. Reynolds, from a Drawing by F. Taylor: the Portraits by S. W. Reynolds. Boys.

ALTHOUGH the title is rather a misnomer, this large and finely executed print comprehends one of the most pleasing, picturesque, and characteristic portraits of the Queen that have yet appeared. Her majesty, in a riding habit and cap, with the star and riband of the order of the garter on her breast, and seated on a beautiful and favourite gray charger, is passing out of Windsor Castle, by George the Fourth's Gateway, on her way to the review. She is accompanied, on her right hand, by his majesty the King of the Belgians; on her left, by Lord Hill, the commander of the forces; and is immediately followed by the Duke of Wellington, Lord Palmerston (in the Windsor uniform), Colonel Freemantle, her Majesty's Aide-de-Camp, and a party of the Tenth, or Prince of Wales's regiment. The distinguishing feature of this clever composition is, that it conveys a more accurate idea than we have heretofore seen, of the queen's youthful and petite, though gracefully formed figure. The male portraits, especially those of King Leopold, and our veteran Duke, are also very like: the horses are designed with great beauty and spirit; the Round Tower "comes in" very happily in the back-ground; and the effect of the whole is magnificent, gay, and striking.

The Grand Canal, Venice. Drawn by J. D. Harding; Engraved by David Lucas. Moon. We well recollect the original drawing, as being one of the most attractive ornaments of

the Exhibition last year of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours. Of the almost innumerable views that we had seen of Venice, it struck us as being, at least, *one* of the best. The masterly manner in which the figures are introduced adds greatly to its interest and to its picturesque character. Mr. Lucas, whose talents as a mezzotinto engraver are well known, has done it ample justice: and the result is one of the most splendid prints of the present day.

Odin. Painted by Edwin Landseer, R.A.; Engraved by Thomas Landseer. Moon.

A CANINE head, as large as life; engraved, we presume, from the study for the fine picture by Mr. Edwin Landseer, now exhibiting at the Gallery of the British Institution. It is full of noble, generous, and affectionate character. Odin is evidently in profound thought. "It is this intellectuality," says a writer in the "New Monthly," "joined with their individuality—for no two dogs are alike—that makes them such admirable subjects for the gifted hand of Edwin Landseer." Mr. Thomas Landseer has preserved all the beauty and spirit of the original, in transferring it to copper.

Portrait of M. Faraday. Drawn and Engraved by C. Turner.

THIS admirable portrait will convey to the most distant parts, and to latter times, a pleasing idea of those highly intellectual lineaments which mark the features of one of the most distinguished men of our age. Standing in the attitude of demonstrating some remarkable scientific mystery, with his left hand on a chemical apparatus, the individual simplicity of character and perfect mastery of his subject in the lecturer, are finely expressed by the simplicity and ease of the figure. The eye is lighted with his own intelligence, and the whole, as a work of art, is most honourable to Mr. Turner's taste and ability—taste in the composition, and ability in transferring it to the engraving.

The Countess of Jersey, and the Lady Adela Corisanda Villiers. Drawn by A. E. Chalon, R.A.; Engraved by F. C. Lewis. Boys.

THE fine breeze which is evidently blowing, and which compels her little ladyship, wrapped as she is in a richly furred mantle, to cling closely to mamma's bosom, has given Mr. Chalon an opportunity, of which he has availed himself with his usual taste, of giving great spirit and animation to this clever whole-length portrait. It has been engraved by Mr. Lewis in his best manner.

Raphael Sketching the Virgin and Child. Painted by A. Hopfgarten; on Stone, by J. Erxleben. Houlston and Hughes.

WELL composed and designed. The attention of the various spectators, especially of one of the young coopers, is skilfully expressed.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

A REMONSTRANCE.

WHAT bard art thou so apt to grace,
With poetry's pure breath,
The scatterer of the human race!
The trafficker in death!
Are plunder'd shrine, and midnight chain—
A shrieking city's blaze—
And beauty, in pollution slain,
The themes for poet's praise?

Marengo's hero then recall!
Dethrone the crowned of earth!

Shake o'er a weeping world death's pall—
Cheer Horror's brood to birth!
While startled bones of millions rise
All ghastly as they stood
When thunderous battle mock'd the skies,
And rained down human blood!

Whilst hoary heads, all stark and gashed,
Throng shore and town remote,
As when the Gallic armies plashed
In carnage to the throat!
His meteor-sceptre pledge once more;
Napoleon, to the van!
Come, quaff the reeking cup of gore,
And shout for slaughter!—Man.

Another Austerlitz demand,
Another Jena claim;
And desolate the groaning land
To write one despot's fame!
Let e'en the pyramids afford
A verse for his renown:
But speak not of brave Sidney's sword,
That swept the invader down!

Sing not of Moscow's flaming tide—
The fiery brands which hurled
The chainer of the nations wide,
The scourger of the world,
With rout and havoc from their shore!
To Cossack hate consigned:—
Famine and frozen wastes before,
Bones and the wolf behind.

Let not Trafalgar's chief, who died,
A moment's thought beguile;
Nor land with British heart and pride
The Baltic and the Nile!
Leave Nelson's glorious flag unsung,
And Wellington unwreathed;
Their fame with which all Europe rung,
For his—who'd best ne'er breathed!

And gloze the tyrant's guilty mood,
And wail his hapless cause;
That Sylva—in his thirst for blood!
That Draco—in his laws!
Mourn him who to the conscript gave
Heart-broken France a prey;
And still could outraged nature brave
With homicidal sway!

Yes, wake the throb of sympathy—
Bid maudlin tears reveal
How much men grieve for Europe free—
How miss the tyrant's steel!
And make the conscious sea blush gore
In shame for Nelson's land;
Make Earth, revolting, lift once more
Her blood-accusing hand!

CHARLES SWAIN.

MUSIC.

*Philharmonic Concerts.**—The fifth of these concerts opened with Beethoven's fanciful *sinfonia*, in F; its first and second movements (the *Allegretto Schenoso*) were extremely well performed, but the *tempo* of the last was not taken by the conductor with spirit, and was therefore lost. Spohr's "Tears of Sorrow," sung by Phillips, was very heavy. Mr. W. S. Bennett's new pianoforte concerto, in F minor, was perhaps the most effective thing of the evening. This gentleman's instrumentation is so judicious, and his performance so perfect, that he never fails to delight his audience; but on this occasion he appeared to be more than usually felicitous, although we did not think his third

* Although a great diminution has occurred this year in the list of annual subscribers, many appear to be returning, through the medium of the single tickets, to their former haunt; and we doubt not will renew, next season, their regular attendance, especially as Laporte has failed to establish his threatened rival society.

movement of a piece with the other two: it requires manual dexterity rather than soul in its execution. By the by, we recognised the second movement as an old, and not a *new* friend. It is, however, a barcarole, and a perfect gem of its kind; the whole so masterly a production as to rank the composer with such men as Moscheles, Hummel, and Mendelssohn. If there is any vocalist who gives the most general satisfaction at concerts, it is Madame Stockhausen. She very properly selected on this occasion a classical composition, the scena from Beethoven's "Fidelio," which she sung in her usual pure and feeling manner. The overture to "Euryanthe" went wretchedly, owing to the conductor's *baton*, which seemed to be *too heavy* for the wielder. The second act began with Spohr's *sinfonia*, in E flat, which went off heavily; as also the lovely duet from the "Freyshütz," "Schelm halt fest," between Madame Stockhausen and Mlle. Bilestein. Mr. Batta, the violoncellist, from Paris, will please in a drawing-room, but not in a "grand salon de concert;" although possessing great power of execution, and some taste, his tone is so harsh, that it seems to cut its way rather than insinuate itself into the ear. A trio, from "Fidelio," between the three vocalists already named, and Winter's overture to "Calypso," concluded the entertainment.

On Monday last the sixth concert took place, and proved a most admirable one. Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony," a work so well known and appreciated by all judges of music, that it is needless for us to make any comments upon it, stood first in the programme; and we never remember to have heard it go off better, Mr. T. Cooke leading, and Mr. Potter conducting. Donizetti's "Fra Poo" was delightfully sung by Ivanoff, but the music of this composer is hardly high classed enough for the Philharmonic. A Mademoiselle Lewig performed, for the first time in this country, a pianoforte concerto of Ries's. We cannot say we are great admirers of this master's composition; however, the second movement struck us as being capable of much effect, had it been played with taste. Mademoiselle Lewig has a perfect and brilliant execution, but not one atom of feeling. Could she obtain that, she would stand better in her profession; but at present she has little chance of producing any thing like a sensation in this country. A Mademoiselle Dorus Gras, whom the printer of the programmes thought fit to dignify with the matronly distinction of "Madame," also made her first appearance, and we may venture to assert it will not be the last. Her voice is a soprano of great compass, and although more powerful than sweet, yet of such astonishing flexibility as to be perfectly marvellous; we think, however, she is more suited to a theatre than a concert-room. Her first song was "Va, dit elle," from *Robert le Diable*. Weber's overture to *Der Freyschütz* concluded the act. The second act opened with Mozart's E flat, which went off admirably. Schubert's serenade, "Quando Avvolto," was exquisitely sung by Ivanoff; and a violin concerto of Hauman's, performed by himself, was the instrumental piece. The composition is decidedly fine, and lost nothing by his execution; his tone is immense, and although in many respects we prefer David's, M. Hauman must be admitted to be the more astonishing violinist: the union of the pizzicati, almost simultaneously with the bowing passages in the finale, produced unbounded applause; Paganini could not have wished for more. An air of Auber's was mag-

magnificently sung by Mademoiselle Dorus Gras, and Cherubini's "Anacreon" ended our evening of delight.

THE DRAMA.

Her Majesty's Theatre.—Mozart's *Nonne Figaro* has been twice played at this theatre since our last notice; the only change from the cast of last season is in the part of *Cherubino*, the page, now sustained by Mdlle. Ernesta Grisi, who assuredly is not likely to increase her fame by her execution of it.

Haymarket.—An extravaganza, by Mr. Lover, founded on the whimsical old story, "the Man's Shirt," has been most successful at this theatre. Power sustains the principal character with his usual humour; and his fun and light-heartedness contrasts well with the mock solemnity of O. Smith. The names are droll, the jokes laughable, and the whole piece half an hour long. No one that we know of could have made so much drollery, and stuffed it with so many telling points, out of so slight an anecdote. We enjoyed it much, and recommend our friends to "go and do likewise."

New Strand Theatre.—The *Cheeryble Brothers*, and *Tim Linkenwater*, well represented by Messrs. G. Cooke, Biddle, and A. Richardson, and *Brooker*, the returned convict, are the additional characters to the dramatic version of *Nicholas Nickleby*, played for the first time at this theatre on Monday last. The beggared and starving *Brooker*, spurned by *Ralph Nickleby*, whose confidential agent he was previously to the trip across the herring pond, is made the instrument to unravel the mystery of *Smike's* parentage, and to invest him with his maternal inheritance, under the trusteeship of *Cheeryble Brothers*. The professional money-lender, the *Ralph Nickleby* of "Boz," was cleverly conceived, and acted by Mr. Ray. Miss Daly, Mr. Barton, and Mr. Bennett, exerted themselves as *Smike*, *Nicholas Nickleby*, and *Newman Noggs*. The other characters were well dressed, and well sustained. Miss Pettifer is an interesting *Kate Nickleby*, and Mrs. Selby an admirable *Madame Mantlini*.

St. James's Theatre.—A novelty, called *My Lover*, has been produced here, to close the season; and Mrs. Hooper has been playing *Lucille* with great talent and effect.

Haynes Bayly.—We are happy to perceive, by a bill which has just been handed to us, that the literary and musical world are rallying together in behalf of the widow and children of poor Mr. Haynes Bayly. A benefit will shortly be given at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, under the patronage of her grace the Duchess of Beaufort, and several other distinguished personages; and a host of talent, both native and foreign, is enlisted for the occasion. We earnestly hope the public will respond to the call.

VARIETIES.

Caricatures.—H. B. has this week given us two novelties, Nos. 590 and 591. The first is a *Game at Whist*; the Queen and Lord Melbourne partners against Wellington and Peel: the Duke asks his Lordship to allow him "to see the last trick," which is, indeed, covered by his Lordship's hand; whilst Sir Robert, addressing the lady, says, "Pardon me, your M-j-ty has revoked." The nine of diamonds, a significant card, is just laid on the table by the Queen. This is an admirable caricature, the likenesses excellent. The other is from the *farce of the Invincibles*, and still more humor-

ous. Peel, as a grenadier, protected by Wellington, as a wooden-legged old pensioner, is driven out by the *Household troops*, commanded "forward," by the Queen in person. It is a gallant career, and the Bedchamber never turned out better.

Sketch of Society.—London and its vicinity, on Monday, presented as curious an appearance as any observer of manners could well desire to witness; sights that would have wonderfully astonished any person buried fifty years ago, were it possible to rise again to notice them. The river reeking with steam-vessels, crowded with passengers; and the bridges, instead of a pleasant air, as much covered with smoke as the roof of an engine manufactory. The streets of the metropolis, perambulated by new classes of people: Chartist, a political sect, whose aim is an entire remodelling of the famed English constitution; and Teetotallers, another sect, whose creed is entire abstinence from all sorts of intoxicating liquors. Both were accompanied by music, banners, insignia, and proselytes, in every kind of conveyance which the repositories of London could furnish forth to grace their processions. Among the prominent features in the former was the majority of very young men and mere boys which filled the ranks, so that, if the purposes were dangerous, there seemed to be little danger in the actors; in the latter, the general ugliness (for that is the only applicable term) of the females who lent their countenances to this demonstration of, at least, a harmless enthusiasm. Smoking cigars, too, by some of the men, we considered to be inconsistent with the spirit and principles of the association; since the indulgence in an intoxicating and offensive drug must be as objectionable as a draught of sound malt-liquor or a glass of generous wine. The appearance of Kennington Common, where the cavalcades assembled to address themselves to the multitude, baffles all description. Twenty or thirty orators, speaking at the same time from every sort of vehicle, and on every sort of topic, with the corresponding shouting and cheering, shewed that the idea of the confusion of Babel might be far out-done by the confusion of Kennington.

Curiosities of Literature. No. I.—J. R. advertises for page 24 of Cramer's Bible, 1541. Has he discovered the art of splitting a leaf in two, and so expects the page at half-price? [See "Gentleman's Magazine," May, 1839. Cover, p. 2.] No. II.—Among the announcements of the season is a tolerable ball, and not generally remarked, viz., the *exhibition of the invisible girl*.

India.—The last No. of the "Oriental Herald" deserves our warm praise for its very recent and important views of Indian affairs, and its speedy publication of Indian news. Among the rest, we notice a mention of a young Brahmin poet of the name of Kasiprasad, whose compositions, in choice English, are highly spoken of; and if we may judge from a single quotation, not without just cause. One couplet is enough to stamp his fame:

"Love is a rose, but woman, though the gale
To fling its sweetness in the bower of life."

Native Physicians.—One of the most interesting spectacles it has ever been our lot to witness in this country, was exhibited on Saturday at the Medical College. Five young Hindoos were publicly invested with certificates of qualification to practise medicine, after having studied at the college with surprising success for a period of about three years and a half, and passed the ordeal of a very severe examination.

—*Oriental Herald*,

Tulips.—Mr. Groom's Tulips, to be seen at Walworth, during the present month, will delight all our friends who admire the most beautiful products of floriculture.

Surrey Zoological Gardens.—The new Panoramic Exhibition at these Gardens is quite extraordinary. Volcanoes and Icebergs! We need not go to the Arctic Regions now, but merely cross the river, to these pleasant resorts, where animal nature is also seen to perfection.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

In the Press.

Miss Emma Roberts announces "A Guide to India," with every information necessary to be known, both as regards the voyage out, and the overland route to India, with complete lists of necessaries, &c. &c.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Demonstration of the Truth of the Christian Religion, by A. Keith, D.D., 5th edition, without plates, 6s.—
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METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1839.

May.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday .. 16	From 29.5 to 30.2	29.43 to 29.70
Friday .. 17	 30 .. 30	29.69 .. 30.04
Saturday .. 18	 33 .. 33	30.02 .. 30.10
Sunday .. 19	 31 .. 33	29.97 .. 30.08
Monday .. 20	 34 .. 35	30.13 .. 30.18
Tuesday .. 21	 45 .. 35	30.19 .. 30.00
Wednesday 22	 42 .. 33	30.04 .. 29.91

Winds, S.W. and N.W.
Except the 17th, and following day, generally cloudy; rain fell on the 16th, 19th, 21st, and 22d.
Rain fallen, .4875 of an inch.

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Latitude 51° 37' 33" N.
Longitude 3° 51' W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our Correspondent, in answer to "C.S." on the Egyptian Inscriptions, reached us too late for this week. In our next.

We cannot insert the poetical dedication to Her Majesty. Its proper place is in the work.

T. H. B.'s work has been received, and noticed. See No. 110, page 332.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

THE FIFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION
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Narrative of the Surveying Voyages of H.M.S. Adventure and Beagle, between the years 1826 and 1836, describing their Examination of the Southern Shores of South America, and the Beagle's Circumnavigation of the Globe. 3 vols. 8vo. London, 1838. Colburn.

Appendix to Vol. II. Pp. 352. Idem.

THE value of this work, in reference to navigation, geography, and to science generally, can hardly be over-rated: in reference to its reviewer, its complexion is almost the reverse. The Journal form in which the proceedings of vessels are noted, is the most untoward that could be presented for analysis or condensation. Its very prolixity, so necessary to its accuracy and utility, is a sore trial to the person who wants to extract the honey or marrow from the mass of other matter; and leave the comb or bone in their natural state. The disposition of these volumes, too, adds to our difficulties, for the first contains Captain King's proceedings in the first expedition, 1826 to 1830; the second, Captain Fitzroy's journal for 1831 to 1836; the third, Mr. Darwin's journal and remarks during the same period; and the Appendix references to the whole, though principally to the second volume.* Out of this very distinctness there is something to confuse us; and we find it no easy task to separate the parts even for such notice as our limited space permits. We shall, however, here, and for the present, confine ourselves to Captain King; and even in this we are obliged to offer only a few extracts touching the natives, as the nautical remarks, and the accounts of the hardships endured by our gallant countrymen, are altogether unsusceptible of illustration within our limits.

Of the Patagonians we are told:—"They were all wrapped in mantles, made chiefly of the skins of guanacoës, sewed together with the sinews of the same animal. These mantles were large enough to cover the whole body. Some were made of skins of the 'zorillo,' or skunk, an animal like a pole-cat, but ten times more offensive; and others, of skins of the puma. The tallest of the Indians, excepting the old man, who did not dismount, was rather less than six feet in height. All were robust in appearance, and, with respect to the head, length of body, and breadth of shoulders, of gigantic size; therefore, when on horseback, or seated in a boat, they appeared to be tall, as well as large men. In proportion to the parts above-mentioned, their extremities were very small and short, so that when standing they seemed but of a moderate size, and their want of proportion was concealed by the mantle, which enveloped the body entirely, the head and feet being the only parts exposed. When Mr. Cooke landed, he presented some medals to the oldest man, and the woman; and suspended them round their necks. A friendly feeling being established, the natives dismounted, and even permitted our men to ride their horses, without evincing the least displeasure at the free advantage taken of their good-nature."

At an after period:—"The Patagonian wo-

* A quarto Zoological Supplement is also announced; and also a volume of geological observations.

men are treated far more kindly by their husbands than the Fuegian; who are little better than slaves, subject to be beaten, and obliged to perform all the laborious offices of the family. The Patagonian females sit at home, grinding paint, drying and stretching skins, making and painting mantles. In travelling, however, they have the baggage and provisions in their charge, and, of course, their children. These women probably have employments of a more laborious nature than what we saw; but they cannot be compared with those of the Fuegians, who, excepting in the fight and chase, do every thing. They paddle the canoes, dive for shells and sea-eggs, build their wigwams, and keep up the fire; and if they neglect any of these duties, or incur the displeasure of their husbands in any way, they are struck or kicked most severely. Byron, in his narrative of the loss of the *Wager*, describes the brutal conduct of one of these Indians, who actually killed his child for a most trifling offence. The Patagonians are devotedly attached to their offspring. In infancy they are carried behind the saddle of the mother, within a sort of cradle, in which they are securely fixed. The cradle is made of wicker-work, about four feet long and one foot wide, roofed over with twigs, like the frame of a tilted wagon. The child is swaddled up in skins, with the fur inwards or outwards, according to the weather. At night, or when it rains, the cradle is covered with a skin that effectually keeps out the cold or rain. Seeing one of these cradles near a woman, I began to make a sketch of it, upon which the mother called the father, who watched me most attentively, and held the cradle in the position which I considered most advantageous for my sketch. The completion of the drawing gave them both great pleasure, and during the afternoon the father reminded me repeatedly of having painted his child ('pintado su hijo'). One circumstance deserves to be noticed, as a proof of their good feeling towards us. It will be recollected that three Indians, of the party with whom we first communicated, accompanied us as far as Cape Negro, where they landed. Upon our arrival on this occasion, I was met, on landing, by one of them, who asked for my son, to whom they had taken a great fancy. Upon my saying he was on board, the native presented me with a bunch of nine ostrich feathers, and then gave a similar present to every one in the boat. He still carried a large quantity under his arm, tied up in bunches, containing nine feathers in each; and soon afterwards, when a boat from the *Beagle* landed with Captain Stokes and others, he went to meet them; but finding strangers, he withdrew without making them any present. In the evening my son landed, when the same Indian came down to meet him, appeared delighted to see him, and presented him with a bunch of feathers, of the same size as those which he had distributed in the morning. At this, our second visit, there were about fifty Patagonian men assembled, not one of whom looked more than fifty-five years of age. They were generally between five feet ten and six feet in height: one man only exceeded six feet—whose dimensions, measured by Captain Stokes, were as follows:—

	Ft. In.
Height	6 12
Round the chest	4 12
Ditto loins	3 4

I had before remarked the disproportionate largeness of head and length of body of these people, as compared with the diminutive size of their extremities; and, on this visit, my opinion was further confirmed, for such appeared to be the general character of the whole tribe; and to this, perhaps, may be attributed the mistakes of some former navigators."

Of the inferior race of Fuegians we learn:—

"Upon Point St. Mary we noticed, for the first time, three or four huts or wigwams made by the Fuegian Indians, which had been deserted. They were not old, and merely required a slight covering of branches or skins to make them habitable. These wigwams are thus constructed: long slender branches, pointed at the end, are stuck into the ground in a circular or oval figure; their extremities are bent over, so as to form a rounded roof, and secured with ligatures of rush; leaving two apertures, one towards the sea, and the other towards the woods. The fire is made in the middle, and half fills the hut with smoke. There were no Indians in the bay when we arrived, but, on the following evening, Lieut. Sholl, in walking towards the south end of the bay, suddenly found himself close to a party which had just arrived in two canoes from the southward. Approaching them, he found there were nine individuals—three men, and the remainder women and children. One of the women was very old, and so infirm as to require to be lifted out of the canoe and carried to the fire. They seemed to have no weapons of any consequence; but, from our subsequent knowledge of their habits and disposition, the probability is they had spears, bows, and arrows concealed close at hand. The only implement found amongst them was a sort of hatchet or knife, made of a crooked piece of wood, with part of an iron hoop tied to the end. The men were very slightly clothed, having only the back protected by a seal's skin; but the females wore large guanaco mantles, like those of the Patagonian Indians, whom our pilot told us they occasionally met for the purposes of barter. Some of the party were devouring seal's flesh, and drinking the oil extracted from its blubber, which they carried in bladders. The meat they were eating was probably part of a sea lion (*Phoca jubata*); for Mr. Sholl found amongst them a portion of the neck of one of those animals, which is remarkable for the long hair, 'like a lion's mane,' growing upon it. They appeared to be a most miserable, squalid race, very inferior, in every respect, to the Patagonians. They did not evince the least uneasiness at Mr. Sholl's presence, or at our ships being close to them; neither did they interfere with him, but remained squatting round their fire while he stayed near. This seeming indifference, and total want of curiosity, gave us no favourable opinion of their character as intellectual beings; indeed, they appeared to be very little removed from brutes; but our subsequent knowledge of them has convinced us that they are not usually deficient in intellect. This party was perhaps stupefied by the unusual

size of our ships, for the vessels which frequent this strait are seldom one hundred tons in burden."

At another point where the vessels touched, "They conducted themselves very quietly during their stay on board, with the exception of one, who tried to pick my pocket of a handkerchief. The offender was ordered out of the vessel, and there was no further attempt to pilfer. They wished to go below; but this was not permitted, because the odour of their oily persons was scarcely tolerable, even in the open air. As to food, tallow candles, biscuit, beef, plum-pudding, were equally liked, and swallowed most voraciously. One of them was discovered taking the tallow out of the deep seal and eating it, although mixed with sand and dirt. Before sunset, their canoes were despatched on shore to prepare the wigwams, during which operation three of the men remained on board; and as soon as the preparations were made, they called for a canoe, and went on shore. We obtained several spears, baskets, necklaces, bows and arrows from them in barter; but they seemed to have very few skins. Perhaps those they possessed were hidden in the bushes, because they had no wish to part with them. One woman was covered with a guanaco mantle; another merely wore a seal-skin over her back and shoulders, which, while she crouched in the canoe, was sufficient to cover her person. One had a black stripe down the nose, but she was the only female among them who was so painted. Next morning the Indians visited us with a fresh assortment of bows and arrows, in the manufacture of which they had evidently passed the night, for every one was quite new; the bows were of green wood, and the arrows not even pointed. They found, however, a ready sale. One of the party was a man who had been turned out of our vessel the preceding evening, for picking my pocket; but he was daubed over with a whitish pigment to deceive us, and would probably have escaped detection, but for the unusual ugliness of his person, which was not so easily disguised. He was much disconcerted by our recognition: and our refusal to barter with him made him angry and sullen. The women had daubed their faces all over with bright red ochre,—to add to their beauty, no doubt."

A very odd story is related of a sort of Christianity found among the Patagonians, and especially preserved by a person called Maria, who seemed to have some station among them, though a native of another part of the South American continent.

"At Maria's return with a very small quantity of guanaco meat, her husband told her that I had been very inquisitive about a red baize bundle, which he told me contained 'Cristo'; upon which she said to me, 'Quiere mirar mi Cristo?' (Do you wish to see my Christ?) and then, upon my nodding assent, called around her a number of the tribe, who immediately obeyed her summons. Many of the women, however, remained to take care of their valuables. A ceremony then took place. Maria, who, by the lead she took in the proceedings, appeared to be high-priestess as well as cacique of the tribe, began by pulverising some whitish earth in the hollow of her hand, and then taking a mouthful of water, spit from time to time upon it, until she had formed a sort of pigment, which she distributed to the rest, reserving only sufficient to mark her face, eyelids, arms, and hair, with the figure of the cross. The manner in which this was done was peculiar. After rubbing the paint in her left hand smooth with

the palm of the right, she scored marks across the paint, and again others at right angles, leaving the impression of as many crosses, which she stamped upon different parts of her body, rubbing the paint, and marking the crosses afresh, after every stamp was made. The men, after having marked themselves in a similar manner (to do which some stripped to the waist, and covered all their body with impressions), proceeded to do the same to the boys, who were not permitted to perform this part of the ceremony themselves. Manuel, Maria's husband, who seemed to be her chief assistant on the occasion, then took from the folds of the sacred wrapper an awl, and with it pierced either the arms or ears of all the party; each of whom presented in turn, pinched up between the finger and thumb, that portion of flesh which was to be perforated. The object evidently was to lose blood, and those from whom the blood flowed freely shewed marks of satisfaction, while some whose wounds bled but little, underwent the operation a second time. When Manuel had finished, he gave the awl to Maria, who pierced his arm, and then, with great solemnity and care, muttering and talking to herself in Spanish (not two words of which could I catch, although I knelt down close to her, and listened with the greatest attention), she removed two or three wrappers, and exposed to our view a small figure, carved in wood, representing a dead person, stretched out. After exposing the image, to which all paid the greatest attention, and contemplating it for some moments in silence, Maria began to descant upon the virtues of her Christ, telling us it had a good heart ('buen corazon'), and that it was very fond of tobacco. 'Mucho quiere mi Cristo tabaco, da me mas,' (My Christ loves tobacco very much, give me some). Such an appeal, on such an occasion, I could not refuse; and after agreeing with her in praise of the figure, I said I would send on board for some. Having gained her point, she began to talk to herself for some minutes, during which she looked up, after repeating the words, 'Muy bueno es mi Cristo, muy bueno corazon tiene,' and slowly and solemnly packed up the figure, depositing it in the place whence it had been taken. This ceremony ended, the traffic, which had been suspended, recommenced with redoubled activity. According to my promise, I sent on board for some tobacco, and my servant brought a larger quantity than I thought necessary for the occasion, which he injudiciously exposed to view. Maria, having seen the treasure, made up her mind to have the whole, and upon my selecting three or four pounds of it, and presenting them to her, looked very much disappointed, and grumbled forth her discontent: I taxed her with greediness, and spoke rather sharply, which had a good effect, for she went away and returned with a guanaco mantle, which she presented to me. During this day's barter, we procured guanaco meat, sufficient for two days' supply of all hands, for a few pounds of tobacco. It had been killed in the morning, and was brought on horseback, cut up into large pieces, for each of which we had to bargain. Directly an animal is killed, it is skinned and cut up, or torn asunder, for the convenience of carrying. The operation is done in haste, and therefore the meat looks bad; but it is well-tasted, excellent food: and, although never fat, yields abundance of gravy, which compensates for its leanness. It improves very much by keeping, and proved to be valuable and wholesome meat."

The supplies are indeed not so high-priced as

they would be in Smithfield or Leadenhall market.

"The Adelaide (sent to purchase provisions) brought sixteen hundred pounds of meat, which, with what was first obtained, amounted to four thousand pounds weight; and cost altogether ten pounds of tobacco, forty biscuits, and six pocket-knives. At first, a biscuit was considered equivalent to forty or fifty pounds of meat; but as the demand increased, the price rose four or five hundred per cent. With the Patagonians were two of Mr. Low's crew, who had left him. They were Portuguese, in a miserable state, and appeared to be thoroughly ashamed of being the companions of such a dirty set; they could not speak English, and could give us very little information. They had not then assumed the Indian garb, although, from the state of their clothes, they would very soon be obliged to adopt it. At Pecket's Harbour, a few words of the native language were collected, which are very different from those given by Falkner, in his description of the Patagonian natives: he says himself, that the language of the northern Indians differs materially from that of the 'Yacana Cunnees.'"

And here we must conclude.

The Works of Mrs. Hemans, with a Memoir of her Life. By her Sister. Vol. I. 12mo. pp. 352. Edinburgh, 1839. Blackwood and Co. London, Cadell.

HALF a century ago, and our poetry was in a sad state. It had the true *facies Hippocratica*, was round in the belly, and had spindle-shanks; but, thanks to common sense and the Muses, a day of renovated health was at hand, and, instead of looking like Bath or Cheltenham, our bards returned to the true Hippocrene: Shakspeare, Milton, and Spenser were once more acknowledged to be the heads of the faculty, and Drs. Darwin, Hayley, and Pratt were left without a patient.

But if, during the last thirty or forty years, man has done much, "in his degree," to dignify and adorn the literature of England, woman has done not less in hers; and between the two a prodigal harvest has been set before the public. Nor have these labourers encroached upon each other. Each sex has its fields of particular action; and, with general bonds of analogy, the products have their distinctive features. If Scott has depicted the many-coloured shows of human life, so has Maria Edgeworth; and if Byron has dissected down to the moving springs of the throbbing heart, so has Joanna Baillie, and with a hand scarcely less skilful. L. E. L. (for we wish to remember her by no other appellation) threw the mantle of imagination over the aspects of common life, with an adroitness equal to that with which Wilson has re-peopled Fairy-land; while, on the other hand, Mary Mitford has painted from observation with the truth and Flemish precision of a Crabbe. There may be greater force in Southey, and greater depth in Wordsworth; but who can deny that Caroline Bowles and Mary Howitt "hold up the mirror to Nature," and show us her reflected features, in a light that never "o'ersteps her modesty?" We need only no further from this posy of fair names, since illustrations are as "thick as blackberries."

It is with Felicia Hemans that we have at present to do, and with her alone. So, in a few brief sentences, we shall say our say regarding her genius, and the additions she has made to the stores of our national literature.

One great excellence then of the genius of

Mrs. Hemans is, that the tone of her poetry is uniformly exalted; it soars on eagles' wings; yet, at the same time, it is true to nature and feeling, and free from all exaggeration. No attainment is more difficult than this. One of the prominent follies of aspiring, yet mediocre minds, is to strike a high key-note at setting out; and, in the vain endeavour to sustain the same tone, to break down by degrees, and end in complete falsetto. Others batten to a diametrically opposite course. They crawl off on all fours, like Grimaldi of yore; and occasionally do so with a humility as clever as it is amusing. Then a demivolt is attempted in the shape of a simile, which, mayhap, causes us to laugh or stare; and the exhibition closes with the counterpart of the tailor's ride to Brentford. The difference between the two kinds of performances only exists in this, that, while the former falls below our expectations, the latter exceeds them.

Free from either of these faults and follies of tone, the style of Mrs. Hemans's poetry is lofty without exaggeration, and natural without meanness. In her choice of subjects, she is severe without being fastidious; and in her handling of them she is classical, without over-laying true feeling with the artifices of composition. *Quid tibi sit ornari.* She has looked on life and nature with her own eyes; and she has invested many common and familiar objects with a beauty unknown to them before. When we gaze on the sea, we think of "The Treasures of the Deep;" to the circle around the evening hearth occurs "The Graves of a Household;" the opening snow-drop speaks to us with "The Voice of Spring;" and the falling leaves remind us of "The Hour of Death."

"Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set; but all—
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!"

It is this delicacy of perception, this deep feeling of the beautiful, this love and passionate admiration of the pure, the holy, the true, the exalted, and the domestic, which renders Mrs. Hemans so peculiarly the poet of woman. In her writings, the highest imagination is chastened by the most exquisite taste. Her poetry is directed to the noblest of all ends, the purification of the affections; and hence its great charm for the wise and good. Its high merits have given it more immediate notice with contemporaries; but in this will be found its more enduring claim to popularity. Every British mother must rejoice to find such a writer as Mrs. Hemans a favourite with her children.

For these and other reasons we were pleased to see a complete and uniform edition of the works of Mrs. Hemans announced, in a style and elegance befitting their merits. The demand for such a publication shows a healthy taste in the public; and we doubt not that its acceptance with readers will be equivalent with its just deserts. It can scarcely be otherwise; for, most assuredly, Felicia Hemans is now a British classic.

The preliminary volume on our table is almost entirely occupied by a very interesting memoir of Mrs. Hemans, from the pen of her sister (Mrs. Hughes); and from this narrative we now give two or three extracts. Hitherto the biographical notices of this distinguished lady have been most desultory and conflicting; some of them are, we might say, almost purely imaginary; and, if we except the sketch written by Mr. Moir (Delta), and prefixed to the "Poetical Remains"—the materials for which were furnished by her family—the outlines of

her life have been distorted in a manner scarcely to be credited in the case of a contemporary.

Birth and early Childhood.—"Felicia Dorothea Browne was born in Liverpool, on the 25th September, 1795. Her father, a native of Ireland, was a merchant of considerable eminence. Her mother, whose family name was Wagner, and who was of mingled Italian and German descent, was the daughter of the Imperial and Tuscan consul at Liverpool. The subject of this memoir (the fifth of seven children, one of whom died an infant), was distinguished, almost from her cradle, by extreme beauty and precocious talents. Before she had attained the age of seven, her father, having suffered commercial reverses, in common with many others engaged in similar speculations at that revolutionary era, broke up his establishment at Liverpool, and removed, with his family, into Wales, where, for the next nine years, they resided at Gwrych, near Abergele, in Denbighshire, a large old mansion, close to the sea, and shut in by a picturesque range of mountains. In the calm seclusion of this romantic region, with ample range through the treasures of an extensive library, the young poetess passed a happy childhood, to which she would often fondly revert, amidst the vicissitudes of her after-life. Here she imbibed that intense love of nature, which ever afterwards 'haunted her like a passion,' and that warm attachment for the 'green land of Wales;' its affectionate true-hearted people—their traditions, their music, and all their interesting characteristics, which she cherished to the last hours of her existence. After the loss of her eldest sister, who died young, her education became the first care of a mother, whose capability for the task could only be equalled by her devotedness: whose requirements were of the highest order; and whose whole character, presenting a rare union of strong sense with primitive single-mindedness, was an exemplification of St. Paul's description of that charity which 'suffereth long and is kind,' 'seeketh not her own,' 'thinketh no evil.' Her piety was sober, steadfast, and cheerful; never displaying itself in high-wrought excitements or ostentatious professions, but silently influencing every action of her life, and shedding a perpetual sunshine over all which came within its sphere. How truly the love of this exemplary mother was returned and appreciated, may be traced in many affecting instances through the following pages, from the artless birthday effusion of the child of eight years old, to the deathbed hymn of agonised affection, in the matured years of the daughter, herself a matron and a mother. And when that love had been sealed and sanctified by death, still more fervent are the yearnings breathed forth in the passionate adjuration to 'the charmed picture' of the

"Sweet face that o'er her childhood shone;"

and last and deepest, and best of all, in the sonnet "To a Family Bible," in which the mourner, chastened yet consoled, looks back upon the days when her mother's lips were wont to breathe forth the sacred lore of those hallowed pages, and meekly and thankfully acknowledges it to have been—

"A seed not lost—for which, in darker years,
O Book of Heaven! I pour, with grateful tears,
Heart-blessings on the holy dead and thee."

"It may well be imagined how the heart of such a mother would be garnered up in a child so gifted as the bright and blooming Felicia, whose extraordinary quickness in acquiring information of every kind, was not less remarkable than the grasp of memory with which she

retained it. She could repeat pages of poetry from her favourite authors, after having read them but once over; and a scarcely less wonderful faculty was the rapidity of her reading, which even in childhood, and still more in after-life, was such, that a bystander would imagine she was only carelessly turning over the leaves of a book, when, in truth, she was taking in the whole sense as completely as others would do whilst poring over it with the closest attention. One of her earliest tastes was a passion for Shakspeare, which she read, as her choicest recreation, at six years old; and in later days she would often refer to the hours of romance she had passed in a secret haunt of her own—a seat amongst the branches of an old apple-tree—where, revelling in the treasures of the cherished volume, she would become completely absorbed in the imaginative world it revealed to her. The following lines, written at eleven years old, may be adduced as a proof of her juvenile enthusiasm:—

"Shakspeare.

I love to rove o'er history's page,
Recall the hero and the sage;
Revive the actions of the dead,
And memory of ages fled:
Yet it yields me greater pleasure
To read the poet's pleasing measure:
Led by Shakspeare, bard inspired,
The bosom's energies are fired:
We learn to shed the generous tear
O'er poor Ophelia's sacred bier;
To love the merry monastic scene,
With fairy elves in valleys green;
Or, borne on fancy's heavenly wings,
To listen while sweet Ariel sings.
How sweet the native woodnotes wild!
Of him, the Muse's favourite child!
Of him whose magic lays impart
Each various feeling to the heart!"

"At about the age of eleven, she passed a winter in London with her father and mother; and a similar sojourn was repeated in the following year, after which she never visited the metropolis. The contrast between the confinement of a town life, and the happy freedom of her own mountain home, was even then so distasteful to her, that the indulgences of plays and sights soon ceased to be cared for, and she longed to rejoin her younger brother and sister in their favourite rural haunts and amusements—the nuttery wood, the beloved apple-tree, the old arbour, with its swing, the post-office tree, in whose trunk a daily interchange of family letters was established, the pool where fairy ships were launched (generally painted and decorated by herself), and, dearest still, the fresh, free ramble on the seashore, or the mountain expedition to the Signal Station, or the Roman Encampment."

Studies, Rambles, and Predilections.—"In 1809, the family removed from Gwrych to Bronwyflla, near St. Asaph, in Flintshire. Here, though in somewhat less of seclusion than during the previous years of her life, her mind continued to develop itself, and her tastes and pursuits to embrace a progressively wider range. The study of the Spanish and Portuguese languages was added to the already acquired French and Italian. She also read German, though it was not until many years later that she entered with full appreciation into the soul and spirit of that magnificent language, and wrote of it as 'having opened to her a new world of thought and feeling, so that even the music of the "Eichenland," as Körner calls it, seemed to acquire a deeper tone, when she had gained a familiarity with its noble poetry.' The powers of her memory were so extraordinary, as to be sometimes made the subject of a wager by those who were sceptical as to the possibility of her achieving what she would, in the most undoubting simplicity, un-

dertake to perform. On one of these occasions, to satisfy the incredulity of one of her brothers, she learned by heart, having never read it before, the whole of Heber's poem of 'Europe' in one hour and twenty minutes, and repeated it without a single mistake or a moment's hesitation. The length of this poem is four hundred and twenty-four lines. She had a taste for drawing, which, with time and opportunity for its cultivation, would, doubtless, have led to excellence; but having so many other pursuits requiring her attention, she seldom attempted anything beyond slight sketches in pencil or Indian ink. Her correctness of eye, and the length and clearness of her vision, were almost as proverbial amongst her friends as her extraordinary powers of memory. She played both the harp and piano with much feeling and expression, and at this time had a good voice, but in a very few years it became weakened by the frequent recurrence of affections of the chest, and singing was consequently discontinued. Even in her most joyous days, the strains she preferred were always those of a pensive character. The most skillful combinations of abstract musical science did not interest or please her: what she loved best were national airs, whether martial or melancholy (amongst these the Welsh and Spanish were her favourites), and whatever might be called suggestive music, as awakening associations either traditional, local, or imaginary. There are ears in which certain melodies are completely identified with the recollection of her peculiarly soft and *sostenuto* touch, which gave to the piano an effect almost approaching to the swell of an organ. Amongst these may be mentioned Jomelli's 'Chaconne,' Opinsky's well-known 'Polonaise,' some of the slow movements from the ballet of 'Nina,' and a little touching air called the 'Moravian Nun,' brought from Germany by her eldest brother, who had learned it by ear. In after-life, when, like 'a reed shaken by the wind,' her frame had been shattered by sorrow and suffering, the intensity of her perceptions was such, that music became a painful excitement, and there were times when her nerves were too much overwrought to bear it. Allusions to this state of feeling are found in many of her poems; and in one of her letters, referring to a work of Richter's, she thus expresses herself:—'What a deep echo gives answer within the mind to the exclamation of the 'immortal old man' at the sound of music! 'Away! away! thou speakest of things which, throughout my endless life, I have found not, and shall not find!' All who have felt music, must, at times, I think, have felt this, making its sweetness too piercing to be sustained.' Some of the happiest days the young poetess ever passed were during occasional visits to some friends at Conway, where the charms of the scenery, combining all that is most beautiful in wood, water, and ruin, are sufficient to inspire the most prosaic temperament with a certain degree of enthusiasm; and it may therefore well be supposed, how fervently a soul, constituted like hers, would worship Nature at so fitting a shrine. With that happy versatility which was at all times a leading characteristic of her mind, she would now enter with childlike playfulness into the enjoyments of a mountain scramble, or a pic-nic water-party, the gayest of the merry band, of whom some are now, like herself, laid low, some far away in foreign lands, some changed by sorrow, and all by time; and then, in graver mood, dream away hours of pensive contemplation amidst the gray ruins of that noblest of Welsh castles, standing,

as it then did, in solitary grandeur, unapproached by bridge or causeway, flinging its broad shadow across the tributary waves which washed its regal walls. These lovely scenes never ceased to retain their hold over the imagination of her whose youthful muse had so often celebrated their praises. Her peculiar admiration of Mrs. Joanna Baillie's play of 'Echwald' was always pleasantly associated with the recollection of her having first read it amidst the ruins of Conway Castle. At Conway, too, she first made acquaintance with the lively and graphic 'Chronicles' of the chivalrous Froissart, whose inspiring pages never lost their place in her favour. Her own little poem, 'The Ruin and its Flowers,' which will be found amongst the earlier pieces in the present collection, was written on an excursion to the old fortress of Dyganwy, the remains of which are situated on a bold promontory near the entrance of the river Conway; and whose ivied walls, now fast mouldering into oblivion, once bore their part bravely in the defence of Wales; and are further endeared to the lovers of song and tradition, as having echoed the complaints of the captive Elphin, and resounded to the harp of Taliesin."

In 1808, a collection of her juvenile poems was given to the public; and in 1812 another volume, entitled "Domestic Affections," which is here reprinted, as a specimen of her style of juvenile composition. What we most admire, we imitate; and the resemblance to "The Pleasures of Hope" is too apparent. The whole composition, however, is full of promise, and many of the thoughts and images are pregnant with beauty and vigour. In the preceding year, 1811, she had married Captain Hemans—an ill-assorted union, to say the least of it;—but we have little of that gentleman in the Memoir; and, in 1818, he took his departure for good and all to Rome, where, we presume, he still resides. We hear no more of him than what the following brief passage contains:—

"In the year 1818, Captain Hemans, whose health had been long impaired by the previous vicissitudes of a military life, determined upon trying the effects of a southern climate; and, with this view, repaired to Rome, which he was afterwards induced to fix upon as his place of residence. It has been alleged, and with perfect truth, that the literary pursuits of Mrs. Hemans, and the education of her children, made it more eligible for her to remain under the maternal roof, than to accompany her husband to Italy. It is, however, unfortunately but too well known, that such were not the only reasons which led to this divided course. To dwell on this subject would be unnecessarily painful, yet it must be stated, that nothing like a permanent separation was contemplated at the time, nor did it ever amount to more than a tacit conventional arrangement, which offered no obstacle to the frequent interchange of correspondence, nor to a constant reference to their father in all things relating to the disposal of their boys. But years rolled on—seventeen years of absence, and consequently alienation—and from this time to the hour of her death, Mrs. Hemans and her husband never met again. In a position so painful, as must ever be that of a woman for whom the most sacred of ties is thus virtually broken, all outward consolations can be but of secondary value; yet much of what these could afford was granted to Mrs. Hemans, in the extending influence of her talents, the growing popularity of her writings, and the warm interest and attachment of many private friends. Amongst the most devoted of these, from an early period of their acquaint-

ance, were the family of the late Bishop of St. Asaph, the good and lamented Dr. Luxmoore. In this kind-hearted prelate, Mrs. Hemans possessed a never-failing friend and counsellor, whose advice, in the absence of nearer ties, she at all times sought with affectionate reliance, and whose approbation she valued with appreciating respect. His paternal kindness was not confined to herself, but extended with equal indulgence to her children, who were so accustomed to the interest he would take in their studies and sports, that they seemed to consider themselves as having an inherent right to his notice and favour; and would talk of 'their own bishop' in an amusing tone of appropriation. Many years afterwards, in a letter from Chiefawood, their mother thus alludes to the recollection of former days: 'I have been much at Abbotsford, where my boys run in and out as if they were children of the soil, or as if it were 'the palace.'"

[To be continued.]

Reconnoitering Voyages and Travels, with Adventures in the New Colonies of South Australia; a Particular Description of the Town of Adelaide, and Kangaroo Island; and an Account of the Present State of Sydney and Parts Adjacent; including Visits to the Nicobar and other Islands of the Indian Seas, Calcutta, the Cape of Good Hope, and St. Helena, during the Years 1836, 1837, 1838. By W. H. Leigh, Esq., late Surgeon of the Australian Company's Ship "South Australian." Embellished by numerous Engravings. 8vo. pp. 291. London, 1839. Smith, Elder, and Co.

NEARLY all the works we have met with, having titles similar to the present volume, have been but so many seductions, traps, or inducements to emigration into the particular quarters patronised by the writers. Mr. Leigh occupies the opposite ground; and his demolition of the *El Dorados* he has visited, is a warning, not only so far as they are concerned, but in all cases where we see the rose colour so lavishly applied in painting the delights which await emigrants in any portion of the globe. With this general remark, we shall not pursue his steps further than their enumeration in the title-page, but select a few examples of the nature of his statements, and leave them to the reflection of readers of sense and judgment. The following are general remarks:—

"I never could recommend thoughtless young men to come out to these young colonies, abandoning the gay dissipation of England for the gloomy wilds of Australia, where nothing but the strictest perseverance can make way. The comforts of society must be disregarded for awhile; years must elapse before you can think of enjoying the comforts of happy England. The want, not merely of luxuries, but of even the necessities of life, must often be submitted to. Even, after all your toil in preparing your foster-home, are you secure from disappointment, since the long drought to which these climes are subject may destroy all your labour, and leave the once verdant field, upon which you anchored all your hopes, a brown and withered wilderness. Forget, if it be possible, that you have lived in England; forget, at all events refrain from comparing your native with your adopted country, and then, with your wife and domestics, your little home, though rude as the huts which held our sturdy forefathers in Britain, you may have many comforts; indeed, I have spent as gay and as happy a night in a hut composed of bark and reeds, or under a log-hut, as ever I passed in

the vicinity of Turkey carpets, purple and fine linen. There is a peculiar fascination in these scenes—a freedom that exhilarates. There is no idling all the morning among the vanity shops. That delightful part of the day is spent by the women in the more substantial and beneficial occupation of the kitchen. In using the word 'kitchen,' I should explain that it does not exactly mean a receptacle for fat cooks, fat joints, and greasy scullions; but a place where one sees a fire, a pot swung *à la pique*, a bench, a bundle of wood, perhaps a dog or two lying by the fire—Miss, or Sally So-and-So occasionally cracking a faggot, which her good little brother had been labouring to cut down behind the hut—a piece of tarpauling over-head, sometimes bounded on the right by the hut, and on the left by thick bush. This is the kind of kitchen most in fashion in these parts; and, when ornamented by the hind-quarter of a kangaroo, or a young wallaba, cuts no insignificant appearance about two or three o'clock in the day, when the cloth is laid upon two boards, on trestles, just in the shade of a fine young gum-tree."

Of Kangaroo Island, we are told:—

"Capt. Flinders tells us the island abounds with kangaroos and emus, and Capt. Sutherland seconds the assertion—there was nothing to be feared. Accordingly, I purchased a splendid rifle, double-barrelled gun, single gun, pistols, powder, and shot. Now mark the interpretation of our dreams. There is not a kangaroo within twenty or thirty miles of the settlement; if you want to shoot one, you must prepare for a fortnight's march in the interminable bush; and, when shot, how is it to be got home? According to men who have lived there, there has no emu been seen these ten years; and, as it regarded the cow-jobbing business, when we landed our two goats, the manager said, 'Pray send some corn with them, for we have not a blade of grass upon the island!!!' Nor was there; for what little grass springs up is a long way from Kingscote, and is only periodical, the dry weather destroying it,—so,

'Away went the cow, and the joint was not done!

The dreamer awoke!—and the pudding was gone!"

I shall have occasion to remark, anon, on several other visionaries and their adventures; but at present we will return to the emigrants, whom we left on board with the islander, who interpreted their dreams. 'What are you all come here for?' he inquired. This was a very natural question, but it proved a poser. 'And how do you mean to live?' he added. 'Oh, why we mean to land to-morrow, and go into our houses—where are they?' 'I don't know that there are any other houses than those you see; and they are all inhabited. Perhaps you don't know the prices of provisions here?' 'No.' 'Well, then, I will tell you. We pay 9d. for Irish salt-pork, wet out of the pickle; pickled bacon from Sydney, 2s. 4d.; ham, 2s. 10d.; cheese, when there was any, 2s. 4d.; seaman's junk, *alias* salt-horse, *alias* mahogany, 6d.; with this additional advantage, that if you purchase at the stores two pounds of pork, you are obliged to purchase also six pounds of the junk, or you are not allowed to be a customer at all! You are not permitted to buy flour, unless you buy with it biscuits which are scarcely eatable. A kind of bird, purchased by the monopolising storekeeper at a 1d. each, is retailed by him at 10d.,—and none but the strongest stomachs can endure them. Salt butter, and that not of the best, is 1s. 8d. There is no fresh water to be had near the settlement: what we use is fetched across the

Bay from Point Marsden, a distance of seven miles, and we pay a penny a bucket for it. We seldom get any fresh meat, but an animal called a wallaba, and one called a bandicoot, resembling a large English rat. We have no vegetables of any description, not even a potato.' This information was productive of fervent benedictions on Squire This and Squire That, who had so grossly misrepresented the whole. The committee, it was repeatedly argued by them, had pledged their word—the bond of honourable men,—that good provisions of every description should be retailed to them at 5 per cent above the Sydney prices—that houses, such as there are in New South Wales, should be ready for their reception until, with their own and others' assistance, they erected more suitable dwellings. Upon the faith of these promises they had left their homes, and had arrived. They had come 'strangers, in a land of strangers,' after a long voyage, without a morsel of fresh meat or vegetable, and without a place to rest their heads. They were informed, that on the morrow they should be turned into a part of the wood which is to be cleared; a small tent is to be assigned to them, into which two families are to be thrust, without the prospect of any other during the rainy season, which is now about to commence. Such was the state of affairs on our arrival in the land to which, for so long a time, every thought was directed, and to attain which, hardships and peril had been encountered without a murmur. However, so it was, and all that was left for us was to make the best of a bad bargain.

"We now come to treat of some of the lesser annoyances of this country. The flea in Australia is about twice or thrice as large as the English species. I have seen fleas that were nearly half as large as a barleycorn; they appear to breed in the sand, and what so many millions of fleas feed upon I cannot imagine, as not one in a million of them can get a bite at an animal. Everybody swarms with fleas, and those persons who are habitually unclean are a moving mass. My profession called me frequently to the bedside of persons of this description, and I found that keeping a respectable distance was preferable to close quarters. Notwithstanding I gave a whole hour in the morning to ejecting these pests from my bed, I seldom have found the bill of mortality less than thirty. One plan practised with effect in the Swan River region, by the colonists, is to take the bedding, blankets, &c., and spread them near an ant-hill, the denizens of which will seize the sleeping flea and carry him off."

Let us now change the scene to Sydney:—

"I attended at the police-office on several occasions, and derived so much entertainment, that it would be selfish to deprive my reader of a share of it. Come, then, my friend, with me, and we will walk up George Street, and stroll through the market-house, which is cool and shady, and lies all in our way. This large and highly convenient building is a great ornament and credit to the town, and most articles of the colony are here exhibited for sale. Now, turning one angle of this building, we command a full view of the 'Babes in the Wood,' of whom I have often beheld as many as eight or ten at a time. Now we enter the court, which is a police-office, for the trial of minor offences;—the hall of the big-wigs being a spacious building in another situation. This room, to which we now introduce you, is not one of magnitude, but is accommodated with seats at one side, resembling pews in a church; the

magistrate is a little exalted, in a kind of pulpit; his clerk sitting just under him. Now the door opens, and in is escorted Mary Flagon, in glorious dishabille, with a fearfully black eye, and a few other interesting mementos. Now the charge on which Mary is indicted being established, the gentleman in the pulpit requests to know the date of the first appearance of Mary in these distant climes, and the proposed period of her sojourn.—Justice. I suppose the old thing over again;—drunk and disorderly, eh?—Mary. Yes, my lord.—Justice. Two months;—bread-and-water. The next candidate is another inebriate, whose feats of arms are manifest on the countenances of several who appear in the witness-box. He is sentenced to hard labour, and bread-and-water for a month, with a bonus of 300 lashes to begin with. The other cases are varied by complaints of the masters, at whose desire 200 lashes are awarded to the culprit instantly; the question, 'Do you press further punishment?' being propounded to the master. The lash is wielded smartly at this office, and the thongs of it are seldom dry from ten till three o'clock. Were it not for this method of punishing saucy, indolent, and drunken assigned servants, they could not be endured. Another advantage resulting from corporal punishment is, that the moment it is awarded, the offenders are conducted into the apartment adjoining the trial-room, and there is a man whose duty it is to give them 'the benefit of the act,' whence they return to their appointed masters. I certainly have witnessed dreadful backs, principally from flogging with the foul cat; for it is not washed after the whipping of the poor wretches, but hung up, when it dries; the blood hardens the whip-cord, and the first stroke cuts like a knife;—thus the punishment is doubled. I had a poor creature under my care who had been treated in this manner; and, whether it was from his state of body, the unusual malignity of the blood of the man who was whipped before him, or my want of skill in dressing his wounds, it is certain that he was three weeks unable to move, without breaking open a fresh gap that bled in a fearful manner. This same man,—who to my eyes looked a good sort of servant, and I believe was such,—had received in the colony 1800 lashes, and chiefly for drunken rioting."

At Paramatta.

"I left the scene early in the afternoon, joined the steamer, and at six I was just in time to see what are called the 'canary birds,' returning from labour. These were the convicts dubbed canaries, from their yellow and brown dress. They were marched into their barracks by a guard of soldiers, who also reside there; and as they passed the steamer, they cast a melancholy look towards the happy faces which presented so striking a contrast to their own. I wish the thieves and vagabonds at home could see such scenes as these; it would have a better effect than the exhibition of a poor wretch on the scaffold, and is assuredly a worse punishment. At Sydney they do not distress the feelings of the inhabitants by publicly hanging the luckless wretches doomed to die; but if any one is particularly desirous to witness the scene, and cannot get into the gaol-yard, where they are turned off, he may, by standing on a particular bank near the gaol wall, indulge his eyes with the sight of some half-dozen at a time paying the debt they owe to society. The store that supplies the ropes, &c. to Jack Ketch is, on the morning of execution, visited by that functionary, when the following dialogue ensues:—'Mornin', Mr. —; what's o'clock?'

—'Half-past seven.'—'Well, I want rope and soap for six;' the fellow thinking as little of the performance of his revolting duties as a butcher of the execution of his."

Enough of the Charms of Emigration.—

"England, with all thy faults, I love thee still;"

and I truly wish thou wert still in every sense of the word, and neither distracted by party, faction, nor fanaticism.

The Voiage and Travaile of Sir John Maundevile, Knt., &c. &c. With an Introduction, Notes, and Glossary. By J. O. Halliwell, Esq. F.S.A. F.R.A.S. 8vo. pp. 326. London, 1839. E. Lumley.

OLD Maundevile is too universally known to need a description from us. His credulity has been acknowledged for hundreds of years; and it has been argued that where he speaks directly, of his own authority, his facts are to be depended upon, though confessedly his whole work is to be taken with at least half-a-bushel of salt. Be this as it may, his prodigious popularity, and the amusing curiosity of his state-

ments, render him a writer most worthy to be re-edited; and we rejoice to see that the task has fallen into such competent hands. The Introduction and other additions of Mr. Halliwell are all that could be desired by the book-worm or general reader; and to these we refer for what the traveller was, and what has been done for his travels, and what has been thought of them, and where the original MSS. and editions, &c., are to be found, and how all is to be best understood.

This reprint is from the edition of 1725; or rather from the same MS. in the Cotton collection; and of course, contains an account of all the marvels of Syria, Jerusalem, "Inde, Prester John's Lande, and other ilands and countrys" which were illustrated by the famous pen of Sir John Maundevile. But we question much if the pencil did not contribute as much as the pen to his extraordinary popularity, and will therefore take the liberty of reviewing him more with reference to the latter than to the former. Behold us, then, with the *Soudan of Babiloyne*, with whom (and in his wars) our

countryman dwelt a long time; for he was not one of your modern hasty and hurried tourists, who can furnish you three volumes out of three months' travelling; but a conscientious and pains-taking fellow, who could make only one volume out of a journey of many years in the most remarkable parts of the world. Of him, after describing his mighty power, it is told us:—

"And the Soudan hathe 4 Wyfes, on Cristene and 3 Sarazines: of the whiche, on dwellethe at Jerusalem, and another at Damasce, and another at Ascalon. And whan hem lyst, thei remewen to other Cytees. And whan the Soudan wille, he may go visite hem. And he hathe as many Paramours, as hym lykethe. For he makethe to come before him, the fairest and the nobleste of Birthe and the gentyllest; Damesles of his Contree, and he makethe hem to ben kept and served fulle honourably, and whan he wole have on to lye withe him, he makethe hem alle to come before him; and he beholdethe in alle, whiche of hem is most to his plesance, and to hire anon he sendethe or



castethe a Ryng fro his Fyngre: And thanne anon sche schalle ben bathed and richely atyred, and anoynted with delicat thinges of swete smelle, and than lad to the Soudane's Chambre. And thus he dothe, als often as him list, when he will have any of hem."

These *beauties* put us in mind of the ludicrous caricature of one of our naval captains being complimented with the choice of a wife out of the lot belonging to some King of Ashantee or Fooloo—no wonder the soudan was envied by all the rest of mankind! In Ethiopia they do not seem to be so favoured by Nature. *Ex. gr.:*—

"Ethiopia is departed in 2 princypalle parties; and that is, in the Est partie and in the Meridionelle partie: the whiche partie meridionelle is clept *Moretana*. And the folk of that Contree ben blake y now, and more blake than in the tother partie; and thei ben clept *Mowros*. In that partie is a Welle, that in the day it is so cold, that no man may drynke there offe; and in the nyght it is so hott, that no man may suffre his hond there in. And bezonde that partie, toward the Southe, to passe by the See Oceaan, is a gret Lond and a gret Contrey: but men may not duelle there, for the fervent brennyng of the Sonne; so is it passyng hoot in that Contrey. In Ethiopia alle the Ryvers and alle the Watres ben trouble, and thei ben somdelle salte, for the gret hete that is there. And the folk of that Contree ben lyghtly dronken, and han but litille appetyt to mete: And thei han comounly the Flux of the Wombe: and thei lyven not longe. In Ethiopia ben many dyverse folk: and Ethiopia is clept *Cusia*. In that Contree been folk, that han but o foot: and thei goe so fast, that it is marvaylle: and the foot is so large, that it schadowethe alle the Body azen the Sonne, whanne thei wole lye and reste hem."

In another *His* we find "wyldes geese" with two necks, very like the Swan in Lad Lane; to which latter sign we refer for a facsimile of the likeness given of the former, while we pass to Maucy, a most delightful "contree in Inde," where "ben white hennes withouten fetheres: but thei heren white wolle, as scheep don here." They are so picturesque that we must copy them—perhaps their progenitors were the fowls whose footsteps Dr. Buckland has detected in modern geology as they ran or marched along the sands! But we have done with conjecture, and so come to an end with an undoubted truth:—

"In passyng be the Load of Cathaye, toward the highe Ynde, and toward Bacharye, men passen be a Kyngdom, that men clepen *Caldilhe*; that is a fulle fair Contree. And there growethe a maner of Fruyt, as though it weren *Gowrdes*: and whan thei ben ripe, men kuten hem a to, and men fynden with inne a lytyle Best, in *Flesche*, in Bon and Blode, as though it were a lytyle *Lomb*, with outen Wolle. And men eten bothe the Frut and the Best: and that is a gret *Marvaylle*. Of that Frute I have eten: alle thoughte it were wonderfull: but that I knowe wel, that God is marvellous in his Werkes. And natheles I tolde hem, of als gret a *Marvaylle* to hem, that is amonges us: and that wes of the *Bernakes*. For I tolde hem, that in oure Contree weren Trees, that beren a Fruyt, that becomen *Brides flesyng*: and tho that fallen in the Water, lyven; and thei that fallen on the Erthe, dyen anon: and thei ben right gode to *Mannes mete*. And here of had thei als gret

"See Pliny's 'Natural History,' lib. vii. c. 2, q. Item hominum genus, qui Monocelli vocantur, singulis crebris, sine periculis ad saltum; eodemque; Sceloporus vocari, quod in majori actu, humi jacentes respiciunt, nullo se potius protegent."

marvaylle, that sūme of hem trowed, it were an impossible thing to be."

Burns says,

"Some books are lies from end to end,
And some great lies were never penned;
But this that I am going to tell
Is just as true as —"

Sir John Maundevile.

A Genealogical and Heraldic Dictionary of the Peerage and Baronage of the British Empire. By John Burke, Esq. Sixth Edition. London, 1836. Colburn.

EVERY new edition of this work is essentially a new book, not alone from the peculiar nature of the subject-matter itself, changeable and progressive though it be beyond almost any other, but from the persevering research and industry of the author, who brings to every revision such a fresh store of information as enables him, while correcting erroneous, and clearing up disputed statements, to add greatly to the extent and importance of his labours. Thus, within a very few years, has a small duodecimo grown in size to the compass of the large volume now before us—a royal octavo of some twelve or thirteen hundred closely printed pages, a veritable dictionary in bulk as in fashion. Before we quote some passages which we have noted from the body of this leviathan of peerages, we shall extract the first paragraph of the introduction, as an accurate estimate of the precise position which the nobility of England hold within her social circle—a nobility, we do not hesitate in describing as the finest, the bravest, and the most liberal aristocratic body that ever contributed to sustain by its solid strength, and to adorn by its simple grandeur, the fabric of a free and mighty empire: and why? because, in its construction, it is essentially democratic, an adaptation of the old patriarchal system to modern refinement, the privileged chief united to the people by all the ties of feeling, interest, and affection, a democratic aristocracy upholding a republican monarchy. But hear Mr. Burke:—

"The nobility of England, like the nobles of other countries, are a privileged order; but, personally, their immunities are very unimportant, and minister much more to the pomp than the power of the possessor. In their legislative capacity, the peers of England form one of the estates of the realm—that immediately between the crown and the people; in their judicial, they constitute its highest tribunal and court of dernier appeal: their functions—legislative and judicial—are inherent and exercised without responsibility. The nobility of England bear the ensign of dominion in the minor crown; but it is merely the ensign—they wield no minor sceptre. They are clothed in the purple and ermine of royalty, but they are invested with no regal jurisdiction, and they enjoy no sovereign signiory. In no one instance can the proudest peer transgress with impunity the laws of the land; in no one instance can the haughtiest lord invade the rights of the humblest commoner; and in no one instance (in matters of moment) can a noble exercise authority which a commoner dare not assume. Thus, then, the aristocracy of the British Empire, like its other imitable institutions, exists but as a link in the great chain which connects the community at large,—a link more polished, perhaps, than any of the other—hardly more powerful."

Among the numerous expedients of modern statesmen to force bills through parliament, none, we think, at all comparable to the following:—

"Sir Edward Montagu had been speaker, at one time, of the House, and the following anecdote is related of him when filling the chair:—A bill of subsidies not passing, Mr. Speaker was sent for by the king, and thus addressed while on his knees in the royal presence: 'Ho! will they not let my bill pass?' and laying his hand on the head of Montagu, Henry continued, 'Get my bill to pass by such a time to-morrow, or else by such a time this head of yours shall be off.' The speech was brief and conclusive; for we are told that Sir Edward 'wrought so effectually, that before the time prescribed, the bill passed with the approbation of the House, and the sovereign's satisfaction.'"

In the olden, as well as in modern times, our pugnacious "hereditary bondsmen," on the other side of St. George's Channel, had a very decisive way of adjusting disputations:—

"Two near kinsmen of the noble family of the O'Connors having charged each other with sundry treasons in the late rebellion, and desiring a trial by combat, the lords justices consented to it. Whereupon all things being prepared, according to the customary laws in such cases, and the lords justices, the lords of the council, judges, &c., sitting in their places, every one according to his degree, the appellant, stripped in his shirt, was brought before the court with only his sword and target, and when he had done his reverence to the lords justices and the court, was set on a stool: the defendant was likewise brought in the same order, and with the like weapons, and placed over against the appellant. After the challenge was read, each combatant took an oath of what he averred, and that it was true, and would justify the same both with sword and blood. Then the signal, by sound of trumpet, being given them to engage, the appellant did not only disarm the defendant, but also, with the sword he took from him, cut off his head, and on the point thereof presented it to the lords, who thereupon acquitted him."

Turning from Ireland to Scotland, we find a very spirited narrative of the heroic death of the

Douglas of Otterbourne.—"This distinguished chieftain making an excursion into England, in 1368, penetrated to the gates of York; whence returning spoil-laden, his lordship had many skirmishes with the English at Newcastle, in one of which he became possessed of the pennon of Henry Percy (Hotspur), and vaunting that he should erect it on the pinnacle of his own castle, Percy retorted with an oath, 'Thou shalt never bear it out of Northumberland'; and to uphold by arms the declaration, himself and his brother, Ralph Percy, attacked Douglas in his camp at Otterbourne, 19th Aug. 1368, when a furious conflict ensued, wherein Lord Douglas fell; but the Percys eventually sustained a signal defeat. While Douglas lay wounded in the brunt of the battle, one of his knightly companions (Sindair) inquired, 'How goes it, cousin?' 'But so-so; praise be to God,' replied the sinking soldier, 'few of my ancestors have died in chambers or in beds. Avenge me, for I die. My heart faints too rapidly. Raise again my banner, and shout 'Douglas!' But tell not friend nor foe how it fares with me, for my enemies would exult, and my friends be disconsolate.'"

Another noble, Richard, sixth Earl of Anglesey, offers a broad contrast to this gallant chieftain:—

The Earl of Anglesey was not left in uninterrupted enjoyment of the honours; for soon

after his accession, a claimant arose in the person of Mr. James Annealey, who asserted that he was himself the son of Arthur, fourth Lord Altham, and a publication, entitled 'The Adventures of an Unfortunate Young Nobleman,' gave a very extraordinary and interesting narrative of his case. In that statement it was alleged, that Mr. Annealey was the true and lawful son and heir of Arthur, Lord Altham, and that he had been kidnapped and transported by his uncle Richard, to make room for his own accession to the honours and estates of the family. Mr. Annealey followed up the matter, instituted a suit at law for the recovery of the estates, and, after a trial in the Court of Exchequer in Ireland, James Annealey *versus* Richard, called Earl of Anglesey, begun 11th Nov. 1743, and continued daily, by adjournment, to the 25th of the same month, obtained a verdict. We believe, however, that he did not live long after, as the uncle, notwithstanding this decision, continued to enjoy the honours and fortune. The conduct of that person, throughout the whole course of his iniquitous career, fully sustained the presumption that he had been very capable of committing the foul crime thus laid to his charge. He is said to have married three wives, two of whom he heartlessly abandoned, and the offspring of the third was unable but partially to establish his legitimacy. The second lady, Miss Simpson, he wedded when a half-pay officer, without title or fortune, and for some years afterwards was chiefly maintained by her father and friends. After his accession to the barony of Altham, and subsequently to the earldom of Anglesey, this lady was received at the Vice-regal Court in Dublin as the consort of his lordship, and so introduced by himself. He cohabited with her for several years, during which time he had three daughters, and these, with their mother, he eventually left to starve. His third wife was a Miss Donovan, whom he espoused in the lifetime of the second, under the allegation that he had a wife living when he married Miss Simpson, and that his marriage with that unhappy lady was therefore illegal. To Juliana Donovan he appears to have been married in 1741, immediately after the decease of Anne Phrurst, the first wife, by his own chaplain, the Rev. L. Neil, at his seat, Camolin Park, County of Wexford; and by her (who married after his decease Matthew Talbot, Esq. of Castle Talbot, county of Wexford), he had one son and two daughters."

We have this origin of the Duke of Leinster's supporters:—

"Thomas Fitzgerald, Lord of Offaley, was nicknamed *Nappagh Simiacus*, or the ape, a surname thus acquired—being only nine months old when his father and grandfather fell at Callen, his attendants rushing out at the first astonishment excited by the intelligence, left the child alone in its cradle, when a baboon, kept in the family, took him up, and carried him to the top of the steeple of the Abbey of Tralee; whence, after conveying him round the battlements, and exhibiting him to the appalled spectators, he brought him down safely, and laid him in his cradle. From this tradition the supporters of the house of Leinster are said to have been adopted."

And thus the parentage of Mr. Secretary Pepys is given:—

"This Samuel Pepys (of the same family as Lord Cottenham) was of Steeple Bumpstead, in Essex. He died in 1665, and was grandfather, we presume, of Samuel Pepys, author of the 'Diary,' secretary of the admiralty, temp. Charles II. and James II. His (the

secretary's) father was John Pepys, a citizen of London, where he followed the trade of a tailor about the year 1660; he soon afterwards retired to Brompton, in Huntingdonshire, at which place he inherited a small property of 40l. a-year from an elder brother, and died there in 1680."

The singular privilege which Lord Kingsale enjoys of wearing his hat in the royal presence, is of very ancient date, and of very honourable origin. Mr. Burke thus refers to it:—

"Sir John de Courcy, earl of Ulster, continued in high favour during the remainder of the reign of his royal master, and performed prodigies of valour in Ireland; but upon the accession of King John, his splendour and rank having excited the envy of Hugh de Lacie, appointed governor of Ireland by that monarch, the Earl of Ulster was treacherously seized while performing penance unarmed and barefooted in the churchyard of Down-Patrick, on Good Friday, anno 1203, and sent over to England, where the king condemned him to perpetual imprisonment in the Tower, and granted to Lacie all the earl's possessions in Ireland. After his lordship had been in confinement about a year, a dispute happening to arise between King John and Philip-Augustus of France, concerning the Duchy of Normandy, the decision of which being referred to single combat, King John, more hasty than advised, appointed the day, against which the King of France provided his champion; but the King of England, less fortunate, could find no one of his subjects willing to take up the gauntlet, until his captive in the Tower, the gallant Earl of Ulster, was prevailed upon to accept the challenge. But when every thing was prepared for the contest, and the champions had entered the lists, in presence of the monarchs of England, France, and Spain, the opponent of the earl, seized with a sudden panic, put spurs to his horse, and fled the arena; whereupon the victory was adjudged with acclamation to the champion of England. The French king being informed, however, of the earl's powerful strength, and wishing to witness some exhibition of it, his lordship, at the desire of King John, cleft a massive helmet in twain at a single blow. The king was so well satisfied with this signal performance, that he not only restored the earl to his estates and effects, but desired him to ask any thing within his gift, and it should be granted. To which Ulster replied, that having estates and titles enough, he desired that his successors might have the privilege (their first obeisance being paid) to remain covered in the presence of his majesty, and all future kings of England, which request was immediately conceded."

We might, did space and time permit, extend our extracts to any limit, for the volume is one to be read, as well as to be referred to. The introduction of the article "Foreign Noblemen, subjects by birth of the British Crown," presents the pedigrees and arms of the Counts De Salis, De Viames, D'Alton, the Barons De Robeck, De Rothschild, Dimsdale, &c., and it includes the Prince of Waterloo, the Duke of Bronte, the Marquess of Heusden, &c. &c. These details are valuable as informing us, who and what those noble persons are, and wherefore they bear those splendid dignities and designations.

Excerpta of Wit; or, Railway Companion: being a Collection of Laconic Sentences, from a great variety of sources. 12mo. pp. 374. London, 1839. P. Richardson.

SINCE the days of the facetious Joe Miller

there have been many publications of this kind; some of them repeating the old jokes, or dressing them up anew; others preserving the mots, puns, and jests, to which modern occasion gave rise; and others still bringing the witticisms of greater antiquity, and of remote countries, into juxtaposition with the received records of their native analogues and descendants. Partaking of all these ingredients, the present little volume is an amusing collection, and well deserves its place among productions of its class; not only for the entertaining specimens of humour it contains, but for the absence of any thing approaching to indecorum or coarseness. Were it but for the last merit, we owe it the compliment of a few illustrative extracts.

"*Excuse.*—An Irishman, accused of marrying six wives, on being questioned how he could be such a hardened villain to delude so many, replied with great nonchalance, 'Why, please your worship, I was trying to GET a good one!'"

"*A Question Answered.*—A Yankee and Irishman, happening to be riding together, passed a gallows. 'Where would you be,' said Jonathan, 'if the gallows had its due?' 'Riding alone, to be sure,' said Pat."

"*Beer.*—It was told Jekyl that one of his friends, a brewer, had been drowned in his own vat. 'Ah!' he exclaimed, 'floating on his watery bier!'"

"*Sir William Gooch.*—The governor of Williamsburg, walking one day in the street, and in conversation with a friend, returned the salute of a Negro. 'Do you condescend to bow to a Negro?' asked the friend. 'Why not?' replied Sir W. G. 'I cannot permit a slave to excel me in good manners.'"

"*Yankee Pun.*—A gentleman, with a glass eye, was about to execute the right of suffrage, when he was accosted by a political opponent with, 'I say, Mister, what are you doing here?—you can't vote, you're not natural eyes'd.' The joke was taken in good part, and created some merriment."

"*J. Ketch.*
The rope broke ere the thief had died,
Which put Jack Ketch in strange disorder:
'Tis hard to hang him twice,' he cried;
'I shall be nicknamed the Re-corder.'

"*An Auctioneer's Opinion.*—When you peruse the Scriptures,' said a gentleman high in the church, to Harry Phillips, of Bond-street, 'whose virtue do you most admire?' 'Why,' said H. P., 'that is a puzzling question; but, at the present moment, I can recollect nothing superior to Lot's.'"

"*A Bon Mot.*—Some thieves met a man, and, after robbing him, bound him and laid him under a hedge. They presently after met another, whom they robbed, and also bound and laid him on the other side of the hedge. The first exclaiming, 'Oh! I'm undone! I'm undone!' the other bawled out, and desired that, if it were so, he would come and undo him."

"*Lord N's last.*—The witty peer, reading an account of the death of a Mr. Snowball who had committed suicide for love, exclaimed, 'Poor fellow! what a pity he did not wait for a thaw, for then he would have died a natural death.'"

"On a Smuggler, shot in an Affray with the Excise-officers."

Here I lies—
Killed by the xli's"

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Oxford Divines not Members of the Church of England, by T. B. Browne. Fp. 213. (London, Longman and Co.)—Its title explains the nature of this work.

which assails the new divines of Oxford, and maintains that their doctrines are irreconcilable with the orthodoxy of the Church of England. *Non nostrum.*

The Influence of the Affections upon Character, by Ed. Chapman. Pp. 85. (London, J. Green.)—A brief essay, full of good feeling and just religious sentiment.

The Nautical Steam Engine Explained, &c., by Commander R. S. Robinson, R.N. Pp. 184. (London, Saunders and Otley.)—A very useful treatise, in which the power, &c. of the Steam Engine is clearly explained, so as to be a guide to all persons intrusted with the management of steam navigation.

Rules and Exercises on the Right Use of the Latin Subjunctive Mood, &c., by the Rev. R. B. Greenlaw, M.A. &c. Pp. 86. (London, Longman and Co.)—We thought enough had been written on this said Subjunctive Mood. Mr. Greenlaw, however, gives some sensible advice respecting Latin style; and is, we observe, a bit of a controversialist against Dr. Crombie and other grammatical writers.

An Elementary Course of Civil Engineering, by D. H. Mahan, U.S. Edited by Professor Barlow, &c. 4to. pp. 211. (Glasgow, Fullarton and Co.; Edinburgh, Black; Dublin, Robertson and Co.; London, Orr and Co.)—This appears to us to be an excellent and much-wanted text book on the subject. Both civil and military engineering are embraced in it; and of both, the expositions and instructions are sound and obvious.

Animal Magnetism, &c. Pp. 82. (London, Churchill.)—Extracted from the "British and Foreign Medical Review," and a very able exposure of this nonsensical subject, temperately done, and almost entirely taken from the contradictory pretences of its own professors.

Coal Combination, &c., by W. S. Northhouse. Pp. 70. (London, Thomas.)—A pamphlet to back up the lord mayor in the coal business.

Le Répertoire Littéraire, &c., by C. J. Deille. (London, Whitaker.)—A second edition of this good selection from French authors, with some additions of equal character.

The Hand-Book for the Toilette, by the Author of "Hand-Book of Cookery," &c. Pp. 172. (London, Orr and Co.)—One of those compilations which seem pretty much all alike—the mixture differently coloured—and all nearly of the same utility.

Hand-Book of the Laundry, by a Lady. Pp. 140. (Same.)—Ditto, ditto.

Hints towards the Improvement of Female Education, by Miss Furlong. Pp. 110. (Edinburgh, Johnstone.)—Explaining and recommending (not without good grounds) the system of female education pursued by the New Edinburgh Educational Institution.

Confession of the Name of Christ in the 16th and 19th Centuries, by J. H. Merle D'Aubigné. Pp. 41. (London, Lov.)—A highly Protestant appeal from the pious President of the Theological School of Geneva.

The Hand-Book of France, Pp. 188. (London, Strange.)—A guide by Boulogne, Calais, Havre, or Dieppe, to the French capital, and containing the usual instructions to travellers.

Dr. Macleure's Praxis on the Latin Potential and Subjunctive Moods, &c. &c. Pp. 144. (London, J. Mortimer.)—Instructional Exercises on important grammatical points.

The Vegetable Cultivator, &c. &c., by John Rogers, author of "The Fruit Cultivator." Pp. 343. (London, Longman and Co.)—A very useful volume, in which the best methods of cultivating culinary vegetables are described in alphabetical order; and, in addition, the best ways of cooking them for consumption after they are grown to perfection. There is also a general account of physical herbs, and, to complete the whole, some recollections of Mr. Philip Milner, the gardener of the Apothecaries' Company. It is quite a household and housekeeper's book.

Easter Eggs and the Robin Redbreast, from the German of the Rev. C. Schmidt. The Little Lamb. The same. (Edinburgh, Clark; London, Hamilton, Adams, and Co.)—Two little children's books from the German, and in the German tone of simplicity and religion.

Description of Australia, by F. Scott. Pp. 48. (Glasgow, Campbell, &c.) *A Short Account of Prince Edward's Island*, &c. Pp. 94. (London, Madden.)—Every quarter of the earth seems to have its emigration patrons and advocates. These are two of the many productions of the press to recommend their favourite places.

The Principles and Practice of Levelling, by Edward Jones, Architect and Civil Engineer. Pp. 70. (London, Williams.)—This is not a Chartist work, but a treatise on the levelling necessary in the operations of the Engineer. It is a plain and useful tract for the student in that profession.

The Outlaw, a Drama in Five Acts, by Robert Story. Pp. 176. (London, Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.)—Some Dramas are for the Stage; others for the Closet. We fear this would do little in either.

The Wrongs of the Animal World, &c., by David Mushet. Pp. 324. (London, Hatchard.)—An earnest appeal in behalf of the brute creation. Its reclamation against the cruel use of dogs as beasts of draught, which every hour disgusts us in the streets of London, loudly demands the attention of the legislature.

A Practical Treatise on Accounts, &c., by Isaac Preston Cory, Barrister-at-Law, &c. 8vo. pp. 340. (London, Pickering.)—A valuable treatise, in which mercantile, stewards, and other accounts, are placed on a clear practical footing; and the intricacies of partnership concerns are explained in a very satisfactory manner.

Godfrey, the Little Hermit; a German Tale. Pp. 89. (London, J. Burns.)—A nice little book from the German of Canon Schmitt, inculcating strong religious principles, and a dependence upon Almighty power.

Sermons contributed in aid of the Fund for repairing the Churches at Leeds, damaged by the Hurricane of January 7. Pp. 200. (Leeds, Cross.)—A most laudable design, and supported in a spirit worthy of the occasion. We believe the public are indebted to the Rev. John Holroyd and the Rev. W. Sinclair, for these Discourses: not only worthy of the object they had in view, but the general appreciation of all moral and Christian readers.

ARTS AND SCIENCES. GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

THE eighth anniversary of this Society was held on the 27th inst., W. R. Hamilton, Esq., President, in the chair.—The annual report of the Council was read, which stated that 63 new members had been elected, and 13 vacancies had occurred during the past year; and that the Society now consists of 651 members, besides 60 foreign honorary and corresponding members: that the state of the finances continued satisfactory, as the expenditure of 1682*l.* during the past year, had been met by a corresponding increase in subscriptions, leaving the whole capital of 4800*l.* in the funds untouched. At the evening meeting, the president delivered his anniversary address, and presented the two gold medals, constituting the royal premium for the advancement of geographical science and discovery, awarded respectively to Dr. Rüppell of Frankfort, and Mr. Thomas Simpson of the Hudson's Bay Company, in the following terms:—

"Chevalier Bunsen.—It is peculiarly gratifying to me, that, as president of the Royal Geographical Society of London, it has fallen to my lot to place a gold medal, the gift of our most gracious sovereign, and awarded by the council of this Society to my much valued friend Dr. Eduard Rüppell of Frankfort, in the hands of another highly valued friend, the Chevalier Bunsen, for the purpose of its being transmitted to its deserving owner. The medal is awarded to Dr. Rüppell, in testimony of the high sense which the council feel of the services rendered by Dr. Rüppell for the advancement of physical geography. And though Dr. Rüppell, together with his habits of minute accuracy, his innate love of truth, the truly philanthropic spirit which he carried with him to the rocks of Arabia Petra, or the burning sands of Abyssinia and Kordofan; although Dr. Rüppell, besides his assiduity and exactness in using his mathematical instruments for astronomically fixing the sites of every important place he visited, was also a distinguished and indefatigable naturalist, we love to regard him chiefly as a geographer; and, as such, to proclaim, as we do, our high sense of his merits as a large benefactor to the science which we profess to cultivate. Dr. Rüppell made three journeys into Africa: his first was of short duration, for he soon left Egypt to return to Europe, where alone he could hope to attain sufficient proficiency as a practical astronomer, to travel with advantage through unknown regions. He placed himself under the tuition of the lamented Baron von Zach; he returned to Egypt, and visited Arabia, the Gulf of Akabah (which he was the first to explore geographically), Abyssinia, and Kordofan. All the produce of his travels, in the department of zoology, which absorbed a large half of the pecuniary means at his disposal, Dr. Rüppell nobly and generously made over, on his return home, to his native city. The same has been the result, and the same the sacrifice, of his second journey into the same countries: and the city of Frankfort is entirely indebted to the most illustrious of her citizens, for the high rank she holds, even in Germany, in the possession of a splendid museum of natural history, and a learned director at the head of

it. The most valuable portions of Dr. Rüppell's geographical discoveries and data are to be found in the pages of his own luminous and learned narrative, the latter part of which is now in the course of publication, or in those of the "Correspondance Astronomique," edited at Genoa by his friend Baron von Zach; and they will long continue to be the chief guides of those who may undertake hereafter to follow Dr. Rüppell's steps in the arduous and honourable route which he has laid open. Chevalier Bunsen, the Royal Geographical Society of London are highly gratified with the opportunity thus afforded to them of presenting, through the channel of one to whom all branches of literature are so highly indebted, the royal medal, awarded by the Council to Dr. Rüppell, your distinguished countryman."

To which Mr. Bunsen replied:—

"Sir,—In receiving the medal your Society has awarded to Doctor Eduard Rüppell, I beg to express the thanks of that learned countryman of mine, to whom I shall be happy to forward this honourable token of your high esteem. In expressing these thanks, and at the same time the warm interest I personally take in the distinctions decreed by you to my countryman, I know I speak also the feelings of the illustrious city to which he and his collections belong, and those of our common country Germany, which is proud of the successful efforts of one of her most meritorious sons, and will equally be so of the honour England has at this moment bestowed upon him through this Society. And, indeed, this encouraging sign of your interest and of your admiration, is well adapted to recall to the mind recollections of a particularly pleasing nature to both countries. For, when I look back to the distinguished travellers and discoverers which my native country has produced in this and in the last century, I see before me an imposing series of illustrious names, connected with this country by the ties of hospitality and friendship, and powerfully assisted in their noble endeavours by the generous zeal of your learned and patriotic societies. Allow me only to mention Forster, the natural philosopher and distinguished writer, who accompanied Captain Cook on his great voyage of discovery: and in later times, Hornemann and Burkhart, who received in this country the means of executing their bold plans, to penetrate into unknown parts of Arabia and of Africa. It has not been forgotten, sir, in my country, and will never be forgotten, that England followed with anxious interest the course of those intrepid travellers, and that it mourned over the cruel fate that put an end to their enterprise, as if they had been her own native children. Let me only add, that he, who for his admirable simplicity, and the clearness of his observations, may be called the modern Herodotus, and who, with Pococke, Alexander von Humboldt, and a few others, ranks among the most accomplished travellers of all ages;—that Niebuhr the elder, I say, found among the English in India, and in this country, the most effectual assistance, and the most encouraging interest, as he himself has recorded, and as his great son has so thankfully acknowledged in the biography of his father. As to your Society, sir, in particular, it has by its very statutes acknowledged, and by its actions invariably sanctioned, the great and elevating truth, that Science and Virtue have their home and their sanctuary in every country where these pillars of humanity are duly appreciated. I name both together, because they ought to be inseparable; and I am particularly happy to find that, in this very

instance, you have equally honoured both : for as you yourself have so feelingly remarked in your discourse, the distinction awarded to Dr. Rüppell has been equally given to the intellectual merit and efforts of the traveller, and to the noble disinterestedness and the generous patriotism of the good citizen, who, after having sacrificed his fortune for the advantage of science, offered the gift of his rich and valuable collections to his native town. It is unnecessary to enlarge further on this subject ; but it will be gratifying to you to know, that the generosity of Dr. Rüppell has not been bestowed upon a barren ground. That city, which may well be held up as a model for other rich and commercial towns, on account of the noble institutions she has raised for science and literature,—mostly monuments of the patriotism of her children,—is uniting those collections in a magnificent museum, worthy of its contents, of its founders, and of the free town that produced Goethe. As to myself I can only say, in answer to the extremely partial mention you have made of my name, that, deeply feeling how little I have done to merit such partiality, I trust I shall never be found deficient in gratitude for the kindness which has inspired it."

The President, then addressing the Deputy-Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, said :—

"Mr. Harrison,—In the absence of Mr. Thos. Simpson, to whom the Council of the Royal Geographical Society of London have awarded this medal in testimony of the deep gratification which they feel in the success which has attended the enterprise and exertion of Mr. Simpson on the north coast of North America, and in the absence of Mr. Pelly, Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, I am happy that you have been selected by that gentleman to accept the friendly office of receiving this medal in the name of Mr. Simpson. The services which Mr. Simpson, and his friend and senior officer, Mr. Dease, have rendered to geography, in advancing, almost to its completion, the solution of the great problem of the configuration of the northern line of the North American continent, are, in the opinion of the Council of this Society, eminently meritorious ; and Mr. Simpson and Mr. Dease, whatever may be the result of their future labours, have already earned for themselves a high place amongst those who have added to the fame and glory of British enterprise. In the summer of 1837, Messrs. Dease and Simpson, under instructions from the Hudson's Bay Company, starting from the Great Slave Lake, followed the steps of Franklin as far as the point called Franklin's Farthest, whence they traced the remainder of the coast to the eastward, to Point Barrow ; by which they completed our knowledge of this coast the whole way west of the Coppermine River, as far as Behring's Straits. During the following summer, the same adventurous gentlemen, encouraged by the generous spirit of their employers, in their attempts to brave the obstacles which a harsh and rugged Nature was interposing in the way of our further knowledge of this part of the American continent, and anxious that this palm of victory should also, with so many others, encircle the brow of Britannia, again started from their winter quarters, as early as the season would permit ; and descending the Coppermine River, they again followed Sir John Franklin's route to Cape Turnagain, his eastern extreme, in long. 109° nearly. From which point Mr. Simpson proceeded to the eastward about ninety miles. From the spot

he had then attained, and which has since received the appropriate name of Simpson's Farthest, he could descry a further line of coast about thirty miles in extent ; and he had the gratification of thence discovering a fine open sea to the north and east. His supply of provisions here obliged him to retrace his steps. The result of these two expeditions is that the northern shores of America, all the acquisition of British hardihood, perseverance, and judgment, can now be accurately laid down on our maps, from Behring's Straits to the 100th degree of longitude, forming a continuous line of coast of upwards of 60 degrees : and a fair prospect is opened, that another season may go far to complete our knowledge of the whole. Sir, I beg to place this medal in your hands, to be given to Mr. Simpson by Mr. Pelly, the Governor of your prosperous and high-spirited association ; and I beg that Mr. Simpson may be assured that this Society warmly participates in the honourable reward which Messrs. Dease and Simpson may accept in the gratitude of their country, and that we shall be happy to give them a welcome reception within these walls, on their return to England."

To which the Deputy-Governor replied :—

"Sir,—Highly gratifying as it must be to me personally to receive, on the part of Mr. Simpson, this mark of the approbation of the Royal Geographical Society of London, I cannot but regret that, owing to an unavoidable engagement, Mr. Pelly, the Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, is prevented from being present ; as I am sure he would have been peculiarly gratified on this occasion, having taken so large a share, in conjunction with Mr. George Simpson, in planning the operations, and directing the arrangements, that have led to the successful result on the arctic shores of America. Mr. P. W. Dease and Mr. Thomas Simpson, the two officers of the Hudson's Bay Company, who have been employed on this expedition, were selected by the governor and committee as combining the vigour, zeal, and ardour of youth, with the experience, judgment, and discretion of riper years, and the result has justified the choice. The time of conferring on these gentlemen the distinction of a royal premium seems particularly happy, as it is at a moment when the parties themselves might apprehend, from not having done all they had hoped to do last summer, that their work would be considered incomplete ; but the award of this evening will prove to them that the medals of this Society are bestowed, not only for work already performed, but as an encouragement for future exertions in the cause of discovery. It is a great satisfaction that the Hudson's Bay Company, as a trading company, have thus been able to extend their discoveries not only *within*, but *beyond*, Her Majesty's dominions, and that you, sir, on the part of the Geographical Society, should have expressed your approbation that they have not limited or restricted their endeavours, in time or expense, whenever they could aid the great cause of the advancement of geographical science and discovery."

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

FRIDAY, 17th May. Mr. J. E. Gray, President, in the chair.—Read, the continuation and conclusion of Mr. Wallis's paper 'On the Orchideæ of Essex, with Remarks on their Locality, &c.' Five species were described in the former part ; the present enumerated *Orchis maculata*, the spotted palmate orchis ; *Gymnadenis conopsea* (Orchis, Eng. Bot.), fragrant gymnadenis ; *Habenaria bifolia* (Orchis, Eng. Bot.), butterfly habenaria ; *H. viridis*, green

habenaria ; *Aceras anthropophora*, green man-orchis ; *Ophrys apifera*, bee-orchis ; *O. muscifera*, fly-orchis ; *Neottia spiralis*, ladies' tresses ; *Listera ovala*, common tway blade ; *L. nidus avis*, bird's-nest ; *Epipactis latifolia*, broad-leaved helleborine ; *E. palustris*, marsh helleborine. Nearly one-half of the whole of the British tribe are distributed in Essex ; and of the seventeen species observed and described by Mr. Wallis, there are eight genera.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, May 18.—The following degrees were conferred :—

Doctor in Divinity.—Rev. R. L. Cotton, Provost of Worcester College.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. G. Knight, St. Edmund Hall ; Rev. J. Fenrose, Fellow of Lincoln College ; Rev. J. Webb, et. Trinity College.

Bachelors of Arts.—J. Jones, St. Edmund Hall ; C. Morgan, E. L. Nugent, J. J. H. Humphreys, Exeter College ; C. R. Knight, Scholar, E. N. Mangin, Wadham College ; R. Hebron, Scholar of Queen's College ; J. W. Mason, Scholar, O. J. Humphreys, R. Williams, Jesus College ; J. L. Hoskyns, Demy of Magdalen College ; E. J. G. Hornby, Postmaster of Merton College ; C. Holland, University College ; H. Tripp, E. Oldfield, W. Knight, Scholars, J. W. Mence, G. E. Morris, Worcester College ; J. Crokat, Magdalen Hall ; R. Firth, New College ; T. Lowe, W. Bruce, A. J. Christy, Oriel College ; G. H. Repton, University College ; A. B. C. Starkey, Fellow, W. D. Jackson, W. E. Heygate, C. S. Holthouse, St. John's College ; G. E. Cole, St. Mary Hall ; A. Reeve, F. B. Zincke, J. W. Prout, Wadham College ; E. M. Goulburn, Scholar, J. B. Sweet, H. Pearson, S. Waldegrave, T. F. Kent, J. Glencross, Balliol College.

The Rev. Henry Clarke, M.A. of Trinity College, Dublin, was admitted *ad eundem*.

OXFORD, May 22.—The following degrees were conferred :—

Masters of Arts.—Rev. R. Eden, grand compounder ; Rev. W. H. Brandreth, Rev. A. Borsdale, Christ Church ; Rev. A. Mathews, Lincoln College ; Rev. J. Davies, Rev. E. W. Davies, H. Jones, D. Roberts, Rev. J. W. Roberts, Jesus College ; Rev. J. W. Pockle, Rev. A. Nugee, Brasenose College ; R. H. Ingram, Worcester College ; J. Wickens, Scholar of Balliol College ; Rev. S. Barney, Exeter College.

Bachelors of Arts.—E. Hill, St. Edmund Hall ; E. R. Dukes, W. Linwood, E. Clayton, Students, J. Wickens, S. B. Windsor, Christ Church ; M. J. Johnson, E. Curtis, Magdalen Hall ; T. Mayhew, Queen's College ; F. Ironmonger, Scholar of Pembroke College ; J. Marshall, Worcester College ; R. Cresswell, St. John's College ; H. W. Sullivan, Balliol College ; J. L. Sheppard, W. G. Duncan, Wadham College ; J. H. A. Harris, Trinity College ; W. H. de Marchant, Exeter College (incorporated from Trinity College, Dublin).

The Chancellor's Gold Medal for the best English Poem was adjudged to C. Sangster, of St. John's College. Subject—"Samachkharu."

The degree of Doctor in Divinity was conferred by Royal Mandate on the Rev. R. Tatham, Master of St. John's College, and the Very Rev. G. Pescock, Dean of Ely, and Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College.

Queen's College.—The following prizes were adjudged :—Latin Dissertation, Mr. John Thomas.—English Essay, Mr. Joseph Ketley.

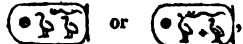
ARCHEOLOGY.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

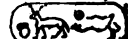
SIR,—A correspondent of yours, signing himself "C.S.," has thought proper to put forward some ideas connected with the reading of the names of the pyramid-builders, which appear to me not quite justified according to the system of interpretation adopted universally throughout Europe by some of the most distinguished archaeologists of the present day. Among them may be enumerated Messrs. Bunsen, Rosengarten, Lepsius, Lanormant, Leemans, Rosellini, Salvolini, Wilkinson, and others, who have given their attention to the subject of Egyptian antiquities, and ultimately their adherence to the truth of the mode of interpretation discovered by Dr. Young, and worked out, with a genius in itself a second discovery, by M. Champollion. I shall not here enter into the discussion of this principle so well known to those who have investigated the hieroglyphics' text, but shall merely remark, *en passant*, that the mode of interpretation proposed by your correspondent is purely

his own, unsupported by any proof or deduction, and enunciated with all the *ex cathedra* sententiousness of an Egyptian hierophant. I consider that a person making a positive attack upon a received system ought, at least, to enter into some exposition of his views, and offer, at least, some plausible ground to shew that the Arabic is the ancient sacred dialect of the Egyptians, and that it is the language which affords a rational clue to the interpretation of names handed down by the Greek authorities; because that the Coptic and Arabic are distinct languages has been the opinion of the most eminent Coptic scholars. The next point which he is bound to establish is the correctness of the sounds proposed by him for the symbols, if his system be correct; because, without some explanation, I should search in vain for such names as *Kemran* and *Shomish*; and the mention of the village of *Boustis* in the hieroglyphics is a discovery which he has been the first to make. Good criticism and fair dealing require something more than such vague references. Were I to enter into discussion to shew that the Coptic is the debased relic of the language of the Pharaohs, and that, as yet, in the majority of instances, it is adequate to a series of interpretations which consist of a number of ingenious deductions, which, like links, when together connected, have restored the lost language of those remote symbols, which each has interpreted hitherto at his pleasure, I should require far greater space than even your kind indulgence to this most interesting branch of archaeology would allow. The proof has already been discussed by the learned Jablonski, by Young, Champollion, Rosellini, Salvolini, and the pupils of that school. A language in itself derivable from its own roots, and, when winnowed from the Grecisms and Arabicisms with which it has been corrupted, presenting an isolated *copia verborum* distinct from both, which answers to words in the ancient Greek authors,—as the *Champea* of Herodotus, as the *Hykshos* of Manetho, the lists of kings of the priest of Sebennytus, and Eratosthenes, and most of the words scattered through the pages of the Greek writers, assumes a higher position than the mere probability of being the language of the priests; while the chances of an exotic language, as of the Arabic or the Jews, diminish to a very narrow circle, and their importance actually vanishes upon the consideration that they are inadequate to the rational explanation of the texts. The *copia verborum* of the Coptic and Hebrew, and languages of that family, are distinct from each other; and, consequently, if the touchstone to which these texts have been brought is at all available, the other must be perfectly wrong. That it is so, I will merely refer to the philological contentions and struggles manifested by the proposed mode of Hebrew or Arabic interpretation; witness the *Sho-to-le-ma* for Ptolemy of Mr. Williams, and the *Zu-am* for Cheops of your correspondent; their condemnation literally comes out of their own proofs. It is scarcely credible that traces of the primitive language of a country should not be found in the spoken language of that locality, and that we should have to search for that original tongue in the spoken language of another state, distinct from it in manners and customs, whose progenitors were at the deepest enmity, rivalry, and contempt. Such a principle is repugnant to all analogy, because the Arabic hordes were never the primitive possessors of the soil, but military adventurers who occupied the territory for a short period, and were ultimately chased out by the aboriginal inhabitants of the country, who appear to

have descended from the cataracts of the Nile. The claim of the Semitic languages is therefore secondary to that of the Coptic; the probability being that the Hebrew borrowed some of its terms from the Egyptian rather than the converse; the infusion of Arabic and Hebrew terms into the language evidently pointing to a later epoch: we might as well plead for the Coptic being derived from the Greek, from the hasty inspection of the Copt books. Something more is requisite to prove that the languages have an analogy; and something still more is demanded to shew that the sacred language of Egypt was other than an archaic Coptic, more regular in its construction than the dialects of the Thebaid or Lower Egypt, and performing the same function to the inscription as the Mandarin or Kwan-hwa does to the multifarious varieties of the spoken dialects of the Chinese, viz. universally understood by the educated classes, and appearing in the same form at the mouth of the Nile as at the cataracts. Cheops, Saophis, Suphis, are mere dialectal variations of the same name, the *H* of the Memphitic dialect having been used by Herodotus, while Eratosthenes, who copied his lists from Theban sources, used the equivalent *W* of Upper Egypt: this name, as is well known from M. Rosellini's work, and the subsequent publication of the quarry-marks of Colonel Howard Vyse, is written



following the literal order *Worqor* or *Horqori*, and supposing the ultimate *Or* to be paragogic *Worqy* or *Horqy*, and as the *Π* and *Ϛ* are interchangeable *Wororqy* or *Hororqy*, *Shouf*, or *Khōof*, or *Khōep*.^{*} For the mode by which the phonetic value of these symbols is acquired, I must refer you to the "Précis du Système Hiéroglyphique," "Grammaire Egyptienne," "Letters of M. Champollion," and the "Analyse Grammaticale" of M. Salvolini; and here I may observe, that it is exceedingly probable that the "Carouche Rosellini," tom. i. fav. iii. 68, is a variant of the same, although without further evidence it would be exceedingly difficult to prove it. This is the name of the first Suphis: first of all conjectured to be so by M. Champollion; then by M. Rosellini; and finally proved to be his name by the fact of having been found on a block of stone from the quarries of Mokattam, in the interior of the first pyramid. The second name



consists of the ram and vase, phonetically *Neb*, erroneously read *Sen* by M. Rosellini,—the name of the god *Noub* or *Neb*, the *Chnouphis*, *Chneph*, *Chnemis*, *Chnoumis* of the Greeks, and *Shouf*. This has been supposed to be the *Sensaphis* or *Suphis II.*; *Sen* being a transcriptional error of the Eratosthenic texts; but it is found in the first pyramid; also among the quarry-marks on the Mokattam stone. M. M. Bunsen and Lepsius suppose this to be *Anophis*, a predecessor of the same monarch, from the name of *Nouphis* in the composition of that name; and Mr. Birch has already conjectured it to possibly be the premonen of Cheops, the *Neb* or *Noub* part being the equivalent of the *Chemmis* or *Chambes*, which he imagines to be a Greek transcription of the same premonen, but this has already been laid down in the

^{*} See M. Chev. Bunsen's paper in your Journal, No. 1163.

splendid work on the Pyramids, publishing at the expense of Col. Vyse, whose discoveries are thus placed at the disposal of the European hierologists. The third name, of Mr. Wilkinson, p. 278, called by your correspondent *Shomish* Cheops, is a predecessor of the two *Suphis*, as may be conjectured from a text lately forwarded by Mr. Perring to Col. Vyse from Egypt. It occurs in the composition of the name of a person who was functionary under the rule of *Suphis I.*, the individual being named according to the phonetic system, *Skafoasonkh*; and as names were assumed during infancy, it must be the name of a monarch anterior to the *Suphis I.*, probably his immediate predecessor. As to *Shomish* Cheops, I am at a perfect loss to know how it is obtained!—probably by some process which the world is yet unacquainted with—attal events, totally independent of the process of M. Champollion. The other name, which reads directly *Remenka*, or *Remenkaon*, and which (by a transposition of which I will immediately shew the results), gives *Menkare*, is the exact name *Menkare*, *Mencherinos*, *Moskeris*, *Moicheris*, &c., of the Greeks. This coffin has already been published by Col. Howard Vyse, in 1838 (folio), with an analysis of the hieroglyphics. "C. S." has offered no explanation as to how he arrives at the name of *Kemran* in this cartouche; and as for the latter part of the translation, "Do you traverse the skies, tread the milky way?" it rests entirely upon his *ipse dixit*. According to the system of M. Champollion, the initial part reads, "Osirian king, Menkare living for ever, born of heaven (*Tphe*) engendered of *Netpe*, flesh of —" where a lacune occurs, from the fractured state of the sarcophagus. I trust, sir, that you will excuse my taking up your journal in these so technical descriptions, but the gauntlet has been thrown down, and none has hitherto raised it, while I feel that such opinions, boldly asserted, carry with them a weight to which they are not entitled, and, although passed over in silence, are often esteemed more than equivalent to the most laborious deductions. The system of M. Champollion is not the work of a charlatan, nor are the principles he has laid down vague guesses, but a chain of beautiful deductions; at the same time it is quite fair that every one should impugn his labours if he choose, and promulgate what doctrine he may think fit, upon a subject at present imperfectly examined by the savans of Europe, and treated with that scepticism which all discoveries meet at their outset at the hands of the critic and the world. In justice to "C. S." we must state, that his principles are almost his own, bearing a considerable similarity with the Hebraic method of Mr. Williams and Dr. Loewy. The investigation is perfectly open, the discovery is now old, and the working of the detail is still a point for the student of the monuments of Egypt. As for the closing observation of your correspondent, that the sarcophagus of the Queen of Amasis Neithal, is an encyclopedia for the era of the Saite dynasty, I am perfectly at a loss to conjecture what he means. That monument, of considerable interest, presents, as usually do all sepulchral monuments, a series of litanies, or prayers for and to the deceased queen. It contains several new symbols, and less text than the sarcophagus of Amyrtæus, Egyptian Saloon, No. 10. But your correspondent's views are so entirely his own upon these subjects, that they require some further proof before they are entitled to a graver refutation. Believe me to remain, &c.,

Our correspondent "C. S." has requested us to insert, as an addition to a paragraph in his note addressed to us on the 14th ult., the following remarks regarding the fourth and last of Mr. Wilkinson's series of builders of pyramids.

Charaxus,* a scribe and priest of the altar of incense, was entombed at Apollinopolis Parva, the Shato Senhour of the ancient Egyptians, and Senhour-elmedeneh of the present day. At a subsequent period, his widow, whose name was Rhodopis, assisted by her son Wish, erected a cenotaph to the memory of her deceased husband, Charaxus, on the heights of Memphis. And this was accomplished, it would seem, by merely giving a pyramidal form to some small projecting portion of the rock composing the heights of Memphis, and casing the lower parts of the three exposed sides of the same with that sculptured masonry, which is now to be found in the saloon of the British Museum.

It is the son of Rhodopis, above named, to whom belongs the fourth oval in Mr. Wilkinson's work. In the hieroglyphics of the cenotaph, Wish is constantly styled, within an oval, "The great Cheops;" and, either subjoined to the oval or postfixed, there is written what is equivalent to P-ouri-m-oueit, a pyramid.

This Wish, the son of Rhodopis, was a priest of Shandafa (Oxyrynchus of the Delta). He lived about the times of Amasis, as may be proved by a legend belonging to a statue of Mnæa, a king of the twenty-ninth dynasty, who was of the very same part of Egypt as himself, namely, the Prosopitis of Herodotus.

It may be added, that Wish, in the Egyptian language, means *wish*, *desire*, *Cupid*; on the other hand, two other sons bear Greek names, are called, respectively, *Orion* and *Xanthus*; whilst the mother's name, Rhodopia, is plainly enough shewn, in hieroglyphics, to mean "one who holds in respect the hippopotamus." The mode of spelling Orion and Xanthus is not only curious, but instructive. Nothing to be found on the cenotaph alludes pointedly to the foreign birth of Rhodopis; nor is it stated that she was the founder of a pyramid; nor, of course, is there any allusion made to her irregularities as a female. With regard to this last point, if we advert to the respect she paid to the memory of her husband, Charaxus, and also view her surrounded by her children and grandchildren, as she is depicted on the cenotaph, we can hardly believe her conduct to have been very bad. As stated by Herodotus, her little feet, in early life, may have led her astray, and she may have been a little naughty; but she hardly could have been very naughty, unless, indeed, the matrons of Egypt, of that epoch, were people of very abandoned habits. There certainly is a degree of levity to be recognised in her sending, as a present to the temple of Delphos, a number of enormous jubilee roasting-spits; and also in her son Cupid's styling himself a "great Cheops," from his being the founder, probably, of some small pyramid, not much larger than his father's cenotaph, very many ages after the general custom of erecting such structures had ceased to prevail.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

MR. HUDSON GURNEY, V.P., in the chair.—Mr. Hawkins exhibited, with a descriptive note, a drawing of a small brass vessel in the possession of the Rev. J. R. Lyon, and discovered at Pulford, in Cheshire; it is supposed to be

* Herodotus has made a mistake about Charaxus, which it is not necessary here to point out.

Roman, and very ancient in form, having one side flat, and the other strongly convex, with a handle on each side, apparently to be slung by a cord across the shoulder. It would appear to have been used, after the Romans embraced Christianity, as an ampula, or some other utensil, for sacred purposes, as a cross was engraved on the convex side.—The reading of Mr. Bond's *Memoir of the Financial Transactions in the reigns of Edward I., II., and III.*, with reference to the Italian Money-lenders, was concluded.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—Entomological, 8 P.M.; United Service, 9 P.M.

Tuesday.—Linnean, 8 P.M.; Horticultural, 3 P.M.; Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.; Electrical, 7 P.M.

Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 7½ P.M.; Geological, 8½ P.M.

Thursday.—Royal Society, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; Zoological, 3 P.M.

Friday.—Royal Institution, 8½ P.M.; Botanical, 8 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY. [Fourth Notice.]

363. *Foot-ball*. T. Webster.—The animated character of this able artist's works has long secured for them public attention. He has treated the game of foot-ball with his usual skill in the representation of boyish sports and frolics; and in a manner which must forcibly remind the spectator of that happy portion of his life when loud clamour, desperate struggles, sound cuffs, and broken shins, formed a principal portion of his every day's enjoyment. The scene is an out-of-door one, and is, in every respect, admirably executed.

90. *Poor Travellers at the Door of a Capuchin Convent near Vico, Bay of Naples*; and 366. *Naples: Young Lazzaroni playing the Game of Arravoglio*. W. Collins, R.A.—We select these two examples from the travelled practice of Mr. Collins, whose works, as they are now, were always attractive in an eminent degree; nor are we at all inclined to think that any material change has taken place in his style of execution: the only difference appears in scene and subject. It was not easy to surpass, though he might vary, the beauties of his pencil.

505. *Olivia's Return to her Parents*. R. Redgrave.—There is no novel in our own, or any language, that possesses more interest or pathos in all its domestic relations; and Mr. Redgrave has chosen a passage in which the emotions and passions are exhibited in their strongest character, which, together with its careful and skilful execution, render this picture a justly distinguished performance as a work of art.

264. *Rhymes of the Ancient Mariners*. J. Severn.—The last subject, social and familiar, will find its perfect contrast in one of the most imaginative that has, perhaps, ever come under the pencil of art, and which the artist has illustrated in the true spirit of one of the most original and extraordinary poems in our language.

553. *Grace Darling and her Parents supplying Refreshments to the North Sunderland Fishermen, who were nearly lost in attempting to reach the Wreck of the Forfarshire*. H. P. Parker.—Actions like this, of humanity and heroism, are indeed worthy of record; and we are glad to see them characterised in this pictorial view, where, should the subject meet the public eye as a print, the example of such deeds will be extensively seen, and, we trust, be equally influential. Mr. Parker has given to

the scene and circumstance the spirit of a well-arranged and varied composition.

474. *Cimabue and Giotto*. E. M. Ward.—Illustrative of the ruling passion, which often, as in the case of Giotto, discovers itself early in life; nor is the circumstance of such predilections confined to any age or country. It occurred in the early development of Opie's genius, which was discovered and brought into notice by the late Dr. Wolcot, in a place where none but the most common examples of imitative art could be found, and where no incitement but the young artist's natural disposition could lead him to the practice. He, like the Italian painter, became in after-life an ornament and credit to the school of his country. In its picturesque costume and judicious arrangement, this performance is a fair sample of the artist's talents.

493. *Sterne and Maria*. H. J. Townsend.—Passages in the "Sentimental Journey," both of humour and of pathos, still continue to exercise the pencils of our artists; and this, from the latter class, exhibits both suitable expression in the characters and an able and effective style of execution.

504. *La Sorrentina*. W. Gush.—The study of a head, something between portrait and an imaginative character, rendered interesting, as well by its cheerful and lively expression, as by the skill of its treatment.

338. *Scene in Macbeth, a finished Sketch; the Banquet, Ghost of Banquo*. H. Singleton.—The spirit of this sketch, the vigour of its execution, and the character of its design, exhibit the strength and durability of this veteran artist's powers. Of his devotedness to his profession, his numerous works are a proof; and when it is understood that a cabinet-sized illustration of Shakspere's plays, containing nearly a hundred examples by his own hand, now adorns his studio, some idea may be formed of his perseverance and practice. The above sketch, also, is a very recent production.

347. *King Charles's Standard at the Battle of Worcester*. T. Woodward.—The spirit of the action, and the mingling of the combatants, are in a style that would do credit to the pencil of a Borgognone, or any other painter of battles.

569. H. O'Neil.—The subject illustrates a passage from Lord Byron's poem of "Lara" (in the Catalogue, misprinted "Zara"), which is quoted in explanation of the pictorial tragedy. The style of the painting shews that the powers of the artist are well calculated for the elevated, whether of history or of the imaginative, in art.

507. *Girl and Rabbits*. J. P. Drew.—Judging, also, from the style in which this familiar and domestic subject is painted, the artist stands fair to reach excellence; as freedom in the handling, and breadth in the chiaro scuro, are the characteristics of his pencil.

471. *St. Dunstan separating Edwin and Elgiva*. W. Dyce.—To use a very common phrase, a pictorial record like this "speaks volumes" on the imperious domination of priests and the mean submission of kings, exciting in the mind at once indignation and contempt. The artist has entered *con amore* into his subject, and the outrage is felt through the medium of art, as it would be by the most eloquent harangue.

Again, in the East Room, we shall point out others that have taken our attention.

204. *A Protestant Preacher*. H. Scheffer.—The picture represents a congregation assembled in a time of persecution—and one of more pious and heartfelt devotion can hardly be imagined. It is highly impressive, and there is scarcely a

countenance in the pew that does not proclaim the character of a martyr.

221. *Calvin on his Death-bed.* T. Horning. —Not very dissimilar in composition, though very different in character and expression. The great reformer is represented "rallying all life's energies to die." He shews the "ruling passion strong in death," for his sharp and animated features and wasted frame prove that the sword has nearly eaten through the scabbard. He is surrounded by his friends and followers, who are paying the greatest attention to his last admonitions. Several of these are portraits, and the Bible, arm-chair, and books, are imitated from those which once belonged to Calvin. (To be continued.)

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Finden's Female Aristocracy of Great Britain. Part VI.

FEMALE beauty in this country springs up faster than artists can be found to depict it. There can be no reason, therefore, why this charming publication should not "stretch out to the crack of doom." The ornaments of the present part are, "Lady Augusta Gordon," "Lady Louisa Craven," and "The Honourable Louisa Stuart;" finely engraved by Messrs. Robinson, Mote, and Eggleton; from drawings, full of grace and elegance, by Mr. John Hayter.

The Royal Gallery of Pictures.

Part III. Bohn.

OUR favourites in the third Part of this pleasing work, are Granet's "Monks at their Devotions," engraved by Quilley; Mytens's "Charles I., Queen, and Infant," engraved by Bacon; Wouverman's "Coup de Pistolet," engraved by Greatbatch; and Sir Joshua's "Cymon and Iphigenia," engraved by Reynolds.

THE DRAMA.

Covent Garden.—Miss Rainforth, one of our most accomplished vocalists, took a benefit at this theatre on Tuesday, when we rejoiced to see a well-filled house cordially applaud and appreciate her pleasing acting and polished singing.

Haymarket.—The only novelty we have to notice at this house, is the appearance of a young American actress, Miss Maywood. On Friday she played *Bianca*, in *Fazio*; and on Thursday, *Mrs. Haller*, in the *Stranger*. We would speak favourably of a *débutante*, overlook faults, seek out and praise merits in her performances, did we but see promise of future excellence. Alas! we are compelled to say Miss Maywood is not, and never can be, a good tragic actress; her want of physical power, even supposing no other defect, is alone sufficient to warrant our opinion.

Hanover Square Rooms.—On Monday, Mr. Kollman's third Grand Concert was fully attended. The selection of music was excellent, and the execution not less so. Mr. Kollman's patent pianofortes were heard to advantage. The concert would probably have been found rather too long, but for the agreeable variation of refreshments which were liberally supplied during the evening. We would, however, suggest the propriety of a less crowded programme for the next concert, especially as we perceive it is to be held in the morning.

VARIETIES.

Cabinet Pictures.—We had not an opportunity of noticing beforehand the sale, by Mr.

H. Phillips, of a portion of the fine collection of pictures of Mr. J. Knight, of Portland Place, which took place last week, but which well deserves a mention in records of the fine arts. The twenty-six pictures sold realised no less a sum than \$950l.; including a Cyp Landscape and Figures, 1060l. 10s.; an oval pair, by Teniers, of "Dives Feasting," 350l.; and "Noli me Tangere," by Albano (a charming specimen), 375l. The whole shews that genuine and really good works of the old masters have rather increased than fallen in value: for, if we remember rightly, Mr. Phillips sold a previous portion of this collection a good many years ago, and not to so much advantage.

Botanic Society.—The general conversations of this new, but rising and valuable Society, which takes place this afternoon, will, we fancy, be rather a brilliant meeting; as it is supported by so many of the fair and fashionable in the highest ranks of life, as well as by men of eminence in every station, whether of nobility or science. Our readers are aware that the Duke of Richmond is president; and that ground in the Regent's Park is now preparing for carrying the design into effect. A botanical garden, of a character worthy of the greatest Capital in the world, ought surely to be one of the ornaments of London; and we are glad to see, in the first instance, eighteen convenient and suitable acres allotted to this purpose. Under proper direction, much good and much beauty may be derived from this source; and the rules, as far as we observed them, appear to be well calculated to render the science popular, and adorn the country with new herbal and floral varieties, both of usefulness and grace.

Earthquake in Scotland.—About two o'clock on Friday morning (last week), two shocks of earthquake were felt at Crieff, which lasted about two seconds, but were accompanied by a subterranean noise of longer duration. This part of Scotland is frequently subject to similar visitations.

Earthquake.—A slight shock of earthquake was felt at Interlaken, in Switzerland, on the 8th ult.; but it did no damage.

Musical Discords.—A fierce dispute has arisen between the celebrated Dragonetti and the Editor of the "Musical World," respecting which a printed statement has been sent to us, which contains some stringent remarks upon the latter by Mr. Vincent Novello, as the friend of the former. The "Musical World" having published some misrepresentations likely to be injurious to Dragonetti, he naturally reclaimed against them, and requested his explanation to be inserted where the original wrong appeared. With this, however, the Editor not only did not comply, but did not condescend to take the slightest notice of this or of a subsequent letter on the same subject. Messrs. Dragonetti and Novello are indignant at what they charge to be gross critical injustice, and have appealed to the public by a circular, in consequence of the great expense of advertising the case in the newspapers. It is not for us to decide on such matters, but it is a duty to notice their existence.

Criticism.—In an opinion we last week offered on Lord Brougham's work, we were both struck and pleased to find it much better expressed in a quotation from Lord Bolingbroke, in Mrs. Thomson's "Duchess of Marlborough." "In matters of history," he remarks, "we prefer, very justly, contemporary authority; and yet contemporary authors are the most liable to be warped from the straight

line of truth, in writing on subjects which have affected them strongly."

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

In the Press.

Prodromus; or, an Inquiry into the First Principles of Reasoning: including an Analysis of the Human Mind, by Sir Graves Chamney Haughton. —The Collected Works of the Rev. Sydney Smith. —The Forester, a Tale of 1688, by Miss Mary Louisa Boyle, authoress of "The State Prisoner." —Maxims, Thoughts, and Reflections, by the Countess of Blessington. —Blanche of Navarre: a Play, by G. P. R. James, Esq. —A Second Additional Supplement to his "Hortus Britannicus," with complete Index to the whole Work, including the Supplements, by Mr. Loudon. —A Descriptive Mantal of all the species of British Beetles, by J. F. Stephens, Esq., author of "Illustrations of British Insects." —An Etymological and Explanatory Dictionary of the Terms and Language of Geology, by G. Roberts, author of "The History of Lyme Regis." —A History of the Reformation on the Continent, by the Rev. George Waddington, Prebendary of Chichester, &c., author of "A History of the Church to the Reformation."

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Rev. W. Bingley's Guide to Tourists in North Wales, 3d edition, with Corrections, &c., by his Son, 8vo. 12s. —Historical Reveries, by a Suffolk Villager, 12mo. 5s. —History and Topography of the Isle of Axholme, by the Rev. W. B. Stonehouse, 4to. 2s. 3s. —Thamuta, the Spirit of Death, and other Poems, by Mary G. Cooper, 12mo. 4s. —Audubon's American Ornithological Biography, Vol. V. royal 8vo. 25s. —Burke's Peerage and Baronetage, 1839, royal 8vo. 38s. —Narrative of the Voyage of the Adventure and Beagle, by Fitzroy, King, and Darwin, 3 vols. 8vo. 3l. 18s. —Travelling Sketches in Egypt and Sinai, abridged from A. Dumas, 18mo. 3s. 6d. —Spiritual Character of the Church of England: Sermons, by the Rev. D. Coleridge, 8vo. 12s. 6d. —Greaser's Text-Book of Ecclesiastical History, translated by Cunningham, 3 vols. royal 8vo. 2l. 8s. —C. Raquet's Treatise on Currency and Banking, royal 8vo. 7s. 6d. —The Noble Science, a Few Ideas on Fox-Hunting, by F. P. Delme Radcliffe, royal 8vo. 38s. —The History of the Navy of the United States of America, by J. F. Cooper, 2 vols. 8vo. 30s. —Arnold's Introduction to Latin Prose Composition, 7s. 6d. —Rhymes for the Nursery, illustrated edition, 16mo. 3s. 6d. —Agnes, by Mrs. Loudon, 18mo. 1s. 6d. —Charlie's Discoveries, 16mo. 4s. 6d. —Faraday's Experimental Researches in Electricity, 8vo. 18s. —Percy's Reliques, 3 vols. post 8vo., new edition, 31s. 6d. —Castle Martyr, a Tale of Old Ireland, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s. —Dr. J. Bryce on National Education in India, post 8vo. 9s. 6d. —Seals of the Covenant opened, by J. J. Cummins, 18mo. 2s. 6d. —Hindoo Female Education, by Priscilla Chapman, post 8vo. 5s. 6d. —History of Christianity in India, by the Rev. J. Hough, 2 vols. 8vo. 24s. —Felding on Painting in Oil and Water Colour, Imperial 8vo. 27s. —The Landgrave, a Play, by E. Louisa Montagu, post 8vo. 8s. —Floreston, or the New Lord of the Manor, post 8vo. 9s. —Hand-book for Travellers along the London and Birmingham Railway, 18mo. 2s. —Nan Darrell, by Miss E. Pickering, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. —Enoch, by C. Brake, 18mo. 1s. 6d. —Diary of the Times of George IV., Vols. III. and IV., 8vo. 36s. —Statesmen of the Times of George III., by Lord Brougham, second series, royal 8vo. 21s. —E. Jones's Principles and Practice of Levelling, 12mo. 4s. —The British Angler's Manual, by T. C. Holland, Esq., post 8vo. 21s., large paper, 36s. —Andrea of Hungaria and Giovanna of Naples, by W. S. Landor, 8vo. 5s. —Charles X. and Louis Philippe; the Secret History and the Revolution of July 1830, 8vo. 10s. 6d.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1839.

May.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday ... 23	From 38 to 58	30.04 to 29.87
Friday ... 24	... 42 ... 52	29.84 .. 29.92
Saturday ... 25	... 49 ... 53	29.90 .. 30.06
Sunday ... 26	... 29.5 .. 62	30.08 .. 30.10
Monday ... 27	... 33 .. 63	30.12 .. 30.13
Tuesday ... 28	... 38 .. 61	30.13 .. 30.14
Wednesday 29	... 37 .. 68	30.13 .. 30.06

Winds, N.E. and S.E.
Generally clear, except the 24th, when rain fell.
Rain fallen, .025 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.
Latitude 51° 37' 38" N.
Longitude 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are sorry that we cannot notice all the literary matters which solicit the attention of the public in every direction at this full and busy period of the London year. But it would require a host of reporters; and, when reported, could not be read. Among other things, Mr. Achille Albite's Lecture on the French language on Saturday, at Will's Rooms, invited our commendations. Lectures on the German tongue and authors, in Exeter Hall, have offered other attractions; and Mr. Carlyle has been again delighting his audiences with his striking and philosophical illustrations.

We are compelled to omit the report of the proceedings of the Anniversary of the Asiatic Society till next week.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

BRITISH INSTITUTION,
PAUL MALL.

The Gallery, with a Selection of Pictures by Ancient Masters of the Italian, Spanish, Flemish, Dutch, French, and English Schools, will be opened on Saturday next, June the 8th, and continue open daily, from Ten in the Morning until Six in the Evening.

Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 1s.
WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

THE THIRTY-FIFTH ANNUAL
EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN
WATER COLOURS, at their Gallery, Pall Mall East, is now
open. Open each Day from Nine till Dark.

Admission, 1s.—Catalogue, 6d.
R. HILLS, Secretary.

THE FIFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION
OF THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER
COLOURS is now open, at their Gallery, 55 Pall Mall West (ad-
joining the British Institution), from Nine o'Clock till dark.

Admission, 1s.—Catalogue, 6d.
JAMES FAHEY, Hon. Sec.

THE MODEL of the BATTLE of WA-
TERLOO is now exhibiting at the Egyptian Hall, Picca-
dilly, by Natural Colours, at the Egyptian Hall, from Ten
o'Clock in the Morning until Nine in the Evening.

Admission, 1s. each.
In this beautiful work of art the illusion is perfect; the
spectator actually

"—stands upon the place of skulls,
The grave of France, the deadly Waterloo."

—he feels around him a sense of reality that the most accurately
drawn plan could not convey. If he be a military man, he has
the great game laid down for him on a scale that admits of his
seeing not only the moves, but the intentions that dictated them,
and the consequences by which they must be followed. If the
latter be only a civilian, he has the hitherto impossible im-
possibility of being present to the spectator of the "dead career of
a fight," without any unpleasant sensation from the proximity of
"those vile guns," but for which "he would himself have been a
soldier."—*Morning Post.*

"The model is on the scale of about nine feet to the mile, and
gives a complete and most vivid representation of the scene of
action, and of the critical and well-fought battle which has be-
stowed a universal celebrity on the plain of Waterloo. Every
village, every house and farm-yard, every knot of trees, every
undulation of surface, every field, nay, every crop of wheat, or
other produce, which the field bore at the time,—in short, every
detail is given with the closest accuracy, from a six months'
personal observation, aided by the most authentic information.
The position of all the various troops engaged at the moment
selected for representation, is marked out with the utmost ac-
curacy, and in the most graphic manner. The models of all the
buildings and natural objects, the figures of the soldiers and
horses are, in every instance, elaborately executed. The cannon
can even be taken to pieces and re-fixed, precisely as in the case
of actual fighting, though the models are necessarily exceedingly
diminutive."—*Globe.*

"We have elsewhere given an account of Lieut. Siborn's
admirable model of the Battle of Waterloo; not only the most
perfect model of any battle that has ever yet been submitted to
public inspection, but the only representation in the slightest
degree to be depended upon, of that glorious and final struggle
which has left its mark upon a whole generation of British
men, who may desire to see a faithful representation of the
greatest triumph achieved by modern arms, will do well to visit
Lieut. Siborn's exhibition."—*United Service Gazette.*

"Every one who has the soul of a patriot, the English Hall,
this extraordinary work of art, now exhibiting at the Egyptian Hall.
We hesitate not to say that it far exceeds our expec-
tation. It is a beautiful and elaborate representation of that
most glorious field, and cannot fail to attract universal attention;
and we sincerely trust that it may become (as we understand it
was originally intended to be) the property of the nation. Several
officers of distinction, who were present at the battle of Waterloo,
have visited Lieut. Siborn's exhibition, and have pronounced it
a most faithful representation of that most glorious day."—*Courier*
Journal.

"This beautiful model has cost the ingenious
contriver of many valuable years of his life, and we believe a sum
of money not very far short of five thousand pounds."—*Courier.*

PRIVATE PUPIL.—A Vacancy for a

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experience, and residing Twelve Miles from London. He can
offer the most satisfactory References to Noblemen and Gentle-
men whose Sons have been under his care. The number of his
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Letters to be directed to the Rev. R. H., Post Office,
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MADAME GRISL.—A beautiful Portrait

of Madame Gris, engraved in the finest style by F. C.
Lewis, Esq. from a Drawing by M. Neugien, will be published in
a few days, by J. Mitchell, Bookseller and Publisher to Her Ma-
jesty, 48 Old Bond Street, at whose Library the original drawing
may now be seen. The impressions will be delivered in the
order subscribed for. Portraits of Madame Gris, Mademoiselle
Tagliani, Signor Rubini, Tamburini, and Labache, from the
admitted Drawings by A. E. Chalm, Esq. R.A., and other Theo-
retical Portraits, have been recently published at Mitchell's Li-
brary, 35 Old Bond Street.

MAPS OF THE SOCIETY for the DIF-

FUSION OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.—No. LXXXIX,
containing Plans of Birmingham and of Ancient Syracuse, was
published on the 15th instant.
30 Lincoln's Inn Fields, 24th May, 1839.

TO ADVERTISERS.—THE LONDON

MEDICAL GAZETTE (published every Saturday
Morning) circulates very extensively among the Members of the
Medical Profession in every department, and is to be found on
the table at almost all Public Reading Rooms. It
thus constitutes an excellent medium for the communication of
Medical Intelligence, and of Advertisements of Medical and
Scientific Works.

* * * Advertisements and Bills received up to the Thursday
Evening of each Week.
39 Paternoster Row, May 20, 1839.

MUSIC.

THE MISSES BROADHURST and

Mr. Biagrove's Grand Morning Concert will take
place at Hanover Rooms on Saturday next, June 8th, at Two
o'Clock, when Messrs. Dorris, Grant, Aristici, Albert,
Lazzari, and Balie; Signor Ivanoff, Balie, and Tamburini; Messrs.
Betts, David, Mori, Loder, Lindley, Dragonetti, Regondi, and
Biagrove; and the Misses Broadhurst, will assist. In the course
of the Concert, Masini's Quartette, for Four Violins, will be
performed for the last time this season, by Messrs. David, Mori,
Biagrove, and Loder; M. Batta will play a Solo on the Violon-
cello; and for the first time only this season, a Selection will
be performed from Mozart's newly discovered posthumous Opera
"Zaide."

Leader of the Orchestra, Mr. Loder.
Conductor, Sir George Smart.

BOOKS IN THE PRESS.

On the 15th of June, price 15s. handsomely bound in cloth.
THE PICTORIAL SHAKSPEARE.
Historical, Vol. I.

Contents. Henry IV. Part I.
Richard II. Part II.

Henry V.
London: Charles Knight and Co., 25 Ludgate Street.

LORD BROUGHAM'S HISTORICAL SKETCHES.
On the 2d of June, in royal two, with Eleven Portraits,
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HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF STATES.
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By HENRY LORD BROUGHAM, F.R.S.

George IV.	Lord Liverpool	Necker and
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Dr. Laurence	Lord Nelson	Carnot
Mr. P. Francis	Mr. Horner	Lafayette
Horne Tooke	Mr. Ricardo	Talleyrand
Lord Castlereagh	Lord King	Napoleon
Sir John Leach	Carroll	Washington.

London: Charles Knight and Co., 25 Ludgate Street.

On the 8th of June, price 7s. 6d. bound in cloth,
THE FOURTEENTH VOLUME OF
THE PENNY CYCLOPEDIA.
London: Charles Knight and Co., 25 Ludgate Street.

BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

STERNE'S SENTIMENTAL JOUR-
NEY, containing 108 Engravings on Wood.
Price 1s. Part I. of this interesting Work, beautifully illustrat-
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and a list of all the Species of Insects hitherto discovered in
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NEW PERIODICAL.
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Engravings.—Baden-Baden; Ancient Thicket-taking In-
struments; Holland House, Kensington; Mining Bell at the Polytech-
nic Institution; Durrig's Abbey; New Front of the Aldgate
Street Institution; the Fete de la Ville; Picture of Iceland;
Barrow Zoological Garden; Statue of Queen Elizabeth; St. Dun-
stan's, Fleet Street, &c.; with nearly seventy closely printed
columns of Literary and Scientific Novelties, Original and
Selected.

Part I. with 12 Engravings, was published on May 1, price 6d.
London: George Burgess, Holywell Street, Strand; and all
Booksellers in Town and Country.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH
MAGAZINE, No. CCLXXXIV, for June.

Contents.
I. The late Political Events. II. My First Cabinet—III. Mé-
moires on Oil Painting—IV. The Legend of the Lido—V. Some
Account of Himself. By the Irish Oyster-Kater. (Conclusion).
VI. Di Minorum Gentium. No. I. Carew and Herrick—VII. Will
Decline and Degradation—VIII. On the Genius of Eu-
phel—IX. Hymns to the Gods. By Albert Pike—X. Sonnet:
On the Death of a Lady—XI. Our Chambers—XII. The Life
of a Speculative German—XIII. The Vision of Caligula.
By B. Simmons.

William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh; and T. Cadell,
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THE JUNE NUMBER,
Price Half-a-Crown, embellished with Three Illustrations by
George Cruikshank, of
BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY,
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Contents.—
Mr. Ainsworth's Jack Sheppard, Epilogue No. 1715.
Chap. 16. Jonathan Wild's House. Chap. 18. How Jack Sheppard
in the Bailly. Chap. 19. The out of the Cage at
Chap. 17. The Night Celler. Chap. 20. Good and Evil.
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Hayes Bayly. The Thamel. No. VIII. By
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Author of "The Subaltern." Charles Hooton
Vincent Eden, or the Ozonian Some Passages in the Life of
(new Chapters), with an illus- Olinthus Jenkinson, Esq. Mar-
tration by George Cruikshank. tiner-at-Law. By the "Her-
To my Melancholy, by J. Au- mit of Trinity"
gustine Wade. The Legends of Intemperance, by
Tales and Wonders of the Isle of William Jordan,
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TIONS.

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ple, lively, and unpretending style."—*The Times.*
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THE MONTHLY CHRONICLE for June
contains—1. The Household Question—2. "Life, a
Dream," with Translated Specimens from Calderon—3. The
Flowering Trees of June—4. Two Sonnets—5. Letters on Italy.
No. II. By Joseph Mazzini—6. Sculpture in England; Flax-
man, the Exhibition of the Waterloo Gallery, the Elgin Marbles,
the Nelson Monument—7. Rural Poetry: First Report of the
Commissioners—8. Recent Poetry; Words, Wade, Hammer,
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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

A Journal written during an Excursion in Asia Minor. 1838. By Charles Fellows. 8vo. Pp. 348. London, 1839. Murray.

No country with which we are acquainted offers more to interest the observant traveller, and, through him, the public, than Asia Minor, over some of the most interesting portions of which Mr. Fellows has extended his tour; and being well qualified by previous education, intelligence, and taste, to make the best use of the opportunities afforded him, we have, in consequence, a volume which must be highly relished by every classical scholar, and by the numerous and entire class of readers, who now feel a proper sense of the value of antiquarian research leading to the right understanding of ancient history, and the state of the arts and sciences in former days, among nations of different origin and character. Entertaining a high opinion of this work, a part of which was brought under our notice at the Royal Society of Literature, we are sorry that we cannot even this week do more than introduce it, as it were, heads over heels, to the public. In his preface, however, Mr. Fellows saves us the trouble of description, by explaining himself:—

“The country through which I travelled is that small portion of Asia Minor (now known by the name of Anadhouly), which lies between lat. 42° and 36°, and long. 26° and 32°, including Lydia, Mysia, Bithynia, Phrygia, Pisidia, Pamphylia, Lycia, and Caria.

As the most interesting period of the history of this country was the time of its occupation by the Greeks, so the remains of their cities form now the chief attraction to the traveller. These cities, some of them of very remote antiquity, all had their origin prior to the conquest of the country by the Romans, in the third century before the Christian era, after which time that people were nominally the possessors of the country, and the Roman taste was visibly encroaching on the Greek in works of art. About the age of Constantine, the Christians began to produce a still greater change in the architecture of the many cities of which they had possession, including the Seven Churches of the Apocalypse, piling up buildings in a style very different from the pure Greek. Next came the Venetians, whose slight fortifications, built of the remains of ruined cities, are seen on every coast, and in every important mountain pass. The conquest by the present occupants, the Turks, succeeded in the fourteenth century. Their architectural works are few, and of a character so peculiar as to render them easily distinguishable from the earlier buildings by which they are surrounded. The descendants of the Greeks, the ancient possessors of the soil, do not, I believe, now form a tenth part of the population; their costume and even language are so lost by mixture with the Turks, that these national peculiarities are with difficulty traced. The Greeks generally wear colours not so gay as those of the Turks, frequently having the turban and Turkish trowsers of black; green they are forbidden to use, that being the peculiar colour of a privileged few among the followers of the Prophet. It will

be gathered from my journal, that at the time of my arrival in the country, I was strongly biased in favour of the Greeks, and equally prejudiced against the Turks; and it will be seen in the course of the narrative, how this unfavourable idea of the Turkish character was gradually removed by a personal intimacy with the people, generally in situations where they were remote from every restraint but those which their religion imposes.”

We must now instance some of the accounts of various stages in his course, as examples of Mr. Fellows's agreeable and entertaining style:—

In Phrygia, not far from Sohoôt, he states:—

“On quitting this forest we crossed a valley, and saw, at a distance of about four miles, under the cliffs, or ranges of mountains, the town of Oneóenoo (meaning a ‘Place of Caves’), so called from some caves in the cliffs overhanging the town. The situation appears very damp and unhealthy, and the perfectly flat valley, which is almost a swamp, seems to be the possession of plovers and wild ducks. The situation is strikingly like that of Magnesia, but the Hermus is wanted to drain the meadows in front. The ground here is so high, that it appears to receive no waters but from the heavens, a source which latterly has been very liberal. Oneóenoo is a long village, immediately under the face of the rock, and is overhung by two immense arches or caves, which, at a distance, I had no doubt were artificial, the forms of the huge arches being so perfect. This evening I ascended to them, and extremely curious they are. The whole rock is of marble, veined with red, but shivered into innumerable cracks, as if by heat. The caves are evidently natural, although, at an early age of the Turks perhaps, or in the time of the Christians, the fronts have been fortified by strong walls, parts of which still remain. The caves communicate with one another, and, from their size and dryness, as well as commanding situation, they must have been an excellent substitute for a castle. Through several small cavities or fissures in the rock of the caves, water had at a remote period filtered, forming a semi-transparent crust of stalactite. While in the cave I was surprised at hearing distinctly people talking, and dogs barking, as if close to the entrance; but on going to the front of the cave, I perceived that the sounds came from the village beneath. The effect of this immense ear, or sounding-board, was as powerful as a whispering gallery; and perhaps this peculiarity might have been an advantage in times of war or alarm. Several fragments of columns, altars, and other remains, were built into the walls of the houses in the town, but the principal material used was lava or scoria, of nearly every colour; many of the spongy holes being filled with a white crystallised substance, similar to that which I have seen in the basaltic columns at Staffa.”

A little further on, in an excursion from Cotyæum, we have a notice of the manners of the country. Mr. F. says:—

“On our return we were obliged to stop to feed the horses at the little village of Arrácooe, seven miles from Kootáya. Here we rested for

an hour and a half, and had an opportunity of noticing the simple and hospitable customs of the country. A traveller had just arrived; and as the village, consisting only of a few huts, was too small to have a governor, the inhabitants have a house for strangers, which is as good as any in the place, although without windows: one end of the room forms the stable, accommodating six horses. The traveller who had arrived before us was at prayers; but no circumstance ever disturbs Mahometans at their devotions, when they appear completely abstracted. I delayed to enter until the traveller rose, when the prayer-mat was hung up, and he gave me the usual salám. I was beginning to make my meal upon the food we had with us, when in came nine people, each bearing a dish. A large tray was raised on the rim of a corn-sieve placed on the ground, in the centre of which was put a tureen of soup, with pieces of bread around it. The stranger, my servant, and a person who seemed to be the head man of the village, sat round the tray, dipping their wooden spoons or fingers into each dish as it was placed in succession before them. Of the nine dishes I observed three were of soups. I asked why this was, and who was to pay for the repast; and was informed that it is the custom of the people, strictly enjoined by their religion, that, as soon as a stranger appears, each peasant should bring his dish; he himself remaining to partake of it, after the stranger has fed,—a sort of picnic, of which the stranger partakes without contributing. The hospitality extends to every thing he requires; his horse is fed, and wood is brought for his fire, each inhabitant feeling honoured by offering something. This custom accounts for the frequent recurrence of the same dish, as no one knows what his neighbour will contribute. Towards a Turkish guest this practice is perfectly disinterested, but from a European they may possibly have been led to expect some kind of return, although to offer payment would be an insult. The whole of the contributors afterwards sit down and eat in another part of the room.

“My inquiries,” he adds, “were for coins and relics, which were hunted for in every child's toy-place or old wall where they had been noticed. Each person produced his fancied treasure, which he had preserved because some Frank had before given money for such things. They know nothing of the value or uses of our purchases. I heard of a beautiful Greek statue being sold by them for five shillings, and two bronze vases for eight shillings; and yet they were boasting of the large sums such things produced. My servant bought thirty or forty Greek coins, some of silver, at an average of three farthings each; and I obtained at an equally cheap rate the foot of a statue and some bronze handles. I think I have not mentioned, that the light generally used in this part of the country, even in the large town of Kootáya, and the other towns through which I have passed, is a chip of the fir-tree. The people make a wound in the tree, which draws the sap to that part, and the tree is then cut for fire-wood, reserving this portion, filled with turpentine, for candles. I

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for example, in 1816, of Miss Landon visiting Lady Caroline Lamb, and being then eighteen years of age; in 1817 we talk of the death of Byron, and Medwin's notes upon him; and, in the same year, of Scott's receiving 6000*l.* for "Waverley," and 6000*l.* for "Guy Ranning"!!!! These are specimens of accuracy, within forty pages of Vol. I.

From the letters attributed to the Princess of Wales, we select the following :—

"Villa Caprice, the 3d of December, 1817.

"I have not only to lament an ever-beloved child, but one most warmly attached friend, and the only one I have had in England! But she is only gone before.—I have her not lost—and I now trust we shall soon meet in a much better world than the present one. For ever your truly sincere friend, C. P."

"I could have wept," says the commentator, "over this strangely-warded but heartfelt expression of the poor mother's grief, and I am anxious to receive tidings that she has not committed any rash act of despair—at which I should not be surprised; for the princess is a woman of such violent feelings, and her situation is indeed now so desolate, that it would not be astonishing if, with her disposition, she were unable to endure this overwhelming calamity."

Of this there seemed to have been small danger, for a few pages on we read :—

"December 10th.—I received the following strange reply to-day from the Princess of Wales. 'Thank you a thousand times, my dear —, your kind inquiries after my health, which has suffered as little as I could expect from my late misfortune. I cannot at this moment inform you where I shall go to; my plan depends on letters from England, about that vile money, who do always annoy me. As to my household, I hear people are meddling with it, and saying it is improper. In the first place, what would they have me do? All the fine English folk leave me. I met send them away, though, by the by, some of them not behave as civil as I would like. No matter—I would have had patience with them, but they choose to go, so I not prevent them; but I must have some one to attend me, and I make my choice of some very agreeable persons, in every way fit to be my attendants; though the jealous English beggars, such as Miss —, and one or two more of our acquaintances, dear, would have liked to have had the situation which La Comtesse Oldi now fills, to her and my great satisfaction. Her brother also is a very intelligent and gentlemanlike person. They are of a decayed noblemen's family, much better born and bred than William B—'. But I know people are very ill-mannered, and choose to abuse me for the choice I have made in my household. No matter, I not care—from henceforth I will do just as I please, that I will. Since de English neither give me de great honour of being a Princesse de Gaile, I will be Caroline—a happy merry soul; but, *simplicement*, what do you think, my dear —? just before I and Lady — parted, I hope never to meet again, I gave her very pretty coat of an antique. I should have been proud of it in my room. Well, a year or two after she broke it, *purposely* I now, and had de impudence to come and say to me, 'Oh! ma'am, dat figure your royal highness thought for a brance is only plaster;' which I reply, 'I knew that, Lady —, my well, when I gave it to you. Dat is so like de English people; dey always ask, when we make them a present, how much is cost? *our present* is worth? You are a free English,

my dear Lady —, there can be no mistake.' She laughed, but I saw she looked ashamed of herself. I cannot say I regret any one of my old household. I have been disappointed in them all, and am much happier now I have no longer *des espions* about me, such as Lady A. H., watching me into every place where it is possible for a human being to set foot. I must conclude, my dear —, wishing you well, and remain ever your sincere friend,

"C. P."

"P. S. When you have any amusing news from England, I should like to hear it if you will favour me with some."

And the addenda are quite consistent :—

"Truly, did I not know the Princess of Wales, I should be tempted to believe this letter was a forgery. It is such a strange manner of writing, immediately after her poor daughter's decease; which (not to mention the affection I believe she entertained for the Princess Charlotte as her child), selfish interest must have made her know was the greatest loss she can have sustained, and one she never can recover. Others, not acquainted with the princess, on reading the foregoing letter, would judge her as an unfeeling and light-minded person. But I know that often, when she affects the greatest jocularly and indifference to affliction, her heart is not the less sore; and it is only a wish to forget her misery that makes her talk and write in such a strain as the foregoing. It is impossible not to laugh at her encomiums on her present household, and her observations on her former one. Yet, at the same time, I feel sincere regret for her wilful blindness to her impending ruin, and the infatuation she has taken for such disreputable people as the foreigners she has now in her service. But it would be worse than useless for me to incur her displeasure by attempting to give her any advice. So God keep her, and preserve her from coming to any fearful end! is all that her best friends can say."

"I have seen (writes a visitor to Como at the same period) the Princess of Wales. To my infinite surprise her royal highness wrote, and desired me to wait upon her yesterday, which I did accordingly, and found her looking very well, but dressed in the oddest mourning I ever saw; a white gown, with bright lilac ribbons in a black crape cap!"

Another specimen of this correspondence is characteristic :—

"I received a short note from the Princess of Wales, sent by a person whom she introduced to me—a German flute-player. The letter of introduction was certainly a very novel one. It was as follows:—'Dear —, the bearer of this epistle is Monsieur R—, a fiddle-player, or a pipe-player,—I don't know which you would call him in English—no matter; he was recommended to me by a cousin of mine, whom I wish had been in de Red Sea when he sent this man to my retreat here, which I would like to keep unmolested from tiresome people. But I find dat impossible; so I must submit like a martyr on de steak, to being annoyed all my life long, and live in hopes of a reward for my patience and my virtue in another world, which cannot be worse than de present. Monsieur R— teased me to present him to you; so I beg to waste your anger upon him, and not on me. His appearance will make you laugh till you die—that, at least, he has the power to do; *en route*, he is the dullest man God ever did born, and I recommend you to have nothing to do with him; he is a grand bore. Why do you not come to Como? I would make you welcome at

my anchorite's dinner every day, if you would eat my humble fare. Neither the Comtesse Oldi nor myself are epicures; and very often we cook our own dinner! What would de English people say if dey heard dat! Oh fie! Princess of Wales. The old *beguine* Queen Charlotte is on her last legs, I hear. *Mais ça ne me fait ni froid ni chaud* now; there was a time when such intelligence might have gladdened me; but now nothing in the world do I care for, save to pass de time as quickly as I can: and death may hurry on as fast as he pleases—I am ready to die. But I weary you, my dear —; *ayez de l'indulgence pour moi* and my grumbling, and believe dat I am ever yours, C. P."

To this we will append two or three of the best anecdotes we find scattered through these pages :—

"A friend who was present at Princess Charlotte's marriage said, that when Prince Leopold repeated the words, 'with all my worldly goods I thee endow,' the royal bride was observed to laugh."

"On the last day of the {Queen's} trial, when requested to retire and take some refreshment, she peremptorily refused to do so; and on some persons offering the queen refreshments which they had brought for their own use, she declined accepting them, saying, 'I can take a chop at the King's Head if I am hungry;' alluding to the tavern bearing that sign near the House of Lords. There was much ready wit in that reply, but it was, perhaps, ill-timed, and she was never afterwards heard to make a joke, or seen to smile."

"The persons who attended the queen at the latter end of her life were faithful and attached to her, but they were not persons calculated to give her the best advice. She endeavoured, poor unhappy princess, to amuse herself, but as — informed me, she took no pleasure in any thing. She once saw Prince Leopold, and his manner was affectionate and feeling. From all I ever heard of him, he is a good-hearted man, but timid and self-interested, and he was kept in such order by the king, that the only visit he ever paid his mother-in-law was in secret, unattended, and without any witnesses, except the queen's lady. Finally, her

body was suffered to be placed in the vanit of the royal family at that city. But the crown and insignia of royalty on the coffin were taken off, and I have been told that nothing but her name, 'Caroline,' stands to record who lies within that narrow house. The candle that is taken into that royal mausoleum to shew the visitors the coffins, has always been placed on here, so that the velvet is covered with wax, and otherwise soiled. Thus do her remains, even in the grave, meet with the same disrespect she endured throughout life."

The letters assigned to the Princess Charlotte are of a superior order, and contain passages which look very like what school-girls write under the superintendence of able teachers. If the sentiments and expressions are really her own, they exhibit a degree of character not to be expected from her age, sex, and station. *Es gr.*

Extract from a Letter of Princess Charlotte, dated Weymouth, 19th August, 1815.

"I cannot close this letter without returning my best acknowledgments for your condolence with, and inquiries after me, in consequence of the fall of my glorious (as well as much-loved) uncle. I bore it as, I trust, a Christian ought, bowing to the will of the all-wise Being; but it was a grievous circum-

stance — a dreadful, an irremediable loss to me, for the great possess few real friends. In him I had a warm and constant one, allied, too, by the closest ties of blood. I loved him with the fondest affection, and am confident he returned the sentiment. His death was so glorious — so completely what he always desired for himself — that if it was decreed he should so early in life quit this world, he could not close his career more gloriously or more worthy of a hero, as he was, and of that father and that blood he descended from. Pardon me if I seem enthusiastic in my expressions; but I confess this is a topic which warms every feeling of my heart and mind. You knew him [a word illegible] impartially if I say too much in his favour. My health I do not think has suffered from this shock; but I have not been really well for some time past. [An illegible line.] I was much better for so doing last year, and trust I may derive equal benefit this; but I am still complaining, though I am not the least fanciful about my health; that is a weakness I do not allow myself to indulge in, though there are some which cannot be avoided by the wisest. I less regret than I otherwise should do your remaining abroad, for two reasons: the first is [illegible]; secondly, there is at present so little chance, I may say none indeed, of our meeting, that it would only be tantalizing. Time, which is the sweet healer of all sorrows, has mitigated and softened down my previous afflictions and distresses to a gentle mild melancholy and resignation; but the recollection of them cannot be effaced. What was at first (as you sensibly remark) the aggravation of my sorrow, is now my consolation. I trust my mother continues well, and that she has not been very much shocked by the death of her brother. I hope she has got a letter. I was permitted to write to her on the sad event, &c. (Signed) CHARLOTTE."

Another: —

"Extract from another Letter from her Royal Highness to the Same.

"Thank you, dear —, for having permitted me to peruse my mother's letter to you, though, indeed, its contents have made me feel very uncomfortable. I wish with all my heart things could be altered, or, at least, that she could be persuaded to feel more at peace, and, above all, more confidence in those who really have her interests at heart. If I could see you I would tell you why I do not write to her; but I do not think it quite prudent to write all I feel upon this, to me, very painful circumstance. I trust Dr. — will remain in the princess's service; and am also led to hope that Lady C. C. — may join my mother again. I should feel much relieved by knowing that she had some English attendants with her in a foreign country. I think some of the others might have remained with her; but I am told they were all compelled, from circumstances in their own private affairs, to return to England. I think she would do well to secure Miss M. — as a temporary attendant. She is trustworthy, I believe; but you know my mother is not easily pleased. I cannot help thinking it was unlucky she ever left England; yet I can fully enter into the motives she had for so doing, or rather the feelings which prompted her to seek change of scene. I have said too much on this subject, dear —; pray forgive me for having prosed so long. Thank you for your inquiries after my health. I am not so well as I ought to be, for indeed I have every thing to make me both perfectly well and perfectly happy; and these lesser evils sink before my greater blessings, and I hope to grow stronger as the

warm weather advances. The prince desires me to say something kind from him to you; what shall that something be? I am no very ready scholar, so I will leave it to you to compose a pretty speech for him. All I can assure you of, and that with great sincerity, is, that my cara sposo and myself are very truly yours, (Signed) C. P. S. C."

With this we conclude. The biographical sketches are, perhaps, the best portion of the work, even though we differ materially from their writer, whoever he or she may be. On the whole, the leather and prunella predominate in far too great a measure; and there are a multitude of little personalities, which, though of small consequence, shew a recklessness in the authorship, and a want of that social principle, the breach of which is but too common in the scribblers of the age, whose only object is to get money for their treacheries.

A Summer in Andalusia. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1839. Bentley.

ONE of those agreeable tours which please us whilst we read them, without leaving any strong impression upon our minds, that they have conveyed to us either much new information or brought us acquainted with places or circumstances unknown before. In fact, Andalusia has been so frequently traversed and described by English travellers, that no more could be expected from another visit than our observant and intelligent author has here given us. Lisbon, Cadiz, Cordoba, Seville, Granada, Malaga, Gibraltar; bull-fights, religious processions, churches, Roman and Moorish antiquities, pictures; contrabandistas, posadas, theatres, dances, priests, superstitions, beggars, &c. &c., are all well ranged in these pages, from the summing up of which we shall, by way of example, extract some of the provincial features attributed to the Andalusians: —

"As pride distinguishes the Englishman, and vanity the Frenchman, so does conceit, or the union of the two, distinguish in as remarkable a degree the Spaniard of Andalusia; for the natives of each province of Spain have a distinct character. The Andalus has that mixture of pride and vanity, which, unlike either of those qualities when pure, produces a neutral effect. Had he more of either, he might, like the Briton or Frenchman, arrive at distinction, but these qualities are so nicely balanced in his mental constitution, that, when the desire of fame prompts him to exertion, pride steps in, arrests his progress, and tells him to be satisfied with himself as he is: when regard for his own consequence is his incentive, it carries him forward but a few steps, for his vanity presently interferes, and so engages him in blazoning abroad the little he has done, as to make him forget he has yet more to do."

"As their own proverbs have it, they too often 'cry wine and sell vinegar' — they produce more noise than nuts — 'much cackling, but few eggs.' Times without number have I heard them assert that to Spain alone are the nations of Europe indebted for their freedom from the yoke of Napoleon. It was Spain that conquered France, and saved England from destruction! Wellington and his army did little or nothing! To convince them of the contrary, would be next to impossible."

"One trait of character, which the Andalus possesses in common with other Spaniards, is temperance. Though wine and spirits are marvellously cheap — a bottle of the former, much superior in strength and flavour to the *vin ordinaire* of France, often costing less than a penny — they are rarely drunk to excess.

The peasantry, in fact, generally prize good water more highly than wine, for, say they,

'Mucho vale y poco cuesta.'

Intoxication is, nevertheless, said to be more frequent in Andalusia than in the other provinces: and this explains the greater number of assassinations committed, for the Andalus is constitutionally irritable in the extreme, and when excited by wine, on the least provocation, real or imaginary, he will draw his knife on the offender. To this, however, I cannot bear the testimony of an eye-witness, as I did not see a single instance of intoxication among the Andalusians.

"The foreigner in Spain meets with singular civility and hospitality — such hospitality as it is the custom of the country to display. He will rarely, perhaps never, be asked to dinner, but in a land where the pleasures of the table are so little understood as in Spain, and where meals seem to be deemed matters rather of necessity than of gratification, this should be made no charge of inhospitality. When he is first introduced to a Spanish family, he is told by the master or mistress that the house and all it contains is at his disposal, that he has but to command, and every thing is at his service; and such showers of compliments are rained upon him, that he can scarcely open his lips in reply. After this he is at liberty to enter the house whenever he pleases. Another mode of shewing hospitality to a stranger is singular enough. Never could I regale myself in a *neveria*, or ice-house, but on asking for my bill I was sure to find it already paid by some unknown friend, who had probably never seen me before. When with a party, I have often stepped out beforehand, in order to reciprocate these civilities, but in vain — the bill was already paid. Such is Spanish hospitality! In native humour and gaiety of disposition the Andalus resembles the Irishman; with this difference, however, that instead of making bulls, as Paddy, his great delight is in slaying them. The humour of the Andalus — the 'salt,' as it is called — consists in a smartness of repartee, the result of his lively imagination and turn for satire, and in bringing a host of quaint proverbs to bear on the subject-matter of his discourse."

The women are described as devoted to only one object, amorous intrigue; and our author says: —

"If ignorance, bigotry, and superstition, abound in Spain, if the people have little appetite for knowledge, if they have transferred their affections to baser objects, it is the Roman church which is to blame. More than this. It is the church that we must regard as the author, or at least the promoter, of the general dimness of morals. It is melancholy to be obliged to say this of an institution intended for the moral and religious benefit of the people; yet such is unhappily the fact, and whatever Catholicism may have done in other countries, in Spain it has undoubtedly tended more than any thing else to the social and political ruin of the nation. When the facility of obtaining absolution for crime, and the notoriously corrupt example of the clergy, are considered, is it surprising that the standard of morals should be low? The unnatural celibacy of so numerous a body of men, many of whom were dedicated to the church at an age when they could know little or nothing of the worldly pleasures they were resigning, could not fail, in so servid a climate as Spain, to produce disastrous effects. Moreover, they have sanctioned the immoralities of the laity by their own example, and by too freely granting absolution to those who

could pay for it. Guilty themselves, they have been willing to regard with lenient eyes the guilt of others, especially of the women, whose moral sense has consequently been deadened or destroyed. Where woman is corrupt, can man be virtuous?

"In Spain the clergy are now but little respected, and religious duties are neglected by nearly all but women and peasants."

As Andalusia at this period bears an important relation to the general condition and prospects of Spain, the English reader will be more inclined to give his attention to the facts and characteristics which the author places before him.

Life of the Duchess of Marlborough.
(Second notice—conclusion.)

AN influx of new publications induces us to shorten what we intended to say further of Mrs. Thomson's sterling historical work; but we trust we shall have done enough to recommend it to the consideration it merits. The prevalence of female influence and back-stairs intrigue at the court of Queen Anne, is the subject of many pages in the second volume. The picture is generally a painful one, and the consequences of these feuds exhibit the unhappiness of all concerned in them, from majesty to the inferior ranks, and the injurious effect they produced on public affairs and national interests. The quarrel between the Duchess and Lord Rochester was one of the productive sources of evil, as was afterwards her bitter dispute with Harley and Abigail Hill. Of the former, it is stated:—

"The wound was inflamed continually, and, at last, the enmity rose to open hostilities. Lord Rochester was as averse to a reconciliation with his haughty foe as the duchess herself; their influence bore the semblance of rivalry; their advice drew the compliant queen different ways; Lord Rochester guided the prejudices, the duchess governed the affections of her royal slave. Finally, female influence prevailed: for when have men adequately opposed its sway? Yet it is certain, first, that Anne long resisted the arguments of her friend; and, secondly, that the duchess would never have been completely successful, had not the violence and arrogance of her foes blazed out, and proved the most opportune and effectual aid that ever plotting woman received.

"The queen, the nervous queen, was considered as a mere property, 'which was to be engrossed, divided, or transferred, as suited best with the mercenary views of those state-brokers who had the privilege of dividing the spoil.

'Then, happy low, lie down!
Uncasy lies the head that wears a crown.'"

At length the queen shook off the domination of the favourite, overthrown by the influence of Harley and Mrs. Masham (late Hill):—

"The duchess then taunted Mrs. Masham with carrying to the queen tales against some, and petitions in favour of other members of her majesty's household. Mrs. Masham, on the other hand, defended herself by saying that she only took to her royal mistress certain petitions which came to the back-stairs, and with which she knew that the duchess did not care to be troubled. This perversion of facts did not blind the duchess to the actual state of affairs, and the conversation ended in a long and ominous silence, broken by Mrs. Masham's rising, and saying she hoped that the duchess would sometimes give her leave to inquire after her health. Notwithstanding this condescending speech, the lady in power never once deigned, nor dared, to visit the dejected and deserted favourite.

"Partly from policy, and, probably, partly from curiosity to see how matters stood, the duchess thought proper, when her cousin's marriage was publicly announced, to visit her with Lady Sunderland; purely, however, as she alleged, out of respect to the queen, and to avoid any noise or disagreeable discourse which her refusing that ordinary act of civility might occasion. Fortunately, however, for the peace of St. James's, the ungrateful bride was not at home when this undeserved honour was paid to her, by one from whom she had merited nothing but neglect. The breach, however certain, and however sure the process by which it was widened, was not, as yet, perceptible to the court. Possibly all were reluctant to open a battery of anecdote and scandal against the redoubtable Sarah, who might be restored to her long-asserted ascendancy. The duchess was not without hopes of resuming her influence. During the Christmas holidays, she went to pay her respects to the queen; but had the misery of learning from the page, before she went in, that Mrs. Masham had just been sent for. The last interview in which the least traces of friendly regard might be observed, must be told in the duchess's own words. It is evident that she had some lingering expectations that all differences might yet be healed, and that the queen's regard could be revived.

—'The moment I saw her majesty, I plainly perceived she was uneasy. She stood all the while I was with her, and looked as coldly on me as if her intention was that I should no longer doubt of my loss of her affections. Upon observing what reception I had, I said 'I was sorry I had happened to come so unseasonably.' I was making my courtesy to go away, when the queen, with a great deal of disorder in her face, and without speaking one word, took me by the hand. And when, thereupon, I stooped to kiss hers, she took me up with a very cold embrace, and then, without one kind word, let me go. So strange a treatment of me, after my long and faithful services, and after such repeated assurances from her majesty of an unalterable affection, made me think that I ought, in justice to myself, as well as in regard to my mistress's interest, to write to her in the plainest and sincerest manner possible, and expostulate with her upon her change to me, and upon the new counsels by which she seemed to be wholly governed.' The letter addressed on this occasion by the duchess to the queen, was truly characteristic of the honest mind by which it was framed. There is neither flattery nor violence, in the simple declaration of wounded feeling, expressed in the duchess's forcible language; and Queen Anne appears to have been touched by the direct appeal to her best dispositions, which it contains. For some days, indeed, no notice was taken of this remarkable epistle; but after a short time had elapsed, an answer was presented to the duchess, who found in it symptoms of a relenting spirit in her altered sovereign; and, anxious on account of others, as well as for her own comfort, to avoid an open rupture, she endeavoured once more to put on as easy an appearance as she could.

Upon a review of the circumstances which attended this notable quarrel, the character of the duchess appears in a much more favourable light than, from the many defects of her ill-governed mind, could reasonably have been expected. In the first instance, she was generous to her kinswoman, confiding, and lenient. Slow in being aroused to suspicion, her conduct was straightforward and judicious when the truth was forced upon her unwilling

conviction. She acted with sincerity, but not with address; and feelings too natural for a courtier to indulge were betrayed in the course of those altercations in which the character of Abigail is displayed in the worst colours. Artful and plausible, yet daring and insolent, according to circumstances—shameless in her ingratitude, the mean and despicable tool of others, with few advantages of education,—that abject but able woman acquired an ascendancy over the mind of Anne that was truly astonishing. The poor queen is to be pitied—we dare not say despised—for her subservieny, her little artifices, her manœuvres in closets and the back-stairs, her degrading connivance at duplicity, her thirst for flattery, or what she termed friendship. Her confidence and affection, thus extended towards an unworthy object, henceforth weakened, rather than adorned her character."

Mrs. Thomson is, we think, rather hard upon the queen for resorting to evasions and equivocations in freeing herself from the despotism of the duchess. We are not sure what strength of mind is necessary to shake off such an incubus; but we believe that tens of thousands of tolerably firm individuals go annually to their graves, never having mustered courage enough in their lives to free themselves from similar restraints and impositions. Custom is second nature, says the proverb; we believe it is often stronger than nature, and that nothing is so difficult as to emancipate yourself from its bonds, however galling and intolerable. Mrs. Masham's ascendancy became more striking than that of the duchess; so much so, that

"During the heat of Sacheverell's business, and before that notable comedy had been brought to a close, several of the privy counsellors, disgusted by Mrs. Masham's influence, consulted privately as to the expediency of moving an address for her dismissal from the royal confidence. These conferences, which were held late at night, were kept profoundly secret. They were attended by Lords Somers, Wharton, Halifax, and Sunderland, the chancellor Cowper, and the lord treasurer. Halifax and Wharton, the most violent of the party, with all duty to the queen, are said to have insisted modestly, that evil counsellors of one sex might be as well removed from the royal councils as those of another, by the advice of parliament. Somers, Godolphin, and Cowper were of a different opinion, and judged that such a remonstrance could not be made, consistently with the laws of the land. Sunderland was violent and impatient, and bitterly inveighed against the moderation of Somers, formerly his oracle, but now no longer able to control the rash spirit of his once enthusiastic votary. Marlborough, also, resisted the impetuosity of his son-in-law; and whilst he had proved himself capable of frustrating, by many determination, the arch-enemy's plans, resolved, with Somers, to wait until a favourable opportunity of annihilating her influence should occur; not, unconstitutionally, to force the queen to abandon her favourite, as Sunderland required."

The last years of the life of Marlborough and his duchess are painted in a very interesting manner by Mrs. Thomson, and many personal particulars of both, especially in regard to the offers of marriage, &c., to the latter in her widowhood; placed in a more natural light than we have hitherto seen them in the elevated pages of history. But as the principal occurrences are pretty well known, we may be excused from going more at length into these details. We cannot refrain, however, from quoting a

few brief sentences, as samples, of the author's observant qualities. Of Bolingbroke (she says) he "claimed, on his mother's side, an alliance with the ancient and noble family of Rich, earl of Warwick; from which loyal house he probably received those predilections for the Tory party which a mother could so easily implant; an influence which no nonconformist divine could readily counteract. But whilst thus he grew up, culling from different sources contrary opinions, it is probable that from his Presbyterian tutor he acquired that ardour for singular distinction which is the characteristic mark of sectarianism of every description, and by which, indeed, in conjunction often with higher motives, its ramifications are extended and maintained."

Of the final separation of the queen and duchess:—

"This correspondence appears to have had the effect only of widening the breach. It is one peculiarity of our sex, or, at any rate, of the least reflective portion, that the affections once alienated, cannot, by reasoning, by persuasion, even by concession, be restored to their accustomed channel."

Of the ducal grandchildren domesticated at Blenheim:—

"There is nothing more touching than the affection of the old for infants, nothing more consolatory than to observe how beautifully Providence renews the greatest of all pleasures, in restoring to the grandfather the tenderness, and the consequent parental joys, of the father. Those who have represented Marlborough as of a narrow spirit, and a cold, designing heart, should have beheld him gazing with delight upon his youthful granddaughters, when taking lessons in music and dancing, or performing such parts as were suited to their capacity in certain dramas, which turned often upon the exploits of the grandfather, and on the gifts and graces of the grandmother."

With an anecdote of his grace, we conclude our extracts:—

"It may appear reasonable to suppose that the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, having now tasted of the enjoyments, or endured the annoyances, of four successive courts, would gladly retire from all such scenes, thankful to escape to the quiet possession of leisure, and to the participation of such blessings as were spared to their old age. Vast riches were superabundantly their portion. Yet even wealth, which becomes a blessing or a curse according to the quality of that nature to which it is attached, has its inconveniences; and the immense accumulation of ready money appears to have caused the duke considerable embarrassment. 'I beg pardon for troubling you with this,' he wrote about this time, to a friend, 'but I am in a very odd distress—too much ready money. I have now one hundred thousand pounds dead, and shall have fifty more next week; if you can employ it in any way, it will be a very great favour to me.' Surely so strange a dilemma as that of having a hundred and fifty thousand pounds too much for one's peace of mind, and of being able to dispense with the interest of such a sum, is of rare occurrence."

South American Expedition: Captain Fitzroy's Journal. Vol. II.

THE interest felt about the natives of the southern extremity of the earth, recommends the accounts of them as the fittest portions we can extract for the illustration of these volumes in a popular periodical; and we, therefore, select a few particulars relative to the four

Fuegians brought to England by our countrymen. One of them died of smallpox soon after landing; and the others were conveyed to Walthamstow. On their route, and of their arrival, the following incidents are related:—

"Passing Charing Cross, there was a start and exclamation of astonishment from York. 'Look!' he said, fixing his eyes on the lion upon Northumberland House, which he certainly thought alive, and walking there. I never saw him shew such sudden emotion at any other time. They were much pleased with the rooms prepared for them at Walthamstow; and the schoolmaster and his wife were equally pleased to find the future inmates of their house very well disposed, quiet, and cleanly people, instead of fierce and dirty savages. At Walthamstow they remained from December 1830 till October 1831.

"Considerable progress was made by the boy and girl; but the man was hard to teach, except mechanically. He took interest in smith's or carpenter's work, and paid attention to what he saw and heard about animals; but he reluctantly assisted in garden work, and had a great dislike to learning to read. By degrees, a good many words of their own language were collected (the boy's differed from that of the man and the girl), and some interesting information was acquired respecting their own native habits and ideas. They gave no particular trouble; were very healthy; and the two younger ones became great favourites wherever they were known."

A Mr. Matthews accompanied them on their return, to proceed among their tribes with them, and endeavour to promote their civilisation and welfare. On approaching the coast we are told:—

"Our Fuegian companions seemed to be much elated at the certainty of being so near their own country; and the boy was never tired of telling us how excellent his land was—how glad his friends would be to see him—and how well they would treat us in return for our kindness to him."

"Breathes there a man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land?"

Even these poor savages rejoiced in their wild, barren, and stormy rocks! As they coasted along:—

"Several natives were seen in this day's pull; but as Jemmy told us they were not his friends, and often made war upon his people, we held very little intercourse with them. York laughed heartily at the first we saw, calling them large monkeys; and Jemmy assured us they were not at all like his people, who were very good and very clean. Fuegia was shocked and ashamed; she hid herself, and would not look at them a second time. It was interesting to observe the change which three years only had made in their ideas, and to notice how completely they had forgotten the appearance and habits of their former associates; for it turned out that Jemmy's own tribe was as inferior in every way as the worst of those whom he and York called 'monkeys—dirty—fools—not men.'

"This evening we reached a cove near the Murray Narrow; and from a small party of Tekeneica natives, Jemmy's friends, whom we found there, he heard of his mother and brothers, but found that his father was dead. Poor Jemmy looked very grave and mysterious at the news, but shewed no other symptom of sorrow. He reminded Bennett of the dream (related in the previous chapter), and then

went for some green branches, which he burned, watching them with a solemn look: after which he talked and laughed as usual, never once, of his own accord, recurring to the subject of his father's decease. The language of this small party, who were the first of Jemmy's own tribe whom we met, seemed softer and less guttural than those of the 'bad men' whom we had passed near the clay cliffs; and the people themselves seemed much better disposed, though as abject and degraded in outward appearance as any Fuegians I had ever seen. There were three men and two women: when first we were seen they all ran away, but upon two of our party landing and advancing quietly, the men returned and were soon at their ease. Jemmy and York then tried to speak to them; but to our surprise, and much to my sorrow, we found that Jemmy had almost forgotten his native language, and that, of the two, York, although belonging to another tribe, was rather the best interpreter. In a few minutes the natives comprehended that we should do them no harm; and they then called back their women, who were hiding in the woods, and established themselves, very confidently, in a wigwam within a hundred yards of our tents.

"Being within a few hours' pull (row) of Jemmy's own land, which he called Woollyja, we all felt eager, though anxious, and I was much gratified by seeing that Matthews still looked at his hazardous undertaking as steadily as ever, betraying no symptom of hesitation. The attentions which York paid to his intended wife, Fuegia, afforded much amusement to our party. He had long shewn himself attached to her, and had gradually become excessively jealous of her good-will. If any one spoke to her, he watched every word; if he was not sitting by her side, he grumbled sulkily; but if he was accidentally separated, and obliged to go in a different boat, his behaviour became sullen and morose. This evening he was quizzed so much about her that he became seriously angry, and I was obliged to interpose to prevent a quarrel between him and one of his steadiest friends.

"Canoes continued to arrive; their owners hauled them ashore on the beach, sent the women and children to old wigwams at a little distance, and hastened themselves to see the strangers. While I was engaged in watching the proceedings at our encampment, and poor Jemmy was getting out of temper at the quizzing he had to endure on account of his countrymen, whom he had extolled so highly until in sight, a deep voice was heard shouting from a canoe more than a mile distant: up started Jemmy from a bag full of nails and tools which he was distributing, leaving them to be scrambled for by those nearest, and, upon a repetition of the shout, exclaimed, 'My brother!' He then told me that it was his eldest brother's voice, and perched himself on a large stone to watch the canoe, which approached slowly, being small, and loaded with several people. When it arrived, instead of an eager meeting, there was a cautious circumspection which astonished us. Jemmy walked slowly to meet the party, consisting of his mother, two sisters, and four brothers. The old woman hardly looked at him before she hastened away to secure her canoe, and hide her property, all she possessed—a basket containing tinder, fire-stone, paint, &c., and a bundle of fish. The girls ran off with her without even looking at Jemmy; and the brothers (a man and three boys) stood still, stared, walked up to Jemmy, and all round

him, without uttering a word: Animals when they meet shew far more animation and anxiety than was displayed at this meeting. Jemmy was evidently much mortified, and to add to his confusion and disappointment, as well as my own, he was unable to talk to his brothers, except by broken sentences, in which English predominated. After a few minutes had elapsed; his elder brother began to talk to him; but although Jemmy understood what was said, he could not reply. York and Fuegia were able to understand some words, but could not, or did not choose to speak. This first evening of our stay at Woollya was rather an anxious one; for although the natives seemed inclined to be quite friendly, and they all left us at sunset, according to their invariable practice, it was hard to say what mischief might not be planned by so numerous a party, fancying, as they probably would, that we were inferior to them in strength, because so few in number. Jemmy passed the evening with his mother and brothers, in their wigwam, but returned to us to sleep. York, also, and Fuegia, were going about among the natives at their wigwams, and the good effect of their intercourse and explanations, such as they were, was visible next day (24th) in the confident, familiar manner of the throng which surrounded us while we began to dig ground for gardens, as well as cut wood for large wigwams, in which Matthews and his party were to be established. Canoes still arrived, but their owners seemed as well-disposed as the rest of the natives, many of whom assisted us in carrying wood, and bringing bundles of grass or rushes to thatch the wigwams which they saw we were making, in a pleasant sheltered spot, near a brook of excellent water. One wigwam was for Matthews, another for Jemmy, and a third for York and Fuegia. York told me that Jemmy's brother was 'very much friend,' that the country was 'very good land,' and that he wished to stay with Jemmy and Matthews. A small plot of ground was selected near the wigwams, and, during our stay, dug, planted, and sowed with potatoes, carrots, turnips, beans, peas, lettuce, onions, leeks, and cabbages. Jemmy soon clothed his mother and brothers, by the assistance of his friends. For a garment which I sent the old woman, she returned me a large quantity of fish, all she had to offer; and when she was dressed, Jemmy brought her to see me. His brothers speedily became rich in old clothes, nails, and tools, and the eldest was soon known among the seamen as Tommy Button and Harry Button, but the younger ones usually staid at their wigwams, which were about a quarter of a mile distant. So quietly did affairs proceed, that the following day (25th) a few of our people went on the hills in search of guanacoes: many were seen, but they were too wild to approach. An old man arrived who was said to be Jemmy's uncle, his father's brother; and many strangers came, who seemed to belong to the Yapoo Tekeenica tribe. Jemmy did not like their visit; he said they were bad people, 'no friends.'

"During the four days in which we had so many natives about us, of course some thefts were committed, but nothing of consequence was stolen. I saw one man talking to Jemmy Button, while another picked his pocket of a knife, and even the wary York lost something, but from Fuegia they did not take a single article; on the contrary, their kindness to her was remarkable, and among the women she was quite a pet.

"In the evening, Matthews and his party

— Jemmy, York, and Fuegia — went to their abode in the three new wigwams. In that made for Matthews, Jemmy also took up his quarters at first: it was high and roomy for such a construction; the space overhead was divided by a floor of boards, brought from the ship, and there most of Matthew's stores were placed; but the most valuable articles were deposited in a box, which was hid in the ground underneath the wigwam, where *fire* could not reach. Matthews was steady, and as willing as ever; neither York nor Jemmy had the slightest doubt of their being all well-treated.

"Some natives soon appeared, and, though few in number, were inclined to give trouble. It was evident they did not know the effect of fire-arms; for if a musket were pointed at them, and threatening gestures used, they only made faces at us, and mocked whatever we did. Finding them more and more insolent and troublesome, I preferred leaving them, to risking a struggle, in which it might become necessary to fire, at the hazard of destroying life. Twelve armed men, therefore, gave way to six unarmed, naked savages, and went on to another cove, where these annoying, because ignorant, natives could not see us."

On returning, after the brief absence from the new settlement, it was found in a deplorable state:—

"Matthews gave a bad account of the prospect which he saw before him, and told me that he did not think himself safe among such a set of utter savages as he found them to be, notwithstanding Jemmy's assurances to the contrary. No violence had been committed beyond holding down his head by force, as if in contempt of his strength; but he had been harshly threatened by several men, and from the signs used by them, he felt convinced they would take his life. During the last few days, his time had been altogether occupied in watching his property. At first there were only a few quiet natives about him, who were inoffensive; but three days after our departure, several canoes full of strangers to Jemmy's family arrived, and from that time Matthews had had no peace by day, and very little rest at night. Some of them were always on the look-out for an opportunity to snatch up and run off with some tool or article of clothing, and others spent the greater part of each day in his wigwam, asking for every thing they saw, and often threatening him when he refused to comply with their wishes. More than one man went out in a rage, and returned immediately with a large stone in his hand, making signs that he would kill Matthews if he did not give him what was demanded. Sometimes a party of them gathered round Matthews, and, if he had nothing to give them, teased him by pulling the hair of his face, pushing him about, and making mouths at him. His only partisans were the women; now and then he left Jemmy to guard the hut, and went to the natives' wigwams, where the women always received him kindly, making room for him by their fire, and giving him a share of whatever food they had, without asking for any thing in return.

"York and Fuegia fared very well; they lost nothing; but Jemmy was sadly plundered, even by his own family. Our garden, upon which much labour had been bestowed, had been trampled over repeatedly, although Jemmy had done his best to explain its object and prevent people from walking there. When questioned about it, he looked very sorrowful, and, with a slow shake of the head, said, 'My

people very bad; great fool; know nothing at all; very great fool.' It was soon decided that Matthews should not remain."

After a long cruise, our vessels again visited Woollya; and Capt. F. says:—

"The wigwams in which I had left York, Jemmy, and Fuegia, were found empty, though uninjured: the garden had been trampled over, but some turnips and potatoes of moderate size were pulled up by us, and eaten at my table, a proof that they may be grown in that region. Not a living soul was visible any where; the wigwams seemed to have been deserted many months; and an anxious hour or two passed, after the ship was moored, before three canoes were seen in the offing, paddling hastily towards us, from the place now called Button Island. Looking through a glass, I saw that two of the natives in them were washing their faces, while the rest were paddling with might and main: I was then sure that some of our acquaintances were there, and in a few minutes recognised Tommy Button, Jemmy's brother. In the other canoe was a face which I knew, yet could not name. 'It must be some one I have seen before,' said I,—when his sharp eye detected me, and a sudden movement of the hand to his head (as a sailor touches his hat) at once told me it was, indeed, Jemmy Button—but how altered! I could hardly restrain my feelings; and I was not, by any means, the only one so touched by his squalid, miserable appearance. He was naked, like his companions, except a bit of skin about his loins; his hair was long and matted, just like theirs; he was wretchedly thin, and his eyes were affected by smoke. We hurried him below, clothed him immediately, and in half an hour he was sitting with me at dinner in my cabin, using his knife and fork properly, and in every way behaving as correctly as if he had never left us. He spoke as much English as ever; and, to our astonishment, his companions, his wife, his brothers and their wives, mixed broken English words in their talking with him. Jemmy recollected every one well, and was very glad to see them all, especially Mr. Bynoe and James Bennett. I thought he was ill, but he surprised me by saying that he was 'hearty, sir, never better,' that he had not been ill, even for a day, was happy and contented, and had no wish whatever to change his way of life. He said that he got 'plenty fruits,' 'plenty birdies,' 'ten guanaco in snow time,' and 'too much fish.' Besides, though he said nothing about her, I soon heard that there was a good-looking young woman in his canoe, who was said to be his wife. Directly this became known, shawls, hands, handkerchiefs, and a gold-laced cap appeared, with which she was speedily decorated; but fears had been excited for her husband's safe return to her, and no finery could stop her crying until Jemmy again shewed himself on deck. While he was below, his brother Tommy called out in a loud tone, 'Jemmy Button, canoe, come!' After some time, the three canoes went ashore, laden with presents; and their owners promised to come again early next morning. Jemmy gave a fine otter skin to me, which he had dressed and kept purposely; another he gave to Bennett. Next morning, Jemmy shamed my breakfast, and then we had a long conversation by ourselves; the result of which was, that I felt quite decided not to make a second attempt to place Matthews among the natives of Tierra del Fuego. Jemmy told me that he knew very

♦ A favourite saying of his, formerly."

† Exclamations on the bunch-truss and berries."

‡ For a Fuegian."

little of his own language; that he spoke some words of English, and some Tekeenica, when he talked to his family; and that they all understood the English words he used. York and Fuegia left him some months before our arrival, and went in a large canoe to their own country: the last act of that cunning fellow was to rob poor Jemmy of all his clothes; nearly all the tools his Tekeenica 'friends' had left him; and various other necessities. Fuegia was dressed as usual, and looking well, when they decamped: her helpmate was also well clothed, and had hardly lost any thing I left with him. Jemmy said, 'York very much jaw,' 'pick up big stones,' 'all men afraid.' Fuegia seemed to be very happy, and quite contented with her lot. Jemmy asserted that she helped to 'catch (steal) his clothes,' while he was asleep, the night before York left him naked. Not long after my departure, in February 1833, the much-dreaded Oens-men came in numbers, overland, to Woollya; obliged Jemmy's tribe to escape to the small islands, and carried off every valuable which his party had not time to remove. They had, doubtless, heard of the houses and property left there, and hastened to seize upon it—like other 'borderers.' Until this time, York had appeared to be settled, and quite at ease; but he had been employed about a suspiciously large canoe, just finished when the inroad was made. He saved this canoe, indeed escaped in it, and afterwards induced Jemmy and his family to accompany him 'to look at his land.' They went together in four canoes (York's large one and three others) as far west as Devil Island, at the junction of the north-west and south-west arms of the Beagle Channel: there they met York's brother and some others of the Alikhoolip tribe; and, while Jemmy was asleep, all the Alikhoolip party stole off, taking nearly all Jemmy's things, and leaving him in his original condition. York's fine canoe was evidently not built for transporting himself alone; neither was the meeting with his brother accidental. I am now quite sure that from the time of his changing his mind, and desiring to be placed at Woollya, with Matthews and Jemmy, he meditated taking a good opportunity of possessing himself of every thing; and that he thought, if he were left in his own country without Matthews, he would not have many good things given to him, neither would he know where he might afterwards look for and plunder poor Jemmy.

"I cannot help (concludes this story) still hoping that some benefit, however slight, may result from the intercourse of these people, Jemmy, York, and Fuegia, with other natives of Tierra del Fuego. Perhaps a shipwrecked seaman may hereafter receive help and kind treatment from Jemmy Button's children; prompted, as they can hardly fail to be, by the traditions they will have heard of men of other lands; and by an idea, however faint, of their duty to God as well as their neighbour."

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Letter from the Right Hon. Sir R.W. Horton, Bart., V.P., to Dr. Birkbeck, President, and the Members of the London Mechanics' Institution, on the Subject of the Corn Laws. Pp. 36.

"PRINTED for the benefit of the Institution," and we would truly say, if rightly understood by them, for the benefit of every individual member of it. The clear and statesman-like view of the subject, as it affects the working-classes, and is enforced by an admirable tabular

statement of the facts, is so irrefragable, that we think no man of common sense can fail to be convinced by it. The alteration of all existing values, and the vast advantage which would be cast into the scale, not only of the foreign corn-grower, but of the foreign manufacturer, in every line of production, which the change, so loudly and inconsiderately called for, would cause, it is fearful to contemplate. The ruin of England would be the consequence. Like the author's emigration plan (1837), we can only wonder that legislation does not immediately follow up principles so demonstratively propounded, and which in action are calculated to produce such vital benefits to the country. But the time must come; and the sooner the better.

Nan Darrell; or, the Gipsy Mother. By the Author of "The Heiress," "The Squire," &c. &c. 3 vols. London, 1839. T. and W. Boone.

MYSTERIOUS birth, engendering all the varieties of life between beggary and guilt, and nobility and splendour, will lead the lovers of novel-reading pleasantly through these three volumes; into the secrets or details, it would be contrary to all rule for us to enter. All we need to say is, that the fair writer has filled her canvass with many portraits; and, what with love-affairs, burglaries, and other villainies (some of them startling enough for probability), given as much incident as is required in such productions. The gipsy woman, half-crazed, and vain of her ragged finery, is drawn from nature.

History of the Campaign in France in the Year 1814. Translated from the Russian of A. Mikhailofsky-Danilefsky. 8vo. pp. 414. London, 1839. Smith, Elder, and Co.

IN this volume we have a lively account of one of the most important invasions that ever changed the face of the world and the destinies of nations. Its military details seem to us to be well given; but its chief feature is the ascription, also, of almost every political resolution of consequence to the personal determination of the Emperor Alexander.

Charles the Tenth and Louis Philippe: the Secret History of the Revolution of July 1830. 8vo. pp. 298. London, 1839. Saunders and Ooley.

THIS is a high Bourbon, not Orleans-Bourbon, production, and accuses the present king of the French of intense treachery towards the elder and reigning branch of his family. In all cases of the kind we are suspicious of strong partisan statements, and, in this instance, acknowledge ourselves too slightly acquainted with the internal politics of Paris to be able to draw the line between the strict truth and the colouring matter. The charges are heavy, and those who feel an interest in the intricacies and intrigues of French parties, will do well to take this view of them into comparison with others.

Answers to the Objections commonly brought against Vaccination, &c., by J. Robertson. (Manchester, Simms.)—This pamphlet does not erect the windmills in order to throw them down; but we really think the objections to vaccination either so visionary or prejudiced, after the experience we have had of it, that it was scarcely worth while of so able a combatant to couch a lance against them.

British Naval Biography, from Howard to Codrington. 24mo. pp. 663. (London, Scott, Webster, and Geary.)—An outline of the naval history of England is properly prefixed to these biographical sketches, which appear to be drawn from the numerous literary sources devoted to record the heroic exploits of the most glorious service that ever vindicated and adorned the high destinies of a nation.

Foreston; or, the New Lord of the Manor. Pp. 394. (London, Rickerby.)—The intention of this volume is, doubtless, good; and, we dare say, might give many useful hints to "the landed proprietors of the United Kingdom," to whom it is dedicated, always supposing them to

have time and patience enough to read it through: an effort, we must confess, beyond our powers.

Argentine, pp. 363. (London, Smith, Elder, and Co.)—A tale of considerable interest, wrought out in the, not a novel way. Wrongs and disappointments, ending in a happy marriage, et cetera tout.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

MAY 22. The Rev. Dr. Buckland, President, in the chair.—Three papers were read:—1. 'On the Wells in the Gravel and London Clay in Essex,' by Dr. Mitchell. The greater part of Essex consists of London clay; but the portion of the county to the north-west of a line drawn from Harlow to Ballingdon Hill, near Sudbury, and a long ridge between Purfleet and East Tilbury, are composed of chalk. The greatest thickness of the clay is not known, but it probably exceeds 400 feet; and that of the chalk has been ascertained to be considerably more than 500. Extensive districts are covered by gravel, sand, and other detritus, which are sometimes very thin; but, in Wakering Marshes and Foulness Island, they are not less than 300 feet thick. The wells formed in the gravel are supplied by land-springs, and they are often not more than ten feet deep. There is no certainty, however, in any area of the depth to which they must be sunk, owing to the irregularity of the outline of the London clay. In the districts composed of that formation, no land-springs occur; and the wells generally penetrate to the bed of sand between the clay and the chalk. That much of the rain which falls in Essex is absorbed, there can, nevertheless, be no doubt, from the small number and insignificant size of the brooks and rivers of the county. Very little water enters the Lea; and between its mouth and Purfleet, only four streams flow into the Thames. The Crouch, the Blackwater, and the Coln, though the principal rivers of Essex, are also very small, and can carry off only an inconsiderable portion of the water, which falls in about a million of statute acres. The clay is of various colours, the lower beds being sometimes red; but it is occasionally blue to the bottom. In the districts where it is thickest, it is often interstratified with two or three beds of sand; but near the site of Fairlop Fair, it was found to consist of 398 feet of solid clay. No exact details having been preserved by the well-sinkers, Dr. Mitchell has been unable to ascertain the precise thickness of the clay at the different localities visited by him; but he gives a list of nineteen wells, selected from a very large number, the total depth of the shallowest, at Upminster, near Romford, being 192 feet, and of the deepest, situated in Foulness Island, 460 feet. These variations do not depend entirely on the position of the well, with reference to the dip of the clay or the altitude above the sea, but frequently on the irregularities in the surface of the chalk. In many cases, however, the difference is equal to the rise in the physical features of the country; and the author consequently infers that those undulations were produced by denudation, and not by irregular elevation of the district. Layers of cement stone present great impediments to the well-sinkers; and there not unfrequently occurs at the bottom of the clay a large tabular mass, technically called the water-rock, because on cutting through it a powerful stream rushes up. The water sometimes holds in solution a saline substance, probably sulphate of magnesia, as it is abundant in the springs of the London clay in Surrey. Foul air is not unknown; but it has given little inconvenience to the well-sinkers, and its

nature has not been ascertained. In Hertfordshire, sulphuretted hydrogen gas has been most destructive; and, in the chalk district of Surrey, carbonic acid gas is very troublesome, and has been sometimes fatal. Artesian wells have been productive of the greatest benefit in Essex. In the vale of the Lea they have been bored easily, and the expense has been usually about 16*l*. In the district of Bulphan Fen, they yield a large supply of water; and they have proved extremely beneficial in the marshes and the flat tracts along the coast. In Foulness Island there are no natural springs, and, until lately, there was no water except that collected in ditches. In hot seasons this became putrid, yet the inhabitants and cattle continued to partake of it as long as it lasted; and it was then necessary to obtain supplies, at the distance of seven miles, from the east end of the island. The district, in consequence, was proverbially unhealthy, and labourers could be procured only at unusually high wages; now, however, Artesian wells keep the ditches constantly full of fresh and wholesome water; farmers of a superior class are beginning to reside on the island, labourers are procured at moderate wages, and the produce of the soil has increased. Wallingsea, Mersea, and other islands, have also benefited very much by Artesian wells. Great additions are annually made to the land along the coast of Essex; and extensive embankments have been thrown up within the last seven years, enclosing valuable tracts: but large areas are totally destitute of vegetable soil; and Dr. Mitchell calculates, that on one part of the coast, there are 33,000 acres which would not yield for the next 300 years, a rental of 300 pence. In 1837 a company was proposed for enclosing the district. To this paper was appended a notice of the following localities of outbursts of water from the chalk. The Bourne Mill stream near Farnham; the head of the river Mole at Merstham; a copious spring close to the Guildford Road near Leatherhead; another at the Church below Croydon; and several within a short distance of Carshalton and Orpington; the Holy Well at Kemping; a copious stream on the north side of the road to the west of Sittingbourne, Brookend, in the Isle of Thanet; the Lidden Spout between Folkstone and Dover; the Holy Well at the commencement of the cliffs of Beachy Head, a mile from Eastbourne; also the Chadwell and the Amwell, two of the principal tributaries of the New River. The notice contained, likewise, an account of the "Nail Bourns," or occasional outbursts of water, at Birchwood House, near Croydon. The last occurrence of the phenomenon was in the spring of 1837, when the water poured out in vast quantities, and continued to do so for six weeks. Later in the same season, other streams burst forth at Gatton Park, between Merstham and Ryegate, and at Nonsuch Park near Ewell.

[To be concluded in our next.]

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

FRIDAY, 31st May. — Mr. Snow Harris, 'On the Nature of Electrical Attraction.' This subject, Mr. Harris observed, is not one of popular interest; but to the philosopher it is susceptible of a very high degree. Since the discovery of Newton's glorious general law of gravity, men of scientific pursuits have been desirous to verify the same law of action in all invisible influences. They appear, however, not to have been sufficiently aware of the phenomena observable in all electrical or magnetic

attraction, to enable them to determine the general law of action for the particular force developed by these curious agents. The law of gravity, that peculiar species of force acting as the quantity of matter directly, and as the squares of the distances inversely, is not borne out in relation to the force or forces producing the phenomena of attraction in electricity and magnetism. Doubtless all the elementary laws of nature are of the simplest form, and involve no other considerations than the simple relation of cause and effect; but rigid investigation as to the quantity of the invisible influences, the distances at which they are exerted, and the visible results, or the resistance they overcome, is requisite to their interpretation. After explaining by diagrams the law of forces from a centre and in parallel lines, in reference to light, Mr. Harris proceeded experimentally to exhibit the phenomena of attraction and induction evinced by electricity and magnetism, and to discuss the probable kind of agency producing them. In examining attractive force, the body not electrified undergoes a change previously to its being attracted. This particular change is termed induction, and is a separate and particular action. Attraction, therefore, is the result of two distinct forces. Some attribute the agency to vibration, a peculiar affection of the particles of matter; others, to some subtle form of body differing from the ordinary kind of matter, associated with their particles. If vibration were the cause, one part of a body would be similarly affected with the whole. That this is not the case, was shewn by the removal of two slices from either end of a conductor. What one had lost, the other had gained; and two opposite forces were manifested: moreover, certain bodies are attracted by the one and repelled by the other. The beautiful experiment of the separation, when projected on a prepared resinous plate, of the two powders of red lead and sulphur, previously intimately mixed, supported this remark. That, therefore, the agency is due to some subtle form of matter, is probable. The particular character of induction was then enlarged upon. The inductive force is reciprocal, the neutral body operates on the charged one, and *vice versa*. It is also not affected by angular divergence, and is propagated in all directions. The law of induction upon the charged body, estimating it by the quantity of the charge displaced, is as the quantity of charge directly, and as the distance inversely; and upon the neutral body, also, as the quantity of charge directly, but as the square root of the distance inversely; the actual quantities in the opposed surface being always as the square roots of the distances inversely. In the neutral body it is the quantity of electricity disturbed. In the charged body it is the quantity disturbed, added to that already in the opposed surface. The nature of electrical measurements, and the methods of arriving at these results, were fully demonstrated. Attraction in electricity, is the immediate result of the inductive forces, which vary in the charged body with the quantity and with the distance. If both these vary together, the whole force increases as the square of the distance inversely. If either be made constant, then it varies with the other. The inductive and attractive forces are always equal. Attraction in electricity may be reduced to the conditions of the Leyden jar; and the results, experimentally arrived at by Mr. Harris, agree with those of Mr. Cavendish. The charge is, as area directly and as distance inversely. This is true of opposed bodies, whatever be

their figure, whether plates, spheres, paraboloids, or cones. The forces then inductive, and attractive, are always exerted in the phenomenon attraction, and probably in straight lines. On this supposition, the force between any two opposed surfaces can be calculated. The quantities in the opposed areas are as the square roots of the distances, or the force is as the area directly, and as the square root of the distance inversely. This result is fully and completely borne out by experiment. The delicacy of the apparatus, the accuracy of the electrical measurements, the care manifested in the quantitative processes, and every requisite in the progress of inquiry, for the establishment of truth and mathematical precision, render the results laid down by Mr. Harris highly important and valuable.

LINNEAN SOCIETY.

MR. FORSTER in the chair. — Read, 'Further Observations on the *Spongilla fluviatilis*, with some Remarks on the Nature of the *Spongilla Marina*,' by Mr. Hogg. In the latter portion of this paper, the author endeavours to demonstrate the *vegetability* of the river sponge from the following facts, which were obtained by many experiments made by him upon that substance during the last two summers. 1st. From the general resemblance of the membrane, which invests the soft portion or gelly, with the membrane or cuticle of the leaves of many plants. 2d. From this gelatinous or soft portion being so similar to the *parenchymatous* substance of the more fleshy kinds of leaves, and being, like to the latter, chiefly composed of numerous pellucid globules. 3d. From the green colouring matter or *chromule* contained in those globules, on being pressed out, giving a permanent green or yellowish green colour to white paper, as is the case with the *chromule* of leaves and plants. 4th. From strong acids having the same effects on this sponge as they are seen to have upon plants, when they are macerated. And 5th. From the mode in which numerous bubbles of gas — most probably oxygen — are disengaged from the surface of the living mass of spongilla, when exposed to the brightest solar light, being so extremely analogous to that which is known to occur with the leaves of a plant when immersed in water, and submitted to the direct action of the light of the sun. — At the anniversary meeting, a very satisfactory report was read. The Bishop of Norwich was re-elected president. The other officers stand as heretofore. — Amongst the donations was a fine portrait of Mr. Yarrell, painted by Mrs. Carpenter.

CIVIL ENGINEERS.

THE annual conversation on Saturday evening was most numerous and brilliantly attended. The spacious suite of rooms in which were to be seen many curious objects of mechanic arts were filled for several hours; and an elegant entertainment at the close testified to the zeal and liberality of the president, Mr. Walker. Amongst the things with which we were most struck were a neat machine (Cowper's) for printing small bills, cards, labels, &c., fit for private purposes; and a very ingenious invention for joining leather straps employed in machinery. The latter is wonderfully simple and convenient, can be executed in a much shorter period, and when done is far superior to the overlaying method and riveting hitherto in use. A new lamp also attracted our notice; it burns very brilliantly, in consequence of a degree of heat being applied to the commonest oils, which purifies the supply, and either makes

a deposit of or destroys the load of heterogeneous matter which would hinder the combustion.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

THE meeting on Saturday was a very interesting one. The Society's apartments were fitted up with flowers and shrubs, many of them rare and curious, and thronged with company. In one room were specimens of vegetable poisons and drugs; in another, sections of a hundred various woods, so as to show their texture; in a third were all Bonpland's drawings; in a fourth, imitations of flowers and fruits, including some of Mrs. Randolph's charming and natural specimens of the former, of actual feathers; and so on through the whole, there being every where objects well meriting the attention of the public. The visit made us long to see the Society in full operation in the Regent's Park.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, May 30. — The following degrees were conferred:—

Doctor in Divinity.—Rev. H. J. B. Nicholson, Magdalen Hall.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. C. J. D. Marden, Lincoln College; G. H. Drummond, A. Oswald, Christ Church; Rev. J. B. Phillips, All Souls' College; Rev. W. H. Braund, J. Fuge, Magdalen Hall; M. Holme, Brasenose College; Rev. A. H. Bridges, Oriel College; Rev. A. Broadley, Wadham College; Rev. J. R. Errington, Worcester College; Rev. G. W. Braikentide, University College.

Bachelors of Arts.—R. W. Eytton, grand compounder, W. C. Morland, Christ Church; J. Meyrick, Michel Scholar of Queen's College; L. E. G. Clarke, J. Hall, Exhibitioner, of Brasenose College; M. E. Buller, J. Cox, Worcester College; J. Jones, Jesus College; W. E. Allfree, Wadham College; W. R. Ogle, Trinity College.

CAMBRIDGE, May 30. — The following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Divinity.—Rev. G. Atkinson, St. Peter's College.

Master of Arts.—Rev. S. Allen, Trinity College.

On Saturday the Porson prize was adjudged to Edward Meredith Cope, of Trinity College, in this University.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

THIS Society held its sixteenth anniversary meeting on the 11th of May, the Right Hon. Sir Gore Ouseley, Bart., in the chair. — The Annual Report of the Council was read, with the usual financial explanations; from which we gather, that recently adopted arrangements have enabled the Society to carry on its affairs without diminishing its capital stock, to which, at one time, fears were entertained they would find it necessary to have recourse. Amongst the deaths, those of the late Secretary of the Society, Capt. Harkness, and of the Librarian, Colonel Francklin, were particularly adverted to; and some account was given of the various publications of Colonel Francklin, in several branches of literature. The Report then congratulated the meeting on the prosperous working of the Committee of Agriculture and Commerce. It also noticed the condition of the Oriental Translation Fund, which the council were happy to state still continued to enjoy the support of a large number of the patrons of oriental literature, both at home and abroad; and its operations were carried on with a zeal and activity fully commensurate to its means. The council, in concluding their report, mentioned the failure of their attempts to procure from the government a house suitable for the existing position of the Society, and stated that they had transmitted to the Court of Directors of the East India Company a memorial, to the same effect as that presented to their royal patron. Sir Alexander Johnston, as chairman of the Committee of Correspondence of the Society, gave a complete and varied detail of the differ-

ent objects to which that committee had directed its researches during the past year; embracing, among other matters, the changes which are taking place in the education, manners, and feelings of the Turks; the influence exerted upon the Affghans by the Indians on one side, and the Persians on the other; the moral and political effects likely to be produced on the people of India by the introduction of inland steam navigation; and in China by our occupation of Assam; and to the measures adopted by Russia for gaining an acquaintance with the river Amur, and the sea-coast at its mouth. These matters were elucidated by the right hon. chairman with a fulness of detail which our limits prevent us from following, but which is the less to be regretted, as the observations of Sir Alexander will appear at length in the Society's proceedings. The Right Hon. Holt Mackenzie read the Report of the Committee of Commerce and Agriculture, which commenced by acknowledging the valuable services of Dr. Royle and Mr. Solly. The report then stated that an abstract of the proceedings of the committee, up to the end of 1838, had already been printed, and that another was in progress, which would show that the matters which had been investigated by the committee were highly important in relation to the trade and agriculture of India, and to the commerce and manufactures of Great Britain; and that various inquiries had been instituted, from which interesting and beneficial results might be expected. The first article to which their attention had been directed was cotton, which might be deemed a necessary of life for our manufacturers, and for which we were in a great measure dependent on rival nations. For this object, details of the various efforts that had been made by individuals to introduce into India improvement in cotton cultivation, whether successful or not, had been collected and arranged, in order to investigate the causes of success or failure; accounts of the most approved modes of culture in America had been obtained; specimens of the best cotton soils had been brought from Georgia to this house, for the purpose of being analysed; and the committee looked forward to a time when they should be able to place within the reach of the practical agriculturist such information as would enable him to grow cotton in India equal to that of any part of the world. The value and quality of the various oil-seeds grown in India had also engaged the committee's attention; and several valuable analyses had been prepared by their chemical assistant, which fully demonstrated the importance of this branch of Indian trade. The cheap cost and abundant produce of these articles would, no doubt, ensure an extensive commerce in many species, so soon as the results of the committee's inquiries should be generally known. The vegetable-tallow of Canara had also been examined; and the result had shown that it would be a valuable substitute for the animal-tallow now so largely imported from Russia. We must refer to the report itself for the other articles noticed in it; only observing that they relate to caoutchouc, kino, hemp, tea, iron, cochineal, timber, wool, silk, and minor articles, all of which, it appears to be demonstrated, are procurable, of a superior quality, and at a less price, than in other parts of the world; and for many of which Great Britain has now to depend for a supply upon foreign states. — When the report had been read, L. H. Pettit, Esq., moved a vote of thanks to the Right Hon. Holt Mackenzie, whose valuable report was a further proof of the well-

known talent of that gentleman: this vote was seconded by T. Phillips, Esq., and carried unanimously. — Mr. Mackenzie, in returning thanks, observed that the vote the meeting had passed was gratifying to him, not so much as a compliment to himself (though to such a compliment he was not insensible), as a testimony of the Society's sense of the importance of the committee of which he had the honour to be chairman. He trusted that the interest the members of the Society took in the operations of the committee would be shewn by their increased exertions in contributing to its transactions. Many of them possessed facilities for communicating information that would be highly useful, at a small expense of time and labour: a single interesting fact, or a single sample of a new variety of any useful substance, would be gladly received by the committee. It was only by labours pursued through many years that the objects of the committee could be attained: they had as yet only broken the ground; but he hoped that enough had been done to shew the importance, the value, and the practicability of what they aimed at. The right hon. gentleman then expressed his regret at the disappointment of the Society in its just expectations of the favour and support of government. He had hoped that the labours of the committee would have strengthened the already strong claims of the Society; and that, before this, they should have been able to congratulate one another on the prospect of meeting no longer within the narrow chambers of a private house, but in a hall suited to the character of the Society, and to the great public interests which it was designed and calculated to promote. Looking at the extent and nature of our Eastern empire, and to the important services which the Royal Asiatic Society could render as an interpreter between the two countries, it was with shame, indignation, and sorrow, that he contemplated the indifference with which the public of this country regarded, and the niggard spirit in which the government treated them. He did not, however, despair of better things; and trusted that the members of the Society would do all they could, each in his own sphere, to secure the just and liberal recognition of the Society's claims to public support. Before sitting down he begged to read to the meeting an extract from the "Botanical Register," edited by Dr. Lindley, in which that gentleman had spoken very highly (though, he confessed, in somewhat an exaggerated tone) of the operations of the committee; but it was the praise of literary and scientific institutions we must chiefly value. Mr. M. concluded his address by reading the extract above mentioned, which remarked, that if the committee continued their exertions with energy and discretion for only a few years, they will have done more to make India wealthy and happy than all the other devices of state policy put together. On the thanks of the Society being voted to the council for their services, the Earl of Munster returned thanks, as one of the vice-presidents, in the name of the council. His lordship regretted that he had arrived so late; but while he had been detained by some unavoidable business from coming before, he trusted that his appearance, so late, would shew the meeting that he was desirous of being amongst them, if only for a short time. S. Ware, Esq., in rising to move a vote of thanks to General Briggs, who was now about to retire from the secretaryship, regretted that that gentleman was absent, on account of ill health. He was glad to learn that General Briggs would remain in

the council; and that he would still devote his leisure to Asiatic pursuits. R. Clarke, Esq., in moving the thanks of the Society to C. Elliott, Esq., for his services as treasurer, said that that gentleman had first called the attention of the Society to the state of its finances, and had greatly aided it in effecting that reform which was so imperatively demanded. While on his legs, Mr. Clarke said that he felt honoured in their nominating him for their secretary, but he had much diffidence in following so able an officer as General Briggs: he also knew that much good might be done for the Society in the office by one possessed of greater abilities, and a more extended influence, than he himself possessed; but the Society, although they might nominate a more efficient, they could not find a more willing officer than himself. The chairman said that the council had resolved to recommend for election, as an honorary member of the Society, his Highness the Newáb Ikbal al Doulah, Bahadur, prince of Oude, whose portrait was then in the room. The admission of the prince would be an honour to the Society. He could bear testimony that his highness was deeply versed in Persian and Arabic literature; and that his manners and habits were those of a prince and a gentleman. His highness was then balloted for, and unanimously elected. The meeting then proceeded to ballot for the officers and council of the Society for the ensuing year. The following gentlemen were declared elected into the council in the place of those going out by rotation:—S. Ball, Esq., General Briggs, H. S. Graeme, Esq., Sir Joseph O'Halloran, Colonel Sykes; R. Clarke, Esq., was elected Honorary Secretary; and John Shakspeare, Esq., Librarian. On the chairman leaving the chair, it was moved, seconded, and voted unanimously, that the thanks of the meeting be given to the Right Honourable Sir Gore Ouseley, Bart., for his able services in the chair that day.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

MR. HUDSON GURNEY, V.P. in the chair.—Mr. Gage Rokewode exhibited a splendid Psalter, of the early part of the fourteenth century, with a descriptive essay. This MS. is a large folio; the letters near half an inch in height. Some of the psalms are accompanied by musical notes; and the illuminations very numerous and magnificent. It was written for Sir Geoffrey Luttrell; one of the paintings representing the knight on horseback, with his lady standing near, and having the superscription, "Dñs Galfridus Lowterel, me fieri fecit." In a calendar at the commencement are several entries of obits, some relating to the family of Bohun, Earls of Hereford, of the dates of 1317, 1375, and 1409, made evidently after the book was written. The book is now the property of—Weld, Esq., of Lutworth Castle. Plain and coloured engravings of several of the illuminations were hung in the room, shewing every stage in the progress of agriculture, from ploughing the land to grinding the corn, preparations for a feast, a state-coach, various games, grotesque devices, &c.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—Geographical, 9 P.M.; British Architects, 8 P.M.
Tuesday.—Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.; Zoological, 8 P.M.; Society of Arts, 8 P.M.
Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 7½ P.M.; Medico-Botanical, 8 P.M.; Graphic, 7 P.M.; Literary Fund, 3 P.M.
Thursday.—Royal Society, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; Royal Society of Literature, 4 P.M.
Friday.—Royal Astronomical, 8 P.M.
Saturday.—Asiatic, 3 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

THE NELSON MONUMENT.

THE renewed competition for this national monument has exhibited its claims during the week at the bazar in St. James's Street; and a number of models and designs, not in the former collection at Mr. Rainy's room, have been submitted to public judgment. As in all matters of taste, we presume there will be an abundant variety of opinions: but as the matter is expressly arranged in this way to court the general sense of the lovers of art, we shall not refrain from offering a few notes upon the objects which most particularly attracted our attention. In the first place, however, we should say, that the light for the view is bad, in consequence of the windows descending almost to the floor: if three or four feet of the lower panes were darkened, the spectator would be much better able to form a correct idea of the effects of each model, and especially of those of any size. Perhaps we might add, with reference to the declared purpose of the exhibition, as stated by the committee, viz. to enable them to gather the sentiments of the world at large as a guide to their own decision (instead of letting it come in after in the shape of dissent, as at the first trial), the opening to intelligent visitors has been too much restricted. Tickets to the amount of two hundred per day could hardly be expected from the plan adopted; and it is likely that not two thousand people will, at the end of next week, have had an opportunity of examining the Gallery. Be this as it may, there were very few present when we were there.

Taken as a whole, we are not disposed to vaunt of the genius displayed on the occasion; and there are many performances so ludicrous, that they throw an air of ridicule upon the higher class of works among which they are ranged in juxtaposition. Some of the latter, we doubt not, would be seen with much greater pleasure were they seen alone or in better company.

Of the novelties, No. 1. is at least an original design, a very sweetly moulded trident, by Piatrucci, with three graceful recumbent female figures on the base, a segment of a sphere. How this would look on a gigantic scale we cannot tell, but we fear its prongs and handle, &c., when sufficiently magnified, would lose the praise we can so readily bestow upon their very neatly executed miniature representative. We say nothing of the sufficiency of the design to fulfil the idea of a national monument to an individual hero.

Mr. W. B. Granville's triumphal column of cast iron, after the remains of the Temple of Jupiter Stator at Rome, has been freed from objections made to it in its first model, and much improved in other respects. Of the height, 217 feet 9 inches, the last 25 feet now consists of a figure typical of Great Britain, instead of a statue of Nelson, whose name alone is inscribed on the plinth of the pedestal. With regard to the employment of iron, we observe that the artist maintains his opinion of its being easily protected from oxydisation, and not liable to injury from electricity.

Messrs. Foggo, the brother artists, have each sent in drawings of considerable merit. One consists of the actual mast of a first-rate man-of-war, supported upon naval emblems, and a fitting pedestal. The other, by Mr. James Foggo, assumes the form of a light-house, and is adorned by three characteristic groups, illustrative of the greatest actions of Nelson. A porch in the base, supported by cannon, contains his statue.

Mr. Alfred Beaumont has a prodigious granite tazza, with a cube of immense dimensions as the base of the monument. At the angles are tritons and emblematical groups. Above is a socle, with bronze groups, representing the four quarters of the world; and, to crown all, a bronze gilt statue of Nelson.

Mr. Bailly has made some alterations in his former design, and sent in a second, which does not appear to us to be so beautiful as the first, either in general effect, or in the gracefulness of the allegorical figures.

Mr. E. Gavey gives us "a partially enclosed column surmounted by a statue, with a mausoleum interior, &c., 170 feet high." His description begins thus, and of which (as Sancho Panza hath it) no more need be said.

"Beneath the azure vault of Nature's vast architectrative dome, of colossean form (visible to myriads of lesser breathing mortals, scattered around o'er hill and dale), stands the sculptured representative to unborn ages of the person,—the most glorious of the greatest maritime nation's naval heroes,

NELSON.

"The statue, with naval trophies, surmounts a column, around which twirl antagonist dolphins, emblematic of sea-war.

"Beneath a gallery are embodied a series of four allegoric bassi-relievi, hypothetical of the hero's attributes,

ENTERPRISE, VALOUR, VICTORY, AND IMMORTALITY.

"Enterprise, a youth of fiery mien, with heart swollen with enthusiasm, over-caupied by the perils of stormy danger; he sees, through the vista of breaking thunder-clouds, starry rays encircling the hero's wreath of laurelled glory; emulations incentive: with eager haste to win the prize, he throws off the habiliments of inglorious inactivity, and, with heroism armed, dashes to the immortal goal, in vain withheld by the syrens, Luxury, Effeminacy, and Fear."

Mr. Bell has a fine design, both as regards column and pedestal; but we confess that, in the latter, we think he affords a strong case of imitation to shew that the second competitors may have borrowed ideas from the first exhibitors. Look at Mr. Watson's model.

Mr. W. Grove's monument differs much from the surrounding, and is charged with numbers of classical and allegorical figures and groups.

Salamis has an obelisk (*quere*, Cleopatra's Needle?), but surmounted by the ship Victory upon a globe. Nelson is represented dying, and a Victory is descending to crown him with an immortal wreath. Lions, eagles, &c. &c., are made to typify countries, enemies, conquerors or conquered.

Speaking of these, we may note that a vast superabundance of animals are made to mean anything or everything among these monuments. Had the design been in honour of Noah, who saved their progenitors in the ark, they might have been more applicable; but for Nelson, we must say, we cannot see their fitness. Their commonplace use is not their worst fault; but when it is impossible to know what they are meant to stand for without an inscription or a description, the folly of their introduction is obvious. In one design we have four abominably ugly dogs at the angles, trying to leap down to the ground—these, we fancy, must be to shadow forth the dogs of war.

With respect to Cleopatra's Needle, it is a national shame that it is not in England, and an ornament to the metropolis.

Mr. Peter Hollins has a drawing of a figure

of Britannia, of colossal size, with a medallion of Nelson suspended from her neck, whilst his most memorable achievements are recorded in three bassi-relievi upon the pedestal which supports the prominent and national figure. Is not the reduction of the principal character to a medallion a great objection?

But the last design of which we mean now to speak (for, in truth, a number of models, without catalogue, name, or arrangement, are not so well remembered since we left the room, as we imagined they would be when we were in it) is that by Mr. Laugh, which has certainly made a very strong impression upon our mind. In the former competition we thought the productions of this eminent sculptor failures; in the present instance, we think he has succeeded in embodying attributes which we have always felt should be part of a tribute to our mighty naval commander. There is a severe simplicity in the style of this design. Four subordinate figures of British sailors, as they are stripped for battle, thus affording an opportunity for a fine display of muscular form, range on the curve of the pedestal, and carry the eye to the statue of the hero at the top. They are fit and becoming associates to a Nelson monument; for it was by the aid of such that he reached the pinnacle of his fame. The statue itself is noble; and the skill with which the artist has shrouded the lost arm in a well-draped boat-cloak, is a very happy thought, admirably executed. There is no allegory. It is altogether British. Some appropriate bassi-relievi on the pedestal do not interfere with the grand effect of the whole; and there are no paltry mouldings or ornaments to mar it. We have seen no model to please us so entirely as this does.

We intend to revisit the Gallery, and enjoy a more particular inspection; and shall probably return to the subject in our next.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THIS Gallery, with the works of the Old Masters, opens this day to the public; and, through the liberality and kindness of the noblemen and gentlemen proprietors, a more admirable treat has never been afforded to the artists, and the lovers and amateurs of the fine arts, containing not only what is excellent in the different schools, but also many that may be termed curiosities in art. The North Room commences with an altar-piece, by Guercino; *History of Joseph*, by Francisco Ubertini; *The Abbe Scaglia*, Vandyke; *An Out-of-door Scene*, T. de Hoo; *Rembrandt's Mill*, Rembrandt; *Cattle, in a Landscape*, P. Potter; *Landscape, with Figures*, Gaspar Poussin; *The Virgin and Child, with St. John*, Raphael; *Portrait of a Spanish General in Armour*, Velasquez; *Tobit and the Angel*, Rembrandt; *The Virgin and Child*, Guido; *A Lion and Lioness, in a Landscape*; *A Larder, with Dead Peacocks*, Rembrandt; *Portrait of Mrs. Desaguliers*, Hogarth; *Head of an Old Woman*, Denner; *Portraits of Prince Rupert, Colonel Russell, Father of Lord Orford, and Colonel Murray*, Dobson; *The Vision of St. Anthony*, Murillo; *Pythagoras addressing his Pupils*, Rubens—one of the most splendid pictures of this master it has ever been our good fortune to have seen: it is an exhibition of itself. Others, by Cornelius Jansen, Gainborough, Salvator Rosa, A. del Sarto, Carlo Cignani, Frank Hals, Teniers, Watteau, Holbein, Ruysdael, Canaletti, Guardi, &c. &c., all of them specimens, the first in their class.

We here give a list of the liberal pro-

prietors who have furnished this truly pictorial treat:—

The Duke of Norfolk, K.G., the Marquess of Lansdowne, K.G., the Marquess of Westminster, Right Hon. Lord Francis Egerton, M.P., Lord Northwick, Lord Sandys, Lady Dover, the Count St. Martin d'Agile, Right Hon. Sir Robert Gordon, G.C.B., Hon. Colonel Fitzgibbon, M.P., Sir Simon H. Clarke, Bart., Sir Charles M. Burrell, Bart., M.P., Sir Thomas Baring, Bart., Sir Samuel Salt, Bart., Sir Robert Price, Bart., M.P., Sir Edmund Temple, Rev. L. Sandford, Joseph Richard, Esq., J. Barwise, Esq., Charles Bredel, Esq., Henry Broadwood, Esq., M.P., George Byng, Esq., M.P., W. R. Cartwright, Esq., M.P., Edward N. Denny, Esq., Andrew Fountaine, Esq., L. S. Harford, Esq., Lionel Harvey, Esq., Charles Heusch, Esq., R. S. Holford, Esq., H. J. Munro, Esq., N. Ogle, Esq., Samuel Rogers, Esq., and Dr. Stokoe.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

[Fifth notice.]

165. *Flora Mac Ivor*. T. Phillips, R.A.—Represents this extraordinary female under the deep impression of grief on receiving the news of her brother's execution. The artist has invested the character with a dignified, though rooted sorrow, which words are not equal to convey, and which a too violent expression of features would have destroyed.

45. *Forbidden Fruit*. R. Farrier.—An excellent title. The subject it treated with the artist's usual tact; and the rustic depredators and the guardian of the tempting orchard are represented in the true spirit of their respective callings.

26. *La Recreance*. J. J. Chalon, A.—An example of tasteful elegance (if the term may be allowed) of elevated pastoral. A little more of breadth and smoothness in the costume, we think, would have added to the beauty of the performance.

237. *Le Chêne d'Allonville, Normandie*. W. Cowen.—The age of this oak, and the circumstances under which it was seen, are more than sufficient to make it a fit subject for the pencil. The artist appears to have done great justice to its character by his careful execution.

The portraits are so numerous, that our limits will not allow us to particularise them. Those by Mrs. James Robertson and Mrs. William Carpenter are eminently beautiful. There are also many admirable works in this class of art, from the pencils of Sir M. A. Shee, Messrs. Phillips, Pickersgill, Briggs, Landseer, M'Clise, Geddes, Rothwell, Grant, Reinagle, Middleton, Lilley, Say, Lucas, Partridge, Linnell, Wildman, Simpson, Faulkner, Wood, Patten, Lane, Rood, Eddie, Miss Heaphy, &c. We were especially pleased with the portraits of *The late Countess of Essex*, and *Joseph Hume, Esq. M.P.*, by Mr. G. P. A. Healy, a young American artist, of great talents and promise.

In the Landscape and View department of the Exhibition, while we lament the absence of such works as those of Sir A. W. Callcott, C. Stanfield, and D. Roberts, we have still many beautiful productions.

Those by J. M. W. Turner, of *Ancient and Modern Rome*, are in his poetical and imaginative style;—two of the finest examples from his pencil. In English pastoral and park scenery, F. R. Lee has furnished a rich supply, in addition to others by G. Arnold, H. Havel, W. Linton, T. C. Hoffand, J. Stark, J. B. Pyne, Edward Hassell, T. Creswick, W. Turner, A. B. Johns, J. Wilson, jun., &c. &c.

DRAWINGS AND MINIATURES.

So runs the catalogue, while every variety that can be found under the name of art, and every surface and substance on which it can be wrought, exhibit the mass of talent contained in this room; and its character has been the same for several exhibitions past; and, from

want of room, or the increase of professors, is like to continue the same for years to come.

In the usual way, the portrait-drawings, with their costume of fashion and their forms of grace and elegance, by A. E. Chalon, R.A., occupy a large portion of the walls, and are followed by others excellent in their several styles of tact and execution, as will be recognised in the works of F. Cruickshank, S. J. Rochard, F. Rochard, R. J. Lane, A.E., Mrs. Gent, Miss F. Corboux, Mrs. Arundale, &c.

With respect to enamels, we still wish them a better light. Those by H. P. Bone are eight in number; and in point of variety or execution have never been surpassed. One of them is an original, a *Pastoral Subject*; one portrait is enamelled from life; the rest are copies from Vandyke, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir Thomas Lawrence, and Madame Le Brun. There are two fine enamels by W. Essex: 691. *Portrait of Lady Mary Lambton, after an original by W. C. Ross, A.R.A.*; 695. *Portrait of Cecil Beaton, Esq., after Mr. John Hayter*.

Painting on china, it will be seen by the following examples, has made a great advance:—692. *Her Most Gracious Majesty, after a Drawing by E. T. Parris, J. Haslem*; 703. *Harvest-Home, &c., after the original by Robert, Madame Laurent*.

The miniatures take a wide and extended range; and in number and character are certainly equal to any former specimens. Even of those of a high class in this department, we may say with truth that they are too numerous to mention in detail; but among the most distinguished appear the works of W. C. Ross, A. Robertson, Sir W. J. Newton, Mrs. James Robertson, Miss M. Gillies, F. Rochard, W. Booth, S. J. Stump, S. J. Rochard, W. Egley, R. Thorburn, H. Cullen, S. Lover, &c. The last-named able artist, besides his beautiful miniature and spirited portrait sketch, has a very characteristic drawing under the title of *Women of "the Gladhagh" of Galway, Ireland, selling Fish*. With the ardent mind of the poet and the observant eye of the painter, objects like these would not fail of becoming excellent subjects for his pencil. This is a fine example of what a perfect knowledge of national characteristics and costume does for such subjects. The pencil drawings of R. J. Lane, A.E., theatrical and portrait, like those of G. Jones, R.A., afford a striking variety in character, subject, and style of execution. Though, in the works of the latter, we think the Plagues of Egypt have held their course long enough, his drawing of *Efigenia*, 762, is a beautiful example of the artist's imaginative powers. 869. *A Literal Drawing after Nature*, R. Rothwell; a sleeping infant, with more of beauty, but hardly less magnificence of character, than those of the same class in the works of Rubens, or even M. Angelo.

The room has its fair portion of landscapes, and views, and medallim impressions. Among the first, examples by W. Westall, A., G. W. Shepherd, G. Barnard, G. F. Phillips, J. Varley, are among the most distinguished in this class. In the medallim compositions, those of W. Wyon, R.A., take the lead. *Her Majesty Queen Victoria, one of a Series of Dies*, A. J. Stothard; *The Battle of Cressy, a Model*, T. Woodbridge; together with intaglios by J. Wilson, J. Parry, J. Brown, W. Bain, F. F. Cuisset, &c., well deserve attention.

(To be continued.)

ANCIENT ARCHITECTURE.

On Saturday, the 25th ult., a lecture 'On the Peculiarities and Characteristics of the Old

Mansions and Baronial Halls of England,' was delivered in Crosby Hall, Bishopsgate, by J. Britton, F.S.A. A great number of fine drawings and prints were exhibited, illustrative of the progress of domestic architecture, and more particularly of the large dining-halls, which formed such important parts of our old baronial residences. The lecturer's remarks were confined chiefly to the latter subject, which he illustrated by reference to the beautiful apartment in which the audience were assembled, and by views, descriptions, and comparisons of the halls at Westminster, Hampton Court, Eltham, &c. &c. Mr. Britton noticed the historical and poetical associations connected with Crosby Hall, and powerfully contrasted its dilapidated condition thirty years ago with the greatly improved appearance which, by the aid of a public subscription, it now presents. The audience was very numerous and attentive; and the drawings, which were much admired, remained suspended in the hall for several days.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Finden's Royal Gallery of British Art.
Part III.

WE admire the judgment which the proprietors of this splendid and charming publication continue to exercise in the choice of subjects. The pictures which they have hitherto selected for engraving, have been not only master-pieces of British art, but, in most instances, master-pieces in that department of art in which British artists need acknowledge no inferiority to any school, ancient or modern; namely, the representation of domestic scenes, domestic characters, domestic incidents, and domestic affections. The original works from which the three beautiful plates before us have been engraved, all received the due meed of our applause when they were exhibited (although, we believe, in different years), at Somerset House. In "The Interior of a Highlander's House," from a painting by E. Landseer, R.A., Mr. W. Finden has most happily preserved the expression of the old portman and his dogs, as well as the admirable aerial perspective of the distant part of the cottage. Nor has Mr. E. Finden been less successful in transferring to steel the boisterous merriment of the urchins in the foreground, and the exquisite landscape behind them, in "Happy as a King," by W. Collins, R.A. Last, but not least in merit, is "The Escape of Francesco Novello di Carrara, Sovereign of Padua," from a painting by C. L. Eastlake, R.A., engraved by Mr. F. Bacon, with a fine feeling of the tenderness and delicacy, yet spirit, of the original.

The Right Honourable Robert, Earl of Roden, Baron Clanbrassil, K.P. Painted by F. R. Say; Engraved by T. Lupton. Hodgson and Graves.

IN this fine half-length portrait of the noble and zealous defender of the Irish Protestant cause, we recognise some of the best qualities of Lawrence's pencil.

The Ascot Grand Stand. G. Childe, del.; J. R. Jobbins, zincograph. Tyas.

PLEASE representation of this elegant building, so useful and ornamental to Ascot, and so creditable to the talents and taste of our architect, Mr. W. M. Higgins.

MUSIC.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

THE seventh concert of this Society, on Monday last, was very well attended, as it deserved

to be, for the selection of music was excellent, and the execution of it admirable. A symphony of Mozart's was the commencing piece, and was followed by an aria from the same composer's, "La Clemenza di Tito," sung by Madame Dorus Gras, with an obligato accompaniment by the unrivalled Willman. Our readers will remember in our last we doubted this lady's right to the title of Madame; the fact was, we did not know that since we heard her in Paris she has changed her state, although she still retains her maiden name: however, maid, wife, or widow, we have no hesitation in stating it as our opinion, that she is one of the most accomplished cantatrices that has appeared in this country for many years. She sang infinitely. Upon the coming forward of Dragonetti and Lindley, to perform a sonata of Corelli's, three regular peals of applause were given, doubtlessly to mark the sense of the subscribers respecting the late injudicious attack in the "Musical World" upon the former of these veterans of the bow. They both played delightfully. A Signor Mario made his first appearance with great effect; he was encoined in his song, which produced a practical pun, the title of the aria being "Venise est encor." He has a good voice, great taste—displaying the latter not the less by a judicious restraining of his power. Beethoven's Overture to Egmont concluded the first act. A symphony of Haydn's opened the second, and an aria of Auber's, sung by Madame Dorus Gras with the most wonderful execution, led to a violin fantasia of Artois's, performed by himself. If we are not greatly mistaken, this gentleman made his first appearance at the third concert of the Philharmonic in 1829, when that Society met at the Argyll Rooms; since that period he has greatly improved, and may be considered to rank now amongst the leading violinists of the day. A duet of Rossini's was exquisitely sung by Madame Dorus Gras and Signor Mario; and Mozart's magnificent Overture to "Zauberflöte" brought the whole to a conclusion at the respectable hour of eleven o'clock.

Hanover Square Rooms.—On Tuesday, an attractive programme enticed us to Mr. Salaman's morning concert, and we were much gratified by our visit. Passing, with alight mention, the number of delightful musicians who contributed greatly to the morning's amusement, and who are already favourites with the public, viz. Ivanhoff, F. Lablache, H. Phillips, David, Salaman, Albertazzi, Stockhausen, De Rivière, and Birch, we proceed to the novelties. Mr. Lidel played, in excellent style, a fantasia on the violoncello, producing tones we rarely hear from that instrument; Madame Dorus Gras made her first appearance at a public concert, and fascinated our ears and heart by her exquisite singing. Her voice is a fine soprano, her execution is wonderful, her upper notes clear and ringing, her lower tones slightly, but not unpleasantly husky; she executes passage after passage, roulade upon roulade, shake, turn, and chromatic scale, with the greatest precision and rapidity, at the same time giving full force and expression to the words; and withal, leaving her hearers far more breathless than herself. We have rarely heard anything more beautiful than her romance "Va, dit elle." We must not omit to mention two clever compositions of Mr. Salaman's, which were much applauded.

THE DRAMA.

Her Majesty's Theatre.—At last we can stay for the ballet with some degree of pleasure.

Taglioni, as graceful as ever, has returned to her post; and although she has only danced a single scene of *La Bayadère* on subscription nights, that one scene is so rich in elegant movements that we can pardon the omission of the others. By the way, we would rather see Perrot on the stage than in a box. We wonder he is not engaged; or, being engaged, does not dance where he was so great a favourite.

On Thursday, for Gris's benefit, at last, Sig. Mario made his *début* as *Gennara* in *Lucresia Borgia*. He is a fine tenor, but not of very great power. He received the honour of an encore in his best piece; and the opera was altogether well received. A new ballet, *La Gipsy*—the Gipsy, gave us something more, and in considerable variety, of Taglioni, whose last efforts were highly applauded.

Covent Garden.—Here we have *Henry V.* announced for Monday, and from what we know of the preparations and cast, and the scenic productions by Stanfield, we have no fear of raising public opinion too high, when we say that a play of Shakspeare's, so put upon the stage, has never before been seen.

Haymarket.—On Saturday, Power concluded his popular engagement* here; and on Monday, Mr. Kean commenced a course of twelve performances, previous to going to America, in the character of *Hamlet*. The house was crowded, and he was greatly applauded. On Thursday, Mr. Webster gave a further proof of his spirit and enterprise, by bringing forward Mr. Farren.

The *Olympic* and the *St. James's* closed last week; and in her address at the former, Madame Vestris intimated that she had become the lessee of *Covent Garden* for the ensuing season.

VARIETIES.

Photography.—It would seem that the old proverb is again likely to be verified. M. Bonafons, of Turin, sends the following title of a work, which he has found in a catalogue of old Italian works:—"Descrizione di un nuovo Modo di Transportare, qual si sia Figura Designata in Carta Medianti i Raggi Solari; di Antonio Cellio. Roma, 1686. In 4to. fig.—*Comptes Rendus de l'Académie.*"

H.B. Caricatures, 592, 3, and 4.—Times of political excitement are harvest weather for caricatures; and we have here an excellent crop of three. The first is "The Balance of Power," the Queen weighing two ladies against the whole Conservative party, who kick the beam, notwithstanding the weight of Wellington, Peel, Lyndhurst, &c. This figure is "proposed to displace the old one of Justice at the top of Constitution Hill." One scale is inscribed "Private Friendship"—the other, "Public Service." The next is "The Thimble Rig," admirably played and expressed by Lord Melbourne; backed by Lord J. Russell, Lord Morpeth, Lord Normanby, and Mr. S. Rice, as accomplices. The queen's half-face is just behind the premier's; Baroness Leichen is significantly whispering Lord Normanby, whilst the lady of the latter and Miss Rice, dandily dressed, are looking archly after Wellington and Peel, who are leaving the table evidently and wofully cleaned out. The last is a scene from "Don Juan." Brougham the Ghost, and Melbourne the Don. "My noble friend" was never more forcibly illustrated, even by the ex-Chancellor himself.

* Re-engaged for three nights, and Lover's most laughable *jeu d'esprit* of the *Happy Man* acted nightly, with augmented merriment and laughter.

Cambridge Philosophical Society.—A meeting of the Philosophical Society was held on the 20th ult. Dr. Clark in the chair. Mr. Whewell read a note respecting the working of his Anemometer since his memoir on that subject read May 1, 1837. The Anemometer had since that time been in action at the Society's house, and at the Cambridge Observatory; but in consequence of the instruments being several times repaired and improved, the observations were frequently interrupted. The observations for the months of July and August, 1838, were, however, represented by comparative diagrams, which were exhibited to the Society. From this comparison it appeared that the form of the line representing the course of the wind as registered by the instrument at the two places is nearly identical, thus proving the consistency of different instruments of this construction with one another. The scale of the two instruments appeared to be different, nearly in the ratio of 2 to 1; but no direct comparison of the scales had been attempted. It was stated also, that during 1837 and 1838, observations had been made with Mr. Whewell's Anemometer at Edinburgh, by Mr. Rankine, and expressed in a diagram (according to the method recommended by Mr. Whewell), in the 14th volume of the "Edinburgh Transactions." Observations with this instrument have also been made at Plymouth, and reduced by Mr. Southwood (of St. Peter's College), by whom also the diagrams for Cambridge were constructed. Mr. Whewell stated, in conclusion, that there is every reason to believe, from the results hitherto obtained, that if any person with sufficient leisure were to take up this subject, it would reward him by leading to the knowledge of important meteorological facts and laws.—*Cambridge Chronicle.*

Aberdeen College.—A new professorship of humanity has been created for Marischal College, Aberdeen; and we are glad to see that the choice of the first professor has fallen upon Mr. Blackie, the young and able translator of Faust.

Description of an Eastern Beauty, from a quotation in the "Arabian Nights."

Her gestures, graceful as the waving bough:
Her softness—'who shall speak of it, and how?
She smiled, her teeth broke dazzling on the sight,
Like sudden lightning streaming through the night;
She shook above her neck the golden hair—
Day had abashed, and thought that Night was there;
Her sleeping features kindled into thought—
Night fled in turn, and brighter day was wrought;
Her eyes, like shooting stars, flashed far and wide,
And he they lit on shivered, sunk, and died.

W. F. THOMPSON, author of a recent work on Muhammadan Philosophy.

Atio Sali.—Vy, Jim, ye're always a grumbler! ye can't take a drop o' gin without bitters!

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

In the Press.

A Translation, partly in the Metres of the Original, and partly in Prose, of Part II. of Goethe's "Faust," with other Poems, by L. J. BERNARD.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Desultory Thoughts and Reflections, by the Countess of Blessington, fcap. cloth, 4s.—**Dr. Bright and Addison's Elements of Practice of Medicine,** Part III. 8vo. 7s.—**History of the Campaign in France in 1814,** from the Russian of Dandridge, 8vo. 14s.—**Alison's Outlines of Human Physiology,** 8vo. 2d edition, 12s.—**Manning's Commentaries on the Law of Nations,** 8vo. 14s.—**Supplement of the History of British Fishes,** by Yarrell, 8vo. 7s. 6d.; royal 8vo. 12s.; imperial 8vo. 17s. 6d.—**Gray's Elegy,** Polygot edition, post 8vo. 12s.—**Virgilian Hymni,** cum Indice Maltairii, 8vo. 14s.—**Historical Society's Publications,** Nonni Historia Britorum, 8vo. 5s.—**Do. Gildas de Excidia Britannia,** 4s.—**Wylde's Atlas** to shew the Stations of the Protestant Missionaries, 8vo. 14s.—**Gesselin's Midrev Lexicon,** by Robinson, small 8vo. 11. 11s. 6d.—**Cudworth's Intellectual System,** 2 vols.

8vo. 2l. 2s.—**British Naval Biography,** 24mo. 5s.—**Holland's Illustrated Alphabet,** with Poetry, 12s.—**The Wizard of Windshaw,** a Tale, 3 vols. post 8vo. 11. 11s. 6d.—**Nye's Short-Hand Dictionary,** 18mo. 4s.—**Urwick on the Second Advent,** post 8vo. 6s. 6d.—**The Dukes of Normandy,** from Rollo to King John, by J. Duncan, 12mo. 6s.—**Wilkins' Bible Acrostics,** 12mo. 3s. 6d.—**Mant's Horse Apostolice,** fcap. 2s. 6d.—**Henry's First Latin-Book,** by T. Arnold, 12mo. 3s.—**Stonard's Six Sermons** on the Church, 8vo. 5s.—**Ward's Practical Illustrations of the Virtues,** Part I. 2s.—**Woman's Mission,** fcap. 3s. 6d.—**Wylde's London and Southampton Railway Guide,** 18mo. 2s. 6d.—**The Mother's Help,** by H. B. King, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—**Howe's Treatise on Delighting in God,** 12mo. 4s.—**Robert's Light Shining out of Darkness,** 12mo. 3s. 6d.—**Le Page's French School:** Part I. L'Echo de Paris, 8mo. 4s.; Part II. Gift of Conversation, 12mo. 3s. 6d.; Part III. Last Step to French, 18mo. 3s. 6d.; three Parts in one, 12mo. 10s.—**Todd's Truth Made Simple,** 18mo. 1s. 6d.—**Rev. John Newton's Complete Works,** by Cunningham, 1 vol. imperial 8vo. 1l. 5s.—**Nasmyth's Researches on the Teeth,** 8vo. 10s. 6d.—**Cattle Groups,** by T. S. Cooper, folio, 4l. 4s.—**Sleep and its Phenomena,** by Finkerton, fcap. 4s. 6d.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1839.

May.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday.. 30	From 46 to 71	30.02 to 29.97
Friday..... 31	 51 .. 67	29.94 .. 29.91
Saturday... 1	 48 .. 71	29.90 .. 29.88
Sunday..... 2	 44 .. 63	29.85 .. 29.76
Monday..... 3	 46 .. 61	29.87 .. 29.85
Tuesday... 4	 49 .. 63	29.84 .. 29.85
Wednesday 5	 46 .. 70	29.77 .. 29.84

Prevailing winds, N.E.

Except the 6d. morning of the 4th, and afternoon of the 5th, generally clear, rain on the 3d. Lightning and distant thunder in the west, accompanied with heavy rain, between four and five o'clock on the afternoon of the 5th.

Rain fallen, .5675 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.
Latitude..... 51° 37' 39" N.
Longitude..... 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Cure for Stammering.—We have already more than once expressed the measure of satisfaction we had received in the acknowledgments from parties who had been led to consult Mr. Hunt, in consequence of our notice in the *Literary Gazette*, of his extraordinary cures of stammering. The following is another instance of the same kind, from an intelligent and respected clergyman of the Established Church; and we must repeat that it is very grateful to our feelings. As before, we made it our duty to authenticate the case; and having heard the lady speak, and read English, French, and German, as before stated, we have much pleasure in giving it publicity, from the sincere desire to benefit our fellow-creatures who may be suffering from this painful affliction. When we see how readily the annoyance can be removed, by attending to a simple natural system, we cannot but be anxious for its success.—*Ed. L. G.*

"Dear Sir,—From a paragraph in the *Literary Gazette* (which I have every reason to thank you for having inserted), I was led to call upon Mr. Hunt, and to introduce to him a friend who had for many years been afflicted with stammering in a most dreadful degree, and who had previously been under several persons professing to cure this defect, and had studied every work treating on the subject, but without obtaining the smallest benefit. Mr. Hunt assured me on the first visit, that a cure could be effected; and it was evident within an hour, that the system adopted by this gentleman must be attended with the happiest results. The lady has now had eight lessons, and, from being one of the most confirmed and distressing stammerers, she is already capable of reading and speaking with the greatest fluency, and without the slightest contortion of countenance. Indeed, the system is such, that it only requires to be known, to meet with universal attention, and to obtain general approbation. It affords me great satisfaction to speak thus of Mr. Hunt's system, as a trial of his plan cannot fail to afford the most decided relief to those afflicted with this distressing complaint: I have the honour to be, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

"M. W. LUSIGNAN, Ck.

"Albion's Great, Thames Street,
June 4th, 1839."

A numerous body of new publications have, since our last, called for all our activity to scan their merits; but though we have exerted ourselves to the utmost, neither our space nor our time-admitting of doing more than we have done to bring our readers acquainted with these novelties. "Cooper's History of the American Navy." "Lord Brougham's Second Series of Characters." "Mr. Landor's Poetical Volume." "Lady Blessington's Desultory Thoughts," several works on education, and others of hardly less interest, must, of necessity, await their turn. The influx also compels us to abridge our extracts from the *Adventure and Beagle voyage*: though the third volume, Darwin's, is untouched, and one full of valuable information.

"T. F." is too long for us; and, besides, his phenomena are not all clear with his descriptions.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

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WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

THE THIRTY-FIFTH ANNUAL

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS, at their Gallery, Fall Mall East, is now open. Open each Day from Nine till One.

Admission, 1s.—Catalogue, 1s.

A. HILLS, Secretary.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

THE EXAMINATIONS FOR THE DEGREE

of BACHELOR OF MEDICINE will commence on Monday, the 1st of July next, and the Examination for the Degree of DOCTOR OF MEDICINE on Monday, the 8th of August.

The Senate is prepared to receive Applications from such Medical Institutions and Schools as are desirous of being authorized to grant Certificates to Students who wish to Graduate in the University.

Certificates will be received from the following Institutions:—

King's College.
University College.
The Medical School at the London Hospital.
The Medical School at the Middlesex Hospital.
The Royal Birmingham School of Medicine.
The Belfast Academical Institution.
The Aldersgate School of Medicine.
The School of Anatomy adjoining St. George's Hospital.
The School of Medicine in Portland Street, George Street, Glasgow.
Sydenham College, Grafton Street, Gower Street.
The Newcastle-upon-Tyne School of Medicine and Surgery.
The Andersonian Institution, Glasgow.
The Medical School at the Charing Cross Hospital.
The Medical School at St. Thomas's Hospital.
The North London School of Medicine.

The Regulations of the Senate relating to the Examinations for Degrees in Medicine may be procured from Messrs. Taylor, Printers and Publishers to the University, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that on

WEDNESDAY, June 18th, the Senate will proceed to the Election of the following EXAMINERS:—

One Examiner in Medicine.
One Examiner in Anatomy and Physiology.
One Examiner in Physiology and Comparative Anatomy, with Salary of £800. per annum each.
Also, One Examiner in Midwifery, and the Diseases peculiar to Women and Infants.
One Examiner in Chemistry, and
One Examiner in Materia Medica and Pharmacy, with a Salary of £100. per annum each.

All Applications must be transmitted to the Registrar before the day of Election. For the nature and extent of the Duties, Candidates are referred to the Printed Regulations of the University relating to Examinations for Degrees in Medicine, published by Messrs. Taylor, Printers and Publishers to the University, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that on

Wednesday, June 18th, the Senate will proceed to the Election of an Examiner in Classics for the ensuing year, with a Salary of £800. per annum; to which day all applications must be sent to the Registrar. The extent of the duties required may be ascertained by reference to the Printed Regulations of the University relating to the Examinations for Degrees in Arts, published by Messrs. Taylor, Printers and Publishers to the University, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street.

Somerset House, By order of the Senate,
30th May, 1839. R. W. ROTHMAN, Registrar.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that on

Wednesday, June 18th, the Senate will proceed to the Election of Two Examiners in the Hebrew Text of the Old Testament, the Greek Text of the New, and in Scripture History; with a Salary of £50. per annum each.

All applications must be transmitted to the Registrar before the day of Election. For the nature and extent of the duties, Candidates are referred to the Printed Regulations of the University relating to Examinations for Degrees in Arts, published by Messrs. Taylor, Printers and Publishers to the University, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street.

Somerset House, By order of the Senate,
30th May, 1839. R. W. ROTHMAN, Registrar.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the

Annual Examination for Matriculation in this University will commence on Monday, the 1st of October next. This Examination is open to all who produce Certificates of having attained Sixteen Years of age. The Candidates must be transmitted to the Registrar fourteen days before the Examination begins.

The Classical subjects are
The First Book of the Memorabilia of Xenophon;
The Third Book of the Oides of Herodotus.
Further particulars may be found in the Regulations of the University, published by Messrs. R. and J. E. Taylor, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street.
R. W. ROTHMAN, Registrar.
Somerset House, June, 1839.

QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. CXXVII.

To Advertisers. Advertisements for the forthcoming Number of the Quarterly Review, must be sent in by the 12th, and will be the 15th instant.

30 Abchurch Lane, June 4, 1839.

Now ready,
A PORTRAIT OF THE EARL OF RODEN,
masterfully engraved by Thomas Laporte, from the
original Picture by F. R. Rey, in the possession of His Lordship.
Size, 16 inches by 12.
Price, Prints, 1s. 1s. 6d. First Proof, 2s. 6d.
London: Published by Hodgson and Gowers, Printers to the
Queen, 4 Pall Mall; and A. Millin and Son, Dublin.

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first style of the Art, with Geographical Descriptions, Statistical
Tables, and other useful Information.
Specimens of the Work may be seen in the Shops
of Adam and Charles Black, Edinburgh; Longman and Co.;
Stimpkin and Co.; and Whittaker and Co. London.

SALES BY AUCTION.

MR. HODGSON

Desires to announce that he is preparing for immediate Sale,
the following

LIBRARIES AND LITERARY PROPERTY.

The Valuable Law Library,
Formerly the Property of an eminent Barrister, now retired
from the Profession.

A Miscellaneous Library,
Removed from Aldershot, Bucks, the Property of a Gentleman.

**A Portion of the Library of the
Earl of Stirling.**

The Library
Of a Clergyman of Oxford University, deceased.

The Remaining Stock of a Bookseller,
Deceased.

The Valuable and Extensive Library
Of the late Herbert Marsh, D.D. Bishop of Peterborough (by
order of the Executors).

192 Fleet Street, 6th June.

BOOKS IN THE PRESS.

Just ready, in small 8vo. with Illustrations, price 7s. 6d.
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Row, London. Sold by all Booksellers.

2 New Burlington Street, June 7.
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and the Azore Islands.
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By W. C. Taylor, LL.D. 2 vols. 8vo.

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On June 10 will be published, Part I. of
L I E S.
Written by "A Varren."
London: James Fraser, Regent Street; W. Pocock,
Library, Bath.

BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

Now publishing, by Macgregor, Polson, and Co. 10 Abbey Street,
Dublin; D. G. Sutherland, and Co., 71 York Street, Belfast;
McGowan and Co., 16 Great Windmill Street, London.

**LIVES OF ILLUSTRIOUS AND DISTIN-
GUISHED IRISHMEN,** from the earliest times to the
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The successful execution of the Biographical Histories of
England and Scotland seems to demand the present work for
Ireland, as indispensable to the completion of this department of
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publication has been projected, in which shall be comprised
the Lives of all such Irishmen, or persons connected with Irish
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Each of these divisions will be found to include the succession
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will include all that, on the most liberal allowance, can be
looked for, as pleasing and profitable in either. According to
this standard, appropriate space will be assigned to each name as
it shall occur. Some names must be given because they will be
looked for; some because they carry on the thread of the nar-
rative; some for the occasion they afford to explain or describe
interesting events.

The Publishers, therefore, in projecting this National Work,
rest assured that it is one in which every native of Ireland will
feel interested, not only on account of its literary merits, but as
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his country. To the Irishman who sees in this work, for the
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of his country, and faithfully to portray the individual lives of
Irishmen, who have obtained eminence in the various depart-
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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Noble Science: a few General Ideas on Fox-hunting, for the Use of the Rising Generation of Sportsmen, &c. By F. P. Delmé Radcliffe, Esq. Large 8vo. Pp. 327. London, 1839. Ackermann.

The British Angler's Manual, or the Art of Angling in England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, &c. By T. C. Hoiland, Esq. Post 8vo. Pp. 410. London, 1839. Whitehead and Co.; Ackermann.

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"They never knew pleasure
Who never knew pain."

As for the angle as compared, or rather contrasted, with the fox-chase, it is Repose versus Bustle, Silence versus Noise, Quietude versus Revelling, Quakerism versus Ranting. The mute fish require mute captors. Their line is not a line of country. Their leaps always associate with a fall. The words "well thrown" have in them opposite meanings. When they tail off it is not a tale of woe. In short, the "moving accidents by flood and field" are altogether different, and you had much better set an angler than a beggar on horseback if you wish to see in how short a time one can ride to the —. In fact, he cares nothing for the splendid animal, except for the hair in his tail; and instead of "the cock's shrill clarion and the echoing horn," his chant of triumph is the *De Profundis*.

"The Noble Science" is dedicated to the Duke of Rutland,—an accomplished master and munificent patron of it, in all its manly branches: that of the angle is inscribed to Sir F. Chantrey, a practitioner of no mean fame either with the gun or the rod.

Mr. Radcliffe seems to us to go through with

the whole subject; and we need not particularize its divisions into breeding, feeding, riding, hunting, &c. &c. &c.; on every point connected with which the treatise is very specific and complete. It ought to be read by every sportsman; that is to say, if every sportsman can read, which the writer apparently doubts, for he tells us, page 2,

"Far be it from me to desire that all sons of Nimrod should degenerate, or be at once transformed into scribblers, book-worms, or, as a huntsman of my acquaintance more aptly designated them, book-men. Heaven forefend, too, that those actively engaged in high and useful calling should not, in the joys of the chase, find legitimate relaxation from the arduous course of literary avocations!—but, as some apology for committing to paper my 'Thoughts upon Hunting,' I would impress upon those friends who may vouchsafe an attempt to read what I have written, the fact, that few, possessing the ability, have found the inclination, either for their own amusement or the benefit of others, to publish matter which must be more or less interesting to every true votary of the science, if founded only upon the solid basis of experience."

"The attempt, but not the deed," it is probable, may confound them; but, since the schoolmaster is abroad, let us hope that the "march" of education will swiftly and finally involve whippers-in as well as whippers, hunters as well as pedagogues. As for the science itself, Mr. R. protesteth as follows:—

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We do not take upon us to decide what is the import of the word "collectively" in this passage—the common explanation is "all of a heap;" and in that case it would remind us of the author's quotations, which are indeed as plentiful as blackberries throughout. We must, however, offer an extract of his qualities, and we pick out a fine burst against the innovations of another science, mechanical and not noble.

"How far, or in what manner, this trebly accursed revolution of railroads may affect the breed of horses, and fox-hunting generally, it is impossible to say. The speculation on the subject is of too painful a nature; we cannot enter fully into it, without verging upon a disquisition on political economy beyond the province of a treatise on the Noble Science. It must be sufficiently obvious to the most narrow-spirited, that, unless they are objects of fresh legislation, these railroads must become the most oppressive monopoly ever inflicted upon a free country. When all the inns and road-side houses shall be tenantless, and gone to decay, their present occupants being lost in the abyss of inevitable ruin which is now opened for them; when not only posting and post-horses, but the roads on which they travelled, shall be, with the Turn-

pike Acts themselves, matter of history—the means of locomotion will be at the mercy of the most merciless of all human beings—a class actuated by cupidity, and beyond the reach of that salutary correction, that only security for the public against the abuse of private privilege,—a competition. To us, as sportsmen, the intersection of any country by canal, or railroad, furnishes food enough in itself for lamentation; we bewail the beauty of the district spoiled, and, as an obstacle to our amusement, we denounce the barrier hostile to our sport. It is not, however, in such a light only that we view the case. We willingly admit, that the diversions of one class of society are but as a feather in the balance, when weighed against the practical utility of any work tending to the advancement of the general good; that it is the duty of a government to promote, to the utmost, all feasible enterprise and undertaking proved to be conducive to the interests of the state; and we reconcile ourselves to any changes which the condition of the community to which we may belong may demand. But when we consider the magnitude of the convulsion which this mighty railroad delusion will effect, the fearful extent of its operation, the thousands of human beings thrown out of employment, the incalculable diminution in the number of horses, and the consequent deficiency in demand for agricultural produce—not to mention the enormous deduction from the revenue, consequent upon the abolition of the post-horse duties; when we think of its varied and multitudinous bearings upon the present state of society; and add to all this the fact, that in no quarter of the globe were the means of travelling established on so admirable a basis as hitherto in this country,—that, like the dog and the shadow, we are about to cast away the substance of good for the sake of catching at a change of problematical good, in the opinion of some, and fraught with positive evil in the estimation of many: when we reflect on these things, we cannot but wonder at the blindness which has countenanced the growth of a monster which will rend the vitals of those by whom it has been fostered. But let us turn from the contemplation of a gloomy prospect; let us hope that Heaven may avert from Old England—and Heaven alone can save her from sharing the fate of empires since the world began—the downfall which the refinement of luxury, and its train, entailed on Rome; the too certain consequences of that restless spirit, that proneness to discontent, inherent in the human breast, which causes men, for the sake of 'keeping moving,' to catch at any idea of improvement, however chimerical—to disregard the timidity of the wary, and, like

'Fools, rush on where angels fear'd to tread.'

We have little or nothing to do with politics; but when we utter the heartfelt sentiment, 'May fox-hunting flourish a thousand years hence!'—convinced that it is intimately connected with the internal welfare and happiness of our once merry, still happy and prosperous country—we cannot but shudder at the view of any measures calculated to drain to the source the very springs of its existence, to dry up the fountains by which it is supported, to

change our habits and pursuits, transform the rural soil into one vast gridiron, and render us literally, what Napoleon termed us, 'a mere nation of shopkeepers.' Our maxim must be that of my old favourite Horace :

'Dona presentis cape letus homo, et
Lingue severa.'

Let us be thankful that fox-hunting is such as it is in our time. We will not inquire whether it ever was better, but trust that it will remain as good."

A man mounted on Pegasus, or any of his foals, if the race be not extinct, must join in this lamentation, and admit that the mighty national gridiron alluded to would have tried the temper of St. Lawrence himself, albeit St. Lawrence was no foxhunter.

The enthusiasm of one who is, could not be exemplified in happier language than the following apostrophe, descriptive of a really excellent, and consequently favourite, hound :—

"See that old bitch how she feathers—how her stern vibrates with the quickened action of her pulses! For a moment she ploughs the earth with her nostrils, she whimpers out a half-suppressed emotion, dashes a few yards forward, stoops again, and traverses around her. 'Yoi, wind him! have at him, old darling! Yoi, touch on him! Hey, wind him, old Governor! Yoi, push him up!' A fox for a million. Onward she strikes, throws back her graceful neck, rears high her head, and, with a note of confidence, proclaims the joyful tidings of a find. Like hosts that rally round their standard, at the trumpet's call, come bounding through the brake the merry throng. The huntsman's cheer is responded to by a rapid succession of

———Throats,

With a whole gamut filled with heavenly notes."

It is a moment of intense, I had almost written of painful, interest; so nearly do extremes meet, so close is the conjunction between the most pleasurable sensations and those of an opposite character. While hope is mounting almost to delight, anxiety is bordering upon fear. The action has commenced, the huntsman's heart and soul are thrown amidst the pack, he has neither eyes nor ears for aught beside, all is right at present; but any one of a hundred probable mischances may mar the tide of fortune. A few short, sharp, and shrill notes of the horn, alternating with a cheery 'Hoic! hoic! hoic, together, hoic!' fill up the pauses in this grand overture to the approaching opera. The huntsman is, as he always should be, literally, with his hounds; the second whipper-in is in active attendance upon him, at certain distance in his rear, ready to put on any stragglers as they join, with a 'Go hark cry, go hark!' in a tone of encouragement (not of reproach, for they cannot be all *en masse* at once in strong covert); there are twenty couples thundering through the stuff. Hark to yon piercing scream across the ride. The first whipper-in has viewed him over; and, waving his hand in the direction of the fox's head, he is galloping, stealthily, to the corner by the gate-post, whence he can rely upon a view away. Heaven grant that no blundering idiot be outside! Here come the pack; they have cleared the high wood; look at them flying through the stubs; see how they fling, how quick they turn, and how maintain the cry—now one, and then another, like a chime of bells; and helter-skelter, down the muddy ride, come floundering on 'the field.'"

A hunting song is now quoted, commencing with the line,

"Cigars are thrown down in a hurry,"

which we confess, in our judgment, nearly destroys the whole illusion of the scene. "Filthy tobacco," as it is well called in "Every Man in his Humour," is offensive every where, but nowhere so offensive as where we are trying to taste the breath of heaven, and replenish the lungs with the pure air, and are disgusted with the sudden whiff, blown into our mouths and nostrils by the laden breeze, stifling every sense of pleasure, and substituting the vapour of an unwholesome weed for the freshness of nature. Away with cigars—indeed, they have no business in the chase. But we must now close the book, and we do so with some notice relating to the rearing of hounds, and a couple of anecdotes to match.

"The first litter of puppies which a bitch brings are supposed to be inferior to her second or third; but there is no rule for this. As soon as she has littered, those whelps intended to be kept should be immediately selected, and the rest put out of the way (or to wet-nurse, if desirable to preserve them all). There is some difficulty in choosing at such a time; the general opinion is in favour of the lightest, that they will grow up the best. It was an old custom to take all the whelps away, having determined what number to keep, and settle the choice on those which the bitch carried first back to the place where she had littered. Another plan was to take those which were last pupped; but all this must be matter of chance. As soon as they can see, they should have milk given them to lap; and at two months old, they should be weaned, keeping them wholly from the bitch. At three months old, they are fit to walk; and at ten months old, they should return, to commence their education in the kennel."

The Anecdotes.—"The word business may grate upon the ear of those conversant only with the pleasure, and brings to my mind the wag-gery of a story, appertaining, I believe, to Theodore Hook, in which a citizen is driven to exasperation by being told that he could not, by any possibility, have any business in his boat—his own boat—because, as is ultimately explained to him, it is his *pleasure-boat*."

"A clergyman in a country church had been, in the course of his sermon, expounding on the nature of miracles. No sooner had the service ended than one of his congregation, a bluff farmer, approached him, and begged to thank him for much that he had learned in attending to his discourse; but hoped that his reverence would pardon his asking for some further elucidation of the meaning of a *miracle*: nothing that he had then heard having tended to enlighten his ignorance of the nature of such an occurrence. The divine immediately assented, requesting the farmer to wait in the porch till the congregation had dispersed. In the porch accordingly did Giles station himself, happy in the hope of the solution of such a mystery, and was sedulously watching the departure of the last loiterers in the churchyard, when he was literally 'taken all aback,' by a tremendous salute in the rear from the well-directed and vigorously applied foot of the pastor, who, in reply to the mingled expressions of pain and wonder which burst from his disciple, mildly inquired, 'Whether what he had then received had caused him any pain?' 'Hurt me! hurt me most woundily,' rejoined the farmer. 'Then,' said the clergyman, in his most significant manner, 'all I can tell you is, that it would have been a *miracle* if it had not.'"

Now turning to Mr. Hoffman, we have to state of his volume, that it is a very complete view of the art, as practised all over Great

Britain, full of wise saws, and with much practical information in all matters pertaining to fishing, baits, rods, flies, &c., &c. It is a capital companion for every angler, no matter to what part of the country he goes to cast his line. The embellishments, as we have mentioned, are beautiful. We shall only copy two or three passages.

"When a grise has reached nine pounds weight, it becomes a salmon, and frequently grows from that to a large size, weighing from twenty to sixty pounds or more." *De hoc quare?*

A fishing yarn follows :—

"When I visited Loch Awe, in the year 1835, I met an intelligent Highlander (of course, in that district, a Campbell), who related an anecdote, connected with the weight of a salmon, that I shall repeat, and leave my reader to his own share of credence. A tall, stout, young Campbell, from Glenorchy, celebrated for his success as a salmon fisher, left his native glen for the river Awe, which runs from the Loch of that name to Loch Etive, through a narrow ravine at the foot of the mighty Ben Cruachan. The bed of this river is stony, and, in many parts, the water is rapid and turbulent, but it subsides occasionally into deep pools, which are the favourite resorts of large fish. Our experienced Highlander reached a well-known deep of this description, with a strong eighteen feet rod and an immense wooden pinn, on which was wound eighty yards of strong line, and had only cast his fly a second time when he struck a fish. The fish ran out his line with such furious rapidity, that he was obliged to follow with his utmost speed over rocks and stones, and frequently through the water also; for he soon found that he had no chance whatever of turning his fish until they should reach a broad deep pool, above a mile below him. At this haven he at length arrived, much exhausted with fatigue; not so the fish, for he seemed to be as vigorous as ever, and the angler, on finding he had room to try his skill and the strength of his tackle, soon recovered his spirits, when, as if in derision of both, the fish, after a violent plunge or two, took to the bottom, and there remained immovable, resisting every effort to rouse him. Suddenly, however, he again ran up the stream, carrying the Highlander after him through the same rugged rocks, to the imminent peril of life and limb, till he reached the pool where he was first struck. After a short struggle, in which the angler so far succeeded as to turn the fish down the stream, or, rather, submitted to be himself taken down, and that, as before, in no gentle fashion, they reached the deep pool once more, when, after a few fruitless efforts on the part of the Highlander, the fish again took to the bottom, where he lay in the most dogged sullenness, defying all the powers of his enemy to draw him from his retreat. Night was now coming on, and even our hardy angler was exhausted by his long contest; he therefore sat down between two rocks on the bank of the river, in a secure place, and determined to rest there till certain fishermen arrived, as was their custom, at break of day, from whom he might obtain assistance. He fixed his rod in security, and contrived that his pinn should give out the line freely, and then placed the line between his teeth: so that, if the fish should leave the bottom, the running of the line might awaken him. In this situation he slept soundly till three in the morning, at which time the fishermen found him—the rod and line were undisturbed, and the fish still at the bottom; but the Highlander was now awake, and, with the assistance of the

friends in question, he soon succeeded, with their nets, in capturing this doughty fish, which proved to be a fine salmon, weighing seventy-four pounds. . . . The largest salmon I have heard of, in the London market, was in the possession of Mr. Grove, of Bond Street; it weighed eighty-three pounds."

And here we conclude. The two books are well worthy of going together, and well worth the regard of the public in general, of sportsmen and anglers in particular.

The Wizard of Windshaw: a Tale of the Seventeenth Century. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1839. Southgate.

This is the first time we have seen the publisher's name in the line of Novel Publication; and it is but fair to say that he has credit in his *début*. *The Wizard of Windshaw* belongs to the Scott school, and offers a picture of the times for some thirty years, from the year 1622 to the close of the civil wars, and, with a brief winding up, to the restoration of Charles II. Mixed up and interwoven with the national events, are the affairs of a Devonshire family of rank, pride, and antiquity, in the squirearchy; good descriptive pictures of that county; and characteristic sketches of other orders of the people, such as clergy, retainers, millers, farmers, and all the living occupants of rural locality. Among the *dramatis personæ* some are, as usual, stamped with mystery;—there are a wild, crazy, prophetic Cassandra; a dumb, secluded lady of strange manners and loveliness; a maddened fanatic, whose life is devoted to one deed of vengeance; a sort of Justice Shallow; the Wizard himself, who, in consequence of his being the Cresse of his day, and a master of electrical science, gives his name to the work; and others of peculiar fancies and habits more striking than natural, and more novel than lifelike. One of the most original is, indeed, a personage of little consequence and little heard of, viz. Mrs. Dorothy Herbert, the squire's accommodating wife, who cares for little or nothing else but feeding on dishes of laudable repulse and savour.

Of the whole, we would hint that it is rather long, and that the interest is not continuously maintained, owing to the perpetual introduction of new characters, change of scene, and being spread over several generations in the principal group. We have a vague idea, also, that portions of the story are familiar to us; but of this we cannot be certain. It is, however, sufficiently involved and well written to carry along with it the class of readers to whom it is addressed; and the first volume in particular, with its Devonshire landscapes and people, displays a talent which, with practice and experience, will achieve works less liable to the errors to which we have alluded.

We select one passage as a specimen of the author's powers. In the pursuit of a culprit charged with deer-stealing, a wrong man is arrested and brought before the fiery and vindictive old squire for adjudication: the following belongs to his interrogatory:—

"Under favour, your honour, the law is as your worship but now expounded unto us. The man cannot be arraigned under the charge of maltreating your honour's people; but waiving that matter, the statute empowereth all justices of the peace to require every man, who maketh profession of bagging, to produce before them his license, duly signed and witnessed; and, in default thereof, or in case that the said beggar shall be found out of the bounds of the said hundred, or hundreds, in which his license privilegeth him to ask alms, may be committed as

a rogue and a vagabond.' 'Gadzooks, man, thou hast it! Dost hear that, vagabond? Either pull out thy license, or prepare thee forthwith to trundle to Exeter!'"

The examinant, after searching among his vestments, "produced and offered a worn and greasy scrap of paper to the squire, who signed to Janus to receive it, 'And read in the hearing of all present, providing I may trust to thy not keeping back aught that may spoil thy pleasure at Exeter.' 'Please your worship, as I am a Christian man, it is good and true, and beareth the signature of the worshipful knight, Sir Amyas Powlett, at Hinton, before two witnesses, granting permission to one Stephen Michelson, to ask alms every where through the eastern hundreds of the shire of Somerset.' 'Oho! Somerset, I trow?' said the squire, 'I shall commit thee for being out o' bounds, thou skulking knave!' 'You must first prove that I have asked an alms beyond them,' was the sullen reply. 'Why, rascal, how canst thou live else? Unless, I faith, thou steal in the room of it.' 'How know you that I live on aught besides roots and berries? Methinks he that thrives on his neighbour's gear should be in somewhat better case than is this carcass o' mine. And I warn you, trouble not your hands with one who hath no way infringed the law, and seeketh neither you nor aught that is yours!' The perfect ease and independence of the man's language were now beginning to puzzle the whole party; and the squire, having tormented Janus Buggins to his heart's content, was much disposed to get the whole business off his hands as well as he could; he, therefore, went on to ask such questions as he thought might, by the answers, afford him the opportunity of handsomely dismissing the case. 'Where didst thou lodge yesternight, fellow?' he demanded. 'A true man cannot choose but give account of himself.' 'With the hare and the heathcock,' was the short and ready answer. 'And the night afore that?' 'In the same company.' 'And wherefore is it that thou affectest such company, rather than the dwellings of thy fellows?' 'For the reason that He, whose earth provideth a couch, and whose sky a certain for his wandering creatures, he they hunted beast, bird, or outcast, is not apt to question his lodgers touching the lining of their pouches.' 'Since when hast thou forsaken the shelter of a human roof, rascal?' asked the squire, whose ire grew with the failure of every attempt to disentangle himself from the affair. 'Ever since the day I left Bristol.' At this there was a slight but significant movement throughout the assembly; the city he had named being at that season an object of the greatest terror to the whole population along the coasts of the Channel. 'How lately wast thou there? Get thee back to the threshold, fellow!' shouted the squire, hastily. The beggar, with much consideration, retreated even beyond the prescribed spot, and planted himself on the door steps before he answered. 'Many a long year ago, after the poor man's reckoning, who telleth his time by his miseries; but by the gentle's calendar, who taketh no note of days that are all happy alike, it is scanty a se'nnight.' The squire and Master John now began to call lustily for rue, rosemary, vinegar, and all the other most approved preservatives against contagion, which Brassy himself left the hall to procure, as he said, more expeditiously. Whilst this was passing, Raymond, whose nerves alone seemed proof against the general panic, asked the stranger, 'How comest thou to leave Bristol, friend?' 'Marry! mas-

ter, by reason that Bristol left me. When every door i' the place was barred against my entry, what should I tarry for?' 'What hadst thou done, that should move them thus to drive thee out?' 'By my troth, they did but after the fashion of other brute beasts, and of the nature which teacheth the herd to fly from the wounded deer, and the pack to worry the sick hound; I, also, was sick, and they drove me out from amongst them.' 'What was thy sickness?' 'What other should it be, but the great sickness, that hath been heaping up the grave-yards in Bristol ever since the coming in of the summer heats, until the dead are as hard bestead for shelter as the living; and the leeches study less to kill their customers than to save themselves alive?' 'D—n, villain!' bellowed the squire, in a transport of mingled rage and horror at this alarming disclosure; 'how darest thou run the country thus, carrying about a foul pestilence to taint the houses of honest folk! Why didst thou not betake thyself to the pest-house?'"

The hubbub that ensues may readily be conceived; the confusion is great, and such is the dread of the plague, that, instead of being detained, the sturdy beggar is driven to flight by having the squire's gun pointed at him to hurry his departure. The miller's revenge on the would-be seducer of his daughter is another well-told incident, which, with all the rest, we would recommend to the circulating library.

A Treatise on Wood Engraving, Historical and Practical. With upwards of Three Hundred Illustrations, engraved on Wood, by John Jackson. Super-royal 8vo. Pp. 749. London, 1839. Knight and Co.

NOTWITHSTANDING the absence of any other name, the punctuation of the title-page might lead any one to suppose that Mr. Jackson had contributed nothing to this work except the cuts; and a confirmation of that notion might be afforded by the lettering on the back of the volume, viz. "Treatise on Wood Engraving," at the top, and "Illustrations by Jackson," at the bottom. Mr. Jackson, however, in his preface (for the book has two prefaces) says:—

"As my attention has been more readily directed to matters connected with my own profession than any other, it is not surprising that I should find almost a total absence of practical knowledge in all English authors who have written the early history of wood engraving. From the first occasion on which my attention was directed to the subject, to the present time, I have had frequent occasion to regret, that the early history and practice of the art were not to be found in any book in the English language. In the most expensive works of this description the process itself is not even correctly described, so that the reader—supposing him to be unacquainted with the subject—is obliged to follow the author in comparative darkness. It has not been without reason I have come to the conclusion, that if the practice, as well as the history of wood engraving, were better understood, we should not have so many speculative opinions put forth by almost all writers on the subject, taking on trust what has been previously written, without giving themselves the trouble to examine and form an opinion of their own. Both with a view to amuse and improve myself as a wood engraver, I had long been in the habit of studying such productions of the old masters as came within my reach, and could not help noting the simple mistakes that many authors made in consequence of their knowing nothing of the practice. The

further I prosecuted the inquiry, the more interesting it became; every additional piece of information strengthening my first opinion, that, 'if the practice, as well as the history of wood engraving, were better understood,' we should not have so many erroneous statements respecting both the history and capabilities of the art. At length, I determined upon engraving at my leisure hours a facsimile of any thing I thought worth preserving. For some time I continued to pursue this course, reading such English authors as have written on the origin and early history of wood engraving, and making memoranda, without proposing to myself any particular plan. It was not until I had proceeded thus far that I stopped to consider whether the information I had gleaned could not be applied to some specific purpose. My plan, at this time, was to give a short introductory history to precede the practice of the art, which I proposed should form the principal feature in the work. At this period, I was fortunate in procuring the able assistance of Mr. W. A. Chatto, with whom I have examined every work that called for the exercise of practical knowledge. This naturally anticipated much that had been reserved for the practice, and has, in some degree, extended the historical portion beyond what I had originally contemplated; although, I trust, the reader will have no occasion to regret such a deviation from the original plan, or that it has not been written by myself."

Mr. Chatto also states in his preface:—

"It is but justice to Mr. Jackson to add, that the work was commenced by him at his sole risk; that most of the subjects are of his selection; and that nearly all of them were engraved, and that a great part of the work was written, before he thought of applying to a publisher. The credit of commencing the work, and of illustrating it so profusely, regardless of expense, is unquestionably due to him."

There can be no doubt, therefore, that a considerable portion of the materials for the treatise must have been furnished by Mr. Jackson, although Mr. Chatto's knowledge of the subject, critical acumen, and literary attainments, have been most advantageously exercised in enriching the whole, and casting it into its present shape. But, in whatever way concocted, we can truly say that a more beautiful, curious, and valuable publication of its kind, or one more interesting, not only to the artist and the antiquary, but to the general reader, never issued from the press. The details, however, are so multifarious, and of such a nature, that, even with the aid of the graphic illustrations, we should find it difficult to give an adequate idea of them, within any moderate limits: without that aid, it is impossible to give any idea of them at all. We must content ourselves, therefore, with a general description of the contents of the volume; and for that purpose, we will avail ourselves of a part of Mr. Chatto's preface:—

"In the first chapter, an attempt is made to trace the principle of wood engraving from the earliest authentic period; and to prove, by a continuous series of facts, that the art, when first applied to the impression of pictorial subjects on paper, about the beginning of the fifteenth century, was not so much an original invention, as the extension of a principle which had long been known and practically applied. The second chapter contains an account of the progress of the art as exemplified in the earliest known single cuts, and in the block-books which preceded the invention of typography.

In this chapter there is also an account of the 'Speculum Salvationis,' which has been ascribed to Laurence Coster, by Hadrian Junius, Scriverius, Meerman, and others, and which has frequently been described as an early block-book, executed previous to 1440. A close examination of two Latin editions of the book has, however, convinced me that in the earliest the text is entirely printed from movable types, and that in the other—supposed by Meerman to be the earliest, and to afford proofs of the progress of Coster's invention,—those portions of the text which are printed from wood-blocks have been copied from the corresponding portions of the earlier edition with the text printed entirely from movable types. Fournier was the first who discovered that one of the Latin editions was printed partly from types and partly from wood blocks; and the credit of shewing, from certain imperfections in the cuts, that this edition was subsequent to the other with the text printed entirely from types, is due to the late Mr. Ottley. As typography, or printing from movable types, was unquestionably suggested by the earliest block-books with the text engraved on wood, the third chapter is devoted to an examination of the claims of Gutenberg and Coster to the honour of this invention. In the investigation of the evidence which has been produced in the behalf of each, the writer has endeavoured to divest his mind of all bias, and to decide according to facts, without reference to the opinions of either party. He has had no theory to support; and has neither a partiality for Mentz, nor a dislike to Harlem."

The fourth chapter contains an account of wood engraving in connexion with the press, from the establishment of typography to the latter end of the fifteenth century. The fifth chapter comprehends the period in which Albert Durer flourished,—that is, from about 1498 to 1528. The sixth contains a notice of the principal wood-cuts designed by Holbein, with an account of the extension and improvement of the art in the sixteenth century, and of its subsequent decline. In the seventh chapter the history of the art is brought down from the commencement of the eighteenth century to the present time. The eighth chapter contains an account of the practice of the art, with remarks on metallic relief engraving, and the best mode of printing wood-cuts. As no detailed account of the practice of wood engraving has hitherto been published in England, it is presumed that the information afforded by this part of the work will not only be interesting to amateurs of the art, but useful to those who are professionally connected with it."

Of Thomas Bewick, to whom the revival of wood-engraving from the languishing state into which it had for many years fallen, is principally, if not wholly attributable, there is an interesting account, from which we subjoin a few extracts:—

"This distinguished wood-engraver, whose works will be admired as long as truth and nature shall continue to charm, was born on the 10th or 11th of August, 1753, at Cherryburn, in the county of Northumberland, but on the south side of the Tyne, about twelve miles westward of Newcastle. His father rented a small land-sale colliery at Mickleybank, in the neighbourhood of his dwelling, and it is said that when a boy the future wood-engraver sometimes worked in the pit. At a proper age he was sent as a day-scholar to a school kept by the Rev. Christopher Gregson at Ovingham, on the opposite side of the Tyne.

The Parsonage House, in which Mr. Gregson lived, is pleasantly situated on the edge of a sloping bank immediately above the river; and many reminiscences of the place are to be found in Bewick's cuts; the gate at the entrance is introduced, with trifling variations, in three or four different subjects; and a person acquainted with the neighbourhood will easily recognise in his tail-pieces several other little local sketches of a similar kind. In the time of the Rev. James Birkett, Mr. Gregson's successor, Ovingham school had the character of being one of the best private schools in the county; and several gentlemen, whose talents reflect credit on their teacher, received their education there. * * * Bewick's school acquirements probably did not extend beyond English reading, writing, and arithmetic; for, though he knew a little of Latin, he does not appear to have ever received any instructions in that language. In a letter dated 18th April, 1803, addressed to Mr. Christopher Gregson, London, a son of his old master, introducing an artist of the name of Murphy,* who had painted his portrait, Bewick humorously alludes to his beauty when a boy, and to the state of his coat-sleeve, in consequence of his using it instead of a pocket-handkerchief. Bewick, it is to be observed, was very hard-featured, and much marked with the small-pox. After mentioning Mr. Murphy as 'a man of worth, and a first-rate artist in the miniature line,' he thus proceeds: 'I do not imagine, at your time of life, my dear friend, that you will be solicitous about forming new acquaintances; but it may not, perhaps, be putting you much out of the way to shew any little civilities to Mr. Murphy during his stay in London. He has, on his own account, taken my portrait, and I dare say will be desirous to shew you it the first opportunity: when you see it, you will no doubt conclude that T. B. is turning *bonnyer* and *bonnyer*† in his old days; but indeed you cannot help knowing this, and also that there were great indications of its turning out so long since. But if you have forgot our earliest youth, perhaps your brother P. may help you to remember what a *great beauty* I was at that time, when the grey coat-sleeve was *glassed* from the cuff towards the elbows.' The words printed in Italics are those that are underlined by Bewick himself. Bewick, having shewn a taste for drawing, was placed by his father as an apprentice with Mr. Ralph Beilby, an engraver, living in Newcastle, to whom on the 1st of October, 1767, he was bound for a term of seven years. Mr. Beilby was not a wood-engraver; and his business in the copper-plate line was of a kind which did not allow of much scope for the display of artistic talent. He engraved copper-plates for books, when any by chance were offered to him; and he also executed brass-plates for doors, with the names of the owners handsomely filled up, after the manner of the old 'niellos,' with black sealing-wax. He engraved crests and initials on steel and silver watch-seals; also on tea-spoons, sugar-tongs, and other articles of plate; and the engraving of numerals and ornaments, with the name of the maker, on clock-faces,—which were not then enamelled,—seems to have formed one of the chief branches of his very general business. Bewick's attention appears to have been first directed to wood-engraving in consequence of his master having been employed by the late Dr. Charles Hutton, then a schoolmaster in Newcastle, to engrave on wood the diagrams for his 'Treatise on Mensura-

* The father, we presume, of Mr. Jameson.—Ed. L. G.
† Prettier and prettier.

tion.' The printing of this work was commenced in 1768, and was completed in 1770. The engraving of the diagrams was committed to Bewick, who is said to have invented a graver with a fine groove at the point, which enabled him to cut the outlines by a single operation. * * * On the expiration of his apprenticeship he returned to his father's house at Cherry-burn, but still continued to work for Mr. Beilby. About this time he seems to have formed the resolution of applying himself exclusively in future to wood-engraving, and with this view to have executed several cuts as specimens of his ability. In 1775 he received a premium from the Society for the Encouragement of Arts and Manufactures for a cut of the Huntsman and the Old Hound, which he probably engraved when living at Cherry-burn after leaving Mr. Beilby. * * * In 1776, he went to London, where he arrived on the 1st of October. He certainly did not remain more than a twelvemonth in London, for in 1777 he returned to Newcastle, and entered into partnership with his former master, Mr. Ralph Beilby. * * * Bewick did not like London; and he always advised his former pupils and north-country friends to leave the 'province covered with houses' as soon as they could, and return to the country to there enjoy the beauties of Nature, fresh air, and content. In the letter to his old schoolfellow, Mr. Christopher Gregson, previously quoted, he thus expresses his opinion of London life. 'Ever since you paid your last visit to the north, I have often been thinking upon you, and wishing that you would lap up, and leave the metropolis, to enjoy the fruits of your hard-earned industry on the banks of the Tyne, where you are so much respected, both on your own account and on that of those who are gone. Indeed, I wonder how you can think of turmouling yourself to the end of the chapter, and let the opportunity slip of contemplating at your ease the beauties of Nature, so bountifully spread out to enlighten, to captivate, and to cheer the heart of man. For my part, I am still of the same mind that I was when in London; and that is, I would rather be herding sheep on Mickley bank top than remain in London, although for doing so I was to be made the premier of England.' Bewick was truly a country man; he felt that it was better 'to hear the lark sing than the mouse cheep;' for, though no person was capable of closer application to his art when within doors, he loved to spend his hours of relaxation in the open air, studying the character of beasts and birds in their natural state; and diligently noting those little incidents and traits of country life which give so great an interest to many of his tail-pieces. * * * He evidently improved as his talents were exercised; for the cuts in the 'Select Fables,' 1784, are generally much superior to those in 'Gay's Fables,' 1779; the animals are better drawn and engraved; the sketches of landscape in the back-grounds are more natural; and the engraving of the foliage of the trees and bushes is, not unfrequently, scarce inferior to that of his later productions. Such an attention to nature in this respect is not to be found in any woodcuts of an earlier date. In the best cuts of the time of Dürer and Holbein, the foliage is generally neglected; the artists of that period merely give general forms of trees, without ever attending to that which contributes so much to their beauty. The merit of introducing this great improvement in wood-engraving, and of depicting quadrupeds and birds in their natural

forms, and with their characteristic expression, is undoubtedly due to Bewick. Though he was not the discoverer of the 'long-lost art' of wood-engraving, he certainly was the first who applied it with success to the delineation of animals, and to the natural representation of landscape and woodland scenery. He found for himself a path which no previous wood-engraver had trodden, and in which none of his successors have gone beyond him. * * * Towards the latter end of 1785, Bewick began to engrave the cuts for his 'General History of Quadrupeds,' which was first printed in 1790. The descriptions were written by his partner, Mr. Beilby, and the cuts were all drawn and engraved by himself. The comparative excellence of those cuts, which, for the correct delineation of the animals and the natural character of the incidents, and the back-grounds, are greatly superior to any thing of the kind that had previously appeared, insured a rapid sale for the work; a second edition was published in 1791, and a third in 1792. * * * The favourable manner in which the 'History of Quadrupeds' was received, determined Bewick to commence without delay his 'History of British Birds.' He began to draw and engrave the cuts in 1791, and in 1797 the first volume of the work, containing the Land Birds, was published. Nothing of the same kind that wood-engraving has produced since the time of Bewick can for a moment bear a comparison with these cuts. They are not to be equalled till a designer and engraver shall arise possessed of Bewick's knowledge of nature, and endowed with his happy talent of expressing it. * * * Bewick's style of engraving, as displayed in the birds, is exclusively his own. He adopts no conventional mode of representing texture or producing an effect, but skilfully avails himself of the most simple and effective means which his art affords of faithfully and efficiently representing his subject. He never wastes his time in laborious trifling to display his skill in execution; he works with a higher aim, to represent nature; and, consequently, he never bestows his pains except to express a meaning. The manner in which he has represented the feathers in many of his birds, is as admirable as it is perfectly original. His feeling for his subject, and his knowledge of his art, suggest the best means of effecting his end, and the manner in which he has employed them entitle him to rank as a wood-engraver—without reference to his merits as a designer—among the very best that have practised the art. * * * Bewick's life affords a useful lesson to all who wish to attain distinction in art, and at the same time to preserve their independence. He diligently cultivated his talents, and never trusted to booksellers or designers for employment. He did not work according to the directions of others, but struck out a path for himself; and, by diligently pursuing it according to the bent of his own feelings, he acquired both a competence with respect to worldly means and an ample reward of fame. The success of his works did not render him inattentive to business; and he was never tempted by the prospect of increasing wealth to indulge in expensive pleasures, nor to live in a manner which his circumstances did not warrant. What he had honestly earned, he frugally husbanded; and, like a prudent man, made a provision for his old age. 'The hand of the diligent,' says Solomon, 'maketh rich.' This Bewick felt; and his life may be cited in exemplification of the truth of the proverb. He acquired not, indeed, great wealth, but he attained a com-

petence, and was grateful and contented. No favoured worshipper of Mammon, though possessed of millions obtained by 'watching the turn of the market,' could say more. He was extremely regular and methodical in his habits of business: until within a few years of his death, he used to come to his shop in Newcastle from his house in Gateshead at a certain hour in the morning, returning to his dinner at a certain time, and, as he used to say, *lapping up* at night, as if he were a workman employed by the day, and subject to a loss by being absent a single hour. When any of his works were in the press, the first thing he did each morning, after calling at his own shop, was to proceed to the printer's to see what progress they were making, and to give directions to the pressmen about printing the cuts. * * * He used always to work with his hat on; and when any gentleman or nobleman called upon him, he only removed it for a moment on his first entering. He used frequently to whistle when at work; and he was seldom without a large quid of tobacco in his mouth. The prominence occasioned by the quid, which he kept between his under lip and his teeth, and not in his cheek, is indicated in most of his portraits. * * * Bewick was a man of athletic make, being nearly six feet high, and proportionably stout. He possessed great personal courage, and in his younger days was not slow to repay an insult with personal chastisement. On one occasion, being assaulted by two pitmen on returning from a visit to Cherry-burn, he resolutely turned upon the aggressors, and, as he said, 'paid them both well.' Though hard-featured, and much marked with the small-pox, the expression of Bewick's countenance was manly and open, and his dark eyes sparkled with intelligence. There is a good bust of him by Bailey, in the Library of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Newcastle; and the best engraved portrait is perhaps that of Burnet, after a painting by Ramsey. * * * In the summer of 1828, Bewick visited London; but he was then evidently in a declining state of health, and he had lost much of his former energy of mind. Scarcely any thing that he saw interested him; and he longed no less than in his younger years to return to the banks of the Tyne. He had ceased to feel an interest in objects which formerly afforded him great pleasure; for when his old friend, the late Mr. William Bulmer, drove him to the Regent's Park, he declined to alight for the purpose of visiting the collection of animals in the gardens of the Zoological Society. On his return to Newcastle, he appeared for a short time to enjoy his usual health and spirits. On the Saturday preceding his death, he took the block of the 'Old Horse waiting for Death' to the printer's, and had it proved; on the following Monday, he became unwell, and, after a few days' illness, he ceased to exist. He died at his house on the Windmill Hills, Gateshead, on the 8th of November, 1828, aged seventy-five."

The only drawback from the pleasure which we experienced in the perusal of this able and admirable work, arose from the sneering tone in which the author occasionally indulges, when adverting to the errors of other writers on the subject. It is unworthy of a man of his talents.

Solomon Seesaw. By J. P. Robertson, senior author of the "Letters on Paraguay." With Illustrations by Phiz. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1839. Saunders and Otley. We do not know in what category to place this publication. It is not so much a novel as a

biography of a supposititious individual, on whose associations and adventures are strung accounts of noted circumstances and persons, and very actual sketches of particular classes and manners, chiefly in the mercantile community of Glasgow, though partly in London. As far as its love-affairs are concerned, the story is neither probable nor interesting; and the hero is, in fact, like his name, not made to be in love with. The writer, indeed, is not at home in the sentimental, and we shall adduce but one short extract to prove it—the description of the heroine, whose health had suffered from hope deferred, on the eve of her becoming Mrs. Seesaw:—

“Bright, but transient flushes overspread the cheek of Mrs. Wynne; and the winter of her daughter's health and beauty, like the spring around them, approached every day to more glorious summer. Her cheek took the tinge of the most delicate rose—her fading complexion of the brightest lily. Her attenuated frame shot into graceful elasticity; her drooping spirits, watered by the dews of kindness and of love, shot up into the bloom of refreshing placidity, till they put forth at length the buds of contentment and of joy. Her mind was tranquil, her heart at ease; and the body, nursed by the genial heat, shed forth at once its native beauty and its native grace.”

To write *fine* worse than this seems to be impossible; it is as great a mistake as our friend Phiz's first illustration, in which he gives us a Dr. Hasty, distinctly described as always carrying a cotton umbrella under his left arm, with that incumbrance tucked under his right (see page 34 for the text, 37 for the illustration). With other *lapses* that have slipped through the author's attention, such as references to society in Edinburgh, where the party had never been, we shall not trouble ourselves nor our readers, but quote a brief sample or two of the better parts, premising that the picture of Scotch schooling, and the doings of its infancy and parentage in a remote country town, seems to be drawn from the life, though we fancy its day has gone by.

The *Story of the Old Gentleman* begins thus:—

“I had attained that period of life at which, though a married man may be classified as not an old one, a bachelor never is. The grand climacteric of this unfortunate class of society seems to be fixed, by general consent, at forty to forty-five years of age. That, with them, is the turning point of existence. They are considered, after it, to be verging into the vale of years. In a way of sport to others, but of premature death to themselves, they are designated, thenceforth,—‘Old’ Bachelors. ‘By the aid of a ruddy countenance, a well-cut coat, a clean chin, a slender and elastic figure, and a light step in a quadrille, I contrived,—as your men at Lloyd's say,—to keep upon the A 1 list, till I had seen full nine lustres. By being upon the A 1 list, I mean that I was allowed, with a few exceptions taken by invidious persons, to rank as a first-rate man. By this, again, I mean a man who with perfect propriety might have proposed marriage to a woman of two or three and twenty. None of those who had just passed their teens refused to dance with me; nor was I obliged, at fancy balls, to make my appearance in the decorous costume of a court dress. People rather speculated than pronounced upon my age; and when I had taken particular pains at my toilet, I was often told, by very discriminating mothers, ‘How well I

looked!’ ‘A few obvious wrinkles under my eyes, and some awkwardly prominent grey hairs, began, about this time, a little to disturb my tranquillity. A very slight but evidently growing corpulency rendered it, at the same time, rather a luxury to me to draw on my boots with very long boot-hooks. I felt it becoming a great convenience to have my valet to tie my shoe-strings. I fancied I could neither walk so far, nor dance so long, as I was wont. Young men of five or six and twenty, in the company of agreeable women a little under their own age, began to assume to me the forms of successful rivals. I lost, all at once, and without knowing how, my pretensions to command the conversation, or occupy, much less engross, the time of any popular or pretty woman at public places. If I did chance, at the opera, or an evening party, to engage her attention, it was but for a moment; some well-looking and well-dressed fop was sure to step in between me and felicity. He was as sure to carry off, upon the slightest approach, or offer of his arm, the lady I had been endeavouring, by the most assiduous court, and studied compliments, to win for the night. This generally unhinged and sent me an isolated wanderer about even the most crowded room.”

The opening of the Glasgow Merchants' dinner company must serve for our other *Phis-ification*:—

“Scarcely had they knocked at the door, when it was opened by a footman, while a genteel-looking butler, in black, and two more of the party-coloured tribe, essayed to take their hats. The old gentleman's was delivered up, as a matter of course, to the servant; but when he came to Solomon,—‘Thank you,’ said he, ‘I'll just put it down here myself.’ A second servant asked their names. They were given; and the third one, already half-way up stairs, called down to them, ‘This way, gentlemen, if you please.’ Upon this, Solomon said to the old gentleman, in a whisper, as they followed to the drawing-room, ‘This way, sir,’ and ‘If you please.’—They are not so impudent as they look.’ As the names of the two strangers were announced, they were startled by the dazzling display offered to their view. The first thing that arrested them, especially the old gentleman, was the great blaze of light in the apartments. The next thing that riveted their attention was the finery, the prodigious finery, of the ladies. The old gentleman thought that a whole warehouse must have been emptied to furnish it; and Solomon was sure it would have stocked every haberdasher's shop in the town of Dullborough, or Llangollen, for a month. The ladies all sat silent,—which upset the theories of the old gentleman on female loquacity; and they appeared stiff, which he accounted for, on the score of a prudential fear that too much motion might crumple their gauze dresses, or bring down a knot of ribbon from its conspicuous position on a full-mooned muslin tiara. Their gowns were so decorously long, that he could only observe one or two rather large feet, and not very slender ankles, as supporters of the female form. The gentlemen were grouped in the middle of the room, all scrupulously dressed in shoes and silk stockings. They had inexpressibles tied at the knees, exhibiting brawny calves; and their cravats made a considerable display of white muslin, tied in not a very precise fashion under their chins. But guess, if you can, the astonishment of both guests (for there was a great sympathy between the old gentleman and young Solomon), when setting

themselves to listen to the whispering hum of the conversation, they found that, with the simple substitution of Scotch accent for English dialect, they might as well have been in the midst of their ‘travelling’ companions at the George.—‘Rums is up,—Muscovados is down. Yarns is a shade higher, and calicos a bawbee lower; gingham is rather lookin' better, an' jaconnets is a little fawn—our frien' the Baillie's bandanas is a perfect drug.’ These, and such remarks as these, in succession, too quick to be copied, even by a writer of shorthand, made up the conversation of the Glasgow gentlemen. ‘Have you heard,’ said the Lord Provost, ‘o' the arrival o' the Demarara fræ Demerara wi' a cargo o' sugars? ‘Od, they say they're the bonniest sugars that's been in the market this mony a-day. I've gotten some real fine limes by her; and by our friend Douglas's first ship fræ Jamaica, I'm promised some nice auld rum. By the way, Neebor Norace, our joint speck in pullicats has turned out but a puir concern. They'll no pay cost and charges.’ Here his lordship's discourse was interrupted by the announcement that dinner was ready; and after much rustling of silks, and ceremonious advance of successive gentlemen to offer their arms to the ladies, the whole party moved in couplets out of the room, leaving Solomon and another youth to bring up the rear.”

The work is made out with episodes, the story of a Lord Beaulderk, of an author in prison, of a Mr. Ironsides, of the two recluses of Llangollen, of St. John Long, &c. &c. &c., and is altogether a strange bundle of sticks, with some striking particulars, sagacious observations, and characteristic traits of traders in prosperous and panic times.

Desultory Thoughts and Reflections. By the Countess of Blessington. 12mo. pp. 122. London, 1839. Longman and Co.

A *PRETTY* little book, full of agreeable glances of mind and instructive observations on the world and its inhabitants. Lady Blessington has seen much of society; and it can never be uninteresting to society to learn how it has been appreciated by an acute and observant participator in its various motions and customs. We like especially to see how they have appeared to a female; for, with all our boasted masculine wisdom, penetration, and knowledge, the natural skill, taste, and feeling of the other sex, gives them a prodigious superiority over us in forming an estimate of men and manners, at once rapid, accurate, and profound. The few attached quotations are fair examples of these *Desultory Thoughts and Reflections*:—

“*Minds.*—The minds of the young resemble new wine in a state of fermentation and effervescence; but the minds of the mature resemble old wine, which has lost its fiery particles, and retains only its strength and raciness.”

“*Confidences.*—Confidences are more frequently reposed in persons through a want of discretion than from excess of friendship, and are oftener betrayed through incontinency of speech than from motives of treachery.”

“*Superstition.*—Superstition is but the fear of belief: religion is the confidence.”

“*Infirmities of Genius.*—The infirmities of genius are often mistaken for its privileges.”

“*Style.*—To praise the style of an author more than his thoughts, is like commending a woman for her dress more than for her person. Style, like dress, should be appropriate, and not detract attention from what it was meant to adorn.”

“*Great Men.*—Mountains appear more

lofty, the nearer they are approached; but great men, to retain their altitude, must only be viewed from a distance."

"*Friends*.—It requires sunshine to see our friends, for they become invisible when our horizon is clouded."

"*Death*.—When we have outlived our youth, we have little to regret in the death of our old age; it is but the release of a superannuated friend, who has outlived every other."

"*Marriage*."

How many in the married state we find
Wedded in person, but divorced in mind!
Unnatural union! fraught with as much dread
As when the living chain'd were to the dead
By stern Mæcenias; yet less cruel he,
As many slaves of Hymen will agree,
For but one victim suffer'd from the chain,
While wedlock gives the two an equal pain."

There are some occasional incongruities:—we mean, that the fair Thinker has not always thought alike on the same points; or, in other instances, has rather varied the reflections. But to reconcile the annexed, for instance?—

"*Solitude*.—In solitude we retain our own faults; but in society we superadd those of others."

"*Society and Solitude*.—In society we learn to know others, but in solitude we acquire a knowledge of self."

Fellow's Asia Minor.

(Second Notice.)

THE difficulty of illustrating the antiquities and inscriptions brought to light by this interesting volume, and the amount of the previous notice which we have bestowed upon it in *Society Reports*, as well as *Review*, will, we trust, be a sufficient apology for the brevity with which we now conclude our remarks and extracts. Of the western parts of Phrygia, the following are illustrations; setting out, however, with a description of a fish, whose proportions are new to us:—

"At a house at which I stopped I saw a slice of a fish which is frequently taken in this river; it is without scales, round in form, and nearly a foot in thickness. I am told that it is generally taken weighing as much as one hundred, and sometimes one hundred and fifty pounds (fifty *okes*). It has a large mouth, of the common form, and unlike that of the sturgeon. Does the conger-eel ever attain this size? This part of the river must, allowing for its windings, be two hundred miles from the sea, and the water, of course, is always fresh."

Our next is of a more general character:—

"Up the valley, towards the south-east, stands Mount Cadmus, and I heard that at its foot, about twelve miles from Laodicea, there were considerable ruins, probably of the ancient city of Colossæ. Descending rapidly into the flat and swampy valley of the Lycus, we crossed in a diagonal line to the city of Hierapolis, six or seven miles from Laodicea. My attention had been attracted at twenty miles' distance by the singular appearance of its hill, upon which here appeared to be perfectly white streams poured down its sides; and this peculiarity may have been the attraction which first led to the city being built there. The waters, which issue in copious streams from several deep springs among the ruins, and are also to be found in small rivulets for twenty miles round, are tepid, and to appearance perfectly pure; indeed I never saw more transparent water, although I perceived, at a depth of perhaps twenty feet, a dark green hue visible between the surface and the white marble of the columns and Corinthian ornaments which lay at the bottom. Gas continually rises in

bubbles, emitting the noxious smell of hydrogen. This pure and warm water is no sooner exposed to the air, than it rapidly deposits a pearly white substance upon the channel through which it flows, and on every blade of grass in its course; and thus, after filling its bed, it flows over, leaving a substance which I can only compare to the brain-coral, a kind of crust or feeble crystallisation; again it is flooded by a fresh stream, and again is formed another perfectly white coat. The streams of water, thus leaving a deposit by which they are choked up, and over which they again flow, have raised the whole surface of the ground fifteen or twenty feet, forming masses of this shelly stone in ridges which impede the paths, as well as conceal and render it difficult to trace out the foundations of buildings. The deposit has the appearance of a salt, but it is tasteless, and to the touch is like the shell of the cuttle-fish. These streams have flowed on for ages, and the hills are coated over with their deposit of a filmy, semitransparent appearance, looking like half-melted snow suddenly frozen. The town stands upon the high cliff, over which these streams fall in cascades, commanding a fine view of the valley, and has many of the picturesque advantages which would be sought in a modern watering-place; the mountains rise up at the back, and wooded ravines offer shade for summer rambles. The ruins are crowded and extensive; and here again are some remains, unaccountable from their immense proportions: in this place they might be taken to have been baths, but I still incline to the idea that they were palaces. The theatre has been richly ornamented, and many of the cornices so much as to impair their simplicity and beauty; these, together with most of the groups of figures, bear the traces of an age more devoted to luxury than pure taste."

The tenacity of life in a vulture is wonderfully displayed in the subjoined account:—

"I have mentioned that we killed a vulture this morning at Laodicea. It was shot at about nine o'clock, and at the time was washing itself in a stream after its hearty meal upon the dead camel. It was wounded in the head and neck, and dropped immediately; but, upon taking it up, its talons closed on the hand of my servant, making him cry out with pain. He placed it on the ground, and I stood with my whole weight upon its back, pressing the breast-bone against the rock, when its eye gradually closed, its hold relaxed, and to all appearance life became extinct. It was then packed up in my leather hood, and strapped behind the saddle. The day was oppressively hot, for we trod upon our shadows as we rode across the plain. Until this evening (at eleven o'clock) the vulture remained tightly bound behind the saddle. My servant, on unpacking, threw the bundle containing it into the tent, while he prepared boiling water for cleaning and skinning it. Intending to examine this noble bird more carefully, I untied the package, and what was my surprise to see it raise its head and fix its keen eyes upon me! I immediately placed my feet upon its back, holding by the top of the tent, and leaning all my weight upon it; but with a desperate struggle it spread out its wings, which reached across the tent, and by beating them attempted to throw me off. My shouts soon brought Demetrius, who at length killed it by blows upon the head with the butt end of his gun. My ignorance of the extreme tenacity of life of this bird must exculpate me from the charge of cruelty."

We have only one paragraph to bestow upon Lydia, though all the observations are interesting:—

"Of the ancient city of Philadelphia but little remains; its walls are still standing, inclosing several hills, upon the sides of which stood the town, but they are fallen into ruins. They are built of unhewn stone, massed and cemented together with fragments of old buildings; some immense remains of buildings, huge square stone pillars, supporting brick arches, are also standing, and are called the ruins of the Christian church. All the remains which have been pointed out to me as ruins of Christian churches appear to have been vast temples, perhaps erected by imperial command, and dedicated to nominal Christianity, but shewing, in the niches and brackets for statues and architectural ornaments, traces of heathen superstition."

We need say nothing more, but repeat that this is a volume for every good library in the kingdom.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Geraldine; or, a Tale of Conscience. By E. C. A. Vol. III. London, 1839. C. Dolman.

Or this work two volumes have previously appeared, the object of which, like the present, is to represent the beauties and holiness of the Roman Catholic faith. The heroine, and some other most admirable young ladies, after various religious and worldly trials, retire from the world and take the veil—which is, consequently, held out to be a course suited to general imitation and praise. Far be it from us to pronounce upon the religious principles instilled by any *Novel*, but we cannot help remarking on the incongruities, especially at the *finale* of this piece of sanctification, in that class of writing. The whole ceremony of professing and entering a convent in Ireland is described as in a Ritual; and we fall upon the following singular typographical error: "Geraldine rising, and holding her lighted taper, sang the 'Posuit signum'; Hæ has placed his seat upon my forehead, that I should admit no other lover but Him." The English Sisters return to England, with three experienced nuns, to labour in conversion and propaganda; and we are told of the Irish Sisters, that, though sacrificing home's sweet ties "for the love of Jesus Christ, their Spouse," they might, with still more devoted feeling, &c., have sung their native strain,—

"Though the last glimpse of Erin with sorrow I see,
Yet wherever Thou art shall seem Erin to me."

Such things seem to us, in sober sadness, to be ludicrous and profane, and well calculated to turn religion into mockery and jest: to sing of our blessed Saviour, that everywhere shall seem Ireland where he is, is a sample of national drollery which cannot be laughed at, only on account of the sacredness of the subject.

Rhymes for the Nursery, by the Authors of "Original Poems." Illustrated Edition. P. 177. (London, Harvey and Darton.)—*Charlie's Discontent*; or, a Good Use for Eggs and Kears. With illustrations by T. Williams, after Designs by J. Pittman. P. 187. (The same.)—These are two very pretty books for children. The first, simple and pleasant rhymes to engage the opening mind: the last, an attractive inducement to the love of nature and natural history. We could have wished the concluding little poem in the *Nursery Rhymes* to have had some moral or remark attached to it. What would a child make of the bald story of an ungrateful and unnatural son?

Life of Scott. New edition. Vol. III. (London, Cadell.)—This volume is embellished with a portrait of Sir Walter's father; and, by way of vignette, a map of the "Country about Abbotsford," but extending from the Solway to the Forth. How much of it has his genius made classic ground!!! *Si monumentum queris circumspice.*

A Key to the Difficulties, Philological and Historical, of the First Book of Schiller's Thirty Years War, forming a Guide to German Construing, for the Use of English Students, by Adolphus Bernays, Phil. Doc. &c.—This neat little book will be found a considerable help, not only to the reader of the work to which it professes to be a key, but of any other German work which a student may undertake after he has mastered the elements of that language.

Four Lectures on the Offices and Ceremonies of Holy Week, as performed in the Papal Chapels; delivered in Rome in the Lent of 1857, by N. D. Wiseman, D.D. 8vo. pp. 184. (London, Dolman.)—A warm eulogy upon the Roman Catholic ceremonial, and maintaining their expediency in every point of view, as excellent in themselves, consistent with true religion, and impressive upon the common mind.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY.

[Astronomers and scholars will read the following paper with attention; its value well excuses its length.]

'ON Ptolemy's Catalogue of Stars,' by Francis Baily, Esq.—The catalogue of stars, which goes under Ptolemy's name, will always be interesting to the astronomer, as containing the first record of the state of the heavens. The precise epoch for which it was formed is not clearly ascertained. Ptolemy himself says, that it is reduced to the first year of the reign of Antoninus, which corresponds to the year A.D. 138; but there is some mistake, or confusion, on this point, which has led many persons to believe that Ptolemy himself did not actually make the observations from which the catalogue is deduced, but merely reduced, or brought up, a more ancient catalogue of Hipparchus, by means of an erroneous precession, to his own time. It is very evident that the longitudes of all the stars in Ptolemy's catalogue are above 1° too great; but, from what cause this has arisen, it is not my object here to inquire. The point to which, in the present view of the case, I am more desirous of directing attention is, how far the existing editions of that work may be considered as faithful transcripts of the catalogue as it issued from Ptolemy's hands. This important question can only be decided by a careful examination of various manuscripts, and by comparing the discordant readings with the actual positions of the stars, as determined from modern observations. Unfortunately, the public have not been in possession of much varied information on this head; the manuscripts hitherto employed having, until lately, been confined to three only; to which two others have been recently added, as I shall presently explain. But all these are, in many cases, so grossly discordant, that it would appear, at first sight, almost a hopeless task to reconcile the different readings that present themselves, or to account for the introduction of so many discrepancies in so small a portion of Ptolemy's great astronomical treatise. The five sources of information here alluded to are, 1st. the Latin translation published by Liechtenstein, at Venice, in 1515; the name of the translator is not known, nor is it stated whence the manuscript was obtained. The translation, however, bears internal evidence of having been made from an Arabic manuscript, and throws great light (as I shall presently shew) on the subsequent translations and editions from the Greek manuscripts. 2d. The Latin translation made by Trapezuntius (George of Trebizond), and published by Gauricus, also at Venice, in 1528. This translation, from which most of the subsequent editions seem to be copied, is said to have been made from a copy of a Greek manuscript which the Abbé Laurentius Bartolinus caused to be made from one in the Vatican library. 3d. The Greek edition published at Basil, in 1538, by Gryneus. It is said that he made use of a manuscript that

belonged to Regiomontanus, who had it from the Cardinal Bessarion, and deposited it in the library of Nuremberg. This, however, has been since doubted: and it is not quite certain where the manuscript above mentioned is now to be found. This is the more to be regretted, as it is the only Greek edition extant, except the recent one which I am now about to mention. It is evidently not the manuscript from which either of the preceding translations was made. The work is dedicated to our Henry VIII. 4th. The two other sources are comprised in the Greek edition (accompanied by a French translation), published at Paris, in 1813, by M. Halma. In editing that part of the volume which contains the catalogue of stars, M. Halma availed himself of two additional manuscripts which were in the public library of Paris: one of these he calls the Paris manuscript, which is made the ground-work of his publication, and the other the Florence manuscript. But some other sources must have been appealed to, as he occasionally inserts readings which are not to be found in either of these manuscripts, or in the Basil edition above mentioned. These several sources of information are all that the public press affords us in our inquiries relative to this interesting subject; but they are lamentably deficient for the purpose. And, as it is probable that the public are not fully aware either of the amount or the frequency of discordance that exists in this matter, I trust I shall not encroach too much on the patience of the meeting by stating, as briefly as possible, the result of my own investigations and researches. Having carefully compared the position of every star, as given in each of the several copies above alluded to, I have found that out of 1028 stars, of which the catalogue consists, there are about 780 (or more than three-fourths) of them that are discordant, either in longitude or latitude; and this, not merely in $10, 20$, or 30 minutes, which is no uncommon difference, but sometimes to an amount involving whole degrees. That these errors have arisen mostly from the carelessness of the copyists, and that they may be partly corrected, in some cases, by a reference to the true position of the star, I am ready to admit; but still there are numerous cases where this tentative method will not avail us, and where we are, after all, left in doubt as to the identity of the star, or the true reading of the original numbers. One source of error I have discovered to be very common, and in the correction of which I have found the translation from the Arabic to be of essential service. It is this. The Greek notation for minutes being denoted by some fractional part of the degree, and such fraction being expressed by a dash annexed to the letter which in common notation denotes the integer, frequent mistakes occur from the copyist having affixed the dash when it ought not to be inserted, and from omitting it when it ought to have been annexed. Thus, 23° is correctly denoted by $\alpha\gamma$; and $20^{\circ} 20'$ (or $20^{\circ} \frac{1}{3}$) is correctly denoted by $\alpha\gamma'$; again 34° is correctly denoted by $\lambda\delta$; and $30^{\circ} 15'$ (or $30^{\circ} \frac{1}{4}$) is correctly denoted by $\lambda\gamma$. Now it is very readily seen, that mistakes of great moment may be made by the omission or misplacing of the dash to the second letter: and here it is that the translation from the Arabic frequently comes in to our aid; for, as their notation was not liable to the same sort of confusion, we are oftentimes led to the true reading by a reference to their copies. I could point out numerous instances of this kind: one, however, will be quite sufficient to illustrate my meaning.

The star in Capricornus, the fourteenth of that constellation in Ptolemy's catalogue, whose longitude in all the above-mentioned editions, except the first, is said to be 26° , is in the translation from the Arabic stated to be in longitude $20^{\circ} \frac{1}{3}$, or $20^{\circ} 10'$; which is in fact its more correct value. And it is clear that the erroneous translation from the Greek has arisen from not affixing the dash to the second letter in the expression $\alpha\epsilon$, which ought to be $\alpha\epsilon'$. Still there remain numerous other cases where this mode of explication will not avail, and where it would be desirable that other sources of information should, if possible, be thrown open to us: and it is on this point, as I have before alluded, that I am more especially induced to make the present appeal. Now, it appears that there are several works in this country that might assist us very materially in the elucidation of this subject. In the Bodleian library at Oxford there is a Greek manuscript of Ptolemy, which was presented by Selden: and there is also, in the same library, Bernard's copy of the Basil edition of 1538, wherein he has copied out all the longitudes and latitudes of the stars in the catalogue from this same manuscript. In the library of All Souls' College, it is stated, by Fabricius, that there is the manuscript of a Latin translation from the Arabic: and I understand that there are also manuscript Latin translations from the Arabic at New College and at Magdalen College. There is also a manuscript commentary in Persian, belonging to St. John's College. In the library of the Archbishop of Canterbury, at Lambeth there is also a Greek manuscript of Ptolemy. In the library of the British Museum there is an Arabic manuscript, of the date 1218; but I have not been able to find there any Greek copy. It is evident, therefore, that we have in this country several sources of original information, of which we might avail ourselves, to render the catalogue of Ptolemy more perfect than it is: and, lest it might be supposed that this would be a useless labour at the present day, when the state of the heavens is so much better known, I would remark that it is on this very account that more accurate information is required; since we now know that many minute and gradual changes are going on, which were not suspected or thought of in former times, and which are only perceptible after a lapse of many centuries. Thus Sirius is described in all the original documents that I have seen, as *σείριος, sub-ruffus*, reddish; whereas at the present day, it is remarkable for its freedom from all colour. Now, this is a point on which Ptolemy could not well be mistaken. Again, a star of the fourth magnitude (the seventeenth in the constellation of Eridanus) is clearly laid down by Ptolemy, but cannot now be found: and there are some others, of smaller magnitude, that cannot be identified, according to the positions given in the present editions of the catalogue. But whether these bodies have vanished wholly from our sight, or have been erroneously copied from the original observations, can only be satisfactorily explained (if, indeed, they ever can be) by reference to other authorities. It is needless, however, to dwell further on so obvious a principle. I had taken the liberty of suggesting to the late Professor Rigaud (a name ever dear to the lovers of astronomy, and more especially to those engaged in historical researches in that science) the propriety of requesting the University of Oxford to print the catalogue of Ptolemy, from the Greek manuscript in their possession: a request which, I understand, was favourably received. We are

all sensible of the obligations under which we lie to the University of Oxford, for its noble and spirited conduct, on former occasions, in publishing the works of some of the best ancient authors on scientific subjects, which otherwise might never have seen the light; and certainly not in so splendid a dress. Witness the works of Euclid, Apollonius, Archimedes, &c.; and in more recent times, a continuance of the same liberal and enlightened course on various occasions, in the publication of works that reflect honour and credit on the University, and from which they can never expect to reap any pecuniary benefit. Since that application, however, was made, the information relative to the additional manuscripts above mentioned has been obtained; and it may now become a question whether it may not be presumed that a more accurate copy of Ptolemy's catalogue is more likely to be deduced from a careful collation of all the manuscripts within our reach, compared with the several original editions and translations above alluded to, than from the printing and publication of a single Greek manuscript. Should a plan of this kind be attempted, I would propose that a few copies of the Basil edition of 1538 be reprinted (for I fear that the original work is too scarce to be met with in sufficient quantity for this purpose), and distributed amongst those persons who would each undertake to collate such copy with some one or other of the manuscripts in the several archives above mentioned. This would be no great task or labour to those who feel an interest in the cause, and who are zealous in the promotion of science. Copies even might be sent abroad, to some of our foreign members, residing in places where original manuscripts are known to exist; and who might thus add to the common stock of information. But, whichever course may be adopted, I trust there is no difference of opinion as to the propriety of taking some steps relative to this matter: and I hope that what I have here stated may induce others to join in carrying so desirable an object into execution.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

THE annual prizes this year were happily dispensed by his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, the president, reminding us of old times. As usual, we select the more important, not having room for the entire list of successful competitors:—

To Mr. J. T. Cooper, Polytechnic Institution, Regent Street, for his method of preparing paper for photographic drawing, the silver medal.

To Mr. R. Redman, 43 Great Wild Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, for his method of making transfers from copperplate printing to zinc or stone, the silver Isis medal and 5*l*.

To Mr. J. Gray, 25 Old Burlington Street, for his improved instruments for extracting teeth, the silver medal.

To Mr. J. Sodo, 6 Sebright Street, Bethnal Green, 5*l*, for his share in the invention and improvement of the tube used in weaving wide silk velvet.

To Mr. Robert W. Billings, Manor House, Kentish Town, for his analysis of the great east window of Carlisle Cathedral, the Acton gold medallion. Very clever, and eliciting great praise.

Nothing could exceed the grace and condescension of his royal highness.

On Wednesday evening, the Society closed its session. The vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Mr. Aikin, will not be filled up before the Christmas holidays, in order that the members may have sufficient opportunity of ascertaining the qualifications of such candidates (and doubtless there will be many, when it is generally known that the office is open to competition) who may present themselves. The Society cannot but be aware of the importance

of electing a proper person; and it is hoped they will consider that the existence of the Institution depends, in a great measure, on the good character and ability of their secretary.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

FRIDAY, 7th JUNE. Mr. J. E. Gray, President, in the chair.—A specimen of *Cynomorium coccineum* from Malta, also living specimens of *Leucosium aestivum* from the Greenwich marshes, were exhibited; the latter by Mr. D. Cooper, and distributed to the members. Read a paper by Mr. W. H. White, 'On Mushrooms,' the object of which was to stimulate inquiry, during the approaching season, as to the cause of the deleterious effects some species of mushrooms have on the human frame in some countries, and not in others. In England, for example, only three species are edible,—*Agaricus campestris*, or the common mushroom; *A. pratensis*, or the fairy ring; and *A. Georgii*; whilst in Russia forty species, almost every variety, are used as articles of food, and many, as delicacies, constantly at the tables of the rich. The mushroom trade, also, is there considerable; at Moscow alone, to the amount of 200,000 roubles in the year. The peasants for some months live almost exclusively thereon. The kinds there eaten are considered here, and have been proved to be, by many fatal cases, poisonous. Mr. White believes it not to be dependent on soil or climate, but principally on the culinary process, much salt being used, and also on the care observed not to boil two species together. He thinks the inquiry hazardous, yet interesting to the public as well as to the botanist.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

FRIDAY, 7th JUNE. Last evening meeting. Mr. Faraday, 'On Mr. Hulmandell's Mode of producing Designs and Patterns on Metallic Surfaces.' Great facility is acquired in preparing the plate for the process of biting out. Advantage is taken of the powers or forces of attraction of aggregation existing in aqueous and oily substances. A watery body (an aqueous ink composed of water, gum, and lamp-black) is put upon the metallic surface, which had been previously slightly greased. Immediately, both the substances draw up into spots, or bands, producing a peculiar, irregular, web-like surface. Varnish is then laid over the whole face of the plate thus prepared, a film of which dries over the inky and oily figure, retaining both, until put into water to soak. Then, from the attraction of the water for the watery particles of the ink, the ink retracts, and removes the film of varnish, leaving it only on the oily parts. The figure, the spots, and bands which had been occupied by the ink, are now left clean, and free to be acted upon by acid. The use of gum arabic, or gum tragacanth, in the watery body, curiously varies the web-like figure. By a variation of the process, any ground may be produced in a considerably shorter period, and at much less expense, than by mechanical ruling, by parallel lines, or by any process of hand-engraving; and upon the ground chiefly depends the shading, &c. Improved and more complicate patterns, which the great expense of engraving excluded, will in future adorn the fabrics for female dresses, &c.

UNITED SERVICE INSTITUTION.

MONDAY, 3d JUNE. Major Shadwell Clerke in the chair.—The following papers were read: 1st. 'Remarks on the Singhos and Mishmees,' by Dr. McClelland. 2d. 'An Account of the Mineral Spring on the Rocky Flat, Menoro

Downs, New South Wales,' by Dr. John Lhotsky. The spring is situated about three hundred miles from Sydney, at a distance of twelve miles from Kuma, and surrounded by extensive, waste, undulated downs, with long projecting hills. The water of the spring was limpid, and a constant eruption of gas was visible. Its temperature varied from 58° to 60°. "At six p.m. there was lightning to the E. and thunder; wind, S.S.E.; the air became cold to sensation; the spring was still 60°." The water bubbles strongly, with frequent changes in intensity; but, as far as Dr. Lhotsky could observe, without any certain succession. Its taste is that of the most valuable mineral waters, Seltzer and Cheltenham. The paper described at great length, and very interestingly, the far and near neighbourhood of the spring, their geological structure, the appearance of the Travertine Rocks, the efflorescence thereon, &c. &c. As New South Wales is becoming more and more the resort of invalids from the adjacent tropical colonies, the existence of such a spring is a valuable discovery, and may lead to a Cheltenham on the Menoro Downs.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.
UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, June 6.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelors in Medicine, with license to Practise.—R. Jackson, Fellow of New College; W. A. Greenhill, Trinity College.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. J. Lowe, Lincoln College, J. Stewart, Worcester College, Grand Compounders; Rev. R. Pauling, Hon. A. Bagot, Christ Church; E. Meyrick, Queen's College; B. L. Watson, St. Mary Hall; Rev. J. H. Hotham, Magdalen College; A. Darcey, F. Goddard, Brasenose College; Rev. A. W. Street, Scholar of Pembroke College; Rev. G. L. Cartwright, Exeter College; Rev. J. Dix, All Souls' College; C. Bradley, Fellow of Worcester College; Rev. L. Gilbertson, Jesus College; Rev. T. A. Mathews, Trinity College; W. Fox, Rev. H. H. Mestard, W. F. Croome, Wadham College.

Bachelors of Arts.—F. J. P. Marx, Christ Church, T. Mitford, Oriel College, Grand Compounders; R. C. Price, Student, J. W. Miles, F. C. Gausson, Christ Church; E. Woodland, Magdalen Hall; W. P. Graham, Scholar, P. P. Myddelton, Queen's College; J. Lander, Pembroke College; H. Monro, H. G. M. Protyman, Oriel College; W. O. Hammond, Balliol College.

Mrs. Denyer's Theological Prizes.—The subjects for the year 1840 are—

On the Doctrine of Faith in the Holy Trinity.
On the Duties of Christianity, comprehending Personal, Family, and National.

CAMBRIDGE, June 7.—*Sir William Broome's Medals*.—Two of these medals were adjudged as follows:—

Latin Ode.—E. Balston, King's College.
Greek and Latin Epigrams.—W. S. Wood, St. John's College.

Greek Ods.—Not yet adjudged.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

JUNE 1.—The Right Honourable Holt Mackenzie in the chair.—Various presents to the library were laid upon the table. Beriah Botfield, Esq., Henry Baakerville, Esq., and Henry John Baxter, Esq., were elected resident members.—A memorandum was read, which had been received from the Agricultural and Horticultural Society of Bombay, in reply to a request for information respecting the breeds of cattle used in the presidency. The memorandum stated that all the sorts might be considered to arise from two only, the Dekkanee and the Gugeratee. The cattle of the Dekkan are compact animals, from three and a half to four feet in height; and are to be found in all parts of the country; the Gugeratee are much larger and handsomer, and are not found in common use out of Gugerat: in other places they are met with only in the carriages of wealthy natives. Those of the Dekkan are active, capable of enduring fatigue, and live on coarse food; and are, for these qualities, much in request; but the buffalo is preferred for the

plough, for water carrying, and for its milk. Sheep are rare in Guggur and the Korkan; those in Candeish and the Dekhan are dark-coloured, coarse in the fleece, and small, but producing excellent mutton. Experiments are now making to improve the breed; but their success is as yet uncertain. The merino from the Cape is found to answer much better than that brought from England; so that government have determined to import from the Cape only in future. It was also stated that the ryots of the presidency had admitted the superiority of the English plough over their own; but the high price of the former had precluded its introduction among the presidency peasantry, who were poor and bigoted, and to whom time and labour were of little value. — A paper by Mr. Solly, 'On some Indian Lichens,' was then read. He stated that, in consequence of the inquiries suggested by the Committee of Commerce of the Society, two communications, with a few specimens of lichens, had been received from India. These he had examined, together with a collection of Indian lichens from Dr. Royle's herbarium, with a view to ascertain their importance as dye substances. The specimens from Bombay did not appear to contain sufficient colour to render their importation desirable; but those received from Ceylon contained good colouring matter, and some of them, by comparative experiments with the lichens of commerce, yielded as good a dye as kinds worth more than 250*l.* a ton. The lichens from Dr. Royle's collection were, with a few exceptions, not at all suited to the purposes of the dyer: one of them, however, called *Chulohesera*, may be expected to yield a considerable quantity of available colouring matter, not only from Mr. Solly's experiments, but from its having been long in use in India by the native dyers. Mr. Solly remarked, that it was highly desirable that the specimens should be in larger quantities; as it was unsatisfactory to operate upon small samples. A paper 'On the Bengal Safflower,' by Mr. Solly, was also read. He stated that the best safflower, which was imported in very limited quantities from China, fetches a price as high as 30*l.* per cwt., whilst good Bengal safflower is worth, on an average, 7*l.* per cwt. This difference he was inclined to attribute to difference in the mode of cultivation and preparation. This opinion is partly borne out by the fact that bales of safflower, which when packed appeared of good quality, on their arrival here are so much deteriorated as to be worth only ninety shillings per cwt., which Mr. Solly thought was occasioned by an after-decomposition, mainly caused by defects in the preparation. From careful examination and comparison of the two kinds, he is of opinion that the China safflower is gathered in a comparatively young state; whilst that from Bengal is not gathered till the flower is far advanced, and almost in a state of decay. He considered it essential, that, besides separating the colour from the uncoloured parts of the flower, the safflower should be dried very gradually. He thought it should be dried in close chambers, with some organic substance, or, perhaps, with hot sand.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

MR. HUDSON GURNEY, V.P., in the chair. Mr. Long exhibited some fragments of ancient pottery from the site of a large manufactory in Holt Forest, near the road from Farnham to Petersfield. Mr. Long considered they were certainly of an earlier date than the Norman

conquest, but doubted whether they were Roman or Saxon. Mr. Rickman communicated an essay, accompanied by two lithographic views, on the remains of Abury, Silbury, and Stonehenge. He entirely differed from Dr. Stukely's opinion on those remains, and considered them not older than the third century of the Christian era. He noticed the Roman road from Canterbury through Noviomagus and London to the west of England, and that Silbury is situated immediately on that road; that the Britons, previous to the arrival of the Romans, were in a state of utter barbarism, having neither skill nor tools to construct the road leading to Silbury, or to work the stones for the temples of Silbury, Abury, and Stonehenge; and Mr. Rickman's opinion is, that they were erected after the introduction of Roman art and civilisation, and that the circles were in imitation of the Roman amphitheatres.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday. — Statistical, 8 P.M.; United Service Institution, 9 P.M.
Tuesday. — Linnean, 8 P.M.; Horticultural, 3 P.M.; Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.; Electrical, 7 P.M.
Thursday. — Royal Society, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

THE NELSON MONUMENT.*

ON paying a second visit to the collection of models and drawings by the competitors for the execution of the Nelson Monument, we became still more forcibly impressed with the mediocrity (to use the mildest term) of a great majority of them. The contributions from artists of high and established character are very few. How is this? Does it arise from mutual jealousy, or from a fear of endangering their reputation? We know not; but we confess we think, and we know others think, that these gentlemen have failed in the duty which they owed to themselves, to the memory of the illustrious person to whom all ought to be eager to do honour, and to the country. By their apathy, they have greatly increased the difficulty of the task imposed upon the Committee of Subscribers to the Fund; and yet we are much mistaken if, whatever the decision of that Committee may be, they will not be among the least to censure it.

We proceed to add a brief notice of a few more works to those which we mentioned last week.

Messrs. Fowler and Stievier have combined their talents in the production of a model in which architecture and sculpture are united. It is a very lofty and elegant structure. The basement is plain and solid. Against the four fronts of the pedestal (the angles of which are rostrated) are colossal figures, seated, representing Britannia, Caledonia, Hibernia, and Neptune. The elevation is in compartments of gradually diminishing size, enriched with bas-relief medallions, inscriptions, &c. The upper compartment is circular, and is charged with emblematic decorations. On the summit is a statue of Nelson.

Mr. Hayden has gone still further than Messrs. Fowler and Stievier, in the union of the different branches of the fine arts, for he has added painting to architecture and sculpture. His design is exteriorly a chaste and simple edifice of the Doric order; but he pro-

poses that the interior shall be filled with statues of Nelson and other distinguished naval commanders, and with pictures, illustrative of Nelson's personal history, and of his most splendid achievements.

Mr. Patric Park has three large models, at which it is impossible not to smile, although they shew considerable talent; which talent, however, he seems to us to have wasted in endeavouring to express inexpressible things. For instance, one of his models — simply a square, unornamented block, on which is placed a statue of Nelson, with a cocked hat on his head, and holding his sword, not by the hilt, but by the blade — are attached two figures, intended to represent Manhood mourning the death of Nelson, and Honour consoled by the glory and triumphs of Nelson. To make such personifications intelligible, the old system of labels must be resorted to.

There is a simplicity in the composition of Mr. Woodington's model, which we recollect struck us forcibly when we first saw it in Mr. Rainy's room in Regent Street. On pedestals placed diagonally are four recumbent figures, with the names of Nelson's four greatest victories inscribed under them. On a more elevated pedestal stands Nelson himself, pointing to Trafalgar. We have heard it objected that the figure is too robust for that of Nelson, whose person was small and emaciated, and that Mr. Woodington has restored to him his lost arm. What soundness there is in these criticisms we will not pretend to determine.

Captain Smith, of the Royal Navy, has shewn artistical talents rarely to be met with in an unprofessional man. His model consists of a fluted pillar, springing out of a richly ornamented base, with a statue of Nelson at the top. The capital of the pillar is appropriately formed of ships' heads.

Mr. Behnes has two models, but they are only slight varieties of one idea. They both represent Nelson on a pedestal, the base of which is guarded by a sailor and a marine. Simplicity is an excellent quality in art; but, surely, it may be carried too far.

A model by Mr. Sidney Smirke is one of the most light and elegant things in the room. A cluster of three tapering pillars supports a statue of Nelson. At the base are three figures, emblematic of England, Scotland, and Ireland.

Mr. Manning has a composition which evinces much thought. The British State is represented by a column, founded on a rock. Nelson is shewn in his triumph; and in his fall: in the former, he is receiving the trident from Neptune; in the latter, he is dying in the arms of Victory. A figure of Peace crowns the column, happily illustrating the result of the hero's last glorious effort.

We were greatly pleased with the model by Mr. Hopper, of a circular temple, in the centre of which appears a statue of Nelson.

Mr. Bellamy has a fine drawing of a pillar, the base of which is a large terrace, from which a flight of steps, seen in perspective, leads to the National Gallery. The effect is very imposing.

But our limits compel us to stop. It is painful to think that, of the numerous individuals who have bestowed so much labour, and in some instances expense, on their various productions, and whose hearts are all now beating high with expectation, only one can be gratified by the result. It will be a sad preponderance of disappointment over exultation! But such is too frequently the lot of human beings. We earnestly recommend the losers in the contest to exercise their fortitude and good

* In our last, in the sketch of "Nelson Monuments," the name of Mr. Lough, the celebrated sculptor, was misprinted Lough. It was an odd typographical error, but if our opinion of the merits of his design should be confirmed by success, it will be a prophetic accident, illustrating the old proverb, that "Those laugh who weep."

temper. Our own wish is expressed in Nelson's motto—*Palmas qui meruit ferat!*

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY. [Sixth and concluding notice.]

THERE is no class of art that suffers more from being mixed up with others of a different character than the architectural; and, indeed, the disadvantage is mutual. The misarrangement in this, as well as in other instances, arises from want of room; but the absence of seats seems a matter of neglect. Our attention in this department has always been directed to subjects in which the pictorial, or rather the picturesque, is the predominant feature. Of this there can hardly be imagined a more striking example than in 1177. *View of the Alcece at the upper end of the Hall of the Two Sisters, in the Alhambra, &c.*; the *Figures, Landscape, and Furniture by L. Haghe*. O. Jones. The scene thus represented is an assemblage of all that is gorgeous in colour and splendid in ornament; its decorations and furniture convey the most complete idea of what we read of in the "Arabian Tales;" but with all its attraction, the eye at length becomes weary of the dazzling effect, and seeks for objects of greater repose. But, not to come too suddenly down to the ordinary level, we shall take a look at 1118. *View of the Suspension Bridge now erecting across the Danube, &c.*, W. T. Clark; in which strength, grandeur, and utility appear to be combined. We shall now take a more quiet scene, viz. 1110. *The Interior of the Choir of Rouen Cathedral*, H. G. Hine, which exhibits the solemn effect of a Rembrandt interior; 1101. *View of the Garden Front of Camp-Hill House, Warwickshire, the residence of John Radstock, Esq.*; and 1102. *Front Entrance of the same*, T. L. Walker; a beautiful variety in form and character, gratifying to the sight, and associated with feelings of comfort and convenience. 1147. *Design for a Public Building*, T. Hopper; 1150. *Design for the Rebuilding of the Royal Exchange*, F. Wood; 1260. *Design for the Houses of Parliament*, J. Burrell, do credit to the artists, and are every way calculated to have a good effect in their forms and character. Railroad views, and places connected with them, occupy their fair portion of room among the architectural elevations, and are embellished with as much of the picturesque as such straightforward subjects will allow. To these follow models, in the usual way, of table or chimney ornaments. From the latter we select 1268. *The Emancipated—part of a centrepiece, executed by Messrs. Green and Ward, and presented to the Marquess of Sligo by the Slave Population of Jamaica*; and 1275. *The Emancipated (as above, though different in design), presented by the Town and Neighbourhood of West Port*, E. G. Papworth. These designs do great credit to the artist, as well as to the parties from whom the grateful offerings proceeded. 1272. *Impression of the Great Seal of England*, B. Wyon. A fine specimen of Mr. Wyon's skill and taste.

SCULPTURE ROOM.

It is here that we look for the development of grace, beauty, dignity, and manly proportions; a variety also of the ideal, with the real in portrait sculpture. Of the first, examples will be found in the works of J. Gibson, R.A. and others in the same class of art. 1297. *Love cherishing the Soul while preparing to torment it*, J. Gibson, R.A. The illustration is curious, though we think somewhat far-fetched; the idea, however, may be traced to antique gems, where Cupid is frequently represented as

playing with, and sometimes tormenting, a butterfly, by holding it over the flame of an altar. The grace and beauty of the boy Cupid in Mr. Gibson's performance is an admirable example of those essential qualities. His *Venus and Cupid, a basso-relievo in marble*, 1298, is also a fine production; and 1303. *Venus Verticordia*, by the same able hand, exhibits the powers of female charms over the mind of man. 1296. *Statue, in marble, of Thomas Telford, Esq. F.R.S. &c.*, E. H. Baily, R.A. Simple, manly, and dignified in form and character; sedate, and intellectual in expression. 1300. *Group in Marble of the Children of Sir Francis Shuckburgh, Bart.*, by the same artist. Expressive of love and affection, and composed with Mr. Baily's well-known taste and skill.

1293. *Model of a Statue of the late Doctor Britton, Head-Master of the King's Grammar School, Durham, &c.*, C. Smith. We have never seen a recumbent figure composed with more grace, truth, and ease; the drapery falling in with the posture and attitude, is an example of what may be done even in modern costume. 1279. *Ajax*, J. Legrew. A finely proportioned classic figure, in which the spirit of the action answers well to the annexed quotation. 1278. *Boy and Foliage, part of a Chimney-piece executed for his late Majesty George the Fourth, H. Coffee*. The artist has here shewn his judgment and taste in the choice of his combinations; for it may be observed that nothing can be more suitable to the undulating lines of foliage than the easy flow of infantile forms. 1284. *Model of Part of a Monument to the late Lady Charlotte Stepford, &c.*, T. Campbell; 1286. *Model of Part of a Monument, &c., to the Memory of Lady Janet Grant, E. W. Physick*. Mementos of affection. Images of repose like these are the consolations of the living; and in some measure, while they perpetuate the forms of the departed, next to the consolations of religion, rob death of its terrors. 1292. *Milton's Dream*, W. F. Woodington; the light and floating character of the vision is in accordance with the "stuff which dreams are made of," and the design reminds us of Flaxman's elegant and simple forms. 1288. *Abolition of the Sulties; a Group in Bronze, for the Pedestal to a Statue of Lord William Bentinck*, Sir R. Westmacott. Nothing can be more appropriate for the base of a statue to one who has been so instrumental in the suppression of a usage so revolting to humanity. 1304. *Statue in Marble of an Orphan Flower Girl, Mary Francis*. We congratulate the fair artist on the skill she has evinced in this performance, as well in design as in execution.

1299. *Portrait-statue in Marble of a Sleeping Child*, C. Moore; 1305. *Sleeping Child, a Statue in Marble*, J. Towne.—Each of these performances exhibits the serenity of repose with the beautiful contour of childhood. 1306. *A Girl with a Goat and Tambourine*, Wolf; a joyous playful figure, in the drapery of which the artist has (very successfully, we think) imitated the texture of the cloth. 1302. *The Lady Susan Murray, a Statue in Marble*, Sir R. Westmacott, R.A. In a similar way the artist has bestowed the texture of lacework on the portion of drapery which he has given to the infant Lady Susan; but to this, or any recumbent figure, the title of effigy, rather than of statue, would be more suitable. 1366. *Chytis, J. Gott*; 1282. *Mercury*, Richardson; 1289. *Diana*, E. B. Stevens; 1301. *Hebe*, R. J. Wyatt; 1316. *Innocence*, J. H. Foley; 1300. *Thetis, &c.*, B. Piattucci; 1810. *Charity, a Group*, H. Mares; 1329. *Cupid, and*

1344. *Psyche*, W. Theod; are all full of classical elegance.

The portrait-busts, in their several ways, exhibit the skill of the respective artists. Some are, from rank, station, or celebrity, interesting to the general public; as, *Bust of Her Majesty Queen Victoria*, J. Steell; *Marble Bust of the Right Hon. Lord Mervill*, C. Moore; *Marble Bust of the Right Hon. Lord Stanley*, C. Moore; *Marble Bust of the Right Hon. Lord John Russell*, M.P., P. Hollins; *Marble Bust of Sir Walter Scott*, J. Fillans; *Small Bust of the Duke of Wellington*, S. Macarthy; *Marble Bust of Lord Roay*, G. Lough; *Bust in Marble of Samuel Lover, Esq., R.H.A.*, E. H. Foley; *Marble Bust of Charles Dickens, Esq., author of "Oliver Twist," &c.*, A. Fletcher; *A terminal Bust in Marble of Benjamin Alabale, Esq., to be placed in the Pavilion of the Marylebone Cricket Club*, E. Davis; *Marble Bust of Lord Ossington*, M.P., E. Davis, &c. &c.

Panorama of Malta.—Mr. Burford has just produced another of his splendid performances, a panorama of Malta. At any time finely adapted for a representation of this class, Malta possesses, at the present moment, a great additional interest from having been the spot where that exemplary woman and excellent queen, Adelaide, has been restored to the blessing of health. We rejoice to say that her majesty, on a visit to the panorama on Wednesday, shewed how well the original had agreed with her, both by her improved looks and by the manner in which she enjoyed a prolonged inspection of the pictures—taking that of Rome also into observation. The panorama itself is one of the artist's most successful efforts. The grand buildings which surround the harbour, and the blue wave covered with picturesque vessels in one direction, in another melting into shadow, were enough for a subject. But Mr. Burford has added prodigiously to its effect by introducing the scene of her majesty's departure, with the Hastings, seventy-four, and all the other ships of war in their gayest apparel, the yards manned, and all the stir of naval preparation and motion going on around. The water is sweetly painted, transparent, and natural; the vessels swim in the liquid element, on which they throw their shadows or extend their ripple with perfect truth and charming effect. The whole is, indeed, well deserving of admiration, and will, no doubt, prove a very attractive public spectacle.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE NIGHT AFTER THE BATTLE.*

He look'd upon the battle-field,
Heroes lay dead around him;
Foe and friend slept death's cold sleep,
But Victory's wreath had found him.
From bank and brake still sword or lance,
Touch'd by the watchfire, glister'd;
Anon was heard the anguish'd groan,—
He shudder'd as he listen'd.

The muffled might of many a fight,
Pile upon pile was lying;
The sullen winds full fitfully
Through Soigny's wood were sighing.
Pale spectres—memory's vision'd forms—
Swept by, all-wildly shrieking;
Clotted with gore their grey locks were,
With gore their swords were reeking.

Where was the eagle standard then,
So proud when day was breaking?
Few of the many daybreak hail'd,
May hail their bearers waking!

* Almost anonymous.—Ed. L. G.

Yet where they fell, how'er they fell,
They rest not without glory;
The voice of Fame shall speak of them
In many a battle story.

And still the victor of the day
On past events was dwelling;
The strife was done, the field was won,
And yet his heart was swelling.
He thought of Britain's sighs and tears
For those around him sleeping;
"The hero of a hundred fights,"

'Mid all his fame, stood weeping!

HENRY BRANDRETH.

June 10, 1830.

SKETCHES.

POPULAR EXHIBITIONS.

WE are glad to find, from the statement made at the meeting of the Society for Obtaining Free Admission to National Monuments, that the cause of popular exhibitions, and, through them, of mental improvement, continues to "progress." Government, in addition to what they had done, have ordered the regalia of Scotland to be shewn to the public without charge; and the further reduction of the admission-fee to the armouries of the Tower, from a shilling to sixpence, enables a much greater number of persons to see that very interesting exhibition. Till May, 1831, the visitors at two shillings entrance-fee, were only 10,000 a-year; for a year after, at one shilling, the number was four times as great. Again, in May 1838, at one shilling, the number of admissions for the month was 4528; but in May 1839, they amounted (at sixpence for admission) to 9454. At this rate, if the people continue to behave as they have hitherto done, in the most orderly manner, further facilities may and will gradually be afforded for opportunities of rational enjoyment. It is also very pleasing to observe the liberal feeling that animates the managers and proprietors of private societies. The proprietors of the Royal Institution, at Liverpool, have opened their splendid museum of natural history, without charge, to the public, monthly (children and others of the very poorest inhabitants were admitted without restraint): three thousand have on one day been thus gratified; and the committee are so satisfied with the result of their generous experiment, that they are inclined to extend the facilities. The Natural History Society of Manchester has also removed its exclusive restrictions. Admission may at all times be procured on payment of one shilling (the fee from working-folks being but sixpence), and on holidays, such as Whit-Monday, there is no charge. The late exhibition at the Manchester Mechanics' Institution, which comprised every thing curious, whether in natural history, in art, in manufactures, or in science, was visited by 123,000 persons. The charge was sixpence in general; but the members of the Lyceums, and scholars at the Sunday-schools, were admitted at threepence; and those of charity schools, the inmates of the workhouse and others, were invited to the treat free of any charge. The result is far more satisfactory than could have been anticipated, and Sheffield, Leeds, the Potteries, and Derby, have followed the example.

MUSIC.

HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS.

MR. BLAGROVE and the Misses Broadhurst gave a morning concert at the above rooms on Saturday last; and we were much pleased at the full and elegant attendance which the talent of these young and deserving artists commanded

upon the occasion. The programme presented a most judicious selection. Beethoven's overture to "Fidelio" was, to our taste, performed with peculiar accuracy,—a point essential in the execution of that great master's delightful, but always elaborate, compositions. The Misses Broadhurst played a duet upon the piano-forte; but although we feel ready to award them our approval of their performances, we cannot commend the composition. It was a rattling, unmeaning affair. Several beautiful arias, duets, trios, &c., were executed in the course of each act by Mesdames Balfe, Stockhausen, Albertazzi, and Dorus Gras (the last of whom really appears to sing more exquisitely every time we hear her), and Signors Ivanoff and Tamburini, and Mr. Balfe. One of the novelties on the occasion was the introduction of some vocal pieces from a newly discovered opera of Mozart's juvenile fancy, entitled "Zalde," which, never having been completed, has, until lately, remained in obscurity. From the specimens given, we should say it possesses all the characteristics of that composer's melodious imagination, falling short only in the profound knowledge of harmony which, in after years, he obtained in so eminent a degree. M. Batta performed a fantasia on the violoncello, of whom we have no reason for forming a different opinion than that expressed in our notice of him in our Philharmonic critique. Regondi, as usual, was exquisite upon the concertina. The great feature of the morning, however, was Maurer's violin quartett, in which David, Mori, Blagrove, and Loder, had each an opportunity of displaying their peculiar and admirable powers: we were greatly delighted with all; and we cannot, we think, pass a higher encomium upon Mr. Blagrove than to state, that we felt he was inferior to none. The rondo that he played subsequently was a very pleasing morceau of his own composition; and, of course, was not the less so from being executed by unquestionably one of the finest violinists in Europe. The whole was over by five o'clock, having commenced at two precisely.

Mr. Charles Mangold's Evening Concert on Monday night was a bumper, and deserved to be so, as much for the talent of the young *bénéficiaires*, as for the general arrangement of the entertainment. The septetto of Hummel, in D minor, realised the best expectations of the audience; could it be otherwise, with such artists as David, Dando, Lidel, Rosier, and Charles Mangold at the piano?—it received unbounded applause. Madame Stockhausen sang charmingly, and her sweet duet with her niece, Mdlle. Bilstein, "The Lake of Leman," received a deserved encore. Cherubini's terzetto ("Faniska") was changed for a duet, which was exquisitely sung by Stockhausen and Ivanoff. Why do not our singers imitate the simplicity and clear enunciation of this charming Swiss lady? Ivanoff also sang, with his usual care and sweetness, his old, and, indeed, our favourite, "O cara imagine," and the everlasting "barcarole." Herr Kroff, Miss Flower, H. Gear, and Mdlle. Koenig, gave their powerful assistance, and received their due meed of approbation. Herr David's fantasia on the violin was given with much force and expression, but we think he wants the sustaining power and sweetness of De Beriot, and more particularly of the great master, Paganini; who, although he possessed all the rushing of the torrent, had also the sweetness of the most delicious stream. Mr. Wright's grand march, on the harp; Mr. Clinton's fantasia, on the flute; and Master Case's "Fantasia Concertina," were admirably

done, and each deserved the encore, which the latter very talented young gentleman almost received.

Mr. Eliason's Concert.—Few persons have recommended themselves more strongly to the respect and admiration of the musical world than Mr. Eliason; and we are glad to state, that his concert on Friday was not only one of the finest of the season, but one of the best attended. His own "Adagio e rondo spiritoso," on the violin, was beautifully given, and much applauded. Among other charming features of the entertainment, we can only mention Mad. Dorus Gras's air from "Le Cheval de Bronze," and "Le Serment" (Philharmonic); Persiani's "Ma la sola, ohimè" ("Beatrice di Tenda"), Haumann's fantasia on the violin, and a grand pianoforte concertante, by Moscheles, Benedict, Schulz, and Rosenhain. A Mlle. Rudersdorff made her first appearance, and sang a barcarole of Schubert's very delightfully.

Queen's Concert Room.—The sixth and last of the Societa Armonica concerts was as fully and fashionably attended as the previous ones. Madame Persiani and Madame Grisi were encored in favourite airs; and Mr. Haumann, on the violin, warmly applauded. We regretted to lose Signor Lablache's promised song—and the more as indisposition prevented his appearing. Signor Tamburini was, however, an excellent substitute.

THE DRAMA.

Covent Garden.—On Monday, *Henry V.* was produced here, in the style anticipated in our last; that is to say, sweetly and appropriately in music, splendidly and accurately in costume, admirably in scenery, excellently in action, and according to the text of the immortal Shakspeare. For the music, we are indebted to the taste of T. Cooke; for the scenery, to the unrivalled pencil of Stanfield; and for all the rest, to the judicious cast of parts—the individual, histrionic, and genius, and the liberal spirit and sound judgment of Macready. The play itself is a historical dialogue, dependent upon no plot and independent of female interest. The course of events is regularly followed, and embassies, conspiracies, levies, voyages, sieges, battles, treaties, rejoicings, are enacted and described as the chronicler would record them—the prominent attractions arising simply out of the situations of the parties engaged in these transactions. To render such matters effective on the stage, the bard had recourse to the old Greek chorus; and an interlocutor, at the commencement of each act, relates to the audience retrospectively and prospectively what has taken or is about to take place; apologises for the insufficiency of the dramatic art, and means to do justice to such illustrious personages and swelling themes; and utters such patriotic and exulting sentiments as befit the occasion. Mr. Macready, a ripe scholar, and conversant with the Greek drama, has made the most successful application of these ingredients.

The Chorus embodied as Time, and extremely well sustained by Mr. Vandenhoff, delivered the noble language of Shakspeare with great impressiveness; but the triumph was completed by a succession of matchless pictures illustrating the text, and painted by Stanfield. The silver landscapes of Claude, and the stormy battlepieces of Bourgonone, on the large scale adapted for a theatre, and sometimes combined with moving machinery so as to give us the perfect idea of sea voyage; the progress of siege, and the pageantry of procession, produced illusions not to be imagined without being seen. The view of Southampton, its river, and

the passage to Harfleur; the night-piece of the French and English, previous to the fight of Agincourt; the lord mayor's and citizens' jubilee to meet the victorious king on London Bridge; the cathedral where the ceremonies of reconciliation take place; and, above all, the glorious composition of the assault upon Harfleur, exalt the talent of the artist above aught that can be conceived. When we saw the London Bridge pageant, we could not help wishing that our splendid painter, to whom every kind of subject seems equally facile, and who has thus shewn himself a master over them all, had remembered the lines of honest John Lydgate, the monk of Bury, in his poem on the return of Henry from *Asincours*. What a picture he would have made of them! the giant would have been immortal.

"To London Brygge than rood our Kyng,
The Processions there they mette hym ryght;
'Ave Rex Anglorum,' thei 'gan synge;
'Flores Mundi,' thei seide, 'Goddys Knight.'
To London Brygge when he com, right
Vp on the gate there stod on hy
A Gyaunt, that was full grym of myght,
To teche the Frenshe men curtesy,
Wot se right well that thus it was."

From these adjuncts we proceed to say a few words on the performance of the play. *Henry V.* is one of Macready's best characters. His assumed careless mirth to animate his army, and the splendid snatch of prayer contrasted with it, at the most momentous crisis when he beseeches Heaven not to visit on them the blood of Richard; his stirring address upon St. Crispin's day; and his rough and hearty, but still kingly and winning courtship, are scenes not to be forgotten by admirers of dramatic excellence. But his port and bearing throughout realise the English hero, and tend much to that general approach to realisation which marks the getting up of the whole play. A critic in one of our most popular and powerful journals seems to object to this, in our opinion, the most important step ever taken in the effort to put dramas as they ought to be before the spectator. He seems to think that it leaves too little to their imagination; but surely the same might be urged against every attempt at correct costume and natural and appropriate scenery. If we are to be left to our fancies, why not return to laced clothes, and wigs and buckles, in *Macbeth*; and the good barn-play-acting maxim, "the more unlike the better?" Do what we may, imitate, or, if possible, go beyond what Macready has done in *Richard*, *Lea*, *The Tempest*, and, above all, in *Henry V.*; and yet there will still be enough left for imagination to eke out—enough to warrant the excuses put by Shakspeare into the mouth of his *Chorus*. It is true that the poet tells us the leaguer of Harfleur is but mocked to two or three ragged foils, &c. &c.; but this was because, in his days, theatres had no superior accessories, nor greater conveniences for scenic aid. Had he lived now, would not his enlightened mind have eagerly grasped at such congenial assistance as tended to give actuality to those precepts which he has laid down as the soul and end of the drama, to shew the very time its form and pressure? Surely he would, and would have rejoiced in a Stanfield to give the creations of the poet a local habitation and a name in the bright illustrations of the pictorial art. We have already paid the tribute of applause justly due to the costume and appearance of the *dramatis personæ*, among whom even the personators of the soldiery, as well as their chiefs and leaders, have been drilled into likely movement and action. Those who have any thing to say or do, deserve yet more praise. Mr. Elton as the *Duke of Exeter*, Mr. Searle

as *Archbishop of Canterbury*, Mr. Bartley as *Sir Thomas Erpingham*, Mr. Anderson as *Capt. Gower*, Mr. Warde as *Williams*, Mr. G. Bennett as *Charles VI.*, and Mr. Vining as the *Dauphin*, did every thing their parts admitted. Miss Vandenhoff made a very pretty *Katharine*. The remains of Falstaff's men, *Nym*, *Bardolph*, and *Pistol*, were entertaining in the hands of Ayliffe, Bedford, and Harley; the last having the burden of their fun upon himself, and swaggering the braggart to the life. The very little Miss P. Horton had to do as their attendant boy, was naïve and droll; and Mrs. C. Jones, in the *Hostess*, was a wife worthy of *Pistol*. We have reserved for the conclusion Meadows's *Fluellen*, a well-studied and very cleverly acted part. His Welsh splutter is delightful, and the more it is heard the better it will be understood, and consequently the more relished. The play was received from first to last with unanimous cheers, and on the closing of the curtain (a new and fitting one, with the arms, &c., of the combatants) Macready was called forward, amid shouts of applause and waving of handkerchiefs, to meet the meed so highly deserved by his noble exertions. He has produced the drama in a manner unequalled upon the English or any other stage; he has been faithful to Shakspeare; and he has lavished all this cost and labour within six weeks of the termination of his management! This we consider to be a crowning act, and worthy of the career he has pursued. To the public he has more than kept his word; to the stage and its professors he has most liberally and honourably discharged that duty which his position asked; and he has established an epoch for the drama and dramatic authors, from which, come what may, it seems impossible that they can again, at least for many years, recede into the contempt and baseness from which he has rescued them. If the members of the profession are only true to their own respectability and interests, they will not fall back into the depths of degradation, not to mention the more selfish concerns of uncertainty and loss, from which Covent Garden Theatre has for two seasons been their main refuge. We look forward.

Haymarket Theatre.—Kean has played *Richard* after his *Hamlet* to full houses; and Farren, in the *Clandestine Marriage* (ably cast), has afforded one of the few opportunities the public now enjoy of seeing well-acted comedy. The theatre, as it merits from its spirit and enterprise, is going on most successfully.

New Strand Theatre.—A *Family Likeness* has been added to the popular entertainments here, in which Mr. Hammond enacts the parts of a couple of very laughable dromios. *The Fairy Lake*, with Mrs. Waylett's charming ballads, and *Nicholas Nickleby*, with Miss Daly's pathetic *Smiles*, continue to attract good houses.

VARIETIES.

The Literary Fund.—Our readers are aware that, for a number of years, it has been the custom of the friends and supporters of this Institution to make for themselves, and in furtherance of the good cause in which they take an interest, a pleasurable and sociable midsummer holiday somewhere in the environs of the metropolis, after the anniversary meeting has brought towards a close the important business of the year. The late Sir Benjamin Hobhouse, and, subsequently, Lord Torrington, both zealous and never-to-be-forgotten contributors to the prosperity of the Society, were

wont to preside on these occasions, till death removed them from the benevolent office. At the last few meetings, Mr. A. Spottiswoode, Mr. E. Tennent, and other gentlemen connected with, and warm upholders of, the Fund, have taken the chair; and much benefit has been derived from their maintenance of its humane spirit and prompt ministrings, whilst cultivating those kindly dispositions which such intercourse is calculated to bring together and promote. On Saturday next, we are glad to perceive, the meeting is appointed for Richmond, with Mr. W. Tooke as chairman. It should be understood that it is open to all well-wishers to the Institution, who should, however, previously signify their purpose of attending, in order that proper provision should be made for their entertainment, and return to town, where unprovided with carriages. Attached to the Parent Society there is also a Monthly Club, which assembles to promote its objects during the season, and has long been found to be the most prolific origin of its patronage and productive source of its subscriptions, the members of which have signified their intention of joining the approaching festival. We may, therefore, we trust, anticipate a gratifying attendance at the Star and Garter, where, though there are no appeals to the purse, as at the general anniversary, the best interests of this excellent Association are not less efficiently served by enlisting new friends on its behalf, and binding more harmoniously together those old ones who have long enjoyed the heartfelt satisfaction of belonging to and cherishing it.

Conservation of the Thames.—We are glad to find that the association formed to preserve the fish in the Thames from the exterminating poaching which has been so long carried on with close nets, is actively and successfully employed; using swift boats and steady men to sweep the river at all hours. In a little sketch of Southwark, by Mr. R. Lindsay, we observe a curious notice applicable to this subject. It states that, in 1231, there was a lawsuit between the monks of Westminster (formerly Thorney Island) and the minister of Rotherhithe, for the tithe of the salmon caught in his parish; the plea of the monks being, that St. Peter had given them the tithe of all the salmon caught in the Thames, at the time he had consecrated the church.

Mr. Cotton's Library.—The approaching sale of the Rev. Ordinary of Newgate's library will exhibit many curious articles. We have barely had time to run over a catalogue of no fewer than 1474 lots; and *œries*, if ever murders were brought to light, some of these are the things that will do it. Autographs are, also, numerous and interesting,—in short, the whole is a very singular *mélange*.

Booksellers' Provident Institution.—The second anniversary of this excellent institution was observed at Lovegrove's West India Dock Tavern, Blackwall, on Thursday; Andrew Spottiswoode, Esq., an honorary vice-president, in the chair. About 150 sat down to dinner, including a number of the principal paper-makers, stationers, printers, and booksellers, in the metropolis. The report of the treasurer (Mr. Brown, of the house of Longman and Co.) gave a gratifying account of the flourishing state of the fund, which has already reached above 8000*l.*, and will, no doubt, speedily amount to the 10,000*l.* contemplated as the foundation for its proposed operations. Mr. Spottiswoode proposed the various toasts in the happiest manner; and a number of songs and glees, extremely well sung, kept the com-

pany in excellent humour till near 11 o'clock, when the distance from town admonished to an unwilling break-up.

Benefit of Mrs. Bayly.—We rejoice to be able to say that the net produce to the widow of Mr. Haynes Bayly from the performances on Friday is likely to amount to about 500l.

Antiquities of Asia Minor.—It is stated in the newspapers, that government has despatched a vessel to bring from Asia Minor the collection of antiquities made in that country by Mr. Fellows.

Mori.—We regret to mention the very sudden death of Mori, the celebrated violinist and leader at the Opera. We believe his illness was not of longer duration than two days.

A type-founder of Clermont, named Colson, has obtained a patent for a new material for printing types, which is harder, capable of more resistance, and yet less expensive than the ordinary composition of lead and antimony. It is well known, that types cast from the latter soon become worn, especially since the introduction of machine printing. Colson asserts that the material is so hard that the types themselves will serve for punches in striking matrices, and that it will last ten years, without being more worn than the usual composition is in one year. If experience should prove the new material to possess the quality claimed for it by the inventor, it must be of the utmost importance to printing in general, and to newspaper printing in particular.

Foreign Monthly Review.

The same periodical, at the close of an account of M. Daguerre's photogenic labours, and other continental experiments, says:—"At the last solemn Annual Meeting of the Five Academies of the Institute, held at the beginning of the month of April, M. Lemercler, a veteran poet of the Académie Française, ventured on a Pegasus flight in honour of M. Daguerre and his perennial photogenic labours! This worthy gentleman read to the Academy a long allegorical poem on this subject, in which he introduced the Photogenist, his compatriot, as an ideal personage, into a sort of fanciful Olympus, gave him an ethereal mistress, called Lampella, the daughter of the Sun, feigned that she was beloved and besought by Daguerre; that she was touched by his prayer; that she descended from her celestial abode, and gave herself up with all her charms to her earthly lover. At this, a sister of Lampella, the Goddess of Fire, light Pyrophisa, conceived 'inextinguishable wrath,' as Homer would say, and jealousy; she darted, therefore, through the skies one of her inflamed beams, hit the Diorama, and burnt out her sister's lover, pots and pans, pictures, lamps, and all. Their mutual father, Helios (the sun), winds up the poem by sitting in judgment on his two daughters, condemns Pyrophisa to the place that lies below Milton's lowest, and promises eternal protection and glory to Lampella, Daguerre, and the *Daguerotype*! Poor Madame Daguerre is said to have looked on this poem as a *fort mauvaise plaisanterie*, and has since given her husband a good curtain lecture for what she considers to have been real *bona fide* infidelities!"

Oxford Society for Promoting the Study of Gothic Architecture.—At the general meeting of this Society, an interesting paper on Saxon architecture, communicated by M. H. Bloxam, Esq., of Rugby, was read by the Rev. W. J. Copeland, of Trinity College. A short account of the Saxon tower of Northleigh Church, Oxfordshire, was read by F. Courtenay, Esq., of

Exeter College, illustrated by sketches of the belfry windows in the belfry. An account of the very fine and interesting church of St. Sernin, at Toulouse, was read by J. Harrison, Esq., of Christ Church, illustrated by several sketches of this and other churches in the south of France, and of the Romanesque? Saxon? or Norman? character. Some sketches of Anglo-Saxon architecture, from the celebrated manuscript of Cædmon, in the Bodleian Library, well known to be not later than the tenth century, were also handed round, together with several engravings illustrative of the subject.—*Oxford Herald*.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

In the Press.

Ten, its Medicinal and Moral Effects, by G. G. Sigmond, M.D.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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Saturday ... 8	... 51 ... 70	29.50 .. 29.58
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Monday ... 10	... 50 ... 69	30.18 .. 30.17
Tuesday ... 11	... 56 ... 73	30.12 .. 30.17
Wednesday 12	... 49 ... 75	30.16 .. 30.02

Prevailing winds, S.W.
Except the 7th and 8th, generally clear; rain fell on the 7th.
Rain fallen, .375 of an inch.
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CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To our correspondent's question touching Scott's lines—

"I deem'd such nooks the sweetest shade
The sun in all its round survey'd"

we cannot think the image objectionable; for the sun, as well as the eye, might be figuratively and poetically said to survey a shade, though it did not penetrate it. A more critical hint is, perhaps, in the nooks being plural, and shade singular.

* We regret to be obliged to postpone a review of "Woman's Mission," an admirable little volume, in which the highest attributes of the sex are vindicated, and the true maternal foundation of all normal schools is placed in a clear and beautiful light.

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Kilgarren Castle, Pembroke	South Wales.	Chatham	Kent.	Kidwelly Castle	Caernarvonshire.
Exeter	Devonshire.	Margate	Isle of Thanet.	Keswick Lake, or Derwent Water	Cumberland.
Richmond	Yorkshire.	Ashby de la Zouch	Leicestershire.	Llangollen	Denbighshire.
Louth	Lincolnshire.	Warwick Castle	Warwickshire.	Durham Cathedral	Durham.
Great Yarmouth	Norfolk.	Kenilworth Castle	Warwickshire.	Windsor Mere	Westmoreland.
Stone Henge	Wiltshire.	Brinkburn Priory	Northumberland.	Whitehaven	Cumberland.
Hampton Court Palace	Middlesex.	Tamworth Castle	Warwickshire.	Crickleth Castle	Caernarvonshire.
Devonport and Dock Yard	Devonshire.	Ely Cathedral	Cambridgeshire.	Rochester, Stroud, and Chatham	Kent.
Dunstanborough Castle	Northumberland.	Blenheim House	Oxfordshire.	Chain Bridge over the Tees	Yorkshire.
Carisbrook Castle	Hampshire.	Castle Upnor	Kent.	Richmond Terrace	Surrey.
Cowes	Hampshire.	Langhorne Castle	Caernarvonshire.	St. Michael's Mount	Cornwall.

Views in England and Wales, from Drawings by J. M. W. Turner.

One of the most important series of Engravings that has ever yet been undertaken, has been recently completed. In the vastness of its enterprise, and in the enormous outlay which it has required to sustain it, this magnificent work resembles one of those *Galerias Royales* executed under the control, and supported by the resources, of a despotic and princely government, than the unaided speculation of a private citizen.

It was published in Twenty-Four Parts, each of which contained Four Plates, elaborately and admirably engraved by the first artists: among whom Messrs. Miller, Allen, R. Wallis, Willmore, W. R. Smith, Goodall, Horsburg, Radcliffe, Kernot, Jeavons, Varrall, Higham, Fisher, Redaway, Brandard, &c. are eminently conspicuous. Every person possessing the slightest pretensions to a knowledge of the Fine Arts, should, consistently with a correct appreciation of Pictorial Embellishments, assign to these two stately volumes a prominent position in his library, and regard them as one of its most important, most interesting, and most ornamental features.

To declare that TURNER is the Claude of existing artists, is perhaps scarcely a sufficient panegyric, for he has many qualities which his great predecessor wanted. Nor could, probably, the converse of this affirmation, if hazarded, be maintained; for it might be impossible to prove that the ancient painter had one merit in his vocation which his modern rival does not also possess. It may, however, generally be asserted that TURNER is an artist of unrivalled excellence in the present day. Whether he depicts a fertile valley, or a vast expanse of moor wholly devoid of foliage, the most noble ruin of a stately castle surrounded by every scenic accessory, or the most plebeian forge in the dirtiest manufacturing town, with no adjuncts but dingy walls and massive volumes of heavy smoke, he equally elevates and dignifies his subjects. In the representation of shipping and of quays, with a background of ancient houses, he peculiarly excels; and the old cathedral seems to have been at once his birth and dwelling-place, if an inference is to be made from the consummate art and accuracy with which he portrays them. On the sea or the river—the lake or the marsh—amid the forest and the brake—in the dark, or on the sunny plain—in tempest and calm—night and day—the crimson tints of evening, or the silvery light of the moon—TURNER is equally successful in catching the spirit of the scene, and magically conveying all its distinctive features and charms.

But a specific enumeration of all his excellences as an artist would comprise every inanimate object, whether natural or artificial. Without, therefore, further particularity, it may, in conclusion, be boldly asserted, that few works of art have ever presented greater claims to the patronage of a large mass of the community than "The England and Wales" of J. M. W. TURNER.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Woman's Mission. 12mo. pp. 154. London, 1839. Parker.

AMONG our Notices to Correspondents last week, we mentioned this small volume as one eminently entitled to consideration; and the more especially at a period when the very important question of National Education occupies the attention of the legislature, and, indeed, of all ranks of the people. The subject is one as difficult as it is momentous. It is so beset by theories, and prejudices, and passions, and political aims, and conflicting interests, that there is perhaps no man sufficiently clear and highly elevated above the rest to be able to look upon it in all its aspects and bearings, and bestow upon it that calm and masterly comprehension, without which meddling can only be mischievous, and interference fraught with danger. By what scheme can all be taught to think alike, and to think rightly? He would be a profound doctor who could devise this prodigy. Yet there are certain truths that cannot be disputed, and within their limits it is not only wise, but absolutely necessary, in the existing state of society, to go as far as we can in training the minds and moulding the characters of the rising generation. The debate in the House of Commons seems to us to be liable to one objection, namely, that every speaker has taken up the matter at the middle; none have gone to first principles and original sources of human impression. Their argument has been, What should be done with children who have reached those years when schooling begins, and how are we to form proper teachers for them—the educators of the ignorant? But there is an antecedent time, of which we hear nothing, and yet it is a period of life when all the seed is sown which these instructors are called upon to cultivate. If that seed be bad, their labour will be thrown away; if it be good, the fruit will reward their efforts with blessings. It is to this era, to the infant term, that the volume before us is directed; and its great doctrine is to demonstrate that, by elevating and enlightening the female sex alone can children be trained in the way they should go, and become through their after years what it ought to be the sole object of all education to make them—good men and women, forbearing, conscientious, benevolent, just, religious, contented, and happy. We never forget our first lessons; let us, then, take care that they are such as can only be remembered with mutual advantage to ourselves and our fellow-creatures.

Woman's Mission is founded on M. Aimé Martin's excellent work, "Sur l'Education des Mères;" but our countrywoman (for this is evidently the production of a female of high intellectual and moral accomplishments) has adapted it with peculiar talent to the wants and circumstances of English society. She declares for the influence of Woman rather than for her power—for indirect rather than direct operation—and for acting in a subordinate capacity rather than by asserting the authority of principals. "Yet (she says) we are not one iota behind those fiery champions of womanhood, in exalted notions of its dignity and mis-

sion. We are as anxious as they can be that women should be roused to a sense of their own importance; but we affirm that it is not so much social institutions that are wanting to women, but women who are wanting to themselves. We claim for them no less an office than that of instruments (under God) for the regeneration of the world,—restorers of God's image in the human soul. Can any of the warmest advocates of the political rights of woman claim or assert for her a more exalted mission,—a nobler destiny? That she will best accomplish this mission by moving in the sphere which God and nature have appointed, and not by quitting that sphere for another, it is the object of these pages to prove."

"The friends of instruction," she well observes, in another place, "look upon intellectual culture as the grand panacea for all evils; and the enlightened and benevolent exhaust themselves in efforts to extend to the many the advantages once confined to the few. Good results follow, but not the results expected. Intellectual by no means involves moral progress,—this we see in nations: intellectual by no means involves moral superiority,—this we see, alas! in gifted individuals. * * * We are fairly entitled to deduce that, though intellect may give dignity and vigour to moral sentiments where they do exist, it has no tendency to produce them where they do not. Nay, like an unprincipled ally, it is ever ready to aid either party, and to lend energy to bad passions as well as loftiness to good ones. It is a singular corroborating fact, that the grosser passions are never found in coexistence with the higher moral sentiments; such coexistence being not only possible but frequent in the case of intellect. * * * We see how men may be rendered better and happier; in other words, on what principles depend the regeneration of mankind: on the cultivation of the religious and moral portion of their nature, which cultivation no government has yet attempted, over which, in fact, governments and public institutions have little or no control. It is in the cultivation of that divine spirit of unselfish rectitude, which has love for his origin, and the good of others for its aim; a spirit opposed—oh, how opposed!—to the selfish and grovelling utilitarianism which it appears to be the unfortunate tendency of physical improvements to promote, and which intellectual culture at best serves but to neutralise. Principles have their chief source in influences; early influences, above all; and early influences have more power in forming character than institutions or mental cultivation; it is therefore to the arbiters of these that we must look for the regenerating principle. We must seek, then, some fundamental principle, some spirit indefatigable, delighting in its task, and which may pervade the whole of society. Such a principle we find in family affection,—especially in maternal affection. Have we, then, been too bold, in asserting that women may be the prime agents of God in the regeneration of mankind? [Napoleon said one day to Madame Campan, 'The old systems of instruction are worth nothing. What is wanting, in order that the

youth of France be well educated?' Mothers! replied Madame Campan. This reply struck the emperor. 'Here,' said he, 'is a system of education in one word. Be it your care to train up mothers who shall know how to educate their children.' This profound remark is the very subject of our book; it contains, perhaps the secret of a mighty regeneration."

How finely is it elsewhere said—

"Good schoolmasters make good scholars,—good mothers make good men; here is the difference of their missions. It follows, that the education, properly so called, of the child, depends almost entirely on mothers; and if they have been too willing to trust to delegated authority for its accomplishment, it is because they have identified education with instruction—two things essentially different, and which it is essential to separate: for instruction may be interrupted, and pass from hand to hand, but education should be of one piece: whatever interrupts it, hinders it—whoever abandons it after having undertaken it, may see her child lost in the wanderings of error, or, what is more deplorable, in utter indifference to virtue."

It is equally true, that "the importance of early impressions—of home impressions—is proved by the extreme difficulty of eradicating or counteracting them if bad. Conscientious teachers of youth can bear ample testimony to this fact. They have often occasion to lament, with grief and humiliation, the powerlessness of their most devoted endeavours to remove early bad impressions—or to do any thing more than just palliate the effects of unfavourable domestic influences—of an unhealthy domestic atmosphere. It is the mother who, as the source of moral influence, is the former of the moral atmosphere."

"There is another particular in which the character of the mother greatly influences the views and welfare of her sons, which ought to be treated of, for it is not enough impressed upon the maternal heart. It is of the utmost importance to the virtue and happiness of men, that they enter life with exalted notions of female character, and that they be not satisfied with the semblance, without the reality of virtue. Let each mother then engrave upon the heart of her son such an image of feminine virtue and loveliness, as may make it sufficient for him to turn his eyes inward, in order to draw thence a power sufficient to combat evil, and to preserve him from wretchedness."

Having, in these correct and noble sentiments, pointed out the proper sphere of her sex, the author very happily combats the absurd pretensions of the Wolstoncroft school.

"Because it is perceived that women have a dignity and value greater than society or themselves have discovered; because their talents and virtues place them on a footing of equality with men, it is maintained that their present sphere of action is too contracted a one, and that they ought to share in the public functions of the other sex. Equality, mental and physical, is proclaimed! This is matter too ludicrous to be treated any where but in a professed satire: in sober earnest, it may be asked, Upon what grounds so extraordinary a

doctrine is built up? Were women allowed to act out these principles, it would soon appear that one great range of duty had been left unprovided for in the schemes of Providence; such an omission would be without parallel. Two principal points only can here be brought forward, which oppose this plan at the very outset; they are—1st. Placing the two sexes in the position of rivals, instead of coadjutors,—entailing the diminution of female influence. 2d. Leaving the important duties of woman only in the hands of that part of the sex least able to perform them efficiently. The principle of divided labour seems to be a maxim of the Divine government, as regards the creature. It is only by a concentration of powers to one point, that so feeble a being as man can achieve great results. Why should we wish to set aside this salutary law, and disturb the beautiful simplicity of arrangement which has given to man the power, and to woman the influence, to second the plans of almighty goodness? They are formed to be co-operators, not rivals, in this great work; and rivals they would undoubtedly become, if the same career of public ambition, and the same rewards of success, were open to both. Woman, at present, is the regulating power of the great social machine, retaining, through the very exclusion complained of, the power to judge of questions by the abstract rules of right and wrong—a power seldom possessed by those whose spirits are chafed by opposition, and heated by personal contest. The second resulting evil is a grave one, though in treating of it, also, it is difficult to steer clear of ludicrous associations. The political career being open to women, it is natural to suppose that all the most gifted of the sex would press forward to confer upon their country the benefit of their services, and to reap for themselves the distinction which such services would obtain; the duties hitherto considered peculiar to the sex would sink to a still lower position in public estimation than they now hold, and would be abandoned to those least able conscientiously to fulfil them. The combination of legislative and maternal duties would indeed be a difficult task, and, of course, the least ostentatious would be sacrificed. Yet women have a mission! ay, even a political mission, of immense importance! which they will best fulfil by moving in the sphere assigned them by Providence; not comet-like, wandering in irregular orbits, dazzling indeed by their brilliancy, but terrifying by their eccentric movements and doubtful utility.

“What, then, (she continues, in discussing the education of women,) is the true object of female education? The best answer to this question is, a statement of future duties; for it must never be forgotten, that if education be not a training for future duties, it is nothing. The ordinary lot of woman is to marry. Has any thing in these educations prepared her to make a wise choice in marriage? To be a mother! Have the duties of maternity,—the nature of moral influence,—been pointed out to her? Has she ever been enlightened as to the consequent unspeakable importance of personal character as the source of influence? In a word, have any means, direct or indirect, prepared her for her duties? No! but she is a linguist, a pianist, graceful, admired. What is that to the purpose? The grand evil of such an education is the mistaking means for ends; a common error, and the source of half the moral confusion existing in the world. It is the substitution of the part for a whole. The time when young women enter upon life is the one point

to which all plans of education tend, and at which they all terminate: and to prepare them for that point is the object of their training. Is it not cruel to lay up for them a store of future wretchedness, by an education which has no period in view but one; a very short one, and the most unimportant and irresponsible of the whole of life?”

Upon the critical subject of love, the observations are original and striking:—

“Meanwhile these exaggerated precautions in the education of one sex have been met by equally fatal negligence in the education of the other; and while to girls have been denied the very thoughts of love,—even in its noblest and purest form,—the most effeminate and corrupt productions of the heathen writers have been unhesitatingly laid open to boys; so that the two sexes, on whose respective notions of this passion depends the ennobling or the degrading of their race, meet on these terms:—the men know nothing of love but what they have imbibed from an impure and polluted source; the women, nothing at all, or nothing but what they have clandestinely gathered from sources almost equally corrupt. The deterioration of any feeling must follow from such injudicious training, more especially a feeling so susceptible as love of assuming such differing aspects. Let no sober-minded person be startled at the deduction hence drawn, that it is foolish to banish all thoughts of love from the minds of the young; since it is certain that girls will think, though they may not read or speak, of love, and that no early care can preserve them from being exposed, at a later period, to its temptations, might it not be well to use here the directing, not the repressing power? Since women will love, might it not be as well to teach them to love wisely? Where is the wisdom of letting the combatant go unarmed into the field, in order to spare him the prospect of a combat? Are not women made to love, and to be loved; and does not their future destiny too often depend upon this passion? And yet the conventional prejudice which banishes its name subsists still.”

Personal influence, maternal duties, and religion, are severally treated with the same judgment and force as those points whence we have gleaned our extracts; and we have to regret that our limits forbid further illustration of a volume altogether so valuable in its inculcations. Its aim is of the highest consequence; and though the full fruition may be denied for centuries to come, there is nothing of visionary enthusiasm to deter us from entertaining the views, and entering into the hopes, of the writer. If all cannot be attained, some portion may.

“Do the duty that lies nearest thee,” says the German sage. Oh! that we could all make this the motto of our heart and of our life, and do the duty that lies nearest us with all our heart, and all our mind, and all our soul, and all our strength. And here I would address myself to the educators of female youth, beseeching them to consider the deep importance of their occupation,—entreating them to remember that to them is intrusted the training of beings, whose mission on earth is not only to shine, to please, to adorn, but to influence, and by influencing to regenerate;—that the chief object of their education is not so much to fit them to adorn society, as to vivify and enlighten a home. What a paradise even this world might become, if one half the amount of effort expended in vain attempts to excite the admiration of strangers, were reserved to vary the amusements and adorn the sacred precincts of home! Here is an inexhaustible field of effort, an inexhaustible source of happiness; and here

women are the undoubted agents, and they complain of having no scope for exertion! The happiness without which wealth, honours, nay, intellectual pleasures, are but gilded toys, it is theirs to produce and foster; and they have no mission! The only bliss of Paradise that has survived the fall is deposited in their keeping, and they have no importance; alas, for the mental vision of those who see not the things that belong unto their own peace and the peace of others!”

To this we can add nothing, but that we earnestly recommend this work to every woman in Great Britain.

Buenos Ayres, and the Provinces of the Rio de la Plata; their Present State, Trade, and Debt, &c. By Sir Woodbine Parish, K.C.H. &c. 8vo. pp. 415. London, 1839. Murray.

FROM his long official residence in Buenos Ayres, and the breaking up of the Spanish dominion in those parts of South America, by which means access was obtained to many secret documents which the jealousy of the authorities had locked up from public inspection, Sir Woodbine Parish has been enabled to supply a considerable mass of information respecting places hitherto but little known. The country is now, we trust, continuing to improve, and lay the foundations of future concord and prosperity; and it is, therefore, a good period at which to take a retrospect at the past, and observe the course of events during the last sixty years to the present day. A very excellent map is not one of the least valuable contributions for which we are indebted to the author; and this, together with his statistical intelligence, and view of the existing state of the commerce and finance of these provinces, will recommend his book to all who desire to be instructed in these subjects.

For ourselves and our readers we shall refer to more miscellaneous portions of the work, and first direct attention to the following matter relating to the natural history of the Plata:—

“I regret (observes Sir Woodbine) that I lost, during my residence at Buenos Ayres, the opportunity of making what too late I learnt would have been very acceptable additions to our zoological collections; but I never imagined that our public museums were so entirely destitute, as I found them upon my return, of specimens of the commonest objects of natural history, from a country with which we had been so many years in, I may say, almost daily intercourse. Mr. Darwin, and the officers of his majesty's ship *Beagle*, have since done much to supply these deficiencies; but we still want, I believe, specimens of by far the greater part of the birds and beasts of which Azara gave us the description nearly forty years ago. The collections of some of the museums on the continent are, I believe, much more complete; especially those of Paris, to judge from the accounts of the acquisitions made by M. Alcide d'Orbigny, the fruits of many years spent in those countries, to which he was sent in 1826, expressly, I believe, to collect information and specimens for the Museum of Natural History. Instigated first by Dr. Buckland, I made those inquiries for fossil remains, the results of which I flatter myself have been of no common interest both to the geologist and comparative anatomist. The examination of the monstrous bones which I sent to this country, by the learned individuals who have taken the pains to describe them, assists us to unravel the fabulous traditions handed down by the aborigines respecting a race of Titans, whilst it

proves indisputably that the vast alluvial plains in that part of the world, at some former period, the farther history of which has not been revealed to us, were inhabited by herbivorous animals of most extraordinary dimensions, and of forms greatly differing from those of the genera now in existence. To the account of the megatherium, and other extinct animals, I am now enabled, by a delay which has unavoidably occurred in the publication of this volume, to insert the representation of another extinct monster, the glyptodon, which has been very recently discovered at no great distance from the city of Buenos Ayres, apparently in a very perfect state, and which I trust are long will be in England. Mr. Owen, of the College of Surgeons, has been good enough to draw up for me the description of it." [Which we subjoin].—

"*Note on the Glyptodon.*—Whilst the last pages of this volume were in the press, I received accounts from South America fully bearing out my own opinions, not only as to the abundance of fossil remains in the pampas, but that other monsters no less extraordinary than the megatherium once inhabited them. In the last year, gigantic bones have been met with not far from Monte Video; whilst in the pampas of Buenos Ayres two more skeletons of the megatherium have been found; one of them near Luxan (where that at Madrid was dug up), on the property of Señor Muniz, a medical gentleman, who was engaged in exhuming it with great care, and every prospect of completing the skeleton. A still more interesting discovery is that of the apparently complete remains of another monstrous fossil animal, entirely new to us, of which I annex a sketch reduced by Mr. Olfert, from an original drawing made of it *in situ*, which has been sent to me by Mr. Griffiths, H. M. consul at Buenos Ayres. I trust it will not be long ere these remarkable remains are in this country, where I doubt not they will afford a rich treat to the scientific inquirer. In the meantime, the drawing in question, accompanied by one of the teeth, has been sufficient to enable Mr. Owen to draw up the following notice, which I am happy to be able at once to publish, as a foretaste of what is to come. The monster it refers to was found in the bank of a rivulet near the Rio Matanza, in the Partido of Canuelas, about twenty miles to the south of the city of Buenos Ayres, in a low marshy place, about five feet below the surface. It appears by the report sent home with the original drawing, that the entire length of the beast, from the snout to the end of the tail, measures eight and a half English feet; the width of the body, three feet four inches; and its height, from the point A to B, three feet six inches. The vertebral column, from the neck to the sacrum, is altogether; the ilia uniting with the vertebral column and sacrum in one single and immovable piece. It will be at once manifest that the sketch conveys the idea of a gigantic quadruped of the megatherium or armadillo family, having the internal skeleton and the external dermal bony case in their natural relative positions. The head is covered with a coronal plate, of a form which closely corresponds with that which defends the corresponding part in existing armadillos: a long descending process is indicated as being continued from the zygoma, with a slight curve forwards; this structure is interesting, as showing that the part in which the megatherium most strikingly resembles the sloth is participated by another extinct species, which indubitably possesses the characteristic armour

of the armadillo tribe. The lower jaw, in the peculiar descending curve of the ramus below and before the angle, also closely resembles that of the megatherium. The armour of the trunk would seem to be more capacious, and to have extended lower down, than in existing armadillos: its structure is described to consist of polygonal plates, similar to the shelly coverings of all that family; which the animal appears also to have resembled in the number of its teeth. Beneath the caudal plate six hamapophyses or chevron-bones are delineated, apparently of disproportionate magnitude; but the indication is interesting, as exhibiting another well-marked feature of the megatherian organisation. * * * The tooth is slightly curved, with a smooth and polished exterior; its texture resembles that of the tooth of the armadillo, consisting of a central body of ivory with an external coating of cementum, but the latter is relatively thicker than in the armadillos. The ivory, from its superior density, projects above the grinding surface in the form represented in the drawing (fig. 3). The form and structure of the tooth indicates its adaptation to masticate vegetable substances of the softer kind; and the animal must have been provided with claws suitable to the digging up of esculent roots, reeds, &c. The tooth is more complicated in its external form than those of any recent or extinct edentate species hitherto discovered, and seems to indicate a transition from the bruta, or edentata, to the toxodon discovered by Mr. Darwin in the same part of the world. From the regularly fluted or sculptured form of the tooth, I would propose to name the genus typified by this animal 'glyptodon' (γλυφω, *sculpo*; δους, *dens*)."

A picture of Buenos Ayres suffering from the north wind offers us a suitable extract:—

"Europeans, though often sensible of its influence, are not in general so liable to be affected by this abominable wind as the natives, amongst whom the women appear to be the greatest sufferers, especially from the headache it occasions. Numbers of them may be seen at times in the streets, walking about with large split-beans stuck upon their temples—a sure sign which way the wind blows. The bean, which is applied raw, appears to act as a slight blister, and to counteract the relaxation caused by the state of the atmosphere. But it is not the human constitution alone that is affected; the discomforts of the day are generally increased by the derangement of most of the household preparations:—The meat turns putrid, the milk curdles, and even the bread which is baked whilst it lasts is frequently bad. Every one complains, and the only answer returned is—'Senor, es el viento norte.' All these miseries, however, are not without their remedy; when the sufferings of the natives are at their climax, the mercury will give the sure indication of a coming pampero, as the south-wester is called; on a sudden, a rustling breeze breaks through the stillness of the stagnant atmosphere, and in a few seconds sweeps away the incubus and all else before it; originating in the snows of the Andes, the blast rushes with unbroken violence over the intermediate pampas, and, ere it reaches Buenos Ayres, becomes often a hurricane. A very different state of things then takes place, and, from the suddenness of such changes, the most ludicrous, though often serious, accidents occur, particularly in the river; whither, of an evening especially, a great part of the population will resort to cool themselves during the hot weather. There may be seen hundreds and hun-

dreds of men, women, and children, sitting together up to their necks in the water, just like so many frogs in a marsh: if a pampero breaks, as it often does, unexpectedly upon such an assembly, the scramble and confusion which ensues is better imagined than told; fortunate are those who may have taken an attendant to watch their clothes, for otherwise, long ere they can get out of the river, every article of dress is flying before the gale. Not unfrequently the pampero is accompanied by clouds of dust from the parched pampas, so dense as to produce total darkness, in which I have known instances of bathers in the river being drowned ere they could find their way to the shore. I recollect on one of these occasions a gang of twenty convicts, who were working at the time in irons upon the beach, making their escape in the dark, not one of whom, I believe, was retaken. It is difficult to convey any idea of the strange effects of these dust-storms: day is changed to night, and nothing can exceed the temporary darkness produced by them, which I have known to last for a quarter of an hour in the middle of the day; very frequently they are laid by a heavy fall of rain, which, mingling with the clouds of dust as it pours down, forms literally a shower of mud. The sort of dirty pickle in which people appear after being caught in such a storm is indescribable. Sometimes the consequences are more serious, and the pampero is accompanied by the most terrific thunder and lightning; such, I believe, as is to be witnessed in no other part of the world, unless it be the Straits of Sunda. Nothing can be more appalling. In Azara may be read an account of nineteen persons killed by the lightning which fell in the city during one of these storms. But the atmosphere is effectually cleared; man breathes once more, and all nature seems to revive under the exhilarating freshness of the gale:—the natives, good-humoured and thoughtless, laugh over the less serious consequences, and soon forget the worst; happy in the belief that, at any rate, they are free from the epidemical disorders of other regions. Still such variations from the ordinary courses of nature cannot but be productive of strange consequences; and, though the transient effects of an overcharged atmosphere may be quickly dispelled by a pampero, and the people be really free from the epidemics of other countries, there is every reason to believe that, in this particular climate, the human system is in a high degree susceptible of affections which elsewhere would not be deemed worth a moment's consideration. Besides those I have already spoken of as arising from the north wind, old wounds are found to burst out afresh, new ones are very difficult to heal; an apparently trivial sprain will induce a weakness of the part requiring years, perhaps, to recover from, as I know from my own experience; and lock-jaw from the most trifling accidents is so common as to constitute the cause of a very great portion of the deaths from hurts in the public hospitals."

In noticing the various tribes that occupy the land, Sir Woodbine gives us the following account of the Pehuenches:—

"The women as well as the men paint themselves: their chief ornaments consist of as many gold or silver rings as they can collect upon the fingers, and large ear-rings, resembling both in size and shape a common English brass padlock. Their habitations consist of tents made of hides sewn together, which are easily set up and moved from place to place. Their principal food is the flesh of mares and colts, which they prefer to any other; if they

add any thing in the shape of cakes or bread, it is made from maize and corn obtained from the Spaniards in exchange for salt and cattle, and blankets, of the manufacture of their women, for it is rarely they remain long enough in the same place to sow and reap themselves. Their caciques, or ulmenes, as they call them, are generally chosen either for their superior valour or wisdom in speech—occasionally, but not always, the honour descends from father to son: they have but little authority in the tribe, except in time of war, when all submit implicitly to their direction. They are not, however, entirely without laws and punishments for certain crimes, such as murder, adultery, theft, and witchcraft. Thus, he who kills another is condemned to be put to death by the relations of the deceased, or to pay them a suitable compensation. The woman taken in adultery is also punishable with death by her husband, unless her relations can otherwise satisfy him. The thief is obliged to pay for what he is convicted of stealing; and, if he has not the means, his relations must pay for him. As to those accused of witchcraft, they are burnt alive with very little ceremony; and such executions are of frequent occurrence, inasmuch as a man rarely dies a natural death, but it is ascribed to the machinations of some one in communication with the evil spirit. The relatives of the deceased, in their lamentations, generally denounce some personal enemy as having brought about his end, and little more is necessary to ensure his condemnation by the whole tribe: sometimes in his agony the unhappy victim names others as his accomplices, and, if the dead man be of any importance amongst them, they, too, are often sacrificed to his manes in the same barbarous manner. As to their religion, they believe in a God, the creator and ruler of all things, though they have no form of worship: they also believe in the influence of an evil spirit, to whom they attribute any ill that befalls them. They consider that God has sent them into the world to do right or wrong as they please; that, when the body perishes, the soul becomes immortal, and flies to a place beyond the seas, where there is an abundance of all things, and where husbands and wives meet, and live happily together again. On the occasion of their funerals, that they may want for nothing in the other world to which they have been used in this, their clothing, and accoutrements, and arms, are buried with them; sometimes a stock of provisions is added; and when a cacique is buried, his horses are also slain and stuffed with straw, and set upright over his grave. The interment is conducted with more or less ceremony, according to the rank of the deceased:—if he be a man of weight amongst them, not only his relations, but all the principal persons of the tribe, assemble and hold a great drinking-bout over his grave, at which the more drink, the more honour. They have great faith in dreams, especially in those of their ancestors and caciques, to whom they believe they are sent as revelations for the guidance of the tribe on important occasions; and they seldom undertake any affair, either of personal or general importance, without much consultation with their diviners and old women as to the omens which may have been observed. Marriage is an expensive ceremony to the bridegroom, who is obliged to make rich presents, sometimes all he is worth, to the parents of his love, before he obtains their consent. Thus daughters are a source of sure wealth to their parents, whilst those who have only sons are often ruined by the assistance which is re-

quired from them on these occasions. Such as can afford it take more wives than one, but the first has always precedence in the household arrangements, and so on in succession. When a child is born, it is taken with the mother to the nearest stream; in which after both are bathed, the mother returns to her household duties, and takes part in preparing for the feast that follows. In almost all these habits, the Pehuenches appear to follow the Araucanians, of whose manners and customs Molina has given a full account in his 'History of Chile.'"

Of another tribe, the Puelches, we are told:—

"Nothing could exceed the laziness and brutality, in general, of the men, who, looking upon the women as inferior beings, treated them as the most abject slaves. Not only were they obliged to attend to all the ordinary duties of a family, but upon them, also, devolved the care of their husbands' horses, and even the tending of the sheep and cattle. Polygamy was permitted, and, according to his means, it appeared that a man kept more or less wives; which, so far from causing jealousy, seemed generally a source of satisfaction to the ladies themselves, inasmuch as it led to the lightening by subdivision of their domestic labours. Unless engaged in some predatory excursion, or in hunting deer and guanacoos, and other smaller animals, for their skins, the men seemed to pass their whole time in sleeping, drinking, and gambling, the habitual vices of all the tribes:—they are passionately fond of cards, which they obtain from the Spaniards, and will play for ever at dice, which they make themselves ingeniously enough; and, like gamblers in other parts of the world, will stake their all upon a throw, reckless of reducing their families to utter destitution. In each toldo, or tent, which is made of hides stretched upon canes, and easily removable from one place to another, five or six families, barely separated from each other, perhaps twenty or thirty persons in all, were closely huddled together in the most horrible state of filth imaginable: indeed, in many respects, they were but little removed in their habits from the brute creation. If fuel was scarce, as was often the case in the pampas, they cared not to cook their meat, but ate it raw, and always drank the warm blood of every animal they killed:—like beasts of prey, there was no part, even to the contents of the stomach and intestines, which they will not greedily devour. They were superstitious in the extreme, and the credulous dupes and tools of a few artful men, who are to be found in every tribe, and in reality direct all its concerns by pretending to foretell the future, and to divine the cause of every evil. They are called *machis*, or wizards, and there is no tribe without them, and which does not implicitly submit to their decisions and advice. Their word is law, and the cacique even, equally with the rest, submits to it."

The descriptions of Paraguay, Catamarca, Tucuman, &c. &c. are brief; but Steam is approaching their rivers, and in a few years the people and the country will be changed by this Magician. Meanwhile, we recommend the present account of them to the reader.

The Loving Ballad of Lord Bateman. Illustrated by George Cruikshank. Square 16mo. Pp. 40. London. Tilt. *Constantinople, Mustapha Syried!*

A jeu d'esprit of the illustrious Cruikshank: his own favourite ballad, which he chants with such inimitable humour, illustrated in a manner

not less humorous by his pencil. Lord Bateman appears on the frontispiece, a most gallant knight of the period to which he belonged, though we cannot pretend to fix what that period was. Then comes the author and artist's warning to the public, in the shape of preface. We know not how far to believe him; but it is only justice to lay so important a document before the world. It is *verbatim et literatim* as follows:—

"In some collection of old English Ballads, there is an ancient ditty which I am told bears some remote and distant resemblance to the following Epic Poem. I beg to quote the emphatic language of my estimable friend (if he will allow me to call him so), the Black Bear in Piccadilly, and to assure all to whom these presents may come, that 'I am the original.' This affecting legend is given in the following pages, precisely as I have frequently heard it sung on Saturday nights, outside a house of general refreshment (familiarily termed a wine-vaults) at Battle-bridge. The singer is a young gentleman who can scarcely have numbered nineteen summers, and who, before his last visit to the treadmill, where he was erroneously incarcerated for six months as a vagrant (being unfortunately mistaken for another gentleman), had a very melodious and plaintive tone of voice, which, though it is now somewhat impaired by gruel and such a getting up stairs for so long a period, I hope shortly to find restored. I have taken down the words from his own mouth at different periods, and have been careful to preserve his pronunciation, together with the air to which he does so much justice. Of his execution of it, however, and the intense melancholy which he communicates to such passages of the song as are most susceptible of such an expression, I am unfortunately unable to convey to the reader an adequate idea, though I may hint that the effect seems to me to be in part produced by the long and mournful drawl on the last two or three words of each verse. I had intended to have dedicated my imperfect illustrations of this beautiful Romance to the young gentleman in question. As I cannot find, however, that he is known among his friends by any other name than 'The Tripe-skewer,' which I cannot but consider as a *soubriquet*, or nick-name; and as I feel that it would be neither respectful nor proper to address him publicly by that title, I have been compelled to forego the pleasure. If this should meet his eye, will he pardon my humble attempt to embellish with the pencil the sweet ideas to which he gives such feeling utterance? And will he believe me to remain his devoted admirer

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK!

"P.S.—The above is not my writing, nor the notes either, nor am I on familiar terms (but quite the contrary) with the Black Bear. Nevertheless I admit the accuracy of the statement relative to the public singer whose name is unknown, and concur generally in the sentiments above expressed relative to him."

We lament that our types can give no idea of the music; we can only say, that it is a pathetic and beautiful tune—a tune almost worthy of the poetry.

"Lord Bateman was a noble lord,
A noble Lord of high degree;
He ship'd his-self all aboard of a ship,
Some foreign countree for to see."

His suffering in captivity, his release by a Turkish maiden, their vows of love, and subsequent adventures for seven long years, are all narrated with truth and tenderness: and the illustrations—the illustrations are *con amore* by George Cruikshank! It is a laughing job to

look at them: so much so that we have had terrible trouble to do our duty and review the work.

The History of the Navy of the United States of America. By J. F. Cooper, Esq., &c. &c. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1839. Bentley.

THE details in this work are more likely to interest readers in the United States than those of England, though the general view which is given of the rise and progress of the American navy belongs to European, or rather to universal, history. In his introduction, Mr. Cooper alleges that the naval force of his country had, in comparison with its military powers, been too long neglected; that the building of large ships of war is necessary for the protection of her coasts; and that a new and enlarged system of officering vessels ought to be adopted. These are matters into which we care little to enter.

The author then sets out with a notice of the early intercourse between England and the American settlements, from the beginning of the seventeenth century:—

“The first decked vessel (we are told) built within the United States, of which we have any account, was constructed by Schipper Adrian Block, on the banks of the Hudson, and probably within the present limits of New York, during the summer of 1614. This vessel De laet terms a ‘yacht,’ and describes as having been of the dimensions of thirty-eight feet keel, forty-four and a half feet on deck, and eleven feet beam. In this ‘yacht,’ Block passed through Hell Gate, into the Sound, and steering eastward, he discovered a small island, which he named after himself; going as far as Cape Cod, by the way of the Vineyard passage. According to the same authority, the Dutch at New Amsterdam, who had constructed a fort, and reinforced their colony, soon after built many more small vessels, sloops and peraguas, opening a trade with the savages, by means of the numerous bays, sounds, and rivers of their territory. It was also in 1614 that the celebrated Captain John Smith arrived from England, and sailed on a coasting voyage, with the double purpose of trade and discovery. He went himself in a boat, having a crew of only eight men; and the profits, as well as the discoveries, abundantly rewarded the risks. It may serve to give the reader a more accurate idea of the condition of trade in this part of the world, if we state that in 1615 the English alone had one hundred and seventy vessels engaged in the Newfoundland fisheries, while the French, Portuguese, and Spaniards, had altogether about three hundred. Many attempts were made about this time to discover a north-west passage to China; the well-known expedition in which Baffin was employed occurring in 1616.

“Within twenty years after the settlement of Plymouth, ship-building and navigation began to occupy much of the attention of New England; and as every vessel of any size carried many light guns, the navigation of the period had most of the characteristics of an armed trade. In addition to the ships and barks that crossed the ocean, many decked boats, or small sloops, were used on the coast, especially by those who dealt with the Indians for skins. The first engagement that probably ever occurred between inhabitants of the American colonies and enemies afloat, was a conflict between John Gallop, who was engaged in a trade of this nature, in a sloop of twenty tons, and some Narragansett Indians, who had seized upon a small vessel belonging to a person of the

name of Oldham, known to have been similarly occupied. As this, in a certain sense, may be deemed the earliest sea-fight of the nation, we consider it worthy to be related. Some time in May 1636, Gallop, in his little sloop, manned by two men and two boys, himself included, was standing along the Sound, near Plum Island, when he was compelled to bear up by stress of weather, for a refuge, to leeward, among the islands that form a chain between Long Island and Connecticut. On nearing the land, he discovered a vessel very similar to his own, in size and equipments, which was immediately recognised as the pinnace of Mr. Oldham, who had sailed with a crew of two white boys and two Narragansett Indians. Gallop hailed on nearing the other craft, but got no answer; and, on running still nearer, no less than fourteen Indians were discovered lying on her deck. A canoe, conveying goods, and manned by Indians, had also just started for the shore. Gallop now began to suspect that Oldham had been overpowered by the savages—a suspicion that was confirmed by the Indians slipping their cable, and running off before the wind, or in the direction of Narragansett Bay. Satisfied that a robbery had been committed, Gallop made sail in chase, and running alongside of the pinnace, in a spirited manner, he fired a volley of duck-shot at the savages. The latter had swords, spears, and some fire-arms, and they attempted a resistance, but Gallop soon drove them below to a man. Afraid to board in the face of such odds, Gallop now had recourse to a novel expedient to dislodge his enemies. As the pinnace was drifting with no one to manage her, she soon fell to leeward, while the sloop hauled by the wind. As soon as the two vessels were far enough asunder, Gallop put his helm up, and ran directly down on the weather quarter of the pinnace, striking her with so much violence as to come near forcing her over on her side. The shock so much alarmed the Indians, who were on an element and in a craft they did not understand, that six of them rushed frantically on deck, and leaped into the sea, where they were all drowned. The sloop again hauled off, when Gallop lashed an anchor to her bows in such a manner, that by running down on the pinnace a second time, he forced the flukes through the sides of the latter, which are represented as having been made of boards. The two vessels were now fast to each other, and the crew of the sloop began to fire through the sides of the pinnace into her hold. Finding it impossible, however, to drive his enemies up, Gallop loosened his fasts, and hauled up to windward a third time, when four or five more of the Indians jumped overboard and shared the fate of those who had preceded them. One Indian now appeared on deck and offered to submit. Gallop ran alongside, and received this man in the sloop, when he was bound hands and feet, and put into the hold. Another soon followed this example, and he was also received on board the sloop and bound; but, fearful that if two of his wily foes were permitted to commune together, they would liberate themselves, the second prisoner was thrown into the sea. But two Indians now remained in the pinnace. They had got into a small apartment below, and, being armed, they shewed a disposition to defend themselves, when Gallop removed all the goods that remained into his own sloop, stripped the pinnace of her sails, took her in tow, and hauled up for the islands again. But the wind increasing, the pinnace was cut adrift, and she disappeared in the direction of Narragansett Bay, where it is pro-

bable she was stranded in the course of a few hours. On board the pinnace, Gallop found the body of Mr. Oldham. The head had been cleft, the hands and legs were much mangled, and the flesh was still warm. The corpse was thrown into the sea. Thus terminated this extraordinary conflict, in which Gallop appears to have shewn as much conduct as courage, and which in itself illustrates the vast superiority that professional skill gives on an element that requires practice to be rendered successfully available. As it was of the last importance to create a respect for the English name, that might protect small parties while trading with the savages, the report of the conqueror on this occasion induced the government of Massachusetts to send an expedition against the offenders, under Mr. Endecott, one of the assistants, which did the Indians much damage in the destruction of their dwellings and crops, though the savages took to flight. This expedition, however, was followed up by others that met with greater success.”

Such were the earliest struggles of America. Bucaniering followed, and continued for many years; the accounts of which unfold many strange adventures and horrid cruelties; but Mr. Cooper passes them over, and comes within fifty pages of his first volume to Bunker's Hill, Washington, and the revolution in the Colonies. Paul Jones, of course, flourishes at this period; and Mr. Cooper concludes, “It remains only to say, that the navy of the revolution, like its army, was disbanded at the termination of the struggle, literally leaving nothing behind it but the recollections of its services and sufferings.”

The war with the Barbary States led to an advance, and great improvement in the condition of the American navy; and we have all the particulars of the actions both on the ocean and in the lakes, between England and America during the late war. We have dipped into these, and, without comparing Mr. Cooper's statements with those of James and others, as regards the relative forces of the combatants, we may say that he appears to be tolerably fair, and unworried by national prejudices in these records. We took, for example, the affair of the Shannon and Chesapeake, and found little in the description at variance with preceding and English versions of that brilliant engagement. But the spirit of the writer may be best ascertained by quoting his final remarks:—

“Thus terminated the war of 1812, so far as it was connected with the American marine. The navy came out of this struggle with a vast increase of reputation. The brilliant style in which the ships had been carried into action, and the steadiness and rapidity with which they had been handled, and the fatal accuracy of their fire, on nearly every occasion, produced a new era in naval warfare. Most of the frigate actions had been as soon decided as circumstances would at all allow, and in no instance was it found necessary to keep up the fire of a sloop of war an hour, when singly engaged. Most of the combats of the latter, indeed, were decided in half that time. The execution done in these short conflicts was often equal to that made by the largest vessels of Europe in general actions, and in some of them the slain and wounded comprised a very large proportion of the crews. It is not easy to say in which nation this unlooked-for result created the most surprise—America or England. In the first it produced a confidence in itself that had been greatly wanted, but which, in the end, perhaps, degenerated to a feeling of

self-esteem and security that were not without danger, or entirely without exaggeration. The last was induced to alter its mode of rating, adopting one by no means as free from the imputation of a want of consistency as the one it abandoned, and it altogether changed its estimate of the force of single ships, as well as of the armaments of frigates. The ablest and bravest captains of the English fleet were ready to admit that a new power was about to appear on the ocean, and that it was not improbable the battle for the mastery of the seas would have to be fought over again. In short, while some of its ignorant, presuming, and boastful were disposed to find excuses for the unexpected nautical reverses which Great Britain had met with in this short war, the sagacious and reflecting saw in them matter for serious apprehension and alarm. They knew that the former triumphs of their admirals had not so much grown out of an unusual ability to manœuvre fleets, as in the national aptitude to manage single ships, and they saw the proofs of the same aptitude, in the conduct of the Americans during this struggle, improved on by a skill in gunnery that had never before been so uniformly manifested in naval warfare. In a word, it may be questioned if all the great victories of the last European wars caused more exultation among the uninstructed of that nation, than the defeats of this gave rise to misgivings and apprehensions among those who were able to appreciate causes, and to anticipate consequences in matters so purely professional as the construction, powers, and handling of ships. Many false modes of accounting for the novel character that had been given to naval battles was resorted to, and among other reasons it was affirmed that the American vessels of war sailed with crews of picked seamen. That a nation which practised impressment should imagine that another in which enlistments were voluntary could possess an advantage of this nature, infers a strong disposition to listen to any means but the right one to account for an unpleasant truth. It is not known that a single vessel left the country, the case of the Constitution on her two last voyages excepted, with a crew that could be deemed extraordinary in this respect. No American man-of-war ever sailed with a complement composed of nothing but able seamen; and some of the hardest fought battles that occurred during this war, were fought by ships' companies that were materially worse than common. The people which manned the vessels on Lake Champlain, in particular, were of a quality much inferior to those usually found in ships of war. Neither were the officers, in general, old or very experienced. The navy itself dated but fourteen years back, when the war commenced; and some of the commanders began their professional career several years after the first appointments had been made. Perhaps one half of the lieutenants in the service at the peace of 1815 had first gone on board ship within six years from the declaration of the war, and very many of them within three or four. So far from the midshipmen having been masters and mates of merchantmen, as was reported at the time, they were generally youths that first went from the ease and comforts of the paternal home, when they appeared on the quarterdeck of a man-of-war. That the tone and discipline of the service were high is true; but it must be ascribed to moral, and not to physical causes; to that aptitude in the American character for the sea, which has been so constantly manifested from the day the first pin-

nace sailed along the coast on the trading voyages of the seventeenth century, down to the present moment."

We have only to add, that Mr. Cooper omits altogether the most important point in all these estimates and considerations, namely, the number of English sailors who manned the American ships,—desperate men, who fought with halts about their necks, and preferred death in battle to surrender and execution as deserters from the flag of their country. On this important subject the author offers no comment; and we need not say that, without giving it the weight it demands, the conclusions drawn from other premises must be necessarily imperfect and erroneous.

Mrs. Hemans's Memoir and Poems, Vol. I.
(Concluded from No. 1167.)

THE memoir of the life, subsequent to that period of which we treated in our first paper, is very much confined to literary history; and we do not mean to trace the career of Mrs. Hemans through the catalogue of her well-known publications. The following passage is scarcely of this kind, and we give it as highly characteristic:—

"In the autumn of 1824, she began the poem which, in point of finish and consecutiveness, if not in popularity, may be considered her principal work, and which she herself inclined to look upon as her best. 'I am at present,' she wrote to one always interested in her literary occupations, 'engaged upon a poem of some length, the idea of which was suggested to me by some passages in your friend Mr. Blanco White's delightful writings. It relates to the sufferings of a Spanish Protestant, in the time of Philip the Second, and is supposed to be narrated by the sufferer himself, who escapes to America. I am very much interested in my subject, and hope to complete the poem in the course of the winter.' The progress of this work was watched with great interest in her domestic circle, and its touching descriptions would often extract a tribute of tears from the fireside auditors. When completed, a family consultation was held as to its name. Various titles were proposed and rejected, till that of 'The Forest Sanctuary' was suggested by her brother, and finally decided upon. Though finished early in 1825, the poem was not published till the following year, when it was brought out in conjunction with 'The Lays of Many Lands,' and a collection of miscellaneous pieces, most of which had previously appeared in 'The New Monthly Magazine,' or in some of the various Annuals, from whose editors Mrs. Hemans was now receiving continual overtures. The number and urgency of these applications was already beginning to be half tormenting, half amusing, though nothing in comparison with the 'Vallombrosa'-like showers of these 'autumnal leaves' which used to come pouring down upon her in after-years, when the Annual fever had reached its height. It was interesting to observe the manner in which any new idea, accidentally suggested in the course of her reading, would take hold of her imagination, awakening, as with an electric touch, a whole train of associations and developments. Most truly, in her case, was exemplified Mr. Wordsworth's observation respecting poetic sensibility, in which he says, that 'the more exquisite it is, the wider will be the range of a poet's perceptions, and the more will he be inclined to observe objects, both as they exist in themselves, and as reacted upon by his own mind.' By her, objects were never seen simply 'as they exist in themselves.' Every thing

brought its own appeals to thought and memory; and every sight and sound in nature awakened some distinct echo in her heart. The very rustling of the trees spoke to her in tones full of meaning. It was one of her favourite fancies that each tree had its peculiar language, suited to its character for majesty, solemnity, or grace, and that she could distinguish with closed eyes the measured tones of the oak or elm, the funeral sighs of the cypress, or the sensitive murmurs of the willow or poplar! From some particular train of association, she took great delight in seeing the waving boughs of trees through a church-window. All legends and superstitions regarding trees and flowers were peculiarly dear to her. When alluding to these, and similar fables, she would often quote the well-known lines from Schiller—

'Wage du zu Irren und zu träumen,
Hohen ihm liegt oft in kind'schem Spiel.'*

"One of her favourites, amongst the many traditions of this nature, was the Welsh legend regarding the trembling of the aspen; which, with a kindred superstition relating to the spotted arum, will be found mentioned in the 'Woodwalk and Hymn,' in 'Scenes and Hymns of Life.' And in the two sonnets entitled 'Thoughts connected with Trees,' which form part of the 'Records of the Spring of 1824,' she has revealed to us yet more distinctly how much 'deep meaning' their 'kindly whisperings' and 'old sweet leaf sounds' brought home to her breast. The howling of the wind at night had a very peculiar effect upon her nerves—nothing in the least approaching to the sensation of fear, as few were more exempt from that class of alarms usually called horrors; but working upon her imagination to a degree which was always succeeded by a reaction of fatigue and exhaustion. The solemn influences thus mysteriously exercised, are alluded to in many of her poems, particularly in 'The Song of Night,'† and in 'The Voice of the Wind;‡ The sight and sound of the sea were always connected in her mind with melancholy associations; with

'Doubt, and something dark,
Of the old Sea some reverential fear.'

with images of storm and desolation, of shipwreck and sea-burial: the last, indeed, was so often present to her imagination, and has so frequently been introduced into her poetry, that any one inclined to superstitious presentiments might almost have been disposed to fancy it a fore-shadowing of some such dark fate in store either for herself or for some one dear to

* "Oh! fear thou not to dream with waking eye:
There lies deep meaning oft in childish play."

Thalia's Song, translated by Mrs. Hemans.

† "Among the many congenial ideas she found in the writings of Richter, the following passage relating to Night was singularly in unison with her own feelings:—
'The earth is every day overspread with the veil of Night, for the same reason as the cages of birds are darkened, that we may the more readily apprehend the higher harmonies of thought in the hush and quiet of darkness. Thoughts, which day turns into smoke and mist, stand about us in the night as lights and flames, even as the column which fluctuates above the gates of Vesuvius, in the day-time appears a pillar of cloud, but by night a pillar of fire.'"

‡ "Oh! many a voice is thine, thou Wind! full many a voice is thine!

From every scene thy wing o'er sweeps, thou bear'st a sound and sign:
A minstrel wild and strong thou art, with a mastery all thine own.

And the spirit is thy harp, O Wind! that gives the answering tone.

"Are all these notes in thee, wild Wind! these many notes in thee?
Far in our own unfathom'd souls their fount must surely be.

Yes! buried, but unslumbering there, thought watches, memory lies,
From whose deep urn the tones are poured through all earth's harmonies."

her. These associations, like those awakened by the wind, were perfectly distinct from anything of personal timidity, and were the more indefinable, as she had never suffered any calamity at all connected with the sea: none of those she loved had been 'consigned to its reckless waters, nor had she ever seen it in all its terrors, for the coast on which her early years were passed is by no means a rugged or dangerous one, and is seldom visited by disaster.'

In 1828 "The Records of Woman," the best known and most popular of all her writings, was published—and we have epistolary communications about the same period with Miss Jewsbury, Mary Howitt, Miss Baillie, and Miss Mitford. The study of Wordsworth and the German writers had opened up new fields for the exercise of her imagination, and imparted a tone to her mind, very different from what we find in her "Modern Greece," or her "Tales and Historic Scenes."

In 1829 Mrs. Hemans visited Scotland, and the circumstance seems to form an epoch in her history. The recollections of Sir Walter Scott, especially, are exceedingly interesting; but, as these have been before given in a great measure by Mr. Chorley in his "Memorials," we pass them over, and come to Mr. Wordsworth:—

"My nervous fear at the idea of presenting myself to Mr. Wordsworth, grew upon me so rapidly, that it was more than seven o'clock before I took courage to leave the inn at Ambleside. I had, indeed, little cause for such trepidation. I was driven to a lovely cottage-like building, almost hidden by a profusion of roses and ivy; and a most benignant-looking old man greeted me in the porch. This was Mr. Wordsworth himself; and when I tell you that, having rather a large party of visitors in the house, he led me to a room apart from them, and brought in his family by degrees, I am sure that little trait will give you an idea of considerate kindness which you will both like and appreciate."

• • • There is an almost patriarchal simplicity about him—an absence of all pretension. All is free, unstudied—

'The river winding at its own sweet will.'

in his manner and conversation. There is more of impulse about them than I had expected; but in other respects I see much that I should have looked for in the poet of meditative life: frequently his head droops, his eyes half close, and he seems buried in quiet depths of thought. I have passed a delightful morning to-day in walking with him about his own richly shaded grounds, and hearing him speak of the old English writers, particularly Spenser, whom he loves, as he himself expresses it, for his 'earnestness and devotedness.' • • • I must not forget to tell you that he not only admired our exploit in crossing the Ulverstone Sands, as a deed of 'derring do,' but as a decided proof of taste: the lake scenery, he says, is never seen to such advantage as after the passage of what he calls its majestic barrier.

"I have been making you a little drawing of Mr. Wordsworth's house, which, though it has no other merit than that of fidelity, will, I know, find favour in your sight. The steps upon the front lead to a little grassy mound, commanding a view always so rich, and sometimes so brightly solemn, that one can well imagine its influence traceable in many of the poet's writings. On this mound he frequently sits all evening, and sometimes seems borne away in thought."

"I seem to be writing to you almost from the spirit-land; all is here so brightly still, so remote from every-day cares and tumults, that

sometimes I can hardly persuade myself I am not dreaming. It scarcely seems to be 'the light of common day' that is clothing the woody mountains before me; there is something almost visionary in its soft gleams and ever-changing shadows. I am charmed with Mr. Wordsworth, whose kindness to me has quite a soothing influence over my spirits. Oh! what relief, what blessing there is in the feeling of admiration, when it can be freely poured forth! 'There is a daily beauty in his life,' which is in such lovely harmony with his poetry, that I am thankful to have witnessed and felt it. He gives me a good deal of his society, reads to me, walks with me, leads my pony when I ride; and I begin to talk with him as with a sort of paternal friend. The whole of this morning, he kindly passed in reading to me a great deal from Spenser, and afterwards his own 'Laodamia,' my favourite 'Tintern Abbey,' and many of his noble sonnets. His reading is very peculiar, but, to my ear, delightful; slow, solemn, earnest in expression more than any I have ever heard: when he reads or recites in the open air, his deep rich tones seem to proceed from a spirit-voice, and belong to the religion of the place; they harmonise so fitly with the thrilling tones of woods and waterfalls. His expressions are often strikingly poetical; such as—'I would not give up the mists that spiritualize our mountains, for all the blue skies of Italy.' Yesterday evening he walked beside me as I rode on a long and lovely mountain-path, high above Grasmere Lake. I was much interested by his shewing me, carved deep into the rock, as we passed, the initials of his wife's name, inscribed there many years ago by himself; and the dear old man, like 'Old Mortality,' renews them from time to time. I could scarcely help exclaiming 'Ete perpetua!'

"It is delightful to see a life in such perfect harmony with all that his writings express—

'True to the kindred points of Heaven and home!'

You may remember how much I disliked, and I think you agreed with me in reproaching, that shallow theory of Mr. Moore's with regard to the unfitness of genius for domestic happiness. I was speaking of it yesterday to Mr. Wordsworth, and was pleased by his remark, 'It is not because they possess genius that they make unhappy homes, but because they do not possess genius enough; a higher order of mind would enable them to see and feel all the beauty of domestic ties.' His mind, indeed, may well inhabit an untroubled atmosphere, for, as he himself declares, no wounded affections, no embittered feelings, have ever been his lot; the current of his domestic life has flowed on bright, and pure, and unbroken. Hence, I think, much of the high, sculpture-like repose, which invests both his character and writings with so tranquil a dignity.

"Mr. Wordsworth's kindness has inspired me with a feeling of confidence which it is delightful to associate with those of admiration and respect, before excited by his writings;—and he has treated me with so much consideration, and gentleness, and care!—they have been like balm to my spirit after all the *fades* flatteries with which I am *blasé*. I wish I had time to tell you of mornings which he has passed in walking to me, and of evenings when he has walked beside me, whilst I rode through the lovely vales of Grasmere and Rydal; and of his beautiful, sometimes half-unconscious recitation, in a voice so deep and solemn, that it has often brought tears into my eyes. One little incident I must describe.

We had been listening, during one of these evening rides, to various sounds and notes of birds, which broke upon the stillness, and at last I said, 'Perhaps there may be a deeper and richer music pervading all nature, than we are permitted, in this state, to hear.' He answered by reciting those glorious lines of Milton's,

'Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth,
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep, &c.'

and this in tones that seemed rising from such depths of veneration! I cannot describe the thrill with which I listened; it was like the feeling which Lord Byron has embodied in one of his best and purest moments, when he so beautifully says,—

'And not a breath crept through the rosy air,
And yet the forest leaves seemed stirred with prayer.'

Mr. Wordsworth's daily life in the bosom of his family is delightful—so affectionate and confiding. I cannot but mournfully feel, in the midst of their happiness, 'Still still, I am a stranger here!'—but where am I not a stranger now?"

Mrs. Hemans afterwards settled in Dublin with her family. Her health had been, for several years, uncertain and declining, and there she died. Her death-bed was that of a Christian. After describing an illness long and wearisome, but patiently borne, the narrative thus concludes:—

"On Saturday, the 16th of May, she sank into a gentle slumber, which continued almost unbroken throughout the day; and at nine o'clock in the evening her spirit passed away, without pain or struggle; and, it is humbly hoped, was translated, through the mediation of her blessed Redeemer, to that rest which remaineth to the people of God. And those who loved her best—in whose hearts her departure has left an aching void, which they must bear with them to the grave—who feel that a light is taken from their path, which nothing earthly can restore—can yet thankfully and submissively acknowledge that 'it is well!'—can rejoice to think of her in safety and repose; and, with spirits chastened like her own, can bless their Heavenly Father, that now, 'of his great mercy,' after the toils and trials of her mortal career, 'He giveth his beloved sleep.' Her remains were deposited in a vault beneath St. Anne's Church, in Dublin, almost close to the house where she died. A small tablet has been placed above the spot where she is laid, inscribed with her name, her age, and the date of her death, and with the following lines from a dirge of her own:—

'Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Fair Spirit! rest thee now!
Ev'n while with us thy footsteps trode,
His seal was on thy brow.
Dust to its narrow house beneath!
Soul to its place on high!
They that have seen thy look in death,
No more may fear to die.'

A similar memorial, bearing the following inscription, is erected in the Cathedral of St. Asaph, beneath one which is consecrated to the remembrance of her mother:—

'THIS TABLET,
PLACED HERE BY HER BROTHERS,
IS
IN MEMORY OF
FELICIA HEMANS,
WHOSE CHARACTER IS BEST PORTRAYED
IN HER WRITINGS.
SHE DIED IN DUBLIN, MAY 16th, 1835.
AGED 41.'

We are glad to observe that something like chronological arrangement is to be preserved in the publication of the poetical works, as they will thus at once give a history of mind, and

form a commentary on the biographical narrative. The portrait affixed is from a painting by Mr. West, in the possession of the family. The likeness is good; and in the sentiment we have at once the mother and the poet.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Sketch of Native Education in India, under the Superintendence of the Church of Scotland, &c. &c. By James Bryce, D.D., late Chaplain, Bengal, &c. 8vo. pp. 372. London, 1839. W. H. Allen and Co.; Edinburgh, Blackwood.

A WORK upon a vitally important subject, to which we would direct the attention of readers of every degree. Education, so essential every where to the welfare of a people, is perhaps a more imperative want in our vast and populous Indian Empire than in any other quarter of the earth. And there, as elsewhere, it is most desirable not to confound the mere signs of things with what is good and beneficial instruction; to confound all schemes of reading and writing, or little else, with what alone truly deserves the name of education. It is, however, a subject too great for us to discuss here; and we have only to say that this volume, in a sketchy and detached, rather than in an analytical and elaborate view of the condition of the Hindus, gives us much insight into the principal matters to be considered, and means to be adopted, in regard to them.

The Manor of Glenmore; or, the Irish Peasant. By a Member of the Irish Bar. 3 vols. London, 1839. Bull.

A NOVEL upon Irish politics, of which we have far too much in other shapes, has few attractions for us. It is written, besides, in so tangled and stilted a style, that, even if the subject were attractive, would be equally repulsive. For example, of the simultaneous meetings of the people, it is written:—"Thus, while the meetings themselves were as members of the great frame-work of constitutional revolt, and the love of liberty its creative and animating spirit, and justice, reason, and eloquence the moral influences of its power, religious associations were its subtle ministers to the affections of the nation's soul, instinctively forming a brotherhood of millions, and making the land, as it were, a region of spirits, tremulously sensitive with sympathy." We confess this transcends our comprehension, though "the essentiality of the deed was clothed in a drapery of sacred love and beauty to the people's eyes," &c. &c. One might puzzle a good while over such sentences before they were understood. Perhaps they might produce a better effect, *vis a voce*, at the Irish bar than in the quiet shape of typography.

The Dukes of Normandy, from the Time of Rollo to the Expulsion of King John by Philip Augustus of France. By Jonathan Duncan, Esq., B.A. Pp. 303. London, 1839. Rickerby; Harvey and Darton.

As a companion to the "History of England," we can cordially recommend this excellent little work, derived from the best sources, ably written, and the result of a sound and impartial judgment. It is quite a pleasure to look upon some of our early Kings in their ducal robes and characters, from Rollo, through William

Longsword, the Conqueror, Henry I. and II., Cœur de Lion, &c., to John. Duden, Wace, William of Jumièges, Ordericus Vitalis, Augustin Thierry, and other eminent authors, have all been carefully consulted; and the result is one of the best books of its class, either for general reading or schools, which we have seen for a long while.

Black's British Atlas, No. I. Edinburgh, A. and C. Black: London, Longman and Co.; Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.; Dublin, Cumming.

THE first of a series of coloured and well-executed maps, to be extended to the number of fifty-two. It contains the World in Hemispheres, and on Mercator's Projection; Chart of Magnetic Curves; of Mountains and Rivers; of the Geographical Distribution of Plants; and maps of Europe; of England, north and south parts; and of Scotland, northern part. These are accompanied by concise descriptive letter-press; and the whole most usefully arranged to furnish, not only the usual information sought in such publications, but much of that additional collateral intelligence which the progress of science now demands in connexion with Geography. When we have seen more of the seven monthly parts of which this Atlas is to consist, we shall be better able to point out its particular merits.

The Accoucheur; a Treatise, &c., by John Craig, Surgeon, Paisley. Pp. 252. (Glasgow, M'Phun; London, Cotes; Edinburgh, Whyte and Co.)—A work of interest to medical practitioners, and of a nature not to be reviewed in a popular journal like ours.

Translations, and Sketches of Biography, from the Greek, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and French Languages, by a Lady. Pp. 356. (London, Saunders and Otley.)—A very agreeable and various miscellany, in prose and verse.

The Guide to Service; the Household. Pp. 72. (London, Knight.)—One of the useful little books which cannot but do good to those who read them, whether employers or employed.

The Difficulties of English Grammar and Punctuation removed, by J. Best Davidson. (London, Simpkin, and Marshall; Hamilton, Adams, and Co.)—Issuing from Leeds, and altogether a very judicious and instructive grammatical work.

Bingley's Guide to North Wales. Pp. 356. (London, Longman and Co.)—This is a third edition of a well-known work, and deservedly popular with Welsh tourists. Corrections and additions, up to last year, render it still more worthy of being adopted as a pleasant guide.

The Inquiries of the Opium Trade with China, &c., by the Rev. A. S. Thelwall, M.A. Pp. 178. (London, Allen and Co.)—Many persons connected with the East entertain strong objections to the opium trade, and they are here embodied in a popular form. The question is one of much importance upon which we see not sufficiently informed to pronounce a judgment.

Authenticated Report of the Discussion between the Rev. T. D. Gregg and the Rev. T. Maguire. 8vo. pp. 616. (Dublin, Gorton; Robertson; Bleakley.)—"The Church Edition" of this celebrated polemical controversy. Though the subject is one of national and vital interest, it must be left by us to its own merits, with the simple statement that such a volume is published.

Deafness Cured by clearing out the Throat to the Ear, &c., with Notes and Cases, by J. Yearley. Pp. 53. (London, Nisbet.)—Mr. Yearley, surgeon to the New Aural Institution in Sackville Street, states that he is the first practitioner who has introduced this system into England; and he cites many cases in support of its excellence as a means of cure.

The Principles of Modern Dissident Evangelism Disclosed, and the Church of England proved to be the only Conservatrix of the National Faith, &c., by the Rev. H. Cole. Pp. 36. (London, Nisbet and Co.; Seely; Hatchard.)—These letters, addressed to Dr. P. Smith, on his geological lectures, are here collected from the "Times" newspaper; where, of course, they have become so generally known as to require no description from us.

Spain; its Present State and Prospects, by an English Traveller. Pp. 65. (London, Smith, Elder, and Co.)—Our traveller takes a very favourable view of the resources of Spain; declares that the country is greatly improving in many respects; and contends that its public credit ought to stand much higher than it does in the opinion of the money market.

The Gentle Boy; a Thrice-told Tale, by Nathaniel Hawthorne. (Boston, Weeks, Jordan, and Co.)—We confess we cannot tell what to make of this sentimental rhapsody. There is a pretty outline illustration.

Indecision; a Tale of the Far West, and other Poems, by J. K. Mitchell, M.D. Pp. 212. (Philadelphia, Carey and Hart.)—Another American production, in which Dr. Mitchell amuses his professional hours of relaxation with Scotch and other poetry. We fear we cannot justly promise that it must of necessity amuse others.

Old and New Logic Contrasted, &c., by Justin Brennan. Pp. 224. (London, Washbourne; Edinburgh, Fraser and Co.; Dublin, Cumming.)—Mr. Brennan is so enchanted with Bacon, that he writes down Aristotle an ass. Much we admire the former, and the sure system of which he was the mighty leader, and cannot go along with the writer in his depreciation of one of the greatest men the world ever saw.

The Buds of Hope; a Collection of Miscellaneous Poems, by Margaret Richardson. Pp. 218. (London, Mitchell and Son.)—The fair writer is full of good feelings, and has many tender and natural thoughts in these pages. More we cannot say.

Suggestions for a General Equalisation of the Land-Tax, &c., by S. Miller, Esq. Barrister-at-Law. Pp. 61. (London, Butterworth.)—The object of this pamphlet is an important one, viz. an Equalisation of the Land-Tax where possible, and a consequent reduction or abolition of the Malt-Tax. The legal questions involved in the discussion rather take it out of our province, but we may with much propriety recommend it to the public consideration.

Mrs. London's Ladies' Flower Garden. No. VI. (London, W. Smith.)—This is a beautiful No. to the plates very rich, and charming specimens of lovely flowers.

The Autobiography of Simon Patrick, Bishop of Ely. Pp. 287. (Oxford, Parker.)—This life, of a learned, pious, and divine is now first printed from an original MS. There is some curious personal and ecclesiastical matter in it, and some of the notices of 1688 are of historical interest.

Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard, &c. (London, Van Voorst.)—This is an edition of one of the most popular poems in the English language, embellished with above thirty beautiful woodcuts after Barrett, Copley Fielding, Constable, Cattermole, T. Stothard, Dewint, Boxall, S. A. Hart, T. and C. Landseer, F. Howard, Westall, Callcott, J. H. Nixon, Cooper, Mulready, Wright, Chalon, Stanley, T. Fielding, and Collins, all engraved in the best style of the art. The variety of the designs affords a very interesting display of the talents of these distinguished illustrators. But the volume is rendered still more acceptable by containing versions in Greek, by W. Cooke; in Latin, by W. Hildyard; in German, by a translator, who subscribes himself Götter, in the *Deutsches Lesebuch*, where it was published; in Italian, by F. Tordelli; and in French, by Le Tourneur. This polygot, with all the curious turns of expression in the several languages, is quite a lesson in poetical composition. Some of the Greek verses are very fine and musical;—the Italian, not so much so as we expected. Altogether, however, this edition of the *Elegy* deserves our hearty eulogy.

Researches on the Development, Structure, and Diseases of the Teeth, by Alexander Nasmyth, F.R.S., F.G.S., &c. 8vo. Pp. 171. (London, J. Churchill.)—A very complete treatise, with plates executed in the most skilful manner.

Selections from the Fifth Book of Hooker's Ecclesiastical Policy. Pp. 388. (Oxford, Parker.)—A more valuable divine could not have been sought to supply a volume of sound religious instruction; and every Christian must applaud the means taken to extend and make popular say portions of the writings of Hooker.

The Miller's Daughter, a Comedy; and Miscellaneous Poems, by John Purchas, a Rugbyman. Pp. 364. (London, Whitaker.)—We are sorry that we can award no prize to this attempt. Rugby, to be famed, must produce another bard.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

LYNNÆAN SOCIETY.

MR. FORSTER in the chair.—Among the specimens exhibited, were two fine plants in flower, of the splendid *Curcuma Roscoeana*, which had been sent to the meeting by his Grace the Duke of Northumberland, from his magnificent collection at Syon House. The chairman read a letter, addressed to the Society, from Upsal, announcing the death of Louisa Von Linné, the third and last surviving daughter of Linneus, which took place in that city on the 21st of March, at the advanced age of ninety. Read, a 'Biographical Sketch of Ferdinand Bauer, Natural History Painter to the Voyage of Capt. Flinders,' by Dr. Lhotsky. This celebrated natural history painter and traveller was the younger brother of Francis Bauer, F.R.S., and was born in the year 1760, at Feldsberg in Austria, where his father held the appointment of painter to Prince Lichtenstein. In 1784 he was, through the recommendation of the elder Jacquin, engaged by Dr. Sibthorp, to accompany him in his first journey to Greece; and on his return, he was for several years occupied in finishing the numerous drawings made in that journey, and which prove him to have been, even at that period, a very accurate observer, as well as a

* To this review we may add, that some of Mrs. Hemans's most touching minor poems originally appeared in the *Literary Gazette*; and if we look at her course of composition, it will be felt that the productions of the lamented L. E. L. exercised a very marked influence upon her muse. From that time, what was, to a certain degree, cold and classical, became more animated, natural, and passionate. A great difference was wrought, both in her style and sentiment, by the example of that gifted child of song.—Ed. L. G.

highly accomplished artist. In 1801, Mr. Bauer was selected by Sir Joseph Banks, as natural history painter to the voyage of Capt. Flinders, to which Mr. Brown was also attached as naturalist. From this expedition, Mr. Bauer returned to Europe in 1805, bringing with him no less than 1600 finished sketches of plants, besides numerous drawings of animals of equal merit. After the ship Investigator was condemned as unfit for the further prosecution of the voyage, and Capt. Flinders had left New Holland to return to Europe, Mr. Bauer, along with Mr. Brown, remained in New South Wales, chiefly at Port Jackson; but he also visited and remained a considerable time in Norfolk Island, where he diligently collected and made drawings of all the plants of that remarkable spot; and from his materials Dr. Endlicher has lately published his interesting "Flora Insulæ Norfolkicæ." In 1813, Mr. Bauer commenced the publication of a splendid work on the plants of New Holland; but which, from the little encouragement it met with, did not extend to more than three numbers. During his stay in England, he prepared the drawings for the first volume of Mr. Lambert's splendid work on the *Genus Pinus*, and the plates to the original copies of that work were chiefly coloured by him. He also made a series of drawings of the species of *digitaria*, since published by Dr. Lindley.—Read, likewise, a notice of a plant which produces perfect seeds, without any apparent action of pollen on the stigma, by Mr. Smith; and 'Descriptions of newly discovered Spiders,' by Mr. Blackwall. Mr. Smith's paper was accompanied by several beautiful drawings of the parts, by Mr. Bauer; and also by a young plant raised from seeds produced in the Royal Botanic Gardens at Kew. Mr. Woods presented specimens of *Habenaria alba*, and *Genista pilosa*, gathered by himself during the past week on Ashdown Forest, Sussex.

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

JUNE 10. G. B. Greenough, Esq., President, in the chair.—The following papers were read: 1. 'Extract from a Letter from Professor Adolph Erman, of Berlin.' "In presenting my map of Kamchatka to the Geographical Society, I must state that the publication has been retarded by the care with which I have superintended the engraving. As to my undertaking this map, and the circumstances which may obtain for it some interest, I must refer, in the first place, to the first volume of the scientific part of my account of my journey, where (at pages 209, 289, 346, and 387) I have collected my observations on latitude and longitude for twenty points in this peninsula; and have given the barometric measurements of the elevation of its mountains and plains. I have compared (page 349) the dimensions of the country according to existing maps, with those assigned to it by my observations. They will be seen sometimes reduced to two-fifths of the size falsely attributed to them; and the result is, that this province of Russia might be ranked almost as a *terra incognita*. I may also add, that some of the more recent maps have doubled the whole of an existing series of localities, for we see the names of Kamchatka habitations situated between the port of St. Peter and Paul, and the sources of the river Kamchatka, noted down a second time along the direct line between the said port and the town of Bolshereak. The fact is, that all the said villages twice mentioned, exist but once, and that the compilers apparently did not know that steep mountains prevent travellers going straight from St. Peter and Paul to

Bolshereak, and oblige them, on the contrary, to return at first towards the north, on the same road which leads to the sources of the Kamchatka, and to return towards the south-west, after having reached a large ravine that opens transversely in the body of the mountains, which are on the borders of the river Avatsha. I have thought right to dwell upon these corrections in the delineation of the form of the country, and its conformation, because they alone can offer a solid basis to the comparative combinations of geology, and authorise our theories upon the volcanic character of the peninsula, as well as upon the origin of its mountains, its lakes, its eruptions of thermal waters and vapours. I shall soon publish a circumstantial account of my visit to Kamchatka, which will supply all that must be deficient in a map, on the points I have alluded to, and I now content myself with some preliminary observations upon the general character of the geological phenomena of this country, which, from its position upon the natural limits of the old Continent, seems to deserve particular attention." The map of Kamchatka, accompanying this letter, is on a scale of three inches to a degree, and represents the two remarkable and almost parallel chains of *sopkis*, or volcanoes, which extend in a north and south direction, throughout a great portion of the peninsula, and one of which, namely, Kluchefakain, in latitude 56° 8' N., rises to nearly 16,000 feet above the sea.—2. Captain Sir James Stirling, R.N., gave an account of 'The Progress of Discovery in Western Australia, and of the Harbour named Warnborough Sound, lying immediately to the Southward of Cape Peron.' Touching briefly on the history of this territory, from the time it was first visited by the Dutch in 1625, and by the French under Baudin, in 1801, Sir James came down to the period when it was first settled by the English, in 1827, and drew a comparison between the view as then seen from the summit of the mountain range, and at the commencement of the year 1839, when he quitted the colony, at which time symptoms of civilisation and prosperity were evident all around; even mails are now carried, and shops kept by natives in districts which ten years ago had never been pressed by a white man's foot. Sir James then gave a summary of the routes of several explorers, as Dale, Roe, Bunbury, Bannister, &c., as laid down on a map of the colony on a large scale which he had brought home with him for the Colonial Department (by whose permission it was exhibited at the meeting), and spoke in high terms of the ability and diligence shewn by Lieut. Roe, R.N., surveyor-general of the colony, in combining these itineraries, and reducing to order materials occasionally not very easily to be dealt with. He described Warnborough Sound, a recently discovered harbour, about fifteen miles south of the entrance of Swan River, lying between Penguin Island to the north, and Point Becher to the south, which he had examined in company with the surveyor-general. This sound is about 3½ miles long, by 2½ wide, and sheltered to the west by a reef of rocks extending from each shore, and leaving in the middle a passage with five fathoms water; but as there are probably sunken rocks in it, and as Coventry Reef lies only about 2½ miles due west of the entrance, it would not be safe for ships to run for this anchorage, without being acquainted with the leading marks for avoiding the dangers. Within the reef is a fine sound, having not less than six fathoms water; and at its northern part a small port, named Safety

Harbour, where is deep water close to the shore. In conclusion, Sir James Stirling directed attention to Shark's Bay on the west coast, and the head of the Australia Bight on the south coast, as points well deserving a careful examination by our nautical surveyors. A plan of Rottenest Island, and the approaches to Swan River, as surveyed by Captain Wickham and the officers of the Beagle, was laid upon the table by permission of Captain Beaufort, R.N.—3. 'The Personal Narrative of the Pashá of Egypt from Cairo to Fazoglo, on the Blue Nile, in 1838-9.' Translated from the Turkish, and communicated by Dr. Bowring. Leaving Cairo, in a steamer, on the 15th October last, the pashá and his suite, including several European engineers, &c., ascended the course of the Nile as far as the cataracts of Es-suan, which they reached on the 28th; the vessel having only grounded once at Atfiel, about seven hours above Cairo. Embarking here in a dahabíyah, as the steamer could not pass the narrows, they passed Dongolah, and proceeded on to Ambukol, when they landed, and crossed the desert of Bayúdeh, reaching the Nile again at Jebel Raiwan, and thence went to Khartúm, at the junction of the White and Blue Rivers. Stopping here for a few days, the party proceeded by Wad Medinah and Sennár to Rosseios, where they arrived on the 25th December, and remained a fortnight. On this part of the route a great quantity of birds were met with; guinea-fowls, wild geese, storks, pelicans, ostriches, &c., abound. Continuing their journey, they slept the first night at Farusto; the second, at Jelúl; the third, at Kayar; and on the fourth day, the 13th January, reached the mountains and village of Fazoglo, on the west bank of the river. The pashá remained some time here, and gave orders to build a house for himself, and magazines for provisions and ammunition, on an eminence nearly surrounded by water on the opposite bank of the stream. He strictly forbade the continuance of the gazá, or slave hunts; and set at liberty a number of prisoners taken at Kordofán. From Fazoglo, the pashá advanced to Fazangoro, whither Khoerú Effendi, and Messrs. Lambert and Boreani, engineers, had preceded him to examine the district and search for gold dust. After having explored the torrent Khor el Wadi from its source to its mouth, and ascertained that the sands are equally rich throughout its whole extent, he descended, on the 31st January, from the mountains of Fazangoro to the plains, and selected the point of junction of Khor el Wadi with the Bahr el Azrek, as the site of a town to be named after himself, Mohammed 'Ali, and in which 1500 families from Fazoglo are to be located, in order to work the gold mines. After having received with great kindness all the neighbouring sheikhs, and urged them to cultivate the ground, and to send their children to Cairo for instruction, the viceroy departed, on his return to Egypt. At Khartúm, he gave permission to the Christians to erect a church: at Dongolah he proclaimed the freedom of trade in indigo, which this province and Berber produce in great quantities; and, leaving Mr. Lambert to make a report on a projected railroad across the desert from Abú Mohammed to Kuruakú, and another on the formation of a canal between the White River and Kordofán, in order to furnish water to irrigate the land, and to facilitate the carriage of the iron from the mines which exist in the neighbouring mountains, he continued his journey; and, on the 14th March, the cannon of Cairo announced to Egypt the return of the

and simple method of instruction in the art of drawing, upon the only solid basis of science." Mr. Howard maintains that drawing should form a principal part of the education of every one; ridicules the idea that all proficient in drawing must belong to a more gifted class of the creation; condemns the system of beginning with difficult details; contends that any one who can write can draw; shews that the first and indispensable qualification of drawing, as a means of communicating ideas, is that it should convey a distinct and intelligible impression, for which purpose it must possess character; points out that every class of objects has its characteristic forms; and recommends that the roughest, rudest general characteristics, should at first be attempted, to which details should be added, as the hand acquires facility, and the head knowledge to direct it. These general principles Mr. Howard proceeds fully, and with great ability, to illustrate in a series of plates, strikingly exhibiting the distinct characteristics of different kinds of trees. In the lettering of two of these plates, we observed an error, which, though slight, may mislead a young person and a beginner. P should have been O, and O should have been P.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

ROSES.

A Fancy Song, suggested by the Horticultural Fête of the 15th instant.

It was, indeed, a fairy scene of fragrance and of flowers; Delicious music filled the air, Beauty adorned the bowers; The fruitage of a hundred shores met in that favour'd spot—

Pomona gems, the rich and rare—transient, yet unforget; What marvel that the sylvan god once left his forests green, (queen?)

With rural pipe to serenade the orchard's blooming What marvel if, with Flora by, between the tempting two, (woo?)

He stood, the image of despair, and knew not which to I've gazed on many a goddess bright—their kisses and their smiles (lakes?) Have blest alike my lip and eye, 'mid fancy's vision'd But still, despite the magic art that with the poet dwells, What are they all, compared with one of Beauty's earthly spells?

Away! away! who talks to me of amethyst and pearl? Why, I would rather have one smile from yon light-hearted girl,—

One murmur of her lip of love,—one pressure of her hand, Than all the wealth of rich Peru, or gems of Samarcand.

Red roses garland Hymen's shrine, the fragrant and the fair, (there?)

But not a flower of beauty's bowers, blooms ever single Lightly Love waves his fairy wand, and, lo! a morn's single rose, (blows?)

Ere shine the stars,—a blushing bride, a double floweret Oh! would I were a gay parterre, adorned by Flora's hand, Gifted with Hymen's magic fane, and Cupid's fairy wand,— (should mingle?)

Then should my motto "union" be; flowers of all sorts But not a rose-bud of them all should bud to blossom single!

June 18, 1838.

HENRY BRANDRETH.

LINES,

Written Extempore at the Plain of Waterloo, by Sir Richard Paul Jocrell, Bart., M.A., September 23, 1838, and printed for the Benefit of the "British Charitable Fund" at Brussels.

E'EN yet I seem to hear the cannons roar, Where Gallia's eagles conquering trophies bore; Where the stern Tyrant's yet undaunted force With troops unnumber'd measured horse to horse.

But see! the Cœur de Lion of his day, With brave allies, cuirass'd in war's array; The British lion to th' attack leads on, For victory, or death,—heroic Wellington! There Scotia's Greys the furious charge withstand,

Defy the Gallic chieftain's legion band; 'T was then the proud Napoleon felt dismay, Pall'd at the sight of British chivalry.

'T is done, how chang'd, how tranquil, now 't is o'er!

No sound is heard aloof, no cannons roar:

For all is hush'd in death; and warriors brave Sleep the long sleep within the ravine's grave. See where the ploughman wends in lonely toil, And Belgian palfreys till the yielding soil; Not steeds like those that bit th' ensanguin'd ground,

When bombs terrific hurl'd destruction round. How many thousands lie entomb'd in earth, Where now the harvest smiles and rural mirth! Departed spirits flit along the air!—

No funeral pomp, no coffin pall was there!— The warrior's mantle wrapt the cold remains, And the dank sod no vestiges proclaims; Save where as yet we trace the murd'rous ball, Rife in the clod, and relic of the soil; The batter'd walls of Hougoumont before, Or where Haye Sainte's enriched by human gore.

Ah! yet before we part, I linger here; Peace to their manes, drop a pious tear: Here Grose, here Staples fell! and Howard there; (spare!)

Not "All the blood of Howards" life could Friends of my earliest youth!—Etonian friends! To ye, Melpomene her tribute tends.

Now, lo, thy tablets fade! and ruthless Time Deigns not to spare e'en records such as thine. More lasting monuments thy country gives, Grateful to patriots all, your memory lives.

Though more than twice ten years have long since past, (last;)

Such names, such honour, and such praises And e'en in history's far recorded page Shall last,—the glory of the future age.

Whate'er we read of Xerxes' arms of old, Of fell Darius, or of Cyrus bold;

Whate'er of Agincourt's or Poitiers' name, And Edward's laurels gain'd by Crecy's fame;

Whate'er of chivalry's romantic charm; Or Blenheim's battles won by Marlborough's arm;

The palm is greater, Waterloo, to thee; Peace to the world, compatriot Liberty!

SKETCHES.

THE PICTURE OF COLIAS PER.*

HE is somewhat round and corpulent, not that he is big with fat but swell'd with being soe full of himself.

He hath a kind of leaden look or hereditary heaviness by descent, tho he disguiseth it now and then with a small conceit.

He rangeth up and down like a spaniell and waggeth his tongue as a dog doth his taylor.

He is not of a shape for a Lap dog and yet the beast will be lolling in chaires and pretending to Ladies.

He Loveth Having and his devouring eye giveth him such a property in every thing he seeth that he thinketh the man committeth robbery who keepeth his own from him.

Theres not a place in Court from the Treasury chamber to the scullery y' he hath not layd his hand upon.

And if he was to marry againe he would put them every one into his noeing particular.

He doth not desire things like other men but length for them like great belly'd woeman or girls in the green sickness.

You halfe murder him if you denye him.

He is like a Child that is allway either sucking or cryeing.

* The MS. whence the above character is printed is in an old hand, and seems to be about the middle of the 17th century. It was found among a mass of other and various papers in the muniment room of a nobleman of high rank; but to whom it refers, or if original and unpublished, are circumstances which we cannot ascertain. We copy it on account of its extraordinary and pithy bitterness; and as perfect a model of sarcasm and severity as could be expressed in the English language.—Ed. L. G.

Every moment he ceaseth to get the great baby is vnquiet and bawleth.

He would sue the world for not doing him right and take all that is in it for damages if he might be Judge in his own Case which he always thinketh very reasonable.

He canot spare a thought to any thing but as it may tend to doe him good.

And being odious to all mankind he thinketh he is bound to make himselfe amends by an extraordinary passion for his own sacred person.

His religion consisteth in worshipping himselfe a worse kind of Idolatry than those that erect Altars to rats and Polecats.

As malice is the effect of other men's wit it is the Cause of his.

For he can noe more speak well of any thing than a man can with a safe conscience doe soe of him.

Yet he doth not hate a foole because he wanteth sence but because he is opposite to a knave.

He keepeth his frinds as he doth his ***** onely for present vse.

He carieth about with him the disease of Envy as a vengeance from heaven.

For he taketh noe pleasure in being rich because there are richer.

And whilst There is one happy man in the world by his nature he must be miserable.

The vngratefulest of men to that God who he thinketh made the world onely for the vse of him and his family.

He differeth from Judas onely in this that he would not have sold our Saviour soe Cheape.

He is a master piece of nature which as it never did before, soe it never can againe make such a scurvy thing if it should goe about it.

His Sister is a Counterpart of the Monster and if the race of devills were Extinct they twoe in Conjunction would raise a new one.

MUSIC.

Philharmonic Society.—The eighth concert of the above Society took place on Monday last, and was, with one or two exceptions, worthy of being the *finale* to the season. Spohr's *sonfonia*, No. 3, was executed admirably, but we cannot say we *admire* such ponderous compositions; we are not yet persuaded that sterling value consists in weight: it is the *ring* that distinguishes the true metal from the base, not the specific gravity. A *Mlle. Meert* sang *Mercadante's* "Se m' abbandoni;" her voice is a rich *mezzo soprano*, and her style is very pure, but it appeared to us that her cadences were always left unfinished: we should say, from some mismanagement of her breath. However, this corrected, she will prove a valuable acquisition to the corps of *cantatrici* now in England. Mr. Döhler played a *fantasia* of his own; and we are sorry that we cannot award him the praise that our contemporaries lavish upon him: mere manual dexterity is a poor substitute for expression in performance, and complicated harmony a bad *locum tenens* of melody. If Mr. Döhler will be of the Thalberg school, let him study its beauties, not its faults. Madame Dorus Gras sang Meyerbeer's "En vain j'espère" in her best style, and Beethoven's overture, "Fidelio," concluded the first act. The second opened with Beethoven's symphony, No. 4. Really we are at a loss to pronounce which of this great man's compositions delight us most; we can only ejaculate with Hamlet,—

"We never shall look upon his like again."

The band, led by Loder, and conducted by Moscheles, did him ample justice. Signor Mario, whom we now pronounce to be one of the finest tenors of the day, sang, with the purest taste and feeling, Meyerbeer's "Sarna funerea," from "Il Crociato in Egitto;" and a concerto of Mayrader's, performed by Blagrove, followed. The death of poor Mori has placed this young man in an enviable situation, at the head of his profession: his performance was masterly. A trio was effectively sung by Dorus Gras, Mario, and Giubelei, and an overture of Romberg's concluded. We must not neglect to mention the high yet proper tribute paid upon this occasion to the memory of Mori. Previously to the commencement of the concert, the "Dead March in Saul" was performed by the whole band; and many of his associates we observed to be deeply affected.

Hanover Square Rooms.—On Tuesday, Miss. Katharina Bott and Mr. F. Chatterton's morning concert was very fully attended; the vocal music generally consisted of old favourite airs from popular operas, all of which were well executed. Mr. F. Chatterton on the harp delighted us much: we only regretted he did not play more. Miss. Bott played a concerto on the piano with great execution; also a fantasia for the left-hand alone, which she managed with extraordinary facility, and was loudly applauded. Madame Albertazzi's "Non più Mesta;" Madame Stockhausen's "Die Kindheit;" the duet, "Sull' Aria," by the same ladies; Herr Lidel's violoncello solo; and Mr. Richardson's fantasia on the flute, were each and all great musical treats.

Mr. Kollman's fourth concert on Wednesday was also fully attended. These concerts are given by Mr. Kollman in order to display the powers of his patent pianoforte, and if we may judge from the applause bestowed, his purpose has been fully answered.

We seem concert mad, and if not, ought to be a musical people. There are several almost daily; and all the high talent now congregated in London is produced to attract the crowds by which most of them are attended. To-night we see there is one for Miss Johnston, whose appeal is strengthened by her parentage and family circumstances. On Friday, Mrs. William Seguin and Mrs. John Hullah (both Academy pupils), announce a charming treat, including the last appearance of Dorus Gras.

THE DRAMA.

Her Majesty's Theatre.—On Saturday, Miss. Pauline Garcia appeared in *La Censurata*, and we left the theatre with mixed feelings of pleasure and disappointment: pleasure at hearing a voice of rich melody and extraordinary compass execute many sweet passages of music with feeling and taste; disappointment: that the whole was less excellent than certain portions; and disapprobation that so young and promising a creature should be there to sustain the weight of an opera—a task to which she is not yet equal, either with justice to the composer or herself; and where, on the alternate nights, long-practised and mature prima donnas, in the very zenith of their powers, make the contrast more unfavourable. It is impossible to judge of Garcia's power of attracting a full house, since there can be no doubt the *ballot* with Taglioni is now the lodestone of fashion.

Drury Lane.—Mr. Russell, one of the most distinguished contemporaries of the Kings and the Bannisters, and nearly, if not quite, the last survivor of the Augustan era of English

comedy, has advertised a benefit at Drury Lane on Monday, when a new opera is to be produced, supported by the most eminent vocalists of the time. We earnestly hope the public will, as in the recent case of Mrs. Bayly, remember how strong a claim upon its sympathy is advanced in the person of the inimitable *Jerry Sneak*.

Covent Garden.—*King Henry V.*, as we thought it would, and as it most richly deserves to do, fills this theatre to an overflow four times a-week; so that we trust, even in the least glorious sense, the liberal spirit of its management will meet with a suitable return. The public, it seems, are not to be persuaded by most acute criticism, that the nearer to perfection Shakspeare is produced upon the stage, the worse it is. Ignorant people will admire exquisite scenery, appropriate illustration, and splendid and accurate costume; just as they like the text of books not a bit the less for being beautifully embellished by the painter and engraver. This is passing strange; but such is the perversity of taste, and we must submit to the provoking fact of Macready's success in having adorned a fane worthy of the immortal bard of Avon.

Strand Theatre.—Mr. Hill has been playing some of his Yankee characters with great success here; and the little theatre in the Strand now ranks as one of the most popular places of amusement in London.

VARIETIES.

The Nelson Monument.—It is stated, that the decision upon this National Work of Art is to be given to-day; and we hear it whispered that there is a strong party in the Committee in favour of certainly the least original design, and hardly the most characteristic,—a Column. The Duke of York's Pillar, and the Monument, are fair specimens of what can be done in this style of art; and we do not think they hold out very strong temptations to an increase of the number of such embellishments in the metropolis. There is, however, no accounting for tastes; and we do not know but that Lot admired his wife when she was turned into a similar form. The whole business, we fear, will but illustrate the inexpediency of general competition in such cases.

The Young Giraffe.—We some time ago mentioned that the giraffe in the Zoological Gardens was with young; and we have now the pleasure to say that she has given us the first of the species ever produced in Europe. It is a fine male, reaching about six feet, and is doing extremely well. The weather is very favourable.

Gallery of Natural Magic.—Under this name, an exhibition of a new and most delightful kind has just been opened at the Colosseum. The apparatus is of extraordinary power, and the illusions in optics, electricity, &c. &c. are such as to excite equal pleasure and astonishment, while they convey to the mind striking information on many points of science, which thus seen can never be forgotten. It is, indeed, a resort to which we advise young and old to go for recreation and instruction.

Pathological Anatomy.—Dr. F. Thibert's unequalled collection of models for the study of medical science have arrived in London from Paris. In these he represents internal and external diseases with perfect identity by compositions in relief; and it is impossible to speak too favourably of their accuracy and value.

H.B.'s.—Three more! Nos. 595, 6, 7. The first, "Gulliver (Lord Melbourne) and his

Nurse" (Wellington), in the situation described Chapter V. of the "Voyage to Brobdingnag." The Queen is in the background, dreadfully alarmed for her favourite; but it is evident that the nurse will rescue him from his dangerous predicament. The next is a "New Patent Safety Cab;" Lord J. Russell and Sir R. Peel driven by Whittle Harvey. The last, a glorious female group at "Child's Play." The Queen is in the circle, and round her, linked hand in hand, the Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Normanby, and the ladies of the bedchamber, all shouting in chorus, "Can't get out! can't get out!" It is a merry and lively piece.

Gustave Adolphe Bassie.—This extraordinary boy is, we hear, again in London, after performing a tour in the provinces, and in Scotland and Ireland; where the demonstration of his wonderful powers of memory have been very highly appreciated by the learned and scientific, as well as by the general classes of society. At Edinburgh, Glasgow, Belfast, Dublin, &c., he exhibited his Mnemonic System to the astonishment of numerous audiences; and, we believe, he is about to repeat these proofs of its capabilities under the highest patronage in the metropolis. How far his own genius can be communicated so as to make his process available in education we cannot determine, but it is surely worth a careful and patient trial.

Cambridge Antiquarian Society.—We have much pleasure in stating that a society has recently been formed for the encouragement of the study of the history and antiquities of Cambridge and Cambridgeshire, and already bids fair to produce most important results. At the head of the society is the Rev. the Master of St. John's College; the office of secretary is filled by J. O. Halliwell, Esq., of Jesus College; and that of treasurer, by the Rev. J. J. Smith, of Caius College.—*Cambridge Chronicle*.

Earthquake.—Earthquakes are rare in England; but at 8 A.M. on Tuesday, the 11th inst., a shock was experienced near Manchester, and yet more sensibly about Burnley.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

In the Press.

French Master for the Nursery, by M. Le Page, author of "L'Echo de Paris."

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Blanche of Navarre, a Play, by G. P. R. James, Esq., 8vo. 4s.—Second Additional Supplement to London's Hortus Britannicus, 8vo. 8s.—Illustrated Catalogue of Lepidopterous Insects, by W. Wood, F.R.S. (1844 coloured Figures), 8vo. 8s. 2s. 6d.—Practical Treatise on Railways, by Lieut. P. Lecount (From the "Encyclopædia Britannica"), post 8vo. 9s.—Buenos Ayres and La Plata, by Sir W. Parish, 8vo. 18s.—Dr. Spillars's Pathological Semiology, from the German of Prof. Schill, 8vo. 7s. 6d.—A Key for Catholics, by R. Baxter, with Notes, by Alport, 8vo. 12s.—The Cottage Fireside, by the Rev. H. Duncan, new edition, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—Rev. S. Willberforce's Sermons at Oxford, 12mo. 4s. 6d.—The Educator, Prize Essays, 12mo. 7s. 6d.—Macgillivray's History of British Birds, Vol. II. 8vo. 16s.—Hutton's Book of Private Devotions, 48mo. 2s.—Froissart's Chronicles, new edition, 2 vols. royal 8vo. 36s.—Gammer Grethel, or German Fairy Tales, post 8vo. 10s. 6d.—The Queen Bee, by M. A. Ward, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—The Life and Death of Rachel Howard, Part I. 1s. 6d.; Part II. 2s.—The Tour, a Poem, 32mo. 2s.—Gospel Tracts, by the Rev. R. Hale, 18mo. 3s.—Dick, the Pony, new edition, 18mo. 1s. 6d.—Bob, the Terrier, new edition, 18mo. 1s. 6d.—Tales of the Wars of Scotland, Vol. I. 12mo. 4s. 6d.—Paul and Virginia, pictorial edition, Imperial 8vo. 51s.—Mrs. Phelps's Short Reflections on the Gospels for every Sunday in the Year, 18mo. 4s.—Rev. W. Greider's Five Sermons at Oxford, 18mo. 3s.—Geographical Reading Lesson, by a Lady, 12mo. 5s.—Confidential Fragments, by C. R. Wild, 8vo. 5s.—The Printer's Manual, by C. H. Timperley, royal 8vo. 3s. 6d.—Dictionary of Printers and Printing, by Ditto, royal 8vo. 36s. 6d.—Immortality, a Poem, post 8vo. 8s.—Life of Margaret Haemphill, mother of King Henry VII., by Caroline A. Bailest, 8vo. 12s.

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By the Rev. Howard Malcom, of Boston, U.S. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1839. Tilt.

THE missionary efforts of America in the Eastern seas have been most zealous, and, in many parts, attended by the best effects. The present work is a good sample of their spirit: Intense piety and unwearied perseverance, unattended by bigotry to impede the one, or fanaticism to mar the usefulness of the other. Thousands of tracts are distributed; native education is earnestly followed out at various stations; some converts to Christianity are made; and the Gospel is publicly taught in the language of the countries. It is true that the results are yet imperfect and unsatisfactory. Tracts are destroyed or disregarded—education has made but feeble progress—converts are few and doubtful—and the truths of the Scriptures scantily propagated, and hardly understood: but the seed is sowing, and even within the brief space of three or four years it has partially taken root, and blossomed, and borne fruit. May we not hope that, with the blessing of Providence, these endeavours will be speedily and extensively crowned with the entire success they deserve; and that civilisation and improvement will advance hand-in-hand with the moral and divine code of the Christian faith, till these vast regions rejoice in order and in safety, in prosperity and in happiness, in the full enjoyment of the lavish bounties which this earth so profusely offers to human cultivation in these luxuriant climes, and the consoling prospect of eternal life as the reward of virtue in this our world of trial?

With regard to the author, whose volumes have drawn forth these short introductory remarks, he enjoyed great advantages for obtaining information about the parts he visited. Sent from Boston, U.S., to inspect the condition of the Oriental missions, and devise the best means for combining and continuing their labours with advantage to the good cause; he appears to us to have sought intelligence in the most rational manner, and to have weighed it with care and impartiality, so that his statements may be received as the most correct within the reach of a white man to obtain. Though enthusiastic in his pursuits, he is not misled by his feelings; and we think we may rely, with perfect confidence, on the many new and interesting matters which he communicates. A nice little map is also a suitable companion to these travels; and they open fervently:—

“How cordial (says Mr. Malcom) and comprehensive are the sympathies of true religion! Who that saw the Louvre, with her eleven ordained ministers, about to spread her canvass, could fail to contrast the scene with ordinary shipping operations? Over all the wharf is one dense mass of grave and silent spectators, while the decks and rigging of the adjacent ships are filled with younger, but not less intent observers. No sound interrupts the ascending prayer. The full harmony of a thousand voices wafts to heaven the touching hymn. Count-

less hands, thrust toward the narrow passway, seek the last token of recognition. Even the aged, unaccustomed to tears, weep, not from bitterness, but in exuberance of love. But here are none of the customary inducements to convene a crowd. A ship sailing with passengers is no novelty. One of the number was, indeed, the pastor of a large and most affectionate congregation; but with the others, in general, the multitude had no acquaintance. Personal attachments, therefore, had not assembled the people. There was, in fact, nothing in the scene which could call forth a general interest, but its religious character. The regular packet, crowded with passengers, leaves our shores, while only here and there a group of personal friends look on with interest. The merchantman unfurls his sails, but his destination and objects are not regarded. But the missionary!—he awakens the sympathy of every believer. Stranger though he be, all press to grasp his hand, and, when gone, all intercede for him with God. Even denominational preferences are forgotten, and every sect mingles in the throng, exulting in a common joy.”

From September 23d, 1835, to the 21st of the ensuing February, these worthy men ploughed the deep; and, after touching at Calcutta, arrived at Amherst and Maulmain in Burmah, on the opposite coast of the Bay of Bengal. Thence Mr. Malcom coasted southward, in a small vessel, to Tavoy and Mergui, employed in the works of his mission. Of Tavoy he tells us:—

“The province, exclusive of the city, contains 4768 houses, and 25,143 inhabitants; or rather over five to a house. There are from thirty to forty criminal convictions per annum. The revenue is more than equivalent to the expenditure of the company in keeping up its military and civil establishments, which is said not to be the case with any other of these provinces. The number of priests is estimated at about four hundred. Of nuns there are about fifty; of whom all I saw were beyond middle life, and generally wore the aspect of mendicants. The dialect of Tavoy is a sort of obsolete Burman, scarcely intelligible to those who speak the pure language; but no difference exists in writing.”

Of its missionary *status* we learn:—

“Public worship in the Burman language is held every Sunday morning, in a convenient chapel of ample dimensions, at which the children of all the day-schools, with their teachers, are required to be present. Few of the other heathen citizens attend; seldom more than two or three; and as there are but five native Christians in Tavoy, the congregation is very small. Some that were baptised here have gone to other places. Worship is also held every evening at the house of one of the missionaries, at which the native Christians and pupils in the boarding-schools attend. Seven soldiers have been baptised, but all are now gone; and only a gentleman in the medical service, and the missionaries, form at this time the Baptist communion in Tavoy. In no part of our field is help more wanted than for the Burman department of the Tavoy mission.”

Of Mergui we are told:—

“Mergui has been put down as one of our stations, but it was only occupied by a native assistant for six months. We have but one professed Christian in the place, and that a woman. Mr. Mason has been thrice through the town, on his way to the Karens up the Tenasserim; and the efforts he and his assistants have made have met encouraging results. * * * The fact, too, that Siamese Shyans live here, most of whom, the men at least, speak Burman; and that on the Tenasserim, and its tributary streams, and on the coast below Mergui, they have villages, one containing eight hundred souls,—urges us to make early efforts here. If any of these Shyans should receive Christ (and surely we may hope and believe they would), they would be invaluable in carrying the gospel to their countrymen, who inhabit the hills and mountains from the Tenasserim to Bangkok. Tracts, &c. in this language, can at once be had from Mr. Jones, and all things seem to be ready. The intercourse between Burmah and Siam, so far as the natives of the two countries are concerned, is perfectly unrestrained, though no white man is allowed to pass the frontier.”

And generally we are assured that:—

“Though there is not the slightest restraint upon idolatry in these provinces, the people are certainly less devoted to their superstition than before the war. It is scarcely possible to discover, from the appearance of the streets, when the worship days occur; and the number of priests is much less than it would be among an equal population in Burmah Proper. The people are evidently ripening for some change. There is, therefore, eminent necessity for following up, with the utmost vigour, the means for extending Christianity.”

There ought to be, and must be, some substitute: for a picture of a native, in his present state of idolatry, is one that powerfully touches the heart. Mr. M. relates:—

“While walking among these distressing evidences of folly and misery, we often saw scenes like the following:—A poor man struggled up the back part of the mountain with a little child on his hip, less than three years old, plucking a few green twigs from the bushes as he passed. He went up to a great bell, suspended in the area, and, taking a deer's horn lying on the ground for the purpose, struck it twice or thrice. Then, reverently entering the image-house, he prostrated himself, and taught his little one to do the same, which it did so readily as to make it certain it was not its first attempt. He then prayed, with the palms of his hands placed together, and raised to his forehead, while the poor little babe lisped out some of the same words. At the conclusion, he walked up to the idol he had addressed, and laid before it, with great solemnity, his offering of green leaves, and, taking up the babe, descended the mountain.”

If this worship be sapped and taken away, it is the sacred duty of those who do so to take care that a better and purer faith be planted in its stead. At Maulmain:—

“The native church under Mr. Judson's care has more than a hundred members. Some

sixteen or eighteen are valuable assistants, of whom a part are generally employed at other stations. Such as are employed here meet Mr. Judson every morning at sunrise, and give an account of their labours during the previous day, often rehearsing the very conversations. An excellent opportunity is thus obtained for enlarging and rectifying their views, and giving them helpful ideas in particular cases. On Sunday, the congregation consists of but few beside the church members. If any attend three or four Sundays, they are pronounced disciples by their friends, and indeed generally become so."

We shall here close our extracts from the first portion of the work, relating to Burmah, as far as the missionary affairs are concerned; and proceed to a few notices of the people, their habits, and condition. Here are *comforts*!—

"Aside from the danger of navigating this side of the bay of Bengal (except from September to March, when the weather is exceedingly fine), the inconveniences are not small, from the bad construction and management of the vessels employed, and the annoying insects, &c., with which they abound. My little cutter is superior in all those respects to the Burman vessels, which I expect generally to sail in from place to place. I can stand up in the cabin, while in those one can only sit, and that on the floor. I have a little quarter-deck, which they know nothing of; and we have an iron anchor, while theirs is but a piece of wood, shaped like a fish-hook. On the score of insects, too, I am informed that my condition is far better. In the latter point, however, I can by no means boast. Hundreds of ants, great and small, black and red, move in endless files every where. Cockroaches, flying and creeping, spotted, striped, and plain, walk over me and about me all night; but, through mercy, they do not bite, and are, withal, quite shy when there is a light burning, and so do not interrupt me when engaged. I now and then kill a forward fellow; but it is in vain to think of abating the nuisance, for their 'name is Legion.' I have nice sugar-cane laid in a corner for the ants, to keep them away; but some of them are blood-thirsty, and bite me with all zeal. I sometimes watch a bold fellow, as he runs over my hand; and, when he finds a suitable spot, he raises himself perpendicular, and digs into me, kicking and struggling, as if he would go through the skin. The spiders I kill without mercy; and busy enough they kept me the first day or two. Some of them have bodies as big as the joint of one's thumb, and occupy, as they stand, a space as large as the top of a coffee-cup. Nice nibble my clothes at night. I have seen but two or three centipedes, and succeeded in killing them; but there are, doubtless, more on board. But the mosquitoes! They are a torment day and night. I am comforted with the assurance that strangers suffer most with them, and hope they will not 'make a stranger of me' much longer."

The Burman new year is observed with curious ceremonies:—

"The festivities which usher in the new year (commencing at the April new moon) have, for several days past, kept the town excited. Before every Burman house is erected a slight bamboo palisade, six or eight feet long, decorated very tastefully with young palm-trees, and pots of water, filled with various beautiful blossoms. The moistened streets send up an enlivening freshness, which, with the odours of the flowers, makes the street like a charming avenue in a garden. The absurd,

yet amusing, ceremony to which these are preparations seems peculiar to Burmans. It is a general war of water. Every one is at liberty to wet his neighbour, but the compliment is chiefly paid by women to men, and men to women; the children taking the principal share of the business into their hands. I have just been riding along the principal streets to witness the scene; but no one offered to compliment me, or other foreigners, with a bowl of water. They know that foreigners, whose raiment is not so easily changed, do not relish the sport; though sometimes, out of ill-timed complaisance, they submit to it. Almost universally the people take it pleasantly; but occasionally I saw little fellows chased and overthrown in the dirt, who played off on men. It certainly requires some command of temper, to shew entire nonchalance when the children project a forcible stream from large bamboo syringes directly into the eyes and ears, creeping up slyly for the purpose, and running off with exultation. Not a native is to be seen with dry clothes; but 'holyday clothes' on this occasion are their poorest. No one can assign any origin or signification to this custom. It seems as if it must have originated in some notions of purification from the sins of the old, and entering cleansed upon the new year; but Buddhists have no idea of the remission of sins, in any way. Their only hope is to balance them with merit."

The caves near Maulmain are of splendid construction. Mr. M. says:—

"The last one we visited is on the Salwen, about fifteen or twenty miles above Maulmain. The entrance is at the bottom of a perpendicular but uneven face of the mountain, inclosed in a strong brick wall, which forms a large vestibule. The entrance to this inclosure is by a path, winding along the foot of the mountain; and nothing remarkable strikes the eye till one passes the gate, where the attention is at once powerfully arrested. Not only is the space within the wall filled with images of Gaudama* of every size, but the whole face of the mountain, to the height of eighty or ninety feet, is covered with them. On every jutting crag stands some marble image, covered with gold, and spreading its uncouth proportions to the setting sun. Every recess is converted into shrines for others. The smooth surfaces are covered by small flat images of burnt clay, and set in stucco. Of these last there are literally thousands. In some places they have fallen off, with the plaster in which they were set, and left spots of naked rock, against which bees have built their hives undisturbed. Nowhere in the country have I seen such a display of wealth, ingenuity, and industry. But imposing as is this spectacle, it shrinks to insignificance, compared to the scene which opens on entering the cavern itself. It is of vast size, chiefly in one apartment, which needs no human art to render it sublime. The eye is confused, and the heart appalled, at the prodigious exhibition of infatuation and folly. Every where, on the floor, overhead, on the jutting points, and on the stalactite festoons of the roof, are crowded together images of Gaudama—the offerings of successive ages. Some are perfectly gilded; others incrustured with calcareous matter; some fallen, yet sound;

* At Umerapoora, "Gaudama wears a form not given to him elsewhere, I believe, except in paintings, viz. that of a cock. The legend is, that when he was in that form of existence, he was king of all fowls, and, passing that place, he scratched there! Hence the sanctity of the spot, and hence the noble structure which distinguish it! The face of the stone cocks which ornament the niches, somewhat human, the bill being brought up to his eyes, like a huge hooked nose."

others mouldered; others just erected. Some of these are of stupendous size; some not larger than one's finger; and some of all the intermediate sizes; marble, stone, wood, brick, and clay. Some, even of marble, are so time-worn, though sheltered, of course, from changes of temperature, that the face and fingers are obliterated. In some dark recesses, bats were heard, and seemed numerous, but could not be seen. Here and there are models of temples, kyounga, &c., some not larger than a half bushel, and some ten or fifteen feet square, absolutely filled with small idols, heaped promiscuously one upon another. As we followed the paths which wound among the groups of figures and models, every new aspect of the cave presented new multitudes of images. A ship of five hundred tons could not carry away the half of them.

"English influence (we rejoice to hear), in a variety of ways, improves the temporal condition of these provinces. It has abolished those border-wars which kept this people and their neighbours continually wretched. None but those familiar with the country can describe the evils produced by a Burman war. The troops are drawn from the remotest provinces; and, as they march, labourers, stores, money, boats, and cattle, are taken without compensation. They have no tents, no pay, no regular rations, and suffer every sort of hardship. Every where, as they go, the people fly into the jungle; and such property as cannot be carried away is plundered without restraint. Poverty and distress are thus spread over the whole kingdom, even by a petty border conflict. Of course, at the seat of war, every evil is magnified a hundred-fold. The mode of raising troops is the worst possible. Each chief is required to furnish so many, and is sure to get rich by the operation. He calls first upon those who have money, and suffers them to buy themselves off, taking finally only those who have no money. So, if he want boats, the richer boatmen pay a bribe and get off, and the poor must go. So with carts, and, in fact, every thing. The suppression of war cuts off a large portion of the chances for these extortions. In the Tenasserim provinces, various improvements are perceptible. Coin is getting introduced instead of masses of lead and silver; manufactures are improving; implements of improved construction are used; justice is better administered; life is secure; property is sacred; religion is free; taxes, though heavy, are more equitably imposed; and courts of justice are pure, generally. Formerly, men were deterred from gathering round them comforts superior to their neighbours, or building better houses, for fear of exactions. Now, being secure in their earnings, the newly built houses are much improved in size, materials, and workmanship. There are none of those traps and trammels which embarrass courts in England and America. The presiding officer in each province, Amherst, Tavoy, and Mergui, sits as magistrate on certain days every week; and before him every citizen, male or female, without the intervention of lawyers, may plead his cause, and have immediate redress. Every where, in British Burmah, the people praise English justice; but they are not yet reconciled to regular taxation. Though the Burman government, or its oppressive agents, took from them more than they pay now, yet it was occasional; consisted chiefly in labour, and they were not under the necessity of saving any thing against a certain day—a matter to which they have been altogether unaccustomed."

From this place Mr. M. embarked for Rangoon, visited Pegu, Prome, and Ava. Passing up the Irrawaddy he says:—

"The boatmen having intimated, some days ago, that cattle were very plenty here, and that I might get a calf cheap, I inquired if they wanted veal themselves. They rather reluctantly confessed their desire, knowing me to be aware of their religious scruples; but I readily agreed that, if they would procure me a calf, my Madras servant should kill it, so that they might eat without compunction. Accordingly, at Nong-oo, the penin bought a fat yearling for a rupee and a half (nearly 3s. sterling.) But as the late owner was leading it to the river, half a dozen of the neighbours set up a clamour, because he had sold his beast to be killed; a crowd gathered, the penin slunk away, and the disappointed owner led back his heifer! The proper way to get meat is to shoot any fat animal you see, then pay its owner for the damage, and bear off your prize. The owner in such case escapes blame, and is regarded to get the money."

At Ava we are informed:—

"The Sur-ra-wa prince, to whom Mr. Kincaid next introduced me, received me with the greatest urbanity. He is the only full brother of the present king, a few years younger, and is more likely to succeed him than the proper heir-apparent." He is said exactly to resemble the king, and certainly there could scarcely be a more intelligent and manly countenance. The Alompra forehead, which distinguishes this family, slopes backward somewhat too rapidly for a good head, but is high, and has great breadth. When speaking, his countenance is lighted up with great animation. Though less literary than his uncle, the Mekara prince, he is considered more talented, and to possess more general information. He spoke in high terms of our country, and acknowledged the impolicy of the restrictions on exports, and other impediments at Rangoon. In remarking on various countries and their institutions, he shewed not only an enlightened, but a reflective and strong mind. Respecting the tribes between here and China, he gave me much valuable information. The object of my visit to the 'golden city' being explained to him, I expressed much satisfaction, in finding our missionaries here fully protected and enjoying all the rights of citizenship. He immediately drew a comparison between the liberal usages of this country, in receiving and protecting all foreigners, and the policy of China, in excluding them; invited me to place teachers in the adjacent cities; and recommended me to travel in the interior, and see more of the country. During the interview, his lady was introduced, with a lovely infant, two or three years old; and nothing occurred to indicate that odious haughtiness which so generally attaches to men of his rank in the East. On taking leave, he invited us to visit his garden next day, which we did; for I deem a garden a test of civilisation. We found a large space, perhaps an acre, well laid out, with raised brick foot-paths, plastered, and resembling stone. Marble tanks, artificial ponds, with gold and crimson fish, numerous watercourses and reservoirs, and several men engaged in drawing water from wells, shewed how much attention to irrigation is necessary to a garden at Ava. He had the peach, apple, coffee, fig, and many other foreign fruits, beside the varieties of luscious ones which are native. In an adjacent encl-

o "He succeeded the throne, on the death of his father, in 1857."

sure he had wild animals and some singular birds, perfectly gentle, and going at large. On the whole, it was a tasteful and pleasing spot. Men of rank, in this city, generally have such gardens, on which they bestow great expense. I visited one or two others, which had handsome *zayats* in them, where the owner reposed sometimes as in a summerhouse, or received his intimate friends. Not to multiply accounts of visits to great men, it will be enough to remark that I found all to whom I was introduced intelligent and affable. Having read of them as gorgeously arrayed on days of state ceremony, I was disappointed to find them dressed precisely like other men, i. e. with waist-cloth and turban only. These, however, were of the best materials. If it was the cool of the day, they wore also the *eng-yi*, or mullin coat. Their dwellings now are temporary buildings, outside of the city wall, and are, in fact, mere shanties. By what is, perhaps, a necessary precaution, in such a government, when the king goes out of the city, all the nobles must go out also, and stay out till he returns. He is now residing at his water-palace, so called—a collection of wooden houses, one story high, between the city wall and the water. During my whole visit here, Colonel Burney was in the habit of sending to me the distinguished persons who called upon him, who could give me information, from their own knowledge, of the tribes between this city and China. Among others was the lately famous Duhá Gám, who rules the largest part of the Singphoo. He came with a *sera-dau-gyee*, or chief secretary, and rode a horse richly caparisoned. The skirts of the saddle were circular, a yard in diameter, and completely gilded. In other respects, he had no marks of a prince but his intelligence. Among other inquiries, I asked if he would protect Christian teachers, and suffer them to give books, if we sent some to his tribe. He assured me that he would, and that all quiet foreigners were secure in any part of his dominions. Besides a small present of penknife, scissors, &c., he accepted a copy of the New Testament, an assortment of tracts, and a map of the world, lately lithographed by the missionaries, with the names in the Burman language. Mr. Kincaid endeavoured to impress on his mind some leading truths of religion.

* * The present aspect of the station is full of encouragement. Mr. Kincaid is completely at home in the language, and the native assistants, among whom is Ko Shoon again for a season, are laboriously engaged. Besides these, Ko Gwa, the deacon, a wise and valuable old man, is employed much of his time very usefully in private conversation through the city. He had charge of the late king's bearers, amounting to several hundred men, and possesses not only a large acquaintance, but some influence. Two or three of the other members are of very respectable worldly standing, and three young men give promise of becoming useful in the ministry. They are studying English, geography, &c. at the mission-house, under Mrs. Simmons, and two of them will probably join the school at Tavoy. All the disciples except two, who reside forty miles off, and one who is often kept away in attendance upon his sister, a maid of honour in the palace, are regularly at worship every Sunday, and attend the concert of prayer and such other meetings as may be appointed. Ava is a great centre, to which persons resort from every part of Burmah and its tributary states. Many of these come to the mission for books; not so much to hear about the 'new religion,' as to

see white foreigners, especially ladies. Except Mrs. Judson (who, of course, was little seen abroad during the war, and, as the governor's widow stated, part of the time wore the full Burman costume, to avoid molestation), no white female has ever been seen here, till the establishment of the British Residency. There they dare not go to satisfy their curiosity, and they flock to the mission-house, for the ostensible purpose of obtaining a tract. During my stay, there were always some in the house, often a complete throng, staring at every thing, feeling every thing, wondering at every thing. Often, when their attention is secured for a moment to divine truth, they begin to feel your hands, or examine the intricacies of your raiment, or the joints of your table, and you perceive your words are lost upon them. Sometimes they seem absorbed with wonder at the tract you have given them, and, in trying to find out how it is put together, pull it to pieces before your eyes. Many have heard that Mr. Kincaid has globes and an orrery, and come avowedly to see those. Our mode of eating is an especial marvel; and we generally have many spectators in the room or at the door. Such facts, together with those I have already mentioned in relation to tracts, must be remembered by the friends of missions at home, lest they make very erroneous inferences from the naked statements of missionary journals. It has been inferred from these, that persons have come hundreds of miles for a tract, or to hear of Christ, from its being stated, that a person from such or such a distant point came for tracts, &c.; whereas the person, being at the station on other business, came as a matter of curiosity. It has been inferred, too, that a general spirit of inquiry has been excited throughout the empire. Alas! the very contrary is the fact. In general, tracts are received more cordially at first than ever afterward; and often, on visiting a village a second or third time, few will accept a tract at all. A writer in America has stated that 'whole villages have been converted unto God.' There has been no such event. Two Christian villages have been formed by collecting converted Karens together, and others may yet be formed; but, as a general measure, it is deemed unsafe and undesirable. The great stumbling-block with Burmans, as with those to whom the apostles preached, is 'Christ crucified.' They cannot get the idea of an eternal God; and that Christ was a man seems to put him on a footing with Gaudama. They bring up the fact of his being 'born of a virgin' just as infidels do. Thus that glorious doctrine, which, to such of them as come to feel the power and guilt of sin, is the sweet theme that fills their hearts with peace, is, to the multitude, the 'hard saying' which they cannot bear. Yet there are some prominent encouragements at this station. That tracts and books may be distributed from hence to the remotest parts of the empire, is a very important circumstance. That they come from the imperial city, gives them augmented influence. That they are frequently taken by head-men and principal citizens, gives more. That government is fully aware of our missionary efforts, having had Mr. Kincaid several times before them, gives the people an impression that his conduct now is at least winked at. It is ascertained, also, that some thirty or forty persons in the city are so entirely convinced of the truth of Christianity, as to have forsaken the forms of Buddhism, and worship in secret, as they affirm, the eternal God. They dare not come to public worship, and some of them not even to the

missionary; but they receive gladly the visits of the native assistants; and, we may hope, will yet become decided Christians."

Returning to Rangoon, Mr. Malcom gives us some account of Arracan, now ceded to Britain, and of its towns, Chittagong, Akyah, Kyook Phyo, Ramree, &c. &c.

"The Mug population is usually given in books at 300,000, but, by the last official returns, is only 237,000. The country is divided into four districts, viz. Akyab, Ramree, Sadoway, and Aeng; of which Akyab has 108,166 inhabitants; Ramree, 68,934; Sadoway, 22,976; and Aeng, 11,751. In addition to these, there are hill tribes, not regularly numbered, amounting to about 25,000.

"Arracan was once famous for cocoa-nuts, but in former wars they were nearly exterminated. There are now scarcely any trees of this sort in the province, and quantities are imported. The fruits and vegetables are much the same as in Burmah, but in general less abundant, and of inferior quality. Oranges (called by the natives sweet limes) are very plenty[ful] and excellent. The proper lemon, I was told, is not found, but there are sour limes as large as ostrich-eggs, with skin as thick as that of the shattuck. In some places there are mangoes, and the jack is pretty common. The wild fig is excellent. Other fruits are much the same as in Burmah, but scarcer and of inferior quality. The annual fall of rain is about two hundred inches. The seasons are the same as those of Pegu."

We end with a remarkable passage, descriptive of the adjacent shores:—

"The region between Kyook Phyo and Akyah is an extensive and yet unexplored archipelago of small hilly islands, for the most part uninhabited. In winding among these, instead of putting out to sea, the scenery, though wild, is often very fine—

'An orient panorama, glowing, grand,
Strange to the eye of Poesy; vast depths
Of jungle shade; the wild immensity
Of forests, rank with plenitude, where trees
Foreign to song display their mighty forms,
And clothe themselves with all the pomp of blossom.'
Lytton.

"The shores for the most part are coral. Specimens of great size and beauty, white, yellow, red, and black, are gathered here. To walk on 'coral strands' was not less new to me than to see beautiful shells, such as are on mantel-pieces at home, moving over the moist sand, in every direction, each borne by its little tenant. The study of conchology has long seemed to me to bear about the same relation to the animal kingdom, that the study of the coats of unknown races of men would be to the human family. But to see the creatures in their robes; to watch them as they sought their food, or fled to their holes at my approach; to mark what they ate, how they made their holes, and how, when overtaken, they drew all in, and seemed dead; how they moved, and how they saw, &c., was delightful. I felt myself gazing at a new page in Nature's vast volume. I rejoiced that my God is so wise, so kind, so great, and that one day I should read his works 'in fairer worlds on high.' Some of these large shells resembled large snails, but of beautiful colours; others, still larger, and more elegant, were of the shape used for snuff-boxes; others were spiral cones, five or six inches diameter at the base. Each had claws, which it put forth on each side, and walked as a tortoise, but much faster. When alarmed, the head and claws were drawn inward so far as to make the shell seem empty. As my ignorance of conchology prevented my distinguish-

ing common from rare specimens, I refrained from encumbering my luggage with either shells or coral."

The Pilgrim of Beauty, and other Poems. By Samuel Mullen. 8vo. pp. 134. London, 1839. Clark.

THIS little volume possesses more than ordinary merit. There is a feeling and a freshness in some of the pages, that far surpass the generality of similar publications. Thoughts that, without imitation, remind us of Shelley; for the author has the same yearning for the spiritual and beautiful. Many of the verses, also, are full of harmony; words that move smoothly and sweetly along, and carry away the reader in delightful reverie; and the mind glides peacefully from page to page, pleased with the passing imagery, as if contemplating the scenery while floating on the bosom of some tranquil river. The smaller poems are not so much to our taste, although many of them are fraught with deep feeling, and here and there we stumble upon a stanza that is truly beautiful. We select the following from the opening poem:—

"The ethereal plain was spread before my view,
In one wide scene of hallow'd beauty bright,
Where flowers of every form and every hue
Displayed their glories to the eager sight,
And fill'd each sense with exquisite delight;
And plants and shrubs all odorous and divine
Were growing there, beneath that lucid light
In which things lovely still more lovely shine,
And full perfection breathes, complete in each design.

No stately dome, no gorgeous minaret,
No solemn arch, no chisel'd pillar shone,
No lofty hall in sculptured stiffness set,
No palace there of ivory or stone;
But overhead a canopy was thrown,
Of pure, divine, unmitigated light,
In whose mild radiance evermore was shewn
The holy image of that form—how bright!
The centre of desire—the cause, the end of sight.
Majestic trees—whose verdant branches hung
Long graceful shadows o'er the flowery green—
Festoon'd with creepers, whose thin tendrils clung
All lovingly around the leafy scene,
As if with their fair forms they sought to screen
Their kind supporters from the bitter breeze,—
Like some fond wife, who thrusts herself between
The coming danger which her quick eye sees,
And him whom, more than self, her heart delights to please.

A river through the living landscape roll'd,
With graceful sweeps meandering to and fro,
Whose sparkling waters glow'd like burnish'd gold,
And made low music with their rippling flow.
Clear was the wave; the golden sands below
With precious stones were studded, sparkling bright,
That consecrations evermore did throw,
In flashing rays of many-coloured light,
Which, mellow'd by the wave, flung gladness o'er the sight."

Ianthe. By Nugent Taylor. 8vo. pp. 24. London, 1839. Saunders and Otley.

THE author has evidently modelled himself on Byron, and with but little success. It requires something more than dashes, breaks in the lines, and irregular accents, to produce the "Lara's," and "Glauc's," of the most off-handed of poets. *Ianthe* is not altogether devoid of pretty thoughts; but they are so huddled together, so carelessly expressed, that it often needs great attention to discover the author's meaning. Take the following as a specimen:—

"Amid the warmth of beauty's charms,
That balm'd him to hope's fearless rest—
Dreaming that earth and love were heaven.

And have they not been heaven to me?
O yes! when all life's pains are o'er,
And I have pass'd from care to thee,
My young heart's idol, memory's store
Of thought shall linger warm in bliss
Upon the dew of love's fond kiss.
Shall linger, as the last sad tone
Of music on the zephyr'd stream,
When fancy rays with hope alone
The poet in his mental dream.

O Love, thou art my rapture's theme!
Through wroag, and sorrow, pain, and woe,
The sunny morn that lights the beam
Which warms the mind with passion's glow,
Sweeping with fond and sweet delight
The shadow from my spirit's night."

"That balm'd him to hope's fearless rest,"

and

"Music on the zephyr'd stream,"

are conceits rather too quaint for the present age; indeed, the whole of the poem seems to have been too hastily written to need much criticism. If authors will throw off their productions so hurriedly and carelessly, they must rest content with the brief remarks we make upon their works: we cannot waste hours in criticising every trifle, although we always look at quality more than quantity.

A Concise Account of the several Foreign Orders of Knighthood, and other Marks of Honourable Distinction, especially of such as have been conferred upon British Subjects. Together with the Names and Achievements of those Gallant Men who have been presented with Honorary Swords, or Plates, by the Patriotic Fund Institution. By Nicholas Carlisle, Esquire. Knight of Guelphic, Iron Crown, Dannebrog, and many other Orders; Secretary of the Antiquaries' Society of London, &c. &c. &c. Large 8vo. pp. 582. London, 1839. Hearne.

THE boast of heraldry and the toils of antiquarianism, notwithstanding their importance in many respects, have in them inherent principles of gossipry, from the exhibition of which it is impossible to dissociate the discussion of any topic within their bounds. Neither has our worthy author refrained from indulgence in this line, nor from that of a harmless vanity in parading the numerous marks of distinction which have been bestowed upon him in the course of a long and irreproachable life employed in literary and antiquarian pursuits. The man whom Hanover, Austria, Denmark, have delighted to deck with stars or ribands—whom Oxford, London, Dublin, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Iceland, Mitau, Philadelphia, Palermo, Rome, and even Newcastle-upon-Tyne, have elected into various of their learned and scientific institutions—a gentleman besides of her majesty's honourable privy chamber, which must be next to a Knight of the Garter—the man, we say, covered, as it were, all over with such trophies and decorations, has a right to parade them a little in his title-page, and show that it is truly and literally a *Title-page* indeed. What would a merchant give to have so many Orders from Germany, from the United States, from the Baltic, from the Mediterranean, from the Adriatic, from the Liffey, the Tiber, the Hudson, the Thames, and the Tyne? Would he not hand up his *Order-Book*, as Mr. Carlisle has done, with pride and exultation? Human nature could do no less: the heart must be of the same stuff as the imperial Iron Crown, that could resist the soft impeachment swelling in the bosom to tell of the high destinies which had rewarded so glorious a career.

Of the work itself we may state, that it gives an account of the Austrian Orders, the Golden Fleece, Maria Theresa, &c.; the Baden Fidelity, &c.; Bavarian St. Hubert, St. George, &c.; Belgium Leopold, Iron Cross, &c.; Brunswick, Henry the Lion, &c.; Danish, Elephant, &c.; French, Holy Ghost, St. Michael, St. Louis, &c.; Genoa, St. George; Greece, The Redeemer, &c.; Hanover, the Guelphic, &c.; Hesse Cassel, Golden Lion; Darmstadt, Louis; Netherlands, Wil-

helm, &c.; Turkish, Crescent, &c.; Persian, Lion and Sun, &c.; Polish, White Eagle, &c.; Portuguese, Christ, Tower and Sword, &c.; Prussian, Generosity, Black Eagle, &c.; Romish, Golden Spur, &c.; Russian, St. Andrew, St. Catherine, &c.; Sardinian, Annunciation, &c.; Savoy, St. Maurice, &c.; Saxon, St. Henry, &c.; Sicilian, St. Januarius, &c.; Spanish, Golden Fleece, Charles the Third, &c.; Swedish, Seraphine, Sword, &c.; Tuscan, St. Joseph; Wurtemberg, Crown, &c.; the British Orders; and some of Africa, South America, and other parts.

In a work travelling over so large an extent, and embracing so many subjects, there must of necessity be many omissions and imperfections. For some of these the author offers an apology; others, we think, might have been avoided by greater research and care. Mr. Townsend's previous publication is not liberally acknowledged as it ought to have been, and thus hostility provoked where candour might have silenced critical censure. "The Gentleman's Magazine," a good authority in such matters, points out these things; and our own opinion confirms the judgment. Another edition would enable the writer to remedy and correct what is wrong. In the meantime we select a portion of his introduction, with which we agree:—

"Foreign governments have studied to reward merit of every kind.—To the military are assigned special orders, according to their rank and service; to the civilians, are decorations and medals, adapted to every occasion; and, with a noble and wise policy, they are open to persons of all religious tenets, and neither interest, rank, birth, nor patronage, have any influence in the distribution of them,—but true merit is alone the recommendation to such distinction. Why, then, is Great Britain so sparing in civil honours? Why is this illustrious empire the only one in Europe, where there is no such dignified and generous mode of publicly distinguishing superior acquirements in science, in learning, and in liberal art? If the laws of the country are found to be unjust or imperfect, a remedy is provided by the senate. If, by some oversight, extraordinary knowledge, rare talents, and exemplary industry, be treated with indifference, why permit the reproach to continue? Is any encouragement of that spirit of emulation, which animates the civilian in his highly important but peaceful labours, to be found in the preceding regulations? If not, then let so injurious a partiality no longer exercise its chilling influence; let every class of the community be incited by the hope of national honours, to direct their best energies for the benefit and glory of a country capable and willing to reward most bountifully and gratefully civil as well as military services. I may safely predict, that the institution of a civil order would obtain the unanimous approbation of the British people, and that every national expression of gratitude would be offered at the foot of the throne for such an act of wise and liberal policy,—an act the more auspicious, as gracefully marking the commencement of the reign of a young and lovely queen."

We are aware that there is much difference of sentiment upon this point; but we cannot see if such distinctions are a stimulus to, and reward of, warlike services, why they should not produce the same effects upon men engaged in the arts of peace. Gulliver's three coloured silk threads (red, blue, and green) are very well to laugh at; but so long as there are human passions, ambition, the love of distinction, and

a just pride in believing that commendable actions are duly appreciated, so long will medals, crosses, stars, and bits of riband, be valued by the best and ablest of mankind. As we have alluded to the African order of the Palm and Alligator, we conclude by subjoining Mr. Carlisle's history of it, though in a less grave volume we might have fancied it a hoax. He says:—

"I feel a singular satisfaction in being able to record the institution of an order of knighthood by the independent kings and chiefs of the wild regions of Sudan, on the western coast of Africa, which bespeaks an advancement hitherto little known in the cultivation of the blessings of civilisation and humanity,—blessings which must greatly be increased and confirmed by the justice, protection, and philanthropy so wisely administered to them by Major (now Lieutenant-Colonel) Henry Dundas Campbell, late Lieutenant-Governor of the Colony of Sierra Leone, and its Dependencies."

In a letter from the kings and chiefs of Sudan, to his late majesty King William the Fourth, they beg to inform his majesty 'what Henry Dundas Campbell has done. He has given liberty to our country; for, before he came to the Timmanee country, the natives used to kill each other,—and sell and buy each other,—they committed all sorts of wickedness,—they disturbed all the country, so that there was no safe place for quiet people to cultivate. Nobody could travel, for they disturbed every place,—and these excesses were still committed, when the kings of Sudan met together, and sent to Henry Dundas Campbell, who came and made a treaty, and put a stop to the war, and they accepted his good regulations. They thought it better to deliver into his hands all the countries which he had governed more than twelve months. The kings came to Campbell, and went back, and said, 'We never saw any man like this Henry Dundas Campbell.'—All the nations were praying for him,—and those who heard them, said, 'It is true, for we never saw any one better than him among the kings.' All the nations of one accord said, 'We will obey and do whatever Campbell orders us to do. Campbell did not tell us any untruth,—he speaks the truth, like the Koran.' Campbell prays fervently,—he never mocks any one who prays, whether he be of his religion or not. Whoever goes to him, he receives kindly. He can laugh and play with a good man,—he cannot play with a bad one,—for every one likes him. He went to the fences, where the people were fighting,—he does not care for sickness, or pain,—nothing can hurt him. The kings are sure that God protects him, and that God has given him power to do good to their country. We, the people of Sudan, do not know how to thank Campbell, or reward him. We offered him gold,—he refused, saying, 'I came not here for gold.'—we never yet saw any Christian refuse to take gold, except this Campbell! The kings of Sudan begged him, saying, 'Accept this from us, to shew King William and his ministers how much the Africans loved Henry Dundas Campbell more than any other governor.' They have given him the order of the Palm and Alligator—none but kings can have that order. This country was under Campbell's command more than twelve months, during which time the people travelled over it in safety; the kings beg King William to let him wear that order, and to give some reward to Henry Dundas Campbell; and if the king does so, they will thank him as much as if he gave it to

them. O! King William, the name Abbas (sultan) which Campbell possesses, was given to him by us, that he might be honoured by all nations.' The deed, making Governor Campbell, Abbas, and granting him territory in the Timmanee country, is in the following words: 'All the kings and chiefs of the Timmanee country have met together to send for Henry Dundas Campbell. When they called him, he left his comfortable house and his soft bed, and came to them; he was not afraid of the suffocating and destructive climate; he came to the desert in the hot season, to the country which God had given him; when he arrived there, he found war raging terribly; but Campbell endeavoured to quiet them; he succeeded, and stopped the war immediately. Then all the natives were certain that Campbell was the cause of it, and that he came on purpose to make peace. When he arrived, he found no farms, but he began to teach them; when he did that, all the Sudan people wished to see him, which they did, and praised him greatly; and said, there is no one like him, he is very wise, he is just, and he was the means of doing us good. When the Sudan found him so affectionate and so merciful, they delivered up into his hands all their country, and they made oath to be faithful to him, and give him the country that he might restore it. They then made a treaty of peace, and put their country into his hands, after which nobody fought, but all collected together and made him Abbas; therefore, the Christians were jealous. The great name of Abbas is given to him and to all his children. The Sudan made the Abbas their leader and commander; we have made him our ruler, like the first Abbaside; we have given him the island of Royley, now called 'Ro Campbell,' and whatever portion of land he wishes to take for himself or for his children, for ever, until the end of the world.' The deed, making Governor Campbell Abbas of Sudan, and conferring upon him the order of the Palm and Alligator, is as follows:—"All the kings of Sudan have praised the Christian king, although you do not know it; but you must know for certain and be sure that we are the Timmanee, Mandingo, and Foulah nations, and Henry Dundas Campbell is our sultan. All the kings of these countries have given to him the order of the Palm and Alligator; and they have put into his charge all the country, to restore what was destroyed and ruined. All the kings of Sudan gathered together, and said, 'We have seen the chiefs, Captain Abbott, Royal African Corps, and Dr. Aitkin, who assisted our sultan in doing good to our country.' All the kings of the countries thank Captain Abbott and Dr. Aitkin, and ask God to bless them, for helping the sultan to settle our country. All the kings of Sudan have said, 'Well done!' The princes of other nations, called Dakta, Abkero, Kelora, Sager, will be gathered together of one accord, by his order, to help the sultan, for the good of our country. It is finished. All the Mussulmen who inhabit the whole of Sudan, with the inhabitants of Segou, have united together and said, 'We have made you sultan over us, like our former Abbas, who was the greatest sultan; there can be no sultan higher than Abbas, you are one of the Abbasides.' May God bless you, that you may live long, and keep your body in health; may the cold climates not injure you. O Lord, who art the lover of mankind, and whose throne is glorious, who hast life and death in thy power, and doest whatsoever thou wishest, bless him. We ask thee for the glory of thy countenance which

fills thy throne, and for the power which thou hast given to all thy creatures, and for the mercy which thou hast bestowed; there is no God besides thee. Bless him, O Lord; nourish him, O Lord God."

Bogotá in 1836-7. By J. Steuart. 12mo. pp. 313. London, 1839. Wiley and Putnam. THIS is the "narrative of an expedition to the capital of New Grenada, and a residence there of eleven months," and the author, in a desultory manner, gives us altogether the best account of the people, their manners, and many of the places he visited, that we have hitherto seen. It is to be observed, that though more remote and less frequented parts of South America have been particularly described, Bogotá and the Bogotans have, as far as we are aware, been passed over with comparatively little notice.

As Mr. Steuart does not venture upon scientific topics, and all his geography may rather be called topographical, we are not called upon to originate any mention of these matters; and may better illustrate the character of his volume by selecting a few passages which seem to us to possess the recommendations of novelty and variety. Thus having embarked in a vessel called a bonga, to pass through certain lakes, and ascend the Magdalena to Barranquilla, we learn that it is navigated by wretched blacks called bogas (*i.e.* river labourers), and that "these bogas, who are so far sunk below the grade of common humanity as to be unworthy of the name, make a great noise when poling the boats; and the most obscene and blasphemous expressions are uttered at every step they take. This, with the indecent exposure of their persons, may altogether rank them among fiends incarnate." This is finely contrasted by Nature in her scenery around. "Nothing (says Mr. S.) can much surpass the novel beauties of the scenery of this lake. The water transparent as the most polished mirror, and its surface undisturbed by a single ripple. Numerous mimic islands, or large clumps of dark green bushes, whose branches dip into the lake, are scattered in all directions. Large birds, of the most spotless white plumage, had settled on the boughs; at sight of which, joined to the perfect transparency of the sky above, and the sweet blandness of the morning air, filled as it was with delicious perfume, transported us back to the nursery tales of fairyland. All that was wanting to complete the illusion was to be shut out from the presence of those foul-mouthed beasts, the bogas, who were the only mar to the enjoyment of so lovely a scene."

Where all but the nature of man is divine.

On the second day, however, we have a different view, and it is thus journalised:—

"At daylight we entered just such another tangled passage as that we passed yesterday. This fully merits the appellation which it bears, namely, that of the 'Infernal Passage.' The 'patron' or skipper of the boat, however, did very wrong to attempt going through at this hour of the day. Had he but waited until the sun's power had been sufficiently felt, his prudence would have saved us from an hour and a half as severe purgatory as may well be conceived. For at the very moment the prow of the boat struck the thick beds of lilies, the air was perfectly filled with a species of small gnat, whose sting was instantaneous and excessively painful. There was no way of keeping them at bay. They attacked our very eyelids, lips, nostrils, and the interior of the

ears! All the flapping of hands and handkerchiefs was entirely without avail against the countless legions of such bloodthirsty and tormenting animals. As a last resource, we were obliged to roll ourselves completely up in sheets; yet within these folds, friendly as they were, we wellnigh endured all the horrors of suffocation, not daring to leave even space sufficient for respiration; for, the very moment the smallest aperture was made in our wrapper, in poured a stream of these malignant little wretches. Never should I speak disparagingly of moschetoos again after this acquaintance with the gnats that infest the Cienagas of Santa Marta. However, it was some little relief to the torment we suffered just to cast an occasional glance upon the whole company, thus busily employed; the quickness of their motions, their extravagant antics, their faces swollen with rage and bites, all joined to present a picture in which the painful and ridiculous were perfectly blended. The effects of these bites lasted much longer than those of the moschetoos, and we were obliged to use a wash made of laudanum and extract of lead in order to allay the constant irritation produced. We passed twelve or thirteen small lakes between Santa Marta and the Magdalena, all of which are connected by natural passages, and only two are as I have described them, the others having plenty of water, although in some it is very stagnant, and emits a fetid smell; the sun's rays being entirely excluded by the large, tall trees, which line very thickly either side. We saw, also, several large alligators sunning themselves, on the mud-flats."

Such are samples of the toils and sufferings to which commercial men must submit in these climes in the pursuit of gain; and, into the bargain, we are informed, "it seems to afford a pleasure to the people to witness an American or Englishman dancing about with sheer impatience, exposed to the hot sunshine, and venting his wrath at the delays which, day after day, he sees not the least probability of getting rid of. The lazy, Spanish shrug of the shoulders, the perfectly care-me-nothing expression of the countenance, and the thousand time reiterated assurance that 'Mañana, ó pasa mañana' (to-morrow, or the day after), all will be right, is the only consolation afforded."

We must, however, take a peep at the river itself:—

"Counted thirty-nine alligators, all of which were lying close together in one extended line. Some of them were very large. It is really horrible to witness them devouring that large fish called the bagre, for which they lie wait in the current and eddies of the river. They bring their huge jaws together upon their prey with a great noise and splashing, and then raise their heads out of the water in order to devour them, which occupies more time than would be expected in such a monster. Should they happen to seize upon the fish crosswise, they have great trouble in placing it in a straight position that they may swallow it, the blood running all the time over their hideous jaws. They sleep a great deal in the sun, with their mouths wide extended. Our boat would frequently get within an oar's length of one without waking it up; and, at this short distance, once or twice I poured a whole charge of duck-shot directly into his throat; but, whether he survived or not, I could not determine, as it invariably got to the water again. When we were about half a league from Los dos Caños we stopped for the night; the bogas

stretched their straw mats on a beautiful playa (sand-bar) of white sand. These mats, with their toldas over their heads, are the only beds they have. Moving around a large fire in the night, cooking their supper, with the white toldas raised around, they would form an excellent tableau for a painter. These fires are also essential for warding off the attacks of the tigers and other wild beasts, whose tracks are to be distinctly traced on every playa in the river. All night long the splashing of the caymans is to be heard as they pounce upon the unlucky fish; and it was with the greatest difficulty that I could pacify the women, and convince them of the impossibility of these animals reaching their heads above the gunwale and lugging them off."

Now for Bogotá; and, first, of the theatre. "There is one great comfort here for those occupying the rear seats, namely, the total absence of any thing like a bonnet—the ladies dress their hair with a single rose, oftentimes fresh plucked from the tree—but this comfort is counterbalanced by the constant attendance of those annoying little wretches, the fleas, which at all times and in all places scrape one's acquaintance unceremoniously enough." What a combination of fleas and roses! it seems worse than Tiberias, where the mighty monarch of these insects is said to keep his court. But from the stage to the realities of life:—

"The middling and better classes cannot be called even ordinary good liver. The few respectable foreigners here, and about three or four Bogotanos, are the only individuals who come within my ideas of comfort in the whole place. The great body of the community are wretchedly poor; and if, in the course of any lucky hit in trade, gambling, or otherwise, an individual of these becomes the possessor of wealth, he still continues to live on amid the same kitchen arrangements as before, filthy though they are. His dress he may change; the ruana will be thrown aside for a broad-cloth cloak, and a beaver substituted for the low-crowned, slouched straw hat, and he will keep a good horse; but as to his home, not a real comfort marks his ability to obtain them. Indeed, the word 'comfort,' in its truest sense and general acceptation, is not to be found in all his vocabulary; therefore not a fork, not an additional article, would be added to his table, nor a single improvement be thought of throughout his wretched household! When he is free from 'dolor de la cabeza,' he will sip his small cup of red-hot chocolate, made as thick as possible of the cocoa and sugar, the very first thing on rising in the morning; then he will light a segar, and take a turn on horseback. From eight to nine he breakfasts on arracacha soup, or rice well greased; fried eggs, seasoned with garlic; boiled potatoes, bread, and a dish of fried beef, which is cut into small strips, without a particle of fat, seasoned well with cummin-seed and garlic, and so over-done that the juices of the meat are entirely dried up; this they eat with a spoon. These people are also fond of a dish called bollo; it looks like an apple-dumpling, and is made with pieces of pork, and seasoned like the dried beef, and well smothered in hog's-lard, all enclosed in a thick paste and boiled. The coffee and chocolate are not drunk with their meat, but immediately afterward, and then the same small cup is made use of as in the morning. The disgusting habit of a whole family using one red earthen goblet, or tituma, in common for drinking from is universally prevalent. Their dinner varies but little from

the breakfast. Their hour of dinning is from one to two; and a 'dulce' of some kind is invariably added. Pork is of very general use among them, while they seem nearly unacquainted with mutton. Plantains and arracachas are seldom to be missed at table, these being their two staple vegetables; the latter, a very tasteless sort of thing, yields most abundantly; indeed, more so than any vegetable I ever saw, and would, no doubt, be a great acquisition to any country. The milk brought to market is shockingly bad, and is generally boiled to prevent it from souring. In short, their whole living is of the most miserable description. The wines generally used are wretched claret, and a sort of mixture made in the country from brandy and sweet molassa, in imitation of teneffice. Those who can afford it import their own wine; and, if brought up the river in wood, the barrel containing it should be enclosed in a box, to prevent the bogs from draining it. Tolerable port or madeira is here worth forty dollars a demijohn of five gallons; brandy thirty-five; English porter sometimes finds its way here, and is worth twelve dollars a dozen for the best. Several attempts have been made to brew a good kind of ale; but, up to this date, with very indifferent success. An English farrier and blacksmith, named Sayres, has made a large brewery, and intends making a fair trial; and no doubt he will succeed, as most excellent crops of barley can be got from the plains. The natives use a variety of sweet drinks, such as organ, raspberry, &c. The annise brandy, home-manufactured, is very good when well made and of sufficient age, that of mompoz being the best. At supper, a bowl of 'massamora' is generally taken before retiring for the night, and is washed down with 'chicha,' combined with which it forms a complete opiate. Those who can afford the luxury take tea or chocolate before this, about seven in the evening. Tea is beginning to be much used now, but it is difficult to procure it good even at three dollars per pound. The servants who wait at table are dirty-looking drabs. The coarse cloth outer petticoat which they wear is scarcely ever removed, day or night, until it is absolutely necessary to supply its place by a new one."

With this picture of the Bogotanos we would conclude, but that we are tempted by the description of a tree, thus noticed among the ruins of Honda:—

"Some parts of these ruins present a most picturesque and unique appearance, which is occasioned by the twistings and twinings of the cancha-trees about them, often forming around a broken pillar, or arched entrance, a perfect casing of the most complicated network, the great force of which, as the roots gain thickness and shoot upward, is sufficient to rend asunder the strongest masonry. I saw here a huge mass of such masonry, from, probably, eight to ten tons' weight, completely separated from the main body, and raised a full foot from the foundation. The neighbourhood of this tree is much dreaded, for should the smallest tendon once gain insertion into some slight rent or crevice in the wall of a house, it will be sure to destroy it, unless prevented in time. They also climb up to the tops of other trees, and often crush the largest of them, and run sometimes along the surface of the ground to an almost incredible distance, destroying every other plant in their course."

We have said nothing of the mercantile details in this publication, though they are of more importance than all the rest to traders

with South America, and will sufficiently recommend it to their attention.

Moseley's Illustrations of Science.

[Second notice.]

WE proceed with some further instructive extracts from this instructive volume. They require no remarks from us; as their side-heads, in italics, are sufficient to guide the reader.

"*The Agency of Capillary Attraction in Nature.*—Let it not be supposed, that the phenomena of capillary attraction are limited to mere experiments in physics, or to its applications in art. Capillarity is one of the most active principles in nature. What is it but this ubiquitous power which retains in the soil of the earth the moisture necessary to vegetation, ministering it, drop by drop, to the radicles of plants and trees; conveying it, at one time, beneath the surface, down the slope of a hill, to the valley below, or to some deep-sunken reservoir; thence lifting it up again to quench the thirst of the parched herbage; checking its progress to the streams, which it would otherwise swell instantaneously to floods—floods, whose waters, having uselessly deluged the land, would be lost as uselessly in the ocean? Take away capillary attraction, or alter it, so that the intensity of the attraction of the solid substances which compose the soil, for water, shall be less instead of more than half the intensity of the attraction of water for itself—and the earth must become a desert. Rain would fall upon it as mercury falls upon a piece of glass—it would roll off it in drops. There would be no fertilising influence in the shower; no moisture could reach the parched roots of plants and trees; vegetation would become extinct—and animal life would gasp itself away in a thick atmosphere of dust. The greater apparent elevation of water, and the greater force of capillarity in its operation in many natural phenomena than in artificial tubes, is to be explained by the extreme proximity of the surfaces between which it there acts. The elevation of water in a tube is inversely proportional to its diameter, or, between two plates, it is inversely proportional to the distance of the plates; thus, if we kept halving the diameter of a tube, or halving the distance between the plates, we should keep doubling the elevation of the fluid. Artificial tubes may thus be made to elevate water to a remarkable height: but nature provides tubes infinitely finer than any that art can reach, and to the capillary elevation of fluids in them there seems to be no limit. The same is the case with particles of earth and sand; the close proximity of their surfaces to one another, gives them a power of capillary attraction, which is almost without limit."

"*Walking.*—In the act of walking, the centre of gravity is raised, alternately, over the legs. The motion somewhat resembling that of a pair of open compasses, made to rest alternately on their points; the centre of gravity is over the fork of the legs, and may be imagined to be over the angle of the compasses. If, as the compasses are thus made to travel forwards, resting on their alternate points, these points are not placed in the same straight line, but alternately to the right and left of it, then the centre of gravity will describe a series of arcs to the right and left, and it will not be carried so far forwards, by a certain number of steps, as though these were made in the same right line; this corresponds to that ungainly motion in walking which is called waddling. It is remarkable how nearly the footsteps of a person who

walks well, are in the same straight line, as may be seen especially if we trace them in the snow: this is, moreover, remarkably the case with animals, horses for instance; and especially it is the case with birds, whose centres of gravity being for the most part very high, in comparison with the dimensions of their feet, they are taught instinctively to avoid those deflexions of their bodies to the right and left, by which they might be overthrown. Taking the width of a man's foot at about three inches, and giving him an average stature, it may be calculated that a deflexion of his body of less than two degrees would, when he rests on either foot, be sufficient to overthrow him. How justly regulated, then, must be the effort which he makes at every step, to transfer his centre of gravity from above one of his feet to above the other, that his position may be kept within this narrow limit! Put upon his shoulders a burden, and you will raise his centre of gravity, and greatly increase the difficulty he will experience in balancing himself; yet how firmly and securely does he tread! A man carrying a burden as heavy as himself, and inclining his position as he steps on each foot, only half a degree to the right or left of the position in which he would rest on that foot, would be overthrown. At each step the centre of gravity is raised, and made to revolve over the foot. It is this raising of the centre of gravity, in which the whole weight of the body may be supposed to be collected, which constitutes the great effort of walking. It has been calculated that at every step the centre of gravity is raised a perpendicular height equal to about one-eleventh the length of the step; so that a person who walks eleven miles, raises his centre of gravity, and therefore the whole weight of his body, a succession of lifts, equivalent to the direct raising of it, one mile. If six men, weighing each 182 lbs., and a boy of half that weight, walk at the rate of eleven miles in three hours, the aggregate of their labour, while thus walking, will be about equal to one horse's power; as the amount of a horse's power is usually estimated."

"*The Hammer.*—The principle of the permanence of the force of communicated motion, so far as any cause within the moving body itself is concerned—that is of its absolute permanence, except in so far as it is counteracted by some external and opposite force— whilst it lies at the very foundation of all just views of the theory, is sufficiently shewn, by the above examples, to be a most important element in the practice of mechanics. What is it, in fact, but this which constitutes the giant force of impact, and makes the hammer a weapon more powerful than any other—irresistible—in moulding and submitting the various objects around him to the uses and purposes of man? There is no machine comparable to the hammer. The force of heat, indeed, insinuates itself between the pores and interstices of bodies, and operating there, separately, upon their particles, breaks them up in detail—but the hammer encounters the accumulated force of their cohesion and overcomes it. The hardest rocks and the most unyielding metals submit to it. If man reigns over inanimate matter, shapes out the face of the earth to his use or to his humour, and puts the impress of his skill and his labour upon the whole face of nature; it is chiefly with the aid which this mighty force of impact gives him. It is this that clears away for him the trees of the forest—that shapes for him the materials of his dwelling—that beats out for him the instruments of tillage—that digs and hoes up the earth—that, after having cut for him his corn,

threshes it, and crushes it into flour—that tames for him his cattle, shapes and binds together his wagons and carts, and makes his roads; in short, there is no use of society for which this force of impact does not labour, and there is no operation of it which does not manifest this tendency of communicated force of motion to permanence. Were there no tendency to permanence in the force of motion which his hammer acquires in its descent, its power on the substance which the artificer seeks to shape out would only be the same as though he were to lay it gently down upon it; its impact would be no greater force than the pressure of its weight. So far is this, however, from being the case, that, as it is well known to the workman, a slight blow from the lightest hammer is sufficient to abrade a surface, which the direct pressure of a ton weight would not make to yield. There is no force in nature comparable to that of impact."

"There is no Principle of Diminution or Decay in the Nature of Motion itself, or in the Nature of the Force of a Moving Body."—This principle is commonly known as the first law of motion. The difficulty of conceiving or admitting it lies in this, that we observe all those forces of motion which are produced around us, continually to diminish, and eventually to become extinct, as it appears to us, of themselves. Our own bodies when we have moved them, do not of themselves move on; fresh efforts must be continually made: our carriages require the continual draught of the horses, and even if we put them on a smooth road of iron, there is required a force continually to impel them: we move a stone with our foot, and but a few steps further on we find it at rest. It is a most wise provision of Providence by which the natural tendency of all these forces to permanence is thus continually destroyed. Without it the world would scarcely be habitable. Were there no friction to check the superfluous force which we give to our bodies at every step, our state of existence would become one of incessant and involuntary motion: every thing we touched would, from that instant, become an ever-moving body; every thing not rooted in the earth, would be a sport of the winds, and men would soon desert the land, to dwell on the sea, as the more stable element. Could we diminish the resistance of friction and the air to any conceivable extent, and if it were found that, as we diminished these, the motion of a moving body approached continually to a state of permanence, so that, by thus diminishing the causes of retardation, we could make the motion to differ from a permanent motion, by as little as we chose, this first law of motion would be completely proved. For if there were any sensible diminution of the force communicated to the mass, arising from a failure in its own energies, and independent of the resistances opposed to it, then that diminution would be apparent and sensible when the resistances were so far diminished as to be insensible. Unfortunately, however, we cannot diminish the resistances of friction and the air beyond certain limits. As an absolute demonstration, this method therefore fails. Nevertheless, the fact that, diminishing the resistances to motion as far as we can, we find it continually approximating to a state of permanence, renders it in a high degree probable, that, if we could carry this diminution on indefinitely, motion would approach indefinitely to a state of permanence, and that if these resistances could be absolutely destroyed, it would become permanent."

* "The body is here supposed not to be endued with vital power."

"Feats of Horsemanship.—The horseman who would ride in a straight line, standing upon his saddle, must so alter the position of his body, with each motion of the horse, as to keep the centre of gravity of his body continually over the narrow base of his feet. This is probably an impracticable task. If, however, instead of riding in a straight line, he rides in a curve, a new force is lent to him to support his weight, acting, too, as if it acted at the same point where his weight may be supposed to act, viz. his centre of gravity; this new force is his centrifugal force. His centre of gravity has now no longer any occasion to be brought over the base of his feet, another horizontal force joins in supporting it, and, poised between the horizontal force and the resistance of its feet, its equilibrium is easily found. To the action of the centrifugal force, which would otherwise overthrow him outwards, the horseman slightly opposes the weight of his body by leaning inwards: and does he find his inclination too great, he urges on his horse, and his centrifugal force, thus increased, raises him up again. By thus varying his velocity and the inclination of his body, the conditions of his equilibrium are placed completely under his control, and he can perform a thousand evolutions, that, moving in a straight line, he could not; he can leap upon his horse, stand upon his head or his hands, whilst he is performing his gyrations, or jump from his horse upon the ground, and running to accompany its motion, vault again upon his saddle: the conditions of his stability, and even the force of his gravity, appear to be mastered. There is, in fact, given to him a third invisible power, by the act of his revolution, which is a certain modification of the force of his onward motion; this acts with him in all the evolutions he makes, and is the secret of all his feats."

(To be continued.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

Two Essays: I. An Inquiry into the Nature of the Numerical Contractions, found in a passage on the Abacus, &c.; II. Notes on Early Calendars. By James Orchard Halliwell, Esq. F.S.A. &c. 8vo. London, 1839. Parker.

WE had neglected this curious tract, when, after two or three weeks, we were put in mind of it by receiving a second edition. It consists of two essays, entirely independent of one another. The first, accompanied with a facsimile from an ancient manuscript, relates to the origin and introduction into Europe of the Arabic numerals. It seems that, about the end of the tenth century, the Christians learnt from the Arabs a mode of calculating, by means of a table (*abacus*), the divisions of which gave a certain place and value to nine characters, which represented the first nine numerals. As they are given in early manuscripts, their characters, though still somewhat grotesque, bear nevertheless a close resemblance to our modern figures, or at least to these figures as they were commonly written from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century. As the awkwardness of the table, or *abacus*, was felt, another arbitrary character, the cipher, was invented; and, by means of it, the places and value of the other figures were marked, without the aid of this table. In this manner, as it appears, originated our modern arithmetical system of notation. The inquiry into the history of the *Abacus* is one of extreme interest and curiosity. The second of these Essays contains some very curious matter

relating to early almanacs, their form and character.

A New Exposition of the System of Euclid's Elements. By Alfred Day, LL.D. 12mo. London, 1839. Hamilton and Co.

THIS little tract deserves the attention of mathematicians. For ourselves, we cannot say that we are advocates for any change in the system of Euclid. His arrangement is so good, and his enunciations and demonstrations so simple and elegant, that we would not willingly give up any part of them—not even those which are proved by what we consider the perfectly strict method of the *reductio ad absurdum*.

Mrs. Hemans's Life and Works, Vol. II. (Edinburgh, Blackwood; London, Cadell; Dublin, Cumming.)—We hail with pleasure the second volume, to the deserts of the first of which we have paid just tribute in two long articles of review within the last month's *Literary Gazette*.

Practical Observations on the Diseases of Women, by W. Jones, M.R.C.S. 8vo. pp. 326. (London and Paris, Baillière, Leipsig, Weigel.)—A publication not for us to analyse. It gives the fruits of the writer's experience, and strongly recommends to the humane the ordinary for the diseases of which it treats, to which institution Mr. Jones is surgeon.

Second Additional Supplement to London's Hortus Britannicus. (London, Longman and Co.)—About 140 pages added to this valuable work which it extends to page 742. The general index with which it concludes is an absolute necessity for all those who possess the *Hortus*.

The Historical Class-book, &c., by John Davenport, author of "The Life of All Pacha" and various books of instruction. 12mo. pp. 492. (London, Relfe and Fletcher.)—A fair and well-arranged selection of historical readings from 1817 to 1837; with the usual information for juvenile readers.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE LAW OF STORMS.

THE labours of Colonel Reid have so directed and riveted general attention to the momentous questions involved in the Law of Storms, that every contribution of facts connected with the phenomena has become of public value. In this light the following may be received. "On March 30th, 1836, at 4 A.M. being in the brig *Matilda*, of St. John, N.B., off the Bay of Naples, the Island of Ischia bearing east, and distant 10 leagues, it blowing hard N.W. and thick weather, I observed a very curious appearance in the N.W. It seemed columnar, and like a lighthouse enveloped in a white blaze of fire, and continued so for fifteen or twenty minutes, and then disappeared. Immediately after the wind fell to a moderate breeze, and the weather cleared up, when we had a fine pleasant day." This is authenticated by the signature of John Buckley, mate of the barque *Barlow*, and was recently sent to Col. Reid, the recipient of a number of similar communications respecting remarkable water-spouts.

That gallant and intelligent officer, we are happy to state, has arrived in safety at his government in Bermuda: and we may add, that the men posted at the signal stations there are ordered to observe the mode of action of water-spouts, which are of frequent occurrence in these latitudes, and to describe them in their own manner, which descriptions will be published in the newspapers (including, we trust, the *Literary Gazette*). The example ought to be followed wherever an opportunity is offered. There was an instance lately seen at Bermuda, which is described as having appeared of a reddish colour in the middle, although the sun was not shining at the time! A collection of data is likely to lead to very curious and interesting discoveries in this new and important branch of Science.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

JUNE 24. G. B. Greenough, Esq., President, in the chair.—Extracts from the following papers were read:—1. From a letter com-

municated by Colonel Cohen, U. S., dated Rio de Janeiro, 9th March, 1839, stating that two vessels, the *Medina* and *Mary Jane*, belonging to Mr. Burrows, of New York, had during their recent voyage to the South Atlantic rediscovered the *Aurora Islands*, six in number, and of which Mr. Burrows had made drawings. These islands, which lie about half-way between the Falkland Islands and South Georgia, were discovered, about eighty years since, by the ship *San Miguel*; forty years afterwards, the Spanish government sent the *Atrévada* to search for and examine them. Since this time, many persons — and among others, Weddell, the well-known antarctic navigator — have sought for them in vain; and they have been generally erased from our charts. Mr. Burrows describes these islands as six in number, about 300 feet high, extending north and south for a distance of 2½ miles, without any ship passage between them, and 26 miles to the southward lie some rocks called the *Shag Rocks*. The *Aurora Islands* are stated to be in lat. 53° 22' S., long. 44° 18' W. [The longitude usually assigned to them in our charts is 48° W. of Greenwich.] — 2. 'Extract from a letter from Mr. Thurnburn to Lord Prudhoe,' dated Alexandria, May 25. "The flotilla which the Pashá of Egypt had assembled at Khartúm for the purpose of exploring the *Bahr el Abyad*, or White Nile, has just returned from its experimental trip up that river, during which it was absent thirty-five days: it reached the country of the *Shelukhs* without encountering any opposition. It consists of six boats, having each fifty armed men; and it will start again, after having laid in a year's provisions, as soon as the waters begin to rise." — 3. 'An Account of the *Sinjár Hills*,' by Frederick Forbes, Esq. M.A. of the Bombay Medical Staff. Being at *Mósul*, on his way from India, at the end of September 1838, Mr. Forbes was induced to visit *Sinjár*, on account of nothing being known, except through native report, of that part of Mesopotamia. The first part of his route ran nearly N.W., along the western bank of the *Tigris*, thence leading a little to the northward of west to the ancient town of *Til 'Afar*, singularly situated on four steep, rugged hills of limestone rock, about half way between *Mósul* and *Sinjár*, and the only inhabited place in the open desert. From *Mósul* to the north-eastern shoulder of the *Sinjár* range is about eighty-three miles, in a direction nearly west. After visiting all the villages and other places worthy of notice in the hills, or rather mountains, as they rise 1500 feet above the plain, Mr. Forbes again crossed the desert from their north-western, and in a northerly direction, to *Nisibín*. The *Sinjár* hills are peopled solely by *Yezídí*, or, as they are commonly called, *Dasíní*: they worship the devil, and have many singular rites and superstitions; their number has been greatly exaggerated by report and the terror caused by their depredations; they have at present seventeen inhabited and seven ruined villages, containing a population of upwards of 6000. The courses of the rivers *Hólí*, or *Hawálí*, and *Khábur*, and the situation of the lake of *Khatiniyah* have been hitherto erroneously laid down in our maps: the first-mentioned stream joins the *Khábur* to the westward of the hills; and the lake, instead of being to the southward or eastward of them, is within a few miles to the north of the north-western end. The *Hassáwí* from *Aznówar*, the *Jakhjakhá* or *Mygdonios* from *Nisibín*, and the *Kaukab* from near *Mardin*, all join the *Khábur* before it receives the *Hólí*. That part of the *Mesopo-*

tamian plain between the *Sinjár* hills and the *Karajáh Tagh*, or *Mount Masius* of the ancients, is by no means destitute of water, and has many small rivulets of a few miles in length, but no streams of sufficient size to find their way to the *Khábur* or *Euphrates*. Besides the account of those hills, Mr. Forbes has communicated to the Society the names of all the places in the district of *Mósul*, correctly written in the Arabic characters; and a detailed itinerary of his route from *Mósul* by *Sinjár*, *Nisibín*, and *Mardin*, to *Diyarbekr*; the former part of which is incorrectly laid down in every existing map. — 4. 'On the Nile, and the present and former Levels of Egypt,' by J. G. Wilkinson, Esq. After observing that the *Delta* had not been protruded to any great extent into the Mediterranean since the foundation of ancient cities on the coast, which would otherwise stand far inland after the lapse of so many ages; and that the *Ægyptus* of Homer, from which, he says, the *isle of Pharos* was distant one day's sail, did not signify the land of Egypt, but the river Nile; Mr. Wilkinson made some remarks on the causes of the inundation in the rains which annually fall in Abyssinia, and shewed that the land in the valley of the Nile gradually rises in proportion as the bed of the river becomes more elevated; and the increase of elevation in perpendicular height (which is much smaller in Lower than in Upper Egypt) carries the water of the inundation to a greater distance E. and W. over the plain, now than in former times. For it is evident, says Mr. Wilkinson, that if the bed of the river rises ten feet (the banks augmenting in the same proportion), the water must necessarily flow in a horizontal direction much further upon the shelving slope of the desert, over which the alluvial deposit spreads; and that this elevation of the river and the land actually takes place is abundantly proved by the appearance of ancient monuments, which, when erected, stood above the level of the mud of the Nile and its inundation, and are now buried several feet beneath its accumulated deposits. This is particularly evident from the situation of the two Colossi on the plain of Thebes, whose pedestals, placed not on alluvial soil, but on the sandy slope of the desert, are buried from six feet ten inches to seven feet below the present level of the cultivated land; and is still further proved by the fact of my having found a group of statues some distance behind these Colossi, which, likewise standing in their original position, are now buried up to the waist in the alluvial deposit. The distance from the Colossi to the statues is three hundred feet; the former are buried about seven feet, the latter five feet three inches, giving on an average a difference of twenty inches in three hundred feet, for the gradual slope of the desert, on which they are placed, and on which the alluvial soil has accumulated. From this and from other observations in different parts of Egypt, the conclusion is, that the last has been raised perpendicularly by the deposits of the Nile, nine feet in 1700 years at Elephantine, or the first cataract; at Thebes, about seven; and at Heliopolis, about five feet ten inches, and so on, gradually diminishing towards the sea, though in a greater decreasing ratio, owing to the wider extent of the *Delta*. The height of the banks, and the depression of the land in the interior, are indicated by the form of the dykes, which beginning on a level with the bank, and extending in a horizontal line, stand frequently twelve or fifteen feet above the

land, near the edge of the desert; and the common notion respecting the invasions of the sand is shewn to be exceedingly exaggerated. The sand encroaches on the land on the Libyan side of Egypt, in those places where valleys open from the desert; but this bears a very small proportion to the whole surface of the country, and it is evident from a comparison of the extent of the alluvial deposit, and the partial inroad of the same, that the beneficial effects of the former far exceed the injury done by the latter, and that there is a greater proportion of land capable of cultivation now than at any previous period. The sections across the desert to the Red Sea present a gradual ascent from the valley of the Nile to the eastward, till you reach the summit of a mountain-plain of some extent, from which all the valleys or torrents running in a westerly direction empty themselves into the Nile, and those to the eastward into the Red Sea. In those parts where the primitive range joins the secondary mountains, the descent to the sea is generally shorter and more rapid, but the general character is the same; and on the Libyan side is a similar ascent to the summit of the limestone range, which forms the extensive table-land of that part of Africa. The oases are merely depressions in this mountain-plain — they vary in their depth — the *Oasis parva* being of a much higher level than the Great Oasis; from which we may infer that the springs in the former are not supplied from that part of the Nile lying in the same latitude with it, but from some distant point where the level of the river is more elevated. The water of the Nile percolates to the Great Oasis, by means of the bed of clay which forms its base, entering at some point a little to the south; and the only difference in the origin of the sources of the southern and northern oases is, that one is supplied from the river at no very great distance from it, and that the other traverses a more extensive bed of clay before it reaches the more elevated surface of the *Oasis parva*. Mr. Wilkinson's paper was illustrated by his map of Thebes; the drawing of a new map of Egypt, on a large scale; and several sections across that country, in the parallels of 27°, 28°, 28° 26', and 29°, illustrating admirably the physical features of the remarkable valley of the Nile. Among the maps and donations on the table, was the map of Tuscany in four sheets, on the scale of five miles to an inch, from a trigonometrical survey by Padre G. Iughirami, of the *Scuole Pie*, at Florence, and by him presented to the Society; a map of Northern Africa, by Segato, presented by Count Graberg at Hemes, of Florence; a large map of the N.E. frontier of India, by Captain Boileau Pemberton; the original chart of the Gulf of Cambay, in India, by Lieutenant Ethersey, of the Indian navy, exhibiting the nature and form of the shoals which occasion the remarkable bore, or sudden rise of tide in that gulf; as well its southern extension to the dangerous Malacca Banks, also surveyed by the same officer during the past year. The President announced that, in accordance with the recommendation of Major Jarvis, now on the eve of his departure for India, as surveyor-general, the Council had that day resolved that a complete set of the "London Geographical Journal" should be presented to the public libraries of the chief naval and military stations in India; namely, Calcutta, Madras, Bombay, Bangalore, Hyderabad, Mhow, Dumdum, Khanpúr, Delhi, and Meerut. The Chairman also stated, that he had the satisfaction to acquaint the Society that the trustees had signed an agreement for

a three years' lease of the house No. 3 Waterloo Place, as a temporary abode till an eligible building site could be obtained. The business of the Society would be immediately transferred to those premises; but as the house did not afford a meeting-room sufficiently spacious, we should be indebted to the courtesy of our present landlords for permission to continue to hold the evening meetings at the house of the Horticultural Society. The meetings were adjourned till next November.

ELECTRICAL SOCIETY.

TUESDAY, June 18.—Read, a paper, by Mr. Pollock, entitled, 'An Attempt to answer some Objections to Ampère's Theory of Electric Currents in the Magnet.' Experiments have been brought forward to shew the fallacy of Ampère's views with respect to magnetic action being dependent on electric currents circulating in a magnet in planes perpendicular to its axis. Mr. Pollock, however, believes that the very experiments appealed to, instead of overthrowing, tend to establish the truth of the theory. The paper contained seven objections, which were severally discussed, and their futility shewn.—Read, also, 'Experiments on Voltameters having Electrodes exposing different Surfaces,' by Mr. Gassiot. The importance and universal application of the voltameter as a measurer of the voltaic current, renders it advisable that its action should be experimentally examined under every variety of arrangement which may from time to time arise; but in order that no error or misconception may occur, it is indispensable that the experimentalist should describe as clearly as possible the size of the terminal plates, their approximation, and the strength of the acid solution used; also that the instrument should be insulated, and made in such a manner that the current or force of the battery should have free and direct action through the electrolyte or solution. These requisites have been carefully attended to by Mr. Gassiot, and the interests of science and the objects of the Electrical Society promoted. A principal one of the latter is to examine rigidly assumed facts, and to promulgate the results obtained.

LITERARY AND LEARNED. UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, June 21.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor and Doctor in Music (by Accumulation).—S. S. Wesley, Magdalen College, Organist of Exeter Cathedral.
Masters of Arts.—Rev. W. U. Richards, Exeter College; Rev. E. Wells, Fellow of New College.
Bachelor of Arts.—J. G. Blencowe, Christ Church.

The following subjects are proposed for the Chancellor's Prizes for the ensuing year, viz:—

For Latin Verse.—"Pestis Londinens devastans."
For an English Essay.—"Do States, like individuals, inevitably tend, after a certain period of maturity, to decay?"

For a Latin Essay.—"Miles Romanus quando primum, et quibus de causis, coepit libertati Civium obesse?"

Sir Roger Newdick's Prize.—For the best Composition in English Verse, not limited to fifty lines.—"The Judgment of Brutus."

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

JUNE 15. Professor Wilson in the chair.—At this meeting, his highness, Sultan Mahmûd, was elected an honorary member of the Society; and a donation from his highness, consisting of fourteen volumes of Turkish works printed at the imperial press of Constantinople, was laid upon the table. Thomas Newnham, Esq., presented several ancient gold Hindu coins and medals, and three Oriental MSS., &c.; and from G. W. Traill, Esq., the Society received an immense sheet of paper, measuring

sixty feet by twenty-five, made at Kumam, as a specimen of the native manufacturers' skill. This donation was accompanied by a memorandum written by Mr. Traill, descriptive of the processes of making the paper, and of the useful quality it possessed of being invulnerable to insects.—An Analysis, by W. Morley, Esq., of a portion of the "Jamal Tuarikh," of Rashid eddin, which has hitherto been supposed to be lost, was read to the meeting. The paper stated that the original work of Rashid eddin comprised four volumes; of those, the first contained a history of the Turks and Mongols to the time of Oljaitu; the second continued the same history to the time of the writer, with several other matters; the third volume contained a history of Mahommed, and the Arab tribes from whom he descended; and the fourth was chiefly geographical. Of all these, the first volume is the only one that has been hitherto known to exist; and a portion of that volume has been recently published by the French government, with a translation by M. Quatremère. The remaining volumes are rarely mentioned even by Oriental writers, and are supposed to have been destroyed several centuries ago. The part of which an analysis was read to the meeting is a portion of the second volume. The copy is of a great antiquity, and was written in the lifetime of the author; in fact, within four years after he had completed his history. It is only a fragment; but it is well preserved; written in a beautiful hand, on large paper, and extends to fifty-nine folios, with numerous paintings, very well executed. The first part contains portions of the life of Mahommed, and is illustrated by three paintings. The second contains portions of a history of China; and is illustrated by numerous paintings of the kings recorded in the text. The names are Chinese, but the numbering of the dynasties, and the synchronisms, with historical events better known to us, by no means accord with the accounts of the history of China as given by modern writers. The third part contains the history of India; and, with the exception of one little hiatus, is complete. This is divided into two sections: the first begins with the chronology, geography, and natural history of India, and goes on to detail the history and genealogies of the kings of Delhi previous to the Mahomedan conquest; the second section contains an account of the Hindu divinities, whom it names prophets; it specifies Mahishur, Washur, and Brahma,—evidently Maheswara, Vishnu, and Brahma; and then proceeds to Shaktuni, or Buddha, on whose birth, history, and qualifications, it more especially dilates: in fact, nearly the whole of this section treats of the precepts and practice of Buddhism, or the religion founded by Shaktuni. The fourth book is only a fragment; it contains the history of the Jews, according to the Mahomedan tradition, and is illustrated by nine paintings. The reading of the paper was not concluded; but we understand it will appear in a forthcoming number of the Society's Journal. The meetings were adjourned till November.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

MR. HALLAM in the chair.—The last meeting of the season. Members were admitted, and other routine business done. A *Life of Gildas*, by Mr. Wright, was read, being a specimen of the *Biographica Literaria Britannica* in progress under the auspices of the Society; and the first volume of which, embracing the Anglo-Saxon period, is entrusted to that gentleman.

It noticed the two lives of the saint by Caradoc and a Welsh monk in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, and compared their statements with pseudo-contemporary events, with the mention of individuals by other authors, and with various chronological tests. The conclusion appeared to be that the hitherto-received biography is fictitious—a theological forgery in the quarrels between the Anglo-Saxon and British Churches. In short, the life of Gildas, instead of beginning a British, might well begin an Irish series, being the life of a Saint who never lived!! The whole paper was interesting, and the thanks of the meeting were cordially voted to the writer. A very short 'Defence of the first Demonstration of Euclid,' by Mr. Orchard Halliwell, concluded the readings. The curious metaphysico-mathematical objection, that a point, being that which "has no parts," could not generate a line, which has parts, was met by Mr. Halliwell, on the ground that the point was, and was meant to be, a mathematical abstraction, and the definition perfectly correct. *Non nostrum*; but the idea is ingenious, and it was well put.

FINE ARTS.

A Letter to Sir Martin Archer Shee, F.R.S., President of the Royal Academy of Arts, &c. &c. &c. on the Reform of the Royal Academy. By Edward Edwards, Esq., Hon. Secretary of the Art-Union of London. 8vo. pp. 44. London, 1839. Printed for Private Circulation.

THIS is a very moderate, temperate, and sensible appeal for certain alterations and reforms in the Royal Academy, and treats the question without asperity or vindictive assault. To the president it pays the honour so justly due to his high character in art, literature, and the estimation of society; and then argues its own propositions in a gentlemanlike style. The writer says:—

"The Royal Academy is, first, an assembly of honour in the arts; secondly, a chief school of instruction in the arts; and, thirdly, a directing body for the chief exhibition of current productions in the arts. I have hereafter adduced, at some length, the arguments which seem to me to be conclusive against containing the combination of all these functions in one and the same body of men, assuming that body to be always composed of the ablest and the purest men in Europe. The principal remedy which, with much deference, I have ventured to suggest, is entirely to dismember the third of these functions from the other two, so as to make the Academy a central school of instruction in the arts, and an assembly of honour in the arts, and nothing more. The exhibition I have proposed to leave to the management of an elective and renewable body, chosen by the whole of the exhibitors of a certain standing. Although fully recognising the soundness of the general principle, that it is inexpedient to make teachers the conferrers of diplomas on their pupils, yet I conceive that in the present case of the Royal Academy, the apprehended evil will be removed, as soon as the number of academicians shall become unlimited by its laws. The diploma-conferring body will then be so much larger than the actual number of professors, as to be for all useful purposes perfectly independent of them. The further reforms in the Academy, considered as an assembly of honour, which have appeared to me fairly to grow out of the collected evidence, *pro et contra*, are comprised in the full recognition of engravers and the abolition of the class of associates."

Elsewhere he contends, that

"To give to an assembly of honour, by which alone the highest claims of every artist in the country are to be adjudged, an uncontrolled power over the exhibition or non-exhibition of the works on which these claims are founded, and by which they are to be justified, is at once to give temptation to an abuse of power; and having thereby induced that abuse (the best constituted bodies being fallible), further to take away all appeal from its injustices. The object of an honorary distinction, such as R.A., is to stamp a man's pretensions as an artist with the sanction of those who are best qualified to judge of them. To the individual it is a most gratifying honour; to the public a most valuable indication. But as no imaginable association for conferring such distinctions can be made to work with unerring certainty, so the existence of them becomes an evil directly they are made indispensable conditions to the notice and favours of the public. The object of an exhibition is to afford every candidate for the favour of the public an opportunity of obtaining it, irrespective of any particular distinction or mark of honour whatsoever; and it is at once the means of judging of the propriety of such distinctions in the cases wherein they have been conferred, and the court of final appeal against real or supposed error or injustice in the cases wherein they have been refused. But to unite the control of honours and of public exhibitions in the same hands, is to place not alone the professional distinction, but also the very means of subsistence of the rising artist at the absolute disposal of a body of men who are at once his competitors and his judges. It is to vest in one fallible court the enormous powers of primary judgment and of final appeal."

We wrote this on the day that all the candidates whose hopes depended upon their acceptance and place in the Exhibition of the year, sent in their pictures; and we felt that there was much force in Mr. Edwards's remarks. An elected exhibition committee is proposed as the remedy, and Mr. E. concludes:—

"I will only add my earnest hope, that the first point to engage the attention of such a committee, would be the practicability of effecting a classification of the pictures exhibited, at least into the broad divisions of history and poetry—landscape—and portraiture. Such a step is indispensable, if it is to be really the aim of our future exhibitions to improve and elevate the public taste, and not to degrade it. It might then be hoped that our chief annual exhibition, under the management of a clearly responsible body, free from the distraction of other objects, and therefore under no undue anxiety about the amount of receipts at the doors, and free also to take public measures to promote the sale of the works committed to their charge, would both increase the immediate rewards of our artists, and powerfully contribute to bring about that enlightened and liberal appreciation on the part of the great mass of the public, which alone affords a sure basis for the future and permanent prosperity of the arts in this country. I submit, then, that the most desirable reform in the Royal Academy,—the reform which would most extend and strengthen its usefulness,—consists:—1. In the separation of its functions as assembly of honour, and as school of instruction, from those which are connected with the annual exhibition, confining it wholly to the former. 2. In the removal of the limitation as to the number of its members; the recognition of engravers as full members, forming an integral part of the

academic body; and the abolition of the class of associates. 3. In the appropriation of such a sum from public funds as shall be sufficient, when added to the proceeds of the funded property at present possessed by the Academy, to provide for the liberal increase of its means of instruction—as lectures, collections, and the like—and for its future permanent maintenance, as assembly and as central school; and, 4. In adequate provision for the official inspection of its schools, and for the publication of periodical reports upon its general proceedings. I confess I am not without a fear that the changes here proposed will be regarded by some as going too far, and by others as not going far enough; but as to the former, I have reason to believe that some of the most eminent of the academicians themselves are convinced there must be some reform, and I cannot doubt that as inquiry proceeds, it will be more and more evident that nothing short of the reform here advocated will be found adequate to the occasion."

THE NELSON MONUMENT.*

WE regret to say that the fears which we expressed in our last Number have been realised. On Saturday, the 23d instant, the committee of noblemen and gentlemen appointed to decide on the comparative pretensions of the various models and designs for the Nelson Monument, met at the Thatched House Tavern, the Duke of Wellington in the chair, and determined, by ballot, in favour of Mr. Railton's column. A column! Far be it from us to undervalue the abilities and attainments of Mr. Railton, who is an architect of great talent, cultivated by an assiduous study of the finest remains of antiquity; but we cannot think with common patience of the erection of so meagre and inappropriate a memorial to the most illustrious naval hero whom even this country ever produced. Nor can anything be more unjust towards these English artists of a higher class, who have devoted their lives to the acquisition of a knowledge of the human form, of the developments of human character, of the expression of human feelings, and of the principles by which all the great masters have been regulated in their most magnificent and celebrated compositions, than thus to hold them up to the ridicule of Europe, as a body of men out of whom it was impossible to select an individual qualified to execute the proposed subject in a manner more worthy of its national dignity and importance. And even with reference to the recent collection of models and designs, while we admit that, as a

* (The following memorial was sent from many of the artists concerned, and was read to the committee by Sir G. Cockburn, just before the ballot: we insert it without offering any opinion, at present, as the copy only reached us at a late hour.—Ed. L. G.)

"To the Committee for Erecting a Monument to the Memory of Lord Nelson.

"Lords and Gentlemen,—We the undersigned competitors for the Nelson Memorial, being convinced that the principle of publicity of exhibition previous to adjudication, as intended by your resolution of the 29th of May, is the best mode of securing a satisfactory result, regret that so small a part of the subscribers, and of the public, has seen the designs, and respectfully submit—

"That a partial exhibition encourages partial statements in the public journals unchecked by public opinion:

"That every opportunity of inspecting the designs is due to every subscriber, and the greatest publicity, consistent with the safety of the models and drawings, would be highly interesting, not only to the public, but also to the artists who have devoted so much time to a subject of national importance.

"That such exhibition may greatly conduce to the increase of the memorial fund:—

"We therefore pray your Committee to allow the exhibition to continue, without those restrictions on subscribers and the public that completely neutralise the liberal intention of your resolution of the 29th of May.—We remain, Lords and Gentlemen, your very respectful humble servants.

"Friday, June 1st, 1828."

whole, it was not what it might have been,—a circumstance which we now suspect was chiefly owing to what has proved to be a well-founded doubt on the part of some of our best artists, as to the capacity for judgment of the majority of those who were to pronounce upon the matter (a majority, we are told, of three).—we confidently assert that it contained several productions of sterling merit, the adoption of any one of which would have been honourable to all parties, and therefore satisfactory to the country, which we are convinced a mere column, with a figure of Nelson perched on its summit, like a disobedient Middy mast-headed, or a superstitious Fakier doing penance in Hindustan, will never be.

FINE ARTS IN AMERICA.

WE see by the "New York Literary Gazette" (No. 18), that the friends and admirers of Mr. Allston, have made an Exhibition of his Paintings at Boston, where, and at Cambridgeport, he has generally resided since his return to America from England in 1818. The proceeds are to be presented to him as a token of the high sense entertained by his fellow-citizens of "his pre-eminence as an artist," and "esteem and affection for him as a man." The Exhibition consists of forty-five of his productions, including several of those by which his talents were made known to the British public. Among these is "The Dead Man restored to Life," for which he obtained the first prize of two hundred guineas at the British Institution; Jeremiah dictating his prophecy to Baruch; the Triumphal Song of Miriam; Beatrice; Rosalie; the Sisters; Isaac of York; and heads of Polish Jews, &c. &c. &c. In describing them, some very touching poetry from the pen of Mr. Allston himself, as well as some by Mrs. Sigourney, are given by way of illustration; and the whole seems most creditable to American Art and patriotic feeling. The school of that country is taking the right road to advancement; and succeeding Sully, whose picture of our Queen has met with so much applause, we will venture to predict of her young Portrait-Painter, Mr. Healy, whose works enrich our present Exhibition, that when he has, like Allston, studied the great masters in Italy, he will be a most popular and worthy successor to her most gifted sons.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Saracenic and Norman Remains. Sketched and Drawn on Stone by G. Moore; Printed by Hullmandel. Murray.

CURIOUS and beautiful. The impressions in colours are very splendid, and shew the perfection which the art of lithographic printing has attained.

The Great Seal of England. Engraved by Freebairn, with Bates's Patent Anaglyptograph. Ackermann and Co.

IN our notice of the present Exhibition of the Royal Academy, we described an impression of the Great Seal of England, by Mr. Wyon, as a fine specimen of that gentleman's skill and taste. Whoever wishes to possess a facsimile representation of it, has the opportunity afforded him by this admirable plate; which is a striking and beautiful example of the new process of medallion engraving.

Dramatic Sketches, by R. J. Lane, A.R.A. No. VII. Mitchell.

THE present number completes the first series of this clever, and, as we predicted it would be, "popular," publication. It contains portraits

of Miss Murray, Mr. Didear, Mr. G. Bennett, Mrs. Warner, Mr. Meadows, and Miss E. Phillips. Although undoubtedly the most difficult, Mr. Lane seems to us to have been throughout the thirty plates, or rather stones, of the series, most successful in his female subjects; to which he has communicated great and characteristic expression, without any sacrifice of resemblance.

SKETCHES.

CEYLON.

We publish the following able paper upon the 'Progress and Prospects of the Island of Ceylon': it is extracted from "The Friend" (January 1839), a periodical missionary tract; and, although palpably breathing a missionary spirit, it is well worth the attention of every man really interested in the colonial possessions of the empire:—

"The situation of Ceylon, whether we regard it in its geographical, political, or religious aspect, must render it a place of immense importance in the ages to come; and it is not impossible that Ceylon may be destined to exercise upon Asia the same influence that Great Britain has exercised upon the continent of Europe. It is bound to the myriads of India by position, and to the still mightier myriads of China, Siam, and Burma, by religion; the emancipation of Ceylon from the trammels of a fell superstition will be an example to those who groan under the spell of the more ancient Brahmin; its shores may afford a refuge to their persecuted churches; and the fall of Buddhism in this island will probably be its fall throughout the world. Separated from all other countries by its insular position, it is safe, even at this early period, to grant unto the natives a degree of political liberty that might be highly imprudent, under present circumstances, if extended to the varied population of our Indian possessions. The island of Ceylon has always been regarded with peculiar interest by the different nations with which it has been connected: old Sinbad speaks for the legends of the Arabian navigators; Ravana, the giant-king, for the romances of the Brahmins; and the thousands of pilgrims who annually visit the temple of Calany, and other consecrated spots, are equal evidence of the prominent place it maintains in the bane of the atheist Budha. Its spices, gems, and pearls, have been celebrated from the most distant ages; and its groves of palms, that encircle its shores as a band of beauty in the monarch's diadem; the rich valleys of its maritime provinces; and the magnificent scenery that is presented among the cloud-capped heights of its majestic mountains, will render it an object of deep veneration to the favoured traveller, when the discoveries of science have carried rapidity of communication to its utmost limit, and converted the inhabitant of our antipodes into our neighbour. The present importance of Ceylon as a colony of the British crown deserves our especial notice. We are dazzled by the more splendid acquirements of the East India Company; and it is, therefore, necessary that we resort to calculation, and thus illustrate our subject by the details of sober fact. The entire population of the whole of the British colonies was recently estimated at 3,083,542; that of Ceylon cannot now be far short of 1,500,000, one-half of the whole amount. It has twice the population of all our West India islands, and more than twice the population of Canada, the politics of which are now arresting the attention of the western world. In revenue, as well, our island stands

at the head of the colonial list; its income is equal to three-fourths of the revenue of the whole of our West India islands, superior to that of the Mauritius and New South Wales, and double the amount of that of Jamaica. When the aggregate of revenue is divided among the whole population of Ceylon, it will assign nearly 6s. to each individual, which is less than the average of almost any European state, though more than the average presented by the dominions of the East India Company. The census of 1835 gives a population of 50 to the square mile, whilst in Great Britain the average is 268. The capabilities of the island are, therefore, very far from being exhausted; and it may be regarded as only in the commencement of its career towards the possession of wealth and importance. The commerce of Ceylon presents anomalies that require a more minute examination than we are able to give them in our present number. With immense tracts of country once cultivated, but now waste, we are annually importing grain to the value of nearly 200,000*l*. Under some circumstances this might be no disadvantage; for instance, the population might be engaged in some manufacture, or in some branch of commerce, that would be more productive than the growth of grain. But that this is not the case, we learn from the fact that one-half of the male population is engaged in agriculture, though in England the proportion is not more than one-eleventh; yet in England there is comparatively little importation of grain. Making all allowances for superior science, greater physical strength, and difference of soil and climate, it is evident that there must be an immense mass of manual power in Ceylon, now utterly inactive, that, under other circumstances, might be turned to some good account. The greatest exports last year, in the order of detail, were coffee, cinnamon, cocoa-nut oil, arrack, tobacco, and coir. All these articles are produced with comparatively little toil, and there is thus a reciprocity between the habits of the people and the productions of their country, by which wealth is poured into their lap, almost without the necessity of any effort that would disturb their general indolence. Among the imports, we regret to see the increase in opium; and among the exports, in arrack. It is the part of a righteous people to bless and be blessed; but they who engage in traffic of this description are on the way to curse and be cursed. We are not of those who scowl at commerce as at the pestilence, and would wish the whole world one vast Arcadia; nor yet are we utilitarians, to regard nothing as worthy of attention the value of which cannot be exhibited in pounds, shillings, and pence. We would pursue a middle course, and regard commerce as a blessing, not simply because of the wealth it produces, but because of the activity it calls into existence, and the facilities it affords for the progress of science and the extension of the truth. No nation can be really happy that is inactive; there may be the appearance of happiness and contentment, but it is too often only like the flower that nods to the breeze upon the surface of the swamp, when around there is corruption and death. The people of England at one time had no idea of the importance of the struggles they were carrying on in favour of civil and religious liberty. The first mariners who ventured into the unknown seas of the east and west little dreamt of the effects that were to follow their unexampled enterprise. These mighty consequences are now becoming apparent. The want of energy among the eastern nations,—

indeed the inhabitants of the tropics generally may be included,—is so common a defect, that many ages must have rolled over; under the most favourable circumstances, before they would have released themselves, unaided, from the tyranny of their priests and kings; but by the wonderful workings of Divine Providence—in which, as in the vision of the prophet, there are wheels within wheels, and in the wheels a spirit—these nations have been given for a time into the hands of Europeans, and there is thus granted unto them, without a single effort on their part, the civil and religious privileges for which the fathers of the English hierarchy, and the founders of the British constitution, were burnt at the stake or beheaded upon the scaffold. The British rule has not partaken of the character of the native population since we obtained possession of Ceylon. In Governor North, there was kindness to soothe a conquered people; in Governor Maitland, there was sternness to restore an attention to discipline; in Governor Brownrigg, there was again mildness and judgment to consolidate and mature; in Governor Barnes, there was enterprise and decision to develop the capabilities of the country, and enforce the observance of command. In Governor Wilmot Horton there was an attachment to liberal institutions, which rendered him a fit instrument to emancipate the people from oppression; and in our present right honourable governor there is apparent a sincere desire to promote the general prosperity of the people, and to further the progress of Christianity among the natives, without any of that fierceness of zeal that would defeat its own object by too great precipitation. There are few instances, we should suppose, in the annals of the world, in which a subjugated people have derived from their conquerors so many real benefits as the people of Ceylon. In the enumeration of these benefits we commence with that which is of the highest importance, religion; and we may then glance for a moment at others, which are in themselves of mighty consequence, though confessedly inferior to the subject-matter that relates to all eternity, as well as to all time. The downfall of Buddhism is now no longer a doubtful question: its outworks are tottering to their foundation, and we hope soon to sap the citadel, and raise it to the ground. The attacks of the missionaries become more powerful as they acquire a more intimate acquaintance with the idioms of the language, and a greater familiarity with the elaborate absurdities of the native books. The natives themselves are daily becoming better acquainted with the essentials of our holy religion; they see that there is an important difference between the possession of the name of Christ, and the sincere reception of that pardon and purity which are offered to all true believers through the merits of the great atonement; there are hundreds who are joined in church fellowship with the different Christian societies; there are thousands who sit regularly under the ministry of the word of reconciliation; there are upwards of 20,000 children who are receiving their education, more or less directly, through European influence; information on all subjects is eagerly sought for; the Scriptures have been widely circulated; and the church of Ceylon is beginning to present a name, a locality, purity, and a form right lovely and beautiful. To the last Calany festival, not a single person went from four adjacent villages, at a little distance from Negombo; and from four others the numbers that attended were far inferior to the multitudes of former years. The mission station at Am-

blamgotta has been re-established, under very favourable auspices. Within the year a Baptist church has been commenced in the Kandian district of Matella, connected with which there are many incidents of the most gratifying description. At a missionary meeting of the same society, recently held in Colombo, a scene of Christian charity was presented, which carried our minds forward to that bright period shadowed forth in the visions of prophecy, when all pretensions to exclusive privilege and exclusive purity shall be utterly unknown; there were seen upon the same platform, united together in the same great cause, his excellency the governor, the acting chief justice, gentlemen of the military and civil services, and missionaries of the Church, Baptist, and Wesleyan Societies. The returns of the Church Missionary Society give an increase upon 1837 of 18 labourers, 9 congregations, 53 attendants upon the ministry, 409 boys, and 76 girls, educated in the schools. In enumerating the signs of the times we may also mention, that not long ago a petition was presented to the Roman Catholic priests, signed by many thousands of their followers, demanding more constant and more efficient instruction, and threatening, in case of refusal, to appeal, for the purpose, to the pope at Rome. We would recommend these good people to become Protestants at once, for by no other means can they accomplish the noble objects they have in view. Among our social advantages, may be mentioned the number and excellence of the roads throughout the island, by which trade and civilisation are greatly facilitated; the establishment of the savings' bank, in which the amount of native deposits is regularly increasing; and the institution of societies similar to the Friend in Need Society, for the relief of the necessitous poor. At all our most important stations circulating libraries have been commenced. The natives are now accustomed to expend a little more of their money in household comforts, and their general mode of living is more respectable. We are not aware that any branch of commerce has been established, within the power of native means, which they have not embraced, and some of them are extensive cultivators of coffee. The system of clanship is becoming less powerful; the people are more willing to work at new modes of employment, if the remuneration be adequate; and they are every day increasing in industry and enterprise. The recent extension of their political privileges has performed wonders; though the natives, at first, supposed it was a pretended boon, that was designed in reality to bring them under some more powerful system of oppression. Now, admitted into the legislative council, and with the prospect of other high offices opened before them, they are awaking as from a dream; and though in some instances they have exhibited the heaviness always attendant upon the first arousing from a protracted stupor, in others they have opened their eyes fully to the light, and are embracing the privileges it presents. We could wish to see, on the part of Europeans, a greater readiness to admit the natives to the benefits of social intercourse. It is not the want of intelligence on the part of the native gentlemen that has hitherto shut them out from the European circle, but the too great readiness of many to take improper advantage of their situation, and to obtrude their own private concerns upon the notice of their more influential associates. In respectable society, any man, whatever his present rank or hereditary honours may be, is utterly detested if he talks

much about himself or his own family affairs and connexions. Were the persons to whom we refer to assume less, to be equally respectful after any attention is paid them with what they were previously, we have little doubt that their position in society would soon be raised in a very great degree. That there are native gentlemen who are worthy of any confidence that can be reposed in their integrity, has been too often proved to require additional evidence from us. We understand, that on a recent circuit, F. De Livera, Esq., the district judge of Tangalle, in the Southern Province, received from the honourable the puisne justice, a public acknowledgment of the great judgment displayed in the decisions he has pronounced since his elevation to the bench. To those most respectable individuals in Colombo, who are affording their daughters the advantages of a liberal education, the loudest applause is due; and the intelligence displayed by the young ladies themselves at a recent public examination, has earned for them a meed of praise, that must be equally gratifying to their parents, their instructress, and those benevolent ladies who have watched over the interests of the school with so much solicitude. The examination was the more memorable, as it was a circumstance unprecedented in India to see eastern females of the highest classes in such a situation; a fact which was noticed at the time, if we remember right, by His Excellency the Governor. From the natural mildness of the native disposition, we can conceive of no character more engaging or more lovely than that of a well-educated Ceylonee female, living in the fear of God. Notwithstanding these remarks, our praise is not to be indiscriminate, and our congratulations must be bounded by a proper limit. The promises of life are yet seen only on the surface of society; the mass is yet in chaos, 'without form, and void.' The circumstances of the colony require a more efficient school commission, for the general purposes of education; we have few elementary books of science in the native languages for the instruction of the rising generation; a more consistent regulation is required to enforce the sanctity of the Sabbath; slavery yet exists among us; and we have no properly-regulated system of registration, especially for the Central Province. The questions that affect only particular classes are not to be agitated through this medium; otherwise we might mention several of deep importance; but for this contest we must buckle on our arms in another arena. As a minor desideratum we may remark, that no society, as in the presidencies of India, has yet been instituted in connexion with the Royal Asiatic Society, for the purpose of illustrating the religion, topography, philosophy, and ancient history of the island. We have to regret the increase of the traffic in arrack, and the spread of intemperance among the people; and we have to deprecate, which we do from our innermost soul, the interference of the government in the appointment and maintenance of the Buddhist priesthood, a foul blot upon our national escutcheon, which is thus made to present as its crest the cross of Christ, surmounting a shield sable, on which is emblazoned a heathen temple, and of which the sinister supporter is a demon, and the dexter an atheistical priest. These are circumstances to be regretted; but there are other processes in the course of development, that warrant the indulgence of the most pleasing anticipations relative to the future destiny of Ceylon, and that convert what might otherwise appear to be the language of enthusiasm into the reality of truth. We may now be enveloped in mist and

gloom, but we can discover glorious lights playing in the horizon, and silencing the summits of the hills, that are the sure sign of coming brightness and splendour; and there are intervals even now when a few cheering rays dart down into the depths of our darkness, and surround us for a moment as with the majesty of heaven."

BIOGRAPHY.

LIEUT.-GENERAL GEORGE AINSLIE.

AN old and esteemed friend, who died at Edinburgh on the 16th of April, ought not to descend into the grave without a notice in our Literary Obituary. Lieut.-Gen. Ainslie was of a highly respectable Scottish family; and early in life entered into the military profession, to which he was long an ornament; being for a considerable period governor of Cape Sydney, and afterwards of the island of Dominica. On his return home from the latter appointment, finding the idle time of peace hang heavy on his hands, the general sought a pursuit, and fortunately turned his attention to numismatology with all the ardour of a true amateur. The particular branch to which he devoted himself was the collection of Anglo-Norman coins; and his zeal was rewarded by many rare acquisitions, and some of them of much value in determining historical dates and events. When any interesting evidence of this kind came in view, he was indefatigable in his efforts to obtain it; and years of patience, the travel of many hundreds of miles, and the procuring other coins, by which he might acquire his coveted object in exchange, were no obstacles to his industry and enthusiasm. In 1830, he published an account of these treasures, under the title of "Anglo-French Coinage, 4to. John Hearne," and sold at 2l. 12s. 6d. The work is beautifully and correctly produced, and does honour to the art and its illustrations. A sale of some of the duplicates in his possession, a year or two after this publication, attracted the attention of numismatologists, and some of the most curious were bought for the British Museum. We should suppose it likely that the whole collection would now be brought to the hammer, including a seal of the Black Prince, and other remarkable articles. Gen. Ainslie married a lady, we believe, of the Noel family, who survives him. His sister was married to the Earl of Moray. Capt. Henry F. Ainslie, of the 83d regiment, now in Canada; Capt. Frederick, of the 21st regiment, in Bombay; and three daughters, the youngest married to Capt. Mackay (son of the Hon. Mrs. Mackay, of Baker Street), are the remaining children of General Ainslie. He was sixty-three years of age.

THE DRAMA.

Her Majesty's Theatre.—Donizetti's pleasant, lively *L'Elisir d'Amour*, with the charming Persiani for its heroine, has been twice played, and we hope will be often repeated during the season. We prefer Persiani in tragedy; but are compelled to allow she is also very delightful in comedy. She plays as well as sings the part of Adina with perfect naïveté and exquisite sweetness. Lablache, in *Dulcamara*, gives full force to his truly comic part; at the same time, the value of his magnificent voice is evident, more particularly in concerted music. Tamburini is a jovial, light-hearted *Serjeant Belcour*; and very effective in his share of music. Signor Mario is somewhat in the background in this opera; his want of power is much felt in the concerted pieces, though, to do him justice, his solos are given with pure taste

and melodious voice. We never wish to hear "Una furtiva lagrima" better sung than by this gentleman.

Drury Lane.—Mr. Russell's benefit was, we rejoice to hear, a fair one; though the house was not quite so crowded as the friends of private character connected with the drama, and talent long tried upon the stage, could have wished.

Haymarket Theatre.—Mr. Kean concluded his farewell engagement last night, and has played throughout to excellent houses. A new entertainment, called the *Organ of Order*, has been produced; and well sustained by Farren, Strickland, and Mrs. Fitzwilliam; the latter of whom, in the character of a Frenchwoman, sings a capital ballad, and is nightly encored. The piece itself consists of practical jests played by Strickland, an old joker, on Farren, who is no joker at all; and the audience laugh a good deal at them, though they are rather too much repeated to amuse altogether to the end.

VARIETIES.

The Literary Fund.—On Saturday, the Sub-anniversary at Richmond, Mr. W. Tnoke in the chair, went off most pleasantly. It was a curious coincidence that on the 50th year, exactly fifty guests sat down to dinner. Among them were Lord Glengall, Mr. James, Mr. Hill, the late M.P. for Hull, Mr. Bentley, Mr. Brockedon, and many gentlemen connected in various ways with the literature of the times, and friends to this excellent and efficient Fund. The toasts were given with much neatness and genial feeling, and were received with general applause. Some agreeable amateur songs contributed to the harmony and gratification of the company.

Royalty.—In days of yore, a touch from royalty was held to be a cure for the Evil; but such is the change in our day, we see in "The Times" an advertisement of a benefit concert for a poor foreign lady,* "suddenly afflicted by paralysis, under the immediate patronage of Her Majesty, the Queen Dowager," &c. &c.

Mount Hecla, removed from Iceland to the Surrey Zoological Gardens, is really an extraordinary production. By a combination of water, scenery, machinery, and fireworks, effects are wrought which cannot be imagined without seeing them. The weather has not been favourable since the opening on Monday; but such are the attractions, that the efforts of the artist, and the liberal spirit of the proprietor, are sure to meet with the popularity they so richly deserve.

Charley Chalk (No. I., G. Berger), is another aspirant of the Pickwick school; much after the usual manner, and commencing the career of an artist. We shall see how it goes on.

H.B. has made out his six hundredth caricature. An illustration of the "Compleat Angler" represents Mr. Warburton throwing out a bait to catch a gudgeon (Lord John Russell), a most exquisite little fish, swimming off, but still hankering to rise. The Duke of Wellington says, "That was a nibble but no bite," whilst Peel declares that the angler is an old hand at the work, and will be sure to hook his fish. He has a few already in his creel at his feet, and is a humorous personation of the individual and the sport. The next is a curious instance of (unilateral) resuscitation, effected by distinguished members of the *Royal Humane Society*: the Queen and the bedchamber ladies medicating Lord Melbourne.

Her majesty is applying *sal volatile*, and exclaims, "Ah, there's a dear! now do revive." The whole scene is a capital one, and the various expressions of the pretty countenances very amusing. "A New Version of Can't Get Out" concludes the hundred. It is played by Peel, Lord Stanley, Sir J. Graham, &c. &c.; and Brougham is looking in at the window, wondering at the game, and saying, that he understands "Can't Get In" perfectly.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

In the Press.

Narrative of a Voyage to Madeira, Teneriffe, and along the Shores of the Mediterranean, with Observations on the Present State and Prospects of Egypt and Palestine, &c. &c., by W. R. Wilde, M.R.I.A.—A Greek Lexicon to the New Testament, on the basis of Dr. Robinson's; designed for Junior Students in Divinity and the Higher Classes in Schools, by Charles Robson, Typographer.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

A Diary in America, by Capt. Marrat, C.B., 3 vols. post 8vo. 11s. 6d.—The Life of Edward the Black Prince, by G. P. R. James, Esq. 2d edit. 2 vols. fcap. 8vo. 15s.—London's Hortus Britannicus, with Second Additional Supplement up to March 1839, 8vo. 11s. 6d.—Lives of Eminent British Statesmen, Vol. VII. by John Forster (forming Vol. 115th of the Cabinet Cyclopaedia, fcap. 8vo. 6s.—The British Phenomenon Plants and Ferns, by J. Ralls, fcap. 1s.—The Spaniard, a Tragedy; and The Young Country Widow, a Comedy, by S. Gray, Esq. post 8vo. 6s.—Essays on Natural History, by C. Waterton, Esq. 3d edit. fcap. 8s.—Extracts de Biographies, by G. Phislon, 12mo. 4s.—Experimental Essays on Arches, Piers, Buttresses, &c. by W. Bland, 8vo. 7s.—Theory of the Steam Engine, by Comte de Pambour, 8vo. 12s.—The Travellers' Club-House, by C. Barry, Imp. 4to. 18s.—Travels in South-Eastern Asia, by Rev. H. Malcolm, 2 vols. post 8vo. 16s.—On the Growth of the Salmon in Fresh Water, by W. Yarrell, folio, coloured plates, 12s.—Doubleday's Nomenclature of British Birds, 2d edit. 8vo. 1s. 6d.—The Lion, a Tale of the Coterie, 3 vols. post 8vo. 11s. 6d.—Cicero de Divinatione, by H. Alan, post 8vo. 7s.—Tegg's Hand-Book for Emigrants, fcap. 4s.—Inaugural Addresses by Lords Rectors of Glasgow, by J. B. Hay, royal 8vo. 15s.—The True Vine and the Branches, 18mo. 2s.—Leila; or, the Island, by Ann F. Tytler, 12mo. 2s.—Translations and Sketches of Biography, by a Lady, post 8vo. 7s. 6d.—Memoirs of the Cadet, by a Bengalee, post 8vo. 10s. 6d.—The Vale of Glamorgan, Scenes and Tales among the Welsh, post 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Adventures of an Attorney in Search of Practice, post 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Southampton Railway Companion, by A. Freeling, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—H. Grant's Chancery Questions and Answers, 12mo. 5s.—C. Wordsworth's Rules of Court, 2d edition, with Supplement, 12mo. 18s.—Supplement separate, 6s.—Travels in North America, by the Hon. C. A. Murray, 2 vols. 8vo. 21s.—Rev. W. D. Conybeare's Hampton Lectures, 8vo. 12s.—Rev. H. A. Woodgate's Hampton Lectures, 8vo. 10s.—The Cathedral, a Poem, 2d edition, fcap. 10s. 6d.—The Psalter, in English Verse, by the Rev. J. Keble, fcap. 7s. 6d.—Guide to the Border, 18mo. 4s.—The Annual Register, Vol. LXXX. 1838, 8vo. 16s.—An Autumn Ramble by the Wye, by S. Anne Twanley, 8vo. 20 Plates, 12s.—Views on the Newcastle and Carlisle Railway, by J. Blackmore, 25 Plates, 4to. 21s.—Royal Road to Arithmetic, 12mo. 2s. 6d.—Law of Parliamentary Elections, Part I., by B. Montagu and W. J. Neale, 12mo. 5s. 6d.—J. Meln's Forest Planter and Pruner's Assistant, 12mo. 6s.—The School-Room at Home, 16mo. 2s. 6d.—The Manor of Glenmore; or, the Irish Peasant, 3 vols. post 8vo. 11s. 6d.—The Old Millinery, by N. S. Brennan, D.D. 18mo. 1s. 6d.—The Millennium, by J. Jefferson, 18mo. 1s. 6d.—New Method of Keeping Books by Double Entry, by S. Katté, 4to. 10s. 6d.—Mandeville; or, the Lymouth Visitors, by a Lady, 18mo. 4s.—Dr. C. Wordsworth's Ecclesiastical Biography, 3d edition, 4 vols. 8vo. 3l. 3s.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1839.

June.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 13	From 52 to 79	29.89 to 29.94
Friday... 14	53 to 64	29.81 to 29.88
Saturday... 15	55 to 65	29.86 to 30.02
Sunday... 16	48 to 73	30.15 to 30.17
Monday... 17	48 to 75	30.13 to 30.01
Tuesday... 18	55 to 70	29.96 to 29.90
Wednesday 19	56 to 73	29.88 to 29.93

Prevailing wind, N.E.
Except the 14th, 15th, and afternoon of the 16th, generally clear.

A violent storm of thunder and lightning, accompanied with heavy rain, from about half-past four till about a quarter-past five o'clock, on the afternoon of the 18th; lightning and distant thunder on the evenings of the 13th and 17th.

Rain fallen, 3 of an inch.

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A Diary in America, with Remarks on its Institutions. By Captain Marryat, C.B., author of "Peter Simple," "Jacob Faithful," &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1839. Longman and Co.

THE well-known ability and far-extended experience of the author have excited much expectation from the announcement of this work, to which various collateral and extraneous, or accidental circumstances, have contributed. That he would not come forth as a *Peter Simple*, all were prepared to anticipate; and the only *a priori* thought entertained at home or in the United States was, whether he would or would not prove himself a *Jacob Faithful*. He protests that he is so; and after rising from his narrative, in which praise and censure are equally, and to all appearance impartially, blended, we see no reason to doubt the spirit of impartiality with which he has endeavoured to embody his impressions of the country and the people. In some cases his remarks are extremely astute. The following strikes us as being very sound:—

"There are many causes why those who have written upon America have fallen into error,—they have represented the Americans as a nation; now they are not yet, nor will they for many years be, in the true sense of the word, a nation,—they are a mass of many people cemented together, to a certain degree, by a general form of government; but they are in a constant state of transition, and (what may at first appear strange) no amalgamation has as yet taken place: the puritan of the east, the Dutch descent of the middle states, the cavalier of the south, are nearly as marked and distinct now, as at the first occupation of the country; softened down indeed, but still distinct. Not only are the populations of the various states distinct, but even those of the cities; and it is hardly possible to make a remark which may be considered as general to a country, where the varieties of soil and climate are so extensive. Even on that point upon which you might most safely venture to generalise, namely, the effect of a democratical form of government upon the mass, your observations must be taken with some exceptions, arising from the climate, manners, and customs, and the means of livelihood, so differing in this extended country. Indeed, the habit in which travellers indulge of repeating facts which have taken place, as having taken place in America, has, perhaps unintentionally on their part, very much misled the English reader. It would hardly be considered fair if the wilder parts of Ireland, and the disgraceful acts which are committed there, were represented as characteristic of England, or the British empire; yet between London and Connaught there is a less difference than between the most civilised and intellectual portion of America, such as Boston and Philadelphia, and the wild regions, and wilder inhabitants of the west of the Mississippi and Arkansas, where reckless beings compose a scattered population, residing too far for the law to reach; or where if it could reach, the power of the government would prove much too weak

to enforce obedience to it. To do justice to all parties, America should be examined and portrayed piecemeal, every state separately, for every state is different, running down the scale from refinement to a state of barbarism almost unprecedented; but each presenting matter for investigation and research, and curious examples of cause and effect."

A disposition to hoax travellers whom they expect to publish about them, is also noticed, as a source of some misrepresentations, by Captain M.; and the habit of concealing what might seem disagreeable adds to the causes of errors and false estimates. Of himself, Captain M. says:—

"If I admit that, after the usage which they had received, the Americans are justified in not again tendering their hospitality to the English, I cannot, at the same time, but express my opinion as to their conduct toward me personally. They had no right to insult and annoy me in the manner they did, from nearly one end of the Union to the other, either because my predecessors had expressed an unfavourable opinion of them before my arrival, or because they expected that I would do the same upon my return to my own country. I remark upon this conduct, not from any feeling of ill-will or desire of retaliation, but to compel the Americans to admit that I am under no obligations to them; that I received from them much more of insult and outrage than of kindness; and, consequently, that the charge of ingratitude cannot be laid to my door, however offensive to them some of the remarks in this work may happen to be."

He adds, "America is, indeed, well worth the study of the philosopher. A vast nation forming, society ever changing, all in motion and activity, nothing complete, the old continent pouring in her surplus to supply the loss of the eastern states, all busy as a hive, full of energy and activity. Every year multitudes swarm off from the east, like bees: not the young only, but the old, quitting the close-built cities, society, and refinement, to settle down in some lone spot in the vast prairies, where the rich soil offers to them the certain prospect of their families and children being one day possessed of competency and wealth. To write upon America as a nation would be absurd, for nation, properly speaking, it is not; but to consider it in its present chaotic state is well worth the labour. It would not only exhibit to the living a somewhat new picture of the human mind, but, as a curious page in the philosophy of history, it would hereafter serve as a subject of review for the Americans themselves. It is not my intention to follow the individualising plans of the majority of those who have preceded me in this country. I did not sail across the Atlantic to ascertain whether the Americans eat their dinners with two-prong iron or three-prong silver forks, with chopsticks or their fingers; it is quite sufficient for me to know that they do eat and drink; if they did not, it would be a curious anomaly which I should not pass over. My object was, to examine and ascertain what were the effects of a democratic form of government and climate upon a people which, with all its

foreign admixture, may still be considered as English.

"Upon one point I have made up my mind, which is that, with all its imperfections, democracy is the form of government best suited to the present condition of America, in so far as it is the one under which the country has made, and will continue to make, the most rapid advances. That it must eventually be changed is true, but the time of its change must be determined by so many events, hidden in futurity, which may accelerate or retard the convulsion, that it would be presumptuous for any one to attempt to name a period when the present form of government shall be broken up, and the multitude shall separate and re-embody themselves under new institutions."

The Diary occupies the first, and two-thirds of the second volume: the remainder consists of remarks on the education, slavery, army, marine, government, religion, and other great questions, founded on the preceding personal investigations. From New York, our countryman went to Boston, Troy, Albany, Utica, Trenton, Niagara, Detroit, Lake Huron, Lake Superior, &c.; and staying a while in Canada, during the insurrection, returned to the United States, and visited Philadelphia, Washington, Lake Erie, Winnebago, Wisconsin, the Indians, Cincinnati, Lexington, Louisville, and other places not very orderly arranged, but sufficiently indicated to enable us to follow him in his routes and whereabouts.

Our first extract relates to the Shaking Quakers, of whom Captain M. speaks unfavourably. He tells us:—

"I went out to see the Shakers at Niskayuna. So much has already been said about their tenets that I shall not repeat them, further than to observe that all their goods are in common, and that, although the sexes mix together, they profess the vows of celibacy and chastity. Their lands are in excellent order, and they are said to be very rich. We were admitted into a long room on the ground-floor, where the Shakers were seated on forms, the men opposite to the women, and apart from each other. The men were in their waistcoats and shirt-sleeves, twiddling their thumbs, and looking awfully puritanical. The women were attired in dresses of very light striped cotton, which hung about them like full dressing-gowns, and concealed all shape and proportions. A plain mob cap on their heads, and a thick muslin handkerchief in many folds over their shoulders, completed their attire. They each held in their hands a pocket-handkerchief as large as a towel, and of almost the same substance. But the appearance of the women was melancholy and unnatural; I say unnatural, because it required to be accounted for. They had all the advantages of exercise and labour in the open air, good food and good clothing; they were not overworked, for they are not required to work more than they please; and yet there was something so pallid, so unearthly in their complexions, that it gave you the idea that they had been taken up from their coffins a few hours after their decease: not a hue of health, not a vestige of colour in any cheek or lip;—one cadaverous yellow tinge prevailed.

And yet there were to be seen many faces very beautiful, as far as regarded outline, but they were the features of the beautiful in death. The men, on the contrary, were ruddy, strong, and vigorous. Why, then, this difference between the sexes, where they each performed the same duties, where none were taxed beyond their strength, and all were fed and clothed? After a silence of ten minutes, one of the men of the community, evidently a coarse, illiterate person, rose and addressed a few words to the spectators, requesting them not to laugh at what they saw, but to behave themselves properly, &c., and then he sat down. One of the leaders then burst out into a hymn, to a jiggish sort of tune, and all the others joined chorus. After the hymn was sung they all rose, put away the forms on which they had been seated, and stood in lines, eight in a row, men and women separate, facing each other, and about ten feet apart; the ranks of men being flanked by the boys, and those of the women by the girls. They commenced their dancing by advancing in rows, just about as far as profane people do in *télé* when they dance quadrilles, and then retreated the same distance, all keeping regular time, and turning back to back after every third advance. The movement was rather quick, and they danced to their own singing of the following beautiful composition :

Law, law, de lawdel law,
Law, law, de law,
Law, law, de lawdel law,
Lawdel, lawdel, law—

keeping time also with the hands as well as feet, the former raised up to the chest, and hanging down like the fore-paws of a dancing bear. After a quarter of an hour they sat down again, and the women made use of their large towel pocket-handkerchiefs to wipe off the perspiration. Another hymn was sung, and then the same person addressed the spectators, requesting them not to laugh, and inquiring if any of them felt a wish to be saved—adding ‘Not one of you, I don’t think.’ He looked round at all of us with the most ineffable contempt, and then sat down; and they sang another hymn, the burden of which was—

‘Our souls are saved, and we are free
From vice and all iniquity.’

Which was a very comfortable delusion, at all events. They then rose again, put away the forms as before, and danced in another fashion. Instead of *télé*, it was *grande ronde*. About ten men and women stood in two lines in the centre of the room, as a vocal band of music, while all the others, two and two, women first and men following, promenaded round, with a short quick step, to the tune chanted in the centre. As they went round and round, shaking their paws up and down before them, the scene was very absurd, and I could have laughed had I not felt disgusted at such a degradation of rational and immortal beings. This dance lasted a long while, until the music turned to croaking, and the perspiration was abundant; they stopped at last, and then announced that their exercise was finished. I waited a little while after the main body had dispersed, to speak with one of the elders. ‘I will be with you directly,’ replied he, walking hastily away; but he never came back. I never heard the principle upon which they dance. David danced before the ark; but it is to be presumed that David danced as well as he sung. At least he thought so; for, when his wife Michal laughed at him, he made her conduct a ground of divorce. Every community which works in common, and is provided for in the mass, must become rich, especially when it has

no children to maintain. It is like receiving a person’s labour in exchange for victuals and clothing only, and this is all I can perceive that can be said in favour of these people. Suffice it to say, I have a very bad opinion of them: and were I disposed to dilate on the subject, I should feel no inclination to treat them with the lenity shewn to them by other travellers.”

At Sault St. Marie, we are informed “there are two companies of soldiers quartered here. The rapids from which the village takes its name are just above it; they are not strong or dangerous, and the canoes descend them twenty times a-day. At the foot of the rapids the men are constantly employed in taking the white fish in scoop nets, as they attempt to force their way up into Lake Superior. The majority of the inhabitants here are half-breeds. It is remarkable that the females generally improve, and the males degenerate, from the admixture of blood. Indian wives are here preferred to white, and perhaps with reason—they make the best wives for poor men; they labour hard, never complain, and a day of severe toil is amply recompensed by a smile from their lord and master in the evening. They are always faithful and devoted, and very sparing of their talk, all which qualities are considered as recommendations in this part of the world.”

Intending to resume this work, and being called on by a variety of novelties this week, we shall now conclude with a few specimens, which the Captain has facetiously thrown in to lighten the discussion of graver points.

“The Americans delight in the hyperbole; in fact, they hardly have a metaphor without it. During this crash, when every day fifteen or twenty merchants’ names appeared in the newspapers as bankrupts, one party, not in a very good humour, was hastening down Broadway, when he was run against by another whose temper was equally unamiable. This collision roused the cholera of both. ‘What the devil do you mean, sir?’ cried one; ‘I’ve a great mind to knock you into the middle of next week.’ This occurring on a Saturday, the wrath of the other was checked by the recollection of how very favourable such a blow would be to his present circumstances. ‘Will you?’ by Heavens, then pray do; it’s just the thing I want: for how else I am to get over next Monday, and the acceptances I must take up, is more than I can tell.”

“There certainly is a very remarkable energy in the American disposition; if they fall, they bound up again. Somebody has observed that the New York merchants are of that elastic nature, that, when fit for nothing else, they might be converted into coach-springs; and such really appears to be their character.”

“The radicals here, for there are radicals, it appears, in a democracy—

‘In the lowest depth, a lower deep’—

are very loud in their complaints. I was watching the swarming multitude in Wall Street this morning, when one of these fellows was declaiming against the banks for stopping specie payments, and ‘robbing a poor man in such a villanous manner,’ when one of the merchants, who appeared to know his customer, said to him, ‘Well, as you say, it is hard for a poor fellow like you not to be able to get dollars for his notes: hand them out, and I’ll give you specie for them myself!’ The black-guard had not a cent in his pocket, and walked away looking very foolish. He reminded me of a little chimney-sweeper at the Tower Hamlets election, asking—‘Vot vos my hoplions

about primaginitur?’—a very important point to him, certainly, he having no parents, and having been brought up by the parish.

“I had a genuine Yankee story from one of the party on deck. I was inquiring if the Hudson was frozen up or not during the winter? This led to a conversation as to the severity of the winter, when one man, by way of proving how cold it was, said—‘Why I had a cow on my lot up the river, and last winter she got in among the ice, and was carried down three miles before we could get her out again. The consequence has been, that she has milked nothing but ice-creams ever since.’

“I must notice the prodigious size of the lobsters off Boston Coast: they could stow a dozen common English lobsters under their coats of mail. My very much respected friend, Sir Isaac Coffin, when he was here, once laid a wager that he would produce a lobster weighing thirty pounds. The bet was accepted, and the admiral despatched people to the proper quarters to procure one: but they were not then in season, and could not be had. The admiral, not liking to lose his money, brought up, instead of the lobster, the affidavits of certain people that they had often seen lobsters of that size and weight. The affidavits of the deponents he submitted to the other party, and pretended that he had won the wager. The case was referred to arbitration, and the admiral was cast, with the following pithy reply, ‘Depositions are not lobsters.’”

At Mackinaw. “I inquired if people lived to a good old age in the island; his reply was quite American—‘I guess they do; if people want to die, they can’t die here—they’re obliged to go elsewhere.’

“Progressing in the stage, I had a very amusing specimen of the ruling passion of the country—the spirit of barter, which is communicated to the females as well as to the boys. I will stop for a moment, however, to say, that I heard of an American who had two sons, and he declared that they were so clever at barter, that he locked them both up together in a room, without a cent in their pockets, and that before they had swooped for an hour, they had each gained two dollars a-piece. But now for my fellow-passengers—both young, both good-looking, and both ladies, and evidently were total strangers to each other. One had a pretty pink silk bonnet, very fine for travelling; the other, an indifferent plash one. The young lady in the plush eyed the pink bonnet for some time: at last Plush observed in a drawing, half-indifferent way: ‘That’s rather a pretty bonnet of yours, miss.’ ‘Why yes, I calculate it’s rather smart,’ replied Pink. After a pause, and closer survey—‘You wouldn’t have any objection to part with it, miss?’ ‘Well now, I don’t know but I might; I have worn it but three days, I reckon.’ ‘Oh, my! I should have reckoned that you carried it longer—perhaps it rained on them three days.’ ‘I’ve a notion it didn’t rain not one.—It’s not the only bonnet I have, miss.’ ‘Well now, I should not mind an exchange, and paying you the balance.’ ‘That’s an awful thing that you have on, miss.’ ‘I rather think not, but that’s as may be.—Come, miss, what will you take?’ ‘Why I don’t know,—what will you give?’ ‘I reckon you’ll know best when you answer my question.’ ‘Well, then, I should’nt like less than five dollars.’ ‘Five dollars and my bonnet!’ I reckon two would be nearer the mark—but it’s of no consequence.’ ‘None in the least, miss, only I know the value of my bonnet.—We’ll

say no more about it.' 'Just so, miss.' A pause and silence for half a minute, when Miss Plush looks out of the window, and says, as if talking to herself, 'I shouldn't mind giving four dollars, but no more.' She then fell back in her seat, when Miss Pink put her head out of the window, and said, 'I should not refuse four dollars after all, if it was offered,' and then she fell back to her former position. 'Did you think of taking four dollars, miss?' 'Well! I don't care, I've plenty of bonnets at home.' 'Well,' replied Plush, taking out her purse, and offering her the money. 'What bank is this, miss?' 'Oh, all's right there; Safety Fund; I calculate.' The two ladies exchange bonnets, and Pink pockets the balance."

The Forester; a Tale of 1688. By Mary L. Boyle. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1839. Longman and Co.

WITH some of the inaccuracies of a young writer, and a tendency to redundant local descriptions, there are high redeeming qualities in this *Tale of 1688*. The whole-length portraits of James II. and his Queen, Mary of Modena, especially the latter, are drawn, not only with a sweet sympathy, always given by the sex to misfortune, but also with more historical truth and force than could have been expected from either a youthful or unpractised author: and thus an extraordinary interest is created for those for whom we had supposed it impossible to re-create one new human sympathy. The famous Duke of Marlborough is also exhibited with much talent and appreciation of character; while the supposititious personages, Lord Fleming, Mary Savile, Sir Philip Dudley, and his mysterious sister Jane, are invented with all the skill of an experienced novelist. Some of the inferior people are not less ably portrayed: the touching sketch of Amy, the "flower of the forest," and the interpositions of her father the woodman, are pathetically and ingeniously wrought in to set off the higher affairs; and events of civil war, the royal abdication, and all the rest to the battle of the Boyne, are so well described, that the general canvass would not discredit the hand of a master, as it certainly does much honour to that of a fair lady-artist.

As the relation follows the course of actual history, we need not trouble ourselves with tracing it; but, even in this light, the following unpublished document will excite much interest. When James was stopped on the high seas, and carried back a prisoner to Feversham, the council of government, with Lord Halifax as speaker, and Lord Mulgrave as president, was sitting at Whitehall, and Miss Boyle proceeds,—

"When the news of the king's detention at Feversham reached the capital, but before they could discuss the subject fully, a young countryman made his way, in spite of all opposition, to the very door of the apartment where the assembly was held. He announced himself as the messenger of the king of England, but there were many present who no longer acknowledged James by that title. The perfidious and time-serving Halifax, dreading the effect that any appeal from their unfortunate sovereign might produce on the minds of his coadjutors, proposed, without ceremony, to break up the council. But Lord Mulgrave strenuously opposed this proceeding, and by bold and manly exhortation, persuaded his companions to remain, while the lowly ambassador of James the Second was introduced. The man looked around with surprise and awe

upon a scene so novel, and then, encouraged by the cheering condescension of Lord Mulgrave, he presented the letter, which bore no address. 'His majesty,' he said, while tears flowed down the rough cheeks of the young peasant, 'had intrusted him with that paper, desiring it might be delivered to a friend.' Alas! there were but few present who were anxious even to lay claim to that title. The president, with some marks of emotion, beckoned the man towards him, and in as steady a voice as he could command, read to the following effect:—

"Feversham, December 19, 1688.

"I had the misfortune to be stooped at Schellness, and brought in here, by a rabble of seamen, fishermen, and others, who still detain me here tho' they know me. Lord Winchelsea came to me here, but too late. But if those who detain me would let me go to Canterbury, I would not have cared: I must see if that I could not persuade them to permit it to-morrow; however, speak to some of my servants to come to me, and bring with them some linnen and cloaths; and if Fraser be in the way let him be one: direct them to come by Sittingburne, and go by this place on to Canterbury, if I be not here. I know not if this letter will get to you safe, and so say no more. Let James Graham know I shall want some money; if he could come and bring some himself, or send some, it would be but necessary, those who seized me having taken all the little I had about me, when they layed hands upon me.

'J. R.

'December 13th.

"This letter should have gone last night, but the person who was to carry it was frightened, so that he dared not shew out of this inn, being stooped and frightened. I hope he that carries it now will get through to you, tho' all the whole country are up, and have plundered most of the Catholics' houses."

"When Lord Mulgrave concluded this affecting appeal, he looked around in silence, believing that few of his associates could remain insensible to the distress and humiliation of a man whom they had once hailed as their king. But he was mistaken; for the space of several minutes the silence was unbroken, until Lord Halifax, in his office of speaker, murmured something about the regret that must ever be excited even by the misfortunes of those who suffered for their own errors; and then further remarking that the interference of the assembly in this business would be both ill-advised and ill-timed, he again proposed that the council should adjourn."

This is a curious letter, and Miss Boyle has made excellent use of it. But we have alluded to some of her faults, and ought to justify our gentle censure. They seem to arise out of the floridness of the descriptions: thus, page 3, vol. i. "In a deep recess of that window stood two persons, engaged in earnest conversation," &c.; and, in the very next passage, page 4, it is written, "But we have dwelt so long on these particulars, as might lead to the belief, that she stood in the window alone." Again, "Lord Fleming was proud, but his pride was under subjection, even though it sprang from conscious rectitude," p. 39. And why not? It was the more likely to be under subjection on that very account.

Many of the reflections of the writer breathe of her period of life; but there are a number which are almost extraordinary from so young an observer. The heroine has pledged her

vows; and the queen, with whom she is a favourite,

"Stooped forward, and kissing her young friend gently on the brow, exclaimed—'So those important words have been pronounced—those words which exercise a magic influence over the whole of our after-life! Did it never strike you, Mary, how lightly the generality of the world esteem and consider the most awful step which a woman is called upon to take in life? Until that moment, she may never have been placed in a situation which entailed the necessity of important decision; until that moment (particularly if her hand be solicited at an early period), every act of her young life, however trifling, has been probably influenced by others. With men it is a very different case: they are early under the obligation of thinking and acting for themselves; as children they enter on the stage of the world, and are compelled to be actors in its scenes: they are brought by degrees in contact with their fellow-performers, and imperceptibly acquire a comprehension of the part they may have to play in the more stirring incidents of the drama. But woman is not unfrequently hurried from utter seclusion, without any such preparation, and abruptly required to assume a new character, and to perform a most arduous part on the theatre of her own destiny, while the novelty of her situation is calculated to bewilder as well as to dazzle her.'"

The sacking and destruction of the gaol at Marlborough are told with great animation; though perhaps the colloquies within the walls are too long for the circumstances. Nevertheless, we conclude with one of the scenes:—

"In crossing one of the courts, however, Morice perceived a concourse of people flocking in one direction, and with loud vociferations inviting every one to assist in hunting the old governor out of his hiding-place. Morice joined the crowd, and gathered from the language of those who surrounded him, that they were bent on the destruction of the man he sought; while one or two frequently turned to urge the others forward, assuring them 'that they would be too late for the sport.' The forester looked round in silence, hoping to discover some of his friends among the crowd, but it was for the most part composed of liberated prisoners, and those who were connected with them; they hastened on through several passages, and up a winding staircase, into a small tower, where a room was situated immediately below the leads. There were sounds proceeding from that room which caused Morice to push forward even more eagerly than before, and forcing open the door, he found himself in an apartment much larger than is usually found in a prison, which had probably once served as an oratory; at least so it appeared, for an iron lamp was suspended from the ceiling, which burned night and day, and now served to discover a scene of horror. Across the threshold was stretched the body of a soldier, who had been killed in defending his post; an officer lay not far distant, apparently in the agonies of death; but at the other end, was a sight even more calculated to arrest the eye. Two ruffians were occupied in binding the arms of a fine old man, in a full military dress, whose long gray hair might have claimed some pity and respect at the hands of the most hardened; while a third stood guard over a lovely boy, apparently about fourteen years of age. There was a marked resemblance in the features of the father and the son, but a strong contrast in their demeanour; the old man submitted in silence, listening to every insulting threat with a scornful smile, that

* "This interesting document is in the possession of the Earl of Cork and Ormoy, by whose kind permission it is inserted here."

kindled his gray eye, and added to the dignity of his whole aspect; it was only when they coupled their menaces with the name of his son, the child of his old age, that the veteran's cheek betrayed the fear which was unfamiliar to his nature. The demeanour of the boy was of that uneven character which might be expected at an age when the lofty spirit, scarcely developed, struggles with the yet lingering timidity of childhood. At one moment, with the tears streaming down his young cheeks, he would call upon his persecutors, with the voice of an angel, to have pity upon his father; to unbind his limbs and set him free; at the next, he strove to advance towards the governor, while the coward who pinioned those slender arms, raised his clenched fist, and striking the gallant boy, caused his tears to be dried in an instant, brought the crimson blood into his cheeks, and lit the eye, which but a moment before was overflowing with sorrow. Then he would stamp his small foot upon the ground, and exasperate the wretches in whose power he was, by heaping on them every opprobrious epithet. No sooner was the door opened, and his eyes fell upon the forester, than a ray of hope cast itself over his features. There was something in the appearance of Hubert Morice that seemed to promise protection; and turning quickly round, he entreated him to deliver his father. This appeal was rewarded by a blow, which caused Morice to lay him who gave it prostrate at the feet of the boy. The men who were binding the governor's arms turned their heads abruptly; while those who had entered at the same time as Morice, stood suspended between surprise and anger."

The whole is well given, and we are sorry we have not room for it; and can only recommend these volumes to the lovers of the historical class of novels, to which, by consistent fiction, it imparts another interest, and teaches us to feel for imagined as well as real sufferings.

Songs and Poems. In Three Parts. By Thomas Tod Stoddart, Esq., author of the "Death Wake," "Scottish Angler," &c. 8vo. pp. 216. Edinburgh, 1839. Blackwood and Sons.

MANY of these songs are excellent, especially those in the first part, which treat upon the gentle craft of angling. There is a heartiness about them; and we could almost fancy, whilst reading, that we heard the voices of the "jolly fishermen" swelling out the loud chorus. The wind blows, the river flows, the trees wave, and the hawthorn sends its healthy aroma along the pages, and we are borne away to flowery slopes and rustling sedges, where the pointed reeds rattle against each other, and the drooping water-flags whisper and wave beside the stream. But we must let our readers partake of the pleasure which the volume has afforded us; and, without further apology, shall select a sweet stave or two from the work.

"O Waken, Winds, Waken!"

O waken, winds, waken! the waters are still,
And silence and sunlight recline on the hill;
The angler is watching, beside the green springs,
For the low welcome sound of your wandering wings!

His rod is unwielded, his tackle unfreed,
And the withe-woven pannier lies flung on the mead;
He looks to the lake, through its fane of green trees,
And sighs for the curl of the cool summer breeze.

Calm-bound is the form of the water-bird fair,
And the spear of the rush stands erect in the air,
And the dragon-fly roams o'er the lily-bed gay,
Where basks the bold pike in a sun-amitten bay.

O waken, winds, waken! wherever asleep;
On cloud, or dark mountain, or down in the deep;
The angler is watching, beside the green springs,
For the low welcome sound of your wandering wings."

"I've Angled Far, &c.

I've angled far and angled wide,
On Fannich dree, by Luichart's side,
Across dark Conan's current;
Have haunted Beauty's silver stream,
Where glimmering thro' the forest Dream
Hangs its eternal torrent;

Among the rocks of wild Marae,
O'er whose blue billow ever free
The daring eagles hover,
And where, at Glomach's ruffian steep,
The dark stream holds its angered leap,
Many a fathom over;

By Lochy sad, and Laggan lake,
Where Spey uncoils his glittering snake
Among the hills of thunder;
And I have swept my fatal fly,
Where swarthy Findhorn hurries by
The olden forest under;

On Tumme's solitary bed,
And where wild Tilt and Garry wed
In Athol's heathery valleys,
On Eard by green Dunelra's bower,
Below Breadalbane's Tay-washed tower,
And Scone's once regal palace.

There have I swept the slender line,
And where the broad Awe braves the brine,
Have watched the gray grilse gambol,
By nameless stream and tarn remote,
With light flies in the breeze aloft,
Holding my careless ramble.

But dearer than all these to me
Is Sylvan Tweed; each tower and tree
That in its vale rejoices!
Dearer the streamlets one and all,
That blend with its Eollian brawl
Their own enamouring voices!"

"The Breeze is on, &c.

The breeze is on the Heron lake,
The May sun shineth clear;
Away we bound through the broomy brake,
With our wands and angling gear.

The birch-wreath o'er the water edge
Scatters sweet flies about,
And round his haunt of sighing sedge
Bells up the yellow trout.

Beware! beware! his eye is bright,
As falcon's in the sky;
But artful feather hove aright,
Will hood a keener eye.

Beware! beware the water weed
And the birch that waves behind;
And gently let the good line speed
Before thee on the wind.

Oh! gently let the good line flow,
And gently wile it home;
There's many a gallant fin, I trow,
Under the ribbed foam.

A merry fish on a stallion lead
'Tis a pleasant thing to hear
On May-days, when the cownail fair
Is blooming on the mead.

When the breeze is up, and the sun is out,
And gray flies buzz or thrush
Sport in the noontide round about
The shadow of a tree.

Oh! then the heart bounds pleasantly,
And its thoughts are pleasant things,
Gushing in joyous purity,
Like silent water-springs!"

"The Angler's Invite.

Come when the leaf comes, angle with me,
Come when the bee hums over the lee,
Come with the wild flowers—
Come with the mild showers—

Come when the singing bird calleth for thee!
Then to the stream side gladly we'll lie,
Where the gray trout glide silently by,
Or in some still place

Over the hill face
Hurrying onward, drop the light fly.
Then when the dew falls, homeward we'll speed
To our own loved walls down on the mead,
There, by the bright hearth,
Holding our night mirth,

We'll drink to sweet friendship in need and in deed."

Continental Fragments. By C. R. Weld. 8vo. pp. 92. Dublin, 1839. Hardy and Walker. London, Groombridge.

MANY of these *Fragments* are very beautiful; some of them truly poetical; and what enhances their value is, that they are put forth without any vain pretence. True, the author has gone over much of the ground which Rogers and Byron have trodden before; nor can the mind divest itself of what they have done while perusing his pages. But, setting all

these matters aside, his is a work of great merit; the author thinks and feels rightly, and has set about his task with the true spirit: there is no bombast, no inflation about his style, no big-bouncing, unmeaning nothingnesses. Read the following, to judge:—

"Père is Chaise.

I would not care to call that man my friend,
Who could view all these victories of death—
The many tombs and monuments so dear
To parents, friends, and relatives—unmov'd.

'Tis a strange melancholy feel to walk
With death on every side;—to see each tomb
Inscrib'd with names and words of deep, deep grief.
And there are some which call from every breast
A sympathising sigh."

None but a true poet could have penned these few lines; if any one had recited them to us, and we been ignorant of the author's name, we should have attributed them to Wordsworth. Amid so many short but beautiful pieces, we are puzzled to make an extract: we shall therefore give the following, for no other reason than that it was the last we read:—

"Juliet's Tomb, Verona.

And this was Juliet's tomb;—this antique shell,
Of coardest marble, held that once fair form;
Here was she laid, and here the lamp was placed;
And at the side and foot were two square holes,
Through which the gentle and reviving air
Might pass, softly to wake again to life,
Though not to love, the prison'd slumberer.

It stands within a mould'ring court-yard,
And rests on one stone step, overgrown with moss.
An old and feeble woman spends her days
In caring it, and gains a scanty sum
By shewing it to curious travellers:
Yet has she too, withal, an honest pride;
And as she lifts her wand to point it out,
I envy not the man could doubting hear,
And leave the spot without a passing sigh.

The garden held it once, a wild of weeds,
And tangled shrubs, a lone neglected place,
Meat to enclose a relic, o'er which hangs
Such sad remembrances of wither'd things,
And hopes of youth, all blighted in the bud.
But pilfering strangers, worse than gnawing time,
Urged by the keen desire to possess,
Were wont to treasure up the smallest piece,
Which taken by itself were never mis'd;
But by degrees these thefts began to shew,
And bit by bit was broken off, until
A yawning gap disclosed the sacrilege:
So busy were the hands of curious men,
Yet, there was some excuse; and to thy muse,
Immortal Shakspere, it was homage paid,
For thou hast shed a magic o'er the place,
Which will exist while time shall hold its sway."

Travels in North America, during the Years 1834, 5, 6. Including a Summer Residence with the Pawnee Tribe of Indians, in the remote Prairies of the Missouri; and a Visit to Cuba and the Azore Islands. By the Honourable C. Augustus Murray. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1839. Bentley.

BRED and trained among the invigorating mountains of the Scottish highlands; accustomed to mount to the craggy heights of the ptarmigan, and stalk the fleet and wary red deer among his fastnesses, Mr. Murray was just the sort of person to undergo the fatigues of prairie travel, and shew the Pawnees themselves that the lap of European luxury had not caused the sturdy race of Caledonia to degenerate. His activity and his rifle, his courage and his firmness, were rather superior than inferior to the standard of the children of nature with whom he ranged; and we rise from the account of his difficulties, dangers, and exploits, perfectly satisfied with the figure our representative of the white cut among the hunters and warriors of the red.

As we do not find much in the writer's remarks upon the various parts of the United States which he visited that calls for observation, as differing from the accounts of other travellers, and presenting novelty of subject, we shall go at once to the more original

matter, and set ourselves down with the Pawnees, with whom we have started from Fort Leavenworth, the most distant on the American frontier:—

"Every hour (he says) that I spent with the Indians, impressed upon me the conviction that I had taken the only method of becoming acquainted with their domestic habits and their undisguised character. Had I judged from what I had been able to observe at Fort Leavenworth, or other frontier places, where I met them, I should have known about as much of them as the generality of scribblers and their readers, and might, like them, have deceived myself and others into a belief in their 'high sense of honour'—their hospitality—their openness and love of truth, and many other qualities which they possess, if at all, in a very moderate degree; and yet it is no wonder if such impressions have gone abroad, because the Indian, among whites, or at a garrison, trading-post, or town, is as different a man from the same Indian at home as a Turkish 'mollah' is from a French barber. Among whites, he is all dignity and repose; he is acting a part the whole time, and acts it most admirably. He manifests no surprise at the most wonderful effects of machinery—is not startled if a twenty-four-pounder is fired close to him, and does not evince the slightest curiosity regarding the thousand things that are strange and new to him; whereas at home, the same Indian chatters, jokes, and laughs among his companions—frequently indulges in the most licentious conversation; and his curiosity is as unbounded and irresistible as that of any man, woman, or monkey, on earth. Truth and honesty (making the usual exceptions to be found in all countries) are unknown, or despised by them. A boy is taught and encouraged to steal and lie, and the only blame or disgrace ever incurred thereby is when the offence is accompanied by detection. I never met with liars so determined, universal, or audacious. The chiefs themselves have told me repeatedly the most deliberate and gross untruths, to serve a trifling purpose, with the gravity of a chief-justice; and I doubt whether Baron Munchausen himself would be more than a match for the great chief of the Pawnees. Let them not dispute the palm—each is greatest in his peculiar line—one in inventive exaggeration, the other in plain unadorned falsehood."

The dandyism of the youthful Pawnees is superb:—

"About the age of twenty they are allowed to hunt, and seek other opportunities for distinction. This epoch answers to the Oxonian's first appearance in London life after taking his B.A. degree. I have seen some dandies in my life—English, Scotch, French, German, ay and American dandies too; but none of them can compare with the vanity or coxcombry of the Pawnee dandy. Lest any of the gentry claiming this distinction, and, belonging to the above-mentioned nations, should doubt or feel aggrieved at this assertion, I will faithfully narrate what passed constantly before my eyes in our own tent; namely, the manner in which Sâ-ni-tâ-riah's son passed the days on which there was no buffalo hunt. He began his toilet, about eight in the morning, by greasing and smoothing his whole person with fat, which he rubbed afterwards perfectly dry, only leaving the skin sleek and glossy; he then painted his face vermilion, with a stripe of red also along the centre of the crown of the head; he then proceeded to his 'coiffure,' which received great attention, although the quantum of hair demanding such care was limited, inasmuch as

his head was shaved close, except one tuft at the top, from which hung two plaited 'tresses.' (Why must I call them 'pig-tails'?) He then filled his ears, which were bored in two or three places, with rings and wampum, and hung several strings of beads round his neck; then, sometimes painting stripes of vermilion and yellow upon his breast and shoulders, and placing armlets above his elbows and rings upon his fingers, he proceeded to adorn the nether man with a pair of moccasins, some scarlet cloth leggings fastened to his waist-belt, and bound round below the knee with garters of beads four inches broad. Being so far prepared, he drew out his mirror, fitted into a small wooden frame (which he always, whether hunting, or at home, carried about his person), and commenced a course of self-examination, such as the severest disciple of Watts, Mason, or any other religious moralist, never equalled. Nay more, if I were not afraid of offending the softer sex by venturing to bring man into comparison with them in an occupation which is considered so peculiarly their own, I would assert that no female creation of the poets, from the time that Eve first saw 'that smooth watery image,' till the polished toilet of the lovely Belinda, ever studied her own reflected self with more perseverance or satisfaction than this Pawnee youth. I have repeatedly seen him sit, for above an hour at a time, examining his face in every possible position and expression; now frowning like Homer's Jove before a thunder-storm, now like the same god, described by Milton, 'smiling with superior love'; now slightly varying the streaks of paint upon his cheeks and forehead, and then pushing or pulling 'each particular hair' of his eyebrows into its most becoming place! Could the youth have seen any thing in that mirror half so dangerous as the features which the glassy wave gave back to the gaze of the fond Narcissus, I might have feared for his life or reason; but, fortunately for these, they had only to contend with a low receding forehead, a nose somewhat simious, a pair of small sharp eyes, with high cheek-bones, and a broad mouth, well furnished with a set of teeth, which had at least the merit of demolishing speedily every thing, animal or vegetable, that came within their range. His toilet thus arranged to his satisfaction, one of the women or children led his buffalo-horse before the tent; and he proceeded to deck his steed by painting his forehead, neck, and shoulders, with stripes of vermilion, and sometimes twisted a few feathers into his tail. He then put into his mouth an old-fashioned bridle, bought or stolen from the Spaniards, from the bit of which hung six or eight steel chains, about nine inches long; while some small bells, attached to the reins, contributed to render the movements of the steed as musical as those of the lovely 'Sonnante' in the incomparable tales of Comte Hamilton. All things being now ready for the promenade, he threw a scarlet mantle over his shoulders; thrust his mirror in below his belt; took in one hand a large fan of wild-geese or turkey fea-

thers, to shield his fair and delicate complexion from the sun; while a whip hung from his wrist, having the handle studded with brass nails. Thus accoutred, he mounted his jingling palfrey, and ambled through the encampment, envied by all the youths less gay in attire, attracting the gaze of the unfortunate drudges who represent the gentler sex, and admired supremely by himself!"

Poor Bond Street, and miserable Hyde Park!

Hunting the buffalo, was the great aim and object of the tribe with whom Mr. Murray resided; and his adventures in these expeditions would have done honour to Nimrod. On one occasion he relates:—

"I was determined not to let the sun set upon my blood-guiltless head; and, as it was only about two P.M., I mounted another horse, took my rifle, and again set out in quest of adventures. I soon found a bull in a neighbouring ravine, slightly wounded by an arrow in his flank; and, as he was near the village, a large party of women and children were answering, at a respectful distance, his roaring and bellowing by their shouts and cries. They told me to go and kill him. As the horse I had then mounted would not allow me to shoot from his back, I dismounted, and shot a bullet into the bull's shoulder; after a short interval, he tottered and fell. I thought that he was just about to die, and imprudently walked up nearer to him. To my surprise, he sprang up and made at me; I waited till he came within two or three yards, then fired my second barrel, and jumped on one side. He passed over the place I had ceded to him, and, after staggering on a short distance, he fell again. I reloaded my rifle, and was obliged to fire another ball, which put him out of his pain; and then I left him to the tender mercies of the women and children, and, mounting my horse, cantered over the hills in search of more game. I was soon aware of a fine bull, enjoying its solitary range at the distance of a quarter of a mile. I gave chase, and, after a gallop of two or three miles, I came alongside the enemy; but my Indian nag would not allow me to shoot off his back; the moment I presented my rifle, he would wheel and jump, so as to preclude all possibility of taking aim. The bull chased me about fifty yards, but, finding he had no chance of overtaking me, stopped and stamped. I dismounted, and a pitched battle now ensued, in which Purday's double-barrel ultimately gained the day; but I never met with an animal so tenacious of life. He did not fall till he received my fourth ball in the heart; two having pierced him before, not more than three inches from the heart, and one having entered his eye, which I aimed at, in the expectation of thereby reaching his brain. I now returned to the camp, satisfied with my day's sport. I might have killed three times as many with half the trouble, had I chosen to remain with the chiefs in the centre of the 'cerne,' and assist in the medley massacre; but I could see no sport or excitement in a scene resembling too closely the shambles: besides which, it is impossible to have the undivided glory, as the greater number are pierced by three or four arrows, and you must either kill some other hunter's wounded buffalo, or let him kill what you have wounded; neither of which alternatives a sportsman would choose to adopt. I cannot say exactly the amount of the day's slaughter, but it was between five and six hundred. . . . And here (he afterwards observes) I may remark, that the bow and arrow is, beyond all question, the most effective weapon for killing buffalo; it would

* "The fashion of wearing the hair varies in every tribe, and in every individual of the tribe, according to the fancy of the person; but the method here described is the most prevalent among the Pawnees. The Ricaras plait a long stream of horsehair with their crown-tuft, which floats wildly in the breeze as they gallop, and gives them a terrible and picturesque appearance. I have also been informed by many of the Rocky Mountain traders, that some of the Crow chiefs (a nation to the north-west of the Ricaras) wear hair of seven and eight feet long; and a gentleman of character and education assured me that he had measured the hair of one of them nine feet. Like the faithful old Herodotus, I add, 'These things I have not seen, but give them as they were told to me.'"

be so even in the hands of an indifferent archer, because it is only necessary to have a well-trained horse, who is sufficiently fleet to overtake the game, but who will not pass them, so as to incur the danger of their formidable horns; the hunter may then gallop up behind them, keeping always on their right flank, so as to have the free use of his bow, and, when within five or six yards, shoot one or two arrows into the loins in the oblique direction, which the relative position of the parties renders easy and almost unavoidable. Even if, as I before said, the archer be but an indifferent one, and the arrows only enter four or five inches into the flank, every motion that the poor animal makes brings some new portion of his wounded interior in contact with the sharp arrow-head, and he soon seeks relief in standing still, when he is either left to a slow and lingering death, or becomes an easier mark for a deliberate aim. But, with the Pawnees, at least among the *braves* and warriors, it is very rare that only a few inches of the arrow enter; on the contrary, unless it strike full upon a rib-bone, it generally penetrates two-thirds of its length, and is often buried up to the feathers; indeed, I have seen the greater part of the feathers buried also, and have been assured by many, both Indians and white traders, that they have frequently known an arrow to be sent clean through a buffalo, and to stick into the ground; this last I never saw, but I can believe it. In shooting these animals with ball the risk is much greater, for, when wounded, they feel less pain in motion than in remaining still; and, therefore, they gallop either away from, or in pursuit of, the hunter, until they receive the mortal shot. I cannot convey any just impression of the total dependence of the remote western tribes on buffalo, for their very existence, without giving a sketch of the various purposes for which that animal is, by their ingenuity, rendered available. First, its flesh is their principal, sometimes their only, food; eaten fresh on the prairies during their hunt, and dried, in their winter villages. Secondly, the skin is put to various uses; it forms the material of their lodges, of their bales for packing the meat, of their bed by night, and their clothing by day; the coarser parts they make into saddles, or cut into laryettes, or halters; and, more than all, it is now their chief article of trade with the whites, and thus is the source whence they must derive blankets, knives, beads, and every other produce of civilisation. Thirdly, they use the sinews as strings to their bows, and the smaller fibres instead of twine or thread; the brains serve to soften and dress the skins; while (as is elsewhere noted in this journal) the hoof, at the end of the shank-bone, is made to answer the purpose of a mallet. Fourthly, the bones are not less useful; some of them being serviceable as scrapers, or coarse chisels; others are pointed, and used with the finer fibres as needle and thread; and the ribs, strengthened by some of the stronger fibres, are made to furnish the bow with which other buffalo are to be destroyed: this last is the triumph of Indian ingenuity. The first bow that I saw constructed in this manner caused so much

surprise and admiration, that I offered nearly the value of a horse for it, but was refused. When I add to the foregoing particulars, that on the barren prairies the Indians frequently depend upon the buffalo for their fuel, and on its bladder for the means of carrying water, it will not be denied that the animal is essential to their existence; and where the buffalo is exterminated, the Indian of the prairies must perish."

We shall only quote one of Mr. Murray's *djéinés*, not *à la fourchette*, and close these volumes; leaving, as we have mentioned all the rest, out of the Pawnee camp, to the readers of the work, who will find it full of incident and entertainment.

"As I trotted over the plain, I began to feel the cravings of hunger almost to a painful degree; which is not to be wondered at, as I had been twelve hours in hard exercise, without rest, and had eaten nothing on the preceding day. After riding a few miles further, I saw a small herd: upon giving chase, a young bull fell behind the rest, being so fat that he could not keep up with them. After running them a considerable distance, we came to a very narrow steep ravine; and, as I saw the leaders cross directly up the opposite side, I knew that the fat gentleman would follow them as well as he was able. Accordingly, I dismounted, examined my caps, and prepared for a comfortable shot. When all the rest had disappeared over the opposite brow, he toiled lazily up the ascent. As soon as he was exactly in the place where I wished him to be, and not more than forty yards off, I fired. He turned instantly, gave me a fierce look, and began to run straight towards me: but the ball had been too true; he required no second, and rolled dead into the ravine below. I now hobbled my horse, took off my jacket, tucked up my sleeves, drew my knife, and prepared to make my *coup d'essai* as a butcher. Previously to eating my savage and solitary meal, I looked around. There was not a human being in sight to assist me in turning over the body, which is hard work for two ordinary men, but impossible for one: so I was obliged to content myself with skinning only one side. My knife was not very sharp, and those only who have seen and proved the skin of this hairy monster can judge of the labour of the task. After an hour's unremitting work I succeeded, and then went on to open the body. Without much difficulty I got at the liver, and began to eat, certainly more like a wolf, or Indian, than a Christian man. After devouring several large morsels, I saw a hunter coming towards me at full speed. He had been unsuccessful, and was hungry. I was nearly choked with thirst, and, as soon as he arrived, made him signs, that if he would fetch me water, I would give him as much to eat as he chose. He nodded assent. We then took out the bladder of the buffalo; I told him to wash it well, and bring it back full of clear water. He went off at a gallop, and, in about a quarter of an hour, came back, having executed his commission. I cannot say that the water was quite crystal; but I never enjoyed a more delicious meal than this raw liver, and the water, such as it was. The Indian also shewed me two or three other morsels, which I found excellent; and I strongly recommend to any gentleman who may ever find himself similarly situated, to break a bone, and suck the marrow."

The Lion; a Tale of the Colonies. 3 vols.

12mo. London, 1839. Colburn.

A good title and a good deal of talent, not,

perhaps, exercised to the best advantage, nor to the extent to which its owner was capable of employing it, are the recommendations of this Tale. It is clever and unequal. Parts shew an acute observation of society and appreciation of character; but the whole is strained, and rather a caricature than a picture of the coteries attempted to be described. "The Lion," a provincial genius spoilt by favouritism and *éclat* in town, may be true to nature; but the scenes into which he is plunged are so improbable, that we feel they belong neither to the world of fashion nor reality. The personages with whom he comes into contact, such as they are, seem to be drawn from existing originals; but in his position he could not be and act with and upon them as here represented. The want, therefore, of *vraisemblance*, is the prominent defect of *The Lion*.

The first portion, with its country politics and parliamentary election, does not much interest us. The Roxburgh, Hull, Carlou, and other election committees, have placed fiction at a discount for the invention of such matters. The three sisters Warbles, however, are amusing people; and Sparker, a swaggering *parvenu*, well painted; as is Aunt Ursula, after a model of unselfish devotedness, now turning very common in our novel-writing system.

About half the work, addressed to the Lion's life in London, among blues, pretenders, literati, *roués*, and nincompoops of various denominations, will be entertaining enough even to those who do not take the trouble to guess who the frivolous Suffields, Garstons, Altons, Fullartons, Strongfells, Wicksteeds, Cottons, &c. *et cetera*, are intended to personate. They are, indeed, like Mercutio's jokes,—you may search all day ere you find them, and, when found, they are not worth the search. A Lady Merivale is the principal figure, too stately and sage to betray us into feeling much for her whereabouts; though we confess we care almost as little for her contrast with the first or second heroine—poor Agnes Gray. Among the other folks who inhabit the pages are Lord Merivale; old Brandon, a churl; one Ashmole, a sturdy puritan; one Cherry, a business-pusher; Colonel Winwood and his wife, heartless fashionables; Almond, a genuine but eccentric man of letters; and a few others of less note, who serve to fill up the measure of a three-volume novel, rather better than the average of such productions of a similar class.

Here is a sample of it. The Merivale party are driven by a storm to take shelter under a gateway:—

"They had not been here two moments, before there issued from the portly mansion to which their shelter was an appendage, the properest of middle-aged footmen, clad in a rich livery, and bursting with civility and consequence. 'His ladies,' he said, with a flourish, 'desired their best compliments, and were quite ashamed that it should hail so; but they hoped that the party would do them the honour to alight, and take shelter till the storm should be over. Miss Warble,' he added, 'would have come out herself, but for her hoarseness.' 'Miss Warble—does she live here still?' exclaimed Lord Merivale, in the blithe tone his lady had heard for many a day. 'You must have heard me talk, Isabella, of the famous luncheons she used to give me when I was a Harrow boy, shooting, down at Merivale. We shall be most happy to avail ourselves of her hospitality. Come, Isabella, here is a charming opportunity for you to practice popularity-seeking. The best soul in the world! and a little blue!' 'O, for Heaven's sake, let's see her!' said

* "The classical reader will be interested in being reminded of the singular resemblance which the details of Indian customs bear to those of the Scythians, as described by Herodotus, who notices the 'scraping the flesh from the skin of the ox with an instrument formed from his rib'; and also the method of 'scalping their enemies, and wearing the scalp-locks attached to their dress or horses' bits, he that possessed the most being esteemed the bravest warrior; every word of which description is strictly applicable to the Missouri Indians.—See 'Herod. Melpomene,' cap. 61-64."

Winwood, assisting Lady Merivale from her horse. 'Did you ever hear of any body being ashamed of a hail-storm before? It's delicious. Come, Fullarton; perhaps they will give you some luncheon. Miss Dereham, I hope you will keep your countenance!' A few steps across a court-yard, and the purdy Mercury throwing open a glass door, ushered the Merivale party into the mansion of the Warbles. Comfort was every where visible, even in its outworks—soft carpets—massive shutters—doors, through which no wind could pierce. A rich, but not coarse odour of cookery, suggested the neighbourhood of a kitchen; while works of art, numerous rather than choice, in the shape of framed embroideries, landscapes, maps, &c., hung about in the passages—proved that the owners of this paradise were liberal in mind, as well as in purse. The voices of more talkers than one broke upon the ear, as John, throwing open the mahogany door with an air, announced, 'Lord and Lady Merivale and party.' Lady Merivale dared hardly look round; there were times when she was uncomfortably alive to whimsical impressions, and the present was of the number. 'O, my lord! O, my lady! O!' . . . was the greeting of the foremost Miss Warble, as she ambled forward to receive her guests—'What a pleasure is this! What an honour!'—and a cluster of tassels, which hung from her broad-spreading turban, nodded, responsive to her welcome. 'I was saying, do you know, to our good friend, the archdeacon, only yesterday, that I really thought I might venture, for old acquaintance sake, to pay my respects to your lordship at the Abbey—but now! . . . My lady, will you allow me to present my sisters to you?'—Miss Joanna Warble—Miss Pyarea Warble—and two more turbans nodded sociable things, as the party sat down. Miss Warble, however, continued to be the principal speaker. Miss Joanna, in fact, was a trifle serious, as it is styled, and not disposed to be fluent, save in her own *colerics*: but did any poor Christian, out of its pale, depart this life—she would descant as eloquently concerning 'his account,' as if she kept the book in her own hands. She was, nevertheless, a pious, charitable woman. Miss Pyarea had yet fewer claims on society; she had little to say, save to echo her sisters; but she had accomplishments—was indefatigably notable. The queen had seen some of her cuttings in paper at a bazar, and had asked who had done them! 'Now, I am sure, I had quite a presentiment at breakfast time—had I not, Joanna?—that something was about to happen to-day! Well, my lady, and so you are really come back to make us all happy, by settling among us?—and Lord Merivale, too, going to do our town honour! It is quite delightful! I was saying so to the girls this very morning. You've enjoyed your tour, I'm sure: but then you travel every where with such advantages. Now with us poor spinsters it is up-hill work! I declare I always put Mrs. Warble upon my trunks, when I go about—and it is hard, for I'm as fond of a journey as I was when I was sixteen. Would you not take any thing after your ride? Agnes, ring the bell for Crombie.'

The visit is prolonged, and so are the exhibition and conversation of the Warbles; of whom we take this abrupt leave, to give one other specimen of *The Lion*. Lord Alton is a pseudo-author, and invites the hero to assist him in a projected publication:—

"One does not know (he tells his auditor) how their things will be stolen! I forgot what it was that I happened to give out, some-

where or other—I don't know, you see! but, Gad! before ten days were gone, Byron had got hold of it, and printed it in the 'Bride of Abydos;' and you know how that sold . . . I suppose they'll want fifteen thousand copies of this novel of mine. Shut that window, Mr. Brandon, we shall be quieter.' Nothing but an intense appetite for the whimsical sustained Robert under the offensive pressure of Lord Alton's inane pomposity. He was anxious to see what the productions of such a brain would prove. 'You see, I call my tale 'Orombello the Splendid,' said he, 'or the Sorrows of the Chieftain of the Brenta.' A title, you know, is half the battle, depend upon it; a . . . and when my book's out, Lady Gillingham will say that I've drawn myself as my own hero. I didn't, on my honour. We must get it contradicted . . . 'A romance, then, I presume,' said Robert, with very spasmodic inclinations to laugh—'of the middle ages . . . 'There's no romance about middle age—ha! ha! ha! Now, if that Mr. Suffield were here, he'd have that, and pass it off for one of his own good things. It would be a dinner in his way. No—mine is a story of the last days of Venice.' Robert bowed . . . 'And the heroine is Zingana—a gipsy, you know; a splendid being. You're not to mention this at Lady Merivale's . . . 'Assuredly not, my lord; and is the plot historical?' 'I have no plot—I thought it would be good, by way of variety, to have no plot; any body can make a beginning, middle, and end, you know . . . So I dash off at once in the middle of a wood by moonlight . . . You'll see what the style is in five minutes. Read a little; I like to hear how it sounds, of all things. Claude reads me to sleep with it every night I'm by myself. When it's published, we'll fix a reading of it at Lady Merivale's—I might have had her in my mind's eye, when I was writing. Ah! she's a delicious creature;' and then, abandoning himself to a flow of exquisite sentiment, one eye complacently taking in the booted tip of a long and flat foot, which was excruciated into shape, Lord Alton sunk back into the downy depths of his arm-chair, and prepared to listen to his own productions, and praises of the same. 'There is some poetry, my lord,' said Robert. 'O—read that particularly; my dedication, it is. There is a great deal of poetry interspersed. I've worked a play of mine into my novel, you know; and so, when the thing's dramatised, which they always are . . . you know, it will do very well for the actors, without alteration. A good idea, is it not? But don't mention it; and don't tell Lady Merivale, by the way, that I've dedicated my book to a lady. There's such jealousy among them! Now begin.' It was not without much faltering of voice, that Robert made his way through the following:—

Dedication.

To the fairest Lady of my Menage.

Queen of my bosom! Most lovely of thy sex!
Whom virtue and whom valour both respects,
With lips vermilion, and with cheek that glows
Like setting beacons upon a bank of rose;
Thy smile illumines my genius, in a tale
Of beauty, like thine own most magical,
Of love like mine, though unreturned, alas!
(So mortal hopes and pleasures fleet and pass!)
Look on my page with favourable praise unheard,
And thy opinion shall be my reward.—Alton.

'Ha! ha! I really had no idea it sounded so tolerably. One does these sort of things at a breath, you know.'

A very fair quizzing critique, some points of which, we fear, the writer might have applied to his own *Lion*, where the calf-skin is most prominent.

Malcom's Travels.

[Second and concluding notice.]

A HORDE-INVASION of new works so overwhelms us, that we are obliged to abridge our intended review of Mr. Malcom's volumes; to which, however, having offered tribute due in our last *Gazette*, we are the less uneasy at not having room to do sufficient justice.

The second part consists of digested notes on the Burman Empire since the British war; and, without going into the general statements, we select a few traits to illustrate this division.

After describing the practice of tattooing, Mr. M. says:—

'A few individuals, especially among those who have made arms a profession, insert under the skin of the arm, just below the shoulder, small pieces of gold, copper, or iron, and sometimes diamonds or pearls. One of the converts at Ava, formerly a colonel in the Burman army, had ten or twelve of these in his arm, several of which he allowed me to extract. They are thin plates of gold, with a charm written upon them, and then rolled up.'

'During my whole residence in the country (he states, in bearing testimony to the national manners) I never saw an immodest act or gesture in man or woman. The female dress certainly shocks a foreigner by revealing so much of the person; but no women could behave more decorously in regard to dress. I have seen hundreds bathe without witnessing an immodest or even careless act, though, as in the case of woman's dress, the exposure of so much of the person would, with us, be deemed immodest.'

The school of medicine is not much superior to the European Mesmerism or Morisonism:—

'There are many medical men, but few who are respectable in their profession. As a body, they are the worst of quacks. They are divided into two schools. One is called *Dat*; literally, 'element.' These give no medicine, but operate wholly by regulating the diet. They are, in general, the most respectable class, and, in many cases, succeed very well; particularly in fevers, where they allow an unlimited quantity of acidulated drink, particularly tamarind water. The other class is called *Say*; literally, 'medicine.' These go to the opposite extreme, giving enormous doses of the most heterogeneous substances. They sometimes boast that a particular pill is made up of forty, fifty, or sixty ingredients, deeming the prospect of hitting the cure to be in proportion to the number. The medicines are generally of a heating kind, even in fevers. In all the bazars are stalls of apothecaries, who display a most unimaginable assortment of roots and barks, pods and seeds. I have seen English walnut-shells exhibited prominently; indeed, whatever is astringent, is carefully saved. Mercury and arsenic have long been in use, and are, in general, given with discretion; but nearly all their remedies are drawn from the vegetable kingdom. Both classes of doctors, occasionally, add conjuring and charms to their other practices, and many medicines are vended to neutralise the effects of these dreaded mysteries. As to anatomy, they know nothing. They indeed make pretensions to this science, and have books upon it; but the sum of their knowledge is, that the human body has three hundred and sixty bones, nine hundred veins, nine hundred muscles, discharges impurities by nine apertures, &c.! Dissection is never thought of.'

They are, with all this knowledge, the proudest people in the East; "both their

religion and government contribute to this pride. Holding it as certain that they have passed through infinite transmigrations, they are sure they must have been highly meritorious in former states of existence to entitle them to be human beings, who are but little lower than Nats, and stand the highest possible chance for heaven."

As for their preparations for the journey thither, they are curious enough. "No sooner is a person dead, than the nearest female relatives set up loud lamentations, talking the while, so as to be heard far and near. The house is soon filled with the friends of the family, who suffer the relations to vent their grief, while they assume all the necessary cares and arrangements. The body is washed in warm water, and laid out upon a mat or couch, in good clothing; generally white, which is the mourning colour. A coffin is prepared, ornamented more or less, according to station, in which the corpse remains several days, when it is carried in procession to the place of the dead, and there burned, with the coffin. Sometimes the place of the viscera, and parts of the coffin and funeral car, are stuffed with gunpowder; so that, when the conflagration reaches a certain point, the deceased is blown up to the Nats!—exploded into heaven!"

If they do not observe this line of march, "when a rich man dies, the body is cleansed of the internal viscera, and the fluids squeezed as much as possible from the flesh. Honey and spices are then introduced, and the body, encased in bees'-wax, remains in the house sometimes for months. When the time for burning arrives, the town wears the appearance of a holiday. Musicians are hired, relations are feasted, and throngs of people attend in their best clothes. The body, when brought out, is placed on a sort of triumphal car, some resisting, and others propelling, with such earnestness and confusion, that the coffin seems in danger of being dropped between the house and the car. One party cries, 'We will bury our dead;' the other vociferates, 'You shall not take away my friend.' When placed in the car, the same struggle is renewed, and two or three days are spent in this manner; the people manifesting all the jollity of a festival. It is, of course, understood that the resistance must not be serious; and the party who carry out the body ultimately succeed."

After leaving Burmah, Mr. Malcom returned to Calcutta, and devotes a considerable portion of his second volume to his views of that place, and of Hindustan throughout. Malaya, Siam, and China, were subsequently visited. Mr. M. declares that the doctrines of our old friend Ramohun Roy have laid no hold of the population of India, and that his sect are all but extinct. Of Singapore, he contradicts Mr. Martin's account, and asserts that, so far from the houses being "generally of stone," with "superb granite stairs," neither the one nor the other can be found in the city (p. 97).

"The Malay peninsula (called by the natives Tanah Malayu, 'the land of the Malays') is the only great country wholly occupied by this race; and is now divided into the kingdoms of Keda, Perak, and Salengore, in the west; Johore, in the south; Pahang, Tringano, Calantan, Patini, and Ligore, in the east. There are states in the interior less known; viz. Rumbo, Johole, Jompole, Gominchi, Sungie-Ojong, Scrimenanti, Nanning Ulu, Calang, Jellye, Jellaboo, Segamet, Kemoung, &c. Some of these are divided into separate tribes; as, for instance, Jellaboo consists of the tribes of Bodoanda, Tannah-Dottar, Muncal, and Battu-

Balang. Scrimenanti embraces twelve tribes, though the population does not exceed ten thousand. Sungie-Ojong, Johole, Scrimenanti, and Rumbo, are called 'Menangkabo states.' The entire population is very small; some of the states numbering not more than two thousand souls. The whole peninsula, except Rumbo and Johore, is claimed by Siam; but many of the tribes are independent, and of others the subjection is but nominal. Scattered over the peninsula, without specific districts and locations, are several wild tribes, of whom almost nothing is known. East of Malacca are Udai, Sak-kye, and Rayet-Utan, and some negro tribes. These all go under the name of Orang-Benua, or country people. These have each a language, or dialect, but largely tinged with Malay. Further north, on the mountains, are negro tribes; but evidently distinct from the African race. Of these tribes we hope soon to know more. They seem to be a distinct variety of the human race; differing both from the African, and the Papuan of New Guinea; and inferior to both. The average height of the men is about four feet eight inches. These Malay negroes are thinly spread over a considerable district, in and in the rear of Malacca, and thence northward to Mergui; amounting in the whole to but few thousands. There are at least five tribes of them—the Joc-ons, Samangs, Oo-dees, Sak-ais, and Ry-ots. All of them are much below the Malays, and some scarcely above the apes; dwelling in trees and clefts of the mountain. A few have learned a little Malay, and occasionally venture among adjacent tribes, to purchase tobacco and utensils; but of letters they know nothing. Nor have any religious observances been discovered among them.

"In no part of the East is slavery more common than among the Malays. Not only do princes sell their vassals, often without fault, parents their children, and debtors their creditors, but a slave trade is kept up with activity, both by sea and land, and in various places. One of the chief resorts for this purpose, on the west coast of Sumatra, is Pulo Nias, the largest and most populous island of that region. The Acheens, and several other maritime tribes, both in Sumatra and elsewhere, have, for many years, been systematic and vigorous in this horrid business."

Of Siam, all we can quote is the following:—

"No place is, on the whole, so favourable for diffusing Christian books into China as Bangkok, as is evident from the statements I have made touching the trade by junks. It is important, however, to make the publications more idiomatic and intelligible before we spend heavy sums of money in this work. There should be at least eight Chinese missionaries in Siam, without reference to supplying China itself hereafter. Each of the four principal dialects,—viz. Mandareen, Canton, Taychew, and Hainan, should have two brethren, that a single death may not abolish a whole department. The adjacent villages, and even some of the ports in the Gulf of Siam, would engage their attention in part. The junks would not only supply opportunities for sending into China any number of tracts, but regular congregations, for several months together. The great difficulty in multiplying missionaries at this point is, the refusal of government to allow them to rent or purchase land for residences. It has been erroneously supposed, that from Bangkok, direct overland intercourse might be had with the frontier of China. No part of the Siam frontier approaches China within less

than about three hundred miles. The intervening space is inhabited by various tribes, living insulated from each other, and is traversed by mountains probably not passable by caravans. Zemmali is the nearest point to Bangkok from whence the western borders of China may be approached, and that station must necessarily depend upon Maulmain, in Burmah, both for epistolary intercourse with America, and supplies of clothing, printing-paper, &c."

On the subject of missionary labours altogether, we rejoice to be told

"Our visible encouragements are greater than at any former period. The number of converts within the year 1837, connected with missions from the United States, exceeds the whole number of converts during the first twenty years of the existence of missionary operations! In the same missions, religious truth is now being printed in nearly sixty languages, and at the rate of millions of pages per annum."

With this we close these interesting volumes. A few errors in printing want correction: thus, page 153, we are told that the word Lukwai, fruit, is from luk, offspring, and wai, wood; and in another place, quoted above, it is stated, by mistake, the debtors sell their creditors into slavery!

Altogether, however, both for missionary and other information, we can most cordially mention this publication; to which a number of woodcuts adds additional value.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Gazette, &c. Pp. 211. London, 1839.

Saunders and Otley.

HERE is another of those waste-paper volumes, beautifully got up, delicately bound and gilded outside, but filled with sheer nonsense—as devoid of poetry as a growing skewer is of beef. These are the volumes which the cheesemonger's boy calls for every quarter, and brings his largest bag. He knows to an inch where to look for them; and, when he delivers his "stilton," is sure to ask if we have any "pottery" to give him to wrap up in, should the housemaid by chance have removed them. Nay, even she is sure to look there, when she has to kindle her fire in a hurry. As for ourselves, we can detect them at the glance: one line is sometimes quite enough for us; one page is torture indeed: but to read the whole volume would be death. What can possess authors to publish such stuff? What can their friends be doing not to dissuade them? Why do publishers lend their names to such productions? What becomes of such books? To us these are matters of mystery, and in future (no matter from whence they come) we shall pay no attention to them. It is but a waste of time, both to ourselves and our readers.

St. Stephen's; or, Pencilings of Politicians.

By MASK. 8vo. pp. 246. London, 1839.

Cunningham.

A SORT of radical biography of some of the leading peers and commoners of the day, in which the virtue and genius is pretty well all on one side, and the wickedness and stupidity on the other. The writer speaks of Sparta and "Licurgus;" and tells us that Lord Normanby tried to govern all parties in Ireland "with impunity," which we do not understand. George IV. was "a heavy-faced hog from the sty of Epicurus;" and Burdett, Stanley, and Graham, have a separate part as "three turncoats." Mr. MASK humorously states, that his lucubrations are intended to be data for future historians. The Premier himself,

with good intentions, is but "an old man without domestic ties to keep him at home,—precisely one of those men whose society women delight in, with whom they can take liberties without danger, and form a familiar friendship without scandal!!!" The Duke of Wellington is "a man ignorant either to lead or obey public opinion;" and O'Connell, though a "magnus Apollo," never rendered one peasant in Ireland a whit the better for all his labours, which only tend to exalt the Catholic church and gentry.

The Age of Chivalry: a Prize Poem. By Alexander Macleod. 12mo. pp. 215. Glasgow, 1839. Smith and Son; London, Longman and Co.

If this was the best poem offered for the annual prize at Glasgow College (which it seems the author won), the worst must have been bad indeed. We give the opening:—

"The moonbeams fall on Caledon,
On mountain, lake, and stream—
As a bard at wooing, all alone,
The muse of youthful dream.
Nor yet alone—beside him lay,
An instrument of elder day—
A harp—'or whose responsive strings
The wind, with childlike fingerings,
Would often pass so sweet, guess,
Such bard was not companionless.
—Yet he was sad, and vacantly
He gazed upon the scene,
As if his mind were dreamingly
Thinking on what had been."

Such "childlike fingerings" are beneath criticism. Such writing is as far from true poetry as the opposite poles.

The Life of the Black Prince. By G. P. R. James, Esq. 2 vols. fcap 8vo. London, 1839. Longman and Co.

This is an extremely neat second edition, and accordingly in a form well calculated to extend the popularity of a work, the intrinsic merits and interesting subject of which would make it popular in any shape. Mr. James has done every justice to it.

The Psalter; or Psalms of David in English Verse. By a Member of the University of Oxford, &c. Pp. 393. Oxford, 1839. Parker.

We know not how it is, but we are so deeply imbued with an admiration of the simplicity and sublimity of the originals, that we feel as if even successful modern composition was injurious to them. The quaintness of the old versifiers pleases us better; and it is not from a dislike to more refined style, but perhaps from a connexion of ideas associated with infancy and education, that we cannot fancy this new edition of *The Psalter* a poetical improvement.

A New Theory of Pulmonary Consumption; its Causes, Nature, and Prevention. By Francis Eagle, Surgeon, &c. 8vo. Pp. 88. London, 1839. Benbow.

MOISTURE is the cause of consumption; saline dryness its prevention. SALT is the cure. Salt is good for almost every disease. Salt is general over the earth, because it is of general utility. Salt, if consumed to double the extent it is by every individual in Britain, would show a wonderful difference in the bills of mortality. Salt,—salt,—salt; and why not? Mr. Eagle supports his theory by some curious facts, opinions, and arguments. The same gentleman has just published an Expostulation with Professor Buckland against what he terms his "unscriptural and illogical theory on Death" (pp. 16). Mr. Eagle entertains peculiar ideas on the nature and action of light.

The Life of a Sailor, by Captain F. Chamler, R.N. (London, Bentley.)—A new and neat edition for Bentley's "Standard Library," and very appropriately illustrated by Cawes.

The Penny Cyclopædia of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, Vol. XIV. (London, Knight.)—This volume carries us from the lemon, *Limonia*, to the American province, of Massachusetts; and is executed in manner quite equal to the preceding volumes.

ARTS AND SCIENCES. ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

VISCOUNT BRAYBROOKE in the chair.—Nearly 37,000 persons have visited the Gardens during the past month. Balance carried to Society's account, on July 1st, 1196*l*. 9*s*. 7*d*. The death of the young giraffe, in consequence of inflammation of the intestines, was announced. The apparent health and playfulness of the animal, till within a few hours of its death, gave no reason to suspect the fatal malady which was raging within. The following particulars respecting it, accidentally omitted last week, are interesting:—This young stranger at the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, came into the world like other ruminating animals, with its eyes open, and giving forty inspirations per minute; it bleated lowly. It is still refused the nipple; but this is considered as natural in animals of this class: the young dromedary, for instance, was not allowed by its mother to suck for six weeks after birth. After that long period, all the feelings of the mother became apparent. As a *suc-cedaneum* for the mother's milk, that of the cow, warmed, is presented to the young giraffe, who sucks it eagerly from a bottle. The mother's gestation is supposed, on pretty good grounds, to have been about fifteen lunar months: hence the compact and well-knit limbs of the young one. It is six feet ten inches in height; the girth of the trunk is two feet nine inches. Ten hours after birth it walked, though rather awkwardly; its hoofs were soft and yellow. The mother hitherto has shewn no parental affection; only once something like such a feeling was exhibited: the young thing approached her mother, she pushed it down, and then, with a look apparently of mingled pity and tenderness for a moment regarded her sprawling offspring.

LITERARY AND LEARNED. UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, June 27.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Doctor in Medicine.—S. B. Watson, St. John's College, one of the Physicians to the Radcliffe Infirmary.

Doctor in Civil Law, Grand Compounder.—A. Waddilove, Trinity College.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. A. Arrowsmith, Rev. E. J. Gosling, Magdalen Hall; Rev. R. Billing, Worcester College; Rev. H. G. Cooper, Rev. J. T. Johnson, St. John's College.

CAMBRIDGE, June 29.—On Tuesday and Thursday last, the Members' prizes for Latin prose compositions were awarded as follows:—

For Bachelors of Arts.—1. Edleston, 2. Bayley, Trinity College. Subject—"Quamnam commoda Britannia percipiat ex Colonis transatlanticis."

For Undergraduates.—J. M. Neale, Trinity College. Subject—"Inter Antiquorum et Recentiorum eloquentiam comparatione facta, utri palma sit deferenda." No second prize adjudged.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

DURING the pressure of many literary and scientific meetings every week, which required to be reported in our Journal, we could do little more than briefly notice some of even peculiar interest to our national literature. Now there is a pause, we have pleasure in reverting to Mr. Thomas Wright's 'Papers on the Anglo-Saxon period,' read before the above Society, and which contained so many matters of novelty and curiosity for the general reader. The papers, it will be remembered, form the Preface to the "Biographia Literaria Britannica," under the auspices of the Royal Society of

Literature; the first part or volume of which Mr. Wright has engaged to supply. It opens with the following general remarks:—

"An Essay on the State of Literature and Learning under the Anglo-Saxons.—It may truly be asserted that the literature of no other country can boast of the preservation of such a long and uninterrupted series of memorials as that of England. Even through the early ages of Saxon rule, though at times the chain is slender, yet it is not broken. We want neither the heroic song, in which the *scop*, or poet, told the venerable traditions of the fore-world to the chieftains assembled on the 'mead-bench,' nor the equally noble poems in which his successor sang the truths, as well as the legends, of Christianity. We have history and biography as they came from the pen of the Saxon writers; science, such as was then known, set down by those who professed it, and these written sometimes in the language of their fathers; whilst, at other times, they are clothed in that tongue which the missionaries had introduced, and in which the learning of Bede and Alcuin was revered, when the Saxon language was no longer understood. We have the doctrine of the Church, both as it was discussed among its profoundest teachers, and as it was presented in simpler form to the ears of the multitude. Lastly, amongst the numerous manuscripts which the hand of time has spared to us, the lighter literature of our Saxon forefathers presents itself continually under many varying forms."

After treating of Anglo-Saxon poetry, religious works, &c. &c., Mr. Wright proceeds to the interesting topic of Education; and we think the subjoined extracts on that subject, shewing how our ancestors acted above a thousand years ago, will be perused with much gratification.

"The schools of the Anglo-Saxons appear, in system and form of teaching, to have been the prototypes of our old grammar-schools. Before the time of Alfred, English was not taught in them. The elementary treatises on grammar, the first subject in their course of studies, were written in Latin; and it is probable that the teacher, or *magister*, in the first instance, explained and translated them orally, whilst the chief task of his scholars was to commit them to memory, and to repeat the teacher's comments. At the same time, they were continually exercised in reading and chanting in Latin. As the boys made themselves masters of the first elements of grammar, or the accidence, they were taught Latin dialogues, to make them acquainted with the colloquial forms of the language in which, as scholars, they were expected to converse. In the same manner, up to a very late period, the 'Colloquies' of Cordeus, and the 'Janua Linguarum' of Comenius, were the first reading books in our modern schools. The scholars were long practised in these elements of learning, before they were introduced to the higher branches. Grammar, in its more extended sense, included generally the study of the ancient authors; and since, as was before observed, it was in the study of those authors, that our forefathers, in this remote age, learned science, the name of grammar was often popularly applied to the whole course of study: so much so, that, in comparatively recent times, even the supposed power of the magician and conjuror was frequently designated by the same appellation of 'grammartye.' It is singular enough, that most of

"In the old legend of Charlemagne we are told, 'Premierement fist Karlemahe paindre dans son pa-

the ways of giving a popular form to elementary instruction, which have been put in practice in our own days, had been already tried in the latter times of the Anglo-Saxons. We thus find the origin of our modern catechisms amongst the forms of education then in use. Not only were many of the elementary treatises on grammar written in the shape of question and answer, with the object of making them easier to learn and to understand, as well as of encouraging, the practice of Latin conversation, but also the first books in the other sciences. We find this to be the case in many of the tracts written by Bede and Alcuin, as well as in those which were fabricated in their names. Afterwards, when in England the Latin tongue seems to have ceased to be to the same extent as before a conventional language among the learned, various attempts were made to simplify the steps by which it was taught. First, the elementary grammars were accompanied with an Anglo-Saxon gloss, in which, separately from the text, each word of the original was repeated with its meaning in the vernacular tongue; and then, as a still further advance in rendering it popular, the Latin grammar itself was published only in an Anglo-Saxon translation. We have seen the old Latin school-grammar pass through similar gradations in our own time. We owe to Alfric the Anglo-Saxon translation of the Latin Grammar, which, from its frequent recurrence in the manuscripts, seems to have been the standard elementary book of the day; and in the preface to that work he repeats the complaint, which had been made more than once since the days of Alfred, of the low state of Latin literature in England. Much about the same period came into use introductory reading books, with interlinear versions, which differed not in the slightest degree from those of the Hamiltonean system of the present day. A singularly interesting specimen of such books, composed also by Alfric, has been preserved in two manuscripts, and is printed in Thorpe's 'Analecta Anglo-Saxonica'; the text, which is a dialogue between persons of different professions, is so arranged as to give within the smallest possible space the greatest variety of Latin words, and so to convey the largest quantity of instruction. This curious tract is valuable to the historian for the light which it throws upon the domestic manners of the age in which it was written. Among many other things, we learn that even the school-boys in the monasteries were subjected to a severe course of religious service; and that the rod was used very liberally in the Anglo-Saxon schools. Amongst other Anglo-Saxon forms of instruction which have retained their popularity down to modern times, we must not overlook the collections of arithmetical problems which are given in all our old elementary treatises, and are still to be found in such books as 'Bonycastle's Arithmetick.' The Anglo-Saxons had a regular series of such questions, many of which are identically the same as those found in modern publications. This ancient collection is printed in the works of Bede, and again in those of Alcuin, but it is probably not the work of either of those writers. It is given anonymously in a manuscript in the British Museum, which is certainly not of a later date than the tenth or

eleventh century. The first problem in the list is this: 'The swallow once invited the snail to dinner: he lived just one league from the spot, and the snail travelled at the rate of only one inch a day: how long would it be before he dined?' The following question, in various shapes, was very popular in our old school-books: 'Three men and their three wives came together to the side of a river, where they found but one boat, which was capable of carrying over only two persons at once: all the men were jealous of each other: how must they contrive so that no one of them should be left alone in company with his companion's wife?' Again, 'An old man met a child, "Good day, my son!" says he; "may you live as long as you have lived, and as much more, and thrice as much as all this, and if God give you one year in addition to the others, you will be just a century old:"—what was the lad's age?' It may be observed that none of the problems in this collection are very complicated. The title, in some copies, tells us that they were made *ad comendos juvenes*. The other sciences, as well as arithmetic, were often the subject of questions intended at the same time to try the knowledge, and to exercise the ingenuity, of the person questioned. Among the most curious tracts of this kind, are the dialogues which go under the name of Saturn and Solomon; or, in one case, of Adrian and Rithmus. The subjects of these dialogues are sometimes scriptural notions, at others fragments of popular science, but in most cases they are of a legendary character. Thus, to the question, 'Where does the sun shine at night?' The answer is, 'That it shines in three places, first in the belly of the whale called leviathan, next it shines in hell, and afterwards it shines on the island which is called Glith, where the souls of holy men rest till doomsday.' Again, to the question, 'Where is a man's mind?' The answer is, 'In his head, and it comes out at his mouth.' 'Tell me where resteth the soul of man when his body sleapeth?' is another question:—'I tell thee it is in three places, in the brain, or in the heart, or in the blood.' Among other things we are informed that there are in the world fifty-two species of birds, thirty-four kinds of snakes, and thirty-six kinds of fishes, which shows the very limited knowledge of our forefathers in natural history. At Cambridge, there are also preserved some fragments of a metrical Anglo-Saxon dialogue between Solomon and Saturn, in which the questions discussed are much more mystical than those which we find in the present. There is also printed among the works of Alcuin, a Latin tract entitled 'Disputatio inter Pippinum et Alcuinum,' which bears in some parts a great resemblance to these dialogues. Among a multitude of other questions, we find some in this tract that are of a most fantastic character, such for example as,—'How is man placed? like a candle in the wind.—What is the forehead? the image of the mind.—What is the sky? a rolling sphere.—What is man? a painter of the earth.—What is grass? the garment of the earth.—What are herbs? the friends of the physicians, and the praise of cooks.' The following definitions of a ship remind us of the metaphorical language of Anglo-Saxon poetry:—'A ship is a wandering house, a hostile wherever you will, a traveller that leaves no footstep, a neighbour of the sand.' After going through a variety of other questions, more or less singular, the dialogue at last becomes a mere collection of enigmas, such as, 'What is that from which if you take the head, it becomes higher?' *Answer*—

'Go to your bed, and there you will find it.' The joke seems to lie in the ambiguity of the expression: as it is not the bed, but the head, which is raised higher, when removed from the bed."

FINE ARTS.

On Painting in Oil and Water Colours, for Landscapes and Portraits; including the Preparation of Colours, Vehicles, Oils, &c. Method of Painting in Wax, or Encaustic; also on the Chemical Properties and Permanency of Colours, and on the best Methods of Cleaning and Repairing Old Paintings, &c. Illustrated with plain and coloured Plates. By T. H. Fielding, Teacher of Painting in Water-colours to the Senior Classes at the Honourable East India Company's Military College, Imperial St. Pp. 159. London, 1839. Ackermann and Co.

OF theoretical disquisitions on the fine arts, by persons who never handled a pencil, a chisel, or a graver, we have had abundance. Without meaning to disparage such productions, some of which, indeed, are exceedingly valuable, it has long been our opinion that, with respect to the principles on which his practice ought to be regulated, an artist, in addition to the possession of high original powers, must "work out his own salvation" by the active cultivation of his faculties, and by the gradual accumulation of general knowledge. But as to the practice of his art, the case is somewhat different. Only the ignorant or the affected will deny the importance to an artist of technical information and dexterity. A fortunate hint may enable his hand to carry into effect the suggestions of his mind, with a facility, certainty, and perfection, which he might otherwise have passed a long life without attaining. In this point of view, the work before us is calculated to be eminently serviceable; for we presume that few professional men can read it without more or less of advantage. To the amateur it must be extensively beneficial. It is true that a considerable portion of it, especially that which relates to oil-painting, encaustic, &c., is principally derived (always, however, with due acknowledgment) from old authorities; but even here much of novelty occurs; and the part which is devoted to the illustration of the modern system of water-colour painting, is full of useful information. We subjoin Mr. Fielding's general description of that system:—

"A great variety of methods have been used since the invention of the present transparent water-colours; to enumerate them would be of little benefit to the reader, the intention of this work being to point out the most approved system of painting now in use, and which has been found so successful, that little more (if any thing) is left to be wished for. This system is the simplest than can be devised. It consists in merely mixing colours to the hue required, and laying them in their proper places; and as it is quite impossible to get the various delicate and prismatic tints of distances and skies at the first painting, we must rather attempt them by preparatory colours (not shadows), and finish by repeated and mild additions, when these are wanted, or by taking out the colours where too dark, or of a hue so far wrong as to be unconquerable by any other method. The brilliant lights in every part of the picture, where they cannot be left untouched, are to be produced by taking up the colours and then finishing them to the requisite hue, proceeding throughout to use the warmer colours of the pictures before the colder tints, as shadows, &c., are used. This is the

lais grammes, qui m'rent de de tous les arts.—'Jubnal, Rutebur', vol. ii. p. 417. In the metrical 'Image du Monde,' a work of the thirteenth century, we find one of those mystical reasons, then so common, why grammar held this high rank.—It is the column of words, and by the word God created the world!

'Par parole fut Dieu le monde,
Et tout le biens qui est habundant.'

broad outline of the practice in use by the best artists of the day, and is as widely different from that which was in use on the invention of our present water-colours as the pictures of the two periods differ in quality of every kind, in colour, richness, depth, variety, effect, &c. &c. The great point in which these two styles differ is, that the principle of the earlier mode consisted in using a mixed colour, called neutral tint, and this being made up into a cake of colour, served indiscriminately for the shadows of every kind of subject and season, whether the picture was to represent a land or sea piece, stone or brick buildings, evening or morning, sunshine or storm, summer or a wintry snow-piece. The neutral tint shadows were first laid in, and very frequently (perhaps we should say invariably) served also for distances, clouds, and foregrounds, and every kind of object; cattle, sheep, and the bronzed faces of their attendant shepherds, were most impartially shaded with the same neutral tint; after which, a variety of thin washes of colour was thrown over these leaden-coloured shadows, on which they produced so little effect, that the designation they received in the older catalogues of the Royal Exhibitions, viz. 'water-tinted drawings,' or 'a water-washed drawing,' was the best that could be given to them. We well remember these 'water-washed drawings,' and their ineffective appearance, although many of them were executed with such an exceeding accuracy of pencilling that, in fact, they became untrue to nature when applied to the distances. In general, the artists of those days trusted to their execution with the black-lead pencil, or reed pen, for the finish; both very ineffective instruments, especially the former, for producing a natural appearance in painting. The black-lead pencil is very feeble, and the reed pen much too coarse (except in very skilful hands); and both too frequently are used to represent an outline where no outline should be visible, as on the light sides of every kind of object, &c. These remarks on the neutral tint style of painting, sometimes a little varied by using Indian ink, or sepia, now fortunately obsolete, or nearly so, are merely given as beacons; for it is too palpable that every season, every kind of object, and every degree of distance, must have their peculiar shadows, as in nature they have their own proper colours, to require any arguments against this wrong system, more especially as it is hardly any longer in existence, excepting with a very small number of old practitioners; yet these in the handsomest manner acknowledge the superior effect of the modern style. This style may date its true origin with the invention of the modern water-colours, viz. in 1781, about which time Thomas Girtin was in his twelfth year, being born in 1773; and it is to this celebrated and highly gifted artist that we are indebted chiefly for pioneering the way in their proper use, and by his excellent works throwing out of estimation the 'water-washed drawings' of his time; these, however, still continued in use for some years after the world had learned, as well from the works of Girtin, Turner, and others, that the newly invented colours were capable of rivaling the hitherto unrivalled art of painting in oil. Since their first invention, they have been considerably improved; their different degrees of permanency, &c., are better known, and chemistry, now almost an entirely new science, has lavished her treasures in aiding the colour-maker's art: so that we have not much left to wish for, unless some means could be devised to render fixed a few of

the beautiful but fleeting colours, as some of our yellows, and the different tints obtained from the cochineal insect."

This is followed by a variety of details, into which it is not our province to enter, and for which we must refer our readers to the volume itself.

The Rhine: Legends, Traditions, History, from Cologne to Mainz. By Joseph Snowe. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1839. Westley.

To those who have wandered for weeks along the banks of the Rhine, but whose lot it now is to be, like ourselves, pent up in cities, or live far away from the waters of that "exulting and abounding river," the volumes before us will afford hours of enjoyment and delightful retrospection. They will peruse the romantic legends here faithfully collected, which give an individuality to every mountain, and ruin, and crag, until, though in reality by their own firesides in England, they fancy themselves once more pilgrims of the Rhine: nay, if troubled with ardent imaginations, mail-clad knights, gnomes, or nixes; for the legends seem so natural and at home in those scenes, as to chain "Old Father Rhine" to the past; and the sojourner by his waters may be pardoned for forgetting the present (of which, doubtless, he has had enough), and fancying himself absolutely living in the age of romance. Let the happy mortal who has visited the Rhine open this book, and the noble though unfinished cathedral of Cologne (the more interesting because seeming to refuse to submit to the hand of the modern architect); the castled crag of Drachenfels, and the lovely Nonnenwörth beneath, sleeping in the midst of the stream; the still shores of the Laacher See; the overhanging rocks of the narrow Zweitzer Thal; old Lurley; and the Binger Loch, where the Nahe gladly pours his coloured waters into the Rhine;—all will again rise up before him and freshen his heart.

And to those whose occupations or means have hitherto prevented them from visiting these fairy regions, the book before us offers the best possible compensation, making them familiar with the scenes depicted. Nor need the fancy be too sorely taxed; for these volumes are interspersed with splendid plates—for the fidelity of whose representations we may honestly vouch. To all, then—to those who have—to those who have not, but yet may—or to those whose fortune it may never be to luxuriate on the banks of the Rhine, Mr. Snowe's book is a valuable offering.

We have a host of guide-books, itineraries, &c., on our shelves, but none of them were to us what this book would have been, had we fortunately possessed it. It embodies every thing on the subject—not confined to mere legendary lore, its pages present the *real* as well as the imaginary history of this German stream: with it, the traveller is amply and satisfactorily supplied. Mr. Snowe appears to have spared neither labour nor research in making his book worthy of public patronage. He is evidently not only acquainted with the German language, but imbued with the German spirit; and the mass of curious and instructive information, assiduously collected from a variety of sources, does great credit to his industry. Both the text and plates will render it an acceptable addition to a library, and no inelegant ornament to the boudoir.

SKETCHES.

NIGRITIA.

"THE Times" of Thursday last has given a

translation from a Turkish article in the "Cairo Journal," of 6th Sefter, A.H. 1255 (20th April, A.D. 1839), which contains an interesting account of an expedition of Mehemet Pasha, in person, into Upper Egypt and Nigritia. The mixture of political and scientific information is altogether curious; but as our readers do not look to us for the views of the ruler of Egypt upon Sennar, Darfour, or Abyssinia, we shall endeavour to compress into a smaller compass all that is material in the history of his highness's travels, as it relates to geography and other scientific intelligence.

Having formed the project of visiting his southern provinces in person, that he might introduce there agriculture and civilisation, the viceroy, having learned from geographical accounts that Nigritia furnished several articles of commerce, such as skins, gums, elephants' teeth, and auriferous dust, sent mineralogists to Fasangor to ascertain the existence of gold-mines, who, after having visited the country, confirmed the truth of the previous accounts. The possibility of working these mines, and of rendering them serviceable, being once established, his highness the viceroy appointed Colonel Hagreddin Bey inspector-general of the mines; charging him, above all, to facilitate the journey from Egypt to Nigritia by opening passages through the rocks which form the numerous cataracts of the Nile; an undertaking which, from its extreme difficulty, was so much the more necessary to insure travellers against dangers which too often proved fatal to their lives. With the design of adding to the stock of geographical knowledge, and of furthering science in general, his highness the viceroy ordered that accurate geographical notes should be taken, particularly of the lake called Cartoum; which on the north is washed by the White River, and on the east by the Blue River, which mix their waters, and become confounded at a short distance from the port of Cartoum. To attain this end, an expedition of 60 persons of the Egyptian navy was ordered, accompanied by three draughtsmen and an editor, whose duty should be to collect the observations made. This expedition sailed in three dahabias, which were furnished with every thing necessary for a search of long duration. The details of the ascent of the river, and the dangers in passing the cataracts, are full of interest; and the gallant conduct of the brave old viceroy (aged 71) quite a romance. Having waited two days at Dongolah, he, on the 27th, arrived at Ambiboughi. According to the information he received, it was possible in seven or eight days to proceed thence to Cartoum by way of the desert, and to avoid the circuitous passage caused by an elbow of the river at this place. His highness resolved to travel by land. In the desert some trees were found petrified by a long course of years. By exerting himself, the viceroy reached Gebel Rougam, on the 3d of Ramazan, towards daybreak. Mohammed Medin, younger brother of the Sultan of Darfour, had the honour of presenting himself to his highness. This young man can read and write, and is capable of being educated. The states of the King of Darfour border on those of the Cordofan; and his highness, in order to facilitate commercial relations, had sent to this savage monarch valuable presents by Ahmet Bey Giddani, who was accompanied by ten of his servants and ten other persons in the service of the Egyptian government. Among these presents there was a magnifying mirror, in which after the King of Darfour had contemplated himself, he sent Ahmet Bey Giddani, with

all his suit to prison, and out of the twenty-one persons eighteen perished; the Bey, with two of his servants, being the only survivors. Such an affront is highly distressing to the friends of Egypt; but his highness holding as a principle that "every thing has its time and its end," addressing himself to Mohammed Medin, said—"I will make you Sultan of Darfour in place of your brother, I will give you the *takie* embroidered with gold (a kind of regal cap in this country), and the gilt sabre." A few years ago Cartoum was a small place consisting of five or six hamlets, but the ex-governor of the Sennaar, Kouschid Pasha, who had observed the excellent air of the country, built there a palace and a mosque, planted vineyards and gardens, and attracted thither a population. Cartoum now reckons from 400 to 500 houses, with hospitals and *casernes*; and travellers find there delicious fruit for the climate, such as figs, grapes, and pomegranates.

The passage from Ambalouk to Cartoum, made by his highness in six days, could not have been performed by the dahabies on the river in less than thirty. During this interval, the court of his highness having been occupied with the chase, they killed gazelles and birds, which were presented to the viceroy, who visited Wady Medine, where there are 200 or 300 houses, a hospital, a *dépôt*, and a *caserne* capable of holding a regiment. He decreed that a fair of three months' duration should be annually held in this city. The limits of the Sennaar and Servé were passed without difficulty and with satisfaction. On the passage from Cartoum to Rosseres, a great quantity of geese, cranes, and wild fowl were met. The viceroy stayed fifteen days at Rosseres, and giraffes were hunted. His highness tasted the flesh of this animal, and it was agreed that the flavour was the same as that of veal. The mining engineer and ten officers, translators of French and Arabic, with the vessels containing all the instruments for working mines, arrived. On the 26th of Chamel, they quitted Rosseres, and after having put up at night, successively at Firuste, Gelule, and Akabad, they finally arrived at the Gebel de Fazoglou, which is twenty-one days' journey from Cartoum: On the morning of the 28th, the emerald-coloured tents of his highness were pitched, and without any loss of time the construction of a hospital, a *caserne*, and a magazine for provisions, were commenced. The inhabitants of Nigritia are Mussulmans of the sect Maliti, but the slaves are of no religion. They are divided into Beledi (inhabitants of towns), Bedavi (inhabitants of the plain), and Gebeli (inhabitants of mountains). They are generally in a state of simple nature, wild and wandering. Those who have no *meriss* or *bulbul* (the beverage *bousa*) eat the bark of trees. Nevertheless, they are fat and robust. A piece of stinking skin covers them in front. Life, that precious gift of Heaven, is passed by them in ignorance; their thoughts tend to nought but the sale of their fellow-creatures. They pay no attention whatever to agriculture, and those who have a sorry bed formed of some pieces of wood (which is called *aucari*), or can afford to drink *bousa*, are envied by their fellows, who come at night to rob them, the inhabitants of the interior committing outrages on those who dwell on the border of the Nile. [An action with the natives took place here, in which some were slain, and 541 prisoners taken, who were afterwards liberated, and their sheikhs conciliated.] At the Cordofan, in compliance with ancient usage, many negroes are enslaved, one by an-

other. His highness the viceroy issued a severe order, in pursuance of which all were set at liberty, and the choice was left them of settling on the borders of the Nile or of returning to their own country without impediment. Before the departure from Cairo, a messenger had arrived from his excellency Ahmet Pasha, informing his highness that the King of Abyssinia had sent a letter with presents, and that Ahmet Pasha had judged it right to send in return other presents worthy of Egypt, and a letter. In consequence of this intelligence, his highness had ordered at Cairo further presents more conformable to his own grandeur and munificence, with the intention of sending them to Abyssinia; but being told "the Abyssinians are savages, and it would be exposing yourself to treat with them thus,—it is even possible that they might act like the King of Darfour," he deemed it prudent to await the return of the persons sent to Abyssinia with the presents of Ahmet Pasha. He would then know from their treatment by the Abyssinian king what position he must take, and act accordingly. On the subject of commerce it may be remarked, that the culture of indigo belonged to the Miri, and that his highness ordered that it should be given up to the inhabitants of Dongolah and Berber, and put in the possession of those who were willing to pay attention to this branch of cultivation, the tools and implements of his manufactories. These engineers were sent to visit the gold mines as far as Hourideheb, opposite Fasankor, near the banks of the Nile. According to their report, they found that the gold of these places is not inferior to that of higher parts. A city is ordered to be founded, but the site is not very clearly indicated; it was, however, to be named after Mehemet Ali, and to be built in such a manner as to be unequalled by any other in Nigritia. Such were the orders left to Ahmet Pasha, and the kindness with which the viceroy expressed his satisfaction, excited the admiration of all the sheikhs in Nigritia, who promised his highness to collect 24,000 families to work in the mines; and, in compliance with the statements of the engineers, that a great part of the work would require mechanics, it was found expedient to add 1500 families to the 24,000 of Fazoglou, to form the primitive population of the new city, Mehemet Ali. It was also ordered that the reports of the engineers should henceforth be inserted in the "Cairo Journal." The mountains and valleys of Nigritia abound in all kinds of curious animals. There are birds with four wings, and others of every shade of colour. Vegetation offers the vine and wild fig-tree, from the branches of which the birds, with their varied and melodious warbling, cheer and entertain the traveller. Vegetation is surprisingly abundant and prolific; a single grain of seed generally multiplies from fifty to sixty-fold. Cultivation is carried on at Dongolah by means of small instruments, such as pickaxes, &c.; but higher up even these are unknown, the only utensil being a small-pointed stick, which serves to make holes in the earth for the reception of the seed. The doura and cotton grow with extraordinary rapidity, and the plant of the latter exceeding the height of a man, astonishes connoisseurs; for in Egypt, notwithstanding the care bestowed on the cultivation of this shrub, it is far from thriving as in Nigritia, where it is evident that the plantations will produce an excellent result. "Egypt, which is but three hundred and sixty miles long, and two hundred and forty broad, is every where renowned for the plenteousness of its harvests, but that plen-

teousness can only be obtained by labour. Nigritia, without speaking of the shores of the White and Blue Rivers, has the isle of the Sennaar, which is of itself ten times larger than Egypt. Men cannot thrive without labour." Thus spoke the viceroy to the sheikhs, and added, "If you will send your children to Egypt, I will feed them, clothe them, have them instructed in the schools I have founded, and when they are grown up, and their education is finished, my greatest satisfaction will be to return them to your arms." All the sheikhs promised to send their children, and the sheikh of the isle said, "Your highness, I have no children, but I will send you my brother's son." The foundations of the buildings, which will serve for the working of the mines, are begun. Twenty engineers have been left in Nigritia; and although by virtue of their appointment they have been supplied with every necessary by the government, his highness has granted to each of them one hundred feddans of land, on condition that they shall cultivate it, and they each shall instruct in agriculture two of the natives, to whom they are to furnish every assistance, in giving them seed and necessary implements, that they may afterwards till the soil on their own account. These engineers are to cultivate the sugar-cane, indigo, and cotton, the government exacting no duty until further orders; and even when this duty shall be exacted, it is not to exceed 10 per cent. [Returning to Cartoum, the viceroy issued many orders for the encouragement of agriculture and industry.] There are at Cartoum many Christians, of various sects, who have shewn a desire of worshipping God together in one place. His highness at once granted them a firman for the foundation of a church. Suleiman Cachef, who has been fourteen years in this country, has been appointed Bache Bou (commander-in-chief) of the White River. The Frenchman, Ibrahim, has been joined with him as lieutenant, to whom his highness has granted an income of 1000 piasters per month: and this expedition, furnished with provisions for a year, as well as with instruments necessary for observation, has been ordered to ascend to the source of the river, as far as is possible, with the aid of the rains and annual inundations. The commodities of Nigritia being current in Egypt, his highness has ordered an iron-way. The engineer, M. Lambert, declared that the iron of the country was more than sufficient for the undertaking. This engineer was commissioned to examine into the possibility of making a canal from the Nile to the Cordofan. His highness considers the region of the Nile to be a very fine country, but thinks that Nigritia will in a hundred years appear like a new America. The beauty of the country is wonderful: the air is so pure and favourable, that his highness the viceroy, who is 71 years of age, appeared to have become as young as 25. His highness quitted Cartoum on the 1st of Zilhegge. In crossing to the cataracts, the dahabie struck and shipped water. The viceroy joked and laughed at the alarm of his travelling companion, M. le Chevalier Tessiera. The barks were repaired; and on the 10th of Zilhegge they arrived at Abou Hamet. From this place it was decided to cross the desert on dromedaries; and his highness distinguished himself in this mode of travelling, invariably leaving his suite very much in the rear. On the 20th, they reached Korosa. The last cataracts were crossed in barks. Throughout Upper Egypt, his highness gave administrative orders; and, after a journey of five months and four days, arrived safely at Cairo,

to the great delight and satisfaction of every body.*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

HAWKING IN THE OLDEN TIME.

*Suggested by the Magnificent Painting of Landseer's, thus entitled.
By Charles Swain.*

THE olden time, the golden time,—
The good, old, merry time:
It is the beauteous morning prime,
I hear the opening chime!
Green mount and dale, and woody vale,
With earthly voices sound;
For lord, and knight, and lady bright,
Ride forth with hawk and hound:
In the olden time, the golden time,—
The good, old, merry time!

With hawk and hound athwart the plain
Their gallant coursers sweep,
And silver curb—embroider'd rein—
May scarce their mettle keep,
As forth they ride to river-side
Their noble game to seek:—
And soon the heron's plume of pride
Bleeds 'neath the falcon's beak:
In the olden time, the golden time,—
The old, romantic time!

When Edward, king of England, shewed
His "royale hawkynge free,"
Full thirty gallant falconers rode—
All men of high degree:
While tercel-hawk, and merlin bold,
On each gloved hand was known;
Whose silken jesses gleamed with gold,
And many a precious stone:
In the olden time, the knightly time,—
The royal hawkynge time!

When Hal the Eighth his hawk pursued,
Fast by its forest goal,
The merry monarch swiftly rued
His false, dialoyal pole!
The traitor wood looked stout and good
Till tried the leap its strength;
Then snapt,—and down roll'd king and crown
Within the ditch's length!
In the olden time, the laughing time,—
The good, old, frolic time!

When next the royal maiden came,
What pageant might compare
With nobles first in England's fame,
And England's beauty there?
The princely from his hall of state,
The student from his book,
The abbot from cathedral gate,
Their courtly joyance took:
In the olden time, the peerless time,—
The good Queen Bessy's time!

See! flash of wings from out the ford,
The wild hern speeds her way;
The towering merlin, like a sword,
Hangs o'er his watchful prey!
He darts! at one mad swoop the hern
Avoids the destin'd blow;
They chase—they fight—o'ertake—return,
Amidst the cheers below!
Of the olden time, the golden time,—
The manly, sportive time!

For mnsic, song, and banquet-room,
Who'd give his bounding steed?
The healthful breeze, the morning bloom,
His falcon's wing of speed?

The sport with grace and spirit light,
The heart-exciting call,
For all the boasted charms of night,
The masquers and the ball?
Of the olden time, the festive time,—
The gay and gorgeous time!

Hark! heard you not those ringing notes?
The winged war of birds?
Lo! far in air the white swan floats!
Was it her shriek we heard?
Ah, no! 'twas Landseer's glorious hand
His mantle o'er us cast;
And filled Imagination's land,
With visions of the past:
Of the olden time, the courtly time,—
The old, illustrious time!

And never form of ancient line
A loftier presence wore;
Ne'er leapt a bolder steed than thine
In "hawkynge trayne" of yore!
And never nobler lady graced
Her sable courser's side,
Than those Immortal Art hath traced
Upon the canvass wide:
Like the olden time, the stately time,—
The brave old English time!

I've seen the young dove in its nest,
The young rose blooming wild,
But here—upon its mother's breast,
More beauteous seems this child!
The very dogs that wait around
Grow gentle in its sphere:
If angel o'er on earth was found,
She left her sweet looks here!
Like the olden time, the golden time,—
The old Elysian time!

And when the present shall be named
But as an age gone by,
Still Landseer lives—the prized, the famed,
For *Genius* cannot die!
Whilst proud ones of a future day,
Whom thy great works engage,
Shall ask—"Who now the mind display
Which filled that gifted age?"
The poets' time, the painters' time,—
The old, Victoria time!

THE DRAMA.

Drury Lane has, we are told, been taken by a Mr. Blake, an American manager, in connexion with Mr. Bunn.

Covent Garden is about to close. We advise our readers who have not seen *Henry V.* not to omit it, for it will long be a bright recollection of the stage, and, under circumstances, they may never look upon the like again.

Haymarket.—On Monday, and during the week, an interlude, called *Foreign Airs and Native Grasses*, has been played with partial success. It appears to have been hurriedly put together, since the dialogue is positively silly; and we hear an uncle talk of marrying his niece, in order to disappoint his son: in fact, it appears to us a bad version of *The Four Sisters*. Mrs. Fitzwilliam works through a laborious part cleverly, but certainly not pleasingly. Strickland, Buckstone, Brindal, and Mrs. F. Matthews, as mere accessories, also make as much as can be of poor parts. On Thursday, *The School for Scandal* was produced, with new scenery, rich and appropriate costume, and in a style altogether deserving of very high approbation. The scene with card tables at *Lady Sneerwell's* is a splendid *tableau*. The characters generally are excellently instanced. It is too late in our week for particular criticism; but we can strongly recommend the whole as a treat in

the way of sterling comedy, such as has not been witnessed for a long time. Mr. Kean renewed his engagement for six nights, and has filled the house on every appearance.

Strand Theatre.—Cruikshank's *Lord Batsman* has been embodied here, in the most laughable style of burlesque. Oxberry is the *Chorus*, as Vandenhoff is in *Henry V.*; and the illustrative pictures are quite as ludicrous as the acting and other humorous travesties. It is impossible to see it without great merriment.

Sadlers' Wells.—They are playing *The Devil* here.

Recollections of the Scenic Effects of Covent Garden Theatre during the Season 1838-9. By G. S. London, 1839. Pattie.

THE clever and spirited sketches, with entire propriety dedicated to Mr. Macready, to whom the drama and the public are so much indebted for the originals, reflect great credit on the talent of a youthful artist. The last No. (No. 6) presents us with *Henry V.*; the preceding five having given *William Tell*, *Lear*, *The Tempest*, *Richelieu*, and the *Lady of Lyons*. Each consists of three etchings, and they are indeed very happy memoranda on which those who have seen these plays, got up in so accurate and splendid a style, may refresh their recollections; while to those who have not had the good fortune to witness them, they will convey a lively idea of what the stage owes to the enterprise and genius of the gentleman who is now about to close his arduous managerial career. We strongly recommend these little *fasciculi* to the lovers of the dramatic art and patrons of the theatre.

MUSIC.

Exeter Hall.—On Friday evening, the oratorio of "Joshua" was a fine performance; and supported by the vocal talent of Phillips, Bennett, Miss Birch, and Miss Wyndham. The audience completely filled this noble room. The choruses were very fine, though in our judgment rather too loud. Some of the recitatives and airs were beautifully sung. "Hark, to the Linnet and the Thrush!" by Miss Birch, and "Heroes when with Glory burning," were exquisitely given by Miss Wyndham. The soliloquy of Caleb, "Shall I on Mamre's fertile Plain," by Phillips, breathed of the hallowed land of the East, of the noble simplicity and power of the patriarchal days.

On Thursday, the morning concert at the Hanover Square Rooms was for the benefit of the Russian family, Matweisch, the members of which gave their usual performances. Mlle. Roeckel, Herr Rudersdorf, Signori Ivanoff, Giubilei, Messrs. Handel Gear, Croft, and Sedlatzck, and others, contributed their instrumental and vocal aid. We have enumerated the contributors in the order, and according to the degree to which our gratification amounted. Mlle. Roeckel on the piano, and Herr Rudersdorf's fantasia on the violin, were highly delightful. The concert was thinly attended.

Concert.—Mrs. Seguin's and Mrs. Hullah's concert, on Friday morning, was one of the most delightful of the season. Doras Gras and Albertazzi shone with great lustre in the vocal parts; Mrs. Hullah herself was exquisite on the pianoforte, and Mrs. Seguin sang delightfully.

VARIETIES.

A New Projectile.—Very early on Thursday morning, a new projectile was tried at Kingstou

* On the subject of African discoveries, we may take the opportunity of mentioning to those who take an interest in them, that the last "United Service Journal" contains a very able exposition of the Niger question, by Captain Allen—perhaps the best living authority on the subject.

on a pleasure-boat. It was launched from the land, lifted the boat out of the water, and shivered it literally into splinters. The explosive power was but about 2lbs., and more effective than forty times as much of powder as used at present. The effect far surpassed the promises of the projector, Capt. Warner, and was admitted at once by the parties engaging for it. The explosion shook Kingston, and was supposed to be that of a powder-mill at Hounslow.

Sleep.—"Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy Sleep," has, we see, by an advertisement in our columns, again sent her deputy, Mr. Gardner, the hypnologist, to town. The Queen (bless her!) need not have an uneasy head, but defy politics and all their changes: her bed may be a bed of roses, and so, in fact, may be her ministers' beds. What a discovery! to bid the world and all its troubles "good night."

Vauxhall.—A new species of amusement has been produced at these gardens by Mr. Ducrow, under the title of *Curriculum*. It consists of horse and chariot races, and displays all the powers and qualities of his stud. The entertainments take place in the afternoon.

The Sutherland Collection.—The Bodleian Library has lately received a very important addition to its treasures from Mrs. Sutherland, of Merrow. This magnificent present consists of the folio edition of "Lord Clarendon's History and Life," together with "Bishop Burnet's History of his own Times," inlaid, interleaved, and bound in sixty-one folio volumes; those volumes being illustrated with 19,223 prints and drawings of persons and places recorded in the noble and learned historian's account of the eventful periods of which they treat. This unequalled collection has long been well known. There are 335 prints of King James the First; 1340 of King Charles the First; 989 of King Charles the Second; 624 of Cromwell; 508 of King James the Second; 803 of King William the Third; 328 of Queen Mary; 311 views of London; 168 of Westminster. To enhance the value of the collection, it was accompanied by a complete catalogue, of which a few copies only were struck off, in two volumes quarto.—*Oxford Herald.*

Dividing the Hold of Ships no Novelty.—Franklin, in a letter to M. Le Roy, in 1785, writes as follows:—"While on the topic of sinking, one cannot help recollecting the well-known practice of the Chinese, to divide the hold of a ship with a number of separate chambers, by partitions tight caulked (of which you gave a model in your boat upon the Seine), so that if a leak should spring in one of them, the others are not affected by it; and though that chamber should fill to a level with the sea, it would not be sufficient to sink the vessel." [We are not sure that we have not noticed this before.—*Ed. L. G.*]

The Pressure upon the Axis of a Revolving Body.—When a body revolves round a fixed axis, the parts of it, situated at different distances from that axis, having different velocities, have different centrifugal forces; and a yet greater difference in the centrifugal forces of different parts is introduced, if they have different weights. These centrifugal forces act all directly from the axis; since all the parts of the body are describing circles round it. If the axis pass through the mass of the body, to the centrifugal force of each part, there is that of some other, on the opposite side of the axis, opposed. It is a possible case, that all these opposite centrifugal forces may exactly

balance one another; there will then be no pressure upon the axis. The general case is, however, that they will not thus balance one another, and that a certain residuum of force will have to be borne by the axis itself, constituting the pressure upon it.—*Moseley's Illustrations of Science.*

Accumulation and Destruction of the Force of Motion in a Moving Body. Distinction between Force of Motion and Force of Pressure.—Let the force of gravity be imagined to become for an instant extinct, and a ball with a string attached to it, to be placed, in the void space, at some distance above a table, in the top of which is a small hole through which the string passes. Gravity being extinct, the ball will rest, unsupported, in the position in which it has been placed. Suppose now that the string is pulled, through the hole in the table, by a series of impulses, communicated to the ball: the force of motion communicated to it by each of these impulses the ball will retain, for nothing opposes itself to its motion, and the force of motion in a body is indestructible, except by the action of some opposing force. Retaining thus the force of motion communicated to it by each impulse, the ball will at length strike the table with an aggregate force of motion, equal exactly to the sum of all the separate impulses which it has received. Moreover, this will manifestly be the case whether it receives many or few impulses before it reaches the table, whether each of them be great or small, and whether they be communicated at longer or shorter intervals of time. Thus it is true, if the impulses be infinitely near to one another, or if the string is pulled continually. Now, if the string be thus pulled continually, the number of impulses which the ball receives before it reaches the table, must be infinite; so that the sum of all these must be infinite as compared with any one of them, and therefore the force of motion with which the ball strikes the table, infinite as compared with the force with which the string is at any instant pulled. Now, let the ball rest upon the table, and let the string be pulled with precisely the same force as before, each separate impulse of the force with which the string is pulled, will now be encountered by the resistance of the table, whilst before it was the accumulation of these impulses which it had to encounter. Moreover, each separate force is infinitely small as compared with their sum. The table, then, encounters in the one case a force infinitely greater than in the other. In the one case the force exerted upon the table by the ball was one of motion, in the other, one of pressure: this example points out the characteristic difference between them, and thus it is seen that any force of motion is infinite as compared with any force of pressure, every force of motion being the accumulation of an infinite number of elements, of which accumulation, every force of pressure is in the nature of one element. It has, in fact, been shown in the immediately preceding articles, that force of motion in every case requires a finite time, and the operation of a series of impulses to its production, and is never generated instantaneously. It is in its nature an accumulation; these impulses are the elements of that accumulation, and this time is necessary to their aggregation. That force of pressure and force of motion thus stand in the relation of parts to a whole, sufficiently accounts for many remarkable analogies between the phenomena of these two descriptions of force, and therefore between the sciences of statics and dynamics. Since force of motion is

the sum of a series of impulses, it is evident that a series of such impulses in an opposite direction is required in any case to destroy it; and thus it is sufficiently explained why force of motion is never destroyed instantaneously.—*Ibid.*

Sonnet on the Anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo.

When the dread Corican, in flaunting pride,
His blood-red banner to the winds unfurled
(That cast deep twilight-gloom o'er half the world),
When Freedom to the earth her farwell sigh'd,
And back to heaven on trembling pinions fled:—
Who from his iron throne the despot hurled,
And gave once more fair Freedom to the world?
"Twas Wellington! she gave our annals back.
A hero thou indeed! To thee must yield
Phillip's proud son and Rome's imperial lord;
For noisy fame she heaped the chateauged field,
And one enslaved his country with his sword:
But thou, for suffering Freedom drew thy steel,
Struck for thy country's and for Europe's weal!

R. B. S.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1839.

June.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 30	From 48 to 75	30.05 to 30.09
Friday... 31	... 58 to 74	29.73 to 29.75
Saturday... 22	... 66 to 63	29.64 to 29.38
Sunday... 23	... 55 to 65	29.35 to 29.64
Monday... 24	... 54 to 68	29.71 to 29.78
Tuesday... 25	... 66 to 73	29.67 to 29.63
Wednesday 26	... 54 to 67	29.66 to 29.46

Prevailing winds, S.W.

Generally clear, except the 22d, 23d, and 26th, when rain fell.

A violent storm of thunder and lightning, accompanied with heavy rain, during the morning and afternoon of the 26th.

Rain fallen, .3 of an inch.

June.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 27	From 50 to 67	29.75 to 29.74
Friday... 28	... 51 to 60	29.52 to 29.68
Saturday... 29	... 48 to 60	29.62 to 29.79
Sunday... 30	... 42 to 55	30.03 to 30.14

July.

Monday... 1	... 41 to 68	30.17 to 30.18
Tuesday... 2	... 46 to 67	30.18 to 30.20
Wednesday 3	... 51 to 70	30.20 to 30.17

Prevailing wind, N.W.

Except the 27th ult., 1st and 3d inst., generally cloudy; rain on the 28th, and following day.

Rain fallen, .675 of an inch.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Prodromus, or an Inquiry into the First Principles of Reasoning; including an Analysis of the Human Mind. By Sir Graves Chamney Haughton, K.H., M.A., F.R.S., &c. &c. 8vo. Pp. 263. London, 1839. Allen and Co.

"*PRODROMUS*" is the introduction to a new and, in our opinion, beautiful system of philosophy; in which Sir Graves Haughton traces the entire connexion which links Physics, Metaphysics, and Morals together, in a necessary and inseparable union; and deduces the whole from the first great Cause, the fountain of all which this world contains, all realities and abstractions, all that can be appreciated by sense, and all that can be conceived by mind. It is a work which, if men will take the trouble to think, must make a powerful sensation: for we do not hesitate to say that neither Plato, nor Aristotle, nor Newton; Pythagoras nor Confucius, have gone so deep into the mysteries of our nature, or contrived and comprehended so perfect a view of universal existence. It is, indeed, a remarkable production, and well calculated to make an epoch in the history of mankind.

In the dedication to the Earl of Munster, the author modestly observes, "I am induced to hope, that the public at large may be roused to feel the high importance of the subject, as well as the value of correct notions with regard to it in physical science; and that every man of reflection may become aware of the true nature of that upon which, as the adjunct of reason, is founded the moral excellence of the human race." This applies to the vitally important subject, *the nature of language*, without strictly ascertaining which, no philosophy can be other than a mass of confusion, contradiction, and error.

Unable as we are in a journal like this to go into an analysis of so profound a scheme, we would fain excite the attention of the public to its prodigious importance, and obtain for the author the gravest consideration. He offers, himself, the following remarks:—

"Should any one be of opinion that the truths I have brought to light have been previously discovered, he should point out where the various topics have been discussed with system, or investigated with the exactness and fulness they deserve. He should remember, that, in this instance, as in many others of human knowledge, the remark of Solomon must, from the greater age and activity of the world, gain fresh strength every day. If it were true in his time, that 'there is nothing new under the sun,' it must be much more so after the lapse of two thousand five hundred years; and during a period that has been stored, by the invention of printing, with the memorials of other men's thoughts, to an extent that would have formed at least one exception to the remark of that wise monarch. The mention of Solomon's name recalls to my mind a story relating to him, that is current among Mahomedan nations, and which, I think, will help to illustrate the design of the following observations. Pious Moslems are of opinion, that much of the glory of the Hebrew

sovereign's reign resulted from the great ability and skill of his prime minister, Asaph; whose knowledge of the occult sciences was so profound, that it enabled him to control the gins (genii), a race remarkable for their stupidity and malevolence. The fear these beings had of Asaph was such, that during his lifetime they refrained from every act of annoyance to mankind. Solomon, however, was resolved that his subjects should continue to benefit by the terror which his vizier had inspired; and, on Asaph's death, he had him embalmed, and then placed in the treasury; where he was dressed and set up, resting on his staff. The gins, who were ignorant of his death, stole from time to time to the treasury, and peeped in slyly at the window, to see what their tyrant was about; when, observing him always in a vigilant attitude, they invariably fled, lest he should punish them for their impertinent audacity. In this state of ignorance they remained for a long time; but, at last, it happened that some white ants, so well known in the East for their destructive ravages, found their way into the treasury; and, attacking Asaph's staff, he fell upon the ground: upon which the gins, finding out the trick that had been practised upon them, began to vex and harass the human race, as they had been in the habit of doing before. Now, reader, what is the whole host of metaphysicians that have formerly existed but so many Asaphs, merely preserved for the purpose of imposing upon mankind? and what are all their abstract words, but the staves upon which they rested their arguments while living, and which still continue to prop up their systems now they are dead?—and, finally, what are these few pages but so many white ants, that will, I trust, destroy their props, and let those arch-deceivers fall to the earth, never to be set up again, as bugbears to our race?"

"Having (he continues) been long engaged on a work which is intended to demonstrate the necessary connexion, relation, and dependence of Physics, Metaphysics, and Morals, I found the whole of these topics a perfect chaos, from the deceptive character of language; and I felt, accordingly, that there was no chance of giving a profitable direction to my labour, without bestowing a thorough consideration upon that indispensable instrument of thought. The following remarks were accordingly written by way of preliminary observations. As it may be some time before that work is ready, I have thought it as well to send forth this little messenger, to ascertain what degree of chance exists for its meeting with a favourable reception. It is my hope that I shall be able to lead the reader

'Through Nature, up to Nature's God;'

and bring home to him, with irresistible conviction, the inconsistencies and absurdities of *materialism*. With this view, I have laboured to clear away the rubbish that has been heaped up so high from antiquity to the present time, as scarcely to allow us more than a glimpse of truth. Berkeley has well said, that 'we first raise a dust, and then complain we cannot see;' but he neglected to analyse the nature of this

dust, or mankind would have been in possession of the means of laying it, whenever it clouded their vision. Should any unforeseen circumstance prevent the accomplishment of my entire plan, I feel I shall not have lived in vain, if the completion of this portion of it shall help to liberate the Human Understanding from some of its strongest bonds of self-delusion and absurdity."

This is accomplished in a very extraordinary manner; though we can only afford a glimpse of it. Thus:—

"*Of Things.*—I have already said, that concrete terms relate solely to what is made known to us by our senses, or by indubitable inference. But, besides these, there are many sensations which we are almost invariable in the habit of mistaking for the things which produce them. Thus, the sensation of heat is commonly mistaken for the *something* which excites it; and this is fully felt and acknowledged by chemists, and other writers on natural philosophy, who have consequently been obliged to introduce the word *caloric*, to prevent the confusion of thought that must follow from the use of the word heat in two opposite senses: but no one appears to suspect that the same kind of mistake is made with regard to light, though such is the fact. All the beautiful illumination, seeming to be caused throughout nature by the sun, is but a sensation; and if there were no eyes in the world, every thing would be dark; yet that which produced the sensation of light in us would still remain. When we say we see a light, or a flame, or a colour, we make the same mistake as the person who thinks heat and caloric to be one and the same thing. So does he, who supposes that what makes the air vibrate is the sound he hears; and he who thinks that the odour he smells is identical with that which passed from the flower he holds in his hand, or that the taste he relishes so much is in the morsel he is pressing against his palate, falls into a similar error. These subjects are merely alluded to here, that the reader may not commit the mistake of classifying under Concrete Terms, what are really Abstract: for Sights, Tastes, Smells, Sounds, and Feelings, are all Abstract Terms; and the things that produce these effects on our senses, whether they be material or immaterial, are alone represented by Concrete Terms. This is as much as I believe it is necessary to say on the subject of what is Concrete; and I shall therefore proceed to the next division of the inquiry, namely to Abstract Terms, which are all included under the word *State*.

"*Of States.*—Every Abstract word implies either a *State* or an *Action*. Thus, *goodness* is the *State* of a man who is good, that is, a *good-man's-state*; and *vibration* and *movement* are *Actions* of bodies which *vibrate* and *move*. If any one wished to generalise further, he might say that all Abstract Words imply a *State*; for we can speak of a *state of action*, and so talk of *THE STATE of vibration*, or *THE STATE of movement* of a body, still the distinction will be found to be useful in practice, as will be seen when I shew what Abstract Words are in reality: but I must first recall the reader's

attention to the way he has been in the habit of employing them. He will remember that he talks of *goodness, virtue*, and other Abstract States, as something as palpable as the class of Concrete words already alluded to; and he accordingly says, when occasion requires, *IN goodness, FROM goodness, BY goodness, &c.*, just as he would employ *IN, FROM, BY, &c.*, in speaking of a *house*, or any other tangible object; though I shall shortly prove to him, that this indispensable and necessary use of language, in the common business of life, is the root of the most glaring fallacies, when we have occasion to reason on the fundamental principles of things in general. Having thus far introduced the reader to this branch of the inquiry, I wish to inform him that it is my intention to shew, that though we can TALK of *goodness, virtue, blackness, whiteness, &c.*, we cannot THINK of them. If any one will take such a word as *goodness*, and decompose it, he will find it to contain *good* and *ness*. If he will do the same for other compound words implying a State, he will always find that he has an adjective, and an unmeaning termination.* In a similar manner, any word implying an Action, such as *movement*, may be reduced to the verb *move*, and to *ment*, a syllable of no sense. Hence it is clear that any word implying a State is derived from an adjective, or a verb neuter; and every one signifying an Action, from a verb active. Nearly every word in English ending in *tion* is derived from a Latin *verb*, and the termination *tion*,† which is void of sense. We thus see that these States and Actions have no existence, except as words; and, consequently, that there are no such things as *abstract ideas*, but only *abstract words*. Did Abstract Ideas exist in the mind before such terms were brought into use, we must equally admit that it had in it the Ideas of *saltness, sandiness, sponginess, ropiness*, and similar words, before we knew of *salt, sand, sponge, rope*, or any other thing we may in time discover, or fabricate. Should this assertion, that we only employ Abstract Words, and have no Abstract Ideas, create a doubt, let any one try to form to himself the Idea of *saltness, sandiness, sponginess, or ropiness*, without any reference to *salt, sand, sponge, or rope*; and, if he still fancy that he can, let him try to conceive the Idea or image of these qualities, without calling to mind the sounds that express them, or the things from which they have been abstracted. He will, I believe, discover this to be impossible; and, to prove that there is no fallacy at the bottom of the assertion, let him, by way of contrast, try to call to mind a *house, a horse, a dog*, or any other object that has been made known to him by one or more of his senses; and let him do this without any reference to the names they bear in his own or in any other language; and he will, I think, find that he can do it without any difficulty. His dreams, too, may be called in to the proof of this fact. In them, he sees and feels such things as he may have seen and felt in his waking moments; but his Abstract Ideas have

disappeared, though no one will deny but that it is quite possible to dream of *salt, sand, a sponge, a rope, &c.* It is no doubt very startling to have this fact brought home to us, perhaps for the first time; nor can such a rooted prejudice—that is, an opinion founded before judgment has been exerted—be at once eradicated from our minds: but it is only necessary for any one to consider it with the attention it merits, and he will not fall, however liable he must be, from habit, to continual relapses, to feel its full force.”

On these foundations Sir Graves proceeds, and after discussing a number of abstract general and particular terms, such as principle, quality, property, motion, &c.; also scientific reasoning on attraction, *vis vite*, &c., the mind, and the metaphysical categories of Plato, Gotama, Zoroaster, Jina, Locke, Kant, and others, finally concludes:—

“From the preceding observations, it is evident that Metaphysical Systems are mere creatures of the fancy, and that they are as much in contrast with one another as could be expected with reference to the nature of their origin. The low estimate in which they have been held by the common sense of the bulk of mankind has not been without justice, though it has only arisen from a sort of blind instinct. Men may be dazzled by what they hear, particularly when it is accompanied by the charms of a pleasing style and graceful imagery; but if the foundation be not laid in nature, it makes no more impression on the mind than a passing cloud in summer; for nothing can produce lasting conviction, or create a desire for closer acquaintance, but what is the very image of truth.

“Reasoning, it must be seen, is entirely dependent for its existence upon Abstractions, and differs but in its greater variety and extent from Calculation. The last process, every one feels, is merely effected by symbols; and the former, I believe, I have clearly demonstrated, is accomplished by means precisely similar. The intellect is as dependent upon such words for its efforts as the arm is upon the fingers, by which it grasps whatever it has the strength to hold up; and we are as much driven to the use of language by *instinct*, as we are to that of our teeth and jaws for biting and mastication. Above all other points, however, the reader should ponder on the wonderfully curious nature of Abstract Words; on the principle of which we cannot too deeply fix our attention, from its high importance and universality. We must see, that *we are impelled* by nature to the employment of one or more words that are equivalent, by usage, to the Term STATE: and when we search for the original of this most mysterious symbol—which is, in fact, whether expressed or understood, the foundation of all Abstract language—we find that the human intellect can give no account of that by which it is rendered the god of this nether world!”

We have only to repeat, that we deem Sir Graves Haughton's system the most complete and beautiful that has ever been offered to the consideration of mankind; and we trust that the attention of every philosophical inquirer, at home and abroad, will be directed to its earnest and mature examination.

Temptation; or, a Wife's Perils. 3 vols.

12mo. London, 1839. Colburn.

“THE object of the authoress in the following work has been a moral one. She has endeavoured (however imperfectly) to shew, first, that innocence of heart, and natural good

dispositions, are utterly insufficient of themselves as a preservation from danger; and that in order to be secure, the principles must be first solidly grounded on, and afterwards governed by, religion:—secondly, that misery and remorse, of the bitterest kind, must invariably follow any wrong exercise of the affections, even in this life:—and thirdly, that where those affections are turned towards the Divine Being, their true source, not only can no outward circumstance of misery or bereavement destroy the peace and hopefulness of the Spirit, but that greater happiness will be attained under those very trials than could be enjoyed under any circumstance of outward prosperity, where the heart is not with God.”

Had this been proposed in a religious essay, or a sermon, we should not have been astonished; but as the *test* for a novel, we confess that we read it with some degree of surprise, and with no little doubt as to the possibility of working out a tale of fiction on such a plan, which should possess the chief recommendable qualities of works of the class, *viz.* variety, amusement, incident, character, passion, and interest. The writer has, however, overcome much of the difficulty which beset her undertaking, by the skill and ability with which she has treated it. There is variety, both in the scenes and circumstances; amusement, in sketches from life; incident, natural yet unexpected; character, well drawn and original; passion, of the deepest humanity; and interest throughout the whole conduct of the tale, hardly impaired by a *dénouement* to demonstrate the important principles involved in the design, though so entirely unlike the usual termination of similar productions.

Yet, notwithstanding these merits, we cannot but think the attempt, as a moral inculcation, a very dangerous one. There may be persons in whom the noblest sentiments prevail, whilst they are pursuing the most erroneous courses; and they may thus, perhaps, be saved from actual guilt. But for one such, there are thousands who would fall prone into the abyss; and few or none, we believe, who could have their Mortons, Mrs. Wyndham, and Mrs. Claverings, to interpose between them and absolute criminality. But there is even a stronger objection to the general scope of this drama. Vernon, the virtuous adorer of another man's virtuous wife, who more than adores him in return, is not so entirely as could be wished the immaculate being from whom we could anticipate such singular and devoted disinterestedness.

“Had Helen resembled any other woman, he would not have scrupled a single moment to make love to her,—to try his chance, and occupy himself with this new interest for a time, if he did nothing more. But with her it was impossible: he would not insult her innocent purity by such a thought! Already he loved her too much, to dream of telling her so.

“Morton was a man of the world, as well as Vernon; and he was quite aware that, under Lady Montgomery's peculiar circumstances, most of that set, termed men of fashion, would think nothing of endeavouring to turn her from the path of duty, for the mere amusement and gratification of the hour, and afterwards scruple not to boast of their triumph to the world, and, perhaps, abandon her the moment she wearied them, or any newer object excited their sickle fancy. Such a man he believed Vernon to be; but he did him injustice. Vernon, it is true, had lived in the world, and, to a certain degree, conformed to its principles. For instance,

* “The apparent significancy of such terminations as *ness, ship, hood, head, &c.*, will, if they are referred back to their original forms, be found to be quite delusive; for instance, *ship* does not mean a vessel, nor *head* the upper part of the body; and so of the rest.”

† “Some will perhaps prefer restricting the termination to *io*, instead of *tion*; as the abstract nouns formed with this affix always incline in their formation to that of the past participle, and not to the present tense. For example, *secretio, actio, &c.*, are more connected with *secretus, actus, &c.*, than with *secretum, ago, &c.* The reader can choose which form he likes best: my object, on the present occasion, is not with etymology, but simply the elucidation of a general principle of language, for which I endeavour to find the readiest means.”

nobody had flirted more with married women, and nobody had had more reputation for *success* than he; but then it had always been with those whose characters were suspected, whose purity was far from undoubted. He had never seduced one virtuous heart from the principles of duty; his conscience could not accuse him of anyone's ruin, though he might have taken advantage of the ruin which others had occasioned. He was, besides, by no means devoid of feeling—that kind of feeling which the world does not patronise. He was never known to boast of his success with any woman; he considered it dishonourable to take advantage of her weakness, merely for the sake of gratifying his own vanity. In fact, Vernon was essentially different from the set he lived in, though, in his outward conduct, he might conform to its habits and mode of life."

This may be fashionable Virtue, and by comparison it is so; but it is in reality Vice, and Vice without disguise. Our authoress seems to think that not boasting of "success" with females is a man's passport to great commendation. Except fools, idiots, and liars, we should suppose few men were ever guilty of such an atrocity; and that even the mere man of pleasure was, for his own sake, too clear-sighted to indulge in so empty a triumph. But the following is still worse: after Vernon and Lady Montgomery having mutually confessed their burning love:—

"And did you really never love till you knew me, Vernon?" said Helen one day, when he had been relating to her one of the many *Nelsons*, which had formerly occupied his attention, without ever interesting his heart. "Never, dearest!" was the earnest and enthusiastic reply. "And this, perhaps, may be the reason why I love you so intensely, so engrossingly! You are, you have been, all in all to me. None has ever divided with me the affection you possess! None ever can do so! I cannot look back, and remember the time when another was dear to me as you are! when I lived on another's smile, and was blessed in the light of another's presence! Until I saw you, my heart had been cold and untouched!"

And so would a common lover talk to every new flame; but none, except an ass, would entertain her with the history of his preceding "many *Nelsons*."

Were this novel of an ordinary order, we would not apply to it the severity of critical remark, which is more just towards productions of a graver class: but poison is most fatal when administered in the form of medicine; and the superior talent displayed in *Temptation* renders it the more incumbent upon us to warn the reader against that which may be misleading and hurtful to an excellent purpose. But as we are not going to lecture upon the subject, we shall now proceed to copy a few extracts as specimens of the author's talents, which are indeed displayed to great advantage in delineations of the strongest emotions of the heart, in traits of character, in pictures of various grades of society, particularly where children are concerned, and in general observations upon life and manners. When Helen, the charming girl of seventeen, has married the doltish, apathetic, and good-natured Earl of Montgomery, it is told:—

"My lord is quite ready, my lady, he bid me say, whenever your ladyship is," Helen started from her reverie. "My lady!—your ladyship!" The words sounded strangely, but not unpleasantly in her ears. And was it really so?—Yes, she was married!—and a

countess! In the morning she had been simply Helen Gardner; an humble, insignificant individual,—and in a few short hours she had been metamorphosed into a married woman, and a peeress of the realm. She looked at herself, to see if there was no change in her appearance since she rose. She almost doubted her own identity. But, no!—there she was—the same Helen as before—it was but the change of a name!—and, "What's in a name?" says Shakspeare:—a great deal, sometimes:—at least Helen thought so."

This same lord, who is cleverly and originally painted, had one constant practice of always telling people what o'clock it was; as if he had been by nature predestined for a cuckoo. But we pass that, and his gross blindness, whilst his wife's early attachment to another is brought about, to give an instance of the author's skill in observing life. Lady Montgomery's infant daughter has been rescued from the jaws of death, and the doctor informs her anxious parent that nothing would be more likely to restore her than asses' milk:—

"Of course, Helen was all anxiety to get a donkey immediately. 'You must see about it, Cox,' said she to the butler. 'I wish you would inquire every where in the neighbourhood yourself. Of course, there is such a thing to be had?' 'Indeed, I can't say, my lady; but I should think so,' replied Cox, not a little pompously; and he retired, somewhat indignant that a person of his importance should be deputed to make inquiries about asses! 'My lady is not, by no means, what I call considerate,' said he to Mrs. Wilson, the housekeeper. 'Only think of her setting of me to find a jenny for Lady Susan! I've lived in many situations, but I must say I never was desired to do such a thing as that before; and I consider it *thly* supererogatory!' 'Dear me!' said Mrs. Wilson (who, happening to know that Cox had saved a very pretty penny in his different 'situations,' and was rather thinking of settling in a small way of business, whenever he should leave Lord Montgomery's family, took care to flatter and court him as much as she could), 'dear me! Mr. Cox, don't you know my lady's a silly young thing, that don't know nothing of what's due to a person like you? And it ain't her fault, neither; for she's never been taught to reprimand, as a lady should. I'm sure, my lord, poor old fool! he ain't capable for to learn her them nicer sort of things! But you'd better send the groom; he'll soon find her a jenny, without your putting yourself out of the way. The groom happened to be in a very surly humour (for even grooms think they have a right to sulk, like their superiors), and he received Mr. Cox's order with no great satisfaction. His business, he considered, was to ride with my lady, and not to find her asses. Besides, the horses required rest,—they had been worked so much more than usual lately, what with one thing and another. However, if he must go, he must; but he would take it very leisurely, and not put himself the least out of the way. Accordingly, he sauntered along at his ease, inquiring every now and then at places on his way; and hearing of no milch donkey to be had, after a time, turned his horse's head again towards Norburn, and returned home; having been absent long enough to scour the country in every direction. And half an hour after his return, Mr. Cox proceeded upstairs to Lady Montgomery, and, with a very grave countenance, informed her that he had made every possible inquiry in the neighbourhood, but that there was not such a thing as a milch donkey

to be had for love or money. 'Dear me!' said Helen, with a very mortified face; 'are you quite sure? It seems extraordinary one should not be able to get one! Did you inquire particularly yourself, Cox?' 'Yes, my lady; I've been to a number of places, and I made every possible search, but I couldn't hear of such a thing not nowhere, far or near. However, I'll go on inquiring, of course, my lady; and I dare say, in a few days, we shall hear of one to be had.' A few days was a long time to wait; but there was no help for it, so she must submit; and she went upstairs to the nursery, quite melancholy to think that little Susan could not yet begin to be made strong."

The female society of Cheltenham is also cleverly and piquantly sketched; and Aunt Letty, Lady Douglas, Lady Scone, &c. &c., are all truly figured. Mr. and Mrs. Smithson and family are also good of their kind:—

"When dinner-time arrived, so did the clergyman and his wife; the former, a worthy inoffensive man, who was never so happy as when he was surrounded by his group of ruddy-faced boys and girls,—whose number his wife generally made a point of increasing regularly every year, to the very great astonishment of the older ones, whose curiosity to know where babies came from, grew more and more intense, every time a fresh baby appeared! 'Pa! do tell us how little Jacky and Susan came?' was a request so often repeated, that, at last, it became a positive nuisance. 'I know they didn't drop from the clouds, as nursery said, because, how could they have come through the ceiling, you know? and, besides, how could ma tell when to expect them?' And 'pa' was obliged to have recourse to the old method of sending the young fry out to look for babies under the gooseberry bushes, and catch sparrows by putting salt upon their tails, in the hope that bodily exercise might check in some measure this ardent thirst for knowledge (which, however beautiful in theory, is sometimes inconvenient in reality), and that they might come home too tired to plague him any more. As for Mrs. Smithson, she was in no way remarkable, excepting, as we have before said, for her prolific qualities, which seemed as though they could never be exhausted, and which continued to manifest themselves with unabated vigour, till even her good-natured husband, fond as he was of children, and proud as he felt of his own, was tempted to cry out, 'Hold, enough!' It was a great comfort, indeed, to see such a fine family; and a 'fine family' they were universally allowed to be, probably because there was a greater proportion of flesh and weight amongst them than is usual, and a set of lungs capable of producing a more considerable volume of sound! For it seems it is not beauty that creates what is called 'a fine family,' but merely the right number of legs and arms, and great fat rosy cheeks; and, not unfrequently, 'a fine family' will grow up into a set of very ordinary-looking men and women. Still, 'a fine family' is considered a most desirable thing, and Mr. Smithson thought so; but it seems his servants did not; for it was found almost impossible to get any maid, however hard-working and obliging, to bear long with the noise, the kicking, and cuffing of this 'fine family.' 'Very sorry, master, to leave you,' was a speech the parson had had more than once to listen to; 'but, really, the young ladies and gentlemen is so rude and *mischievous*, that I can't put up with it no longer.' Mrs. Gardner had a perfect horror of this 'fine family,' and she always made a point, when she called upon Mrs. Smithson, which she did

very rarely, to choose the time when she knew them to be all out,—it would be too much to face such a tribe of little savages! Of course, this happy pair were all anxiety, as soon as they arrived, to see Lady Montgomery's children,—which request brought forth many compliments from all sides upon their own 'fine family,'—and they were both in the height of good-humour, when little Susan and the baby made their appearance; then, the noise and confusion became perfectly indescribable. Mrs. Smithson caught Susan by the hand, and dragged her upon her knee, whilst her husband seized the baby from the arms of his nurse, and began crowing to it in every variety of tone;—patting its cheeks, and roaring out in a stentorian voice, 'Gumpity, gumpity, gumps!—gumpity, gumpity, gumps!' 'One can see that you are accustomed to children, Mr. Smithson!' said Lady Montgomery, smiling good-naturedly, but, at the same time, feeling quite unhappy for poor Lady Douglas's nerves, and longing that she could give him a hint. 'Oh, yes! to be sure, my lady! got so many of my own, you know—plenty of olive-branches, ha! ha! Gumpity, gumpity, gumps!' 'Dinner is ready, ma'am; said a servant, entering,—but the parson was deaf to every sound but that of his own voice. 'Gumpity, gumpity, gumps!' roared he. 'Come, Lady Susan, my dear!' said Sanders, 'it is time for you to go to bed.' Upon this, Susan, who was listening to a very amusing story about something very naughty that some little boys and girls had once done, set up a squeal! Sanders remonstrated with her; and this joined to Mr. Smithson's crowing, and 'gumpity, gumpity, gumps!' produced a chorus of sounds, such as had not often disturbed those quiet walls before. At length, however, Mrs. Smithson contrived to make her spouse understand that he must leave off vociferating. The party, with their one man, proceeded to the dining-room, and peace was again restored."

We are now called upon to conclude; and we do so with some reflections, which, though of an ordinary nature, are well expressed, and can hardly be too often repeated, too deeply impressed:—

"There is something in our nature which renders us singularly incredulous in grief. We know that death has found out our dwelling; we know that we have really lost one we loved; yet we ask ourselves, again and again, Whether it can be really so, whether it can be possible that we shall see him no more; that he will no more appear in his accustomed place—never more speak to us gentle and endearing words as of yore—never more be conscious of our care or our affection? Our reason, indeed, assures us it is so; but our hearts refuse to believe it. I remember a few touching words, uttered by a mother who had suddenly lost her daughter in the prime of her life and beauty, by an insidious disease;—'At first I could not believe,' she said, 'that I should never behold her again; never see her enter the room as she used to do; never hear her voice any more! I knew it, but I could not believe it.' To me, there was something very affecting in this simple sentence. I could so well sympathise with the feeling—it conveys volumes of quiet, enduring sorrow, to my mind! for, oh! how much must be borne before the heart becomes reconciled to that sad word—Never! Sometimes I have thought that no means would be so certain of controlling our tempers, and restraining any impatience or irritability, to which we may be prone towards our more intimate connexions, than the idea

continually recurring to our minds of what we should feel, if they were suddenly taken away from us by death. Could we be told that one among us would be summoned away a few hours hence, how should we vie with one another in shewing that one every kindness, in bestowing upon him every proof of the tenderest love during the short time we were still blessed with his presence! How should we regret every instant of pain we had caused him, and implore his forgiveness for every fault of which we had ever been guilty towards him! Yet how often do we act with harshness and unkindness towards one whom it would well-nigh break our hearts to part with; forgetting that, perhaps, the morning sun may rise, and he may be no more! never again able to receive kindness at our hands, nor to listen to the assurance of our love. Ah! why is death so constantly forgotten? why do not we live always as though we were about to die?"

We think it evident that the writer, if she does not belong to, has had opportunities of observing much of, the upper classes of society.

My Adventures during the late War; comprising a Narrative of Shipwreck, Captivity, Escapes from French Prisons, &c., from 1804 to 1827. By Donat Henchy O'Brien, Esq., Capt. R.N. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1839. Colburn.

If ever there was a truly personal biography, this is it. The gallant captain's portrait is in front, his rare adventures in every page, and pictures of the most striking incidents to illustrate the whole. Lamenting, in common with our race, that no man can be a hero in the eyes of his *Walley-de-Sham*; it is some consolation to us to think that every man is more or less, in some degree or other, with some cherished fancy about his own endowments or actions, a hero in his own contemplation. Few, perhaps, have had so many reasons to indulge in this pleasing notion as Captain O'Brien; and therefore it is that we receive these two thick volumes from his pen, descriptive of his various fortunes, in good part; though there is enough of the same sort of hair-breadth 'escapes, of being sold to the insolent foe, of his redemption from captivity, and of his exploits, battles, and other exploits.

Behold him, then, a midday, blown into Brest in a storm, his boat taken, and himself and shipmates marched off prisoners to Verdun. During twenty-nine days, and covering seven hundred miles of road, they endured many hardships; and found but sorry lodgings at the end of their travel. From this moment our author was incessantly occupied in attempts to escape; for he was one of those whom nothing but their own Parole of Honour seemed capable of retaining in confinement. In 1807, he traversed France to Boulogne, hiding in woods, and enduring every species of distress; when he was discovered on the very shore of the sea, and in sight of the white cliffs of Albion, and carried back, more cruelly than before, to the dismal and fatal fortress of Bitch.

At one place he tells us, and it may serve as a general specimen:—

"Our route was through Hesdin, and St. Pol, to Arras, where we saw several of our countrymen, who were not so extremely cautious as Mr. Kemp, although we were conducted through the main street, loaded with chains. The gaoler here behaved with kindness and civility to us, and (with the exception

of one) was the most humane man in that situation I ever knew."

The horrors of imprisonment at Bitch were insufferable; and, in spite of every precaution, Mr. O'Brien again escaped, and in eight days reached and crossed the Rhine by the bridge of Kehl. The anxieties and escapes of the parties who undertook these perilous flights are beyond fiction. Our poor countryman was retaken in Bavaria; and we learn:—

"It was on a dreary Sunday night, the 29th of November (1807), that I was led into this gaol. The gaoler and his keepers placed me in a tolerably decent, well-furnished apartment, with a bed, stove, table, and chair. This was ample for the accommodation of unsophisticated man, but external conveniences are not a substitute for the cravings of hunger; and even if not, to contradict the words of the poet, a man could cloy the hungry edge of appetite with bare imaginations of a feast, it had been such a length of time since I had fed on any thing save roots and raw vegetables, or had tasted, at best, any thing but the scanty and meagre fare of road-side inns, or of gaol allowances, that it was far beyond my imagination to form an idea of what a feast meant. I therefore pointed out to my keepers the exhausted state of my body, and begged that I might have some refreshment, however humble or however small. This they granted; but they previously searched me—stripped me—took away the whole of my clothes, with all that my pockets contained—which consisted, however, of nothing but a knife, a razor, and a few pieces of silver. They assured me that all my property should be returned to me at a proper time; but I entreated them to leave me at least my pantaloons. With this they at length complied. With respect to my shirt, as the collar and ragged sleeves were all that remained, I was indifferent to the comfort of preserving it. I expostulated with my persecutors, and begged to know the reason of such cruel treatment. They surlily replied, that it was the custom of their country, and that they would take care to prevent my getting away again. 'People who had a great talent for getting out of gaols ought to be treated accordingly,' they said, and they added that they would prevent my escaping from their clutches. Saying this, the morose brutes swung to the massy door, and my ears were greeted with the noise of locks, bars, bolts, and my eyes with the prospect of chains, that seemed heavy enough to secure the bodies of a regiment or an army. In this state of nudity and solitude I began, with inexpressible grief and bitter affliction, to meditate upon my unfortunate destiny. At length, a thought flashed upon my mind. Although my cell in its masonry seemed as strong as the bomb-proof casement of a fortress, and my ears had informed

* "And in dire necessity of his humanity, were we all at this moment; but more especially myself, for so completely knocked up was I from excessive fatigue and exhaustion, by the length of this day's journey in chains, that I found my head quite dizzy, and had actually swooned and fallen against the prison walls before the gaoler could conduct me to my cell. Some gentle young men of the town, to whom Tuthill and Essel had contrived, in passing to the gaol, by signs, to make known that they were freemasons, obtained permission for both to accompany them, for the night, to their houses, where they were most hospitably entertained; whilst Ashworth and I were left upon straw and scanty prison fare in the dungeon. This circumstance determined us to be made masons whenever an opportunity offered; and which subsequently took place, with respect to myself, at the Freemasons' Tavern, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields; for I consider it a solemn, moral, and useful institution, and that it is impossible for a conscientious freemason to be otherwise than a worthy member of society."—[This is a strong recommendation of Freemasonry and its golden rules.—Ed. L. G.]

me of the massive strength of the door, and its ponderous securities or fastenings, yet it struck me that there might be some point of weakness, of which I might avail myself to effect my escape. It is astonishing how Providence, in its mercy, at the hour of the most bitter afflictions, supplies us with hope to alleviate our sufferings. It does not signify that the hope is delusive, for it answers the object; and the pleasure of indulging in it is longer and greater than the subsequent pain of disappointment. In this disposition to hope, every thing tends to gratify or favour the inclination; and I even inferred, from their taking away my clothes, in order to prevent my escape, that they were conscious that the gaol was weak in some point or other. In this pleasant delusion I waited with anxiety till daylight, that I might make all the observations in my power; and I felt determined to be off on the following night, even if I should be stark naked afterwards. Except when these hopes and frail calculations passed my mind, I was a prey to the most cruel torments. I never slept—I merely slumbered; and in those brief slumbers I was dreadfully agitated. At one time I was seized with the idea, that all my late companions were safe, and that I was the only unfortunate wretch of the party that was doomed to suffer. In another paroxysm I was tormented with the thoughts of the ease with which I could have avoided the fatal gateway, had I been aware that I was on the road that passed it. With what bitterness did I reproach myself for want of circumspection: in short, I found myself in a state of distraction. I endeavoured to tranquillise my mind with the hope of being able to get out of my present prison, or, at all events, of escaping from my guards on our march back into France; I had already got away from the most strict guards in the universe, the French *gens d'armes*. These ideas proved to be a kind of salutary balsam to my tortured bosom. It is hardly possible for persons who have never experienced any thing like the distress I had undergone, to form any idea of the dreadful manner in which the mind is agitated on such occasions. I found myself excessively cold during the night. A severe frost and snow had set in; and at this season of the year I could not expect it to be otherwise. In the morning, at an early hour, an old lady (the gaoler's wife) presented me with a cup of coffee, which I eagerly swallowed: the poor woman felt very much for my distressed situation, and actually shed tears. I begged she would provide me with materials for writing a letter to the commandant; her husband brought me them, and I remonstrated with the Cerberus on his cruelty in having me stripped of my clothes in a gaol (which, to my grief, I now discovered to be too secure), when he could have no idea of my being able to get away from it. I begged, at least, to have a neck handkerchief and cap returned to me, and desired he would order the money I had been deprived of to be laid out in purchasing a coarse shirt and pair of stockings, which I very much wanted. I also requested I might be allowed one of the military surgeons to dress my feet, that were still in a very bad state: all these demands he had the kindness to grant. The secretary came and informed me, that I should be detained until they received orders from the government at Ulm, which would be in about twelve days; he expressed great sorrow for my misfortunes, and retired. Great consolation was this to a poor devil without clothes! At length the surgeon came, and humanely dressed my sores; and he expressed his astonishment at how I could have travelled with my feet in so sad a

condition. When I looked at their lacerated state, my astonishment was not less than his; nor was that astonishment lessened by the extreme pain they now gave me. The mind at ease can scarcely form a conception of what the body can undergo when influenced by the stimulus of danger; and although I freely confess, that at this moment I enjoyed any thing rather than mental tranquillity, I was still amazed at how I could have walked such an immense distance with feet so swollen and so cut to pieces. After the surgeon had quitted me, I went to bed, and I felt a little more calm in spirit; but vain were all my efforts to close my eyes. Pain would keep me awake, and busy thought, cheerless of the past, and hopeless of the future, would crowd into my restless mind. In this state I lay till noon, when the old lady, the gaoler's wife, brought me my dinner. It was a tolerably good meal, considering the quarters I was in. She informed me that I was allowed nothing but water to drink. This I considered very inhuman, as my miserable state required something more stimulating. I thought it unkind that the surgeon did not order me a small portion of wine as a medicine."

Such is the tenor of this narrative of escapes, the third of which was crowned with success, for the party penetrated into the Austrian dominions (where they were safe), and thence got to Trieste.

Here, however, a misfortune of another kind attended Mr. O'Brien; he was wounded in a boat-action as he was leaving the port for the Amphion frigate, and very nearly made prisoner again. He was now appointed lieutenant in the Warrior, and thence moved to the Amphion. He fought in all the splendid Mediterranean and Adriatic services of Captain Hoste, and then proceeded in the Slaney to South America and the Pacific. Here, to vary our theme, we shall copy out three fishing extracts.

"On quitting the beach, I was struck with amazement at the extraordinary manner of fishing in this country; and yet the supply of fish is so superabundant, that tons and cart-loads of it are to be found lying in a state of putridity on the fields and road-sides. To see fishermen standing upright on the backs of horses, half of their bodies, and all the horses, excepting the heads, being under water, struck me with astonishment. The mode of fishing is, however, simple in principle, though the practice is difficult of attainment. A seine, or long net, is extended along the sands or flat part of the beach, fairly laid out and spread, and to each end of which the fishermen, in a proper manner, attach or harness a horse, then mount and ride into the river, keeping the net fully distended, until they perceive by the exertions made by the horses in swimming, that the net is becoming ponderous; when they cross each other, close the apertures of the net, so as to preclude the possibility of losing the fish, and return to shore, where a large party is waiting their arrival, ready to empty the seine and bear its contents away.

"Whilst we were in this harbour, we were frequently visited by whales; and they seemed so ignorant of the inhuman propensities of man for destruction, or so prone to consider us as a better species of our biped species, that they would pass close to our ship. Notwithstanding this generous confidence in our humanity, we used to consider them as fair targets for practice, and occasionally fired a nine-pounder at them; but whether we were bad marksmen (which, by the by, on other occasions our men proved themselves not to be), or that the whales were nine-pounder proof, the fact is, that we

were guiltless of the crime of whale-slaughter. The natives against the mussels were by far more potent than our nine-pounders against the whales. I could scarcely credit their method of catching their shell-fish, if I had not myself witnessed it. A man and a woman in a canoe push off from the shore to a certain depth, when the man, with a long pole, ascertains the depth of the mussel-bed. He then sticks the pole, which is sharpened at the end, into the bed, and makes it serve as the anchor or mooring for the boat: the woman, who is almost in a state of nudity, and ready with her arms around it, makes it her line of descent. With this as a conductor, she slides, or slips down, and soon reappears, with her arms crossed round the pole, but with both hands as full as they can hold of mussels. Having deposited her handfuls in the canoe, she descends again and again for six or eight times, until her cargo is complete. The time of their keeping under water appeared to me extraordinary. I know that, amongst scientific persons, a difference of opinion exists as to the time which the human body can suspend respiration under water; but I have accurately marked these people by my watch, and found that they could remain immersed for three minutes. On one occasion, I recollect expressing to a man my great surprise, not unmixed with regret, or almost indignation, that he should impose upon the women this difficult, or even dangerous duty, instead of undergoing it himself. The fellow seemed greatly surprised at my ignorance of the merits of the case. He explained to me, that this diving was a privilege of the sex, and that no man would be, or dared to be, so unmanly as to rob a woman of her birthright.

"On our passage back to Valparaiso, we caught a shark, only ten feet long, but of immense bulk. On opening her we found eight young ones of the size of salmon poul, alive and perfect in form, with ten others equally lively, but of the size of mackerel, and, as far as we could judge, of a distinct breed. A physiologist, or a comparative anatomist, would have travelled far to witness such a dissection, or *post mortem* examination; but all my crew thought of was eating the fishes, and they seemed to relish their capture very much, albeit it was not of the most tender or delicate description: and, with respect to the parent of the numerous progeny of voracious fishes, they confined their ravenousness solely to the tail. The notion that carnivorous and voracious animals bring forth only one at a time, or one *per vitam*, was here disproved; for this shark was as prolific as any sow or rabbit that could be produced as an extraordinary instance of fecundity."

A Continental Trip.—On his return, a post-captain, Captain O'Brien, with his lady and child, took a continental trip, and revisited the scenes of his early sufferings. From this we shall merely copy a passage, and conclude:—

"When I had last travelled on the road over which I was now passing, I was an unfriended, poverty-stricken, broken-hearted fugitive, amidst implacable and vindictive enemies, dreading even the sound of the human voice, or to hear my own, lest I should be again captured and led back once more to chains and dungeons. Then I had been upwards of eleven years in the naval service of my native country, five nearly of which had been spent in cruel captivity; I was but an humble midshipman, and the precious, inestimable, and irrevocable time for gaining honour and reward in my profession was wasting in almost hopeless anguish. My lurkings in woods and caves by day; my wanderings by night, with all my sufferings

from pain, fatigue, hunger, and inclemencies of the weather, passed in review before me. How great was now the contrast, and how excessive my gratitude to Divine Providence for the unbounded mercy I had experienced! My services had advanced me to the rank of post-captain in the royal navy, which I idolised. Fortune had bestowed on me all pecuniary means of happiness, to a mind disposed to be satisfied, and I was surrounded by every comfort, and with the means of fulfilling every wish which a rational mind ought to form; and, greater than even all these, I was accompanied by a most affectionate wife, and was the protector of my boy, the first and beloved pledge of our happy union. Life was sweetened by numerous friendships, in which I was conscious that I possessed the attachment and the esteem of men of honour and merit whom I valued. These were now my feelings in travelling my old beaten track, and I must leave the sketch to be filled up by the feeling minds of my readers."

Memoirs of the Life and Times of the Right Hon. Henry Grattan. By his Son, H. Grattan, Esq. M. P. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1839. Colburn.

If there be one subject more repugnant than another to us to look at or discuss, it is the subject of Irish politics. There are such direct oppositions of opinion, contradiction of facts, clashing of data, asperity and bitterness of party, bad temper, religious dissension, and vindictive feelings, that we revolt from the whole field with a sense of disgust, only increased by the reflection how much good might be done were these hateful passions subdued, and the charities of our nature cultivated for the benefit of that torn and miserable country.

Such being the impression on our mind, we must frankly state, that any publication involving matter of the kind to which we allude, be it of past or present date, finds us extremely indisposed to devote our attention to its claims. All that is biographical in Mr. Grattan's book is well enough; but indeed we cannot embark in the "Irish revolution of 1782," nor meddle with the antecedent events for a century which preluded and led to it. The author's desire to raise in public estimation the character and services of his father's friends and coadjutors is filial and laudable; but we must leave where we see them the names of Malone, Pery, Flood, Lucas, Burgh, Daly, and the rest.

The particulars of Mr. Grattan's parentage, birth, education, and the chief incidents of his life, may be learnt from every biographical sketch; and we shall, therefore, content our selves with selecting a few passages which illustrate familiar affairs, and well serve to exhibit the character of the work:—

"The debates and discussions in a writ of parliament, and the various proceedings connected with carrying the measure of free trade, had given new life to the people; they began to awaken, and the country became, in some degree, roused to a sense of her situation: men at last thought they had a country; but the upper classes still remained cautious and timid. By the aid, however, of the patriotic party in Dublin, resolutions and addresses were circulated through the country. Mr. Grattan drew up several, and they were proposed at the respective meetings by the Volunteers. The high principle and sentiment which they breathed, the temperate and firm tone in which they spoke to the people, diffused a national spirit throughout all classes. Men now wondered at their former tameness and systematic

depression; they, at length, dared to think they belonged to a nation, and that their country should be free. When these virtuous sentiments had taken root and spread around, Mr. Grattan thought the season had arrived for bringing on the question of independence. But here he found all his party opposed to him. They all censured him for his rashness and imprudence. Messrs. Burgh, Daly, Ogle, Pery, and the Ponsonbys, were adverse: they could not be seduced, but they were mollified and afraid. Lord Charlemont, too, was rather timid; but he evinced a delicacy on the occasion which well became him, and for which he deserved great credit; for he did not, like the rest, seek to dissuade Mr. Grattan from bringing forward the question,—he only recommended him to consider it well; he thought the measure too bold, and the country not yet ripe for it. Mr. Fitzgibbon, though he had been friendly to free trade, was hostile to the question of independence. Some had offered to oppose the measure; many had yielded; and the government had nearly softened them all; so that they would have remained satisfied with the measures the country had got; for they had gained credit by them, and they feared to risk their reputation, and put to sea again on such a stormy ocean. The efforts of the lord-lieutenant were strenuous; the orders from England imperative; '*obstare in limine*' was the principle to be adopted,—if necessary to be acted on, and if an opening was afforded, to be enforced with every severity. The commands from St. James's, as the letters of the ministers shew, were to resist every alteration in the constitution, and not even to transmit any such bills to England. In the midst of this political chaos, one man remained unmoved, unterrified, undaunted—John Forbes."

Lord Charlemont is thus described:—

"Lord Charlemont was the most accomplished man of his day; the most polished and the most agreeable. He was, in these respects, superior to any person that had yet appeared in Ireland, or, probably, that Ireland will ever again behold. His society was charming; he had the art to make every place and every company agreeable; and his conversation was so delightful, that it disarmed all reflection. He was fond of humour, and liked sometimes to be severe, and occasionally indulged in sarcasm, but never on his company. He was full of spirit, of integrity, and of public virtue. He possessed ambition; a great love of fame; a great contempt for money,—the consideration of which never entered into his mind. He was incorruptible. He was one of the few Irish peers who loved liberty; and it may be truly said, that he was not only the first of those peers, but the only one among them who gave dignity to his station. His spirit and integrity would not permit him to yield to government; but when the people had triumphed, he strove to reconcile the parties, and would not abandon the government on a question which endangered it. One predominant feature in Lord Charlemont's character was, a sacred attachment to the British connexion; his desire was to keep well with England; and he worked in favour of government, not for this or for that minister, but for the government solely; and was not only anxious to have the people supporting him, but to have the people supporting the government. The prejudice of party led some to say, that he was nothing more than a polished man with exquisite manners, but they were mistaken; he was a man of excellent sense, and possessed a better judgment than many persons allowed him. He was at the head of a

most powerful national army, supported by the upper classes, and comprising all. He assisted in leading them on to civil liberty; he assisted also in guarding them against popular excesses; and, in both cases, he deserved the greatest credit, in both he rendered the greatest services to his country. He was flattered into the chair at the Rotunda, and joined the Convention in 1783; and he certainly still kept with the people, although the people had broken with the parliament; he favoured their addresses, and attended their meetings, and thus contributed to uphold them. But, though he seemed to encourage them in their error, yet he was thereby enabled to moderate, if not to control and guard, the Volunteers against any violent extreme, or any excess which would have tarnished the high reputation they had deservedly acquired. It was most fortunate that such an individual existed. His grave and civil character was necessary to restrain the ardour of the Volunteers, and rescue them from their own excesses; for he well knew that liberty loses half its value if it is purchased by a victory over the people. There are times and there are occurrences when a man ought to stop, and should rather prefer to break with his party than go forward; yet few men who have acquired popularity possess courage enough to risk its loss. But Lord Charlemont did so—he hazarded his popular fame, at the most critical period, and rendered thereby a lasting service to the empire. His principles were noble as his mind was patriotic: he possessed an abhorrence of every thing that was low and base, and instantly gave up his borough when the question of Reform was under consideration; tendering to the people that which had hitherto been considered as private property. Lord Charlemont was at once a patriot and a courtier; he loved the people, and possessed at the same time taste and manners that would have adorned a court. He afforded a rare instance of such a union, and would have done honour to old Greece in her best of times. He was certainly not devoid of vanity; but if he had the defects that attend it, he had the virtues also. His keeping clear of the Court—his declining to accept office—and his lead among the Volunteers, established him in the minds of the people, and gave him an everlasting reputation. Lord Charlemont wrote well; his replies to the addresses from the Volunteers are excellent,—and while they encouraged their spirit and formation, they gave a regulated tone to liberty. He was a good Latin scholar, and knew Greek remarkably well. He had travelled much, and was well versed in the continental languages. He was fond of poetry, and composed some light and pretty things. His intimacy with the Bishop of Waterford (Marlay) encouraged this pastime; and their mutual taste led them to an epistolary correspondence, partly verse, partly prose, full of humour, railery, and wit. Lord Charlemont had formed a club, which was called the '*Society of Granby Row*.' It was political as well as convivial, and Messrs. Grattan, Burgh, Langrishe, Yelverton, Doyle, and Sir Edward Newenham, were some of the principal members. It served the public cause, and assembled men who possessed inclination and ability to propose plans and digest measures for the advancement of their country. The Catholic question was Lord Charlemont's weak point; he was at first unfavourable to their claims, and objected at an early period to their getting the elective franchise, when a measure of that description was in contemplation in 1785. The county that he belonged to was violent against them; and one of his ancestors

had lost his life at the period of the civil wars in 1641. But his mind relaxed in 1703, and he did not oppose the measure; and prior to the close of his life, he became friendly to the great question of Catholic Emancipation. Lord Charlemont's name will live as long as virtue, spirit, and patriotism, are esteemed."

The origin of the Union is ascribed to a Mr. Ogilvie:—

"The only charge which was ever brought against the Duke of Portland as to his sincerity, was that which arose from the conversations which he was said to have had with Mr. Ogilvie, on the subject of a union between the two countries. This, however, is capable of being explained. It happened that Mr. Ogilvie, who was connected with the Leinster family, and at that time in Parliament, but of no other influence, had applied to Lord Charlemont upon this subject, which was but the chimera of his own brain. The kindness of Lord Charlemont had induced him to reply to questions which never should have been put, and which merited no answer. He, and he alone, mentioned the subject in private, and had a sort of blind meddling communication upon it with the lord lieutenant. But it was not even broached in public, nor would Mr. Ogilvie have dared to mention the subject there. Full of his own importance, he strove to make the duke believe that he had made an impression on Lord Charlemont. The weakness of the duke readily gave in to this supposition, and served to shew, not that he was insincere, which was afterwards charged against him, but that he was only weak, which his after-conduct in 1795 unfortunately exemplified. In fact, neither Mr. Fox nor the English government had any thing to say to the chimerical idea, which was barely conceived, never reduced to form, which would not have been listened to if openly mentioned, and which was solely attributable to the folly and intermeddling of Mr. Ogilvie. In the discussion on the Union in 1799, Mr. Pitt, however, urged the point, in order to shew that the proceedings in 1782 were not final, and that even then a union was meditated. But his statement was neither fair nor just; for he attributed to the question of right that which related to the question of trade. Ireland had settled the question of independent legislature, just as England had her Magna Charta, or the principles of her revolution of 1688; but matters of commerce were those that might have admitted of regulation, and were those referred to in the resolutions of parliament, and distinctly stated in the letter of the Duke of Portland. But a disingenuous mind, or a skillful minister, can easily pervert the plainest terms, and misinterpret an honest transaction; and thus the dexterity of Mr. Pitt applied the resolution, not to the subject of commerce, but to that of the constitution."

The volumes bring down the history to the year 1783, and therefore we presume we may expect two more volumes; but even when they are finished, the author can never close his labours with a better sentiment than occurs at the end of the first epoch—"All that Ireland now wanted was *Repose*." Yes, indeed, it is all that she has wanted, and does want, to make her prosperous and happy. Well might she exclaim with the bard—

"Leave, O leave me to repose."

It is her great desideratum: the cure for nearly all her sufferings. But the theme is not for us, and we finish with a couple of personal anecdotes:—

"In 1767, Mr. Grattan lost his sister Catherine, whom he most loved. His feelings, on

this occasion, were those of intense grief; and he wrote upon her death in a strain of the most passionate and despairing affection. His sorrow for her loss, and his love for the country, led him from the scenes of London. He chose the spot that Pope has immortalised in verse; and took up his abode at Sunning Hill, near Windsor Forest. His delight was to ramble through the groves and green retreats of that charming solitude. His passion in the country—his perpetual pursuit—was politics. His mind was wholly engrossed with their object; he thought of nothing else; and his attendance on both houses of parliament seemed to have riveted his mind to the subject. Mr. Grattan's manner at this time was so singular, that, at one of the places where he resided with his friend Day, the landlady imagined, not only that he was an eccentric character, but that he was deranged; and she complained to one of his friends that the gentleman used to walk up and down in her garden most of the night, speaking to himself; and, though alone, he was addressing some one on all occasions by the name of 'Mr. Speaker'; that it was not possible he could be in his senses, and she begged they would take him away; and that if they did, she would forgive him all the rent that was due!"

And the friend of his youth, Mr. Day, writes:—

"We lived in the same chambers in the Middle Temple, and took a house in Windsor Forest, commanding a beautiful landscape: he delighted in romantic scenery. Between both, we lived together three or four years, the happiest period of my life. I am angry that, in your introductory life of him, you are altogether silent of those years, so variegated and full of adventure and enterprise. However, I admit that it could not be expected, or even desired, that in so brief a sketch you should have noticed much of his private history. When we resided in Windsor Forest, he would spend whole moonlight nights rambling and losing himself in the thickest plantations. He would sometimes pause and address a tree in soliloquy, thus preparing himself early for that assembly which he was destined in later life to adorn. One morning he amused us at breakfast with an adventure of the night before, in the forest. In one of those midnight rambles he stopped at a gibbet, and commenced apostrophising the chains in his usual animated strain, when he suddenly felt a tap on his shoulder, and, on turning about, was accosted by an unknown person—"How the devil did you get down?" To which the rambler calmly replied—"Sir, I suppose you have an interest in that question!"

Reliquæ Antiquæ. Scraps from Ancient Manuscripts, illustrating chiefly Early English Literature, and the English Language. Edited by Thomas Wright, Esq., M.A., F.S.A., &c., and James Orchard Halliwell, Esq., F.R.S., F.S.A., &c. No. I. 8vo. London, 1839. Pickering.

WE hail with much satisfaction this little publication, as being likely to answer two good purposes:—on the one hand, to collect much curious materials from widely scattered sources to illustrate the history of our language and literature; and, on the other, to call attention to, and excite interest in, a really important subject, which has hitherto been too much neglected.

The first publications of our early literature were made by those who considered nothing but the subjects of the works they edited, and

who gave to the world only a few noted productions, such as Chaucer, Gower, Lidgate, Piers Plowman, and others; of all which the texts were utterly disfigured and corrupted by the carelessness with which they chose the manuscript they used, and with which they followed that which they had chosen. A little later, people began to think that these old poems were curious on account of the language itself, and then they used some more care in editing them: but still this attention was paid only to words, and not to forms of words; and so little care was taken of the *literal* accuracy of the texts, and particularly of the final letters, that until we come down to a very recent period no printed editions of old English books are of any use to the philologist. Nothing could be worse executed than the editions of Robert of Gloucester and Robert of Brunne, by Hearne, printed at the beginning of the last century. Percy and Warton scarcely made any pretensions to philological accuracy. Ritson himself was more frequently pedantic than correct.

The exclusive partiality which has generally been exhibited for poetry, has caused our early prose literature to be undeservedly neglected: it possesses frequently as many beauties and other attractions as the verse, and gives us as much light on the manners and sentiments of our forefathers. This, and the peculiar tendency of the form in which such publications have hitherto been published, to restrict them to one or two classes of subjects, has been the cause that those who are partial to such studies, and have not frequent opportunities of pursuing them in the original manuscripts, can, from printed books, only form a very partial acquaintance with the literature of our early forefathers. It is the object of the present publication to obviate, as much as possible, this deficiency, by giving a collection of short inedited pieces on all subjects, whether prose or verse; and we cannot conceive a more acceptable offering to every one who loves to carry his researches retrospectively into the ages that are gone by. We think that the names of the editors are a sufficient guarantee for the good arrangement and correctness of this little work; and we cannot do better than state their views in their own words:—

"The object of the publication, of which the first number is now laid before the public, is to collect together such pieces from ancient inedited manuscripts illustrative of the literature and languages of our forefathers during the middle ages, as are not of sufficient extent to form books by themselves, and, from their want of connexion, do not easily find a place in other publications. To those whose attention has been given to the subject, it will be unnecessary to say that these shorter pieces are often of much greater importance than those which are more extensive. The largest proportion of these pieces will be in the English language, in some of the stages through which it passed from the pure Anglo-Saxon to the form in which we now speak it; but, from the nature of the subject, a fragment must now and then be admitted in Latin and Anglo-Norman, languages which were once as familiar to our countrymen as their own vernacular tongue. The contents of the first number will give the best notion of the design of this work. It has been endeavoured to produce it in a cheap and commodious form; and as much care as possible will be taken to ensure correctness. It is only necessary to add, that the editors most earnestly invite the aid of all who take interest in the subject; and they trust that their work may thus be the means of bringing

to light many curious documents of middle-age literature, which would otherwise have been lost or neglected. It is intended to publish the numbers about once in every three months."

We cannot easily conceive a greater variety than is presented to us in the first number of this work, which contains twenty-five different articles, and affords specimens of our language at almost every period from the times of the Saxons up to the period of the Reformation. These extracts bear on a variety of subjects. Even the history of science finds an illustration in a curious early receipt for making gunpowder. We have a variety of popular songs, and among the rest the earliest English sea-song that has yet been discovered. The history of our forms of public worship is illustrated by copies of the Lord's Prayer and the Creed, as written at different periods in the tenth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries. The lexicography of our language receives illustration in different ways, and among others by old glosses, which assist us in fixing exactly the original meanings of various English words, as well as by a glossary of old law terms, and another of names of plants, both from manuscripts of the thirteenth century. The latter forms a curious link in the history of our popular botanical nomenclature. We will only add, that one of by no means the least interesting articles in this number is a Latin poem by the famous Abelard, which has never before been published. We wish every success to the undertaking.

Captain Marryat's America.

[Diary concluded.]

THE second volume finds our traveller at Washington, from his notices of which capital and seat of legislation we shall select but one extract:—

"There are three things in great request amongst Americans of all classes,—male, I mean,—to wit, oysters, spirits, and tobacco. The first and third are not prohibited by act of Congress, and may be sold in the capital, but spirituous liquors may not. I wondered how the members could get on without them, but upon this point I was soon enlightened. Below the basement of the building is an oyster-shop and refectory. The refectory has been permitted by Congress upon the express stipulation that no spirituous liquors should be sold there, but law-makers are too often law-breakers all over the world. You go there and ask for pale sherry, and they hand you gin; brown sherry, and it is brandy; madeira, whisky; and thus do these potent, grave, and reverend signors evade their own laws, beneath the very hall wherein they were passed in solemn conclave. It appears that tobacco is considered very properly as an article of fashion. At a store, close to the hotel, the board outside informs you that among fashionable requisites to be found there, are gentlemen's shirts, collars, gloves, silk-handkerchiefs, and the best chewing-tobacco. But not only at Washington, but at other large towns, I have seen at silk-mercers and hosiers this notice stuck up in the window—'*Dulcissimus* chewing tobacco.' So prevalent is the habit of chewing, and so little, from long custom, do the ladies care about it, that I have been told that many young ladies in the South carry, in their work-boxes, &c., pig-tail, nicely ornamented with gold and coloured papers; and when their swains are at fault administer to their wants, thus meriting their affections by such endearing solicitude."

The next chapter bolts to Upper Canada, whence there is a return by the far west Wisconsin, Winnebago, the Missouri, Mississippi, and Ohio, the Prairies, the Sioux, and so on to the end. From this grand tour we shall take a few specimens of the amusing and descriptive. Of Irish immigration the author speaks sportively, but when we view the subject in the important light cast upon it by Sir R. W. Horton, we could have wished that a gentleman of Captain Marryat's sagacity had pointed out the immense value of such an outlet to an overgrown and starving population. He, however, tells us, laughingly:—

"Once more on board of the Michigan, one of the best vessels on Lake Erie; as usual, full of emigrants, chiefly Irish. It is impossible not to feel compassion for these poor people, wearied as they are with confinement and suffering, and yet they do compose occasionally about as laughable a group as can well be conceived. In the first place, they bring out with them from Ireland articles which no other people would consider worth the carriage. I saw one Irish woman who had five old tin tea-pots; there was but one spout among the whole, and I believe not one bottom really sound and good. And then their costumes, more particularly the fitting out of the children, who are not troubled with any extra supply of clothes at any time! I have witnessed the seat of an old pair of corduroy trousers transformed into a sort of bonnet for a laughing fair-haired girl. But what amused me more was the very reverse of this arrangement: a boy's father had just put a patch upon the hinder part of his son's trousers, and cloth not being at hand, he had, as an expedient for stopping the gap, inserted a piece of an old straw bonnet; in so doing he had not taken the precaution to put the smooth side of the plait inwards, and, in consequence, young Teddy when he first sat down felt rather uncomfortable. 'What's the matter wid ye, Teddy? what makes ye wriggle about in that way? Sit aisy, man; sure enough, havn't ye a straw-bottomed chair to sit down upon all the rest of your journey, which is more than your father ever had before you?' And then their turning in for the night; a single bed will contain one adult and four little ones at one end, and another adult and two half-grown at the other. But they are all packed away so snug and close, and not one venturing to move, there appears to be room for all."

Once fairly settled down, and with industry, what comfort awaits them, where even the youngest can be of use, and nature is prodigal of her bounties? Of the customs of the Sioux, Captain M. mentions some of considerable curiosity, of which we do not remember to have read before. For example:—

"In many customs the Sioux are closely allied to the Jewish nation; indeed, a work has been published in America to prove that the Indians were originally Jews. There is always a separate lodge for the women to retire to before and after childbirth, observing a similar purification to that prescribed by Moses. Although there ever will be, in all societies, instances to the contrary, chastity is honoured among the Sioux. They hold what they term virgin feasts, and when these are held, should any young woman accept the invitation who has by her misconduct rendered herself unqualified for it, it is the duty of any man who is aware of her unfitness, to go into the circle and lead her out. A circumstance of this kind occurred the other day, when the daughter of a celebrated chief gave a virgin feast: a young

man of the tribe walked into the circle and led her out; upon which the chief led his daughter to the lodge of the young Sioux, and told him that he gave her to him for his wife, but the young man refused to take her, as being unworthy. But what is more singular (and I have it from authority which is unquestionable), they also hold virgin feasts for the young men; and should any young man take his seat there who is unqualified, the woman who is aware of it must lead him out, although in so doing, she convicts herself; nevertheless it is considered a sacred duty, and is done. The shells found in the western rivers are very interesting. I had promised to procure some for Mr. Lee, of Philadelphia, and an old squaw had been despatched to obtain them. She brought me a large quantity, and then squatted down by my side. I was seated on the stone steps before the door, and commenced opening and cleaning them previous to packing them up. She watched me very attentively for half an hour, and then got up, and continued, as she walked away, to chuckle and talk aloud. 'Do you know what the old woman says?' said the old Canadian interpreter to me. 'She says, the man's a fool; he keeps the shells, and throws the meat away.' The French Canadians, who are here employed by the Fur Company, are a strange set of people. There is no law here, or appeal to law; yet they submit to authority, and are managed with very little trouble. They bind themselves for three years, and during that time (little occasional deviations being overlooked) they work diligently and faithfully; ready at all seasons and at all hours, and never complaining, although the work is often extremely hard. Occasionally they return to Canada with their earnings, but the major part have connected themselves with Indian women, and have numerous families; for children in this fine climate are so numerous, that they almost appear to spring from the earth."

At Fort Snelling, our countryman encountered a mighty hunter, one Captain Scott, who seems to have outrivalled Uncle Sam or Colonel Crockett. Among his sporting exploits when a boy, he relates the following:—

"I was once buffalo-hunting in Arkansas: I was on a strong well-trained horse, pursuing a bull, when we arrived at a rent or crack in the prairie, so wide, that it was necessary for the animals to leap it. The bull went over first; and I, on the horse, following it close, rose on my stirrups, craning a little, that I might perceive the width of the rent. At that moment the bull turned round to charge: the horse perceiving it, and knowing his work, immediately wheeled also. This sudden change of motion threw me off my saddle, and I remained hanging by the side of the horse, with my leg over his neck: there I was, hanging on only by my leg, with my head downwards below the horse's belly. The bull rushed on to the charge, ranging up to the flank of the horse on the side where I was dangling; and the horse was so encumbered by my weight in that awkward position, that each moment the bull gained upon him. At last my strength failed me; I felt that I could hold on but a few seconds longer: the head of the bull was close to me, and the steam from his nostrils blew into my face. I gave myself up for lost: all the prayer I could possibly call to mind at the time was the first two lines of a hymn I used to repeat as a child: 'Lord, now I lay me down to sleep!' and that I repeated two or three times, when, fortunately, the horse wheeled short round, evaded the bull, and leaped the gap. The bull was at

fault. The jolt of the leap, after nearly dropping me into the gap, threw me up so high, that I gained the neck of my horse, and eventually my saddle. I then thought of my rifle, and found that I had held it grasped in my hand during the whole time. I wheeled my horse and resumed the chase, and in a minute the bull was dead at my horse's feet."

The hymn by way of prayer is a laughable hit: Mr. Murray has not so naïve a touch in all his buffalo adventures (see last *Lit. Gas.*). The general description of the alluvial lands called prairies is striking:

"After you proceed south of Prairie du Chien, the features of the Mississippi river gradually change: the bluffs decrease in number and in height, until you descend to Rock Island, below which point they are rarely to be met with. The country on each side now is chiefly composed of variegated rolling prairies, with a less proportion of timber. To describe these prairies would be difficult; that is, to describe the effect of them upon a stranger. I have found myself lost, as it were; and, indeed, sometimes, although on horseback, have lost myself, having only the sun for my guide. Look round in every quarter of the compass, and there you are as if on the ocean—not a landmark, not a vestige of any thing human but yourself. Instead of sky and water, it is one vast field, bounded only by the horizon, its surface gently undulating like the waves of the ocean; and as the wind (which always blows fresh on the prairies) bows down the heads of the high grass, it gives you the idea of a running swell. Every three or four weeks there is a succession of beautiful flowers, giving a variety of tints to the whole map, which die away, and are succeeded by others equally beautiful; and, in the spring, the strawberries are in such profusion, that you have but to sit down wherever you may happen to be, and eat as long as you please."

"An American was asked what game they had in his district? and his reply was, 'Why, we've plenty of *baar* (bear) and deer, but no *large* game to count on.'"

Of Cincinnati, planted on such a soil, we are told,—

"In 1803, deer-skin at the value of forty cents per pound were a legal tender; and, if offered instead of money, could not be refused, even by a lawyer. Not fifty years ago, the woods which towered where Cincinnati is now built, resounded only to the cry of the wild animals of the forest, or the rifle of the Shawnee Indian: now Cincinnati contains a population of 40,000 inhabitants. It is a beautiful, well-built, clean town, reminding you more of Philadelphia than any other city in the Union. Situated on a hill on the banks of the Ohio, it is surrounded by a circular phalanx of other hills; so that, look up and down the streets, whichever way you will, your eye reposes upon verdure and forest-trees in the distance. The streets have a row of trees on each side, near the curb-stone; and most of the houses have a small frontage, filled with luxuriant, flowering shrubs, of which the *Althea Frutes* is the most abundant. It is, properly speaking, a Yankee city, the majority of its inhabitants coming from the East; but they have intermarried, and blended with the Kentuckians of the opposite shore,—a circumstance which is advantageous to the character of both. There are, however, a large number of Dutch and German settlers here; they say 10,000. They are not much liked by the Americans; but have great influence, as may be conceived when it is stated that, when a motion was brought forward in

the Municipal Court for the city regulations to be printed in German as well as English, it was lost by one vote only. I was told a singular fact, which will prove how rapidly the value of land rises in this country as it becomes peopled. Fifty-six years ago, the major part of the land upon which the city of Cincinnati stands, and which is now worth many millions of dollars, was swapped away by the owner of it for a pony!! The man who made this unfortunate bargain is now alive, and living in or near Cincinnati. Cincinnati is the pork-shop of the Union; and in the autumnal, and early winter months, the way in which they kill pigs here is, to use a Yankee phrase, *quite a caution*. Almost all the hogs fed in the oak forests of Ohio, Kentucky, and Western Virginia, are driven into this city, and some establishments kill as many as fifteen hundred a-day; at least, so I am told. They are despatched in a way quite surprising; and a pig is killed upon the same principle as a pin is made,—by division, or, more properly speaking, by combination of labour. The hogs confined in a large pen are driven into a smaller one; one man knocks them on the head with a sledge-hammer, and then cuts their throats; two more pull away the carcass, when it is raised by two others, who tumble it into a tub of scalding water. His bristles are removed in about a minute and a half by another party; when the next duty is to fix a stretcher between his legs. It is then hoisted up by two other people, cut open, and disembowelled; and in three minutes and a half from the time that the hog was grunting in his obesity, he has only to get cold before he is again packed up, and reunited in a barrel, to travel all over the world. By the by, we laugh at the notion of pork and molasses. In the first place, the American pork is far superior to any that we have ever salted down; and, in the next, it eats uncommonly well with molasses. I have tasted it, and 'it is a fact.' After all, why should we eat currant jelly with venison, and not allow the Americans the humble imitation of pork and molasses? Mrs. Trollope's bazar raises its head in a very imposing manner: it is composed of many varieties of architecture; but I think the order under which it must be classed is the preposterous. They call it Trollope's Folly; and it is remarkable how a shrewd woman like Mrs. Trollope should have committed such an error. A bazar like an English bazar is only to be supported in a city which has arrived at the acme of luxury; where there are hundreds of people willing to be employed for a trifle; hundreds who will work at trifles, for want of better employment; and thousands who will spend money on trifles, merely to pass away their time. Now, in America, in the first place, there is no one who makes trifles,—no one who will devote their time, as sellers of the articles, unless well compensated; and no one who will be induced, either by fashion or idleness, to give a halfpenny more for a thing than it is worth. In consequence, nothing was sent to Mrs. Trollope's bazar. She had to furnish it from the shops, and had to pay very high salaries to the young women who attended; and the people of Cincinnati, aware that the same articles were to be purchased at the stores for less money, preferred going to the stores. No wonder, then, that it was a failure: it is now used as a dancing academy, and occasionally as an assembly-room."

With regard to the future prospects of the West, the following is also important:—

"I have often heard it asserted by Englishmen, that America has no coal. There never

was a greater mistake: she has an abundance, and of the very finest that ever was seen. At Wheeling and Pittsburgh, and on all the borders of the Ohio river above Guyandotte, they have an inexhaustible supply, equal to the very best offered to the London market. All the spurs of the Alleghany range appear to be one mass of coal. In the Eastern States, the coal is of a different quality, although there is some very tolerable. The anthracite is bad, throwing out a strong sulphureous gas. The fact is, that wood is at present cheaper than coal, and therefore the latter is not in demand. An American told me one day, that a company had been working a coal-mine in an eastern state, which proved to be of a very bad quality; they had sent some to an influential person as a present, requesting him to give his opinion of it, as that would be important to them. After a certain time he forwarded to them a certificate, couched in such terms as these:—'I do hereby certify that I have tried the coal sent me by the company at —, and it is my decided opinion, that when the general conflagration of the world shall take place, any man who will take his position on that coal mine will certainly be the last man who will be burnt!'"

The metals, iron, copper, &c., also abound in these regions; but we cannot do better than conclude with the characteristic quotation we have just copied. The *Essays* upon various subjects, to which the *Diary* is a prelude, may possibly claim from us a future review.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Cranmer. By a Member of the Roxburgh Club. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1839. Colburn.

It is a mad world. An old Roxburgher setting up for a modern novel-writer! The attempt is monstrous. *Cranmer* is, accordingly, like no other Novel that ever was penned;—a novel with prolegomena and foot-note references;—a novel with book notices and bookish reminiscences of the martyr Cranmer. Partly in England, and partly in Germany, is society sketched, and the plot unravelled. Many of the scenes are rather sketches of people than necessary to the story; and the whole is indeed a medley composition. The talent of the writer is shewn in pertinent and shrewd remarks, and the filling up is better than the framework.

Sermons Preached before the University of Oxford, in St. Mary's Church, in 1837, 8, 9, by the Rev. S. Wilberforce, M.A. Pp. 198. (London, Burns.)—Six sermons, worthy of the preacher and of his auditors.

The Forest Planter and Pruner's Assistant, &c., by J. Main, A.L.S. Pp. 261. (London, Ridgway.)—A very useful and practical adviser in the management of forest trees. Engraved figures illustrate both the scientific and more common branches of the subject.

Black's Economical Tourist—Scotland. Pp. 49. (Edinburgh, A. and C. Black.)—A very useful little *it*, with map, routes, and short descriptions.

Leda; or the Island, by Ann Fraser Tytler, author of "Mary and Florence," &c. Pp. 278. (London, Hatchard.)—A pious little work, inculcating reliance on the Supreme Power.

A Reply to the Rev. Dr. Turtton's "Roman Catholic Doctrines of the Eucharist Considered," &c., by N. Wiseman, D.D. 8vo. pp. 264. (London, Dolman.)—A controversial work on the real presence, &c. &c., which we leave to readers not satisfied with the expositions in the "Tale of a Tub."

Costanzas of Misra: a Tale of Modern Greece. Pp. 164. (London, Whittaker and Co.)—In five cantos, Byronian style; in favour of which, we fear, we cannot go far. The attempt has been pleasing to the writer.

Manners and Ends; or, Self-Training, by C. M. Sedgwick, author of "Redwood," &c. Pp. 378. (London, Tilt.)—Written for the young women of America, this little volume is no inappropriate offering to the young women of England. It is full of good advice and judicious observation.

The Little People's Portrait, &c. by Miss G. M. Sterne. Pp. 128. (London, Houlston and Stottman; Bath, Buiss and Goodwin.)—Meant for very young intellect, and not over-well done.

Preservation of the Teeth, by J. Gray, Dentist. Pp. 77. Many practitioners now-of-days publish little treatises to bring themselves into notice. The design is not illaudable, where there is so much competition; but there is seldom much new in them, and this follows the general rule.

The Lord's Prayer, &c., by the Rev. Thomas Griffiths, A.M. Pp. 178. (London, J. Burns; Hamilton, Adams, and Co.)—Commentaries on this beautiful prayer, as expressing the primary elements of devoutness in the human breast approaching the Great Creator.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

JUNE 5. The Rev. Dr. Buckland, President, in the chair.—Four communications were read:—1. A paper by Captain J. B. Martin, of Ramsgate, 'On Remains of the Mammoth dredged up in the English Channel and German Ocean.' The fishermen employed off the east coast of England are frequently impeded in their operations by large boulders and bones of mammalia becoming entangled in their tackle; and, in order to clear their fishing-grounds of such obstructions, they bring the masses on shore. The animal remains noticed in this paper are chiefly in the possession of the author, and consist of tusks, teeth, and bones of the mastodon. They were obtained between Dungeness and Boulogne, Dover and Calais, and Yarmouth and the coast of Holland; and Captain Martin states that they were wholly procured in hollows, or submarine valleys. The boulders are also accumulated in depressions, and consist of a great variety of rocks. Some of them are much worn or rounded, but in no instance do they present those regularly shaped forms which would lead to the inference that they might have composed part of shipwrecked cargoes. To this communication was appended a note by Sir John Trevelyan, 'On a Molar of an Elephant, found thirty-eight years ago in the bed of the Severn, near Watchett.' The same gentleman has also informed Dr. Buckland that Roman pottery has been frequently procured, during the last fifty years, from the bottom of the estuary of the Thames, near Margate; and that Pot Island, off Heme Bay, has received its name from the quantity of similar remains obtained near it. A Roman vessel laden with pottery is supposed to have been wrecked at this spot.—2. 'A Description of Five Fossil Trees found in the Excavations for the Manchester and Bolton Railway,' by Mr. J. Hawkshaw. One of these trees was discovered in 1837, and the other four during the present year, in forming a drain. They are situated in a nearly straight line, in beds of slate belonging to the great Lancashire coal-field; and the distance between the first and the fifth is about 106 feet. The roots, as far as they have been exposed, are spreading, and they are apparently quite conformable in position to the inclination of the stratum in which they are imbedded. The stems are nearly at right angles to the plane of stratification, and were enveloped, when discovered, in a thin coating of friable coal. The internal argillaceous casts are fluted; and Mr. Hawkshaw states that there are indications of a fibrous structure. The largest tree is 11 feet high, 15 feet in circumference at the base, and 7½ at the top. The others vary in height from 6 to 2½ feet, and in circumference, at the thickest part, from 9 to 6 feet; but the girth is not always proportioned to the height. The roots of one of the largest specimens extended between 5 and 6 feet from the trunk. A thin stratum of coal was cut through on the same plane as that of the roots, and, on excavating on the opposite side of the railroad, the seam was also found at the distance of about ten yards. In the immediate neighbourhood of the roots the shale com-

tained so great a number of *Lepidostrobus variabilis*, that more than a bushel of specimens was collected. Of the generic characters of the trees, Mr. Hawkshaw offers no opinion, as the coal which occupied the place of the bark was too friable to permit the external markings to be determined: he, however, alludes to the opinion of M. Adolphe Brongniart, that the *Lepidostrobus variabilis* was the organ of fructification of a species of *Lepidodendron*. Mr. Hawkshaw has not only prevented the trees being removed from the position in which they were discovered, but he has had them protected from the weather; and he invites geologists to examine the interesting phenomena which they present.—3. 'A Notice of some Organic Bodies recently procured from the London Clay,' by Mr. Wetherell. These fossils were first observed by the author in nodules of indurated clay, obtained from the excavations for the Birmingham Railway, between Euston Square and Kilburn. Of their true nature he offers no opinion, leaving the determination open to future research. Some of the specimens consist of flat flabelliform bodies, more or less corrugated on the surface, and covered with minute oviform grains, in close contact with each other. Several of the specimens are cylindrical and branched, varying in diameter from half an inch to less than a tenth; and they are likewise wholly or partially covered with the egg-shaped grains. Besides these fossils of a definite form, Mr. Wetherell has procured a multitude of others perfectly amorphous. They are generally of a dark colour, and are, for the most part, without apparent internal structure; but they occasionally consist of concentric lamellae. The granules are not unfrequently dispersed through the substance of the specimen, or they are collected in irregular patches on the surface. A series of these bodies, illustrative of the memoir, has been presented to the Society's Museum by Mr. Wetherell.—4. 'On the Relations of the different parts of the Old Red Sandstone in the Counties of Murray, Nairn, Banff, and Inverness,' by Mr. Malcolmson. In 1838, Mr. Malcolmson announced to the Society, that Mr. Martin, of Elgin, had procured from the lowest division of the old red sandstone, near that town, remains of several species of fishes characteristic of the formation in other districts. With the exception of the ichthyolites found at Gamrie, in a series of beds now proved to belong to the same system, the Elgin remains were the only fossils known to exist in the old red sandstone south of the Murray Firth, at the time Mr. Malcolmson, the Rev. G. Gordon, and Mr. Stables, discovered the specimens noticed in this communication. The district in which these fishes were found extends from the village of Buckie, near Cullen, in Banffshire, to Ouldoun Moor, six miles south of Inverness. The higher and southern parts of the counties are composed of gneiss and other crystalline schists, traversed by numerous granite veins. The old red sandstone system, which occupies the greater part of the lower tracts, Mr. Malcolmson divides into three portions. The lowest consists of conglomerates, derived from the gneiss and associated rocks, and it contains fishes of the genera *Dipterus*, *Chirocentrus*, *Coccoleus*, &c. It is considered by the author to represent the old red series of the Orkneys, Caithness, and Gamrie, in Scotland, and the "tile stone," or lowest part of the English old red system. The middle division is composed of marly conglomerates and sandstones, containing calcareous concretions. It is characterised by a distinct suite of fossil fishes, many of which are

undescribed, and must be assigned to new genera. Mr. Malcolmson places this division on the parallel of the central strata of the old red sandstone to the south of the Grampians, and in England. The uppermost series of beds consist of siliceous conglomerates and sandstones, in which no fossils have yet been detected. The paper contains detailed sections of all the localities examined by the author; and he hopes soon to give full descriptions of the singular fishes found in the central division. This being the last meeting of the session, the Society adjourned, at the close of the evening's business, to the 6th of November.

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

JUNE 3. The Rev. W. Kirby, Honorary President, in the chair.—Various donations of entomological works were announced, and thanks ordered to be returned to the donors thereof. Members were elected. The Rev. F. W. Hope described a plan for the extirpation of the species of *Anobis*, which is found very abundantly in carved wood-work imported from the Netherlands. Various species of insects were exhibited by Messrs. Bainbridge, Fennell, and Saunders. Mr. Westwood detailed the proceedings of one of the saw-flies (*Tenthredinidae*), which he had observed in the act of flying over and depositing its eggs in the blossoms of the apple at Hammersmith. In the preceding summer the entire crop of fruit had failed, in consequence of the interior of the young fruit having been infested with the larva of a saw-fly; and he now had no hesitation in considering that the winged insects, recently observed, had been produced from some of these last year's larva.—The following memoirs were read: 1. 'Descriptions of a New Holland Species of *Bolbecerus*,' in the collection of the Rev. F. W. Hope, by Mr. W. Bainbridge. 2. 'Experiments on Old Honey-combs, with a view to determine the Substance of which they were composed,' by W. Sells, Esq. 3. 'Some Account of the Preparatory States of *Xiphidris Dromodarius*, with Observations upon its Affinities,' by Mr. Westwood. A discussion (in which Messrs. Kirby, Hope, Marshall, and others, took part) ensued, originating in the circumstance of so many species of *Bolbeceri*, of very large size, being inhabitants of New South Wales, where, owing to the absence of the larger quadrupeds, the existence of coprophagous insects of any size might have been doubted.

July 1. The Rev. F. W. Hope in the chair.—Various donations of books and insects were announced, and thanks ordered to be returned to the several donors. Several new members were balloted for and elected. Mr. Barrand exhibited a very small wasp's nest, found attached to the inside of a sparrow's nest: from the very minute size of the cells in its interior, and the nature of the external envelope, it was considered by Messrs. Waterhouse and Shuckard that it could not have been made by any hitherto described British species of *Vespa*. It was stated that Mr. Raddon had procured more specimens of the magnificent *Goliathus Drurii*, from vessels trading to Africa. Mr. W. Bennett exhibited a living specimen of *Calosoma Sycophanta* captured on the coast of Kent, and which had been kept alive by feeding it upon moths. Mr. Westwood exhibited some remarkable beetles belonging to the Mexican genus *Chaotus*; the males of which, contrary to the ordinary rule among insects, greatly exceeded the females in size. He also exhibited a species of his genus *Elymnos* (*Choriphetum are.*), the type of

which had so greatly the appearance of the genus *Membrana*, as to have misled Linnaeus, who accordingly placed it amongst the *Cicada*, although in reality belonging to a different order. Mr. Hope exhibited a splendid collection of insects from Assam, some of which were of very great beauty and interest, and of which he read the descriptions.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

JULY 5, Mr. J. E. Gray, President, in the chair. —Living specimens of *Salvia pratensis* collected at Cobham, Kent, were exhibited by Mr. Sanson. Read, the 'Details of the first Excursion taken this Summer, by the President and Members of the Botanical Society of London,' by Mr. G. E. Dennes, F.L.S., Secretary. The excursion was made early in June, to Mickleham and Box Hill, Surrey, and thence to Norbury Park. A large collection of plants was obtained; amongst them several rare ones:—*Aceras anthropophora*, *Orchis muscifer*, *Hippocrepis comosa*, *Cynoglossum sylvaticum*, *Veronica montana*, *Anthyllis vulneraria*, &c. &c.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.
UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

CAMBRIDGE, July 1.—Degree of Bachelor in the Civil Law was conferred on the Rev. J. Walker, of Trinity Hall.

The Rev. J. R. Oldham, M.A., of Oriel College, Oxford, was admitted as *audens* of this university.

July 2 (being Commencement Day), the following Doctors and Masters of Arts were created:—

Doctors in Divinity.—Rev. E. Rice, Trinity College; Rev. H. Stebbing, Rev. P. R. Hall, St. John's College; Rev. S. Fennell, Queen's College; Rev. R. Wilson, Rev. G. Wightman, St. John's College; Rev. W. Scarsby, Queen's College; Rev. G. Bosworth, Trinity College; Rev. C. Wesley, Christ's College; Rev. G. Dodds, Pembroke College; Rev. M. Seaman, Queen's College; Rev. G. Dodds, Catharine Hall.

Doctors in the Civil Law.—A. F. Bayford, Trinity Hall; Rev. D. B. Langley, St. John's College, and Vicar of Olney, Bucks.

Doctors in Physics.—G. F. Evans, T. P. Parr Marsh, J. Andrew, Caius College; M. A. N. Crawford, Trinity College; W. Mitchell, Emmanuel College.

Masters of Arts.—R. A. Denton, C. O. Goodford, A. Long, King's College; H. Watkins, J. F. Robinson, R. Chamberlain, R. Cooper, M. Amphlett, St. Peter's College; M. Wilkinson, P. Sheppard, P. W. Yorke, A. Adcock, A. Ramsey, P. Bealhouse, Guss Hall; C. A. Cartwright, E. Shortland, J. Jackson, W. D. B. Berles, N. Keymer, E. W. Milner, W. G. Hotten, Pembroke College; C. Parker, W. Blunt, W. J. Johnson, H. Henderson, J. Tozer, H. Howes, C. Clayton, W. B. Wilkins, R. A. Hurle, J. Fernie, Caius College; J. R. W. Hale, C. E. Broome, Trinity Hall; W. R. Parker, H. H. Higgins, C. Hart, E. H. Landon, J. Patterson, Corpus Christi College; J. Clark, W. Bruce, H. E. Preston, T. Sedger, Queen's College; E. Crow, J. Stackhouse, B. Hayfield, J. H. Carnegie, T. Miles, E. Kelly, T. Dalaty, J. May, J. Robinson, W. H. King, Catharine Hall; D. T. Amsted, S. B. Smyth, H. J. Daubeny, C. J. Hilton, T. W. Levenshorpe, P. W. Courtney, Jesus College; R. Burney, W. G. Greenstreet, H. F. Bacon, W. Bates, J. Courpe, C. T. J. Baines, G. A. Walker, J. Hart, C. Green, Christ's College; W. H. Bateson, J. D. Lane, F. W. Collins, C. E. Hoare, J. D. Gilbert, T. J. Clark, A. Christopher, W. Johnson, C. J. Cartwright, T. F. Cooke, D. Ledman, G. H. Marsh, A. W. H. Rose, R. Sale, E. Bennett, A. Smith, W. H. Coleman, W. S. Salmon, H. Barlow, R. Francis, H. W. Beadon, R. Barber, J. W. Colenso, W. Wilkinson, R. M. Phelps, H. T. Davies, J. Chapman, J. Lawson, J. G. Uwins, J. H. Henderson, St. John's College; H. H. Swamy, P. Jones, J. Buckley, J. Nelson, W. Lowe, W. H. Owen, J. Wood, R. W. Dayrell, Magdalene College; S. E. Girdlestone, J. O. Sanger, H. Browne, W. T. Turner, M. A. Atkinson, R. Wilson, A. Smith, J. I. Smith, W. L. Coxhead, W. Conway, F. Custance, O. Walford, C. J. Selwyn, G. E. L. Cotton, J. B. Palmer, J. S. Mansfield, A. Bisset, G. W. Smyth, G. D. Johnston, T. C. Browne, R. J. St. Aubyn, W. A. Radcliffe, W. F. G. Farmer, E. L. Clarke, F. I. Nicholl, J. R. Goodman, F. V. Vyvyan, G. J. Lloyd, W. Greenleade, W. Tennant, W. C. Frampton, W. J. Parkes, T. P. Methuen, G. B. Gregory, W. A. Osborne, S. Turner, J. C. Campbell, A. Helps, W. L. Palmer, R. Prescott, T. E. Heslham, F. E. Curry, H. James, J. W. Woodfall, G. Richards, P. W. Mayon, R. B. Adams, L. Arthur, E. H. Denison, C. Powell, T. A. Hadley, E. Masco, C. W. Hardy, S. Thornton, C. B. Hine, W. Pigeon, A. Hunter, J. H. Tinnis, W. F. Matfield, T. B. Page, Trinity College; J. C. Barker, C. W. Robinson, F. Legard, J. M. Wilker, W. C. Roughan, H. R. Gilbert, Emmanuel College; J. T. H. Smith, C. J. Furlong, M. G. Lamotte, E. Bickneth, Sidney Sussex College; P. H. Frere, Downing College.

July 5th, at the last day of term, the degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred on J. F. Sharpe, of Sidney Sussex College.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.
Anglo-Saxon Literature.

WE continue our quotation from Mr. Wright's interesting paper; selecting its more popular illustrations.

"No class of popular literature was so general a favourite among the Anglo-Saxons as enigmas and riddles, and they form an important part of the literary remains of our forefathers. Collections of Anglo-Latin *Ænigmata*, such as those of Aldhelm, were composed at a very early period. They were imitations of a still older Latin tract of this description, which was also popular among the Anglo-Saxons, under the title of '*Symposii Ænigmata*,' and which has been frequently printed; but whether this title implies that it was written by a person named *Symposium*, or whether it only means that they are '*symposiaca enigmata*,' or, as we might say, 'nuts to crack over our wine,' is a question among the learned; though the introductory lines would lead us to conclude that they were written with a view to this latter object. They have sometimes been attributed, but apparently without any good reason, to Lactantius. The riddles in this collection are expressed in triplets; they are often so contrived as to convey information under the cloak of amusement, and they sometimes present us with an elegant sentiment or a pretty idea. The subject of the following is a ship:—

Longa feror velox formosae filia silvae,
Immuera pariter comitum stipante caterva;
Curro vias multas vestigia nulla reliquens.

The idea contained in the following is not new:—

Est nova nostrarum cunctis captura ferarum,
Ut squalid capias et tu tibi ferre recuses,
Et quod non capias tecum tamen ipse seportas.

The subject of the next is a violet. In the second line there seems to be a pun in the word *spiritus* which has not the odour of great antiquity about it.

Magna quidem non sum, sed hest mihi maxima virtus;
Spiritus est magnus, quamvis sis corpore parvo;
Nec mihi germen habet noxam, nec culpa ruborem.

Some of these enigmas are curious, as illustrating incidents of private life. The subject of the following, which bears a different title in different manuscripts, is certainly some kind of liquor composed of three principal ingredients: according to the gloss in the margin of the oldest manuscript, these were honey, wine, and pepper.

Tres olim fulminis qui nomine jungimur uno,
Ex tribus est unus, tres et miscetur in uno;
Quisque bonus per se, melior qui continet omnes.

Aldhelm confesses that he was but an imitator of *Symposium*; but his enigmas are deficient in that simplicity of sentiment and expression which he found in his models. There needs no greater proof how complicated and far-fetched they are, than the immense number of glossarial explanations with which they are accompanied in the MS. preserved in the British Museum. The following, perhaps, possesses as much simplicity as any we could select, but the last line is a remarkable specimen of that sinking in poetry of which the writer has often cause to plead guilty. Its subject is the wind.

Cernere me nulli possunt nec prendere palmis,
Arcum vocis crepitum nec pando per ortem,
Viribus horrore valeo confingere puerum,
Nam superos ego pulso polos, et rura peragro.

The next is so peculiarly literary, that, although it needs some explanation, we can hardly pass

it over. Its subject is the alphabet: it will perhaps be enough to say that in the third line *ferro* is explained in the gloss by *stilo graphico*, that the *terris fratres* are the three fingers which hold the pen, and the *incerta mater* the pen itself, 'it being uncertain whether this were a crow or goose quill, or a reed.'

Nos dene et septem gentis sine voce sorores,
Sed alie cothes non dictam adamandam,
Necdum ex ferro rursus ferro moribunda,
Necnon et volucris pennis volitantis ad æthram:
Terri nos fratres incerta matre creantur;
Qui cupit instantem altius audire, docemus,
Tum cito prompta damus roganti verba silentur.

But by far the most curious and interesting collection of early enigmas that exists, is the large one in Anglo-Saxon verse, which occupies a considerable portion of the Exeter manuscript. From their intentional obscurity, and from the uncommon words with which they abound, many of these riddles are at present altogether unintelligible; but where they can be translated with any certainty, they are by no means devoid either of beauty or interest."

"The Higher Branches of Science.—

It has been already observed that science, as cultivated by the Anglo-Saxons, was almost entirely founded upon older foreign authorities. One of the most popular of these authorities was Isidore, a Spanish Christian, who lived at the beginning of the seventh century, and who published a manual of science under the title of '*De Naturis Rerum*,' as well as a larger work entitled '*Etymologia*,' or '*Origines*,' which is a kind of nomenclature, accompanied with definitions of nearly every thing that existed, from the highest attributes of the Deity, through all the different regions of science and art, down to the most insignificant of children's games. In the higher branches of science, the Saxons followed principally those writers of the time of the Roman empire, who were then peculiarly styled 'the philosophers;' such, for example, as Macrobius and Apuleius. Boetius, and the Anglo-Saxon scholars of that and the following age, quote frequently such writers as Dionysius Exiguus, and Victor Aquitanus. The popularity of certain treatises appears, in some cases, to have arisen from their accidental introduction into England at an early period. This, perhaps, was the case with Cicero's translation of '*Aratus*,' and the prose '*Astronomica*' of Hyginus which accompanies it; in the Harleian library are preserved a few leaves of what may have been the very copy of this work that was first brought into our island; for it seems to have been written in the seventh, or early in the eighth century; the pictures bear every mark of having been painted by a foreign artist, and there can be little doubt that it was the prototype of the other manuscripts of the same book which were written in England in the ninth and tenth centuries, although neither in the text nor drawings are they absolutely literal copies. *Aratus*, in Cicero's Latin version, and Hyginus, were the chief authorities of the Anglo-Saxons, not only for the forms and positions of the constellations, but also for the details of Grecian and Roman mythology, with which their names were so closely connected. The scientific writings of Boethius do not appear to have been much read till the latter end of the Anglo-Saxon period. Geometry is found in the Anglo-Saxon lists of sciences; but to what extent, or in what form, it was studied, we have no very certain indications. Tradition, in after-times, gave to the reign of King Athelstan the honour of the first introduction of Euclid's '*Elements*,' although we are not acquainted with any English manu-

script of that work which belongs to an earlier date than the twelfth century, when it was translated into Latin by Athelard of Bath. It seems probable, indeed, that the Anglo-Saxons, when they spoke of geometry, understood nothing more than simple mensuration; and we have no reason for believing that they had any acquaintance with mathematics as a pure and abstract science. The great dissensions about the true time of celebrating Easter, which had been felt so severely by the Anglo-Saxon church, had given a peculiar turn to numerical calculations. The object which many of the early Anglo-Saxon scholars had chiefly in view in their visits to Rome, was not more to obtain a knowledge of the arguments by which the Romish church there defended its doctrine on this subject, than to learn the calculations on which its variations depended; and on their return, they made a powerful use of both in their controversies with the partisans of the contrary system. These calculations were long afterwards the business of the arithmeticians (*rym-craefte*), and those who were skilful in 'circle-craft,' (on *circule-craefte*); and the Anglo-Saxon manuscripts of all periods are filled with tracts and tables connected with this all-engrossing subject, under the title of 'De Computo,' or 'De Computo Ecclesiastico.' The Anglo-Saxons rather took notice of, than observed, the various phenomena of the heavens. They were interested in them simply so far as they were supposed to influence the seasons which were favourable or otherwise to the husbandman or the sailor; or with an eye to their more mystical connexion with the destinies of individuals or of kingdoms. Anglo-Saxon manuscripts abound in tables of prognostications of the weather, and of the good or bad influence of the lunar and solar changes. Although sea-faring men were the chief observers, yet even they confided so little in the certainty of such prognostications, that, rather than trust to them, they preferred choosing the two calmest months of the year, June and July, called, on that account, the earlier and later sailing-months (*liðe-monað*), for their longer voyages. Some of the best scholars not only suspected that there were errors in the authorised astronomical calculations, but were extremely puzzled by accidental observations, which disagreed with the statements of the books they followed. In the year 798, considerable sensation was caused upon the continent by the planet Mars, which, under certain circumstances, had been found to remain beneath the horizon much longer than it should have done, according to 'the books of the philosophers.' In answer to a letter from Charlemagne, Alcuin, after entering at some length into the subject, goes on to observe:—'However, what has now happened to the planet Mars alone, the same thing is frequently observed in these parts with respect to all the five planets, namely, that they remain longer under the horizon than is stated in the books of the ancients which are our guides. And perhaps the rising and setting of the stars, as observed by us who dwell in these northern parts, vary from the observations of those who live in the eastern and southern part of the world, where chiefly flourished the 'masters' who set forth for us the laws and courses of the heaven and of the planets. For many things are changed, as your own wisdom knows perfectly well, by diversity of place.' Alcuin's modern editor conjectures, from this passage, that the Anglo-Saxon scholar had made such great advances in the study of science as already to suspect the true form of the earth. It is

certain that observations made systematically with moderately good instruments, in pursuance of the train of reasoning which Alcuin here states, would have led to its discovery. The passage shows, at all events, that the wisest of the Anglo-Saxons were conscious of the imperfections of the system they were pursuing. To some scholar of the tenth century, we owe a comprehensive treatise in the Anglo-Saxon language on the principal astronomical phenomena, designedly explained in a simple manner, and calculated for the level of ordinary capacities. From the numerous copies which still remain of this work, we may conclude that it was extremely popular in its day. Yet it has hitherto been scarcely noticed by modern scholars, and indeed it is not unfrequently found buried among collections on the computus, so as very easily to escape attention. This tract gives us a very fair, and on the whole a very favourable, view of the popular science of the period when, among the Anglo-Saxons, knowledge was in such treatises diffused among the many, instead of being restricted in a learned language to the few. The writer of this book begins by stating that night is the effect of the earth's shadow, when the earth itself is between us and the sun. After explaining the moon's changes, as a matter arising naturally out of the former subject, he goes on to tell us how, from sunset to sunrise, the night is divided into seven parts, namely—1. twilight, or 'evening's gloaming'; 2. evening; 3. the hour of silence, when every thing goes to rest (*conticinium*); 4. midnight; 5. cock-crowing; 6. dawn; 7. daybreak, or the period which intervenes between dawn and sunrise. The account of the year, and its seasons, divisions, and duration, leads to the definition of the lunar, as contradistinguished from the solar year, and this affords us a remarkable specimen of the popular mode of explaining science which was used by our forefathers: 'Now,' says the writer, 'you may understand that the man who goes round one house, makes a lesser course than he who goes round the whole town; and so the moon has his course to run sooner on the lesser circuit than the sun has on the greater; this is the moon's year.'

FINE ARTS.

DAGUERROTYPE.

On Sunday last, M. Daguerre exhibited several productions of the Daguerrotype in one of the halls of the Chamber of Deputies. There were views of three of the streets of Paris, of the interior of M. Daguerre's studio, and of a group of busts from the Musée des Antiques. The extraordinary minuteness of such multiplied details as was shewn in the street views, particularly in that of the Pont Marie, was much admired. The slightest accidental effects of the sun, or boats, the merchandise on the banks of the river, the most delicate objects, the small pebbles under the water, and the different degrees of transparency which they imparted to it,—every thing was reproduced with incredible exactness. The astonishment was, however, greatly increased when, on applying the microscope, an immense quantity of details, of such extreme fineness that the best sight could not seize them with the naked eye, were discovered, and principally among the foliage of the trees. In the view of the studio, all the folds in the draping, and the effects of light and shade produced by them, were rendered with wonderful truth. The head of Homer, which is the principal figure in the picture (representing many ancient sub-

jects), retained a very fine character, and not one of the beauties in the sculpture was lost in this reproduction, notwithstanding the difference in the size, which is considerable. The preparation on which the light acts by M. Daguerre's process is spread on a copper plate. All the pictures exhibited in the Chamber were nine or ten inches in height, and six or seven in breadth. The value of a copy of this size is fixed by M. Daguerre at three francs and a half; and he calculates that the apparatus necessary to produce pictures of these dimensions would cost about four hundred francs in the first instance, but has no doubt that the perfection of the method of fabrication would soon reduce this price in a sensible manner.—*The Quotidienne*.*

We should several weeks ago have announced to our readers that Mr. Talbot had succeeded in getting the lights and shades of his photographic copies in the natural order. We have several specimens in our possession, which are perfectly accurate and quite beautiful.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Carlisle Cathedral. From Drawings by R. W. Billings. Part I. Boone.

ALTHOUGH Carlisle Cathedral is, as a whole, far from being one of the most grand and imposing ecclesiastical edifices in the country; its antiquity renders it venerable; and many of its parts are exceedingly curious and beautiful. Of this latter circumstance, Mr. Billings has very successfully availed himself in the publication before us, which cannot fail to be interesting both to the architect and to the antiquary. The plates are executed with great neatness; and there is an effect of sunny light in several of them which is very pleasing.

Outlines of Celebrated Works from the best Masters of Ancient and Modern Sculpture. No. XV. Murton.

THE publication of this pretty and useful little work (which was some time ago noticed in our columns), is proceeding with increased rather than with diminished ability and interest. When completed, it will form a valuable volume for the artist or lover of art.

MUSIC.

Mr. Bochea's Concert, at the Opera House, on Friday afternoon, was very fully attended; and the entertainments well warranted a crowd. Mario sang a scena from "Lucrezia Borgia" with exquisite taste and feeling; and Rubini, Tamburini, and Lablache, delighted us with pieces from "Lucia di Lammermoir" and the "Matrimonio Segreto." Mrs. Bishop sang with great effect in character; and Persiani, Pauline Garcia, and others, enriched the vocal treat by some charming contributions. In the instrumentation, Bochea and his harp shone brilliantly; and Thalberg and Döhler shewed of what the piano-forte is capable. While we have thus to praise every thing in the performances, we have to reprimand, in the severest language, the rapacity and pillage exercised by the box-keepers on such of the company as could not find room in the pit.

* It appears, by the French papers, that the pension required by M. Daguerre, as the condition of his disclosing his secret, has been voted by the Chamber of Deputies. We trust, therefore, that no impediment will now be thrown in the way of a speedy and unreserved development of the whole process. The sum voted to Daguerre is 6000 francs (240*l.*) a-year; and to M. Niepce, the son of the gentleman whose claim to the first discovery of the art was brought forward in the *Literary Gazette*, 4000 francs (160*l.*) a-year. M. Arago's Report on the subject reached us since the above was written, but we found it too long to translate for our present Number.

Upon them these harpies pounced, and a regular sale of accommodation was carried on. Places offered for a guinea were bated to a crown: and no sooner were the purchasers seated than they were ousted for higher bidders, and moved from box to box, so long as the extortion could be practised. This evil has grown to a most offensive pitch, and especially at this theatre. It is full time it were put down! To the end of the concert a number of boxes remained empty!

VARIETIES.

Charterhouse Square Infirmary.—When the interests of humanity render an appeal to the public expedient, it has ever been the anxious wish of this Journal to raise its voice in furtherance of the good cause. It is one of the most useful and delightful powers enjoyed by the press to do so; and on this ground we beg to direct the attention of our readers to an advertisement (headed as above), in our columns of to-day. We might be eloquent in the mass of suffering alleviated by this excellent charity on the number of our fellow-creatures restored by it to health and comfort from states of the severest pain and all but hopeless misery. It is not, however, our task to work on the feelings of the community. There is a noble abundance of benevolence in this Christian land, and of sympathy in the sorrows of the afflicted, whosoever it appears, that either can be exercised for a truly laudable object. We therefore content ourselves with referring to the advertisement in question; of bearing testimony to the admirable management of this Infirmary; and of saying, that much as it has done, and continues to do, its funds are insufficient for carrying on, to any thing like the desirable and requisite extent, the cure of a class of the most excruciating diseases that can embitter existence, and which are chiefly spread among the poorer orders of society.

Dinner to Mr. Macready.—We learn that a dinner is to be given to Mr. Macready next Saturday, in honour of his noble efforts in behalf of the national drama; at which H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex will preside, and be supported by Lord Normanby, Sir E. Bulwer, Sergeant Talfourd, and other eminent literary characters. We are sorry to observe that sufficient publicity does not appear to have been given to this design. Its mere indication, however, ought to be enough to rally every friend of the stage round the illustrious president; and we trust such will be the result, though certainly the matter ought to have been more widely promulgated.

Hampton Court.—A notice has been issued that the royal apartments will in future be closed on the Friday in each week, instead of Saturday, as heretofore. All our readers are not, perhaps, aware of the number of new and interesting pictures now exhibited at Hampton Court, and the excellent rearrangement of the whole gallery. It is particularly rich in old portraits.

Praet's Exhibition of Gothic Armoury has been closed, and most of the armour appropriated for the grand tournament at Eglinton Castle.

Royal Botanic Society.—Next Saturday has been appointed for a promenade in the grounds of this new Society, in the inner circle of the Regent's Park, for the purpose of exhibiting rare, new, and extraordinary plants, paintings, models, and drawings of plants, botanical works, geological specimens, agricultural and horticultural implements, agricultural and manufacturing productions, and architectural orna-

ments; decorations for rooms, and drapery of all kinds, in which representations of flowers or foliage are introduced. Productions of the arts or manufactures connected with the science of botany are invited to be sent.

H. B. has begun another century in capital style, No. 601, 2. The first is naval, "A Ship in Distress," the crew throwing the cargo overboard. The vessel is named, on the stern, "The Whig Radical," and below is inscribed "Melbourne, O'Connell, and Co." His lordship is at the wheel, calling out to throw every thing overboard to keep her afloat; which order is obeyed by Lord Normanby throwing over the Jamaica Bill, where Lord Glenelg is already over and struggling with the waves; Lord J. Russell and the Chancellor of the Exchequer are hoisting over the Irish Corporation Bill; the Irish Railroad, Resolution on Canada, and government plan of education being already floating in the waters. Other ministers are looking with terror to a visionary Cerberus-looking rock, with the countenances of Wellington, Peel, and Stanley (we believe). On the other side, and above, is a cloud—Brougham, whence the tempest proceeds, and "The Times" behind in another portentous shape. The whole is full of imagination, and certainly one of the finest of these caricatures. "The Indian Juggler" is the title of the next, and a very amusing group. O'Connell is the showman, Mr. Macaulay the juggler, seated on the ground and playing the balls, whilst the ballot-box and a sword, marked "the whole hog," are near him, ready for new tricks. Lord Melbourne, and the Queen hanging on his arm, are spectators, and Brougham is telling Peel that he (the Premier) is in partnership with the jugglers, which he knows, as he was once in the concern himself. On the other hand, John Bull is beset by Mr. Rice, with the begging-hat, and Lord John beating the tambourine: the Chancellor tries to get a donation, by assuring John that swallowing the sword is to come next. Mr. Grote and Mr. Hume also appear. It is not unworthy of its immediate numerical precursor.

Parisian Statistics.—In 1837, the births amounted to 29,192; the deaths to 28,135: increase, 1058. The number of illegitimate children was 9573, or nearly one-third of the whole. The marriages were 8366.

British Association.—The riotous proceedings of the Chartists at Birmingham seem to militate against the approaching meeting of the British Association in that town. It is however to be hoped that quiet will be restored before the date of the meeting, and that it will itself have a beneficial effect upon the conduct of the misguided portion of the population.

The Mirror (Vol. XXIII. Lambird), as heretofore, looks more rich in illustrations and materials when collected together than could be expected, even from the goodly appearance of the single Numbers. It continues to be conducted with enterprise and judgment.

No. VII. of Mrs. Loudon's Ladies' Flower Garden (London, W. Smith) preserves every character of grace and beauty. The silene, or catch-fly, with its pretty blossoms; the more brilliant dianthus; the gay tropeolum; and several other very elegant flowers, embellish this Number.

Impromptu, after hearing a Sermon.
"Religion, where'er she extended her sway,
Made the ignorant wise, and the barbarous civil,"
The elderly bodies cry—Well a day!
I wonder what next will his reverence say,
For he's got to the Barber of Seville!—S. H. H.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Russian Literature.—In the department of poetry and the belles lettres, in the strict sense of the term, Russian literature furnished in 1838 but a scanty harvest. Pairy collections of verses and petty novels may with propriety be left out of the account, though their number this year was not smaller than usual. Upon the whole, Russian poetry appears for the moment, if not on the decline, at least in a weakly state. Puschkin and Dimitrieff are dead; Jukowsky and Barilinski have given up writing; Countess Rostopschin, who promised fairly, seems to have cooled in her zeal; Benedictow, instead of producing separate works, contents himself with contributing to journals, and thus fritters away his talent; and no fresh poets come forward. A tragedy by Polewoi, Ugolino, has been very successful on the stage, but does not stand the test of perusal in the closet. Among the recent novels there is scarcely any worth mentioning, but "The Seducer," by Sagoesken; nearly all the others are more or less faithful and happy imitations of French novels, especially of Balzac's. During the past year, a taste for illustrated editions has been strongly manifested in Russia. Instead of importing such books from France and England as they formerly did, the Russians themselves now produce them. This, however, applies only to the text, for France furnishes the copperplates and the woodcuts, as in the case of the "Don Quixote" and the illustrated Bible, published by Pluchart. This is the place to mention also the "Pantheon of Contemporaries," which contains a series of biographical sketches, accompanied with portraits. The splendid edition of Karamsin's History is a truly national work; the lithographic portraits belonging to it are, upon the whole, well executed. All these illustrated editions are warmly encouraged in Russia, and several enterprises of the kind are in preparation. In regard to translations, it may suffice to observe that the most remarkable new French, English, and German works, have made their appearance in a Russian dress; if there are to be found among them many indifferent novels, dramas, vaudevilles, &c., this is not to be wondered at. The total of the works translated into Russian, in 1838, amounts to 300; but the original works is about 700; which disproportion is still very considerable, but yet shews a favourable progress, since not long ago the proportion of original works to translations was the very reverse.—"Leipzig's Borsenblatt." [Quoted in Paris and London Advertiser.]

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July.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday .. 4	From 49 to 73	30.12 to 30.10
Friday 5	 50 to 73	30.11 .. 30.04
Saturday .. 6	 54 .. 79	29.96 .. 29.97
Sunday 7	 55 .. 75	29.61 .. 29.62
Monday .. 8	 56 .. 65	29.50 .. 29.54
Tuesday .. 9	 31 .. 60	29.65 .. 29.75
Wednesday 10	 47 .. 64	29.68 .. 29.90

Prevailing wind, S.W.

Except the evenings of the 7th, 8th, and 10th, generally clear; rain fell on the 8th and three following days.

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No. 1174.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1839.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Introduction to the Literature of Europe in the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Centuries. By Henry Hallam. Vols. II. III. and IV. 8vo. London, 1839. Murray.

It is now about two years since we reviewed the first volume of this work, which, in its complete form, is not only one of the most important that has issued from the press for many years, but it is, we have no hesitation in saying, sufficient of itself to make the lasting and substantial reputation of its author. The work of years of patient research, it exhibits a full illustration of one of the most interesting periods of literary history that the world has yet witnessed, and must be henceforth the constant companion of the scholar, and indeed of every well-educated gentleman.

The age to which Mr. Hallam's first volume was more peculiarly devoted, namely, the fifteenth, and first half of the sixteenth centuries, was a period of preparation. The earlier national literature of the different nations of Europe had by degrees dwindled away, and, except the traces which it had left among the lower orders of people, had disappeared from the scene; but it had left impressions and effects which were to administer to, and in some measure to influence the character of, a new intellectual movement. It is a curious circumstance, that the period of the Reformation, and the revival of learning in the west of Europe, was preceded by a dark age of nearly a century, which, preceded itself by a period of comparative brightness, presents scarcely a single name in literature that is worthy to be remembered. But it is still more singular, that to this very period of intellectual depression we owe the invention of printing, which was destined to be the main instrument of the change that was approaching. The first great benefit which the press conferred upon literature, was by spreading abroad numerous copies of the ancient classics. Previous to the year 1550, the greater number of works of any importance which had appeared in print were classical writers, or theological treatises. Before that period the works printed in the vernacular tongue were comparatively of small importance.

In the latter half of the sixteenth century, the mind had thrown off the shackles with which its movements had been embarrassed, and, disdaining the old beaten tracks, people began to explore new roads in literature and science. Throughout Europe, the great characteristic of the literature of this age is its remarkable inequality. Among innumerable writers, whose merits are of a very low scale, and many of whom are utterly contemptible, we meet with some of the most lofty geniuses that modern times have produced. It was during this age that appeared, in Italy, Tasso; in Portugal, Camoens; and in England, Spenser and Shakspeare. It was, in fact, the peculiar age, when a few men appeared who far outstripped their contemporaries; and, which is equally remarkable, these men seem to have been but ill-appreciated by their contemporaries, who were not yet capable of judging of their superior excellence. Of this we may cite the example of Camoens, in Portugal. In our

own country, except among a few individuals, it may be doubted whether the poetry of Spenser was rated above that of such doggerel writers as Churchyard; and every reader is aware how many paltry dramatists stole the palm from immortal Shakspeare. The seventeenth century presents to our view a long period of great and continued efforts; and to it almost every country in Europe owes a large proportion of its standard literary productions.

Mr. Hallam's book is not only a great addition to literature, but at the same time it fills up an absolute void. The chief books we have hitherto had on literary history have been dry bibliographies, or partial treatises, many of which were either written by men who had more taste than learning, or who had more learning than taste or judgment; or, not unfrequently, who were deficient in both. Mr. Hallam's book is far from aiming at being in any measure bibliographical; he has mapped out literature and learning into different periods and different branches; and he dwells, with considerable detail, on the characteristics and on the merits of each, and of its principal writers and works. He has undertaken a very extensive field, and he was compelled by its magnitude to seize the most striking and prominent parts as points to dwell upon, subjecting himself, perhaps, here and there, to the charge of omission; but he could not have done otherwise, without either becoming too brief in his details, and so reducing his book to little better than a list of writers and their works; or, on the other hand, of making his own work far too bulky. It might, for instance, be made a subject of complaint, that he has neglected the English mathematicians of the first half of the seventeenth century—such as Cavendish and Pell, the friends and correspondents of Hobbes, Descartes, Roberval, and Gassendi. Such omissions as this are, however, in a book of this character, easily excused.

The arrangement of Mr. Hallam's book is extremely judicious, and nothing can be more happy than his general criticisms. Our extracts must, from its nature, be very indiscriminate; and we give the preference to such passages as are least connected with what precedes or follows. The first chapter of the second volume—which volume includes the period from 1550 to 1600—is devoted to classical literature, which, at the beginning of this period, still held the place of highest importance. We think there is much justice in the following remarks, which arise out of the mention of such names as Turnebus, Victorinus, and Muretus:—

“Those who now, by the glancing at a note, obtain the result of the patient diligence of these men, should feel some respect for their names, and some admiration for their acuteness and strength of memory. They had to collate the whole of antiquity; they plunged into depths which the indolence of modern philology, screening itself under the garb of fastidiousness, affects to deem unworthy to be explored, and thought themselves bound to become lawyers, physicians, historians, artists, agriculturists, to elucidate the difficulties which ancient writers present. It may be doubted

also, whether our more recent editions of the classics have preserved all the important materials which the indefatigable exertions of the men of the sixteenth century accumulated. In the present state of philology, there is incomparably more knowledge of grammatical niceties, at least in the Greek language, than they possessed, and more critical acuteness perhaps in correction, though in this they were not always deficient; but for the exegetical part of criticism—the interpretation and illustration of passages, not corrupt, but obscure—we may not be wrong in suspecting that more has been lost than added in the eighteenth and present centuries to the *savans* in us, as the French affect to call them, whom we find in the bulky and forgotten volumes of Gruter.”

From classical learning, Mr. Hallam proceeds to theology, as being now, at and soon after the period of the Reformation, peculiarly interesting and important. At the middle of the sixteenth century, and during some years after, the Protestant doctrines had made considerable progress in several countries of Europe, such as Austria, Italy, and Spain, where they soon afterwards began to decline, as they did also a little later in France. In fact, throughout Europe, the general zeal which had distinguished this party at the immediate period of the Reformation, began to subside, and the popish party only to take courage and to redouble its zeal in spreading and supporting the papal influence.

“This great reaction of the papal religion, after the shock it had sustained in the first part of the sixteenth century, ought for ever to restrain that temerity of prediction so frequent in our ears. As women sometimes believe the fashion of last year in dress to be wholly ridiculous, and incapable of being ever again adopted by any one solicitous about her beauty; so those who affect to pronounce on future events are equally confident against the possibility of a resurrection of opinions which the majority have for the time ceased to maintain. In the year 1560, every Protestant in Europe doubtless anticipated the overthrow of Popery; the Catholics could have found little else to warrant hope than their trust in heaven. The late rush of many nations towards democratical opinions has not been so rapid and so general as the change of religion about that period. It is important and interesting to inquire what stemmed this current? We readily acknowledge the prudence, firmness, and unity of purpose, that for the most part distinguished the court of Rome, the obedience of its hierarchy, the severity of intolerant laws, and the searching rigour of the Inquisition; the resolute adherence of great princes to the Catholic faith, the influence of the Jesuits over education: but these either existed before, or would at least not have been sufficient to withstand an overwhelming force of opinion. It must be acknowledged that there was a principle of vitality in that religion, independent of its external strength. By the side of its secular pomp, its relaxation of morality, there had always been an intense flame of zeal and devotion. Superstition it might be in the many, fanaticism in a few; but both of them imply

the qualities which, while they subsist, render a religion indestructible. That revival of an ardent zeal, through which the Franciscans had, in the thirteenth century, with some good, and much more evil effect, spread a popular enthusiasm over Europe, was once more displayed in counteraction of those new doctrines, that themselves had drawn their life from a similar development of moral emotion."

Of the religious intolerance of the Reformers, Mr. Hallam observes, a little further on:—

"As this is a literary, rather than an ecclesiastical history, we shall neither advert to the less learned sectaries, nor speak of controversies which had chiefly a local importance, such as those of the English Puritans with the Established Church. 'Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity' will claim attention in a subsequent chapter. Thus, in the second period of the Reformation, those ominous symptoms which had appeared in its earlier stage—disunion, virulence, bigotry, intolerance, far from yielding to any benignant influence, grew more inveterate and incurable. Yet some there were, even in this century, who laid the foundations of a more charitable and rational indulgence to diversities of judgment, which the principle of the Reformation itself had in some measure sanctioned. It may be said that this tolerant spirit rose out of the ashes of Servetus. The right of civil magistrates to punish heresy with death had been already impugned by some Protestant theologians, as well as by Erasmus. Luther had declared against it; and though Zuingle, who had maintained the same principle as Luther, has been charged with having afterwards approved the drowning of some Anabaptists in the lake of Zurich, it does not appear that his language requires such an interpretation. The early Anabaptists, indeed, having been seditious and unmanageable to the greatest degree, it is not easy to shew that they were put to death simply on account of their religion. But the execution of Servetus, with circumstances of so much cruelty, and with no possible pretext but the error of his opinions, brought home to the minds of serious men the importance of considering, whether a mere persuasion of the truth of our doctrines can justify the infliction of capital punishment on those who dissent from them; and how far we can consistently reprobate the persecutions of the Church of Rome, while acting so closely after her example. But it was dangerous to withstand openly the rancour of the ecclesiastics domineering in the Protestant churches, or the usual bigotry of the multitude. Melancthon himself, tolerant by nature, and knowing enough of the spirit of persecution which disturbed his peace, was yet unfortunately led by timidity to express, in a letter to Beza, his approbation of the death of Servetus, though he admits that some saw it in a different light. Calvin, early in 1554, published a dissertation to vindicate the magistrates of Geneva, in their dealings with this heretic. But Sebastian Castalio, under the name of Martin Bellius, ventured to reply in a little tract, entitled, 'De Hereticis quomodo cum eis agendum sit variorum sententim.' This is a collection of different passages from the fathers and modern authors in favour of toleration, to which he prefixed a letter of his own to the Duke of Wirtemberg, more valuable than the rest of the work; and though written in the cautious style required by the times, containing the pith of those arguments which have ultimately triumphed in almost every part of Europe. The impossibility of forcing

belief, the obscurity and insignificance of many disputed questions, the sympathy which the fortitude of heretics produced, and other leading topics, are well touched in this very short tract; for the preface does not exceed twenty-eight pages in 16mo."

The following is a part of Mr. Hallam's criticism on the "Essays of Montaigne," one of the most remarkable books published in France during the sixteenth century; and one which had no small influence on the future character of French literature:—

"The 'Essays of Montaigne,' the first edition of which appeared at Bordeaux, in 1580, make, in several respects, an epoch in literature; less on account of their real importance, or the novel truths they contain, than of their influence upon the taste and the opinions of Europe. They are the first *procès-verbal ad populum*, the first appeal from the porch and the academy, to the haunts of busy and of idle men,—the first book that taught the unlearned reader to observe and reflect for himself on questions of moral philosophy. In an age when every topic of this nature was treated systematically and in a didactic form, he broke out without connexion of chapters, with all the digressions that levity and garrulous egotism could suggest, with a very delightful, but, at that time, most unusual rapidity of transition from seriousness to gaiety. It would be to anticipate much of what will demand attention in the ensuing century, were we to mention here the conspicuous writers who, more or less directly, and with more or less of close imitation, may be classed in the school of Montaigne: it embraces, in fact, a large proportion of French and English literature, and especially of that which has borrowed his title of 'Essays.' No prose writer of the sixteenth century has been so generally read, nor probably given so much delight. Whatever may be our estimate of Montaigne as a philosopher, a name which he was far from arrogating, there will be but one opinion of the felicity and brightness of his genius. It is a striking proof of these qualities, that we cannot help believing him to have struck out all his thoughts by a spontaneous effort of his mind, and to have fallen afterwards upon his quotations and examples by happy accident. I have little doubt but that the process was different; and that, either by dint of memory, though he absolutely disclaims the possessing a good one, or by the usual method of common-placing, he had made his reading instrumental to excite his own ingenious and fearless understanding."

"His quotations, though they perhaps make more than one half of his essays, seem parts of himself, and are like limbs of his own mind, which could not be separated without laceration. But over all is spread a charm of a fascinating simplicity, and an apparent abandonment of the whole man to the easy inspiration of genius, combined with a good nature, though rather too epicurean and destitute of moral energy, which, for that very reason, made him a favourite with men of similar dispositions, for whom courts, and camps, and country mansions, were the proper soil. Montaigne is superior to any of the ancients in liveliness, in that careless and rapid style, where one thought springs naturally, but not consecutively, from another, by analogical rather than deductive connexion; so that, while the reader seems to be following a train of arguments, he is imperceptibly hurried to a distance by some contingent association."

"He sometimes makes a show of coming back from his excursions; but he has generally

exhausted himself before he does so. This is what men love to practise (not advantageously for their severer studies) in their own thoughts; they love to follow the casual associations that lead them through pleasant labyrinths, as one riding along the high road is glad to deviate a little into the woods, though it may sometimes happen that he will lose his way, and find himself far remote from his inn. And such is the conversational style of lively and eloquent old men. We converse with Montaigne, or rather hear him talk; it is almost impossible to read his essays without thinking that he speaks to us; we see his cheerful brow, his sparkling eye, his negligent, but gentlemanly demeanour; we picture him in his arm-chair, with his few books round the room, and Plutarch on the table."

Of the character of the English philosophers of the reign of Elizabeth:—

"There was never a generation in England which, for worldly prudence and wise observation of mankind, stood higher than the subjects of Elizabeth. Rich in men of strong mind, that age had given them a discipline unknown to ourselves; the strictness of the Tudor government, the suspicious temper of the queen, the spirit not only of intolerance, but of inquisitiveness as to religious dissent, the uncertainties of the future, produced a caution rather foreign to the English character, accompanied by a closer attention to the workings of other men's minds, and their exterior signs. This, for similar reasons, had long distinguished the Italians; but it is chiefly displayed, perhaps, in their political writings. We find it, in a larger and more philosophical sense, near the end of Elizabeth's reign, when our literature made its first strong shoot, prompting the short condensed reflections of Burleigh and Raleigh, or saturating with moral observation the mighty soul of Shakespeare."

We have run over Mr. Hallam's second volume, until we have come to the pleasant and fertile head of poetry; and here, perhaps, we had better stop for the present; for, as we intend to continue our extracts from, and observations upon, this work in our next, the poets of the Elizabethan age will themselves afford more than sufficient matter for a review. For this reason, also, we shall withstand the strong temptation of quoting from Mr. Hallam's observations on the poets of Italy, Spain, Portugal, France, and Germany; though, perhaps, we may be allowed to make an exception in favour of a love-lorn lady:—

"The sorrows of Gaspara Stampar were of a different kind, but not less genuine than those of Roza. She was a lady of the Paduan territory, living near the small river Anasse, from which she adopted the poetical name of Anassilla. This stream besides the foot of certain lofty hills, from which a distinguished family, the Counts of Collalto, took their appellation. The representative of this house, himself a poet as well as a soldier—and, if we believe his fond admirer, endowed with every virtue except constancy—was loved by Gaspara with enthusiastic passion. Unhappily she learned only by sad experience the want of generosity too common to man, and sacrificing, not the honour, but the pride of her sex, by submissive affection; and finally, by querulous importunity, she estranged a heart never so susceptible as her own. Her sonnets, which seem arranged nearly in order, begin with the delirium of sanguine love: they are extravagant effusions of admiration, mingled with joy and hope; but soon the senses of Collalto's coldness glides in and overpowers her bliss. After three

years' expectation of seeing his promise of marriage fulfilled, and when he had already caused alarm by his indifference, she was compelled to endure the pangs of absence, by his entering the service of France. This does not seem to have been of long continuance; but his letters were unfrequent, and her complaints, always vented in a sonnet, become more frequent. He returned, and Anasilla exults with tenderness, yet still timid in the midst of her joy:—

'Oserò io, con queste fide braccia,
Cingerli il caro collo, ed accostare
La mia tremante alla sua viva faccia!'

But jealousy, not groundless, soon intruded, and we find her doubly miserable. Collalto became more harsh, avowed his indifference, forbade her to importune him with her complaints; and in a few months espoused another woman. It is said by the historians of Italian literature, that the broken heart of Gaspara sunk very soon under these accumulated sorrows into the grave. And such, no doubt, is what my readers expect, and (at least the gentler of them) wish to find. But inexorable truth, to whom I am the sworn vassal, compels me to say that the poems of the lady herself contain unequivocal proofs that she avenged herself better on Collalto,—by falling in love again. We find the acknowledgment of another incipient passion, which speedily comes to maturity; and, while declaring that her present flame is much stronger than the last, she dismisses her faithful lover with the handsome compliment, that it was her destiny always to fix her affections on a noble object. The name of her second choice does not appear in her poems; nor has any one hitherto, it would seem, made the very easy discovery of his existence. It is true that she died young, 'but not of love.'

Hamlet King; or, the Smuggler and the Dwarf. By the Old Sailor, author of "Tough Yarns," "Stories of Greenwich Hospital," &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1839. Bentley.

In natural history we have the frigate-bird, Mother Cary's chicken, and others, which seem equally at home upon the tempestuous ocean, as if it were dry and solid land. So it is in literary history with some authors—Marryat, Chamier, Glascock, Cooper, and, though last, not least, the Old Sailor, who appear to be more at home on sea than on shore, and ride through storms like Mother Cary's chickens, and sail along like frigate-birds, untiring and moving with delight. In no former work have we seen this more powerfully exemplified than in the present. Mr. Barker sports and plays amid the waves, and his sailors do indeed seem "all as one as a piece of their ship." The men and the vessel are instinct with one life, and their mutual affection (for the craft acts as if it absolutely loved its accomplished navigator) is quite a picture of feeling and attachment.

And much of these three volumes passes on the sea, though our author has given us striking incidents from Irish Whiteboyism in a proclaimed district, and scenes from France, St. Domingo, the Spanish Main, the West Indies, South America, and England; through all which the stirring variety of his narrative, and the adventures which befall his principal characters, carry him and them. The action never pauses for an instant; and as for the plot, it is as mysterious, intricate, and startling, as the dearest lover of strange matters could desire. From a transport in a convict-ship we have a remarkable episode, intimately

connected, however, with the main story; and from American traders and Negro seamen, the humours and relief of the piece are cleverly deduced.

With the secrets of productions of this class our readers are aware we never meddle; and we should think it doubly wrong to do so where, as in this instance, the pleasure of unravelling them must be so great. We shall therefore, as usual, seek our illustrations in such extracts as we can most readily separate from the general text. And the Introduction offers itself in a peculiar manner for this purpose:—

"Oh! what shall I do?—where shall I go?—will nobody help me?" were the cries of a little girl about four years old, as she stood trembling and weeping at the entrance to a piece of meadow-land near the sea-port town of Weymouth. The only individual in sight was a stout-made elderly gentleman, mounted upon a superb gray horse, apparently as quiet and as playful as a lamb, for while it walked soberly and steadily along, it pricked up its ears, tossed its head, and indulged in many other little pleasantries that mark high breeding. The rider was habited in a dress that corresponded with the *beau idéal* of a clerical farmer, well to do in the world, and fond of the good things of this life. He listened to the wailings of the little mourner, and as he reined in his beautiful animal to a stand-still, he exclaimed, 'Fie, fie, little girl! so young, and begging!—there, go—go—go—go home; mustn't beg; never beg; bad habit, begging.' The girl gazed earnestly in his face for a moment or two to read its expression (for children are apt scholars in the study of the human countenance), and finding that, though reproof was on the tongue, there yet was benevolence in the look, she approached still nearer to the gentleman, and, in mournful accents, exclaimed, 'Oh, sir, mammy is dying! she is going to leave little Hammy and me; but she says she can't die without the minister.' 'What—what!' inquired the person addressed, in a tone of eagerness, 'is she dying, and wants the clergyman? Run—run, little girl; run to that white house!' pointing to an elegant mansion some quarter of a mile distant, 'run—run, the minister lives there.' 'I've been, sir,' replied the child, still crying, 'but he says he can't come, sir, because he's going to read prayers at the church.' 'Did you tell him your mother was dying; eh, little girl—eh?' inquired the gentleman. 'Oh, yes sir,' answered the child, 'I told him every thing; but he said he couldn't spare time for strolling vagrants.' 'And is she so near her end, my child?' asked the gentleman, as he bent his earnest attention to the girl's face, for the purpose of detecting, if possible, whether there was any intended imposition. But the grief of the child was evidently unaffected as she replied, 'Oh, sir; mammy says she shall never rise again. Oh, sir, she is dying—she is dying!' 'Make haste to the town, then,' urged the gentleman, 'run—run! or stop here, and I will ride in and send—' 'I've been to the town, sir,' answered the weeping girl, 'but nobody will come, and mother is dying! Oh, sir, do, pray help her, and do not let her die.' This was uttered in such wild accents of real sorrow, that a tear trembled in the eye of the horseman as he solemnly responded, as if in converse with his own thoughts, 'Life and death are in the hands of the King of kings alone;' and then hastily added, 'Well—well—well, little girl, where is she? where is your mother?' and then again, communing with himself, he murmured, 'And

am not I a minister? an anointed minister?' his hastiness of speech returned, 'Yes—yes; take me to your mother, little girl; take me to your mother. Where is she?' 'She's in the field here, sir; we've been there all night, for mother had no money to get lodgings,' replied the child, running with eagerness to open the gate, through which the gentleman having passed, she again ran on before him as fast as her little legs could carry her towards a hay-stack that stood near the hedge in a corner of the meadow. On reaching it she disappeared for a moment behind it, and then again emerging, she exclaimed, 'Mammy is not dead, sir, but she cannot speak to me! Oh, do save her, sir,—do save her, for the sake of little Hammy and me!' 'Poor child!' said the gentleman, dismounting from his horse, and throwing the reins over a broken fence that had once served as a protection to the stack from cattle, he patted the neck of his proud steed, which seemed restless under such restraint. 'Stand still, Gustavus!' said he, and the animal immediately obeyed. The girl eagerly watched his movements, and then, taking him by the hand, he suffered himself to be conducted to the back of the stack, where a scene presented itself that was well calculated to appal the generous sympathies of humanity, whilst it humbled the aspirations of mortal pride. On a wide space between the hedge and the stack, a female lay extended upon a plaid cloak, with her head pillowed by some loose hay that had been collected for the purpose. She was emaciated in person, and the pallid hue of death upon her brow was unnaturally contrasted by the reddened flush of fever on the cheeks; her skin was delicately fair, and a single glance revealed that in brighter, happier times, she had been one of Nature's most lovely flowers. Her large blue eyes were glistening and bright, but it was only that glassy appearance which is frequently the precursor of dissolution; the thin white hands were clasped upon the breast: the gold wedding-ring mocking, by its ample dimensions, the shrunk and wasted finger on which it was placed. Her dress was that of gentility in decay, as if the fading remnants of better days supplied a last and only resource. By her side lay a remarkably fine boy about two years old, who seemed by the traces of tears upon his face to have cried himself to sleep. To witness such a spectacle unmoved was impossible, and the visitor who now approached gave ample indication that he possessed the best feelings of the human heart. He bent down over the dying woman, and put several questions; but the melancholy satisfaction of reply was denied, as she was unable to articulate a single word. Still she was perfectly sensible, and, placing her hands together in the attitude of supplication, she looked imploringly in his face. The appeal was understood; the kind-hearted man drew an ample silk-handkerchief from his pocket, and, spreading it on the ground, he knelt down; then, taking off his hat, he placed it carefully on some clean hay, and, raising his hands in prayer, he bowed his head in silence. A wild hysterical chuckling of grateful delight rattled in the woman's throat as she witnessed this demonstration; she held up her own waxlike hands in token that it was comprehended. The girl knelt by her mother's head; and there, beneath the canopy of heaven, in the temple not made with hands,—whilst the wild flowers breathed their perfume in the hedges, and the foliage looked beautiful in its early verdure,—did the hearts of the living and the dying com-

mine with their Maker. At first, the humble petition was offered up in solemn stillness; but the earnest and imploring look of the woman had a wider meaning. This, too, was understood; and in a few minutes the sonorous and deep-toned voice of the minister was heard pleading before the Omnipotent Judge, from whose decision there is no appeal. His hastiness of utterance was gone; his words came forth clearly articulated—slow, solemn, and impressive. 'O God, the Father of heaven! whose mercy is without bound, from thy eternal thrones look down upon this my dying sister of the dust. Alleviate her bodily pain by the word of thy power; forgive all her sins through the mediation of a Divine Redeemer; strengthen her faith whilst passing through the dark valley of the shadow of death; and as thy righteous rod has bowed her down in tribulation, so also let thy holy staff support her in the hour of dissolution, and finally bring her to thine everlasting rest.' The minister paused; for the sound of merry voices and the clattering of horses' hoofs, as well as the neighing of recognition from 'Gustavus,' came upon the breeze; and, in another minute or two, a numerous and splendid cavalcade appeared upon the scene of action. Amongst them were many of the handsomest and bravest of England's pride, bearing the insignia of nobility; there were officers of the navy and the army in their rich uniforms, displaying the highest rank in both services; but every tongue was hushed—every one dismounted—every head was uncovered, when they beheld the position of the reverend minister. The woman glared at the gorgeous spectacle—it seemed to bewilder her mind; and, as if desirous of shutting out the world, with all its pomps and vanities, she closed her eyes as the prayer proceeded. 'Almighty Ruler,' continued the minister, 'thy searching eye already knoweth the transgressions and the sorrows of this thy suffering creature here before thee, now trembling upon the brink of the grave; help her to call upon thee in this last trying hour for pardon and for peace, through the merits of that Saviour who was chastised for our iniquities, and who expired on the cross that we might be saved.' A tranquil smile settled on the woman's features, and her moving lips gave indication that her heart was in earnest prayer. The minister observed it, and his utterance became more firm and persuasive; and as the big round tears succeeded each other down his cheeks, he continued—'Oh! let the still small voice of supplication, though unheard by mortal ears, ascend to the footstool of thy thrones. Remove the crown of thorns which the frailty of human nature may have placed upon her head, and pour upon her the healing balm of sovereign grace, to wash out every guilty stain.' Here his voice faltered with emotion, and for several minutes his entreaties were only known to that great Being to whom they were addressed. The woman, too, seemed to be similarly engaged, whilst every soul in that assembled group acknowledged the presence of the Deity. At length the minister resumed, and concluded his prayer, saying, 'O God, the Father of heaven, have mercy upon us miserable sinners, and so teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.' The female opened her eyes, and extended one hand to the oracle of peace; with the other she directed his attention to her children. 'Yes—yes,' replied he, 'they shall be taken care of, my poor woman; but can nothing be done?' He beckoned to one of the numerous party, who immediately advanced, and, as if well accustomed to such operations,

he felt the pulse, placed his hand upon the heart, examined the pupil of the eye, and then shook his head. 'Is there no hope, doctor?' inquired the still kneeling minister. 'No, sire,' returned the physician—'none. All in your majesty's dominions could not save her.' The question and rejoinder, though spoke only in whispers, was not unheard by the female; it seemed to rally life back to its stronghold. She involuntarily, and without help, sat upright; a gaze of intense eagerness was bent upon the monarch's countenance; the last effort of expiring nature was put forth, and, grasping the sovereign's arm, she exclaimed, 'My king—my husband—my children!' Her latest breath departed with the words; her grasp relaxed, and she fell backward—a corpse. During the foregoing proceeding the girl remained a silent but weeping spectator; but when she saw her mother fall, and became convinced that she was dead, she threw her little arms round her neck, laid her head upon the bosom on which she had so often hung in infancy, whilst her piercing shrieks rung wildly through the air, and awakened the sleeping boy, who rubbed his drowsy eyes, smiled playfully as he beheld the prancing horses and the glittering uniforms—then turning to the dead he hid his face in the cloak. The king arose from his kneeling position, gave directions to his attendants relative to the body of the departed, and ordered inquiries to be instituted for the purpose of ascertaining whether there were any relatives or friends in existence to whose bounty and care the survivors might lay claim. 'And what is to be done with the children in the meantime, sire?' asked the confidential servant who had received the instructions. 'Let them be taken care of, and provided for,' replied the monarch, looking with kindly feelings of benevolence on the bereaved; 'the queen will provide the rest. Yes—yes—yes, must shew the poor things to Charlotte.' The royal cavalcade remounted, and withdrew from a scene in which the King of Terrors had shewn his sovereignty before the greatest monarch in the universe, and princes had received an important moral lesson on the instability of human life. And what is death?—a fearful mystery that is ever before us! Youth, manhood, beauty,—all that is brave and honourable, all that is great and good, fall before the tyrant; and those who have loved and cherished the living turn with dread and disgust from the corpse, thrusting it hastily from their sight as a loathsome thing. There is a chilling horror in listening to the groaning of the screws as they confine the coffin-lid over features that are well remembered in the heart, and over motionless hands that once were pressed with the ardency of warm affection. And what is life?—the soldier and sailor traffic in it at a few pence a-day!—In about an hour a hearse arrived at the spot in which the body was deposited, and the children followed in a close carriage which had been sent for the purpose by the worthy physician, the girl weeping as if her heart would break; the boy, unconscious of his loss, delighted with the novelty of his situation as the melancholy procession passed through the assembled crowds, who had gleaned some circumstances connected with the occurrence from persons in his majesty's suite, and had thronged together through curiosity to witness the spectacle, as well as to express their admiration of the paternal solicitude of their royal master. Admirable are those inquiries in England which so promptly investigate the causes of sudden death; and though it must be admitted that in numerous instances the pre-

siding officers were extremely illiterate men, yet they generally possessed plain common sense and sterling honesty. A coroner's jury was summoned;—the supremacy of the law was established by the sovereign making his deposition;—the children were questioned, but nothing could be elicited except from the girl, who stated that she had lived in a pretty cottage with her parents, had been turned out from it, and her father taken away,—she had crossed a wide pond of water with her mother,—had travelled on foot many days till they reached a great town, and went to the king's house, but finding he was not there, they had again set out; her mother had sickened on the road the evening previously to her dissolution; destitute of money to procure lodging or food, she had laid her on her death-bed,—the child had gathered hay for her pillow,—the night was passed beneath the canopy of heaven, and the last consolations of religion had been administered by the royal defender of the faith."

The narrative turns to Ireland, and the parties who afterwards figure in the tale take their stations. Among them Feaghan the smuggler, and Cornelius the dwarf, are prominent, and powerfully drawn. As we advance from their daring and desperate exploits, the tragic interest increases, and deeds of darkness are done, the issue of which is wrapt in fearful anticipations. Captain Lillyburn, of a revenue cutter, is here a very original and amusing portrait; but we abstain from particulars as indeed we must reluctantly also from the admirable sea-painting, with which the work abounds. But we must cull a morsel from St. Domingo, and Quaco, a glorious, ignorant, and most acute nigger:—

"The youngster had an entire establishment to himself: a groom, a head-nurse, servants of both sexes; and it was no uncommon thing to hear a drawling negro voice exclaim—'Jean, go and peka Saam to tell Jacques to call Quaco to the young massa!—hearse?' To perform this, Jean would probably pass Jacques or Quaco in seeking for Sam, but it would have been entirely out of negro routine to intimate one word to them, except through the proper messenger, as desired; and thus, Quaco, who might have been summoned instantly, was usually half an hour before he made his appearance, with a—'Wharra him young massa want?' Quaco was an old negro, who had not only visited several of the other West-India islands, but his early days had been passed as a slave amongst the English in Jamaica; he had also been some time in England, with his former master, where he might have remained a free man; but returning to the island, he was again a slave, though his owner placed so much confidence in him that he made him captain of one of his sloop-built droghers, which gave him an opportunity of seeing much of the other islands. Unfortunately, his vessel had been wrecked off Cape Tiburon, and he alone escaped to the shore, where he was seized as a runaway slave, kept some time in confinement, and then sold to a Spanish planter to pay the expenses. In the course of time he was purchased by the late proprietor of Solitaire, and ultimately became house-steward at the residence. Now though Quaco could speak—that is, could mutilate—both Spanish and French, he had chosen, when any thing displeased him, to grumble and to swear in English. Whether there was any thing of an affirmative character between English and grumbling, or whether the full-mouthed utterance of a hearty 'd—' gave greater relief to the stomach than a mere 'sacré!'

it is hardly necessary here to discuss: Quaco invariably used the French language in his ordinary duties—sported the Spanish when he wanted to be a grandee, and rapped out unmercifully in English when a disposition prevailed to become a downright blackguard—the more especially as he could have it all his own way: for as no one understood him, so no one could answer him in his angry moods, and the fit of passion was the sooner over. It happened, shortly after the landing of Madame Briquet, that Quaco was summoned to her presence, and reprimanded for a neglect of duty on the part of some of the younger slaves. 'Madame,' returned he, with an obsequious bow, 'la faute n'est pas mienne;' and then muttered to himself, 'Em d— blaack nigger.' Hamilton caught the broken words, for he was standing close to him, but said nothing. 'Well, Quaco,' uttered his mistress, 'I shall look to you for the management of these things, and hope there will be no occasion to complain again.' The negro bowed most politely as he uttered, 'Au plaisir, madame,' but there was a grimace of look about his visage that plainly evinced he was far from pleased. He then retired from the room, followed by Hamilton, who overheard him muttering to himself, 'Em daam cow-cumber-shin rascal!—Mon Dieu! but dey get jolly fum fum for dis!' He then shouted, 'Monsieur Jacques! ayez la bonté de venir ici, s'il vous plaît!' adding in a lower key, 'Yer daam delibbi babby for makes me missee tink me no sabby ebery ting for you!' Again he shouted, 'Monsieur Saam! dépêchez-vous donc—un brave garçon, sans doute!' Once more his voice fell—'Cus you black libber for all day long!' 'Monsieur!' exclaimed Jacques, cautiously looking in at the doorway to ascertain the mood of the old man, before he ventured to approach within assailable distance—'Que dites-vous, monsieur?' 'Que dites-vous, monsieur?' repeated Quaco spitefully, well knowing, from former experience, that Jacques was too wary to be caught: 'Que dites-vous?' he reiterated, whilst he advanced upon the young negro as he retreated backwards: 'Arrêtez-vous là;—yer daam monkey-face, lib-in-a-bush, white-libber nigger's nigger!' This was quite enough for Jacques; he was well aware that the storm was rising, and, therefore, to use a nautical phrase, he made a grand 'stern board' towards the flight of steps that led from the verandah to the garden below. At this point Quaco made a sudden spring to catch the youth, previously to his descent, and actually achieved his object at the very moment that Sam had attained the summit in his ascent; the consequence was, that Jacques, impelled by the additional stimulus of Quaco, stumbled over Sam, and all three went rolling head over heels to the bottom, roaring and hallooing with all their might. The altitude, however, was not very great, so that no injury, beyond a thorough shaking, was sustained by the fall. But Quaco had now got both culprits in his clutches, and though he could not let go one to thump the other, yet he knocked their heads together with all his force, exclaiming, 'Darra for you!—yer daam bajain-born, crabb-for-n'yam, suck-'em-goat niggers—eh? Yer nebbber mind n'oder time, Monsieur Jacques—no? D'un autre côté, Monsieur Saam. Mettre quelque chose dans votre tête, mon ami!—Cus you rogue-heart, for nebbber do what genelman tell you!—faire des singeries, eh? Darra den, ye haang-gallows, plantain-tieving sopy-drinking coquin—me one daam rascal for you?' All the time Quaco was very foolishly knocking their pates against each other, with very little effect; for

as a negro's head is the least vulnerable part of his body, the punishment was scarcely felt, and the moment they escaped from his clutches, they testified their sense of it, by changing their loud yells to uncontrollable laughter, as Quaco reascended the steps, down which he had gone so much against his inclination."

With this we would conclude, but where the good king's name-son is the hero, we may as well give a bit of Quaco's version of the national anthem:—

"'God shabe em Jarge de king,
Laang lib him nobber king,
God shabe de king;
Sen him wiggytoryus,
Naappy an gollous,
Laang to run ober us;
God shabe de king.'"

The third volume heaps up the intricacies; but in the end the *dénouement* comes; and satisfied readers will lay down one of the best naval and romantic stories of our day.

The Works of the Rev. Sydney Smith. 3 vols. 8vo. London, 1839. Longman and Co.

No man ever wielded the weapons of sarcasm and ridicule with greater talent and effect than the reverend author whose works are here collected together. Wit and humour are his elements, and he sports amid the waves he lashes up, like a porpoise playing in the sea. Never were there such gambols,—spouting, rolling, tumbling, leaping,—and then darting away with incredible swiftness to the object in view; which, being seized, the capricious are again indulged in, as if no other purpose had ever been entertained than that of rollicking among the yeasty waves.

The first two volumes are filled with Articles contributed to the "Edinburgh Review;" upon his connexion with which the writer looks back with great complacency, as will be seen by his preface, which we quote entire, previous to offering any remarks upon it, or the matters to which it refers:—

"When first I went into the Church," says the reverend gentleman, "I had a curacy in the middle of Salisbury Plain. The squire of the parish took a fancy to me, and requested me to go with his son to reside at the University of Weimar; before we could get there, Germany became the seat of war, and in stress of politics we put into Edinburgh, where I remained five years. The principles of the French Revolution were then fully afloat, and it is impossible to conceive a more violent and agitated state of society. Among the first persons with whom I became acquainted were, Lord Jeffrey, Lord Murray (late lord advocate of Scotland), and Lord Brougham; all of them maintaining opinions upon political subjects a little too liberal for the dynasty of Dundas, then exercising supreme power over the northern division of the island. One day we happened to meet in the eighth or ninth story or flat in Buccleuch Place, the elevated residence of the then Mr. Jeffrey. I proposed that we should set up a review; this was acceded to with acclamation. I was appointed editor, and remained long enough in Edinburgh to edit the first number of the 'Edinburgh Review.' The motto I proposed for the 'Review' was,

'Tenul musam meditatur avena.'
'We cultivate literature upon a little oatmeal.'

But this was too near the truth to be admitted, and so we took our present grave motto from 'Publius Syrus,' of whom none of us had, I am sure, ever read a single line; and so began what has since turned out to be a very important and able journal. When I left Edin-

burgh, it fell into the stronger hands of Lord Jeffrey and Lord Brougham, and reached the highest point of popularity and success. I contributed from England many articles, which I have been foolish enough to collect and publish with some other tracts written by me. To appreciate the value of the 'Edinburgh Review,' the state of England at the period when that journal began should be had in remembrance. The Catholics were not emancipated—the Corporation and Test Acts were unrepealed—the game-laws were horribly oppressive—steel-traps and spring-guns were set all over the country—prisoners tried for their lives could have no counsel—Lord Eldon and the Court of Chancery pressed heavily upon mankind—libel was punished by the most cruel and vindictive imprisonments—the principles of political economy were little understood—the law of debt and of conspiracy were upon the worst possible footing—the enormous wickedness of the slave-trade was tolerated—a thousand evils were in existence, which the talents of good and able men have since lessened or removed; and these effects have been not a little assisted by the honest boldness of the 'Edinburgh Review.' I see very little in my reviews to alter or repent of: I always endeavoured to fight against evil, and what I thought evil then, I think evil now. I am heartily glad that all our disqualifying laws for religious opinions are abolished, and I see nothing in such measures but unmixed good and real increase of strength to our establishment. The idea of danger from the extension of the Catholic religion in England I utterly deride. The Catholic faith is a misfortune to the world, but those whose faith it conscientiously is, are quite right in professing it boldly, and promoting it by all means which the law allows. A physician does not say, 'You will be well as soon as the bile is got rid of;' but he says, 'You will not be well until after the bile is got rid of.' He knows after the cause of the malady is removed, that morbid habits are to be changed, weakness to be supported, organs to be called back to their proper exercise, subordinate maladies to be watched, secondary and vicarious symptoms to be studied. The physician is a wise man—but the anserous politician insists, after 200 years of persecution, and ten of emancipation, that Catholic Ireland should be as quiet as Edmonston or Tooting. Not only are just laws wanted for Catholic Ireland, but the just administration of just laws; such as they have in general experienced under the Whig government; and this system steadily persevered in will, after a lapse of time and O'Connell, quiet, conciliate, and civilise that long-injured and irritable people. I have printed in this collection the 'Letters of Peter Plymley.' The government of that day took great pains to find out the author; all that they could find was, that they were brought to Mr. Budd, the publisher, by the Earl of Lauderdale. Somehow or another, it came to be conjectured that I was that author: I have always denied it; but finding that I deny it in vain, I have thought it might be as well to include the Letters in this collection: they had an immense circulation at the time, and I think above 20,000 copies were sold. From the beginning of the century (about which time the 'Review' began) to the death of Lord Liverpool, was an awful period for those who had the misfortune to entertain liberal opinions, and who were too honest to sell them for the ermine of the judge, or the lawn of the prelate:—a long and hopeless career in your profession, the chuckling grin of noodles, the

sarcastic leer of the genuine political rogue—prebendaries, deans, and bishops, made over your head—reverend renegades advanced to the highest dignities of the Church, for helping to rivet the fetters of Catholic and Protestant Dissenters, and no more chance of a Whig administration than of a thaw in Zembla—these were the penalties exacted for liberality of opinion at that period; and not only was there no pay, but there were many stripes. It is always considered as a piece of impertinence in England, if a man of less than two or three thousand a-year has any opinions as all upon important subjects; and, in addition, he was sure at that time to be assailed with all the Billingsgate of the French Revolution—Jacobin, Leveller, Atheist, Deist, Socinian, Incendiary, Regicide, were the gentlest appellations used; and the man who breathed a syllable against the senseless bigotry of the two Georges, or hinted at the abominable tyranny and persecution exercised upon Catholic Ireland, was shunned as unfit for the relations of social life. Not a murmur against any abuse was permitted; to say a word against the eulcoric delays of the Court of Chancery, or the cruel punishments of the game-laws, or against any abuse which a rich man inflicted, or a poor man suffered, was treason against the *Plouiscocracy*, and was bitterly and steadily resented. Lord Grey had not then taken off the bearing-rein from the English people, as Sir Francis Head has now done from horses. To set on foot such a Journal in such times, to contribute towards it for many years, to bear patiently the reproach and poverty which it caused, and to look back and see that I have nothing to retract, and no intemperance and violence to reproach myself with, is a career of life which I must think to be extremely fortunate. Strange and ludicrous are the changes in human affairs. The Tories are now on the treadmill, and the well-paid Whigs are riding in chariots; with many faces, however, looking out of the windows (including that of our prime minister), which I never remember to have seen in the days of the poverty and depression of Whiggism. Liberalism is now a lucrative business. Whoever has any institution to destroy, may consider himself as a commissioner, and his fortune as made; and to my utter and never-ending astonishment, I, an old Edinburgh Reviewer, find myself fighting, in the year 1839, against the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London, for the existence of the National Church."

It must be a most gratifying feeling to a person who has influenced the public mind by his writings on many subjects of national interest, to be able to cast a retrospect over his labours, and believe that he has successfully contributed his full share of exertion to the promotion of human happiness. On the whole, we think it impossible that Mr. Smith should not be blessed with this consciousness; for, without speaking of the debateable questions in which he has been a zealous partisan, there are some of general benevolence and justice upon which he has exercised his great abilities with singular efficacy. Such are the subjects of public schools, chimney-sweepers, prisons, counsel for prisoners, &c., on which his reasoning powers have been employed, till the evils attendant upon them have been abated or removed. In other reviews, personal attacks and party politics are not so readily reconcilable to common approbation; but the man who penned them, holding certain opinions which he still continues to hold, will find no weight

upon his conscience in looking back even upon these less agreeable productions. Their nature, and their author's reflections on them, may be gathered from the preface we have just quoted. He religiously rejoices in Catholic Emancipation, and the repeal of the Test Act; he is proud of his share in instigating the alterations in the game-laws; the abolition of the slave-trade; the reforms in the laws of debt and of libel; in prison discipline; in the trial of prisoners; and "a thousand evils" which were in existence when he couched his pen against them.

Perhaps he vaunts a little too much. We are not sure that the Court of Chancery has been so wonderfully improved since Lord Eldon's days; we are not sure that the principles of political economy are much better understood now than they were in the days of Adam Smith; we are not sure that the horrors of the slave-trade and slavery have not been augmented by our humane interference; we are not sure that Ireland is in a happier or more prosperous and secure condition now than when she was the theme of Mr. Smith's lucubrations. The great change seems to be that another political side has turned uppermost; and that, as if born to be in opposition, our spirited divine castigates Liberalism with the same unsparing rod he formerly applied to Toryism. Under these circumstances, and claiming merit for what he has achieved against abuses, it is somewhat contradictory to hear him exclaim, that "not a murmur against any abuse was permitted!" If so, how came he to be heard, to be tolerated, and to prevail. His ears were never nailed to the pillory, nor was one of his fellow-reviewers persecuted, or retarded in their career. Their talents seem, on the contrary, to have fortunately prospered; and lord-chancellors, judges, commissioners, &c. &c., were made out of the set who began by cultivating literature upon a little oatmeal.

Our author himself, though his head has not been fitted to a mitre, whilst many inferior persons have reached that distinction, cannot be called one of the unlucky children of the church. His preferences are, we believe, tolerably snug. Had he written nothing but the essay upon the ballot (now in an eighth edition as a threepenny pamphlet), he would, in our opinion, have deserved a higher national reward than the wealthiest bishopric in the land, which he thus unanswerably tried to save from a universal prostitution of honesty, honour, and morality.

But we are getting out of our depths, and shall only add that the third volume contains that pamphlet; the three admirable Letters to Archdeacon Singleton; Letter on the Character of Sir James Mackintosh; Letter to Lord John Russell; Sermon on the Duties of the Queen, and three other sermons; Letter on the Catholic Question; and, above all, the cream of his writings, the famous "Peter Plymley's Letters."

Adventures of an Attorney in Search of Practice. 12mo. pp. 407. London, 1839. Saunders and Otley.

From the title of this volume we anticipated a satirical history of those preying harpies, whose adventures, in search of practice, are a disgrace to their profession, and a grievous injury to the honest and industrious classes of society. For a country to be priest-ridden is bad, but to be lawyer-ridden is infinitely worse. The former may take a tenth or a twentieth, but the latter gripes the whole; not the tithe-pig alone, but the entire litter, and the mother that bore them, bristles and

all. Look for an illustration of our criminal code at the recent case of the gold-dust robbery: the legal robbery, in bringing the thieves to justice (that is, if they do not yet escape upon some quibble of practice), amounted to as much or more than the first loss. For our politico-legality take a peep at the Carlow election petition; a sifting of more than sixty days, and an expense of above 20,000*l.*!! But why instance particular cases?—there is not a day, nor an hour, nor a minute that passes, notwithstanding the late amelioration in the ministering of the laws, that is not publicly marked by the heavy oppression which enthralls, and grinds down, almost every individual and every order of the community: and this is as a feather when compared with the private wrongs and extortions which so universally cripple and plunder the utility and exertions of the people of England. An attorney's letter is more alarming to the active and busy man than the report of a highwayman's pistol; and, indeed, the danger is much greater from the one than from the other. A single shot, and one rifling, may do little mischief; but from the grasp of what is called legal "justice," there is no escape: the wig must follow the hat, and the skin of the victim his coat and shirt.

The work before us presents, on the other side, the view of an Attorney, who pursues direct, and not callous courses. One of the rare birds belonging to the menagerie—a kite without claws, a raven without greediness, a vulture with the breast of a pigeon. That there are such honourable exceptions to the too common rule, we can testify from personal knowledge; but we have also observed too much of the world, and of what is going on around us, not to be equally certain that the greatest curse of the country, in every branch of exertion and laudable pursuits, lies like a pestilence upon it, from the iniquitous and unchecked villany of the lower million of base practitioners. Without strife, they could not live; without rascality, there would be no existence on earth for them. They are the heartless and unproductive consumers of the fruits of others' toil; and wherever misfortune has impeded the hopes of honourable efforts their harvest is found, and they reap it to the last grain of human effort and suffering. The good, and the truly respectable, to whom we have alluded, have one grievous sin to answer for—that they do not combine to cleanse their temple of this pollution, and extirpate from their body the vagabonds whom they know to be guilty of every act of unauthorised swindling and partially authorised extortion. They ought to do so for their own sake; and they could not, by any other means, do so essential a service to the kingdom at large.

Our author illustrates his various positions by anecdotes of clients and causes, some of which are amusing, and all, we think, of a character to be read with advantage, and especially by lawyers; including all who, in popular parlance, go by that appellation. We will now make our selection. In a government action he relates:—

"I was summoned to the Foreign Office. At the end of a long apartment, busily occupied in papers from which he seemed unwilling to take his eye, sat a young man scarcely older than myself, and dressed in the extreme of fashion, with whiskers and moustaches of no common dimensions; they were at that period much less common than at present; his hands were decorated with gilt spurs of extraordinary length; his trousers braided on the sides, and in fact his whole costume partook of the

style of military undress. It was not Lord Lyndhurst, then Sir John Copley, though the very next day I recollect meeting this learned solicitor-general, in consultation with his yet more learned colleague, in precisely the same equipment. It was not till long after that I found out the title of my dandy instructor; on this occasion I knew not whether he was lord or commoner, patrician or plebeian, beyond what the locality argued. I had been standing some five minutes or more when he first looked up, eyeing me with a stare compounded of hauteur, scrutiny, and surprise. I thought to myself even then, and very frequently on similar occasions since, how vastly ignorant these great folks are of every thing and every body beyond the circle of their own little world! or it would never enter into their imaginations to conceive that even the most juvenile attorney on the roll would be abashed for a single moment by a supercilious official stare: we should indeed have laboured in vain at judges' chambers, and the master's office, if such petty courtesies of life did not at once secure our self-possession. I never meet with a rude man, especially one who is condescendingly rude, but I immediately vote him vulgar; and vulgar men are below the level of gentility, let their birth or station be what it may, and therefore below mine! By this little syllogism, I can always recall my self-complacency, whatever may be the offence."

This is a good picture of official insolence, and we could be well pleased to believe that the offensive race was extinct; but while, &c. &c. &c. live! But, to return to our author, he observes:—

"One axiom on the question of costs is so obviously true, that we cannot avoid surprise at our clients so often losing sight of it. If they wish only to pay their attorney like a shoe-black, they will soon have only shoe-blacks for their attorneys. No man can limit himself as to the extent of costs, without cramping his exertions to a degree that may prove highly injurious to his client's interests. The casualties and accidents of litigation are so frequent, and sometimes so expensive, that they occasion more expenditure than even the whole of the proceedings that go on in the accustomed course; and if the cause of action is not of sufficient importance to warrant costs out of the ordinary routine, if necessary, it is wiser and more honest to advise the client to submit to his loss. This maxim must be received *cum grano*, certainly; but in cases where character is not involved, or rights ultra the subject-matter of the litigation, it is invariably true. In ordinary actions to recover debts, or damages for pecuniary injury, the expense resolves itself into mere matter of arithmetical calculation; such actions, however, form by no means the staple commodity in the business of an eminent attorney.

"The casualties of litigation are so numerous and diversified, that it is utterly impossible, unless in the simplest matter, to foretell the expenses. The recent reforms in pleading, by compelling a disclosure of the real defence, have reduced, but not superseded the speculative guesses of the attorney: indeed, in one respect, they have added to the difficulty; because, by success on one issue, and failure on another, a debtor and creditor account of costs is established, the balance of which may, by possibility, be against a plaintiff, though he has been successful on the general merits. It is a very pleasant thing, no doubt, to have to tell your client, 'Oh yes, sir! we have succeeded for you; but instead of receiving costs,

you will have forty or fifty pounds to pay to your opponent.' Independently of this, a hundred accidents may occur, all tending to multiply costs. A witness may be ill, and the record must be withdrawn; a bill for discovery may be advised; an injunction may be obtained by the defendant; a cross-action may be brought; indispensable witnesses may have made a trip to Naples or New York, and must be examined on interrogatories: in a word, so many deviations may, and generally do, occur, that no prudent solicitor will ever insure his client against the amount of costs, unless in the most general, and therefore the most unsatisfactory way. The right answer is, 'If costs are an object, settle your quarrel out of court, as best you may;' and to clients themselves, I may observe, that if an attorney is disposed to be dishonest, no skill can avail them against overcharges; for his charges may be individually reasonable, and even low, but so needlessly frequent, as to make the sum total of his bill nothing less than fraudulent, though none but a brother-attorney can detect the fraud. It is often the case with mean and illiberal clients, that they submit their attorney's bill to another practitioner, unknown to him. Every solicitor should be prepared for this; for I have known too many instances, where, to carry favour with a new acquaintance, or to acquire on easy terms a credit for moderation, an attorney has pronounced severe and mischievous judgment on the costs of his respectable neighbour, though all in the profession would rightly consign the critic himself to the shades of Newgate as an incorrigible thief."

Of the inferior, but not the lowest of the pettifogging tribe, the author says:—

"I am ashamed to say of my brethren, that I know too many among them, the style of whose composition would disgrace a chamber-maid, and the tone of whose manners would exclude them from the butler's pantry. I know not one, however, of this description who has ever attained, or even aspired to a higher rank in it, than that which might be allowed to a sheriff's officer, or a money-lending Jew. Honesty, in the ordinary and limited sense of the term, is generally presumed as a qualification of course, though ill-natured people do say that it is rather an extraordinary professional trait. All, however, are agreed that, to a greater or less extent, according to taste and the character of his business, law, general knowledge, and common honesty, are required in an attorney: but discuss the desirable a little further, and we find the usual definition given of the desiderated animal is that he shall be 'a sharp, clever fellow.' In deference to this favourite notion, I have assumed my *nom de voyage*; yet with the inconsistency of many who travel the Continent as captains and colonels (I know one gallant old gentleman at this moment, who designates himself abroad as 'Monsieur le Colonel,' in virtue of an old uniform to which he had acquired a title under the volunteer system), I am bold enough to say not only that your 'sharp, clever fellows' make your worst attorneys, but that they rarely gain admission to the higher classes of respectable clients: this sounds a little paradoxical, but there is sufficient reason for it. The sort of cleverness which obtains this reputation for an attorney, is to be found in every office on very cheap terms. Every common law or chancery clerk (as a piano that has been practised on for two or three years, arrives at its prime) is after a short probation, pre-eminent for it: and no office of any extent in business is without a

convenient appendage of this kind, whose special duty it is to set snares and catch an opponent tripping: whenever he or his employer is at fault, the pleader or a junior counsel will soon make a skilful cast for the scent. This conflict of wit for petty advantage often occurs among the subordinates of an attorney's office; and where (though that is very seldom) the client reaps any real benefit from it, the principal, by reflected honour from his clerk, is voted a 'sharp and clever fellow.' Among respectable men, however, these paltry contentions are despised, and also discouraged; because they tend to create angry and vindictive feeling, without any counter-balancing advantage, except, perchance, two or three pounds that may be successfully extracted from the pocket of an opponent in the shape of costs, with as much credit, though more safety, than by picking it of a watch and seals. It generally happens that clerks who spend their novitiate in learning this cleverness, pique themselves so much on the acquisition of it, that they learn but little else: and when they enter upon practice on their own account, have no other accomplishment to bring to their aid. Hence their minds degenerate; their business is low, because it is chiefly in low business that such smartness enables them to shine; and even low and vulgar clients very soon discover, that while in the progress of a cause, these 'sharp, clever fellows,' are daily met and defeated by pleaders and counsel, if not by attorneys, as sharp and clever as themselves, their sharpness is frequently turned upon their employers, of whose dullness they can render very profitable account! The truth is, that it is only clients of very doubtful honesty, and who have business to transact which demands the protection of those resources to which knavery alone will stoop, that require the aid of these 'sharp, clever men;' but such clients are not worth having on any terms, and if you have too many of them, you will secure a reputation for cunning and address that will keep more respectable connexions at a respectful distance. If I were asked to define the professional character to which I should most willingly trust myself, in an affair of delicacy or importance, involved in intricate details of circumstance, and entangled, perhaps, with much of personal and private feeling, I should select a man distinguished by calm energy, a clear head, and sound common sense: if in addition to this, he were gifted with a cheerful disposition, and marked, not by fastidious delicacy of mind, but by that enlarged honesty which is usually intended by 'honourable principle,' I should consider that he possessed the finest qualities for a useful attorney. Of course there are not many who come up to this standard; but in proportion as they approach it, and as the general nature of their business implies that they keep it constantly in view, a client may consider himself safe in their hands.

"I only wish to explain how it happens, that in a profession which is now justly esteemed a liberal one, and in which we daily meet with men well qualified to adorn any rank of life, we should yet more frequently fall in with others whose manners would exclude them from our servants' hall, and whose characters would compel us to count our spoons, if by any accident they gained admission there. It is but too true that we have among us a large body of adventurers, who have little education, less principle, and neither capital nor connexion. It is probable that, in some instances, their friends have selected them

for attorneys, because they have exhibited a predilection for that speculative inquiry into the rights of property which, by a more summary process, leads those who have no relatives to the gallows. There are various ways by which these adventurers contrive to work out a livelihood in a 'respectable' manner. The secret of their art is to establish a familiar acquaintance with any humble class, where the ceremony of special introduction is of small account, and, in the words of the play, to 'push it as far it will go.' There are many classes of this description daily to be found in our crowded metropolis; and all of them, either from their helpless ignorance, or dishonest pursuits, stand in daily need of 'a professional adviser.' Among the helpless, may be enumerated the thoughtless sailor just returned from sea—the inferior tradesman trembling on the verge of bankruptcy—the pigeon who, after plucking, hesitates between reform and desperation—the ruined spendthrift, but expectant heir—and yet more frequently the beggared gentleman, that prefers enjoying his last hundred within the prison walls to dividing it among fifty creditors at the rate of sixpence in the pound. The dishonest class is, perhaps, less accessible, but far more profitable: it consists of cent-per-cent money-lenders and annuity-mongers; of brokers who will discount a six months' bill on the security of a watch or a well-secured post-obit; hell-proprietors and blacklegs of Regent Street and St. James'; swindlers of the turf; smugglers by profession; 'fences' of the lanes and alleys of the town, including of course nine-tenths of the pawn-brokers and dealers in marine stores; and finally, all the thieves and pickpockets in the bills of mortality.

"There is still another class of legal adventurers who are a scale higher in the estimation of the world, but with very little higher merit; they are men who prowl about for bad debts and dishonoured bills: they call on tradesmen of the better order at Midsummer or Christmas, as punctually as the tax-gatherers, and inquire the extent of bad and doubtful debts in their ledger: they buy them up according to circumstances, and obtain a rich harvest, if they can purchase five or six hundred pounds due from a score of customers, at five shillings in the pound; twenty actions are thus secured, and as many writs issued on returning to office; in half they recover nothing but the costs; if in the remaining ten they can manage to average ten shillings in the pound, they are indemnified for the purchase-money, and pocket the costs of twenty actions by the adventure, besides the frequent chance of being incidentally introduced to some half-ruined man, who wants an attorney's aid to get white-washed by bankruptcy, or the insolvent court. Thus I have explained the character of those whom I exclude from the 'respectable' class of my profession, whatever others may call them; and these are the attorneys of whom I always feel a painful anxiety to get quit as soon as decency will allow; but some address is required to manage one's intercourse with them, when driven by necessity into communication. There is one peculiarity of disposition inseparable from such fellows. They invariably try to snap some advantage at your personal cost, and if they fail, they uniformly pick a quarrel about nothing: so certainly is it the case, that, in common with all my liberal brethren, I am accustomed to infer the quality of a man's clients by the 'sharpness' of his practice, as it is termed; and I set him down for an Old Bailey attorney as a matter of course, if I find

him grasping at undue advantage, or losing his temper in the attempt: a coarse, bullying manner, and disingenuous disposition, may be fairly assumed to indicate the accustomed associate of thieves and blacklegs; they always do with me, and it is one of the few points on which I have never found myself mistaken."

There are some curious disclosures of domestic disputes and family arrangements (and one extremely interesting tale of a gambler's decoy wife); but we must sum up, and, instead of our own words, give one remark of the author which is worthy of notice:—

"Of all witnesses in an honest cause, an intelligent child is the best. Of all witnesses, in any cause, a woman is the worst, unless she happens to be very pretty and engaging; and then she will answer the purpose, whatever it be, most successfully."

A Greek Lexicon to the New Testament, on the Basis of Dr. Robinson's; designed for Junior Students in Divinity, and the Higher Classes in Schools. By Charles Robson, Τονογράφος. London, 1839. Whittaker and Co.

"ANOTHER Greek Lexicon to the New Testament!" we mentally exclaimed, as we read the title-page of this beautiful, well-crammed volume. "Why, we have within a few months had no fewer than three editions of this same work of Dr. Robinson's: it is a very good book; but surely there cannot be such a demand for it, or we shall indeed be a learned public, and outstrip even Germany itself—that land of philological prodigies." Thus we mused; but, on turning to the book in our hand, we found (as sometimes happens even with Us) that we were getting on too fast, the two works being intended for totally distinct classes of students. In the Preface it is stated that Dr. Robinson's "work is suited rather to the advanced scholar than to the young divinity-student, or to the youth in the higher classes of our public schools; for whose use," says Mr. Robson, "no adequate Lexicon to the New Testament has hitherto been provided,—a want which the present book is intended to supply. It appeared to the editor (he continues), that taking Dr. Robinson's work as his basis, and rejecting such portions of it as are of least utility to young students, he might produce a book deserving the title of a *School-Lexicon to the Greek Testament*;" and this he has most fully accomplished.

That there has hitherto been a deeply felt and frequently expressed desire for such a book as the present, will be readily allowed by all who are conversant with the wants of young readers of the Greek Testament; and that Mr. R. has employed most successful diligence and pains upon this work, will be evident upon the most superficial examination. We do not think it can be needful at the present day to shew, that even a good general Greek lexicon must be a very bad and insufficient one for the New Testament: for when we consider the nature of the subjects treated, and the intellectual history of the men by whom they were treated, it will be plain, on the one hand, that the Greek language, as used by classic writers, had no words to express many of the ideas which the evangelical writers had to convey, and that, therefore, though they seldom coined new words, yet they were often obliged to modify, and sometimes entirely change, the meaning of those already in use; and, on the other hand, that men who were Jews, and had learned Greek only orally (a corrupt dialect of the Hebrew being their native tongue), when they wrote

it, would employ constructions, &c., unknown to the classic language: and such we find to be the case. Any one may easily satisfy himself of this fact by examining such words as αἰών, ἐμπόρια, δίδωμι, δέκα, λόγος, σπύρισμα, ἰσ, ἰσ, δός, &c. &c. To understand the Greek Testament, therefore, it is essential that such peculiarities should be explained. For learned readers, and those who can compare the Hebrew locations from which they have been drawn, various lexicons exist; but for those as yet unacquainted with Scripture criticism, no sufficient aid had been afforded, until attempted in the present work. Not only does it very fully discuss all such modes of expression and construction as are traceable to the Hebrew; but it is unusually copious on the particles, which have, as was to be expected, been most affected by Hebraisms. It is rich in phrases, literally translating and expounding all that occur in the New Testament. Not the least novel and interesting feature in the work are the neat, compressed, yet satisfactory notices of remarkable places and persons mentioned in the New Testament; and we may add, that the insertion of the grammatical inflection of all the proper names will not be without value and utility to the student; for though some of them are peculiar and unusual in their formation (see Μωυσις, &c.), yet they have hitherto been almost entirely excluded from works of this class.

We conclude by heartily wishing success to this Lexicon; assured that by so doing we are wishing success to the great cause of enlightened and rational Scriptural interpretation, and to the diffusion of a more thorough knowledge of the New Testament Greek than has hitherto been possessed save by the learned few. Other great recommendations are the form and price; both rendering the *Lexicon* peculiarly fit and eligible for its purposed use.

Captain Marryat's America.

[Third notice.]

ON looking to the separate Essays with which Captain Marryat follows up his groundwork of the Diary, we are arrested at the very first step by that which treats of the colloquial language of America. His illustrations of this subject are very entertaining; and, for variety's sake, we will transcribe a few of them. He tells us:

"I recollect once talking with one of the first men of America, who was narrating to me the advantages which might have accrued to him if he had followed up a certain speculation, when he said, 'Sir, if I had done so, I should not only have doubled and trebled, but I should have fourbled and fivebled my money.' One of the members of Congress once said, 'What the honourable gentleman has just asserted I consider as catamount to a denial'—(catamount is the term given to a panther or lynx). 'I presume,' replied his opponent, 'that the honourable gentleman means tantamount.' 'No, sir, I do not mean tantamount; I am not so ignorant of our language, not to be aware that catamount and tantamount are anonymous.' The Americans dwell upon their words when they speak—a custom arising, I presume, from their cautious, calculating habits; and they have always more or less of a nasal twang. I once said to a lady, 'Why do you draw out your words in that way?' 'Well,' replied she, 'I'd draw all the way from Maine to Georgia, rather than clip my words as you English people do.' Many English words are used in a very different sense from that which we attach to them: for instance,—a clever person in America means an

amiable, good-tempered person; and the Americans make the distinction by saying, I mean English clever. Our clever is represented by the word smart. The verb to admire is also used in the east, instead of the verb to like. 'Have you ever been at Paris?' 'No; but I should admire to go.' A Yankee description of a clever woman:—'Well, now, she'll walk right into you, and talk to you like a book; or, as I have heard them say, 'she'll talk you out of night.' The word ugly is used for cross, ill-tempered. 'I did feel so ugly when he said that.' Bad is used in an odd sense: it is employed for awkward, uncomfortable, sorry:—'I did feel so bad when I read that'—awkward. 'I have felt quite bad about it ever since'—uncomfortable. 'She was so bad, I thought she would cry'—sorry. And as bad is tantamount to not good, I have heard a lady say, 'I don't feel at all good, this morning.' Mean is occasionally used for ashamed. 'I never felt so mean in my life.' The word handsome is oddly used. 'We reckon this very handsome scenery, sir,' said an American to me, pointing to the landscape. 'I consider him very truthful,' is another expression. 'He stimulates too much.' 'He dissipates awfully.' And they are very fond of using the noun as a verb, as—'I suspicion that's a fact.' 'I opinion quite the contrary.' The word considerable is in considerable demand in the United States. In a work in which the letters of the party had been given to the public as specimens of good style and polite literature, it is used as follows:—'My dear sister, I have taken up the pen early this morning, as I intend to write considerable.' The word great is oddly used for fine, splendid. 'She's the greatest gal in the whole Union.' But there is one word which we must surrender up to the Americans as their very own, as the children say. I will quote a passage from one of their papers:—'The editor of the *Philadelphia Gazette* is wrong in calling abequiated a Kentucky phrase (he may well say phrase instead of word). It may prevail there, but its origin was in South Carolina, where it was a few years since regularly derived from the Latin, as we can prove from undoubted authority. By the way, there is a little corruption in the word as the *Gazette* uses it, abequiated is the true reading.' Certainly a word worth quarrelling about! 'Are you cold, miss?' said I to a young lady, who pulled the shawl closer over her shoulders. 'Some,' was the reply. The English what? implying that you did not hear what was said to you, is changed in America to the word how? 'I reckon,' 'I calculate,' 'I guess,' are all used as the common English phrase, 'I suppose.' Each term is said to be peculiar to different States, but I found them used every where, one as often as the other. 'I opine,' is not so common. A specimen of Yankee dialect and conversation:—'Well now, I'll tell you—you know Marble Head?' 'Guess I do.' 'Well, then, you know Sally Hackett?' 'No, indeed.' 'Not know Sally Hackett? Why she lives at Marble Head.' 'Guess I don't.' 'You don't mean to say that?' 'Yea, indeed.' 'And you really don't know Sally Hackett?' 'No, indeed.' 'I guess you've heard talk of her?' 'No, indeed.' 'Well, that's considerable odd. Now, I'll tell you—Ephrim Bagg, he that has the farm three miles from Marble Head—just as—but now, are you sure you don't know Sally Hackett?' 'No, indeed.' 'Well, he's a pretty substantial man, and no mistake. He has got a heart as big as an ox, and every thing else in proportion, I've a notion. He loves Sal, the worst kind: and if she gets up there, she'll think she

has got to Palestine (Paradise); arn't she a screamer? I were thinking of Sal myself, for I feel lonesome, and when I am thrown into my store promiscuous alone, I can tell you I have the blues, the worst kind, no mistake—I can tell you that. I always feel a kind o' queer when I sees Sal, but when I meet any of the other gals I am as calm and cool as the milky way, &c. &c. The verb 'to fix' is universal. It means to do any thing. 'Shall I fix your coat or your breakfast first?' that is, 'Shall I brush your coat, or get ready your breakfast first?' Right away, for immediately, or at once, is very general. 'Shall I fix it right away?'—i.e. 'Shall I do it immediately?' In the west, when you stop at an inn, they say—'What will you have? Brown meal and common doings, or white wheat and chicken fixings;—that is, 'Will you have pork and brown bread, or white bread and fried chicken?' Also, 'Will you have a feed or a check?'—A dinner or a luncheon? 'In full blast'—something in the extreme. 'When she came to meeting, with her yellow hat and feathers, was'n't she in full blast?' But for more specimens of genuine Yankee, I must refer the reader to Sam Slick and Major Downing, and shall now proceed to some further peculiarities. There are two syllables—*um*, *hu*—which are very generally used by the Americans as a sort of reply, intimating that they are attentive, and that the party may proceed with his narrative: but, by inflection and intonation, these two syllables are made to express dissent or assent, surprise, disdain, and (like Lord Burleigh's nod in the play) a great deal more. The reason why these two syllables have been selected is, that they can be pronounced without the trouble of opening your mouth, and you may be in a state of listlessness and repose whilst others talk. I myself found them very convenient at times, and gradually got into the habit of using them. The Americans are very local in their phrases, and borrow their similes very much from the nature of their occupations and pursuits. If you ask a Virginian or Kentuckian where he was born, he will invariably tell you that he was raised in such a country—the term applied to horses, and, in breeding states, to men also. When a man is tipsy (spirits being made from grain), they generally say he is corned. In the west, where steam-navigation is so abundant, when they ask you to drink, they say, 'Stranger, will you take in wood?'—the vessels taking in wood as fuel to keep the steam up, and the person taking in spirits to keep his steam up. The roads in the country being cut through woods, and the stumps of the trees left standing, the carriages are often brought up by them. Hence the expression of, 'Well, I am stumped this time.' I heard a young man, a farmer in Vermont, say, when talking about another having gained the heart of a pretty girl, 'Well, how he contrived to fork into her young affections, I can't tell; but I've a mind to put my whole team on, and see if I can't run him off the road.' The old phrase of 'straining at a gnat, and swallowing a camel,' is, in the Eastern States, rendered 'straining at a gate, and swallowing a saw-mill.' To strike means to attack. 'The Indians have struck on the frontier;—'A rattlesnake struck at me.' To make tracks—to walk away. 'Well, now, I shall make tracks;—from foot-tracks in the snow. Clear out, quit, and put—all mean 'be off.' 'Captain, now, you hush or put'—that is, 'Either hold your tongue, or be off.' Also, 'Will you shut, mister?'—i.e. Will you shut your mouth?

i.e. Hold your tongue? 'Curl up'—to be angry—from the panther and other animals when angry raising their hair. 'Rise my dander up,' from the human hair; and a nasty idea. 'Wrathy' is another common expression. Also, 'Savage as a meat-axe.' Here are two real American words:—'Sloping'—for slinking away; 'Splunging,' like a porpoise.

But one of the strangest perversions of the meaning of a word which I ever heard of is in Kentucky, where sometimes the word nasty is used for nice. For instance: at a rustic dance in that State a Kentuckian said to an acquaintance of mine, in reply to his asking the name of a very fine girl, 'That's my sister, stranger; and I flatter myself that she shows the nastiest ankle in all Kentuck.'

I must not omit a specimen of American criticism:—'Well, Abel, what d'ye think of our native genus, Mister Forrest?' 'Well, I don't go much to theatricals, that's a fact; but I do think he piled the agony up a little too high in that last scene.' The gamblers on the Mississippi use a very refined phrase for 'cheating'—'playing the advantages over him.' But, as may be supposed, the principal terms used are those which are borrowed from trade and commerce. The rest, or remainder, is usually termed the balance. 'Put some of those apples into a dish, and the balance into the store-room.' When a person has made a mistake, or is out in his calculation, they say, 'You missed a figure that time.' In a skirmish last war, the fire from the British was very severe, and the men in the American ranks were falling fast, when one of the soldiers stepped up to the commanding officer and said, 'Colonel, don't you think that we might compromise this affair?' 'Well, I reckon I should have no objection to submit it to arbitration myself,' replied the colonel. Even the thieves must be commercial in their ideas. One rogue meeting another, asked him what he had done that morning; 'Not much,' was the reply, 'I've only realised this umbrella.'

There is sometimes in the American metaphors an energy which is very remarkable. 'Well, I reckon, that from his teeth to his toe-nail, there's not a human of a more conquering nature than General Jackson.' One gentleman said to me, 'I wish I had all hell boiled down to a pint, just to pour down your throat.'

From the next essay, on Credit, and that on Penitentiaries, we offer no comment. Of the Army, to which another paper is addressed, Captain M. states that it consists of 7834, including all ranks, and is not a favourite service. The privates are chiefly Irish emigrants, Germans, and English deserters from Canada.

There is not much discipline, and occasionally a great deal of insolence, as might be expected from such a collection. Corporal punishment has been abolished in the American army, except for desertion; and if ever there was a proof of the necessity of punishment to enforce discipline, it is the many substitutes in lieu of it, to which the officers are compelled to resort—all of them more severe than flogging. The most common is that of loading a man with thirty-six pounds of shot in his knapsack, and making him walk three hours out of four, day and night without intermission, with this weight on his shoulders, for six days and six nights; that is, he is compelled to walk three hours with the weight, and then is suffered to sit down one. Towards the close this punishment becomes very severe; the feet of the men are so sore and swelled, that they

cannot move for some days afterwards. I inquired what would be the consequence if a man were to throw down his knapsack and refuse to walk. The commanding-officer of one of the forts replied, that he would be hung up by his thumbs till he fainted—a variety of piquetting. Surely these punishments savour quite as much of severity, and are quite as degrading as flogging."

MISCELLANEOUS.

Hood's Own; or, Laughing from Year to Year. Being former Runnings of his Comic Vein, with an Infusion of New Blood for general Circulation. 8vo. pp. 568. London, 1838. Baily and Co.

WE had intended to have entered at some length into the contents of this volume so full of curious, peculiar, and original humour; but like its author, though not with so irresistible an excuse as his, of bad health, we have deferred it so long, that, even were it a personal, instead of a bouquet of Annuals, we should be in the lateness of winter with any remarks we could now offer. Still it is our pleasant duty to state that it is a publication *est generis*, and one that must yield continual amusement to the lovers of fun and the admirers of wit. Nor is it a production, the whim and jocularity of which evaporate with the hour. It is a book to be taken up from time to time, and perused again and again with renewed gratification; and many of its points are so droll, and yet so recondite, that they are not all caught at a first or even second perusal. Unlike most performances of its kind, *Hood's Own* will entertain not only contemporaries, but posterity; and is so sterling in its grotesque views, that Hudibras himself will not be so generally understood and appreciated at the same distance of date. It is, in short, a comic library of text and embellishment; and ought to have a berth on every shelf, where we may turn for something to beguile the hour and drive away tedium or melancholy.

Fardorougha, the Miser; or, the Convicts of Lismonena. By W. Carleton, author of "Tales of Ireland," "Traits," &c. Pp. 468. Dublin, 1839. Curry, jun. and Co.

THIS very characteristic and interesting tale has appeared in the "Dublin University Magazine," which, consequently, takes it out of the English pale of criticism. All we need say is, that it is worthy of the talents of the author; the characters drawn from and to the life; and the whole an excellent picture of the country of its birth.

Precaution: a Novel. By the Author of the "Spy," "Red Rover," &c. London, 1839. Bentley.

THE seventh-fourth of "Bentley's Standard Novels," with a very whimsical frontispiece and appropriate vignette, by J. Cawse. The text has also received Mr. Cooper's revision.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, 6th July.—The Rev. H. Richardson, M.A. of Trinity College, was admitted *ad eundem*.

The following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—T. A. Whitter, Brasenose College, Grand Compounder; Rev. S. F. Dickson, Brasenose College; Rev. S. A. Fyler, Trinity College; Rev. J. Walker, Fellow of Wadham College.

Bachelor of Arts.—G. A. F. Fitz-Wygram, Christ Church.

Bachelor in Music.—G. F. Flowers, Lincoln College.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

Anglo-Saxon Literature.

IN our last we copied as much as we could on the subject of Anglo-Saxon Riddles, &c.; but

some illustrations yet remain, and Mr. Wright has furnished us with much curious research on this very popular branch of inquiry.

"The following, for example, seems to give us the first traces of that doughty hero, John Barleycorn, so famous in the days of ballad-singing."

The Saxon version may be dispensed with, as the subjoined is a literal translation:—

"A part of the earth is prepared beautifully, with the hardest, and with the sharpest, and with the grimmest, of the productions of men, cut and turned and dried, bound and twisted, bleached and awakened, ornamented and poured out, carried afar to the doors of people, it is joy in the inside of living creatures, it knocks and alights these, of whom before while alive a long while it obeys the will, and expostulateth not, and then after death it takes upon it to judge, to talk variously. It is greatly to seek by the wisest man, what this creature is."

"The subject of another seems to be the aureole of the butterfly, and its transformations; by which it would appear that our forefathers were, at times, diligent observers of nature:—

"I saw tread over the turf ten in all, six brothers, and their sisters with them, they had a living soul; they hanged their skins, openly and manifestly on the wall of the hall, to any one of them all it was none the worse, nor his side the sorer, although they aboult thus, bereaved of covering, (and) awakened by the might of the guardian of the skies, bite with their mouths the rough leaves; nothing is renewed to those who before coming forth let their ornaments lie in their track, to depart over the earth."

"The Anglo-Saxons were especially partial to riddles founded on Scripture, thinking, perhaps, that they exhibited in solving them their acquaintance with the Sacred Volume. The subject of the following must be the patriarch Lot and his two daughters and their sons:—

"There sat a man at his wine, with his two wives, and his two sons, and his two daughters, own sisters, and their two sons, comely first-born children; the father was there of each one of the noble ones, with the uncle and the nephew: there were five in all men and women sitting there."

"Of the next, it is not so easy to give a probable solution:—

"I am a wonderful creature, I may not speak a word, nor converse before men, though I have a mouth, with a spacious belly: I was in a ship, with more of my race."

We come now to the cosmographical notions and popular errors of our Saxon ancestors:—

"The world, in the larger sense of the word (*mundus, alipes*), was designated among the Anglo-Saxons by a name borrowed from their old mythological ideas, *middan-geard*, or the middle yard or region, which was afterwards gradually corrupted into the old English word 'middle-earth.' All that is within the firmament, says the tract just mentioned, 'is called middan-geard, or the world. The firmament is the ethereal heaven, adorned with many stars; the heaven, and sea, and earth, are called the world. The firmament is perpetually turning round about us, under this

"This riddle affords us an example how certain ideas run through the popular literature of different nations at all periods. M. Jubinal, in his 'Nouveau Recueil de Contes, Dits, Fabliaux,' &c. (vol. I. 8vo. Paris, 1839), p. 281, has quoted an early French fabliau, 'Le Martyre de Saint Bacus,' where the god of the vine takes the place of Sir John Barleycorn, just as the juice of the grape in the country where it was composed occupies the place of the liquor of which the English hero was a personification."

"This riddle is curious, as exhibiting a repetition of rhyming words, like those which have been attempted by some of the lighter poets of the present day. Single lines of this kind are not uncommon scattered over the Anglo-Saxon poetry of the best age, as 'wide and side' (*wide and broad*), in Beowulf and Caedmon; 'blowan and growan' (to blossom and to grow) in the Ex. MS. fol. 109, r.; &c. We find sometimes three such rhyming words, as 'flood blod ge-wod' (blood pervaded the blood), Caedm. p. 307. In the Exeter MS. there is one whole poem (which was published by Conybeare), written entirely in rhymes of the most fantastic description. The whole of these verses are extremely obscure and difficult to understand—a proof that rhyme was a great trial of the ingenuity of the writer, and by no means congenial to the language."

earth and above, and there is an incalculable space between it and the earth. Four and twenty hours have passed, that is one day and one night, before it is once turned round, and all the stars which are fixed in it turn round with it. The earth stands in the centre, by God's power so fixed, that it never swerves either higher or lower than the Almighty Creator, who holds all things without labour, established it. Every sea, although it be deep, has its bottom on the earth, and the earth supports all seas, and the ocean, and all fountains and rivers run through it; as the veins lie in a man's body, so lie the veins of water throughout the earth.' The north and south stars, as we are told in another place, of which the latter is never seen by men, are fixed, and are the poles of the axis on which the firmament turns. Falling stars are igneous sparks thrown from the constellations, like sparks that fly from coals in the fire. The earth itself 'resembles a pine-nut, and the sun glides about it, by God's ordinance, and on the end where it shines it is day by means of the sun's light, whilst the end which it leaves is covered with darkness until it return again.' The writer of this treatise, in one or two instances, mentions and confutes what appeared then to the learned to be the popular errors of their age, such as that of 'some unlearned priests' who said that leap-year had been caused by Joshua when he made the sun stand still. The priests, it will be observed, are frequently the butt of the sneers of the scholars in the tenth century. Such were the notions inculcated by the popular scientific books among our Anglo-Saxon forefathers, many of them erroneous in themselves, but at the same time consonant with the doctrines of the greatest scholars who had preceded, or who were contemporary. The range, however, of these books must have been narrow, in comparison with the mass of the people who were uninstructed. The ideas adopted by the latter were far more erroneous, and were often the mere legends of the popular mythology, as we see by such writings as the dialogues of Saturn and Solomon, and Adrian and Rithmus, which were probably intended for recitation among the common people. In the latter of these dialogues, to the question, 'How large is the sun?' the reply is, 'Larger than the earth;' and this is deduced from the circumstance that it shines on all parts of the earth. The spherical form of our planet was universally acknowledged, although it was erroneously placed in the centre of the system. An early Latin writer compares the universe to an egg, in which the earth is the yolk, with the sea surrounding it resembling the white of the egg, while the firmament, supposed to be inclosed in fire, is the shell." It is doubtful, however, if it were not the most common impression that this round mass on which we live swam in the water, that the part we inhabit and know was a small portion of the surface which stood above the waves, and that the sun dived into the ocean each evening, and arose out of it on the following morn. The ideas which the Anglo-Saxons held with regard to that portion of the earth which was then believed to be alone habitable, were derived indirectly or immediately from the writings of the ancients; and they were to the whole more correct than might be expected. Their maps were undoubtedly made after

"In an English poem of the thirteenth century, in MS. Harl. 2277, fol. 133, we have the following definition of the earth:—
'Urthe is amide the see, a fute (flat) bel and round.'"

Roman models. A map of the tenth century, in the British Museum, accompanies the *Periegesis of Priscian*,* which, with the slight sketch given by Orosius, and the work of Solinus, were the chief authorities in geography. Books of cosmography were sought eagerly at an early period,† and we need not be surprised if their popularity depended most frequently on the number of wonderful relations which they contained. The stories of this kind given by Pliny the Elder, and reproduced by Solinus, were the foundation of all the extravagant fables concerning the wonders of distant lands which were so widely prevalent during the middle ages; but the vague manner in which these writers spoke of them was not enough for the curiosity of the multitude, and the outline they furnished was soon filled up in spurious works, like the famous letter of Alexander the Great to his preceptor Aristotle, in which the conqueror of the East describes minutely all the monsters of India. This tract must have been written at an early period, for we find an Anglo-Saxon translation of it, with some other pieces of a similar kind, in manuscripts of the tenth century.‡ We find the Anglo-Saxons at an early period distinguished by the same spirit of adventure, which has been so active and fruitful among their descendants. They were anxious to explore the distant countries, whose existence had been made known to them by the books which the missionaries imported. Even so early as the seventh century they were in the habit of going to Rome by sea, a voyage in which the pilgrims necessarily incurred many perils. At the end of this century, a Frankish bishop, named Arculf, who was returning from the Holy Land, and had visited Constantinople, Damascus, and Alexandria in Egypt, as well as many of the islands of the Mediterranean, was thrown by bad weather on the western coasts of England, where he became acquainted with the abbot Adamnan. The latter carefully stored up the information which the traveller communicated to him, and afterwards committed it to writing in a treatise which is still preserved. It is probable, indeed, from many circumstances, that the Anglo-Saxons themselves made frequent visits, not only to Italy, but also to the East. King Alfred, who in this, as in other things, merited well the character given him by historians of being 'a diligent investigator of unknown things' (*ignotarum rerum investigacioni solerter se jungabat*), sent Sighehm, bishop of Sherburn, in 883, to India, to visit the scene of the labours of St. Thomas and St. Bartholomew; and Sighehm not only reached in safety this distant land, but he brought back with him many of its productions, and particularly some gems and relics which were still preserved in his church in the time of William of Malmesbury. The present day cannot furnish a more intelligent account of a voyage of discovery, than that taken down by Alfred from the mouths of Obshere and Walfstan, one of whom had sailed to the North Cape, and the other along the northern shores of the Baltic, and which that

monarch has inserted in his own version of Orosius. The map of the tenth century, mentioned above, is far more correct than the generality of maps which we find in old manuscripts at a later period; its chief inaccuracy lies in the distorted shape given to Africa, which is here a long narrow slip of land running out from east to west; but the coasts of India and Eastern Asia are not ill defined; there are few of the fabulous indications which appear afterwards in this part of the world; and Paradise does not occupy the place of the isles of Japan, as it did after the voyage of St. Brandan became popular in the twelfth century."

FINE ARTS.

WELLINGTON MILITARY MEMORIAL.

AT a meeting of the General Committee, held on Friday the 12th, His Grace the Duke of Rutland in the chair, and attended by R. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke of Richmond; the Marquesses of Downshire, Londonderry, and Tavistock; Lords Jersey, Aberdeen, Liverpool, Palmerston, Lake, Hill, Forrester, and Colborne; Sirs G. Cockburn, S. R. Lushington, R. Fitz-Wygram, H. Halford, A. Cooper, F. Trench, J. L. Lushington, J. Dallas; Mr. J. Wilson Croker, Major Smith, Dr. Croly, and Messrs. Simpson and Rainbow; the proceedings relating to this National Monument were, we rejoice to say, brought to a harmonious and satisfactory arrangement.

A colossal bust of the hero of Waterloo, modelled by Mr. Wyatt, was in the room; and must, we imagine, have contributed greatly to this result; for it is not only an admirable likeness, but one of the noblest works of art that any time or country has produced.

The discussion which took place has been reported at full length in the "Morning Post." From it, we observe, that the Duke of Richmond, and two or three other members of the committee, entertained an opinion that it was desirable to offer the design to general competition; but the position in which the matter stood, in consequence of antecedent resolutions, legitimately carried and confirmed, being referred to, and other explanations given by the chairman, Lord Londonderry, Sir F. Trench, Mr. Croker, &c., it was unanimously agreed to ratify the nomination of Mr. Wyatt, to perform this great work; and the Duke of Richmond, the Earl of Aberdeen, and Lord Palmerston, concurred in the general sentiment, that they would now cordially promote the subscription, and do every thing in their power to ensure the immediate execution of the Equestrian Statue, to be placed on the arch at Hyde Park Corner. To this, therefore, no further obstacle can now be anticipated, as her majesty and her ministers have already sanctioned it, and only reserved the proper privilege of having the model submitted for their approbation.

As the affair is thus happily disposed of, we shall say nothing of the expediency of public competition, except that we should have thought the Nelson Testimonial enough to surfeit any appetite for that sort of election. On the question of the fitness of the Arch to receive and exhibit to advantage a work of this description, as it is a case of mere taste, we should be sorry to offer a dogmatic opinion. But we are strongly fortified in our judgment that it is peculiarly adapted for the purpose: *first*, by the sentiments of so accomplished a critic as Lord Aberdeen; and *secondly*, by personally knowing years ago (long before this tribute was ever thought of) that the architect, Mr.

Decimus Burton, the most competent individual in existence to decide on its propriety, held such an addition to be essential to the beauty and finish of his own graceful erection. As an instance that coming events may cast their shadows before, it is a curious anecdote that Mr. Burton and Mr. Wyatt happened to meet for the first time at our table; and the projected monument to the memory of King George III. happening to be one of the topics of conversation, it was agreed how excellent it would be if this very arch could be surmounted, in the manner now about to be done, by an equestrian statue of that monarch, or a quadriga bearing him in triumph. What was thought applicable to a great king, may not be inappropriately devoted to his greatest subject; and if ever such honour was deserved, it is due to

The Immortal Wellington!

The Daguerrotype.—M. Arago's report has been published, but contains little that has not already appeared in the pages of the *Literary Gazette*. He touches first on the discovery of the camera by Porta, the introduction of the single lens, and the invention of the achromatic. He then proceeds to analyse the various preparations of silver which have been employed in photogenic drawing, and winds up with the immense advantage of the Daguerrotype for copying Eastern monuments, inscriptions, &c., without, however, disclosing what is the substance employed in preparing the plates, and only stating that it is a *reactive* of much greater sensibility than any hitherto employed. He also alluded to the importance of the discovery, which he contended was proved by the avidity with which the subject has been taken up by other nations, and the *trifling* pretexts* they had seized to establish their priority of invention.

Portrait of the Duke of Wellington.—We have been to see a full-length portrait of His Grace, painted by J. Lucas for the Corporation of the Trinity House, and about to be engraved by H. Cousins (for Mr. Boys, at whose residence it remains on view). The Duke is painted as Master of the Trinity House, in a solid and clever manner. The arms are folded, the attitude simple, and the likeness good. Altogether it is a simple and characteristic performance, and literally of the life size. It does great credit to the artist's talents as a painter, who already stands high as an engraver.

THE DRAMA.

Drury Lane.—Mr. Hammond, the lessee of the Strand Theatre, which he has conducted with much spirit and propriety, has, it is stated, taken Drury Lane for the ensuing season.

Covent Garden Theatre.—This theatre closed on Tuesday with the triumphant play of *Henry V.*, and the house crammed to the ceiling. At the fall of the curtain, Mr. Macready addressed the audience in a most feeling and impressive manner, slightly and respectfully touched upon his effort on behalf of the drama, acknowledged the support he had received, and, without casting a reflection upon any party whatever, noticed the termination of his managerial career in consequence of the proprietors not acceding to the terms he considered himself justified in offering them. The applause was tremendous, and the stage was almost

* M. Arago is always sufficiently national, and partial to the claims of his own country and countrymen. In this instance he is evidently unjust to the claims of others; and even more French than usual.—Ed. L. G.

* MS. Cotton. Tiber. B. v. fol. 58, v.
† *Basilic. Epist.* p. 111. Some persons writes to Bishop Lullia, "Ceterum libri cosmographicorum necdum nobis ad manus venerunt: nec alia apud nos exemplaria, nisi picturis et litteris permolesca." The latter part of the sentence is curious, though at present not quite clear.

‡ "The Anglo-Saxon version of Aristotle's letter is found MS. Cotton. Vitell. A. xv., along with Bosworth and Judith. It is preceded by an Anglo-Saxon tract on the wonders of the East, which occurs again in Anglo-Saxon and Latin in MS. Cotton. Tiber. B. v.; in both these accompanied by drawings of a very extraordinary kind, and, in the latter MS. many of them executed in a style much superior to the generality of Anglo-Saxon pictures."

literally covered with flowers and chaplets flung upon it from every quarter.

Whatever the causes, we sincerely lament that Covent Garden and the country of Shakspeare have been deprived of the services of Mr. Macready; and at the very period when they had produced their effect upon the public. So accustomed had we become to trickery, falsehood, and disgraceful practices in every thing connected with the great theatres, that even the high individual character of this gentleman was insufficient, at his offset, to obtain the confidence he sought for his professions. It has taken nearly two years to convince the world, that a manager could honourably and punctiliously fulfil every engagement he made, redeem every pledge he gave, conduct himself liberally towards his professional associates, and renounce, no matter at what sacrifice or loss, every custom which could bring censure or disrepute upon the theatre of which he had purchased the control. We cannot but think it short-sighted policy to have stopped this tide of well-doing. Without venturing to say a word upon those who may be Mr. Macready's successors, either immediately or hereafter, it appears to us, that far more permanent advantages were likely to accrue to all concerned from his continuing, with all the improvements and the high reputation he had established, than from any change that could take place. But, putting private and proprietary considerations out of the question, those who enjoy patent rights, and are protected by monopolies, owe a duty to the public; and, seeing the stage not only redeemed from infamy, but set on a higher and firmer footing than before, nothing short of necessity ought to have induced the risk of another fall into the abyss of corrupt speculation and beggary.

Come what may, Mr. Macready has solved the problem which was despaired of; and proved that the drama need not be lost to England, unless betrayed by those under whose auspices it may be placed. He has fought a noble fight, and achieved not only a glorious personal triumph, but a national victory, which has delivered us, as a people, from a great literary and moral reproach, disgraceful to the genius that lives amongst us, and to the land which gave birth to Shakspeare.

To-day he is to be entertained at a public dinner;* and the royal, noble, and enlightened, concur in bearing testimony to his high deserts on the occasion. A ridiculous notion has been broached, that because many of the stewards and leading persons whose names have been advertised happen to belong to the ministerial party, that there are some political ingredients mixed up with this tribute. Nothing can be more inconsistent with the truth; and numbers of distinguished men, holding the opposite opinions in the staunchest spirit, are hastening to demonstrate their sense of the merit of the individual, and of the singular service he has performed for the most important of all national amusements, by his generosity, judgment, devotedness, and talent. He has justly won the wreath which binds his brow, and the approbation of his country. He has shewn us what the stage ought to be, and would be, if rightly directed. If we never see it so again, we can proudly refer to this period, and refute every argument against our national character, founded on the results of mistaken avarice in the holders of the patents, and

shameful behaviour in their tools and instruments.

In making these cursory remarks, we beg to be understood as meaning nothing prospectively. Time alone will enable us to ascertain how far praise or the reverse may be due to whoever undertakes the arduous task of succeeding Macready. For his own sake we should be glad at his return to his profession, unencumbered by the toils of management; for no physical powers could long sustain the prodigious labour and anxiety of bringing out dramas in the style he has been producing them, added to the fatigue of playing the principal parts. But we will say no more of ourselves, but conclude with a

SONNET,

Inscribed to Mr. Macready on his brilliant and successful restoration of the dramas of Shakspeare to the English Stage.

From the base fetters that erewhile confined
The native grace of his majestic gait,
Which sacrilegious hands had dared to bind
Upon his free-born limbs, (ignoble fate!)
At length released,—no! Shakspeare walks elate,
Free as the sportive fawn or mountain wind,
Disclosing in his high and palmy state
Ethereal grace with godlike vigour joined.
Reproach it were, MACREADY, if the muse,
That loves to consecrate with bright renown
Each great and noble action, should refuse
For this thy brows with amaranth to crown:—
Yes, for this pious service shall thy name
Descend with Avon's bard in deathless fame.

R. B. S.

VARIETIES.

H. B. is as busy with caricatures as our legislature are towards the end of the session. No. 603, "A Pressure from Without." The Chancellor of the Exchequer on horseback, with his budget in his *valaise*, is stopped by John Bull *à la footpad*, to whom the finance minister gives "Uniform Penny Postage," and prays to have something back to meet his expenses on the road. 604, "A Pair." Sir E. L. Bulwer a front view, Mr. Disraeli a back view; amusing caricatures of modern dress and figure. Sir E. L. Bulwer's likeness is well caught, and would be still more correct, but for the exaggeration of the eyes in looking upon his fellow "pair." 605, "Design for a Wellington Testimonial." A classical and clever performance, partly imitating Wyatt's superb horse* in Cockspur Street, and partly the statue in Hyde Park, represented by the Duke, nude, and reining in the Bucephalus, which is girthed "Opposition." The animal, and the position of the group, are very spirited.

Portrait of the Duchess of Sutherland.—Mr. Minasi has just executed one of his careful and beautiful likenesses in pen and ink. It is a study of the head of the Duchess of Sutherland, very noble and aristocratic, as is the original. A fine child, in outline, completes a very charming group.

The Centre Table at Cooper's, New Bond Street, kept *perdu* from the time of the Revolution, and said to have formerly belonged to Versailles, considered as a work of art, is almost unrivalled. It is supported by three pedestals of the finest *bronze doré*, whose groups of figures are from the designs of Albert Durer. In the centre is a portrait of Madame Fontanges, by Mignard, the only one known by the master; around which are sixteen enamels of exquisite beauty, of the celebrated ladies and queens of France. In a series of such fascination, wherein the olden looks like the

golden age, it is not easy to say who is the fairest; but there are two, *la belle Laure de Noves*, and *Marie de Hainaut*, wife of Louis II., on which the eye lingers longer than on the others. In the dresses, jewels—each splendid and different from the rest—the painter's skill is perfect.

The Newspaper Press Benevolent Association observed its second anniversary at Freemasons' Tavern, on Saturday last, Lord Lyndhurst in the chair; Lord Brougham, the Nabob of Oude, the President of the Royal Academy, the Lord Mayor, and other distinguished guests, assisting. The musical talent brought forward on the occasion was of extraordinary variety, and including some of the finest female singers in the capital. The appearance also of ladies at the dinner-table, gave a new feature to the entertainment; whilst the addresses to the company by the chairman, Lord Brougham, and other visitors, and Mr. Vincent Dowling, President of the Association, filled up the day with a more than usual share of social pleasure and benevolent sympathy. It was gratifying to hear from the last-mentioned gentleman, that the Society was firmly established, and had already a fund of nearly 1000*l*. New contributions were announced.

British Museum.—Great alterations and improvements, both externally and internally, are, it is stated, about to be made at the British Museum.

Strange Effects of Ballooning.—In Mr. Green's published account of the recent ascent of the great Nassau balloon, he says—"The gentlemen who ascended with me were Mr. R. Crayshaw, and a lady, Mr. Dalby, Mr. Hughes, and Mr. Spencer."

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The Edinburgh Review and Critical Journal, No. 140, July, 6*s*.—A Synopsis of the Birds of North America, by J. J. Audubon, 8vo. 12*s*.—New Translation of the Hebrew Scriptures, by R. H. Carne, No. 1, 2*s*. 6*d*.—History of British Reptiles, by Prof. Bell, 8vo. 8*s*. 6*d*.; royal 8vo. 17*s*.; imperial 8vo. 22*s*. 6*d*.—Discourses on Various Subjects, by the Rev. J. Parry, 12mo. 6*s*.—Lectures on the Life and Character of Heneiah, by Rev. W. Nicholson, fcap. 3*s*. 6*d*.—The Rhine: Legends, Traditions, &c., Cologne to Mainz, by J. Snowe, 3 vols. 8vo. 3*s*.—Five Sermons preached at Oxford, by the Rev. W. F. Hook, 3d edition, 3*s*.—Instructions for collecting Insects, by A. Ingen, new edition, 18mo. 3*s*.—Chap Riches, Selections from Divines, 3mo. 2*s*.—Calvary, or, the Cross of Christ, by M. Daniell, post 8vo. 8*s*. 6*d*.—Robertson on the Teeth, 2d edition, 8vo. 7*s*. 6*d*.—C. E. Bernard's Arithmetical Perspective, 8vo. 10*s*. 6*d*.—Kyd the Buccaneer, 3 vols. post 8vo. 2*s*.—Dr. Solomon's Jewish Sermons, translated by Miss Goldsmid, 8vo. 7*s*. 6*d*.—Sabbath Musings, and Every-day Scenes, fcap. 6*s*.—Roads and Railroads; Vehicles and Modes of Travelling of Ancient and Modern Countries, 12mo. 6*s*.—Forty Sermons by the Rev. R. Cattermole, 8vo. 16*s*.—The Great Western Railway Guide, 12mo. 4*s*.—Thoughts on the Sensibility of the Imagination, post 8vo. 6*s*.—Edinburgh Cabinet Library, Vols. XXV. XXVI. and XXVII., British America, 15*s*.—Robson's Greek Vexicon, on the basis of Robinson, 12mo. 10*s*. 6*d*.—The Authors of France, by A. Albitte, 24mo. 3*s*.—Poems by Mrs. Wolferstan, new edition, 8vo. 7*s*. 6*d*.—The Croydon Railway, with Map and Views, 18mo. 2*s*.—The First Communion, by F. S. Parker, 18mo. 2*s*.—T. J. Ousley's Poems, 3d edit. 12mo. 6*s*.—Hamilton King, by the Old Sailor, 3 vols. post 8vo. 3*s*. 6*d*.—Polack's New Zealand, new edition, 2 vols. 8vo. 16*s*.

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July.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday ... 11	From 55 to 75	29.92 to 29.96
Friday ... 12	... 59 ... 72	29.76 ... 29.96
Saturday ... 13	... 82 ... 74	29.97 ... 30.04
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Wednesday 17	... 46 ... 69	30.03 ... 29.74

Prevailing wind, S.W.

Except the 12th, 14th, and 17th, generally clear; rain fell on the 12th, 14th, and following day. Lightning during the evening of the 17th.

Rain fallen, 0.75 of an inch.

Edmonton. Digitized by CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

* We are informed that nearly three hundred tickets have been issued; and as the committee have sensibly resolved to keep the sale open till noon, we look to see the great hall of the Freemasons crowded something like the theatre on Tuesday.—Ed. L. G.

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Taking the volume as a whole, we would say that it is a charming garland of poetic flowers, of many a varied kind and hue. The familiar epistles display sportiveness and wit; the descriptive verses are rich in scenery and sentiment; the elegies are full of feeling; and the productions of miscellaneous order include fancy, tenderness, mind, reflection, life, and nature.

We shall begin with a quotation from the "Fourth Epistle to a Friend in Town," which will remind the reader of Pope, and yet be readily applied to our more modern day:—

"Orfelus gives you feasts to glut his pride;
You ask a loan of him, he turns aside.
While Bavius prates of friendship in his verse,
Yet from the dearest friend withholds his purse.
The generous man—he whom the world commends—
Fills high the sparkling wine-cup for his friends;
And yet this hospitable reveller lives
For self—for self alone his banquet gives.
What though this Pharisee exalts his horn
On high, and views a brother's woes with scorn;
When placed before the judgment-seat of Heaven,
The scorned may be lost, the scorn'd forgiven!"

Fame cries that Applus, generous wight, but lives
To bless his neighbour: all he has he gives.
Though, in subscription be his name enroll'd,
His virtue glitters—'tis not sterling gold:
No prayer of those he has relieved by stealth
Consecrates alms that trumpet forth his wealth.

Cressus for unimagined pleasure pants;
His very pain is that he nothing wants:
His life, a calm so sick'ning to the soul,
Were worse to many than the tempest's howl.
'Tis the pursuit that cheers us; when attain'd,
The object is as speedily disdain'd;
Of wealth unbounded, as in rank the first,
Cressus with fulness of enjoyment's curst.

Cressus, rich child of dulness, lives among
High orators and mighty sons of song:
Admitted to the table of the gods, he's hit,
Like Vulcan, by their frequent shafts of wit.

Strange are the qualities in Man commixt!
Firm in some things, in others how unfixt!
Can that Valerius, whose high worth is seen
In public actions, be in private mean?
Or can Ambrosius point beyond the grave
A hell for sinners, and become a knave?
How the arch-tempter loves within his toils
To catch reluctant dragons—they are spoils.
The same imaginary sorrows vex
Unquiet spirits, the same cares perplex;
Go to the court, what characters are there!
'The same by Pope described, or La Bruyere.

Eugenius daily with unwearied zeal
Resumes his labours for the common weal;
Neglects his fine estate, with study pale
O'erworks his brains, and what does all avail?
'The dullest idler may in public speak
Better than he—our patriot's nerves are weak!

Ascanius, for his trade too honest, dives
Into the depths of policy, and strives
In sabbathless pursuit of fame to be
What never with his nature can agree.
Too good, though train'd up in the statesman's school,
To see through those whom selfish passions rule;
Too sensitive to bear against the blast
Of faction till its rage be overpast.

Each flying shade, each transient light, will throw
Young Flaccus into fits of joy or woe;
The breath of censure, frown of scorn, will shake
His frame until his heart-strings almost break.
If but a feather's weight oppress his nerves,
The mind disjoined from its purpose swerves.

Scarce on his self-raised eminence appear'd
Publius; the haras'd sons of freedom cheer'd.
To him, as to the pillar'd fire that burn'd
At night before the Israelites, they turn'd
Struggling against Tyranny's recurring wave
They heard his voice, all-powerful to save;
(A voice that fulminating o'er Europe shamed
Power from attempting schemes that cunning framed),
With energy renew'd then upwards sprung,
And firmly to their rock of safety clung.
As falls the mighty column in its pride,
Publius had reach'd Ambition's height, and died!
Perish'd a statesman as erect and great
As from its watch-tower e'er o'erlook'd the state."

The concluding portrait of Canning cannot be mistaken: it does honour to the pencil which drew it. A "Swiss Scene" gives us nature as ably painted as character is delineated in the foregoing; and we hasten to select some of its traits:—

"View'd from the terrace'd walks that round me glow,
How beautiful, Mount Blanc, thy heights of snow
Bathed in rose light, reflecting from the sun
A farewell splendour when his course is run!"

"Gaze on yon massive argenty of cloud
Glittering like battlements of opal proud,
Hanging o'er mountain-pyramids,—the mind
Might image worlds of chrysolite behind.
Gaze on the moon, yon globe of mellow light,
Tranquil as Woman's virtue and as bright;
Lo! as she rises all harsh colours melt
Away,—the harmony of love is felt.
Wide valleys, rich in golden harvests, green
Meadows, blue rivers rolling fast between,
Cities with dark gray walls and swelling domes,
Mountains whose sides the deep pine-forest glooms,
All are intensely hush'd; one hue alone
Prevails, one charm o'er all by silence thrown.
Oh! how magnificent even in repose
Is power at morning's dawn or evening's close;
How grand when stars, through boundless depths of sky,
Watch silent!—citadels of light on high."

"And our humanities, are they not found
Mingling with life above, below, around,
From eagle-eyed Ambition danger-proof
That stands on Glory's pinnacle aloof,
Down to smooth serpent-flattery that charms,
With variegated falsehoods, those she harms!"

The distant Alps:—

"Approach the monuments of time that was
And shall be till away the world must pass:
Emblems sublime of wisdom, they appear
Stable as truth, as contemplation clear,
Reposing 'mid the deep serene, a range
Of Nature's mightiest works, defying change.
Rush by their base wild surges of a river
Like generations of mankind for ever.
Gain eminence o'er eminence,—behold
Vast scenes as of a planet strange unroll'd,
Circuitous immensities, where broods
Horror o'er everlasting solitudes,
Pyramidal, high-towering, castle-shaped,
By Art in her gigantic structures aped.
Advance! your eyes no moving objects greet—
A world unpeopled lies beneath your feet;
Interminable glaciers like a heap
Of frozen waves by suns unawaken'd sleep,
Ice-seas, or wildering wastes of ice, the same
For ever—slippery as an after-name!"

'Tis the sublime of desolation! far
Spread wreck of the elements' primeval war,
(How different from the landscapes seen of late,
Gayer than any fancy might create!
Vineyards on vineyards rising in due grades,
Beautiful dells, groves prodigal of shades.)
There saw Sausure a universe deprived
Of life, and felt that he alone survived!
Sails through mid air a solitary cloud,
Like to a spirit seeking its abode
Above the silent, shadowy vale of death:
Such seems the rugged continent beneath.
In all his naked strength there, face to face,
Is Power behold—there man forgets his race!—
There only, for in forest depths may live

Some hermit whose rude hut may shelter give;
Some pilgrim's foot the arid sands may press
Of the inhospitable wilderness.
War-ravaged lands and cities desolate,
Uncultured plains, and wrecks of regal state,
Are still memorials of heroic crime.
The spoiler man, his gawgaws spoil'd by time.
But scarce accessible to chamois wild,
Coeval with past ages, rocks up-pit'd,
Girt with serpentine ice, distinct appar;
Of human action they no thoughts recall.
Where wild goats leap from crag to crag on high,
Turn we to lake-o'ershadowing mountains nigh,
Or jagged or columnar, what a mass!
Frown others, lengthening in their liquid glass.

Towering o'er the magnificent array
Of clouds that stream along their sides mid-way,
Aerial steeps far spread their granite tower,
By forests of luxuriant growth, pine-crowned,
'Tis thus on genius mighty, though untaught,
That Heaven bestows exhaustless wealth of thought.

Peaks, that the spirit of light seems to subdue
Into crystalline shapes of purple haze,
Sky-pointed peaks, on which, at distance kenn'd,
Stars seem like gods sublimely to descend.
Are types of noble souls, that even on earth
Look upward; gifts celestial shew their worth;
Though firm, with light of charity yet graced,
They are above the storms of passion plac'd.

Far, far around, the heaven-raised barriers, grand
As thoughts of freedom, glow. Tell's native land;
Valleys of loveliest aspect they incline,
Like Strength protecting Beauty in repose."

"Chalets that garland-wise wild plants inwreath
Above look down on castles gray beneath.
Small as is human pride, the time-worn tower
Seems among scenes that laugh at human power.
Vast rocks of similar form that round it press
There mock the feudal ruin's littleness.
What a mere toy is chivalry's pomp among
Glories to Nature's empire that belong!"

In the poem entitled "A Good Man's Future Existence," the structure of the verse is peculiar, but the thoughts are noble and philosophical. It opens thus:—

"As heavenly bodies through the ether move
Silently, stormful regions far above,
Thus above passions that around the throng
Gather, the good man moves his course along.
With such a facile energy he goes
Onward, 'tis action, 'tis sublime repose.
He to the stock of human happiness
Brings every day accession, more or less.
As Flora from her pictures urn in May
Throws flowers, Love scatters blessings in his way.
When gone, remembrance of what he has been,
Sweet as perfume from violet banks unseen,
To those his present influence golden'd, gives
A fragrant joy his presence can survive.
Fraught with a solar life, a wider range,
Organic (mind must have a wider range),
Through faith he brightens in a higher sphere,
Serenely beautiful, as star-light here."

Lord Leigh is ardent in the cause of Poland, and speaks of America with a just admiration, while, at the same time, he reclaims against its endurance of slavery:—

"The ornaments of life Columbia wants,
And decorative graces, but she rears
A fabric, though no splendours there enchant
Idolaters of rank, that man reveres;
The aspect of Utility it wears,
Its ever-crescent strength to contemplate
Patriots rejoice, through vista long of years;
And art will bring refinement, to create
Love of the beautiful in minds ambitious hopes elate."

See! a young nation, whose united will
One spirit animates, one heart impels,
While slumber ancient dynasties, or ill
Conceiving dominion till man rebels,
In works ensuring future wealth excels.
Authors, an immaterial class, are prized
No more than monks were in their cluster'd cells;
But schemes, old states dream not are realised,
By Speculation's far-discerning mind devised.

A new earth's verdurous magnificence
Seems from a recent deluge to emerge:
Lakes with a thousand islands gemm'd; immense
Forests, and far along the horizon's verge

Blue mountains cresting like the ocean's surge;
Earth-shaking rush of falls, and roar of flood;
And fell off seam'd by the tornado's scourge;
These bards have sung, in sad or lively mood,
But their auxiliary charms remain yet to be woo'd.

"Meanwhile activity on restless wing
Flies on, inventive industry her guide;
In the new world, of enterprise the spring
Is felt, rolls thither population's tide,
And unprun'd forests perish in their pride:
To-day, a vigorous race push, unappall'd
By danger, mighty labours far and wide;
To-morrow, farms will thrive and cities wall'd,
Where late through herbage rank amphibious monsters
crawld."

And bright-eyed science, like the morning-star,
Illumes the land that liberty hath blest:
Progressing still in knowledge, thousands are
(Labour their pleasure is, their unrest, rest)
Spreading their bloodless triumphs o'er the West;
Millions shall through far-distant valleys be
Of treasures, undeveloped yet, possess:
Colossal empire of the great and free!
Strong is thy youth, who can thy strength adult foresee?

"Democracy, gigantic, fickle power,
Acts on the government by fits and starts,
Repealing by her flat laws an hour
Ago she will'd. What are the counter-arts
By which the state-machine repairs its parts?
It is the home-religion's gentle sway,
That to extravagant spirits peace imparts;
Of institutions new the only stay,
When young equality would break and cast their bonds
away."

Religion, order, law, the triple cord
Of states, self-honouring liberty admires;
She yields, to vindicate her rights, the sword,
But checks her sons' inordinate desires,
And strikes not when caprice her aid requires.
Noble is her ambition to increase
Man's happiness, not kindle raging fires
Of war throughout the world, but arts of peace
To multiply, and mind from thralldom free release."

Without going further into the subjects,
which are treated at greater length than the
limits of our page permit us to illustrate, we
shall conclude this paper with

"The Sauri.

"Multaque nunc etiam existant animalia terra,
Imbribus et calido solis coacta vapore.
Que minas ext miram, it tunc sunt plura coerta,
Et majora nova tellure, auge autem adalto."

Lacertius, lib. v. v. 785.

Ere as it is the world its course begun,
The earth o'erstem'd with children of the sun,
Goliath hordes of a former age,
When a hot temperature was all the rage;
What were the ladies of the temperate zone
Then? Warm as central fire—now cold as stone!
And man, if man existed then I ween,
Had all the fiery particles of Keen,
Or Byron, when a boy, whose name would spread,
Like Talbot's, among 'clouds' or cockneys, dread.
But all is now comparatively cool:
Thank Heaven! we have no Camelfords at school.
Though heat-begotten monsters we encase
In our museums, but kindly raging fies
Whether they were herbivorous, or ate
Dirt like an Otomac, I cannot state.
They thirsted not like monsters since the flood
Begot—the taste is ancient too—for blood!
Perchance, as Waterton a crocodile
Rode, they were ridden, though in length a mile!
'Conjecture here—geologists advance
But sober truths—loves somewhat to romance.
The freeborn Sauri scorn'd a reigning lord,
Half-monkey and half-tiger, beast-abhor'd
That rides, like tailors on their fluttering geese,
A many-headed hydra not with ease.
The steed will throw his rider if press'd sore,
As Spenser's dragon threw the gorgeous w—;
The Lithuanian fretting at the curb
Imperial may his master's seat disturb.
Proud of their igneous origin the tribe
Were self-important as a titled squire;
Shallow as Trinaculo deemed Caliban
Whether through fens they paddled, cropt or ran;
Singing in chorus marshy songs, devouring
Fern salads, like our idlers bored and boring,
They lived—chronologists may guess the time—
And then returned to what they came from—slime.
Ere Alorus they lived; or, to go higher,
Ere lived forefathers of a Cambrian 'squire.
They may, sublimed into another sort
Of beings, through ethereal space transport
Themselves with a rapidity intense;
With tubes provided every tube a sense.
Such Davy saw, or dream'd he saw, at Rome.
Philosophers have sober views at home;
At Rome sublimed their spirits now on fire
Be-lun'd to Aristotle's flights aspire.
Oh were these high-bred monsters now alive
In those famed gardens, where on Sunday drive
Ladies high-born as to a morning rout,
To laugh at apes with tails, and apes without,

Fashion might then revive Egyptian rites,
And in these non-descript discern 'new lights':
Though some plebeian peer, whose pedigree
Would puzzle Heard, might not their merit see:
Pendent from gorgeous ceilings to amaze
The world, their forms in *or-nolu* might blaze
Through grand saloons, where taste capricious links,
Alliance strange,—a griffin with a sphinx!
While pretty women lip, 'You have not seen
The phoscauri! Where could you have been?'
Far more in fashion they than Namick Pasha—
A Brahmin—cornet—or Lord Dudley's *basaw*;
Or novel of the season latest, best.
Yet so severe, it ought to be suppress'd.
Would they were now alive, consuming wheat,
And kept by rich zoologists, to eat!
They, like Napoleon, prices might exalt,
More than remission of the tax on malt:
And landowners would cease to grieve that they
With crippled means increased rent-charges pay.
Soon would they disappear on Erin's bog,
Cherish'd as Isaac Walton cherish'd frogs,
To be impaled by Orange seers, who hope,
To prove that monsters symbolise the pope,
Especially if their long tails emit
A phosphorescent light like—Irish wit!"

Need we repeat, after these examples, that
this volume is one of great variety, power, and
poetry?

Confessions of a Thug. By Captain Meadows
Taylor, in the service of H. H. the Nizam.
3 vols. 12mo. London, 1839. Bentley.

"You have given a faithful portrait of a
Thug's life, his ceremonies, and his acts;
whilst I am proud that the world will know
of the deeds and adventures of Ameer Ali, the
Thug;" are the concluding words of the auto-
biographical narrative which Captain Taylor
has here put into the mouth of one of the
most desperate of that extraordinary combina-
tion of assassins, whose atrocities have only
within the last seven or eight years become
the wonder and horror of India. The history
of mankind affords no parallel to Thug-
gee: the bands of the Old Man of the Moun-
tain scattered over many lands, the Secret
Tribunals of Germany, the Inquisition, were all
petty murderers, when compared with this ter-
rible association. Men have been likened to
tigers, with an aptness that well illustrated
sanguinary character; but the Thugs were
bloodhounds, whose thirst for human gore never
ceased to inflame them with an appetite which
grew indeed with what it fed on, till the de-
struction of life became almost essential to their
own existence. We have been told by military
persons that it was impossible to conceive the
engulfing passion for slaughter which stirred
them to madness in action; and it has been
described to us so vividly as to impart a fearful
sympathy and ardour even to our breasts in
listening to the tale. But the picture of Thug
excitement surpasses aught that could be ima-
gined; and the revelations of actual deeds done
by these remorseless villains, so strikingly em-
bodied by the author under the form of the
confessions of a leader, are enough to freeze
the blood in our veins.

And not the least remarkable part of the
subject is, that these monsters are influenced by
a religious principle in the deliberate strangling
of every victim they can inveigle within their
snare; whilst in the natural affections for
their own parents, wives, brothers, sisters,
children, and friends, they seem to feel the
opposite emotions with equal strength and in-
tensity. Romance could invent nothing so
hideous and contradictory; and were not the
whole system discovered, revealed, and corro-
borated by unquestionable proof, it would be
impossible for the mind to believe that such
things could have been, and, in spite of all the
exertions of European intelligence and power,
could still be.

These matters, however, will appear more

clearly as we pass through this strange work,
which is an authentic relation of those dreadful
massacres brought to light by Colonel Sleemen
and others, and only indebted to Captain Tay-
lor for the interesting shape into which he has
thrown his account of them.

"The tale of crime (he informs us) which
forms the subject of the following pages is,
alas! almost all true: what there is of fiction
has been supplied only to connect the events,
and make the adventures of Ameer Ali as
interesting as the nature of his horrible pro-
fession would permit me. I became ac-
quainted with this person in 1832. He was
one of the approvers or informers who were
sent to the Nizam's territories from Sangor,
and whose appalling disclosures caused an ex-
citement in the country which can never be
forgotten. I have listened to them with fear-
ful interest, such as I can scarcely hope to ex-
cite in the minds of my readers; and I can
only add, in corroboration of the ensuing story,
that, by his own confessions, which were in
every particular confirmed by those of his
brother-informers, and are upon official record,
he had been directly concerned in the murder
of seven hundred and nineteen persons. He
once said to me, 'Ah! sir, if I had not been
in prison twelve years, the number would have
been a thousand!' How the system of Thug-
gee* could have become so prevalent,—remain
unknown to, and unsuspected by, the people of
India, among whom the professors of it were
living in constant association,—must, to the
majority of the English public, who are not
conversant with the peculiar construction of
Oriental society, be a subject of extreme won-
der. It will be difficult to make this under-
stood within my present limits, and yet it is so
necessary that I cannot pass it by. In a vast
continent like India, which, from the earliest
periods, has been portioned out into territories,
the possessions of many princes and chieftains,
each with supreme and irresponsible power in
his own dominions, having a most lax and
inefficient government, and at enmity with, or
jealous of, all his neighbours, it may be con-
ceived that no security could exist for the
traveller upon the principal roads throughout
the continent; no general league was ever
entered into for his security; nor could any
government, however vigorous, or system of
police, however vigilant it might be in one
state, possibly extend to all. When it is also
considered that no public conveyances have
ever existed in India (the want of roads, and
the habits and customs of the natives being
alike opposed to their use); that journeys,
however long, have to be undertaken on foot
or on horseback; that parties, previously un-
known to each other, associate together for
mutual security and companionship; that even
the principal roads (except those constructed
for military purposes by the Company's govern-
ment) are only tracks made by the constant
passage of people over them, often intersecting
forests, jungles, and mountainous and uncultivated
tracts, where there are but few villages
and a scanty population; and that there are
never any habitations between the different
villages, which are often some miles apart,—
it will readily be allowed that every tempta-
tion and opportunity exists for plunderers of
all descriptions to make travellers their prey.
Accordingly freebooters have always existed,
under many denominations, employing various
modes of operation to attain their ends; some

* "The word *Thug* means a deceiver, from the Hindoo
verb *Thugra*, to deceive;—it is pronounced *Tug*, slightly
aspirated."

affecting them by open and violent attacks with weapons; others by petty thefts, and by means of disguises. Beyond all, however, the Thugs have of late years been discovered to be the most numerous, the most united, the most secret in their horrible work, and, consequently, the most dangerous and destructive. Travellers seldom hold any communication with the towns through which they pass, more than for the purchase of the day's provisions: they sometimes enter them, but pitch their tents or lie under the trees which surround them; to gain any intelligence of a person's progress from village to village is therefore almost impossible. The greatest facilities of disguise among thieves and Thugs exist in the endless divisions of the people into tribes, castes, and professions; and remittances to an immense amount are known to be constantly made from one part of the country to another in gold and silver, to save the rate of exchange; jewels also and precious stones are often sent to distant parts, under the charge of persons who purposely assume a mean and wretched appearance, and every one is obliged to carry money upon his person for the daily expenses of travelling. It is also next to impossible to conceal any thing carried, from the unlimited power of search possessed by the officers of customs in the territories of native princes, or to guard against the information their subordinates may supply to Thugs, or robbers of any description. It has been ascertained, by recent investigation, that in every part of India many of the hereditary landholders and the chief officers of villages have had private connexion with Thugs for generations, affording them facilities for murder by allowing their atrocious acts to pass with impunity, and sheltering the offenders when in danger; whilst in return for these services they received portions of their gains, or laid a tax upon their houses, which the Thugs cheerfully paid. To almost every village (and at towns they are in a greater proportion) several hermits, fakcers, and religious mendicants, have attached themselves. The huts and houses of these people, which are outside the walls, and always surrounded by a grove or a garden, have afforded the Thugs places of rendezvous or concealment; while the fakcers, under their sanctimonious garb, have enticed travellers to their gardens by the apparently disinterested offers of shade and good water. The facilities I have enumerated, and hundreds of others which would be almost unintelligible by description, but which are intimately connected with, and grown out of, the habits of the people, have caused Thuggee to be every where spread and practised throughout India."

In the suppression of this bloody enormity it seems that "from 1831 to 1837, inclusive, there were

Transported to Penang, &c.	1059
Hanged	412
Imprisoned for life with hard labour ..	87
Imprisoned in default of security	21
Imprisoned for various periods	69
Released after trial	32
Escaped from jail	11
Died in jail	35
	1797
Made approvers	483
Convicted but not sentenced	120
In jail in various parts not yet tried..	936
	3396

Added to the above, Captain Reynolds mentioned that, at the time he wrote, upwards of 1800 notorious Thugs were at large in various parts of India, whose names were known; how many besides existed, it is impossible to

conjecture. How enormous, therefore, must have been the destruction of human life and property in India before Thuggee was known to exist, or was only partially checked! How many thousands must annually have perished by the hands of these remorseless assassins! Awful, indeed, is the contemplation; for during the whole of the troublous times of the Mahratta and Pindharee wars their trade flourished; nor was it till 1831 that their wholesale system of murder received any serious check: and after its general discovery, the countless and affecting applications from families to the officers of the departments to endeavour to procure them some knowledge of the places where their missing relatives had been destroyed, that they might have the miserable satisfaction of performing the ceremonies for the dead—shewed how deeply the evil had affected society."

Of the youthful history of Ameer Ali, we need take no further notice than that his father and mother were murdered by Thugs, and he, an infant, saved and adopted by one of their leaders. In due time he was initiated into the mysteries of their cursed profession, and became one of the most daring and successful of their jemadars, or chiefs. In the course of his career he murdered his own sister, without knowing who she was; and his other murders were not less horrible, though he seemed to gloat upon the skill and certainty with which he performed them. Their religious observances in the worship of Bhowanee, the goddess of Destruction; their faith in omens, and other strange circumstances, are already pretty generally known to the public. Like the knights of old, the candidates underwent a sort of novitiate, and were instructed in their future duties. Among the rest, the use of the roomal, or handkerchief, used by the Thugs, then called Bhuttote, in strangling their victims, was taught; and it is surprising how instantaneously it ended life:—

"On the fifth morning (Ameer Ali tells), the handkerchief was put into my hand; and after having been bathed, anointed with sweet-smelling oils, and marked on the forehead with vermilion, as a votary of Bhowanee, I was declared a Bhuttote. 'One thing I forgot,' said the old man laughing, as he gave me the cloth; 'and that was the principal, perhaps. I have not shewn you how to use it, and I have a peculiar knack of my own, which is easily communicated. You will soon learn it.' He took the cloth, tied a large knot at one end, with a piece of silver inserted in it: this he held in his left hand, the plain end being in his right, and about as much space between them as would nearly compass a man's neck: the closed hands had the palms uppermost. 'Now,' said he, 'mark this; and when you throw the cloth from behind, and have got it tight, suddenly turn your knuckles into the neck, giving a sharp wrench to either side that may be most convenient. If done in a masterly manner, instant death ensues.' I took the cloth, and held it as he directed, but it did not please him. 'Give it me back, that I may shew you more exactly on your own neck,' said he. 'Indeed, no,' cried I, laughing; 'you might think I was a traveller, and have me down in an instant, without intending it; but I perfectly understand the method.' 'Then try it on me, Ameer Ali; I shall see by the position of your hands whether you know any thing about it.' I obeyed him; the old man shook his head and laughed. 'That will never do; you could not kill a child in that way,' he said: 'when you feel my hands round your neck you will under-

stand.' So I submitted with as good a grace as I could, though I did not at all like the idea. My blood ran cold through me as I felt his chill, clammy hands about my neck; but he did not hurt me, and I saw where my error had been. I tried it on him as he had shewn me several times, and was declared at last to be perfect. 'Now you only want practice, Ameer Ali,' said he. 'Inshalla! Roop Singh,' I replied, 'we shall have plenty of it. One beginning, and I fear not for the rest. Like a tiger, which, once having tasted human blood, will, if possible, take no other, and runs every risk to get it, so I feel it will be with me.' And it was so. Sahib! I knew myself—I had spoken truly."

Thus accomplished, his first murder is described:—

"It was now generally known to all that I was to have the Sahoukar to myself, and many thronged about me to see how I looked forward to my first trial; every one cheered me, and I must own this gave me great confidence. As the time approached, my soul burned for the work like that of a young and brave soldier to see the first flash of his bright sword in anger. My father enjoyed my demeanour in silent satisfaction; he spoke not, but there was exultation in his eye as he looked fondly upon me, and I felt that I should not disappoint him. The whole band seemed to be impressed particularly with the importance of the present matter, for they collected into groups, and though each man knew exactly what he had to do, and what was appointed for his comrade, yet they seemed to be discussing the whole, till one by one they separated, and each stretched himself out to gain the little rest he could, before the time arrived which would call him into active, nay, deadly strife,—my father and Hoosein too, all except myself. I was sitting outside our slight tent when Roop Singh came to me. 'Baba!' said he as he sat down, 'how feel you? is your heart firm and your blood cool?' 'Both,' said I: 'nothing can change my heart; and feel my hand, is my blood hot?' 'No,' said the old man, taking it in his; 'it is not, nor does it tremble; this is as it should be. I have seen many prepare for their first trial, but never one so coolly and calmly as you do; but this is all in consequence of the blessed Muntrus which have been read over you, and the ceremonies you went through.' 'Perhaps so,' said I; 'but I think I should have been much the same without them.' 'Now, may Bhowanee forgive you, proud boy,' he replied; 'you know not their efficacy; was there ever a prouder being than I was,—a Rajpoot by birth, and one of the purest tribes? Had I not slain wild beasts, or helped to slay them from my childhood? but when a man was shewn me, and the handkerchief alone put into my hands to destroy him with, indeed I trembled; nor was it for a long time that I could be brought to attempt it. But,' continued Roop Singh, 'you have one more ceremony to go through, which on no account must be neglected; go, call your father, Hoosein, and Bhudrinath, that they may be present.' We were all soon assembled, and the Gooroo led the way into an adjoining field. He stopped, and turning to the direction in which we were to proceed, raised his hands in a supplicatory manner, and cried, 'Oh Kallee! Maha Kallee! if the traveller now with us should die by the hand of this thy new votary, vouchsafe us the Thibao!' All of us stood silently; and, wonderful to relate, even at that late hour an ass brayed on the right hand. The Gooroo was overjoyed. 'There!' cried he to the others, 'was there ever so complete an acceptance of

a votary? The omen almost followed the prayer. 'Shookr Alla!' exclaimed my father, 'it is now complete; he will go forth and conquer. There only remains for you to tie the knot.' 'That I will do when we return,' said the Gooroo; and when we reached our encampment, he took my handkerchief, and untying the knot which had been previously made, he retied it, placing a piece of silver in it. Presenting it to me, he said, 'Receive this now sacred weapon; put your trust in it; in the holy name of Kalee, I bid it do your will!' I received it in my right hand, and carefully tucked it into my waistband, that I might not lose it, and that it might be ready for action when required. We remained in conversation for some time, and then threw ourselves on our carpets to snatch a short rest, till one of our men from the village came and told us that the Sahoukar was preparing to move, and had sent him on to warn us. The band were quickly roused and our beasts laden, and we drew up by the side of the road to await his arrival. He was not long in coming, and we all moved on together. The night was beautiful, the road excellent, and we pushed on in high spirits. The booty we were to possess, the tact with which the whole matter had been managed from the first, would mark it as an enterprise of a superior description, one that any one of us would be proud to mention, and which would cause a considerable sensation, not only in the country, but among the numerous bands of Thugs of Hindostan, more especially those we were to rejoin at the conclusion of our season. We had proceeded about two coss, when there was a murmur among the men who led, and one of the scouts was an instant afterwards seen making his way to where we were. My father recognised him as one of those he had sent on. 'Bhilla Manjeh?' [have you cleared the hole?] he eagerly inquired. 'Manjeh!' said the man; 'it is cleared, and it is all ready. See you yon low hills? A streamlet, as I told you, runs from them; and it is a rare bilh that we have made, Jemadar Sahib. You will say we have done well.' 'And how far may it be?' demanded my father. 'About half a coss,' said the man: 'a short distance from hence the road becomes stony, and continues so till you are above the pass—take advantage of it;' and he fell in among the others. The men were silently warned to be at their posts, and each man, or two men, as it was necessary, placed himself close to the one to whom he had been assigned. By designed obstructions in front, the bullocks belonging to the Sahoukar, with their attendants, were brought immediately about the cart in which he rode, and the whole being gathered into one place, were the easier to be secured. The preparations again roused me, and I grasped the handkerchief firmly, thinking every moment that the signal was about to be made; but we still crept on at a slow pace, for the road was narrow and lined by thorny bushes; and the men in front proceeding as slowly as possible, we were kept exactly in our proper place, and expected every moment to reach the spot. As we approached the small hills, the jungle became pretty thick, and appeared doubly so by the moonlight, and we passed many places where I thought the deed might have been done with advantage. But I was wrong, for the Lughaees had selected an admirable one. A man came from the front, whispered a few words to my father, and again went on: this increased my anxiety. We crossed a small hollow, ascended a bank, and below us I saw what I was sure was the place. The banks of the rivulet were high and steep,

covered with thick underwood matted by trailing creepers. A few higher trees nearly met over its bed, in which could be just discerned a small thread of water, looking like a silver snake as the moon's rays fell on it through the dark foliage. A hundred thieves might lie there, thought I; and who could ever know the fate of a traveller who might so easily be surprised in such a spot? I was roused from my train of thought by my father, as he called out 'Hooshiaree!' [caution.] This was the preparatory signal. He went to the side of the cart, and represented to the Sahoukar that we had reached the stream, and that the bank was so steep, and the bed so stony, that we must get out and walk over to the other side, if no further. This was quite sufficient: the man got out, and after seeing the cart safely down the steep bank, was preparing to follow himself. The whole scene is now before me. The bullocks and their drivers, with the Thugs, were all in a confused group in the bed of the little stream, the men shouting and urging on their beasts: but it was easy to see that every man had a Thug close to him awaiting the signal. They were only a few feet below us, and the stream was so narrow that it was with some difficulty all could stand in its bed, especially when the cart reached the bottom. Above, stood my father, Hosenin, and myself—the Sahoukar, one of his servants, and several other Thugs. I was eagerly waiting the signal; I tightly grasped the fatal handkerchief, and my first victim was within a foot of me! I went behind him, as being preferable to one side, and observed one of the other Thugs do the same to a servant. The Sahoukar moved a step or two towards the road; I instinctively followed him—I scarcely felt that I stirred, so intensely was I observing him. 'Jey Kalee!' shouted my father: it was the signal, and I obeyed it! As quick as thought the cloth was round his neck; I seemed endued with superhuman strength—I wrenched his neck round—he struggled convulsively for an instant, and fell. I did not quit my hold; I knelt down on him, and strained the cloth till my hand ached; but he moved not—he was dead! I quitted my hold, and started to my feet: I was mad with excitement!—my blood boiled, and I felt as though I could have strangled a hundred others, so easy, so simple, had the reality been. One turn of my wrists had placed me on an equality with those who had followed the profession for years: I had taken the first place in the enterprise, for I had killed the principal victim! I should receive the praise of the whole band, many of whom I was confident had looked on me as only a child. I was roused from my reverie by my father. 'You have done well,' he said, in a low and kind voice; 'you will receive the reward of this soon; now follow me, we will go to the grave. Ere this the bodies have been collected, and I myself must see that they are properly disposed of. There will be a noise about this business, and it will need great exertion for us to get out of the road we are now travelling.' I followed him. We descended into the bed of the stream, and were led to the grave by one of the men; others, bearing the body of the Sahoukar, followed. We passed up the bed of the stream for a short distance; and near the mouth of a small nulla, the bed of which was dry, a number of the men were standing. 'The grave?' asked my father. 'It is up there,' said one; 'you will have to creep, and the thorns are very bad.' 'It matters not,' he replied; and we entered the place. The banks of the rivulet were perhaps two or three yards high, and the bed was so narrow that

but two persons could advance abreast. The creepers and trees were matted over head, and the sides so thick that it was impossible that any one could have got down from above. The tangled character of the spot increased as we proceeded, until it became necessary to free our clothes from the thorns which caught us at every step. In a few moments we heard the sound of voices; and after creeping almost on all-fours through a hole which had apparently been forced through the underwood, we came upon the grave. There was only one; it occupied almost the entire breadth of the stream; it was very deep, and the earth, or rather sand, had been thrown out on each end. The Lughaees were sitting there, sharpening stakes cut from the jungle; but they could scarcely be seen from the darkness of the place, which the thick wood above only partially allowed the moonbeams to penetrate. They were conversing in a low tone in the slang of the band, which I had not learned: my father spoke to them, or rather to their leader. 'You have had your wits about you,' he said, 'and we will think well of you when we make the distribution: this is a grave that even a jackal could not discover. Again I say, Peer Khan, you have done this properly; and it is well I have seen it, that I may speak of you as you deserve: but you must be quick—the night advances.' 'It is finished, Khodawund,' replied the man; 'we do but wait for another body which they say is coming, and the filling up will be done immediately.' As he spoke, the body of the Sahoukar was brought up by three men, who railed at it for its weight. 'It is their wont,' he said; 'do not speak to them; only watch what they do; for you must see all, that you may be fully acquainted with your duties.' I was silent. The corpse was dragged to the brink and thrown in, as also that of the servant, who had been killed close to the Sahoukar: incisions were made in their abdomens, and sharpened stakes driven through them. 'Were it not for the precaution you see,' said my father, 'the ground might swell, and the jackals would drag out the bodies; in this way, however, it is impossible.' When all was finished, quantities of stones which had been collected were thrown upon the bodies, afterwards thorns, and the whole was covered up with sand, which was carefully smoothed. 'I think this will do, Jamadar Sahib,' said Peer Khan; 'we may now leave the place. It is not likely that any one will come here to look for the Sethjee or his people, and the Sahibzada has seen how cleverly we have done our work.' 'Enough,' said I; 'I shall know how to act as a Lughia myself should I ever need it.' My father beckoned me to follow him. I stayed to see some dry sand thrown over the place, and proceeded with the others. The hole in the underwood made by us was closed up with great care; and a branch of a bush being broken off, and trailed after him by the hindmost man, obliterated every footmark in the dry sand of the Nulla.

Similar in the main points are most of the stories of murder; but sometimes the victims were strong and armed men; at other times numerous, and accompanied by women who were well guarded; and these make the varieties of the adventures and dangers of the Thug. On other occasions such as love-affairs, &c., the sketches of Oriental manners, customs, and society, are alone a high recommendation to this publication. We know not when we have seen them better depicted. Here, for instance, is a portrait:—

"Bhugrinath, one of the most skilful of the

band, was a complete exception to what I have said. He was a short, stout, active fellow; a man who aspired to be a jemadar, and with some reason. I have mentioned him before as the bearer of the sacred pickaxe. He was one of the most enterprising among us, and had conducted small expeditions, in which he had acquitted himself much to the satisfaction of those who had intrusted him with them. It was curious to see that man eat. He consumed, every day that he could get it, two seers of flour made into cakes, a quarter of a seer of ghee (clarified butter), and a large pot of milk containing upwards of a seer. It seemed impossible that one man could demolish the pile of cakes when he had baked them, and fairly sat down to eat them; but one by one they disappeared, accompanied by such draughts of water as would alone have filled any ordinary person. Towards the end of the pile, however, it was easy to see that his jaws could hardly perform their office, and it was almost painful to behold the distension of his stomach: he would stretch himself first on one side, then on the other; get up and stroke down the mass collected, apparently from his throat downwards, and again essay to finish what remained, and after many attempts he would sometimes succeed. Often have I seen two or more village dogs sit opposite to him, during the consumption of the mountain of cakes, looking wistfully at it, in the hope that a portion of each as he ate it might be thrown to them, watching and envying every mouthful as it passed into the apparently insatiable maw: but in vain! Sometimes Bhudrinath would divide the last two or three cakes between them, when every means of eating more had been tried and had failed; but it was oftener that desire of eating predominated. He would appear on the point of gratifying the dogs' expectations,—nay, would even break a piece off and hold it in his hand as if offering it: the dog would move towards him, but the coveted morsel disappeared as the rest had done, and he would return to his expectant station, to resume a watch which too often ended in disappointment. We often jeered him on his enormous consumption of food; but he used to declare that nothing under the daily allowance I have mentioned could satisfy him, or enable him to perform his duty."

An Eastern entertainment offers the next example. The actors are called Bhyroopeas.

"They were three in number; and twisting their faces into comical expressions, so as to cause the whole assembly to burst into a simultaneous fit of laughter, one of them stepped forward and said, that in the country whence he came there was once a nuwab, a very wise man, who governed his country as no one had done before, and was a lord victorious in war; and that, if the hoosoor pleased, his slaves were prepared to relate some of his adventures.—'Go on,' said the nuwab, 'we are attending; see that there is nothing indecent, for you are in the presence of the khamun.'—'Astefaralla! [God forbid!] cried all, making their salutation towards the screen; 'may the favour of the khamun be upon us, and may Alla give her a long life and posterity to bless her. Inshallah! we shall find favour in her sight, and take away our garments filled with gold.'—'They commenced: one of the men, dressed ridiculously as a child, personated the nuwab. The story begins with his youth, how he is petted in the zenana; and the two others changing their dresses to those of females, one is his mother, the other his nurse. The young nuwab is pampered, spoiled, becomes unruly,

is declared to be possessed by the Shitan; a moolah is called in, and charms and wonderful potions, prepared by the aid of magic, are administered. The great child screams and roars, kicks his mother and nurse out of the assembly, upsets all about him; and the confusion and noise created by all this, especially among the tuwaifs, made a scene of fun at which we all laughed heartily. In an incredibly short time the men again made their appearance, and the second act began. The child had grown up to be a youth, and to be fiery and uncontrollable. Women, wine, horses, and arms, are his enjoyments: reckless of every thing, he plunges into dissipation, sets his parents at defiance, runs into debt, is surrounded by sharpers and parasites, who despoil him of all he possesses; and he has given himself up to harlots and debauchery: and this ends the second part.—His father dies—he is now nuwab; he is the head of a proud house, has men and soldiers at his command, and his territory to manage. He forthwith kicks out his former companions, discards every one he had formerly had near him, good and bad together, and gives himself up to a new set of rogues who had preyed upon his father—men with hoary beards, only the greater adepts in villany. He has a quarrel with a neighbouring noble, and the two prepare for war. The troops are described: how they eat mountains and drink rivers; and the nuwab himself as going forth like a bridegroom to meet his bride, like the lightning from the thunder-cloud, or a river overrunning its bounds, terrible, irresistible, before whose glance men quail as before a lion! His horse and arms,—the former large of carcass, small of limb, feet large and broad, fleet as the antelope, courageous as the panther. Of the arms, the sword which, wielded by his father, had cut through a buffalo's skin and divided the thickest quilting. He goes forth, and the fight commences; the horse charge, and the nuwab and his enemy meet (each is mounted on the back of a man). They fight; sword after sword (made of wood) is splintered. One of the horses is killed; it is the nuwab's! He too is killed! he is at the mercy of his foe! No, he is up again; the fight is renewed; it is long doubtful; fresh weapons are given by attendants; at last he is victorious. Alla Akbar! the victory is won, the enemy is routed. Then follows the torture of the prisoners, the rifling of the zenana. There is one slave beautiful, small, delicate in form, an eye like the gazelle's, fair as the beauties of Rome or the fabled ones of England. She falls at his feet: he is captivated. She conquers, and the nika is performed. They live happily for some time; but the fame of the beauty of the daughter of a neighbour reaches him. His soul is on fire; his former love is neglected. He proposes marriage; it is accepted; the bride comes home, and a deadly jealousy ensues between the rival wives. The quarrels of the zenana are described; and by the shrieks of laughter from behind the screen, it was easy to believe how naturally all had been described and acted. The nuwab has reached middle age; he is now a father of a family, a respectable man, a religious man, surrounded by moolahs, who flatter him, and have usurped the places of his former companions. He is as debauched as ever; but it is not known; he passes for a just and good man, and his durbar is described, and his judgments. What was Solomon compared with him? or Hatim Tai, or Lokman the wise? And at each enumeration of his virtues the assembly loudly applauded, and directed their looks to the real nuwab who sat as the spec-

tator. Again the nuwab is shewn, old and decrepid, worn out by disease, surrounded by quacks, from whom he demands nostrums to make him young and vigorous. His zenana is fuller than ever of women, who flatter his vanity, tell him he is as young as ever he was, and yet are false to him; but he has a son who promises to excel his father, who is a Mejnoon in form, a Roostum in valour, before whom his father's enemies are scattered like chaff from the grain before the wind. The old nuwab is growing more and more decrepid and querulous. His fancies and longings are described in a most laughable manner; and, as the final event approaches, he sinks into his eternal sleep, sure of the seventy hours of Paradise, and the eternal youth, which is the portion of true believers. Having concluded, they stepped forward for the largess promised. 'Well, Meer Sahib,' said the nuwab to me, 'how like you this? have the men done ill or well?' 'Ul-humd-ul-illa!' said I; 'the works of Alla are wonderful, and assuredly these fellows are of his especial handiwork. I have seen many of their caste before, but never any like these.' 'They shall be well rewarded,' said the nuwab; 'and yet despite of our having laughed at the whole story, there is much of a moral in it, and much satire. Would that many of the rising generation could receive a lesson from it; they might become wiser and better men.' 'Ameen,' I replied; 'my lord's remarks are just. I did not notice the satire when I heard it; but now I feel it, and it is just.'"

The execution of a robber is another picture of the barbarity of these savages:—

"The mangs (hangmen) looked to me for orders, and I told them to proceed: it was clearly of no use to delay. The robber was again tightly pinioned and thrown on the ground, and the mang who held the knife he had been sharpening, dexterously cut both sinews of his legs close above the heel; he was then raised up, the noose put round his neck, and in another instant he was pulled up to the branch and struggling in his death agony. 'Pah!' said Bhudrinath, turning away, 'it makes me sick: what a contrast this is to our work, where he who is to die scarcely knows that the handkerchief is about his neck before he is a dead man!' 'You say truly,' said I; 'we have the advantage; but these mangs are miserable, outcast wretches.'"

Another Thug massacre is marked by peculiar and striking circumstances. They had strangled the devoted party, and their bodies were yet lying on the sand when—

"Two travellers were seen approaching, and the bodies were hastily covered with sheets, as if those who lay beneath them were asleep; and I cried to the men for some of them to sit and others to lie down, and all to feign great weariness. They did so, and the men came up; they were poor creatures, hardly worth killing, and I proposed to Peer Khan to let them go, but he would not hear of it. 'Let them go!' he cried; 'are you mad? Do you not think that these fellows already suspect who we are? Does a man ever come into the presence of the dead, he they ever so well covered or disguised, without a feeling that they are dead? and see, some of our men are speaking to them; they are true bunij, and Davee has sent them.' 'As you will,' said I; 'but there may be more of them.' 'Hardly so soon,' replied he; 'these fellows must have left in the night to be here so early: but come, let us ask them.' And we walked up to them. 'Salam!' said I; 'where are you from so

early? you have travelled fast if you have come from the stage we hope to reach in the course of the day; how far is it?" "It is seven long coss," said the man; "and the sun will be high and hot before you reach it; but we are in haste and must proceed." "Stay," said I; "dare not to move till you are allowed; and tell me, how many travellers put up last night in the village from whence you have come?" "Two besides ourselves," replied the other of the two, evidently in alarm at my question. "Why do you ask?" "Are you sure there were no more?" "Certain," he replied; "we travelled together from Jubbulpore, and put up in the same house." "And how far are they behind you?" "They will be here immediately, I should think, for we started at the same time but have outstript them." "Good," said I; "now sit down there and wait till they come." "Why is this?" cried both; "by what right do you detain travellers? we will go on." "Dare to stir at your peril," said I; "you have intruded on us, and must pay the penalty." "What penalty? are you thieves? if so, take what you will from us and let us go." "We are not thieves," said Peer Khan; "but stay quiet, we are worse." "Worse! then, brother, we are lost," cried one to the other; "these villains are Thugs; it is even as I whispered to you when you must needs stop among them; they have been at their horrid work, and yonder lie those whom they have destroyed." "Yes," said I, "unhappy men, you have guessed tight; yonder lie the dead, and you will soon be numbered with them; it is useless to strive against your destiny." I turned away, for I felt, Sahib—I felt sick at the thoughts of destroying these inoffensive people. They might have passed on—but Peer Khan was right; they had detected the dead, though the bodies had been laid out and covered as if the senseless forms were sleeping—but they lay like lumps of clay. No measured breathing disturbed the folds of the sheets which covered them; and a glance had been sufficient to tell the tale to the unfortunate people who had seen them. But I shook off the feeling as best I could; had I given way to it, or betrayed its existence to my associates, the power I possessed over them would have been lost—and it was the spirit of my existence. "They must die," said I to Peer Khan; "you were right, and they had guessed the truth; but I wish it had been otherwise, and the lazy Lughaees had done their work quickly; they might have passed on, and we have had a good morning's work without them; they are not worth having." "I would not exchange places with them for any thing you could name, Meer Sahib; and perhaps it were well to put them out of their suspense." "Do so, Peer Khan, and get the rest with them removed; I will deal with one of the other two coming up. These fellows are half dead already with fear, and the others I will fall on in my own way; I hate such passive victims as these will be." Peer Khan and another went to the miserable wretches, who remained sitting on the ground where we had left them. I watched them; they stood up mechanically when they were ordered to do so, and stretched out their necks for the fatal roomal, and were slain as unresistingly as sheep beneath the knife of the butcher. The rest of the travellers were not long coming, and were only two, as the others had said. "Now," said I to Motee, "these fellows must be dealt with at once: you take one, I will the other; they must not utter a word." "I am ready," said he; and we arose and lounged about the road.

The travellers came up. One was a young and the other an old man. I marked the young one, and as he passed me a Thug laid hold of his arm; he turned round to resent it, and I was ready. These, too, were carried away; and, after collecting our dispersed party, we once more pursued our route without interruption. It had been a good morning's work."

At one period, Ameer Ali and his Thugs joined a Pindaree force, and witnessed acts more diabolical than their own. Ghuffoor Khan, one of the Pindaree commanders, in the sacking of a town, furnishes the following appalling story:—

"Ghuffoor Khan was busy too. I had completed my work; I had torn ornaments from the females, terrified their husbands and fathers into giving up their small hoards of money; and having got all I could, I was preparing to leave the town in company with my Thugs, who never separated from me. We were passing through the main street on our return, when our attention was attracted to a good-looking house, from which issued the most piercing screams of terror and agony. I instantly dismounted, and bidding my men follow me, we rushed into the house. Never shall I forget the scene which met my eyes, which [when] we reached the place from whence the screams proceeded. There was Ghuffoor Khan, with seven or eight of his men, engaged in a horrid work. Three dead bodies lay on the floor weltering in their blood, which poured from the still warm corpses. Two were fine young men, the other an elderly woman. Before Ghuffoor Khan stood a venerable man, suffering under the torture of having a horse's nose-bag full of hot ashes tied over his mouth, while one of the khan's followers struck him incessantly on the back with the hilt of his sword. The miserable wretch was half choked, and it was beyond his power to have uttered a word in reply to the interrogations which were thundered in his ear by the khan himself as to where his treasure was concealed. Three young women, of great beauty, were engaged in a fruitless scuffle with the others of Ghuffoor Khan's party; and their disordered appearance and heart-rending shrieks too well told what had been their fate previous to my entrance. What could I do? I dared not openly have attacked the khan, though I half drew my sword from its scabbard, and would have rushed on him; but he was my superior, and had I then put him and his men to death, it could not have been concealed from Cheetoo, and what would have been my fate? So checking the momentary impulse, which I had so nearly followed, I approached him, and endeavoured to withdraw his attention from the horrible work in which he was engaged. 'Come, Khan Sahib,' I cried, 'near us is a house which has resisted my utmost efforts to enter: I want you to aid me, and, Inshalla! it will repay the trouble, for I have heard that it is full of money and jewels, as the family is rich.' I did not tell a lie, for I had endeavoured to break open the gate of a large house, but desisted when I was informed that it was uninhabited. 'Wait awhile,' said he; 'I have had rare sport here; these fools must needs oppose our entrance with drawn weapons, and I got a scratch on the arm from one of them myself. But what could they do—the kafirs! against a true believer? They fell in this room, and their old mother too, by my own sword. My men have been amusing themselves with their wives; whilst I, you see, am trying to get what I can out of this

obstinate old villain; but he will not listen to reason, and I have been obliged to make him taste hot ashes.' 'Perhaps he has naught to give,' said I; 'at any rate, he cannot speak while that bag is over his mouth; let it be removed, and we will hear what he has to say.' 'Try it,' said the khan; 'but we shall make nothing of him you will see.' 'Remove the bag,' cried I to the Pindharee, who was behind him; 'let him speak; and bring some water; his throat is full of ashes.' The bag was removed, and a vessel full of water, which was in a corner of the room, was brought and put to his lips; but he rejected it with loathing, for he was a Hindoo and a Brahmin. 'Drink!' cried the infuriated khan, at beholding his gesture; 'drink, or, by Alla, I will force it down thy throat! Kafir, to whom the urine of a cow is a delicacy, darest thou refuse water from the hands of a Moslem?' 'Blood-thirsty devil!' said the old man, in a husky voice, 'water from thy hands, or any of thy accursed race, would poison me! I would rather drink my own sons' blood, which is flowing yonder, than such pollution!' 'Ha! sayest thou so? then, in the name of the blessed Prophet, thou shalt taste it! Here, Sumund Khan, get some up from the floor; yonder is a cup—fill it to the brim; the old man shall drink it, as he would the wine of Paradise!' 'Hold!' cried I to Ghuffoor Khan; 'you would not do so inhuman an act?' 'Nay, interfere not,' said the khan, setting his teeth; 'you and I, Meer Sahib, are friends—let us remain so; but we shall quarrel if I am hindered in my purpose; and has he not said he preferred it to pure water?' Sumund Khan had collected the blood, and the cup was half filled with the warm red liquid—a horrible draught, which he now presented to the miserable father. 'Drink!' said he, offering the cup with a mock polite gesture; 'think it Ganges water, and it will open thy heart to tell us where thy treasures are.' Ghuffoor Khan laughed loudly. 'By Alla! thou hast a rare wit, Sumund Khan; the idea should be written in a book: I will tell Cheetoo of it.' But the old man turned from them with loathing, and his chest heaved as though he were about to be sick. 'There is no use wasting time,' cried Ghuffoor Khan; 'open his mouth with your dagger, and pour the draught into it!' It was done; by Alla! Sahib, the two did it before my eyes,—fends that they were! Not only did they pour the blood down the old man's throat, but in forcing open his mouth they cut his lips in a ghastly manner, and his cheek was laid open. 'Now tell us where the gold is!' cried Ghuffoor Khan. 'Of what use is this obstinacy? Knowest thou not that thy life is in my power, and that one blow of my sword will send thee to Jehanum, where those fools are gone before thee?'—and he pointed to the dead. 'Strike!' cried the sufferer,—'strike! your blow will be welcome; I am old, and fit for death. Why do ye delay?' 'But the gold,—the treasures!' roared the khan, stamping on the ground. 'Why, are you a fool?' 'Gold, I have told ye, I have none,' he replied; 'I told you so at first, but ye would not listen. We gave you all we had, and ye were not satisfied. Ye have murdered my sons and my wife, and dishonoured my daughters. Kill us all, and we will be thankful.' 'Hear him!' cried the khan savagely; 'he mocks us. O the wilful wickedness of age!—is it not proverbial? One of you bring some oil and a light; we will see whether this humour can stand my final test, which has never yet failed.' By this time the house was full of Pindharees, and, if I had

wished it, I had not dared to interfere further. I stood looking on, determined to let him have his course; he was only hastening his own fate, and why should I prevent it? The oil was brought, and a quantity of rage were torn from the dhotees, or waist-cloths, of the murdered men. They were dipped in the oil, and wound round the fingers of the old man to as great a thickness as was possible. 'Now bring a light,' cried the khan, 'and hold him fast.' A light was kindled, and the man held it in his hand. 'I give you a last chance,' said the khan, speaking from between his closed teeth; 'you know, I dare say, the use your fingers will be put to; be quick and answer, or I will make torches of them, and they shall light me to your treasures, which I warrant are hidden in some dark hole.' 'Do your worst!' answered the old man, in a desperate tone. 'Ye will not kill me; and if my sufferings will in any way gratify you, even let it be so; for Narayun has given me into your power, and it is his will and not yours which does this. You will not hear me cry out though my arms were burnt off to the sockets—I spit at you!'—'Light the rags!' roared Ghuffoor Khan; 'this is not to be endured.' They were lit—one by one they blazed up, while his hands were forcibly held down to his sides to accelerate the effect of the fire. Alla, Alla! it was a sickening sight. The warm flesh of the fingers hissed under the blaze of the oiled rags, which were fed from time to time with fresh oil, as men pour it upon a torch. The old man had overrated his strength. What nerves could bear such exquisite torture? His shrieks were piteous, and would have melted a heart of stone; but Ghuffoor Khan heeded them not: he stood glutting his savage soul with the sufferings of the wretched creature before him, and asking him from time to time, with the grin of the devil, whether he would disclose his treasures. But the person he addressed was speechless, and after nature was fairly exhausted he sunk down in utter insensibility. 'You have killed him,' I exclaimed. 'For the love of Alla, let him alone, and let us depart; what more would you have? either he has no money, or he will not give it up.'—'Where be those daughters of a defiled mother?' cried he to his followers, not heeding what I said to him. 'Where are they? Bring them forward, that I may ask them about the money, for money there must be.' But they too were dead! ay, they had been murdered also; by whom I know not, but their bodies were found in the next room weltering in their blood. The news was brought to the khan, and he was more savage than ever; he gnashed his teeth like a wild beast; he was fearful to look on. The old man had revived, for water had been poured on his face and on his fingers; he raised himself up, looked wildly about him, and then gazed piteously on his mutilated hands. Were they men or devils by whom he was surrounded? By Alla! Sahib, they were not men, for they laughed at him and his almost unconscious actions. 'Speak!' cried the khan, striking him with his sword, 'speak, kafir! or more tortures are in store for thee.' But he spoke not—he was more than half-dead: misery and torture had done their utmost. The khan drew his sword. Again he cried, 'Speak!' as he raised the weapon above his head. I fancied I saw the old man's lips smile, and move as though he would have spoken: he cast his eyes upwards, but no word escaped him. The sword was quivering over his head in the nervous grasp of the khan; and seeing he got no answer, it descended with its full force on the

old man's forehead, almost dividing the head in two. Need I say he was instantly dead? I was satisfied; Ghuffoor Khan's cup too was full; for my own determination was made on that spot.—I swore it to myself as I looked at the dead and rushed from the house."

And if ever Thug did a righteous deed, it was in the strangling of this monster. But we have not room to tell of his justifiable end; nor any other of the incredible incidents with which these volumes abound. They are altogether so curious, that even the revolting nature of the system which they unfold, in all its details, cannot keep them from general circulation; and indeed, as a theme on which to try the profoundest speculations upon the being MAN, their revelations are unequalled by all we have ever read of cruelty and butchery.

Three Months in the North; including Excursions in Tellemark and Ringerike: with an Itinerary. By George Downes, M.A. &c. 12mo. pp. circ. 160. Edinburgh, 1839. Blackwoods; London, Cadell; Dublin, Cumming.

MR. DOWNES has held the pen of a various writer for some twenty years. His translations from Sophocles, poetry, travels, guides, and other productions, have from time to time come before us, and been noticed as they deserved. The present small volume is, as far as it goes, a useful addition to the late tours in the North with which the public has been favoured by several authors; and in the Appendix are illustrations of northern literature and antiquities, which give an interest to these branches of pleasing inquiry. An extract relating to the excursion from Christiania into Tellemark will serve to shew the character of the work, and the wild and primitive nature of the country and its inhabitants:—

"Towards midnight we emerged from the forest, and I dimly discerned a group of cottages. This was Bolkesjoe, a farm where we were to abide for the night. Under the guidance of Dame B. we entered a substantial wooden building, two stories high. On ascending the stairs I found myself in a corridor tenanted by a *carriole*, one of those small light vehicles so common in Norway, which are the very reverse of our *sociables*, being intended for one person alone. My chamber breathed of primitive times. At one side were two beds, or rather square wooden cribs, and the walls were full of pious inscriptions, among which was one over the beds importing:—

'True fear of God, the seed of virtuous acts,
Guides you to all that God or law exacts.'

I rose early to survey the premises. On stepping out I found myself in a field, in which were above a dozen buildings, formed of solid trunks of trees, and resembling rather a hamlet than a solitary farm. The principal one was the dwelling-house—a distinct building from the inn, of which we were the sole occupants—another a repository for wood, another a car-house. In a kind of oblong trough, on the slope of a hillock, grew a few tufts of grain, and wisps of vegetables. The scene around was of a stunted Alpine character. On the west rose the Gousta, the highest mountain in the south of Norway; and below the farm extended a lake, into which ran a pine-covered headland, a prolongation of our midnight forest. We were now in Upper Tellemark—the boundary between the government of Bratsberg, to which it belongs, and that of Buskerude, in which Kongsberg is situated, lying between this and Møen. As I issued from my nocturnal abode Dame B. issued from hers,

and shortly after Gulich, the *gudeman* himself, appeared in a green jacket and brown breeches, both highly embroidered. He is a substantial farmer, is considered to be an intelligent and courteous man, and has even sat in the *Storting*, or Norwegian parliament. Our breakfast-room contained his library, consisting of a few shelves of theology and law—meet studies for the man and the senator. Among the profane works was a Danish translation of Jouy's 'Morals applied to Politics.' This wigwam was a complete academy of inscriptions. On a drinking-bowl was one importing:—

'The ale, in sooth, is good to drink,
But many have no cash to chink.'

"A long day's journey intervened between Møen and Kongsberg, distant seven Norwegian miles and three-quarters. This journey afforded us no favourable specimen of Norwegian posting. The first station was Stjernæs. Here, and at the second, Rodstæt, we had to wait a long time for horses, which are furnished by the peasants, as there are no regular post-horses on the roads in Norway. At the third station, Giellerud, a girl, sent in quest of a relay, soon returned. However, there was no appearance of a carriage; and I was marvelling how we should get on, when I observed an old man with a plank and saw in his hands descending towards the road, and it instantly struck me that he was going to *build one*. I was quite right. On the road I had noticed a common cart, which had already caused me some misgivings. On this the old innovator nailed a piece of the plank, by way of a seat, while a sack of chaff supplied the cushion. I entered my protest against this proceeding in the post-regulation-book; but I afterwards heard at Kongsberg that the postmasters are not bound to furnish carriages at all, though the charge for carriages is defined by law as well as that for horses. At Svenesund, the post-station next to Kongsberg, there was an auction, which appeared to have called all the resources of the rural wardrobe into play. Young Norwegian dandies were strutting about with all the pride which a consciousness of buttons and embroidery could inspire; and many a Norwegian dandinette felt exalted at the idea that one day the whole concern would be hers—dandy, buttons, and all! On appearance, of course, gave no inconsiderable zest to the entertainment; few English travellers, I believe, ever passing this way. The peasants—many of whom, to judge from the number of horses, had come from a distance—were very civil, and made way for me as I approached to gratify the whim of buying some article. I listened to the numerals discharged from the mouths of the bystanders; and, when satisfied that there was no danger of my confounding the terminations *teen* and *ty*, I successfully bid for a couple of handkerchiefs, enhancing the price by some fraction of a penny, paid the king's duty, and carried them off in triumph."

Letters from Germany and Belgium. By an Autumn Tourist. 12mo. pp. 232. London, 1839. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

THE preface to this agreeable little volume offers the common apology, that the Letters were "intended chiefly to gratify personal friends," and make "no pretensions to the character of finished productions, such as the public usually look for," which is rather too much in the way of crying stale fish; for if not fit for the public, works ought not to be published. Well, we will attribute the excuse to modesty; but, as the larger portion of the contents has

already appeared in monthly periodicals, we are, by our system, prohibited from the usual illustrations; which would be repetitions of familiar things. We can truly say, however, that from Hamburg to Berlin, Leipzig, Dresden, Toeplitz, Prague, Vienna, Lintz, Munich, Augsburg, Stuttgart, Frankfurt, Mayence, Brussels, &c. &c., the country, and the places themselves are briefly but cleverly described; and that for travellers pursuing this route, or any part of it, the book will be found to be both very convenient and useful. We transcribe a few lines at hazard:—

"Continental travelling embraces so great a variety of pleasures, commencing with activity and change of air for the benefit of health; and offering an everchanging field for observation and reflection, that it would perhaps be difficult to conceive any more delightful combination of terrestrial enjoyments. It is therefore scarcely to be wondered at that, from a refined and wealthy nation such as England, nearly 150,000 roamers are generally to be found—scattered through the various states of the Continent; to whom travelling yields health and recreation abundantly, as well as a certain measure of acquaintance with the leading characteristics of other people. Another of its advantages, and perhaps not the least wonderful, is the impression it produces on the mind, by causing time to be viewed through such a varied and magnifying medium as to create an apparent increase of existence; for three months, well employed in this manner, actually appear, when viewed retrospectively, as lengthened out into several times their natural extent. So much having been seen, felt, admired, and learned, in a brief period, one feels strongly disposed to doubt the possibility of such a concentration of impressions; thus confirming a theory with which you are no doubt familiar, that the mind naturally estimates time chiefly by the number or succession of ideas and events. There is, however, another view to be taken of continental travelling, which it is not altogether so agreeable for one's patriotism to remember; and that is the inconceivable amount of money thus scattered abroad, which, if distributed at home, would tend to the relief of distress, and to the improvement, in a thousand different ways, of our own country and our own people. The national loss thus sustained is, perhaps, not generally estimated at its full amount; for reckoning the medium number of English residents and travellers abroad at 125,000, which is the usual calculation, and taking 150*l.* as the average expenditure of each, it will amount to the enormous sum of above eighteen millions and a half sterling annually."

Hallam's Introduction to the Literature of Europe.

[Second notice.]

WE continue, according to promise, our review of Mr. Hallam's book.

When we talk of the Elizabethan style, or the Elizabethan period of literature, we use an expression which is not altogether correct; for the forty-four years of Elizabeth's reign embraced more than one period and style both in poetry and in prose. The literature of the earlier years of this reign exhibits much of the simplicity of the older popular literature, but it is rather *mediocre*; in the middle of the reign, the taste for learning and foreign languages mixed with the peculiar character of the court of the virgin queen, produced a style that was full of pedantry and far-fetched conceits; whilst in the latter years of this century we have the first examples of that pure and nervous style

which characterised so many of the writers of the following age. In illustration of what we have just said, we need only observe that the celebrated play of "Gammer Gurton's Needle" was written in the earlier years, and that some of the best pieces of Shakspeare appeared in the latter years, of the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

The first who broke through the dullness of the earlier period was Sackville, who wrote the "Induction to the Mirrour of Magistrates." We will begin with Hallam's account of this poem:—

"Sackville's 'Induction' forms a link which unites the school of Chaucer and Lydgate to the 'Faery Queen.' It would certainly be vain to look in Chaucer, wherever Chaucer is original, for the grand creations of Sackville's fancy; yet we should never find any one who would rate Sackville above Chaucer. The strength of an eagle is not to be measured only by the height of his place, but by the time that he continues on the wing. Sackville's 'Induction' consists of a few hundred lines; and even in these there is a monotony of gloom and sorrow, which prevents us from wishing it to be longer. It is truly styled, by Campbell, 'a landscape on which the sun never shines.' Chaucer is various, flexible, and observant of all things in outward nature, or in the heart of man. But Sackville is far above the frigid elegance of Surrey; and, in the first days of the virgin reign, is the herald of that splendour in which it was to close. English poetry was not speedily animated by the example of Sackville. His genius stands absolutely alone in the age to which, as a poet, he belongs. Not that there was any deficiency in the number of versifiers; the Muses were honoured by the frequency, if not by the dignity, of their worshippers. A different sentence will be found in some books; and it has become common to elevate the Elizabethan age in one indiscriminating panegyric. For wise counsellors, indeed, and acute politicians, we could not perhaps extol one part of that famous reign at the expense of another. Cecil and Bacon, Walsingham, Smith, and Sadler, belong to the earlier days of the queen. But in a literary point of view, the contrast is great between the first and second moiety of her four-and-forty years. We have seen this already in other subjects than poetry; and in that we may appeal to such parts of the 'Mirrour of Magistrates' as are not written by Sackville, to the writings of Churchyard, or to those of Gouge and Turberville. These writers scarcely venture to leave the ground, or wander in the fields of fancy. They even abstain from the ordinary commonplaces of verse, as if afraid that the reader should distrust or misinterpret their images."

We think Mr. Hallam's criticism on the pastoral poetry of Spenser extremely judicious:—

"An epoch was made, if we may draw an inference from the language of contemporaries, by the publication of Spenser's 'Shepherd's Kalendar,' in 1579. His primary idea, that of adapting a pastoral to every month of the year, was pleasing and original, though he has frequently neglected to observe the season, even when it was most abundant in appropriate imagery. But his 'Kalendar' is, in another respect, original, at least when compared with the pastoral writings of that age. This species of composition had become so much the favourite of courts, that no language was thought to suit it but that of courtiers; which, with all its false beauties of thought and expression, was transferred to the mouths of shepherds. A striking instance of this had lately been

shewn in the 'Aminta;' and it was a proof of Spenser's judgment, as well as genius, that he struck out a new line of pastoral, far more natural, and therefore more pleasing, so far as imitation of nature is the source of poetical pleasure, instead of vieing, in our more harsh and uncultivated language, with the consummate elegance of Tasso. It must be admitted, however, that he fell too much into the opposite extreme, and gave a Doric rudeness to his dialogue, which is a little repulsive to our taste. The dialect of Theocritus is musical to our ears, and free from vulgarity; praises which we cannot bestow on the uncouth provincial rusticity of Spenser. He has been less justly censured on another account, for intermingling allusions to the political history and religious differences of his own times; and an ingenious critic has asserted that the description of the grand and beautiful objects of nature, with well-selected scenes of rural life, real but not coarse, constitute the only proper materials of pastoral poetry. These limitations, however, seem little conformable to the practice or the taste of mankind; and if Spenser has erred in the allegorical part of his pastorals, he has done so in company with most of those who have tuned the shepherd's pipe. Several of Virgil's 'Eclogues,' and certainly the best, have a meaning beyond the simple songs of the hamlet; and it was notorious that the Portuguese and Spanish pastoral romances, so popular in Spenser's age, teemed with delineations of real character, and sometimes were the mirrors of real story. In fact, mere pastoral must soon become insipid, unless it borrows something from active life or elevated philosophy. The most interesting parts of the 'Shepherd's Kalendar' are of this description; for Spenser has not displayed the powers of his own imagination so strongly as we might expect in pictures of natural scenery. This poem has spirit and beauty in many passages, but is not much read in the present day; nor does it seem to be approved by modern critics. It was otherwise formerly. Webb, in his 'Discourse of English Poetry,' 1586, calls Spenser 'the rightest English poet he ever read,' and thinks he would have surpassed Theocritus and Virgil, 'if the coarseness of our speech had been no greater impediment to him, than their pure native tongues were to them.' And Drayton says: 'Master Edmund Spenser had done enough for the immortality of his name, had he only given us his 'Shepherd's Kalendar,' a masterpiece, if any."

The following are Mr. Hallam's remarks on the ballad-poetry of this age. For our own part, we are led, by various circumstances which we have observed, to believe that the distinction between Scottish ballads and English ballads, unless we take it with respect to the age alone, is quite fictitious. We are inclined to think that not only the ballads themselves, with the exception of the local ones, but that the airs, also, existed as an earlier period in England. The poetry of the minstrel, repeated with accidental variations from age to age, lived in the memory, and not in books, and it was only by a fortunate accident that any particular ballad was committed to writing. The very existence of the true minstrel depended upon that feudal spirit of clan-ship which disappeared in England, particularly in the southern and midland parts, at a comparatively early period, but which continued to exist in Scotland up to recent times. At the era of which we are now speaking, this spirit of clan-ship, among that part of the population of Scotland which spoke a Saxon

dialect, was strongest on the English borders, and was still felt, though in a somewhat less degree, throughout the northern counties of England. As this spirit had disappeared from the south, the representatives of the older minstrel took shelter in, and were confined to, the northern districts; and with them still lived that class of poetry which, in its pure form, had in the time of Elizabeth long disappeared from the parts where it had previously flourished. A few coincidences which we have ourselves remarked, confirm us strongly in this view of the case; which, it may be observed, explains exactly the circumstances stated by Mr. Hallam:—

“It would be a great omission to neglect, in any review of the Elizabethan poetry, that extensive, though anonymous class, the Scots and English ballads. The very earliest of these have been adverted to in our account of the fifteenth century. They became much more numerous in the present. The age of many may be determined by historical or other allusions; and from these, availing ourselves of similarity of style, we may fix, with some probability, the date of such as furnish no distinct evidence. This, however, is precarious, because the language has often been modernised; and passing for some time by oral tradition, they are frequently not exempt from marks of interpolation. But upon the whole, the reigns of Mary and James VI., from the middle to the close of the sixteenth century, must be reckoned the golden age of the Scottish ballad; and there are many of the corresponding period in England. There can be, I conceive, no question as to the superiority of Scotland in her ballads. Those of an historic or legendary character, especially the former, are ardently poetical; the nameless minstrel is often inspired with an Homeric power of rapid narration, bold description, lively or pathetic touches of sentiment. They are familiar to us through several publications, and chiefly through the ‘Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,’ by one whose genius these indigenous lays had first excited, and whose own writings, when the whole civilised world did homage to his name, never ceased to bear the indelible impress of the associations that had thus been generated. The English ballads of the northern border, or, perhaps, of the northern counties, come nearer in their general character and cast of manners to the Scottish; but, as far as I have seen, with a manifest inferiority. Those, again, which belong to the south, and bear no trace either of the rude manners or of the wild superstitions which the bards of Ettrick and Cheviot display, fall generally into a creeping style, which has exposed the common ballad to contempt. They are sometimes, nevertheless, not devoid of elegance, and often pathetic. The best are known through Percy’s ‘Reliques of Ancient Poetry,’ a collection singularly heterogeneous, and very unequal in merit, but from the publication of which in 1774, some of high name have dated the arrival of a genuine feeling for true poetry in the public mind.”

We now come to the chapter on the English Stage, during the age of Elizabeth, in which Mr. Hallam has made due use (which they well merit) of the labours of Mr. Collier on this interesting part of our literary history. Mr. Hallam observes of Shakspeare:—

“Of William Shakspeare, whom, through the mouths of those whom he has inspired to body forth the modifications of his immense mind, we seem to know better than any human writer, it may be truly said, that we scarcely know any thing. We see him, so far as we do see

him, not in himself, but in a reflex image from the objectivity in which he was manifested; he is Falstaff, and Mercutio, and Malvolio, and Jaques, and Portia, and Imogen, and Lear, and Othello; but to us he is scarcely a determined person, a substantial reality of past time, the man Shakspeare. The two greatest names in poetry are to us little more than names. If we are not yet come to question his unity, as we do that of ‘the blind old man of Scio’s rocky isle,’ an improvement in critical acuteness doubtless reserved for a distant posterity, we as little feel the power of identifying the young man who came up from Stratford, was afterwards an indifferent player in a London theatre, and retired to his native place in middle life, with the author of ‘Macbeth’ and ‘Lear,’ as we can give a distinct historic personality to Homer. All that insatiable curiosity and unwearied diligence have hitherto detected about Shakspeare, serves rather to disappoint and perplex us than to furnish the slightest illustration of his character. It is not the register of his baptism, or the draught of his will, or the orthography of his name, that we seek. No letter of his writing, no record of his conversation, no character of him drawn with any fulness by a contemporary can be produced.”

For the detailed criticisms on Shakspeare, which are generally too long to extract, we refer to the work itself. We will similarly abstain from several extracts which we had marked out, and will close our notice this week with two short passages. On the whole, we think Mr. Hallam has hardly appreciated some of our earlier popular prose literature. The controversial tracts of the earlier part of Elizabeth’s reign, such as those by Thomas Norton, are often well written, and display no little eloquence. If we go back still further, the prose writings of the Wickliffites are extremely vigorous and elegant as compositions; and the same may be said of some of the older English Catholic writings. On the prose writers of Elizabeth’s reign, Mr. Hallam closes with the following general observations:—

“It must be owned, however, by every one not absolutely blinded by a love of scarce books, that the prose literature of the queen’s reign, taken generally, is but very mean. The pedantic euphonism of Lilly overspreads the productions which aspire to the praise of politeness; while the common style of most pieces of circumstance, like those of Martin Mar-Prelate and his answers (for there is little to choose in this respect between parties), or of such efforts at wit and satire as came from Greene, Nash, and other worthies of our early stage, is low, and, with a few exceptions, very stupid ribaldry. Many of these have a certain utility in the illustration of Shakspeare and of ancient manners, which is neither to be overlooked in our contempt for such trash nor to be mistaken for intrinsic merit. If it is alleged that I have not read enough of the Elizabethan literature to censure it, I must reply, that, admitting my slender acquaintance with the numberless little books that some years since used to be sold at vast prices, I may still draw an inference from the inability of their admirers, or at least purchasers, to produce any tolerable specimens. Let the labours of Sir Egerton Brydges, the British bibliographer, the ‘Censura Literaria,’ the ‘Restituta,’ collections so copious, and formed with so much industry, speak for the prose of the queen’s reign. I would again repeat, that good sense in plain language was not always wanting upon serious subjects; it is to polite writing alone that

we now refer. Spenser’s ‘Dialogue upon the State of Ireland,’ the ‘Brief Conceit of English Policy,’ and several other tracts, are written as such treatises should be written; but they are not to be counted in the list of eloquent or elegant compositions.”

On Literary Correspondence:—

“Another source of information was the correspondence of scholars with each other. It was their constant usage, far more than in modern times, to preserve an epistolary intercourse. If their enmities were often bitter, their contentions almost always violent, many beautiful instances of friendship and sympathy might be adduced on the other side; they deemed themselves a distinct class, a priesthood of the same altar, not ashamed of poverty, nor disheartened by the world’s neglect, but content with the praise of those whom themselves thought worthy of praise, and hoping something more from posterity than they obtained from their own age.”

MISCELLANEOUS.

Forty Sermons; with an Introductory Essay on the Origin, Rights, and Duties of the National Church. By the Rev. Richard Cattermole, B.D. 8vo. Pp. 463. London, 1839. Parker; Rivingtons; Hatchards; Rickerby; Rice.

We can hardly speak too highly of this volume, which does honour to the author in his position as a divine belonging to the Established Church, to his talents as a literary man, and to his intellectual capacity as an enlightened judge of all that concerns the religious instruction of the English people. If he firmly asserts the rights of the Church, he does not disguise its duties; if he ably traces its origin and authority, he does not shrink from declaring the improvements which the progress of society has rendered expedient. The introductory essay, though short, is very impressive; and the sermons inculcating, in language well suited to the different subjects, every obligation of religion and morality—what we owe to God, our neighbours, and ourselves—are of so eminently virtuous and practical an order, that we do not hesitate most earnestly to recommend them to every Christian and Christian family.

Des Idées Napoléoniennes. Par le Prince Napoléon-Louis Bonaparte. 8vo. Pp. 229. Londres, 1839. Colburn.

THE political character of this volume, the views it takes of the measures of Napoleon, and, we presume, the ulterior views for the promotion of which it is published, remove it from the category of our literary review. All we can say of it is, that it is written with elegance and spirit, justifies the reign and all the plans of the Emperor, and ascribes his fall to his attempting to accomplish too much for the liberty of France and the benefit of Europe, within too short a space of time; because, in short, “Il voulut, en dix ans d’empire, faire l’ouvrage de plusieurs siècles.”

The Collected Works of Sir Humphry Davy, Bart., LL.D., F.R.S., &c. Edited by his Brother, John Davy, M.D., F.R.S. Vol. I. Memoirs of his Life. Pp. 475. London, 1839. Smith, Elder, and Co.

A PORTRAIT, from a bust of the distinguished individual to whose collected works this biographical volume is a prelude, adorns it as a frontispiece; and there are autographs and other illustrations. The *Memoirs* appear to us not to be very materially altered from the *Life* already separately published by Dr. Davy; and therefore we need only speak of the present edition as a necessary portion of the

valuable philosophical and other interesting productions of Sir Humphry Davy.

Life of Mrs. Siddons. By Thomas Campbell. 12mo. Pp. 278. London, 1839. Moxon.

A VERY pretty edition of the life of our most distinguished female tragedian. Could we have one like her now, or even within many degrees of her excellence, what a treasure it would be for the stage! It is in this department that we are most lamentably deficient; and the want weakens the cast of almost every lofty play.

A Letter from Peter Wilkins to Isaac Tomkins. Pp. 24. (London, Southgate).—A bitter political attack on Lord Brougham. The following, however, is but too generally applicable, and we quote the preface in the hope that it may be considered by some one or other:—

"To be serious and 'review' a little—public men are greatly changed from what they were once, when the point of honour was to abide by the result of long study and matured judgment. A forty years' opinion is now flung overboard in a moment of caprice. Insincerity is the law of the day; the people are duped openly now to a degree unparalleled; seal and good offices from individuals, acknowledged by many professions of obligation, are repaid with coldness and evasion by public men who can benefit their own selfishness no longer by them: just as the people are made the victims of a more extended insincerity. The bonds of high feeling in politics seem now to be loosened; public men without political honour are every where encountered. To the old severity and pride of character, to the dread of the impeachment of judgment, and the destruction of the bond of public respect, has succeeded a recklessness of public opinion, if a name can but be obtained—if men can only be talked about. There is more of Fieschi than we dream of in the world—of spirits that would dare all things for a damnation to everlasting fame."

The Authors of France, &c. by Achilles Albites, R.A., and B.L. Pp. 71. (London, Whittaker and Co.)—*A coup d'œil* over the literature of France: a mere outline it is true, but a pleasing little book,—a sort of historical and anecdotal catalogue.

On the Discharging, Discharging, and Pensioning of Soldiers, &c. by H. Marshall, F.R.S.E. 8vo. pp. 259. (Edinburgh, Black; London, Longman and Co.)—That a work of this class should have reached a second edition, is a proof of its value. The Deputy Inspector-general of Hospitals has done a praiseworthy duty in giving it to the public, and shewn himself a true friend to the army.

Travels in the East, &c. by A. de Lamartine. (Edinburgh, Chambers; London, Orr and Co.)—This is with justice called the "People's Edition," for it is a good translation of Lamartine's well-known and highly appreciated work, in an 8vo. of 320 pp. and double columns, at the price of 3s. 9d. A memoir of the author is also given, and explanatory notes. In another form, the cost must be four or five times as much.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

WATER-SPOUTS.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR,—In your Number of the 29th June, I observe you express a wish to obtain information from those who have been accustomed to observe water-spouts, under what appearance they first present themselves. Having myself, on various occasions, been surrounded by many of them during calms in the West Indies, I beg to acquaint you that they have generally presented themselves as issuing from black clouds, from twenty to thirty yards in diameter, from the centre of which would descend a funnel of about the size of a beer-barrel of six or eight feet in length, which, when it had descended about that distance, would be again drawn up by an apparent suction of a body in the clouds; from which it would again descend about double the first distance of its first descent, when it would again, from an apparent suction, be drawn up into itself, and thus alternately react, until it came in contact with the sea, which it appeared to act upon as a pump, by drawing up the water into the cloud; which, when it became surcharged, disgorged itself again into the sea, and so continued to act, until the power acted upon it within the cloud became apparently exhausted, and the cloud itself dispersed. In short, when I saw one of the kind of funnels which I have described, it always reminded me of one of those powder-puffs which my servant, half a century ago, used to make use of to give my head a

frosted appearance; and which powder-puff he contracted or elongated as circumstances required. Such appeared to me the water-spouts as above described by, Mr. Editor, your humble servant,
A. M.

July 16th, 1839.

ELECTRO-MAGNETIC PRINCIPLE.

A RECENT number of Bennet's "New York Herald" contains the following account of the successful application of the Electro-Magnetic Principle:—

"Yesterday morning we visited a new establishment, erected at 68 Gold Street, for the construction of machinery to be put in motion by the application of the electro-magnetic fluid, or spirit. In the apartments we found several machines in different states of construction—one of them, of a large size, being then in operation. The machine in operation consists of a large wheel, of about sixteen or seventeen feet in circumference, placed in a vertical position, and surrounded with four large magnets operating on its outward circumference, with the smaller ones near the centre. Within a few inches stands the galvanic battery, for the generation of the fluid that sets the whole in motion. The construction of the battery is so well known, that it is hardly necessary to enter upon a description. It is in the form of a rectangular tub; in which is placed a series of zinc and copper plates, immersed in a weak solution of sulphuric acid. The battery is attached to the large electric wheel by a series of metallic conductors. The operation of the wheel is most striking. In a certain portion of the machinery the fluid, interrupted in its movements, emits, with a snapping noise like a percussion-cap, vivid and most brilliant flashes of light, equal in intensity to the lightning of heaven. This succession of flashes continues during the operation of the machinery. We put our finger into the centre of the flash, but no sensation, except the ordinary one, was produced—but on the application of a piece of steel, the material was melted into red and orange sparks, and gradually corroded under the action of the fluid. The movement of this machine presents one of the most beautiful and extraordinary experiments in electro-magnetism that we ever witnessed. But its beauty and magnificence are its least recommendation. It brings us at once to a new era in mechanics and motion. This wheel is equal in power to that of two able-bodied Irishmen, in giving movement to any kind of machinery. Another machine was shewn us, equal to four or five men; and preparations are making to construct machines of any extent of power. This new application of the electric spirit, or fluid, has removed all the difficulties which Cook and Davenport met with, two years ago, in their attempts at the same thing. We are making arrangements on ourself to set aside our steam engine, and to procure one of these electric machines to drive our double-cylinder printing press. We learn that a machine suitable for our purposes will cost about three hundred dollars, and that the expense of keeping it a-going all the time will be only equal to twenty-five cents per day, consisting of sulphuric acid to supply the battery, exclusive of the metallic plates of zinc and copper, which are only changed at long intervals. The company of private gentlemen who have brought this great invention to perfection have expended about 12,000 dollars in experiments, during the last year. They have procured a patent right and a charter, and they will probably organise themselves very soon. They will

then receive subscriptions for the stock. On the whole, we look upon the invention of applying the power of the electric fluid to mechanics and motion as now complete. Every difficulty has been surmounted, and some of the first engineers of America and Europe have acknowledged the truth of what we now say. It is, beyond a doubt, one of the greatest and most wonderful inventions of the age. The safety, ease, economy, and power over such machinery, are beyond all other systems. The danger from fire is entirely obviated; for although the fluid, during the operation of the machinery, flashes forth in a succession of big, brilliant drops of liquid fire, to all appearance, yet a piece of paper, even gunpowder, may be applied to this apparent fire, but no ignition takes place. It ignites steel or iron, or other metals, but no non-conducting substances. We trust the proprietors will open their thunder and lightning manufactory, and let the public see the extraordinary invention which is now brought to inimitable perfection. In less than a month we hope to print the 'Herald' by the operation of the same fluid which forms the thunder and flashes through the heavens in lightning."

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR,—As my son was endeavouring, on Monday last, to get a nibble from some poor gudgeon, or other simpton of the finny tribe, in the New River, his hook became entangled with sundry MS. letters of men, the giants of those days; such as Samuel Johnson, Addison, and other *ejus generis*. Many others, it appears by his statement, and that of two piscatory attendants, were floating in the stream beyond the length of his rod and line. Those brought home by the little "fool at the one end," as Johnson has partially defined fishing, were in such a state, from aquatic saturation, as scarcely to be decipherable; yet I can make out clearly, after some pains, the following specimens, and more will be sent, if desired.—

Johnson to Richardson.

"Dear Sir,—I am extremely obliged by the favour you have done me. To quarrel with what is received, because one does not receive more, is not justifiable; yet I have almost a mind to retain these sheets. Will you send me the other volume? To wish me to go on as you have begun, would to many be a very kind wish; but you, sir, have, beyond all other men, the art of improving on yourself. I know not, therefore, how much to wish, as I know not how much to expect; but of this be certain, that much is expected from the author of 'Clarissa.' I am, sir, your obliged, humble servant,
SAMUEL JOHNSON."

Now what does this prove? A variety of the most obvious and interesting facts—the most startling of which, perhaps, is, that Johnson condescended to lower his colossal mind to the level of Richardson's, in aiding him in supplying sentimental and passion-feeding trash to the sensualists of those sensual and unintellectual times.

Another thing picked out of oblivion is from Addison to Wortley. *Verbatim et literatim*, as in the preceding case, it runneth thus:—

"Dear Sir,—The last time I had the honour to see you, I was in so much haste that I could not tell you that I had been talking of your *litt-a-tite* to my Lord Harfax that day, who expressed himself with a great deal of friendship and esteem. I have not yet made the grand experiments. We think here as you do in the country, that France is on her last legs."

By a mail just now arrived, we hear that the Duke of Marlborough had made a movement, to prevent the junction of the two armies under the Dukes of Vendome and Berwick. They give out that they will resign all, rather than lose little; and they of the army are of opinion that we are at the point of a general action, which our friends are very eager upon. There has been an action between the Marshal de Villars and the Duke of Savoy, which the French tell to their advantage; but as soon as our letters come from Switzerland, we hope to have a better account of it: for the French letters own that, immediately after their pretended success, the Duke of Savoy took Exilles. I am, dear sir, your most faithful and most humble servant,
J. ADDISON."

"Aug. 17th, 1706, &c."

Another letter is from Queen Anne to the Duke of Marlborough, &c. &c. These letters are certainly of considerable interest, and may be considered of great value to the parties who have lost them. Those which so accidentally have been preserved, shall be instantly restored to any one who can adequately describe them; and I deeply regret that the whole parcel was not within reach of my picaresque juveniles. I have the honour to be, sir, your most obedient servant,
J. M. F. W.

18 Devereux Court, Temple,
24th July, 1830.

PINE ARTS.

THE NELSON COLUMN.

WE have been much amused with the history of this famous column, which, now that the matter is settled, may, without injury to any one, be put on public record as a memorial how such things are done, and a sample of the excellences to be expected from the much-bepraised principle of public competition in national works of art.

The artist, as we formerly noticed, though an able architect, was utterly inexperienced in sculpture. Strongly backed, however, by *Somebody* who could, in the event of success, supply that portion of the monument, Mr. Railton's design—drawn, as we are informed, by another hand, and being in its columnar character simply an enlargement of one of Mr. Wilkin's fluted pillars in the portico of the National Gallery—was duly laid before the committee. Opinions in his favour were vouchsafed to the ears of a majority of these noblemen and gentlemen; and the votes, canvassed and influenced by such opinions, awarded the prize to the Brobdingnagian column. The decision made, it became necessary to enter upon details, and a curious result ensued. The estimate was 30,000*l.*; viz. 14,000*l.* for the column, and 16,000*l.* for the sculpture; consisting of the statue of Nelson at the top, the reliefs on the four sides of the pedestal, and the lions which were to watch the corners. Mr. Railton, of course, stated that he must employ *Somebody* to execute these works;—he himself would build up the granite, but as for the bronze he knew nothing of it. Then appeared the secret springs and movements by which the business had been managed; and the committee began to catch a glimmering light at the way, and for what purpose, they had been bamboozled.

It may readily be believed that their sense of their position was not exactly such as to render them complacent to others, or quite satisfied with themselves. Some of them felt as if they had been tricked into an immature decision, and they rather indignantly set their faces against finishing the job in the manner that had been hoped for. It was resolved, and we

think judiciously resolved, not to give the sculpture to any one individual, and especially to an individual who had not entered into the competition; but to divide it among the most eminent and meritorious of those artists who had answered their invitation, and sent in models for their judgment. Thus we understand that Mr. Bailey is to execute the statue of Nelson; Mr. Lough, the lion's guardant (his own sailors, or Mr. Worthington's, would be more appropriate); and several other distinguished artists the emblematical figures on the sides of the pedestal.

When all is completed, may we not truly say that this is a Monument of the *Composite class* !

SKETCHES.

THE MACREADY DINNER.

IN every thing that regarded the spirit and intention of this entertainment, the meeting went off with the utmost *clat*. The great hall was filled with company; the tables graced with a rare proportion of individuals, highly distinguished in various walks of life; and nothing could exceed the enthusiastic reception given to the Guest of the day, and the renewed thunders of applause whenever an allusion to him afforded an opportunity for expressing these sentiments of popular admiration and public and private esteem.

In the course of the evening, the assembly were addressed by H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex, the chairman; who, in proposing the health of Mr. Macready, enlarged upon his merits as a gentleman, his talents as a member of the stage, and his patriotic exertions for the restoration of the English drama; and also by the Marquess of Conyngham, Mr. Milnes, Sir E. Lytton Bulwer, Mr. Shiel, Lord Nugent, Sir Martin Shee, Mr. Dickens, and Mr. Serle. All concurred in doing honour to the personal virtues, the genius, and the disinterested zeal and unbending integrity with which Mr. Macready had carried through the arduous struggle of two seasons, and once more placed the profession of an actor and the character of dramatic literature and representation upon that elevated position, without occupying which they are a disgrace instead of a credit to a civilised people.

There were two or three points which interfered somewhat with the perfect enjoyment of the scene, and which arose from the stewards not being conversant with the duties of their office, or taking any trouble to fulfil them. There was not one of their number at the side-tables to regulate their proceedings, and see to the comfort of the guests.* All were on the *deist*, and ranged at the topmost places, leaving the company to shift for themselves, and act as they liked. One of the consequences was a considerable and disagreeable inclination to noise at the "lower end of the hall," which interrupted the speakers, and often rendered them inaudible to the more quiet, who were anxious to hear them distinctly. Had stewards been at the bottom as crouplers, this would not have happened. Mr. Milnes' toast was another injudicious arrangement. The "Memory of Shakspeare" was not fit for an exhilarated and numerous social meeting. In a lecture-room, such a theme might be listened to; but on an occasion like this, where the many cared

only to see persons of some note, and application to the immediate business of the day, no eloquence upon any other topic could hope for attention; and these two causes co-operating, rendered Mr. Milnes' address, after a few sentences, a period of confusion. These trifling drawbacks, however, had no effect upon the general harmony, which was improved by the music under Mr. T. Cooke, with a delightful band of assistants, including Miss Rainforth, Miss Hawes, Hobbes, Bellamy, and other eminent vocalists.

The royal duke sat till eleven o'clock; and it may with truth be stated that there was nothing wanting which could gratify the feelings of the individual to do honour to whom the *fête* was given. A subscription was entered into, and above 300*l.* at once subscribed, to present him with a piece of plate; and it was more than once suggested that if the patent theatres again retrograded, a strenuous effort should be made to obtain a House worthy of the country of Shakspeare, and the labours and superintendence of Macready.

THE DRAMA.

Her Majesty's Theatre.—*William Tell* has been produced; but it is, after all, a heavy opera, and we need not go into any criticism upon it.

Drury Lane.—At a stormy meeting of the proprietors on Wednesday, Lord Glengall in the chair, Mr. Dunn read the report of the managing (?) committee, from which it appeared that there was an arrear of rent within the last three years amounting to 12,211*l.*; and that last season only 1350*l.* had been paid out of the stipulated 6000*l.* Such is one of the results of degrading the stage; not to mention the severe privations and insults to which the performers have been exposed. It is true that the principal losers among them, those in the upper classes of the profession, are not to be pitted; for persons who lend themselves to countenance the lowest practices, and evince no feeling of self-respect, deserve to suffer with the cause they betray. The poorer orders, unhappily, cannot help themselves; and their condition is grievous.

After making the theatre what they have allowed it to be made, the proprietors have been fortunate in getting Mr. Hammond to take it for three years, at the reduced rent of 5000*l.* per annum.

Haymarket.—On Monday, Mr. Kean took his farewell benefit in *Hamlet*, which is thought to be his best character. The house was crowded to the utmost, and at the close the applause was of the most enthusiastic description. Covent Garden (market), as far as flowers are concerned, was thrown upon the stage of the Haymarket.

On Tuesday, Mr. Buckstone's new comedy, *Single Life*, was produced with entire success. The plot is amusing, and the principal characters truly original; the acting is in all parts equal to the author's conception; and to the buoyancy, activity, and unflinching exertions of the performers (including Mr. Buckstone), he is deeply indebted for the unequivocal reception of the piece. We have some difficulty in particularising where all are so good: but Mr. Strickland's "Woman-hating Bachelor," and Mrs. Glover's "Man-hating Spinster," are glorious specimens of what comic acting should be: nothing can go beyond the blunt ill-breeding of the latter, who shews us here the perfection of what may be called the Old School—and one scene, a quarrel between these two, is full of the richest humour. Mr. W. Lacy, foppishly dressed, and

* But for the excellent management of Messrs. Cuff, this would have been still more annoyingly felt. It is a curiosity to see how so crowded a company are provided for, and attended to, through their experienced arrangements.

gentlemanly looking, is the very perfection of a "self-loving bachelor." Mr. Buckstone is from top to toe a bashful youth; and Mr. Webster and Hemming, also bachelors (fluctuating and mysterious), aid and abet the laughter-provoking actors and actresses afore-named; and Mrs. W. Clifford, Mrs. Dawson, Mrs. Fitzwilliam, and Miss Travers, are powerful auxiliaries, as vilified, singing, insinuating, and romantic spinsters. If genuine merriment and warm applause may be considered a token of success, Mr. Buckstone's comedy will long claim a foremost place.

On Wednesday, a two-act drama, called *The Village Doctor* (from the French, we believe, and by Mr. Webster himself), followed the new comedy; it is serious, and possesses few claims to public favour, unless we can find entertainment in seeing a first-rate comic actor (Mr. Farren) in a poor part more than half tragic; a sweet actress (Mrs. W. Lacy) with scarcely any thing to do; and the only fun consisting of indelicacy (to use the softest term) allusions. Its reception was doubtful.

English Opera House.—This theatre opened on Monday, under the direction of Mr. Balfe, and until Thursday no novelty was produced; the *Opera Buffa di Diadeste, or the Veiled Lady*, being revived, and other favourite musical pieces nightly added to its attractions. The composer's (Mr. Balfe) own light and airy acting, and his sweet voice in unison with that of Miss Rainforth and of Mr. Fraser, are the most pleasing things in this production; which is, however, we observe, about to yield to new performances announced for next week.

On Thursday a farce, from the ever-popular pen of Mr. Lover, was played with entire success. It is called the *Hall Porter*, and the humor is drawn from a tallow-chandler's lady (Mrs. Garrick), who has succeeded to a millionaire uncle, assuming the habits of her Order in Belgrave Square, and looking much for instruction, in her course of proceedings, to her servant in that capacity (Mr. F. Mathews), who has lived forty years as porter to a duke. Her endeavours to act the genteel and noble under such auspices are excellent; and as both performers conceived and acted their parts capitally, there was no want of laughter to reward them and the author. An honest Irish footman (Lee), and an impudent cockney ditto (Hoxton), accompanied by another worthy of the same kidney (Sanders), added much to the fun, and to the piquancy of a satire not ill-deserved by the class to which they belong. But the great merit of the farce is the extreme neatness and force of the dialogue. The hits are continual and palpable; and, in truth, some of the wit is almost too fine for the species of entertainment. It is imbued with the genuine *vie comica*. In the usual love-affair, Mr. Brindal and Miss Lucy Bennett sustain the weight of the feathery god; and Mr. Turnour, Mr. Cullenford, Mr. Bender, Miss Goward, and Miss Connelly, fill the minor characters with good effect. The curtain fell, and the *Hall Porter* was announced to open the doors hereafter with great applause; Mr. Lover was loudly demanded, and made his bow on walking across the stage.

In the *Quaker*, which followed, Mr. Leffer sang the "Lads of the Village" delightfully, and was encored.

Strand Theatre.—Another clever and amusing novelty has been added to the merry stock of this little theatre. *Seth Slope* affords ample opportunities for the display of the Yankee talent of Mr. Hill, whose exhibition of American peculiarities in dress, speech, and action, brings the manners of a class of her citizens

more significantly and readily home to us, than even the Great Western or the British Queen. It is a laughable affair.

VARIETIES.

Grace Darling.—We were unfortunately too late to see a painting of this interesting subject by Mr. Parker, which was taken on the spot shortly after the unfortunate wreck of the *Forfarshire*; but, through the kindness of the Messrs. Ackermann (for whom it is engraving), we have been permitted a view of the etching by Mr. Lewis, which is highly characteristic, and holds forth promise of the future excellence of the print. The subject is of deep interest, and particularly to all connected with maritime affairs.

Mr. Martin's Picture of the Coronation has been on private view since our last. Its general effect is splendid, and gorgeous in the extreme. We have had no opportunity to make ourselves acquainted with the details.

Botanic Gardens.—On Thursday, a second promenade was opened for the exhibition of the grounds of this new Society, in the inner circle of the Regent's Park. The day was very favourable, and the specimens of botanical productions, and other sights and arrangements, met with great approbation. Some new and beautiful plants and instruments of culture attracted particular notice.

Tea-Totalism is flourishing, according to newspaper paragraphs; and ships go to sea under its strictest rules, with sailors, usually so superstitious, not afraid of the ominous name of *Wreck-abites*.

Sentimentality.

"Oh, see you flock of lovely sheep
Browse on the mountain's side!"

Thus to her hungry grandpapa
A miss romantic cried:

"Thou silly, sentimental child!

How shall I hope to meet her!

Lovely—when perhaps among them all

There is not one that's tender!"—H. M.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[We think so highly of the literary usefulness of the following Hints, that we have been induced to commit a wholesale robbery, "go the whole hog," and reprint them entire: for which we hope their author will pardon us.—Ed. L. G.]

A Few Hints to Novices in Manuscript Literature. By James Orchard Halliwell, Esq. F.R.S., &c. &c., of Jesus College, Cambridge. London, 1839. Rodd; Cambridge, Stevenson.

THE questions that are constantly asked by persons requiring individual references to the authority of manuscripts, make me compile the following few notes, which are sent into the world to form a prelude to a larger treatise, will prove useful to many. It need scarcely be remarked that they are not addressed to the antiquary, because it is only a small portion of his incipient study to make himself acquainted with every thing here brought together; but, at the same time, this scrap of information may be beneficial to one whose studies are of a more modern nature, and yet occasionally wanting access to materials constructed previously to the invention of typography. For such an one, then, these brief memoranda are intended.

I.—Catalogues of Manuscripts.

The principal printed Catalogues we possess of MSS. in England are the following, which I have put down, without any arrangement, in the order they stand in my library:—

1. Catalogi librorum manusciporum Anglie et Hibernie in unum collecti, fol. Oxon. 1697.

BODLEIAN.

1. Codices Græci Baroccliani, p. 1.
2. Codices Græci xxvi. Hebraici i. Arabicus i. et Latini i. ex dono Thomæ Ros. p. 35.
3. Codices Græci xxii. Russici ii. Pars residua bib. Barocclianæ acceptæ ex dono Oliveri Cromwelli, p. 39.
4. Codices MSS. var. ling. Guil. Leand. p. 48.
5. Cod. MSS. Latini Kemeini Digheii, p. 77.
6. Cod. MSS. ex dono Thomæ Bodleii, p. 69.
7. Cod. MSS. Orient. Johannis Seideni, p. 157.
8. Cod. MSS. in Hypocod. Bodleiano vastarum linguarum et beneficiorum variorum, p. 161.
9. Collect. Dodsworth, p. 187.
10. Collect. Leland, p. 235.
11. Cod. MSS. Fr. Junii, p. 240.
12. Collect. Richardi Janseni, p. 258.
13. Jo. Casauboni adversaria, p. 268.

14. Gerardi Langbaini adversaria, p. 268.
15. Cod. MSS. ex dono Thomæ Mareschalli, p. 272.
16. Cod. MSS. Eduardi Pocockii, p. 274.
17. Libri Orientales Roberti Huntingtoni, p. 279.
18. Libri Orientales Thomæ Hyde, p. 286.
19. Cod. MSS. Thomæ Barrovii, p. 288.
20. Cod. MSS. Gulielmi Dugdalei, p. 292.

OXFORD.

1. Bibliotheca Savilliana, p. 299.
2. Bib. Ashmollana, p. 315.
3. Cod. MSS. Ant. à Wood, p. 359.
4. College Libraries (sep. pag.).

CAMBRIDGE.

1. College Libraries (sep. pag.).
2. Bibliotheca Publica.

Then follow slender catalogues of other MSS. libraries in England and Ireland, which need not be referred to here. It may be mentioned, that the whole volume is most wretchedly executed: it was published under the direction of Edward Bernard.

II. A Catalogue of the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum. By Archdeacon Nares and others. 4 vols. fol. Lond. 1808-12. [The first portion of this Catalogue is very well compiled, but the third volume is full of imperfections. An index, classed and alphabetical, comprises the fourth volume.]

III. A Catalogue of the MSS. of Francis Hargrave, now deposited in the British Museum. By Sir Henry Ellis. 4to. Lond. 1818. [Consisting almost exclusively of law.]

IV. A Catalogue of the Lansdowne MSS. in the British Museum. By Mr. Douce and Sir Henry Ellis. Folio. Lond. 1819. [In two parts: the first comprises the Burghley papers.]

V. A Catalogue of the MSS. in the King's Library in the British Museum. By David Casley. 4to. Lond. 1794. [Generally very correct.]

VI. A Catalogue of the additional MSS. in the British Museum, including the Sloan and the Birch collections. By S. Ayscough. 2 vols. 4to. Lond. 1782. [This is an absurd attempt at a classed catalogue, and, without exception, is the very worst failure at a classification that has ever come within the notice of the learned world: the principal information that can be got from it, is that the author (who appears to have been a man more fitted for making an index to Mr. Dickens's "Pickwick" than any thing else, and I question whether a more low literary labour could be pointed out,) was not able to read a page of an old MS. correctly. A new catalogue of these MSS. is in the press. Besides Ayscough's catalogue, there are in the reading-room, 23 volumes in MS. of catalogues of additional manuscripts.]

VII. A Catalogue of the Cottonian MSS. in the British Museum. By Mr. Planta, folio, 1802.

VIII. A Catalogue of the Arundel MSS. in the British Museum. By the Rev. J. Forshall, fol. 1834. [This catalogue is constructed on a most excellent plan, and completed with equal or more ability than any other I am acquainted with.]

IX. A Catalogue of the Burney MSS. in the British Museum, fol. 1839. [A catalogue of the Oriental MSS. in the Museum is in course of publication. The part containing the Syriac and Chaldaic MSS. is already published.]

X. A Catalogue of the MSS. in C. C. College, Cambridge, by James Nasmith. 4to. Cantab. 1777. [A very able catalogue by Nasmith, of the MSS. in the Public Library, yet remains unprinted.]

XI. Cod. MSS. ecclesiæ cathedralis Dunelmensis catalogus classicus, descriptus a Thomæ Rud. fol. Dusehm. 1824.

XII. A minute Catalogue of each particular MS. contained in Wood's collection at Oxford, by William Hurd, 8vo. Oxford, 1761. [This has been reprinted by Sir Thomas Phillips, Bart., in folio, at his private press, Middle-Hill, Worcester-street.]

XIII. Bibliotheca Bodleiana Cod. MSS. Orientalium Catalogus, fol. Oxon. 1797-1831.

XIV. Codices MSS. et impressi cum notis manuscipis, olim d'Orvilleani, qui in Bibliotheca Bodleiana adservantur. 4to. Oxon. 1805. [The earliest existing MS. of "Euclid's Elements of Geometry," written in the ninth century, is in this collection.]

XV. Catalogus sive notitie Manuscipiorum, qui a Cel. E. D. Clarke, comparati in Bibliotheca Bodleiana adservantur. Pars prior. 4to. 1812. (T. Galsford.)

XVI. A Catalogue of the Archiepiscopal MSS. in the Library at Lambeth Palace, fol. Lond. 1812. [By Todd. This is generally considered to be a good catalogue, but not, I think, by any one who has had occasion to examine many of the MSS. It is full of imperfections and errors.]

XVII. Catalogi librorum manusciporum, qui in Bibliotheca Gallie Helvetice, Belgii, Britannicæ M., Hispaniæ, Lusitanie adservantur, nunc primum editi a D. Gustavo Haenel. 4to. Lipsæ. 1830. [Of all the execrable works that ever any mortal had the maximum impudence to place before the view of a civilized literary world, this is by far the very worst. Not a single MS. is properly described: the majority without dates, while miscellaneous raris, volumes of old English poetry, opuscula, &c. occur in every corner. The list of catalogues of foreign libraries of MSS. is good, and to it I refer the reader, because, in many cases, I could do little more than transcribe their titles.]

II.—Initial Abbreviations.

The following is a list of some of the most common ones for the letter A, and will serve to show the multifarious nature of these abbreviations:—

Ab	Alter	Argentum
Abesto	Amantissimus	Aristoteles
Abi	Ambo	Artificialis
Actiacus	Amen	Asia
Actio	Amicus	Assignatus
Actus	Amis	Amis
Ad	Anima	At
Adilia	Animus	Auctor
Adilius	Anulus	Auctoritas
Adilla	Anus	Augusta
Adriarum	Ante	Augustalis
As	Antiocha	Augustus
Ager	Antonius	Aulus
Agro	Apollo	Aurelius
Agrippa	Apponere	Aurum
Agrippina	Apud	Auspicium
Aio	Aqua	Aus
Ala	Anstrum	Auxilium
Albus	Arbitratus	Avis
Alius	Arbitrium	Avus.

III.—Abbreviations in General.

It is not my intention to enter very fully into this subject, preferring to leave that labour for my future treatise on Palaeography. It may be well, however, to warn the uninitiated transcriber against the fatal error of conjecture in matters of this nature, except where satisfactory demonstration cannot possibly be discovered, and he may be then prevented from mistakes similar to the ignorant one of attributing to the mystical letters I H S the convenient interpretation of *Jesus Hominum Salvator*, and perhaps avoid a modern congregation of eleven thousand virgins and martyrs.

The scepticism of the uninitiated in matters of this nature is perfectly astonishing, and numerous instances have fallen under my notice where hesitation at belief as to the age and interpretation of manuscripts has been shewn towards men most skilled in manuscript lore. I remember some time ago being fairly and perpetually contradicted, when I stated that a certain MS. had been written about 1470, the exhibitor of it being fully convinced in his own mind that it belonged to the reign of Elizabeth, — a discrepancy absolutely ridiculous, and shews the strange though happy ignorance of some wise-acre possessors of manuscripts. It would be well to inform such men that the age of a middle-age manuscript can in most cases be ascertained much more accurately than the best conjecturer could determine that of a human being.

The facsimile opposite the title-page is from a charter preserved in the August Office of the time of 1 Ed. III.; the following is an interpretation, if it may be so termed:—

"Omnia Christi Fidelibusque Scriptum visuris vel audituris Wilhelmus de Hotot de Wolveston Selu. Novit illis me concessisse et dimississe Adm Robat de eodem duas Rodas Terra Jacutes in Campa de Wolveston Videlicet una Roda super Langdonhij juxta Terram Johanne Hotot et una Roda super Blackelond juxta Terram Rogeri Grumbaud habendum et tenendum predictas Rodas Terra predicta Adm et Assignatis suis ad Terminum Vitae sue et duorum Annorum subsequenter post vitam dictae Adm libere quiete reddendo mihi per Annum unum Roman ad Festum Sancti Johannis Baptiste et ego predictus Wilhelmus et Haeredit mei totum predictum Terram predicta Adm et Assignatis suis ad Terminum predictum contra omnes Gentis varantissimus. In cuius rei Testimonium hunc presentem scriptum in modum Circographi confecto Sigilla nostra alternatim apposuimus. Hic Testibus Johanne de Hotot, Rogero Grumbaud, Johanne Jekis, Lamberto de Cloyton et Henrico Martyn et alijs Datum apud Wolveston Die Dominica in Festo Sancti Lucae Evangeliste Anno Regni Regis Edwardi Tertij a Conquestu primo."

This will serve to give the reader some idea of the nature of easy MS. contractions.

In some early printed books the contractions are numerous. For example, the following passage from Okham's 'Logic,' the contractive marks omitted, is not at first sight very evident in meaning:—

"Sic hic e fal sm qd ad simplr a e pducibile a Deo g a e et sic hic a n e g a n e pducibile a Deo."

* In old Latin manuscripts the Greek letters of the word Jesus are always retained, with the exception of the terminations. Jesus is written I H S, or in smaller characters i h s, which is the contraction for *Iesus*; from which it is evident that the Latin scribes confused the *s* and the *h*, — not surprising when we take into consideration their identity as capitals, and the extreme ignorance of the transcribers. It is often retained in old English manuscripts, as for instance in the commencement of a poem called "Paseo Domini," in the Cambridge Public Library, Ff. 5, 48:—

"Herkyus now! if ye wille here
Off mycull pyte; ye now lere
Off ihs that va alle wrought;
And syn he oure sowles bowt."

In Greek manuscripts, however, only the first and last letters invariably occur. The dash over the word—the symbol of abbreviation—some have changed to the sign of the cross—

† I H S

and so generally has the monkish interpretation of *Jesus Hominum Salvator* been adopted, that even now in some churches on the continent it is inscribed at full length.

The meaning of which is:—
"Sicut hic est fallacia secundum quod ad simpliciter.
A est producibile a Deo; ergo A est; et similiter hic; A non est; ergo A non est producibile a Deo."

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July.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 18	From 60 to 71	29.56 to 29.62
Friday... 19	... 55 ... 69	29.60 ... 29.61
Saturday... 20	... 56 ... 69	29.65 ... 29.74
Sunday... 21	... 54 ... 67	29.50 ... 29.50
Monday... 22	... 54 ... 69	29.57 ... 30.02
Tuesday... 23	... 56 ... 67	29.58 ... 29.63
Wednesday 24	... 58 ... 70	29.78 ... 29.72

Wind, S.W.

Except the 23d, generally clear; with frequent showers of rain.

Rain fallen, .6575 of an inch.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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Will J. F. M. W. communicate with us, and enlighten our darkness as to the actual U.M?

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Travels in Western India, embracing a Visit to the Sacred Mounts of the Jains, and the most celebrated Shrines of Hindu Faith between Rajpootana and the Indus; with an Account of the Ancient City of Nehrwalla. By the late Lieut.-Col. James Tod, author of "Annals of Rajast'han." Royal 4to. pp. 518. London, 1839. Allen and Co.

THIS work, which has been unavoidably delayed till we read the melancholy words "*the late*" upon its title-page, and applied to its estimable author, is nevertheless quite, or very nearly as complete as it was left by his hand. In 1829 and 1832 appeared his two splendid and interesting volumes, the "Annals of Rajast'han"—(see *Lit. Gazette* of these years)—volumes which opened our eyes to more of the ancient history and early arts, commerce, and relations of this important division of the great peninsula than it had been previously conceived to be possible to rescue from the oblivion of ages. Ruins, records, inscriptions, traditions, coins, were all brought forward, investigated, and discussed; and the new lights which these threw, not only upon Hindu affairs, but upon the connexion of the countries with Greek, Roman, Arabian, and Scythian invasions and intercourse, were of a nature to create a very lively sensation, and originate those inquiries which have since added so much to our historical and geographical information.* As a sequel to the "Annals," the present publication takes its place among the most valuable contributions, to our knowledge of India; and fully confirms the claim of its writer to be ranked among the highest and most original authorities who have devoted their time, talents, and learning, to the elucidation of the many important subjects involved in Oriental researches. Truly does Col. Tod speak of his labours when he says, in a fragment of MS. left by him, "Heart and soul did I labour for the one, and with the same idolatrous affection for the subject have I given up every pursuit, every thought, to this, in the hope of making the Rajpoots known by their works. The scene is removed; but I linger awhile in the skirts of Rajpootana, to lead my reader into the hardly less interesting region of Saurashtra, and to the mounts, as sacred to the monotheistic Jain as were Gerazim or Sinai to the Israelite."

A memoir of the author, describing the noble services he performed in Rajast'han, and in contributing to the overthrow of the Pindarries, those cruel devastators of the fairest regions of Western India, is prefixed to these "Travels."† The first twenty-two years of the present century he spent in that service, eighteen of them among the fine race of Rajpoots, and five in the discharge of the highest functions of government; and, during the whole of that period, endeared himself to the natives of all classes, whilst he effectually promoted the

best interests of the English Empire. In this memoir we find the following summary of universal interest, as exposing the first steps towards, and the foundations of, subsequent inquiries into the antiquities of the land:—

"Before the successful researches of Col. Tod, no dogma was more generally acknowledged, than that the Hindus had no native history; though it was naturally and pointedly asked, 'If the Hindus have no history, where did the Mahomedans discover the facts which are recorded by Abulfazl?' The course pursued by Colonel Tod, in exploring the historical works of the Rajpoots, is described in the Introduction to the first volume of his 'Annals of Rajast'han.' He appears to have had unrestricted access not only to the archives of the princes, but to the immense libraries of the Jain sect (of which his guru, or preceptor, was a learned member), which appear to have escaped the scrutiny of the Mahomedans, from whence he was permitted to bring away MSS. of considerable value: these are deposited in the library of the Royal Asiatic Society. The rana of Méwar allowed him to borrow from his archives those sacred volumes, the 'Puranas,' from whence he deduced the genealogy of the Rajpoot tribes. Raja Maun, of Marwar, a man of literary taste, and remarkably well read, had copies made for him of the principal histories of his family, which are likewise deposited in the Society's library. The 'Book of the Johyas,' a race of Jits, occupying one of the districts of Bikanér (amongst whom some traditions of Alexander the Great are preserved), was sent him by the prime minister of Jessulmér. Amongst other valuable historical works obtained by him in the country, may be mentioned the poems of Chund, the Rajpoot Homer (or rather Ossian), of which Colonel Tod possessed the most complete copy extant, and which are esteemed authentic history; and various Charitras, particularly the 'Komarpal Charitra,' or history of Anhulwara, from whence he has incorporated copious extracts into this work. No subsidiary aids were neglected; he was indefatigable in his search for inscriptions, grants, coins, and other similar records, which are the most irrefragable of historical documents. In the course of these researches, he discovered (on his homeward journey), at Puttun Somnath, on the coast of Saurashtra, an inscription, in the Devanagari character, which not only fixed the era of the Balhara kings of Nehrwalla, but disclosed a peculiar era, the Balabhi Samvat. His skill in deciphering dates concealed, or rather secured from sophistication, in the cryptographic form, was of great advantage at a time when the art was by no means extensively known, even among the pundits of India. 'Many inscriptions,' he observes, 'have been passed by me as useless, from their not containing the date in numerals; nor was it until the last years of my researches that my yati (preceptor), through the medium of the prime, and some more learned of his sect (the Jain), solved this difficulty, as well as the enigmatical character of several of these inscriptions.' Colonel Tod was the first to make known in Europe this peculiar system, which has since been fully developed by M. von

Schlegel, M. Csoma de Koros, and Mr. James Prinsep. Nor were his archaeological investigations exclusively limited to purely Hindu antiquities. His discoveries of Bactrian and Indo-Grecian coins, of which he accumulated a considerable number,* and his learned and accurate illustrations of them, initiated the study of a branch of numismatic science which has since produced important results. The biography of Colonel Tod is now taken up in the work which is in the hands of the reader, wherein he relates the cause of his quitting India; the reason why, notwithstanding the reduced state of his health, instead of proceeding directly to the nearest sea-port, he commenced a circuitous journey of discovery (the motives to which are highly characteristic of his distinguished zeal in the cause of science), the scenes and objects he met with, and the incidents which attended this journey. It will be sufficient to say, that he bade farewell to the capital of Méwar on the 1st June, 1822, arrived at Bombay on the 14th January, 1823, and in the following month embarked for England. A long interval of uninterrupted tranquillity and repose should have been allowed to repair the wear which body and mind had undergone during so many years of excitement in an enfeebling climate; but his generous purpose was incomplete until he had imparted to the world the knowledge he had gained, and until he had made 'his Rajpoots,' as he affectionately termed them, known to the people of Europe. Instead of carefully nursing his health, he applied himself eagerly to the arrangement of the immense mass of materials he had accumulated† for his meditated work, which demanded incessant toil and study. The consequence of thus overtaxing his physical powers was, that, in 1825, his labours were interrupted by an attack of the same character as that which, ten years later, terminated his valuable life."

We now address ourselves to the *Travels*, of which the author says:—

"First, I determined to cross the alpine Aravulli, in my route to the Olympus of India, the celebrated Aboo, in one of the lines of its greatest breadth, either through the independent Bhil communities of Ogunah Panurwa, or by the more intricate region, the source of the Bunas river, said to be the highest point of this grand mountainous range. Secondly, to descend its northern declivity to Marwar, and skirting this magnificent hem of the desert, penetrate by Sirohi to Aboo. Various reasons combined to recommend the latter course, in preference to an object of no small interest, that of visiting those aboriginal communities, which have long been isolated, geographically and politically, from all other societies. So far back as 1808, one of my parties had traversed these tracts, and brought me accounts of their primitive and independent condition, which

* "These he bequeathed by will to the Royal Asiatic Society."

† "His collection of MSS., coins, and antiquities, the most valuable of which were presented to the India House or the Royal Asiatic Society, were subjected to heavy duties and charges in this country; and there is amongst his papers a list of these articles, with the charges upon them paid by him, amounting to 72*l.*, headed, in his hand-writing, 'Encouragement to Oriental literature.'"

* Especially by Mr. James Prinsep, for whose discovery of the name of Antiochus the Greek in Girnar inscriptions, and other antiquarian proceedings of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, see *Lit. Gazette* of the present year: the publications of Schlegel and C. de Koros may be advantageously consulted.

† At page 1, there is apparently a mistake in the date. It is stated that he retired from the service in June 1825, and yet his lieut.-colonelcy is of June 1826, a year later.

made me eager to visit them. It was in this impervious region that the arrow from a quiver of a deceased son of the forest, given by his widow, served my messenger as a passport through its otherwise inaccessible valleys. In exchange, however, I was to see the defiles where the Ranas circumvented and destroyed their Mogul oppressors; the sources of the Bunas; and at the pass of Sadri, near that by which I intended to debouch into the plains, the celebrated Jain temple of Rainpoor. At the same time I despatched a party, on whose intelligence and sagacity I could rely, to traverse the other route, and meet me at Aboo. These objects, which had found a daily place in my meditations for many years, were at length within my grasp. Well do I recollect when, for the first time, in 1806, Aboo had a niche in my map. I was then in search of the source of the Bunas river, which we had more than once crossed in our route to Sindia's camp in that year; when, to my inquiries as to its fountains, I was told, 'They were far away amongst the hills towards Aboo.' 'And where was Aboo?' 'Thirty coss westward from Oodiper, towards Sinde.' Down went Aboo with the Bunas on my map; and this first step made, I gradually attained its source, the summit of Aboo, and, within a few hours' sail, the Indus itself. Between these points, the first and the last of my present journey, I had chalked out many intermediate objects of the deepest interest. After the passage of the Aravalli, and the exploration of Aboo, my intention was to discover what remained of the ancient Nehrvala, the Tyre of western India; thence to trace the site of Balabhi, for the purpose of verifying the traditions of the Rana's family. As this would lead me by the Gulf of Cambay to the shores of the Saurashtra peninsula, I resolved to effect, if possible, a visit to the sacred mounds of the Jains, the cradle and still the stronghold of their faith, viz. Palit'hana and Girnar; and to conclude my pilgrimage in the Syria of India by a visit to the shrine of its Baal and that of Krishna, at Dwarka, the land's end (juggut coont) of the Hindus. Thence, by the Pirates' Isle, Bét, cross the Gulf of Cutch, make an excursion to Bhoj, the capital of the Jharéjas, return to the grand mart, Mandavia, sail on to the eastern arm of the Indus, and visit the last shrines of Hinduism at its embouchure with the ocean. All this I accomplished, save the last object, which seventeen hours of fair wind would have effected: but for ample reasons, which will appear in the sequel, I was obliged to stretch my sail across the ocean to Bombay, instead of coasting to the terminating scene of Alexander's exploits in India. With this previous exposition, I shall now request my reader to strike his tent, and begin his march with me from Oodipoor."

In his progress he states of the *Bhils*:—
"The tract called Khuruk, of which Jowas is the capital, touches Dongerpoor and Saloombra, whose chiefs are at constant enmity with their inhabitants. Enveloped by lofty hills, covered with deep forests, chiefly of bamboo and dhak (*butea frondosa*), successful invasion is impracticable with numbers, and a few would be cut off, unless they took them by surprise. Death is the lot of any who dare to cut a tree in the paths of outlet. Fire-arms are only used by the chiefs and head-men; the national weapon being the kumpta, or bamboo bow, having the bowstring (chulla) from a thin slip of its elastic bark. Each quiver contains sixty barbed arrows, a yard long. Although they claim descent from every race of Rajpoot, and prefix

the tribe, as Chohan-Bhil, Gehlote-Bhil, Prammar-Bhil, &c. &c., their origin is best evinced in the gods they worship and their prejudices as to food. They will eat of nothing white in colour, as a white sheep or goat; and their grand adjuration is, 'By the white ram!' These prejudices, however, belong only to those who affect to call themselves Oojla, or pure Bhils; and, if we may judge by the freedom from prejudice of the greater number, few are entitled to the distinction of 'pure.' In fact, we may assert that they are still demi-savage, as they are assuredly an aboriginal race, whether we regard their superstitions, their habits, or their language; for although the latter contains much of Sanscrit derivation, their vocabularies are distinct. I advance this, however, more from the report of their neighbours than from personal investigation—a Bhil vocabulary remaining amongst my desiderata. Had I explored the haunts described above, I should certainly have made some acquisitions of this kind, as well as gained a more extended knowledge of their habits, amongst the Lares and Penates, the 'white ram,' and aswa-mukhi, or horse's head (the grand symbols of adoration), at their own firesides. This study will amply repay those who are desirous to read the book of nature under every aspect; and the inquirer will be surprised and gratified to prove the truth of the old axiom, 'extremes meet.' Here, in the abodes of savage, uneducated nature, he would form an acquaintance with the virtues of truth, hospitality, and that proud distinction, gradually disappearing from the European codes, which provides a sanctuary for the refugee. If a Bhil pledges protection, he will sacrifice his life to redeem his word; if the traveller through his passes pay the customary toll, his property and person are secure; and any insult or injury by another will be avenged. The password, Maula-ca-sirna, or the Sanctuary of Maula, or whatever other name the protector may bear, would be a safeguard from one end of the community to the other; and if his protector did not furnish him with a guide, an arrow from his quiver would answer the purpose, and be equally recognised with the ambassador's signet of any court in Christendom. Nor would he, like the mountain Afghan, perform the rites of hospitality while under the eye of the Penates, yet hesitate not to plunder its object so soon as he had passed a decent distance from his roof. The historian of America observes, that 'nations which depend upon hunting are in a great measure strangers to the idea of property; and with the natives of those regions, the forest or hunting grounds were the property of the tribe.' The Bhil is a step in advance in the scale of civilisation, their hunting grounds being separated into individual portions, as the following anecdote, which I noted down many years ago, will attest. The Bhils of the most desolate and unfrequented wilds of M'war and the Nerbudda to this day lead a life little short of that of nature, and with the exception of a few articles of luxury, resulting from the discovery of fire, as roasted vermin and distilled waters, are not more civilised than the Esquimaux on the verge of the Polar Basin, to whom a piece of putrid blubber is not less a delicacy than a roasted guano or jackal to the Bhil. These are delicacies to the Vanaputra table, supplied by the spontaneous and abundant fruits of the forest, such as nourished the forefathers of the heroes of Marathon and Thermopylae; but our Bhil has a more varied and palatable repast than their acorn dinner, viz. the ebony, tamarind, mango, and many other fruits, besides the seeds of various wild grapes,

and esculent roots: though he is not always permitted to apply these to his own use, free from the claims of other dwellers in the forest, the bear and the monkey. But now to our anecdote. 'Go,' says the father Bhil to the suitor for his daughter's hand, 'I resign yonder mountains as her daseja (dower), nor shall I henceforth within its bounds entrap hare or fox, pluck its fruits or roots, or its branches or leaves for fuel. All are yours.' The bear does not, however, so readily relinquish his share, but will fight for the possession of his darling mhowa-tree. A young Bhil had fallen asleep beside his basket, filled with its fruit, either intended for the family dessert, or to be converted into aruc ('essence'—the whisky of the East), when a bear, in his rounds, roused him, somewhat rudely, from his slumbers, and prepared apparently to make his repast on the Bhil, who escaped much lacerated from his embrace. Such an infraction of sylvan polity was not to be borne by the father Bhil, who sallied forth with bow and arrow to avenge the insult. He found the bear feasting on the scene of aggression, slew him, and carried his skin to a neighbouring chief, to whom his feat was due; and on telling the story, thus concluded his harangue: 'There is the hide of the offender; it is hard that brothers of the forest cannot live on terms of friendship:—but he began the war.' 'If,' as observed by the celebrated Goguet (vol. i. p. 78), 'there has always been a great conformity between the ordinary food of men and their sacrifices, who have always offered to the gods a part of those things which were the chief support of their own lives, as in the first ages, herbs, fruits, and plants, and at length animals, when they became their ordinary food,' the legitimate inference would be, that human sacrifices and cannibalism were co-existent; but although we have on record that the Hindu, as well as the ancient Briton, offered human sacrifices to the Destroyer, we have no authority for the belief that the votaries either of the Celtic Belenus or Hindu Bal participated in such food to their gods. It is true that we might cite the brutalised Aghori as a proof of still existing cannibalism; but he would only prove the exception to the rule. Yet, though this proof of the last stage of human degradation be wanting,—the very lowest dweller in these forests,—we may not resist the suspicion that the stomach which does not revolt at making its repast on an offal-feeding jackal, hideous guano, or half-putrid kine, would not find the transition to a human limb very objectionable.

"Our aborigines of India, the Bhil, Koli, and Goand, had, doubtless, found the art of cooking their food at a very early period, having a natural tinder-box and flint in every bamboo grove, and having only to watch, during a high wind, the emission of flame from the friction of these natives of the hills, to obtain a supply more than sufficient of the devouring element: their sylvan retreats being often burnt over their heads. I have witnessed the magnificent spectacle of a forest of bamboo blazing, crackling, and exploding, said to be self-ignited; and although any hard wood will yield fire by friction, the siliceous coating of the bamboo makes it by far the most ready instrument of Agni, whom the universal Hindu nation, the learned Brahmin, the warlike Rajpoot, as well as the half-savage Vanaputra, worship as a divinity. A thorough study of the uncivilised tribes of India, the Bhil, Koli, Goand, Meena, Mair, would disclose important links in the physical history of man; even in those enumerated, the most powerful distinctions, as well in form

and lineament, as in habits and superstitious rites, the result of example or locality, would be observed; and though all alike bear the impress of originality, yet their respective characteristics are so dissimilar, that we should reject the idea of their common descent from one great family. There is not a greater difference between the squat, flat-nosed, Tartarian-*viaged* Esquimaux, and the ancient noble Mohican savage, than between the Bhil of Méwar and the Khole of Sirgoejur; nor are the habits of the dweller on the verge of the Polar sea more distinct from those of the migratory races of the Missouri, than are those of our forest *indigènes* from the more locomotive Rajpoot. If man had sprung, like a fungus, from the earth, it might be said these were the uncultivated mushrooms of India, fixed, as the rocks and trees of their mountain wilds, to the spot that gave them birth. The entire want of the organ of locomotion, and as unconquerable indolence of character, which seems to possess no portion of that hardness which can brave the dangers of migration, forbid all idea of their foreign origin, and would rather incline us to the Monbodo theory, that they are an improvement of the tribe with tails. I do not reckon that their raids from their jungle abodes, in search of plunder, supply any argument against the innate principle of locality. The Bhil returns to it as truly as does the needle to the north; nor could the idea enter his mind of seeking other regions for a domicile. Their very names imply this principle:—Vanaputra, 'child of the forest;' Malrota, 'born of the mountain,'—Goind, apparently a compound of Gopa and Indra, 'lord of the cave;' Pal-Indra, 'lord of the pass.' In like manner, Kol, signifying 'mountaineer,' from Ko, 'a mountain,' which, though less commonly used than the Sanscrit word Gir, is beyond a doubt a primitive root with the Indo-Scythic nation. The Bhils, having no order of priesthood, have recourse to the Guru of the Bullaes, one of the most debased of the Sudra classes. On the occasion of any nuptial ceremony, this Guru decks himself in the sacerdotal thread of the Brahmin, whose appellation he assumes with the badge, though he partakes both of the food which is dressed and of the cup which flows freely. A scene of riot follows every such rite, and a general fray is the never-failing *finale*. Whatever daja, or dowry, is given with the bride, the bridegroom invariably presents the father with a buffalo, twelve rupees, and two bottles of liquor, to defray the marriage-feast. On a birth, the same self-created Brahmin names the child, generally after the genius presiding over the day of its birth; Boodh, if born on Wednesday, from Boodh-war, or the day of Mercury; or Boodhia if a female. On this event, as well as on deaths, there is another very important character called in to take part in the ceremony, the Camra, or minstrel, of whom there is one in every large village. His garb is that of the Jogi ascetic, and as it is necessary he should be initiated in the mystical doctrines of the sectarian Kabri, he is indifferently named Kamra Jogi, or Kabri Punt. On births, accompanied by his wife, he takes his position with his guitar before the door, first placing a small figure of a horse beside the threshold. He then commences a hymn, propitiating Seetla Mata, the protectress of infants, who is much dreaded by all the wild tribes, his wife blending her voice with his, and beating time with the cymbals. A large d'hol, or alarum-drum, is kept in every village, which by a peculiar beat announces such an event to

the neighbours, who, according to their ability and inclination, present gifts to the parents of the new-comer. On deaths, a monotonous beating summons the neighbours, each of whom brings in his hand a seer of grain. Close by the door of the deceased the minstrel takes his post, the image of the horse and an earthen jar of water being placed beside him. Each relation and visitor, on approaching, takes some of the water in the palm of his hand, which he sprinkles over the image, invoking the name of the deceased, and presenting the measure of grain to the minstrel. Why such reverence is shewn to the emblem of the horse, I have been unable to learn—unless it be as the symbol of the sun, adored by all classes—but nothing is undertaken without it."

This curious account of the Bhils is followed by another of the *Saireas*, but we can only refer to it, and to further particulars concerning various Rajpoot tribes, including *Deoras*, among whom our countryman rested awhile. Passing from them he writes:—

"At length we reached the skirt of the gigantic Aboo, and encamped on the fringe of his garment. To exist for twenty-four hours in such a position, contemplating the steep we were to climb, required an exercise of patience. The day was passed in preparation for scaling the Hindu Olympus, an enterprise not to be attempted without invoking the aid of Boodh, or Wisdom. The Rao sent forty sturdy mountaineers to transport me with my party to the summit. They were furnished with two vehicles, called Indra-vahana, or celestial cars, consisting of a couple of long bamboo poles, from the centre of which was suspended a small seat, about a foot square, by help of which alone the indolent or infirm pilgrim could attain the 'Mount of Wisdom.' Not being in robust health, I was far from sorry to see such aid at hand; the other was appropriated to my Guru, who was determined to accompany me on my pilgrimage to all the shrines of his faith. Thus the day passed in conversing with the children of Arbudha, or gazing on the gigantic object, till the shades of night threw a mysterious darkness around it. The jackal had set up his howl, and the fox his shrill bark, denoting their time for preying on the defenceless dwellers in the forest; and with such music, almost unheeded from its frequency, I took to my pallet, to prepare for an alert on the morrow."

The ascent o'ermastered, with a striking and magnificent picture, the narrative continues:—

"The sun had reached his meridian career when we attained the summit of the Guru Sikra, the loftiest of the peaks of Aboo, where European feet had never trod. Although presenting, externally, scarcely any sensible elevation above the crest of the mountain, as we approached through the plains of Marwar, it towered full 700 feet above the level of its plateau; still my sluggish barometer only indicated 15° of elevation, being 27° 10', while the thermometer, exposed to the sun in the dog-days of India, and within the tropic, fell to 72°, and proved the better guide. A strong chilling wind blew from the south, to avoid whose influence, the cautious mountaineers, coiling themselves in their black *comlis* (blankets), lay prostrate on the ground, sheltered behind a projecting rock. The picture was equally grand and novel: masses of cloud floated under our feet, through which the sun occasionally darted a ray, as if to prevent our being dazzled with too much glory. A small circular platform, having a low parapet wall on

the outer side, crowned the giddy height. On one side was a cavern, about twenty feet square, within which is a block of granite, bearing the impress of the feet of Data Briga (an incarnation of Vishnu), the grand object of the pilgrim's attainment; and in another corner are the puddas (or footsteps) of Rama Nanda, the great apostle of the Seeta ascetics. In this gloomy abode dwells a disciple of the order, who rings a bell on the approach of a stranger, continuing the uproar till an offering induces silence. The staffs of pilgrims were heaped in piles, around the footsteps of the saint, as memorials of their successful intrepidity. Caves innumerable were seen in various parts of the mountain, indicative of a Troglodyte population in former ages; and there were many curious orbicular holes, which could only be compared to the effect of cannon-shot. I patiently awaited the termination of the struggle between the powers of light and darkness, in conversation with the recluse. He told me, that during the burst, or rainy season, when the atmosphere is cleared of all impurities, the citadel of Jodpoor, and the desert plain, as far as Balotra on the Loony, were visible. It was some time before I could test this assertion, though, during occasional outbreaks of the sun, we discerned the rich valley termed Bheetril, extending to Sarohi; and, nearly twenty miles to the east, the far-famed shrine of Ambā-Bhavanī, amongst the cloud-capped peaks of the Aravalli. At length, however, Surya burst forth in all his majesty, and, chasing away the sable masses, the eye swept over the desert, until vision was lost in the blending of the dark blue vault with the dusky, arid soil. All that was required to form the sublime was at hand; and silence confirmed the charm. If the eye, diverted from the vast abyss beneath, turned but half a circle to the right, it rested on the remains of the castle of the Pramars, whose dusky walls refused to reflect the sunbeams; while the slender palmyra, as if in mockery of their decay, fluttered its ensign-like leaves amidst the ruined courts of a race who once deemed their way eternal. A little further to the right rose the clustering domes of Dailwarra, backed by noble woods, and buttressed on all sides by fantastic pinnacles, shooting, like needles, from the crest of the plateau, on whose surface were seen meandering several rills, pursuing their devious course over the precipitous faces of the mountain. All was contrast—the blue sky and sandy plain, the marble fanes and humble wigwam, the stately woods and rugged rocks. In spite of the cold blast, it required an effort to withdraw from the state of contemplative indolence which overcomes one amidst such scenes, where, as if brought into the immediate presence of the Creator of such grandeur, the mind feels oppressed with its own insignificance.

"I had often," he adds, "witnessed, and more frequently read of, the revolting practices of numbers of the countless inhabitants of India, the slaves of a knavish hierarchy; but it was reserved for me this day to discover the extent to which the debasement of man could be carried without the intervention of priestcraft, and which, happily, was too far below the attributes of human nature to be erected into a system. I allude to the Aghori, who finds a place in the interminable nomenclature of Hindu sectarian classification. I may style this outcast of human nature the jackal of his species; but even this midnight reveller amidst graves and impurities, is cleanly in his habits, compared with the Aghori. The brute would

turn away from putrefaction, and refuse to prey on the dead of his own kind; not so the Aghori, by whom a dead man or a dead dog is viewed with equal indifference, or rather appetite, and, disgusting as is the relation, he does not hesitate to feed on the excretions of nature. I had heard that such wretches did exist, not only in the sacred Aboo, but amidst the impenetrable recesses of the other mounts dedicated to the Jain faith, in the peninsula of the Sauras. The illustrious d'Anville speaks of them as '*une espèce de monstre*,' whose existence he doubted, though quoting from his veracious countryman, Thévenot. He says: 'Thévenot dit avoir vu dans les habitans de ce lieu, un caractère de hardiesse et d'insolence tout extraordinaire, en sorte qu'on soit obligé d'être armé en passant chez eux; apprenant, en même temps, qu'ils étoient peu auparavant de ceux qu'on appelloit Merdi-coura, ou mangeurs d'hommes. Ce qui prouve que le fait n'est pas avancé légèrement par notre voyageur, c'est que le terme de Merdi-coura, qu'il ne parait pas avoir connu autrement que par cette rencontre, se retrouve dans la haute antiquité.' It is a curious fact, as d'Anville adds, that this '*espèce de bête*,' this Merdi-cour, or properly Merdi-khor, should have been noticed by Pliny, Aristotle, and Ctesias, under nearly the same name, Marti-chora, giving its synonym in their own language, '*Ἀνθρωποφάγος*: for Merdi-khor is a Persian compound from merd, 'man,' and khoordun, 'to eat.' Three facts are deducible from this etymology of the Greek writers: first, that this brutalised sect is of ancient date; secondly, that the Persians must have had an intimate intercourse with these regions in early times; and thirdly, that the Western historians must have had more recourse to Persian historians than we at present are aware of. I passed the gopha, or cave, of the most celebrated of these monsters of the present age, who was long the object of terror and loathing to Aboo and its neighbourhood. His name was Futteh Poori, who, after having 'embowelled,' to an advanced age, whatever came in his way, took the extraordinary resolution of immuring himself in his cell. The commands of maniacs generally meet with ready obedience; and, as he was regarded by many in this light, his desire was implicitly fulfilled. The mouth of the cave was built up, and will remain so until some mummy-hunting Frank shall re-open it, or till phrenology form a part of the modern education of a Hindu; when, doubtless, the organ of destruction on the cranium of Futteh Poori will exhibit a high state of development. I was informed that there was still a considerable number of these wretches inhabiting the caverns of the mountain, from which they seldom emerged to open day, but prowled about in search of fruits, or whatever food the Rahtis conveyed to the paths they frequented. One of the Deora chiefs told me that, a very short time since, when conveying the body of his brother to be burnt, one of these monsters crossed the path of the funeral procession, and begged to have the corpse, saying that it 'would make excellent chatni,' or condiment. He added, that they were not actually accused of killing people. It was strange to meet with the cave of a cannibal, if not within the precincts, in the immediate vicinity of the shrines of Jainism, whose first tenet is, 'Thou shalt not kill,'—not man alone, but the smallest sentient being: presenting another anomaly in the history of Hindu superstition, which recognises the grossest incongruities. The orthodox, whether followers of Siva or Vishnu, seem to consider

their respective tenets too stable to fear the contact of other creeds; and even the Jain Unitarian, while he professes devotion to 'the Spirit' alone, does not refuse the homage of a reverence to the symbol of 'Wisdom,' to the beneficent Anapoorna, or Ceres, or the universal 'Destroyer.' Sects and creeds have no martyrs; no relics of saints are required to keep their respective votaries fixed to the principles in which they were born; and the ignorant, the superstitious, the timid, or the humane, may supply food even to the basest of his species, the horrid Aghori. In this tremendous pantheon, no one is called to account for actions not affecting society."

Of the ancestors of the present Rao, we are told of one Soortan, "who, far excelling our Canute in arrogance, 'shot his arrows at the sun, for daring to incommode him.'"

We are sorry that we must turn aside from the descriptions of the prodigious Jain temples with which Col. Tod soon after fell in on his route; but the details are too long for our limited page. The ruins of the capital, Nehrwalah or Anhlwarra,* seem to surpass the powers of language; but the temples of Vrishhabdeva, Parswanath, the city of Chandravati, and other remains, are also extremely rich in architecture and sculpture, which in Col. Tod's opinion, connects their styles with the Saracenic and pointed Gothic, which was afterwards brought hence to Africa and Europe.

"Anhlwarra was the Tyre of India, though not a sea-port; her port being that of Cambay; neither is it improbable that ancient Tyre did contribute to the varied commerce of this city, through which ramified the produce of Africa and Arabia from the remotest times; nor that the mariners of Hiram, the ally and carrier of Solomon, may have found their way to the land of the Sauras—the Syria of India."

Our author proceeds to exhume the history of this great kingdom from the "Komār-pāl Charitra," a work which sketches the dynasties that ruled over it, and examines the anterior title of *Bahara* assumed by its earlier sovereigns, whom he supposes to have been originally from Balk, the Bactria of the Greeks: and he concludes:—

"To some, this meagre chronicle will present little more than a record of ascents to the gādi, and descents to the grave; but those who look beneath the surface, will observe that it contains hints, allusions, names of things as well as persons,—ideas, in short, which, to those who can follow them out, afford valuable matter for all that is styled the philosophy of history—whether on religion and the singular sects of this period; on commerce, and its probable extent with the nations of antiquity; on the migration of tribes; on the arts, especially of architecture, sculpture, numismatics; on war; on geography, political and physical, and the international intercourse of the Rajpoot

... "The sceptic in Scriptural prophecies," it is elsewhere observed, "should repair to the once proud metropolis of the Baharas. He would there just see sufficient of this once magnificent city, with its 'eighty-four squares and eighty-four bazars,' to mark the facility with which capitals are raised and overthrown. He would discern in the vestige of the lofty circumvallation which enclosed the palace of its Cæsars; of the rest, like the walls of Babylon, there is not one stone left upon another. When desertion commences in the East, there is soon nothing remaining but sacred edifices, and the barries, or reservoirs of water. The first object that attracts the eye, is a fragment of the Kall-kote, or inner city, consisting of two strong bastions, called the towers of Kall, from a small shrine of Time underneath, near one of the principal entrances to the city. From the summit of these towers, the eye can trace the course of the walls, which formed an irregular trapezium of perhaps five miles circuit, around which extended, chiefly to the east and south, the suburbs, to which there may have been an external circumvallation."

princes, during a period of eleven hundred years. Our own historians did not find the philosophical deductions and illustrations which constitute the charm of their works, when diving for truth, in the dark chronicles of antiquity: the woof they wove was of divers materials, obtained from many a source, 'the fruit and flower of many a province' in the extended domain of history, in which nothing was overlooked that could contribute to their object. Nor is there wanting in these regions matter applicable to similar purposes, although the staple may be of a quality less likely to stimulate or reward research than that of the country which gave us birth, or the states connected therewith. But, although secondary, the interest to be derived from the pursuit is still of a positive description. To confirm, by inscriptions, the chronological verity of the Charitras, or Annals; and to trace, by the aid of the bardic chronicles, the migrations of tribes from higher Asia, as Getes, Turabkas or Tacshacs, Ballas, Ariaspas, Hooms, Cattis, and others of foreign nomenclature, and their settlement in these regions; to speculate on the varied worship they may have brought from the 'father-land,' and on the changes this underwent from their partial amalgamation with those they displaced, and to discover what yet remains of ancient habits and institutions, are objects presenting no mean scope to the thinking mind, and facilities for such research exist in the peninsula of the Sauras to an extent surpassing, perhaps, any other field of inquiry in India. Here is the very cradle of Buddhism; this is the land which either gave these sectaries birth, or nurtured and sheltered them on their expulsion or migration from other regions. The province of Syrastrane, or region of the sun-worshipping Suaras, which anciently extended from the Cutch Gulf to the delta of Sinde, was only divided from the fire-worshippers of Aria and Bactriana by the Indus, no attuc to the Budhists, whose traditions affirm that their primates were accustomed to cross it long before the appearance of Islam to visit their dioceses in the west. * *

"Further research amidst the wrecks of ancient civilisation and rock-inscriptions, in these unfrequented holy mounts, may yet reveal some secrets. Of architecture, from the different features hitherto found in the Budhist and Jain temples, we may conclude that, if they did not bring its elements with their religion from western Asia, what they adopted has been so modified as to have a distinct style, as is seen in their yet existing monuments, of which I have had the pleasure to present to the world the first specimens. Summary as is the detail of the foreign products imported by the Tyre of India in the eighth century, it affords sufficient ground to assume the extended and long-established commerce which must have obtained these results. * *

"From the foregoing, we shall make one important deduction in this place, the consideration of which may be resumed as we advance into the peninsula of the Sauras, when we have occasion to remark on the religion, the tribes, and the strange characters on rocks and coins, viz. that an extensive commerce was maintained between the Rajpoot sovereigns of Western India, and the shores of Arabia, Egypt, and the Red Sea, at periods long anterior to Christianity; and independently of the evidence of Greek and Roman agents being resident amongst the eighty-four ports of the Baharas, in the second century of the Christian era, we are assured, on undisputed authority, that the Romans remitted to India annually, a

sum equivalent to 400,000*l.*, to pay for their investments; and that, in the reign of the Ptolemies, 125 sail of India shipping were at one time lying in the ports of Mius, Hormus, and Berenice; the ports whence Egypt, Syria, and Rome herself, were supplied with the products of India, and whence the pepper of Malabar found its way into the cell of a monk, during the period of the Saxon Heptarchy."

The ruins of Anbulwarra have been plundered for the building of Ahmedabad and the modern Puttun; but among the relics saved are some remarkable inscriptions, and, more valuable still, a library, to which we shall, in another No., direct our attention.

Anecdotes and Traditions, illustrative of Early English History and Literature, derived from MS. Sources. Edited by William J. Thoms, Esq., F.S.A. 4to. Pp. 134. London, 1839. Printed for the Camden Society.

THIS, the fifth volume published by the Camden Society within the first year of its existence and subscription, is a singular contrast to its graver and historical productions. Instead of digging into the mines of hoar Antiquity for great events, disputed facts, questionable dates, or clashing testimonies, Mr. Thoms has made a dash into her sparkling warehouse for a sample of her dusty jokes and quaint humours. He has ransacked the Harleian MS. No. 6395, for the best of the "Merry Passages and Jest" compiled by Sir Nicholas Lestrange;—the Lansdowne MS. No. 231, for Old Aubrey's queerest lucubrations;—and No. 3890 of the Additional MSS. for John Collet's prettiest anecdotes and stories.

To these selections he has appended fitting notes and biographical notices; and he has offered, in some sort, an apology for introducing this interlude of facetiæ among the publications of so worshipful an Association. This we think unnecessary. If our grandfathers loved a laugh, why should not we? and why should not we know what they used to laugh at? If we have not beards to wag, we have favoris, whiskers, and occasional moustaches. But what signifies the hair on men's faces, seeing that their minds and hearts are pretty much the same in all ages; and that drollery was from the beginning, and will be to the end of time, a source of pleasantry and genuine enjoyment?

Without further preface, therefore, we proceed to make a quarter-cento from Mr. Thoms's lightsome tome; and have only to point the attention of readers to the pun and fun exhibited in his own titles to the extracts. The first series is from the Harleian:—

"*A Mathematician Defined.*—Edm. Gurney used to say, that a mathematician is like one that goes to market to buy an axe to break an egg.—*L'Estrange*, No. 30. *Ed. Gurney.*"

"*Bowling Improved.*—My Lord Brookes us'd to be much resorted to by those of the preciser sort, who had got a powerful hand over him; yet they would allow him Christian libertie for his recreations; but being at bowles one day, in much company, and following his cast with much eagerness, he cried, 'Rubbe, rubbe, rubbe, rubbe, rubbe.' His chaplaine (a very strict mann) runs presently to him; and in the hearing of diverse, 'O good my lord, leave that to God—you must leave that to God!' says he.—*L'Estrange*, No. 164. *Mr. Russell.*"

"*Much Justice and little Law.*—There was a business that could not be acted by a single justice, yet Sir Edward Peyton, as a pre-

gative asse, would needs convent the parties before him; one, being a shrewd understanding plaine fellow, told him he thought his worshippe was mistaken, for one justice was not sufficientes for the business: 'Why, sirra,' says he, 'am not I a justice of the peace?' 'Yes, an't please your worshippe.' 'And am not I a justice of the quorum?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Why then, sirra,' says he, 'there's two justices for you,'—and so he entered like a foole into the cause.—*L'Estrange*, No. 329. *Sir Giles Allington.*"

"*Drinking Deep.*—One ask't Sir John Millesent how he did so conforme himselfe to the grave justices his brothers, when they mett. 'Why, in faith,' says he, 'I have no way but to drinke myselfe downe to the capacite of the bench.'—*L'Estrange*, No. 337. *My Cous. Pament.*"

"*Elizabethan Freemasonry.*—Charles Chester, a court foole in Queen Elizabeth's time, us'd to be girding very often at my Lord Knolls and Sir Walter Raleigh. Says Sir Walter Raleigh, 'My lord, gett but this foole to dinner one day, and you shall see what a trickes wee'll serve him.' So he did; and when his paunch was well filled (for he was a notable trencher-man), and he went out of the chamber, Sir Walter Raleigh followed him. 'Come, sirra,' says he, 'now wee'll be revenged on you for all your rogerie;' and having some servants by, tyed him hand and foote, sett him right up in a corner, called a mason or two, built him up presently to the chinne, and so close as he could not move, and thret'n'd to cover him in, but that he begg'd hard and swore he would abuse them no more, so they lett him stand till night.—*L'Estrange*, No. 412. *Phil. Callh.*"

Upon this the editor observes:—

"We have here a name which has hitherto, we believe, remained unrecorded, added to those of Pace, Clod, and the other jesters who flourished in the time, and at the court, of Elizabeth; for though it will be seen from the following extract from 'Aubrey's Lives,' ii. p. 514, where Chester appears likewise as the subject of a practical joke on the part of Sir Walter Raleigh (who is no doubt Aubrey's 'Sir W. R.'), that he was the original of Ben Jonson's 'Carlow Buffone,' he has never been known as a court-jester. 'In his (Jonson's) youthful time was one Charles Chester, that after kept company with his acquaintance; he was a bold impertinent fellowe, and they could never be at quiet for him; a perpetual talker, and made a noyse like a drum in a roome: so one time at a tavern, Sir W. R. beates him and seales up his mouth, i. e. his upper and nether beard, with hard wax. From him Ben Jonson takes his 'Carlo Buffone,' in 'Every Man out of his Humour.' A tolerably complete list of these motley retainers of the English court might be compiled; for the succession was scarcely interrupted from the time of Berdic, Joculator Regis, who is mentioned in 'Domesday,' down to that of Tom Kille-grew, who Peyps tells us, on the 13th February, 1667-8, 'hath a fee out of the wardrobe for cap and bells, under the title of 'king's fool or jester;' and may revile or jeer any body, the greatest person, without offence, by the privilege of his place.' In the lately published and highly interesting volume of M. Rigollet, entitled, 'Monnais des Fous,' &c. Paris, 1837, we are furnished with another curious fact on this subject, entirely unknown, we believe, to English antiquaries; we mean, the existence at the court of John of a jester, named Will Picol, or Piculfus,

exercising his functions, not *virtute officii*, but 'à titre feodal,' holding his good lands by the tenure of saying good things; the said good lands passing to his heirs, on the payment annually of a pair of golden spurs. The following is a copy of the grant which M. Rigollet has printed, by way of satisfying the doubts of the sceptical:—'Joannes . . . D. G. &c. Sciatis nos dedisse et presenti charta confirmasse Will. Picol, Follo nostro Fontem Ossane (perhaps Menil-Ozenne, pays de Mortain) cum omnibus pertinenciis suis, habend. et tenend. sibi et heredibus suis, faciendo inde nobis annuatim servicium unius Folli quoad vixerit: et post ejus decessum heredes sui eam de nobis tenebunt, et per servicium unius paris calcarium deauratorum nobis annuatim reddendo. Quare volumus et firmiter precipimus quod predict. Piculfus et heredes sui habeant et teneant in perpetuum, bene et in pace, libere et quiete, predictam terram,' &c. [Char. circa 1200, Bibl. Reg.]"

"*A great Difference.*—In Lynne their maior is allwayes chosen out of the twelve aldermen, and they out of eighteen others. One of the eighteen being at Rising (an ancient but decayed burrow-towne), and the then maior a mechanick man, a butcher or the like, says he: 'Mr. Maior, I heare you have a very odd forme and manner of election here of your maior.' 'Why, how is that?' says the maior. 'Why, they say for certaine that you and all your brethren goe into a barne, where every man hath his bottle of hey layde him for a cushion: then ther's a calf turn'd in at the barne dore, and looke to what bottle the calfe goe first, hee's the man.' 'Why then,' says he, 'I see the difference betwixt us and our brethren at Lynne; wee choose with one calfe, and you with eghteen.'—*L'Estrange*, No. 423. *Bro. Ham.*"

"*Rawleigh's Opinion of a Scotchman.*—Sir Walter Raleigh being at tables with a Scotchman, and having bound him up so as he had but one throw to get out, the Scott threw it, and for joy fell a friking and scratching, and *clawing his fingers.* At whose fortunate cast and jollity Raleigh was as much moved with indignation, and swore that now he saw it was impossible to bind a Scotchman up so fast but that he would *break* out in one place or other.—*L'Estrange. Sir Fr. Needham.*"

"*An apt Definition.*—Thomas Linacre, our English grammarian, being ask't his opinion of Baronius and Bellarmine, though a favorer of their religion in many things, answer'd, that the first syllable of each of their names (BA and BEL) in conjunction, gave the lively character of their persons; men whose scripture and doctrine sounded nothing but confusion.—*L'Estrange*, No. 519. *Sir J. Pooley.*"

"This," says Mr. Thoms, "is an excellent story; but is clearly improperly fathered upon Linacre, who died in 1524, whilst Baronius was not born until 1538, and Bellarmine not until 1542."

"*Music without Words.*—One Mr. Saunders, who loved music so well as he could not endure to have it interrupted with the least unseasonable noise, being at a meeting of fancy music, only for the violes and organ, where many ladies and gentlewomen resorted, some wanton tongues could not refrain their chaff, and lowd whispers sometime above the instruments. He, impatient of such harsh discords as they often interposed, the lesson being ended, riseth with his viole from his seate, and soberly addressing himselfe towards them, 'Ladies,' says he, 'this musicke is not vocall, for on my knowledge—these things were never made for

words: And after that they had not one word to say.—*L'Estrange, No. 536. Mr. Jenkins.*"

Mr. Thoms further illustrates this anecdote; and it is curious that one of the hits in *Lover's* farce is made at the propensity the English fashionables, however mum before, have to begin to talk and chatter whenever music is performed:—

"'Concerts of violas,' says Hawkins, iv. 339, 'were the usual musical entertainments after the practice of singing madrigals grew into disuse.'"

"*A Draught Horse.*—A scholler riding his horse hott into the water to drinke, scarce up to the fetlock, one wisht him to goe in deeper (least he foundered his horse); 'Hang him, jade,' sayes he, 'let him drinke up this first.'—*L'Estrange, No. 546. Mon Père.*"

"This anecdote," says the editor, "might well pass for one of the facetias of Hierocles; but does not, we believe, figure in that celebrated 'Collection of Jest,' which may, perhaps, be termed the *Gresian Joe Miller.*"

"*A Glass too Little.*—Capt. Robert Bacon, revelling at Sir W. Paston's, had his sack served him in a curious Venice glasse, but very much under the size that he us'd to trade in. And after a long contemplation of his measure, 'Sir William,' sayes he, 'if you value this glasse (as I beleve you doe) tye a good long string to it, to draw him up againe, for, before —, I shall swallow him down at one time or other.'—*L'Estrange, No. 547. Mr. Nose.*"

"*A Profitable Experiment.*—A sturdie vagrant on the high way, begged good-sawcily on Sir Drue Drurie. 'Ay, sirra,' sayes he, 'such as you make all your kinne fare the worse; for this is your fashion, deny ye but once (though happily not in earnest), a man's back is no booner turn'd but ye curse him to the pitt of hell.' 'Ah, sir,' sayes he, 'your worshipp is mistaken in me, I am none of these.' 'Faith,' sayes Sir Drue, 'I'll trye thee for this once,' and away he rides.—*L'Estrange, No. 548. Capt. Clinck.*"

"*Tom Brewer's Nose.*—Thom: Brewer, my Mus: Servant, through his proneness to good-fellowship having attained to a very rich and rabaund nose; being reprov'd by a friend for his too frequent use of strong drinckes and sacke, as very pernicious to that distemper and inflammation in his nose, 'Nay, faith,' sayes he, 'if it will not endure sack, it is no nose for me.'—*L'Estrange, No. 578. Mr. Jenkins.*"

"Whether the subject of the present anecdote is to be identified with the author of 'The Weeping Lady; or London like Ninivie in Sack-cloth,' 4to. London, 1696; and, 'A Knot of Pools,' London, 4to. 1688; or was merely his contemporary and namesake does not appear. Be this facetious asserter of the qualities indispensable to the most important feature of his face who he may, he was doubtless 'stuck to his nose,' somewhat like the subject of Quevedo's celebrated sonnet, beginning,

'Erase un hombre a una nariz pegado'

an idea which has been very felicitously rendered into English in the following lines:

'Ned is so short, his nose so long,
To say 'the nose of Ned' is wrong;
That each may rank in due degree,
'Ned of the Nose,' the phrase should be.
Poor Ned belongs to it, instead
Of it belonging to Poor Ned.'

"*A good Sermon bad in its Effects.*—A minister, having preached a very long sermon, as his custom was, some hours after ask't a gentleman his approbation of it; he replied that, 'Twas very good, but that it had spoyled a goose worth two of it.'—*L'Estrange.*"

To these Harleian Miscellanies we have now

to subjoin two bits from each of the other sources. The first two are from the *Lansdowne*—not the present marquee.

"*Clubs.*—In my father's time they had a clubbe (*fustis*) at the schoole-doore; and when they desired leave *æseundi foras* (two went together still) they carried the clubbe. I have heard that this was used in my time in country schooles before the warres. When monkes or fryars goe out of their convent they always are licensed by couples to be witnesses of one another's actions or behaviour. We use now the word clubbe for a sodality at a taverne or drinking house.—*Aubrey, 123 r.*"

"*Vowing of Children.*—Mr. George Dickson, now rector of Brampton, near Northampton, was by his breeding mother devoted to the office of the ministry; to which he was bred and ordained, though heir to a plentiful estate. In the Temple Church at London is a chapel, on the south of the roundabout walles, where in now the fines are conserved, but it was the chapel dedicated to St. Anne, which was resorted to by barren women; and was of great repute for making them 'joyful mothers of children.'—*Aubrey, 162 r.*"

"*A Presentment.*—In Henry the Fifth's time the clergy, in their convocation, ordered that three in every parish should make presentment upon oath of such persons as are defamed for hereticks, in obedience whereunto there was a presentment made by some of the parish of St. Mary Overies, in these word, viz. 'Item. wee saine that John Stevens is a man wee cannot tell what to make of him, and that he hath books wee know not what they are.'—*Collet, p. 21.*"

"*The Spread Eagle.*—The eagle with two necks in the imperial arms, and in the arms of the King of Spain, signifies the East and West Empire, and the extension of their power from the east to the west.—*Collet, p. 58.*"

We trust that all our readers, who do not hate merriment, will thank Mr. Thoms for this agreeable diversion from serious themes, and us for our skilful mingling of the entertaining variety with the drudgery of business, and the gravities of literature and science.

The Steam-Engine; its Invention and Progressive Improvement: an Investigation of its Principles, and its Application to Navigation, Manufactures, and Railroads. By Thomas Tredgold, Civil Engineer. A New Edition, enlarged by the Contribution of eminent Scientific Men, and extended to the Science of Steam Naval Architecture. Revised and Edited by W. S. B. Woolhouse, F.R.A.S. 2 vols. 4to. London, 1839. Weale.

THE first publication of Mr. Tredgold's work, on one of the most important mechanical and scientific subjects of our age, was so highly successful, that, besides being translated into the French, and, we believe, other languages, a new edition was imperatively called for. That call has been answered by the present enlarged work, in which has been embodied the progress and improved application of that mighty agent Steam, an investigation of its principles, and a practical view of its uses and effects in steam-vessels, steam-carriages, and railroads. When we look around us and see the face of the country changed and changing; the expedition of a week compressed into a single day; the limits of pleasure and of business widely extended among all classes of society; new wants created, and new wishes gratified; sedentary easily and readily converted into ambulatory life; the sphere of city

homes, as it were, enlarged by a circle of rural miles;—when, in fact, we see the prodigious alteration made in our social, statistical, economical, political, national, and international system, by the growing powers of this vast engine, we cannot but consider the effort to offer us a just and comprehensive account of it, to be one of the most meritorious within the scope of individual industry, skill, and labour. We, therefore, think the public deeply obliged to Mr. Tredgold, Mr. Woolhouse, and Mr. Weale, the enterprising publisher, who must have expended a very large sum on the risk, for the very important volumes now before us.

We are not unaware of the circumstance, that, on so tempting a field, where so many conflicting interests are contending for priority and profit, and so many speculative opinions are entertained in regard to every point that enters into the composition of these expensive pieces of machinery, and the yet more expensive undertakings to be sustained by their means, it is impossible to set forth any work like this, without being exposed to run the gauntlet of rival notions and competing claims. One man will prefer high, and another low pressure; one this sort of paddle-wheel, and another that; one such a boiler, and another a different; one a flue, another a chimney; one a bolt, another a screw; one propulsion from the sides, another from the centre, and a third from the stern; one coke, another coal, and a third prepared peat; that one will hold so many pounds weight on a certain surface to be too much and dangerous, and another not half so much as it can safely bear; one that a motion of a hundred miles an hour may be produced by an invention of his own, or of his adoption, whilst another laughs the project to scorn, and scouts the theory as a visionary dream;—in short, that there is no part, particle, or principle, connected with the subject, that is not liable to objection and censure. The evidence of the foremost engineers, on all questions relating to steam and rail-roads which have come under general discussion, has proved, if it proved nothing else, that it was hardly possible to get any two of them to agree on any one proposition.

We make these remarks in order to excuse ourselves from the hopeless task of endeavouring to reconcile all judgments to the dicta of Mr. Woolhouse, and of the scientific persons he has united with himself in executing this valuable work. To us it seems to be a publication of great magnitude and great worth. Above a hundred plates of steam-engines, &c. &c., illustrate its descriptions; and many woodcuts serve further to render the contents plain and intelligible to every capacity. Thus the actual operations of such men as Boulton and Watt, Maudslay and Field, Seawards, Napier of Glasgow, and other eminent mechanicians, and, we may add, enlightened philosophers as well as experienced artisans, are explained to us, and set before our eyes so as to be palpable to the understanding. In the same way the locomotives of the Messrs. Stephenson, of Newcastle, the construction of the elegant government steamboats of Mr. Laing, of Woolwich, and Mr. Fincham, of Sheerness (vessels it is a delight to notice as we pass up or down the river), are rendered familiar to us; and we care little to vex ourselves about hypothetical improvements and untried experiments. We have witnessed so many pseudo certain and undeniable inventions fail, that we have become rather sceptical when we hear of patents that are to supersede all that has been done before, or listen to the dictatorial laws of people

whom we have known to be more frequently wrong than right. We are glad to observe, however, that in this new edition, most of the errors of the former have been corrected; and what questionable statements or mistakes may remain, are not such as to impeach the vast utility of the publication.

The appendix, indeed, is deserving of much praise. The rules of practice are well expounded, and the mathematical calculations re-modified into simple arithmetic, are excellent for the purpose of enabling the working man ("operative" is the fashionable phrase) to perform his duty.

Upon the whole, not to dwell upon either real or supposed imperfections, inseparable from a production embracing so vast a number of complicated matters—a production treating of things in an almost daily state of partial transition—we feel bound to pronounce this treatise to be a very able and satisfactory exposition of the state of steam navigation and railroad travelling to the present time; and as such we heartily recommend it to the public at large, both at home and on the continent, where its predecessor has hitherto been esteemed a standard work.

Debates of the House of Commons in the Year 1774, on the Bill for making more effectual Provision for the Government of the Province of Quebec. Drawn up from the Notes of the Right Hon. Sir Henry Cavendish, Bart. Now first published by J. Wright, Editor of the "Parliamentary History," &c. 8vo. pp. 303. London, 1839. Ridgway.

AT a period when the importance of the two Canadas, the difference of opinion concerning them, their past history, their present condition, and their future prospects, occupy so large a share of public attention, nothing could be more appropriate or better timed than the appearance of this volume. It throws great light upon most of the points implicated in the discussions now going on; and in the result of which the fate of these provinces and their connexion with the British Empire are bound up. A valuable map adds greatly to the usefulness of these illustrations of the question. As it is not within our province to analyse a work of this sort, and as it must be studied by every one who takes an interest in Canadian affairs—including the affairs of Great Britain and the United States—we shall merely state that Lord North, Fox, Barré, T. Townshend, Sawbridge, Burke, Mansfield, Dunning, and other distinguished men, take an ample share in these debates; and that the following announcement of Mr. Wright not only explains the source whence this parliamentary record has been derived, but a further treasure of the most interesting character, which he promises to the world. We know not when we have seen an announcement of more national interest:—

"It has (Mr. W. tells us) long been a subject of regret, that the proceedings in the House of Commons, during the thirteenth parliament of Great Britain, commencing in May 1768, and ending in June 1774, should, in consequence of the strict enforcement of the standing order for the exclusion of strangers, have remained nearly a blank in the history of this country. With respect to the debates of that period, the following curious passage may be found in a work entitled 'Almon's Biographical Anecdotes,' first published in the year 1797:—'If ever Sir Henry Cavendish should publish his account of the debates in the British House of Commons, which he took in short-hand during the time he sat in it, which was from 1768 to 1774, Mr. Burke's speeches, in that important period, will appear with undoubted accuracy, and will give a more interesting picture of those times, than any which has hitherto been published.' I met with this passage about fifteen years ago, and have ever since been endeavouring to discover in whose hands this valuable

collection of debates was deposited; but it was not till the beginning of the present year, that I succeeded in finding it among the Egerton Manuscripts. It consists of forty-eight volumes quarto, and contains reports of all the important debates which took place, during the six sessions of the above-mentioned parliament. I have been able to verify it as the undoubted production of Mr. Henry Cavendish, at that time the member for Lostwithiel, who became, on the death of his father, in 1776, Sir Henry Cavendish, and in 1779, was made receiver-general of Ireland, and a member of the privy council. Shortly after this discovery, I was more fully impressed with the value of it, by perceiving, in the course of the recent debate on Lord Mahon's motion relative to Election Committees, that an authentic report of Mr. George Grenville's speech in 1770, on bringing in his bill for regulating the Trials of Convocted Elections, was much wished for; and that great and general regret was expressed, that no sufficient report of it had been preserved. I was led by this to examine the above collection; in which I had the satisfaction of finding, not only an extended report of Mr. Grenville's speech, but a full account of the several debates which took place during the progress of that bill. Having mentioned this discovery to Lord Brougham, and having shewn him a list of the numerous important debates which were contained in the collection, I was encouraged by his lordship to proceed in my design of editing and publishing the work. He not only wrote to several persons of distinction, warmly recommending it to their patronage, but, in his place in Parliament, called the attention of the House of Lords and of her majesty's ministers, to the public utility of the undertaking, and urged the propriety of affording me encouragement to carry it into effect. On my applying to the Trustees of the British Museum for permission to copy the MSS., I was very kindly informed that they cheerfully acceded to my request. The public will be gratified to learn that these Debates contain upwards of one hundred speeches of Mr. Burke, which have never seen the light, and a vast number of the most valuable speeches of George Grenville, Fox, Dunning, Lord North, Thurlow, Wedderburne, Barré, Blackstone, Beckford, Glym, Burgoyne, Dowdeswell, Lord John Cavendish, Sir George Savile, &c. &c. The Collection embraces the whole of the stirring period of the publication of the 'Letters of Junius,' and exhibits the feeling which prevailed in the House and the country, previous to the unhappy contest which took place between Great Britain and her American colonies.

It is of this period that Gibbon speaks, in the following passage of his 'Memoirs':—'The cause of Government was ably vindicated by Lord North, a consummate master of debate, who could wield, with equal dexterity, the arms of reason and ridicule. He was seated on the treasury-bench, between his attorney and solicitor-general, the two pillars of the law and state, *magis paros quam stulces*; and the minister might indulge in a short slumber, whilst he was upheld on either hand by the majestic sense of Thurlow, and the skilful eloquence of Wedderburne. From the adverse side of the house, an ardent and powerful opposition was supported by the lively declaration of Barré, the legal acumen of Dunning, the profuse and philosophic fancy of Burke, and the argumentative vehemence of Fox. By such men, every operation of peace and war, every principle of justice or policy, every question of authority and freedom, was attacked and defended; and the subject of the momentous contest was the union or separation of Great Britain and America.' The early portion of the collection has evidently been written out, under the inspection, or from the dictation, of the right honourable reporter himself, and apparently with a view to publication: another portion is written out from the short-hand notes, but the outline is not filled up: a third portion remains still in short-hand, which is perfectly intelligible to me. The system made use of is that made public in 1751, by Mr. Joseph Gurney, grandfather of the present short-hand writer to both houses of parliament; of whom it is highly probable, that Mr. Cavendish took lessons: he certainly wrote it with uncommon facility. The speeches are more minutely detailed than is usual, or even necessary, in parliamentary reporting; but, from this exactness, the fullest and greatest advantage is derived, that every speech contains the actual words made use of, taken down without the least attempt at embellishment, and with such evident marks of the peculiar mind of the speaker, that we seem to have before us the very man himself. It is another source of advantage to these debates, that they were all reported by one person, sitting in the house, not liable to be confused by interruptions, not liable to be turned out in the middle of a speech, and having no motive for the immense labour which he underwent, but the desire of possessing himself of a record of the proceedings of the time, taken with the utmost accuracy. From these reports, Mr. George Grenville was supplied by Mr. Cavendish, in 1769, with a copy of the only speech he ever published—that against the motion for expelling Mr. Wilkes. Mr. Burke, also, received from the same quarter the report of his memorable speech on American taxation, in April 1774, which he afterwards gave to the world in a corrected form. By the publication of this collection, the proceedings of a parliament, which has hitherto been called 'The Unreported Parliament,' will, at the expense of fifty-five shillings, be not only fully recorded, by the talents and scrupulous care of one of its own members, than any part of the parliamentary history of this country, previously to the relaxation of the standing order of the House of Commons. The work will consist of four or five volumes, of the same size as those of the 'Parliamentary History,' to which it is intended

ed as a supplement; and it will be published in parts, four of which will make a volume."

Life of Margaret Beaufort, Countess of Richmond and Derby, Mother of King Henry VII. By Caroline A. Halsted. 8vo. Pp. 262. London, 1839. Smith, Elder, and Co.

IT may appear strange, and almost wicked to say so, but "the Lady Margaret" was too good a woman to be a very interesting one, and especially as the theme for biography. Like Meg of Wapping

"She married three husbands,
And buried them all;"

was the mother of a powerful king, whom she also buried; the grandmother of Henry VIII., whom she educated so virtuously that the latter part of his sinful life was a terrible counter-balance to the merits of his youth; and was, in short, by her position and near relationship to the royal strugglers of those days, a person in whom centered very important connexions with all the leading events which distracted England during the concluding half of the fifteenth century.

The work before us having gained the palm for the best memoir of the high lady in question, offered by the directors of the Gresham Commemoration, it may readily be imagined that it is of the panegyrical order, in so far as relates to its subject, and of the ornate, in so far as relates to its style. These are inevitable ingredients in all compositions of the kind; and it is but justice to the fair writer to say that, in other respects, she has executed her task most creditably, and done all that she could to make us love and admire, not only Margaret Beaufort, but her cold and selfish son, the seventh Henry. Of her we are told, when only *nine years old*, that "young as was the rich heiress of Somerset, she had nevertheless sufficient discernment to prefer enriching her noble kinsman ap Tudor, rather than to gratify the ambitious and overbearing minister [the Duke of Suffolk], who was already reaping so abundant a harvest from the wardship of her great possessions. The comparatively recent ennoblement of the De la Pole, and the fact of their enormous wealth having been derived from mercantile speculations, may, in the estimation of the great-granddaughter of the haughty John of Gannet, have depreciated any advantages which might accrue from an alliance with the family of her guardian, when placed in comparison with the maternal brother of the reigning monarch of England—the grandson of Charles the Sixth of France—the descendant of the holy and royal St. Louis—and the lineal representative of the native princes of Britain. These circumstances might have influenced one who had been reared with even less pride of birth than the Lady Margaret; but with her education, and at her romantic age, with the dread too of disappointment, through the possible intrigues of others, the image of the young Edmund Tudor, whether she were sleeping or awake, must have been sufficiently predominant to account for any dream, or with the superstitious feeling of the times, to induce the belief of an actual vision."

We hope that ladies so very young do not take to such dreaming nowadays; but we should mention what little Lady Margaret's dream was, and "the incident which led to so important a decision as regards her after years, so rife with momentous events for futurity, will be best narrated from her own account, communicated to her spiritual director. 'Being then not fully nine years old, and doubtful in her mind what she were best to do, she asked counsel of an old gentlewoman, whom

she much loved and trusted, which did advise her to commend herself to St. Nicholas, the patron and helper of all true maidens, and to beseech him to put in her mind what she were best to do. This counsel she followed, and made her prayer so full often, but specially that night when she should the morrow after make answer of her mind determinately. A marvellous thing! the same night, as I have heard her tell many a time, as she lay in prayer, calling upon St. Nicholas, whether sleeping or waking she could not assure, but about four of the clock in the morning, one appeared unto her arrayed like a bishop, and naming unto her, Edmund, bade take him unto her husband. This vision she related to her parents, — which warrants the inference that her mother was at this time united to Lord Welles: the supernatural direction was by them considered conclusive, and Margaret accordingly declared her preference for the king's brother, to whom she was forthwith solemnly betrothed, in accordance with the custom of that period."

As a historian, our fair author should have put a bit of a caveat against this priestly fable; but, on the contrary, she comments upon it thus:—

"The spirit of romance which tinctured the moral actions, no less than the ascetic bigotry which marked the spiritual views of that period, might have led her adviser, from a well-meaning zeal, to impose some deception upon the innocent and guileless creature, who, with her worldly inclinations still bent towards Edmund Tudor, was evidently desirous of leaving to heavenly direction the future path of her earthly career. That Margaret Beaufort believed she saw a vision, is beyond all doubt; but whether she was deceived into the belief by the agency of others, or whether her childish imagination dwelt on St. Nicholas in prayer, until his image, and the object of her wishes were associated in her dreams, cannot be decided; and would indeed be a most unimportant point, had not the circumstance led to a result, so fraught with momentous events, as the marriage to which it was the prelude. Some few years, however, elapsed before the union of this illustrious young couple; and as the interval contains no historical facts connected with the Lady Margaret, which demand particular attention, it affords a fitting opportunity to trace the parentage of her future husband. This is the more needed, as the royal lineage of Edmund Tudor increased the perils and vicissitudes to which her own noble descent exposed this distinguished scion of the Red Rose of Lancaster,—that ill-omened badge which seemed to encircle with thorns the footsteps of all who cherished the fatal flower,—the crimsoned leaves of which were reddened yet more deeply by the blood of friends and relatives,—whose root sprang from usurpation and regicide,—whose opening buds were germs of discord,—whose expanded blossoms were signals of destruction. It is with feelings of repose that the mind, passing from such harrowing scenes, rests on the gentle character whose descent entailed not upon her the destructive qualities of her race. No! she was the flower that was destined to survive the blight which eventually visited her family; and to perpetuate, by means of her good deeds, that line which valour, heroism, and undaunted courage, had raised indeed to the highest pinnacle of glory, but which that very success tended only the more speedily to annihilate."

This extract will serve to shew the flowery language so frequently employed in the Life;

as well as the reasoning applicable to a dreamer of nine years of age.

We will not imbrangle ourselves or our readers with Tudor or Plantagenet pedigrees; but offer another specimen of the eulogistic, in the description of Margaret when she lost her husband, No. I. :—

"He died on the 1st November, 1456, leaving the bereaved Margaret, herself only in her sixteenth year, with an infant son,* the inheritor of the earldom, which his father had not enjoyed above four years, and destined to become in right of his mother (though the knowledge thereof was hidden by the veil of futurity), the future monarch of England. His illustrious parent was buried in the church of the Grey Friars at Caermarthen, from whence his remains, upon the suppression of the abbey, were removed to the cathedral of St. David's.† In the centre of the choir, and beneath a monument directly before the steps of the high altar, they yet lie, with an inscription styling him 'Father and brother to kings.'‡ But the vigorous and well-disciplined mind of Margaret of Richmond was singularly calculated to endure the extremity of grief. Deeply imbued with religious zeal, her faith was too firmly rooted to be shaken by the blast of affliction. She could discern the chastening hand of the Almighty from the arm of the avenger; and though smitten to the heart's core, and that too in the very zenith of her joy, she could school her grief sufficiently to feel that she had duties to perform to the living, which were yet more binding, from being hallowed by her fond remembrance of the dead. On her infant and now orphan child, the offspring of short-lived but genuine attachment, the Lady Margaret henceforth bestowed as much of her devotion and affection, as she tremblingly thought could be spared from the service of her God. Her struggles indeed were great, but her fortitude never forsook her; and with a submissive spirit, that brought its own reward, the widowed countess tutored herself to feel, with true Christian piety, that while her infant son was spared she was not wholly bereft. How long that blessing might be hers, she feared to think—for his sickly constitution during infancy was a fresh source of affliction to his anxious mother; but Richmond's earliest biographer, Bernard Andreas, who was contemporary with him,—and from whose authority this fact is derived§—bears testimony also to the maternal solicitude of the Lady Margaret, who nursed and tended her puny offspring with a watchfulness and care, more in unison with her energetic character than her youthful age."

Her patronage of Caxton, the father of English typography, and of Wynken de Worde, is of more consequence than her needlework and ascetic devotion; and her foundation of chapels and colleges marks her as a woman of great

piety and enlightened views. But these matters are so generally known, that it would be impertinent again to set them forth in our notice, though imperative on the writer to do so. We shall, therefore, conclude with an extract relating to that martyr who taught his rudiments to her grandson, Henry VIII., and whom he afterwards sacrificed at the stake.

"The Lady Margaret, was now soon to be deprived of the solace of her esteemed confessor. Dr. Fisher was nominated to the see of Rochester by Henry the Seventh, an unsolicited and voluntary boon, though at the time attributed very naturally to the influence of the Countess of Richmond over her son. The letter from the king to his mother being extant is here introduced as an additional evidence of the strong attachment that existed between them, and also as exhibiting the delicacy that prompted him to ask his parent's acquiescence in a preferment that might have been made to appear as the simple reward of merit, instead of resulting, as the letter implies, from the additional claims which the singular virtue, holiness, and piety of the almoner and confessor of Margaret of Richmond, had upon his discerning and approving sovereign.

"Madam,—an [if] I thought I should not offend you, which I will never do wilfully, I am well minded to promote Master Fisher, your confessor, to a bishopric; and I assure you, madam, for none other cause, but for the great and singular virtue, that I know and see in him, as well in cunning and natural wisdom, and specially for his good and virtuous living and conversation. And by the promotion of such a man, I know well it should courage [encourage] many others to live virtuously and to take such wages as he doth, which should be a good example to many others hereafter. Howbeit without your pleasure known, I will not move him, nor tempt him therein. And therefore I beseech you, that I may know your mind and pleasure in that behalf, which shall be followed as much as God will give me grace. I have, in my days, promoted many a man unadvisedly, and I would now make some recompense to promote some good and virtuous man, which I doubt not, shall best please God, who ever preserve you in good health and long life.—King Henry, to my Lady Grace his mother."

The confession with which his majesty finishes his letter is extremely entertaining; and, to keep it in countenance, we end with an equally whimsical expression of the author.

"It has been already observed, that by his two marriages John of Gaunt had only one son."

One might fancy that his wives had half a son apiece! but that is not, we believe, the writer's meaning?

Hallam's Introduction to the Literature of Europe.

[Third notice.]

MR. HALLAM's third volume is devoted entirely to the first half of the seventeenth century, the age in which flourished among its scholars, Casaubon, Salmasius, Grotius, Vossius, Scaliger, and a host of others; among theologians, Jeremy Taylor; among philosophers, Bacon, Descartes, Hobbes; among poets, Shakspeare, Jonson, Milton. In a thick volume, upon a period of so much interest, it is difficult to select our extracts from the multitude of passages which offer themselves, and with the necessarily small space into which we must contract them. Much, however, of this volume, particularly the long and elaborate ex-

* "Dugdale's Baron. vol. ii. p. 239."

† "Sandford's General Hist. B. iv. ch. 9."

‡ "The Earl of Richmond was buried in the chancel of the church of St. David's, with this inscription upon his monument: 'Under this marble stone, here enclosed, rest the bones of that noble lord, Edmund, Earl of Richmond, father and brother to Kings; who departed out of this world in the year 1456; the first day of November. On whose soul Almighty Jesu have mercy.'—*Master's Memoirs of Thomas Baker*, p. 149."

§ "Bernard Andreas was a native of Toulouse, and an Augustine monk; he was poet-laureate to Henry VII. and his son Henry VIII., and was Prince Arthur's tutor in grammar. His unpublished life of Henry VII. is in the Cottonian MSS. (Dom. xviii.) and was written in 1508. He was made poet-laureate in the 11th Henry VII., 1496, with an annuity of 10 marks; and in the privy purse expenses of that monarch (*Excerpta Hist.* p. 115.), frequent mention is made of small sums given 'To the bynde poet in reward.'"

aminations of the different philosophical, political, and theological systems of the great writers whom we have mentioned above, can only be read advantageously as a whole, and will not bear cutting into shreds. We will continue to take our extracts indiscriminately, as they catch the eye in turning over the pages.

Our knowledge of the literary history of the Middle Ages has been hitherto so extremely imperfect, that we are apt to consider the long period from the fall of the Roman power to what is termed the revival of learning as a mere blank, except in works of heavy theology and scholastic philosophy; and we thus too often go no further in our searches after the origin of modern forms and systems than the brink of this apparently dark abyss of ignorance, not knowing that, like the fairy land of romance, the supposed abyss is a rich garden, though surrounded with obscure mists which have hitherto veiled its existence from mortal eyes, and that the adventurous knight who fearlessly breaks through the barrier, will there find the types of most of the well-known plants that grow in his own land. As a remarkable specimen of this, we may instance the supposed originality of the plan of the school-books of Comenius. Such works were common enough during the middle ages, and one or two of them are preserved in manuscripts of the thirteenth century, as the "Dictionarius" of Johannes de Garlandia, which has been recently printed by M. Géraud, in his work entitled "Paris sous Philippe le Bel." These older and shorter works probably continued in popular use up to the time of Comenius himself, and his books are but an extension of a system that had been long known. Mr. Hallam does not seem to have been aware of this. As all our readers, perhaps, are not acquainted with the works of Comenius, we shall give his account of him:—

"This author, a man of much industry, some ingenuity, and little judgment, made himself a colossal reputation by his 'Orbis Sensualium Pictus,' and still more by his 'Janua Linguarum Reserata,' the latter published in 1631. This contains, in 100 chapters, subdivided into 1000 paragraphs, more than 9300 Latin words, exclusive, of course, of such as recur. The originality of its method consists in weaving all useful words into a series of paragraphs, so that they may be learned in a short time, without the tediousness of a nomenclature. It was also intended to blend a knowledge of things with one of words. The 'Orbis Sensualium Pictus' has the same end. This is what has since been so continually attempted in books of education, that some may be surprised to hear of its originality. No one, however, before Comenius seems to have thought of this method. It must, unquestionably, have appeared to facilitate the early acquirement of knowledge in a very great degree; and, even with reference to language, if a compendious mode of getting at Latin words were the object, the works of Comenius would answer the purpose beyond those of any classical author. In a country where Latin was a living and spoken tongue, as was in some measure the case with Germany, no great strictness in excluding barbarous phrases is either practicable or expedient. But, according to the received principles of philological literature, they are such books as every teacher would keep out of the hands of his pupils. They were, nevertheless, reprinted and translated in many countries; and obtained a general reception, especially in the German empire, and similarly circumstanced kingdoms."

Our next extract relates to the declining

years of Papal influence, and exhibits a strong picture of the ruling passion exhibited to the last. The power which under Charles I. dreamed of the subjugation of England, soon afterwards crouched beneath the iron-bound sternness of Cromwell and his sectarian warriors.

"Notwithstanding the tone still held by the court of Rome and its numerous partisans, when provoked by any demonstrations of resistance, they generally avoided aggressive proceedings, and kept in reserve the tenets which could not be pleasing to any civil government. We should, doubtless, find many assertions of the temporal authority of the pope by searching into obscure theology during this period; but after Bellarmine and Perron were withdrawn from the stage, no prominent champions of that cause stood forth; and it was one of which great talents and high station alone could overcome the intrinsic unpopularity. Slowly and silently the power of Rome had much receded before the middle of the seventeenth century. Paul V. was the last of the imperious pontiffs who exacted obedience as sovereigns of Christendom. His successors have had recourse to gentler methods, to a paternal rather than regal authority; they have appealed to the moral sense, but have rarely or never alarmed the fears of their church. The long pontificate of Urban VIII. was a period of transition from strength to weakness. In his first years, this pope was not inactively occupied in the great cause of subduing the Protestant heresy. It has been lately brought to light, that soon after the accession of Charles I., he had formed a scheme, in conjunction with France and Spain, for conquering and partitioning the British islands: Ireland was to be annexed to the ecclesiastical state, and governed by a viceroy of the holy see.* But he afterwards gave up these visionary projects, and limited his ambition to more practicable views of aggrandisement in Italy. It is certain that the temporal principality of the popes has often been a useful diversion for the rest of Europe: the duchy of Urbino was less in our notions of importance than Germany or Britain; but it was quite as capable of engrossing the thoughts and passions of a pope."

We are sure that it is not generally known that Grotius, in his latter years, exhibited the inclination to go over to the church of Rome:

"But the epistles of Grotius afford such evidence of his secession from the Protestant side, as no reasonable understanding can reject. These are contained in a large folio volume, published in 1687, and amounting to 1766 of one series, and 744 of another. I have quoted the former, for distinction's sake, by the number, and the latter by the page. Few, we may presume, have taken the pains to go through them, in order to extract all the passages that bear upon this subject. It will be found that he began, as I have just said, by extolling the authority of the Catholic, or universal Church, and its exclusive right to establish creeds of faith. He some time afterwards ceased to frequent the Protestant worship, but long kept his middle path, and thought it enough to inveigh against the Jesuits and the exorbitancies of the see of Rome. But his reverence for the writers of the fourth and fifth centuries grew continually stronger; he learned to protest against the privilege claimed by the reformers, of interpreting Scripture otherwise than the

* "Ranke, ii. 518. It is not at all probable that France and Spain would have seriously coalesced for any object of this kind: the spoil could not have been safely divided. But the scheme serves to shew the ambition, at that time, of the Roman see."

consent of the ancients had warranted; visions, first of a union between the Lutheran and English churches, and then of one with Rome itself, floated before his eyes; he sought religious peace with the latter, as men seek it in opposition to civil government, by the redress of grievances and the subsequent restoration of obedience. But in proportion as he perceived how little of concession was to be obtained, he grew himself more ready to concede; and though at one time he seems to deny the infallibility of the church, and at another would not have been content with placing all things in the state they were before the Council of Trent, he came ultimately to think such a favourable sense might be put on all the Tridentine decrees, as to render them compatible with the confession of Augsburg. From the year 1640 his course seems to have been accelerated; he intimates no disapprobation of those who went over to Rome; he found, as he tells us, that whatever was generally received in the church of Rome, had the authority of those Greek and Latin fathers whose communion no one would have refused; and at length, in a remarkable letter to Wytenbogat, bearing date in 1644, he puts it as worthy to be considered, whether it would not be more reasonable for private men, who find the most essential doctrines in a church of a universal hierarchy and a legitimate succession, to waive their differences with it for the sake of peace, by putting the best interpretations they can, only keeping silence on their own opinions, than that the Catholic church should accommodate itself to the separate judgment of such men. Grotius had already ceased to speak of the Arminians as if he was one of themselves, though with much respect of some of their leaders. Upon a dispassionate examination of all these testimonies, we can hardly deem it an uncertain question whether Grotius, if his life had been prolonged, would have taken the easy leap that still remained; and there is some positive evidence of his design to do so. But, dying on a journey, and in a Protestant country, this avowed declaration was never made.

"It appears to me, nevertheless, that Grotius was very far from having truly subjected his understanding to the church of Rome. The whole bent of his mind was to effect an exterior union among Christians; and for this end he did not hesitate to recommend equivocal senses of words, convenient explanations, and respectful silence. Listening attentively, if I may be allowed such a metaphor, we hear the chant of the Æsculapian cock in all he has written for the Catholic church. He first took up his reverence for antiquity, because he found antiquity unfavourable to the doctrine of Calvin. His antipathy to this reformer and to his followers led him on to an admiration of the episcopal succession, the organised hierarchy, the ceremonial and liturgical institutions, the high notions of sacramental rights, which he found in the ancient church, and which Luther and Zuingli had cast away. He became imbued with the notion of unity as essential to the Catholic church; but he never seems to have gone the length of abandoning his own judgment, or of asserting any positive infallibility to the decrees of man. For it is manifest that, if the councils of Nice or of Trent were truly inspired, it would be our business to inquire what they meant themselves, not to put the most convenient interpretations, nor to search out for some author or another who may have strained their language to our own opinion. The precedent of Grotius, therefore, will not serve those who endeavour to bind

the reason of the enlightened part of mankind, which he respected like his own."

The following account of the style of preaching in the first half of the seventeenth century, cannot but be interesting to the general reader. We would, however, observe, that we think the accusation contained in the first sentences is a little too general, and also rather too strong:—

"The style of preaching before the Reformation had been often little else than buffoonery, and seldom respectable. The German sermons of Tauler, in the fourteenth century, are alone remembered. For the most part, indeed, the clergy wrote in Latin what they delivered to the multitude in the native tongue. A better tone began with Luther. His language was sometimes rude and low, but persuasive, artless, powerful. He gave many useful precepts, as well as examples, for pulpit eloquence. Melancthon, and several others, both in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, as well in the Lutheran as the reformed church, endeavoured by systematic treatises to guide the composition of sermons. The former could not, however, withstand the formal, tasteless, and polemical spirit that overspread their theology. In the latter a superior tone is perceived. Of these, according to the Eickhorn, the Swiss preachers were most simple and popular, the Dutch most learned and copious, the French had most taste and eloquence, the English most philosophy. It is more than probable that in these characteristics he has meant to comprise the whole of the seventeenth century. Few continental writers, as far as I know, that belong to this its first moiety, have earned any remarkable reputation in the province of theology. In England, several might be distinguished out of a large number. Sermons have been much more frequently printed here than in any other country; and, from the beginning of the seventeenth century, form a large proportion of our theological literature."

Passing over theology, philosophy, and morals, which form nearly two-thirds of the volume, we again find ourselves in the cheerful region of poetry. We can hardly venture upon Mr. Hallam's long-detailed, and, we think, remarkable criticisms on Milton, Shakespeare, and the other tragedians of this age. We are much pleased, too, with many of his remarks upon the lesser poets who were their contemporaries. We give his accounts of the "Polyolbion" of Drayton:—

"Next to Daniel in time, and much above him in reach of mind, we place Michael Drayton, whose 'Barons' Wars' have been mentioned under the preceding period, but whose more famous work was published partly in 1613, and partly in 1622. Drayton's 'Polyolbion' is a poem of about 30,000 lines in length, written in Alexandrine couplets; a measure, from its monotony, and perhaps from its frequency in doggerel ballads, not at all pleasing to the ear. It contains a topographical description of England, illustrated with a prodigality of historical and legendary erudition. Such a poem is essentially designed to instruct, and speaks to the understanding more than to the fancy. The powers displayed in it are, however, of a high cast. It has generally been a difficulty with poets to deal with a necessary enumeration of proper names. The catalogue of ships is not the most delightful part of the 'Iliad'; and Ariosto never encounters such a roll of persons or places without sinking into the tamest insipidity. Virgil is splendidly beautiful upon similar occasions; but his decorative elegance could not be pre-

served, nor would continue to please in a poem that kept up through a great length the effort to furnish instruction. The style of Drayton is sustained, with extraordinary ability, on an equable line, from which he seldom much deviates, neither brilliant nor prosaic; few or no passages could be marked as impressive, but few are languid or mean. The language is clear, strong, various, and sufficiently figurative; the stories and fictions interspersed, as well as the general spirit and liveliness, relieve the heaviness incident to topographical description. There is probably no poem of this kind in any other language, comparable together in extent and excellence to the 'Polyolbion'; nor can any one read a portion of it without admiration for its learned and highly gifted author. Yet perhaps no English poem, known as well by name, is so little known beyond its name; for while its immense length deters the common reader, it affords, as has just been hinted, no great harvest for selection, and would be judged very unfairly by partial extracts. It must be owned, also, that geography and antiquities may, in modern times, be taught better in prose than in verse; yet whoever consults the 'Polyolbion' for such objects, will probably be repaid by petty knowledge, which he may not have found any where else."

Although there is much in this third volume which we leave with regret, yet our space obliges us to pass it by. We will end for the present with a short specimen of the criticisms on the poetry of Milton; it relates to two of his shorter, but most beautiful productions, "Comus," and the "Ode on the Nativity":—

"'Comus' was sufficient to convince any one of taste and feeling, that a great poet had arisen in England, and one partly formed in a different school from his contemporaries. Many of them had produced highly beautiful and imaginative passages; but none had evinced so classical a judgment, none had aspired to so regular a perfection. Jonson had learnt much from the ancients; but there was a grace in their best models which he did not quite attain. Neither his 'Sad Shepherd,' nor the 'Faithful Shepherdess' of Fletcher, have the elegance or dignity of 'Comus.' A noble virgin and her young brothers, by whom this masque was originally represented, required an elevation, a purity, a sort of severity of sentiment, which no one in that age could have given but Milton. He avoided, and nothing loath, the more festive notes which dramatic poetry was wont to mingle with its serious strain. But for this he compensated by the brightest hues of fancy, and the sweetest melody of song. In 'Comus,' we find nothing prosaic or feeble, no false taste in the incidents, and not much in the language; nothing over which we should desire to pass on a second perusal. The want of what we may call personality, none of the characters having names, excepting Comus himself, who is a very indefinite being, and the absence of all positive attributes of time and place, enhance the ideality of the fictions by a certain indistinctness not displeasing to the imagination."

"The 'Ode on the Nativity,' far less popular than most of the poetry of Milton, is perhaps the finest in the English language. A grandeur, a simplicity, a breadth of manner, an imagination at once elevated and restrained by the subject, reign throughout it. If Pindar is a model of lyric poetry, it would be hard to name any other ode so truly Pindaric; but more has naturally been derived from the Scriptures. Of the other short poems, that on the death of

the Marchioness of Winchester deserves particular mention. It is a pity that the first lines are bad, and the last much worse; for rarely can we find more feeling or beauty than in some other passages."

MISCELLANEOUS.

British History, Chronologically Arranged; comprehending a Classified Analysis of the Occurrences in Church and State, and of the Constitutional, Political, Commercial, Intellectual, and Social Progress of the United Kingdom, from the first Invasion of the Romans to the Accession of Queen Victoria. By John Wade, author of the "History of the Middle and Working Classes," &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 1184, double columns. London, 1839. Wilson.

THE author tells that he has compiled this history something on the plan of a newspaper, with a leading article descriptive of the principal events of every reign, and then a chronological summary, with all the other needful accessories, as set down in the title-page. That page is so explanatory of the design, that our attention was only directed to its execution, and it affords us pleasure to say that the original chapters alluded to are moderate, fair, and impartial, without going deeply into philosophising; which, in our opinion, oftener mars than mends the truth and lessons of history. The other portions are diligently and faithfully put together; and the whole volume is decidedly one of the best that has ever appeared as a work for ready and useful reference to the annals of our country. As a family book, we know of none to compare with it for these great merits.

The East India Voyager; or Ten Minutes' Advice to the Outward Bound. By Emma Roberts, author of "Memoirs of the Rival Houses of York and Lancaster;" "Scenes and Characteristics of Hindostan," &c. &c. Pp. 263. London, 1839. Madden and Co. (late Parbury and Co.)

MISS ROBERTS'S excellent talents for observation have a wide and a useful field in this publication, for which every European destined for India owes her a deep debt of gratitude. There is hardly a possible circumstance of which it does not treat, in a manner likely to be most advantageous to those who consult it; and on many subjects of vital consequence to the individual, there is such sound and sage advice, that it must indeed be well for those who will take the trouble to think upon, and be guided by it. Every branch of the service is separately examined, and rules for conduct laid down. From the merest trifles necessary for comfort, to the gravest affairs which require judgment and decision—from the particulars of dress, and travelling, and eating, and sleeping, to the most important business of public life—there are suggestions which will be found serviceable in every way, and render a thousand things easy and agreeable which would otherwise be full of annoyance and trouble. Need we add, that it is a volume for all Indians to possess as a friend and counsel?

Life of Sir Walter Scott, Bart. Vols. IV. and V. Edinburgh, 1839. Cadell. London, Whittaker and Co.

THE whole-length of Scott after Raeburn, and the vignette, the house in Castle Street, in which he lived twenty-five years, are the graceful embellishments of the former of these volumes; as are Lady Scott, after Saxon, and Abbotsford in 1812, equally appropriate, though not so well executed, engravings of the latter.

The general interest of the text seems to lose nothing by repetition.

Egypt: Familiar Description of the Land, People, and Produce. With a Map, and Fifty-three Wood-Engravings. Pp. 331. (London, W. Smith.)—A neat popular account of a country which has recently risen to a degree of political importance likely to have very great influence on the destiny of nations. We recommend it strongly to young readers.

Cleanings from Many Fields. Pp. 163. (London, Harvey and Darton.)—A miscellany of various matters for children's reading. *The Infants' Catechism* (pp. 80) is another, and more useful, and executed with better judgment.

Military Law Authorities, &c., by Major W. Hough. Pp. 255. (Calcutta, Hacker and Co.; London, Allen and Co.)—Of this volume we need only say that it is an excellent manual, and ought to be in the hands of every man engaged in courts-martial.

ARTS AND SCIENCES. COMPRESSED PEAT.

It is a subject of congratulation to us, that among the numerous discoveries and improvements of the last twenty (in that respect, eventful) years, with which we have done our part in making the public acquainted, it has been our good fortune to bring under general notice the very important invention indicated by the title above. Having been privy to the early experiments, and witnessed the progress of the attempt, amid difficulties which were almost enough to discourage enterprise, we rejoice the more in having been the only channel to direct attention to the work, as we are now to hail its final and successful issue. Lord Willoughby de Eresby, high in rank and official station, and with many onerous duties attached to his social position, has done himself great honour in this pursuit. With the assiduity and perseverance of a tradesman, whose own peculiar emolument was the object in view, and not the accomplishment of a patriotic and national benefit, his lordship has year after year devoted his exertions to this task, and his mind to the devising of means by which the obstacles that presented themselves were to be overcome. And diligence and ingenuity have prevailed. A brief pamphlet, of a dozen pages, gives a description of the different machines which he has used for the compression of peat, till he has ultimately satisfied himself by bringing the last to working perfection.

Diagrams, which we cannot copy, fully illustrate all these particulars:—

"During a constant residence (his lordship says) in the mountainous districts of Scotland and Wales, where the inhabitants depend chiefly upon peat for their fuel, Lord Willoughby had given much attention to the manner of preparing it for use. From observing the impossibility of rendering it available in a wet season (together with its comparatively small value, even in the most favourable,) for domestic or manufacturing purposes, he was induced to enter upon a series of experiments for its compression by machinery. The first of these took place in the summer of 1834."

This machine was choked by the fibrous matter of the peat; and a second also suffered the material to escape with the expressed moisture. Lord Willoughby then adopted linen cloth wrappers to prevent this loss, and a third machine gave a considerable remedy for the evil. But still there was something wanting; and other machines were tried and tested, and other improvements were made, till the present specimen was completed and employed in the extensive and successful manufacturing of this species of fuel:—

"For the machine thus improved (we are informed) a patent has been obtained by Lord Willoughby, extending to England only; but he wishes it to be understood that any individual

is at liberty, upon a proper application, to avail himself of the invention gratuitously. It may be useful to add a few general remarks to the foregoing description. In the selection of peat for compression, care must be taken to obtain a black peat, free from fibre. Peat of the proper description has very much the appearance of blackened butter, and is the only sort which will repay the expense of preparation. The peat should be dug of the usual size, namely, eight inches by three, and three deep, and of a uniform shape, which is easily effected by a spade of a peculiar construction. All attempts which have been made to compress peat in large masses of various dimensions have invariably failed. In every instance the water has been retained in the centre of the mass, and expelled only from its surfaces. Even had the result of these trials been different, the peat so prepared would be useless for general purposes until cut into small pieces. Before compression, the peats must be placed to dry for five or six days under sheds, in the same manner as bricks and tiles, and after compression must remain under cover until perfectly free from moisture, when they will be fit for use. At the recommendation of several friends, Lord Willoughby has attempted to dry them in various ways by artificial heat, but without any satisfactory result. The peat, when properly compressed, is reduced about one-third in size, hard and compact, and nearly black in colour; it varies slightly in density, sometimes floating, at others sinking in water. As to its uses, it will be found an excellent substitute for coal. It may be used in grates for domestic purposes, and has been tried successfully in calcining lime. In an experiment with the steam-engine at St. John's foundry, Perth, where one of the machines already described was made, the peat was found to outlast an equal weight of coal, in the proportion of sixteen per cent, the engine being worked at its ordinary rate. There is every reason to believe that it might be employed in the manufacture of gas, which it gives off in abundance, burning with a clear white light. It may also be prepared by charring, in the same manner as ordinary charcoal, by which its size is reduced about one-half. When charred in this way, the slowness and difficulty with which it burns renders it an extremely valuable fuel in many processes of the arts: this value is increased by its freedom from sulphur, and the comparatively small quantity of ashes which it leaves after burning. For the working of steel in particular, its freedom from sulphur makes it greatly superior to charcoal. It has been applied to this purpose by Messrs. Philp and Whicker (late Savigny and Co.), St. James's Street, who have used it with remarkable success in forging razors and surgical instruments. The articles bear the stamp 'forged with peat,' as well as the names of these gentlemen by whom they are highly recommended. The charred peat has also been employed in the working of other metals, particularly in the soldering of thin brass, with a most encouraging result. In conclusion, it may be mentioned, that it is as serviceable in the kitchen as common charcoal, and occasions no unpleasant taste or smell."

"The quantity of peats which may be thus compressed in one day, may be estimated at 27,000, or 45 per minute, under a pressure of 400 pounds on the square inch, with a high pressure steam-engine of six-horse power."

To this we have little to add. In former papers we pointed out the extraordinary value of the invention as regarded Scotland and Ireland, and parts of England where peat pre-

valled and coal was distant; we shewed that the bog and the desert might by its use be readily converted into the productive factory and busy population; we expressed our conviction that it was alone sufficient to create a revolution on the face of the country, spreading comfort and plenty where distress and penury grieved the heart of the philanthropist and legislator. We are now more than ever convinced that it will do all these things; and we only pray for its speedy and general application, to see our own hopes and Lord Willoughby's liberal objects happily realised.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

THERE are, we understand, some doubts whether the British Association will meet this year or not. It depends upon the situation of Birmingham, the mayor of which town has applied, we are informed, to Lord John Russell on the subject. It will, of course, be for the Home Secretary to consider whether it will be safe or otherwise to allow causes of excitement, and the congregation of crowds, by night as well as by day, to be introduced into a place where the populace are in so inflammable and dangerous a state. Should any unfortunate circumstances result, he would be greatly blamed; and it might perhaps be more discreet to create no opportunities for collision and mischief. The authorities of Birmingham and its vicinity cannot but be anxious on the matter; for, after all the preparations made, it would be a sore disappointment to be obliged to *un-invite* their promised guests. But still the public peace and tranquillity are objects of far greater consequence; and if these cannot be preserved from risk without the adoption of extraordinary and incongenial means, we are sure it would be better to postpone this meeting. Science and Chartism, fêtes and riots, philosophy and bloodshed, would not comport well together. At all events, the prospect is neither certain nor comfortable.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

To the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*.

SIR,—A few days ago I transmitted to you copies of original letters from Johnson and Addison, the letters themselves having been hooked up in the New River by a fisherboy; and at the same time gave you to understand others were in my possession, derived from the same simple and genuine authority. I now send you a copy of a letter

From Queen Anne to the Duke of Marlborough, after the Victory of Oudenarde.

"Sir,—I want words to express the joy I have that you are well after your glorious success, for which, next to God Almighty, my thanks are due to you: for, indeed, I can never say enough for all the great and faithful services you [have?] ever done me. But be so just as to believe I am as truly sensible of them as a grateful heart can be, and shall be ready to shew it upon all occasions. I hope you cannot doubt of my esteem and friendship for you, nor think, because I differ from you in some things, it is for want of either. No. I do assure you if you were here, I am sure you would not think me so much in the wrong in some things as you do now. I am afraid my letter should come too late to London, and therefore dare say no more, but that I pray God Almighty to continue his protection over you, and send you safe home again: and be assured I shall ever be, sincerely yours, ANNE R."

To this letter there is neither date nor

address, which shews that Anne was not a man of business.

Yours faithfully,
18 Devereux Court, Temple,
26th July, 1839.

J. M. F. W.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

Anglo-Saxon Literature.

IN pursuing his interesting inquiries and elucidation of the attainments and habits of our Saxon ancestors, Mr. Wright proceeds to exhibit their acquaintance with *Geography*; and he remarks—

"We find the Anglo-Saxons at an early period distinguished by the same spirit of adventure, which has been so active and fruitful among their descendants. They were anxious to explore the distant countries, whose existence had been made known to them by the books which the missionaries imported. Even so early as the seventh century they were in the habit of going to Rome by sea, a voyage in which the pilgrims necessarily incurred many perils. At the end of this century, a Frankish bishop named Arculf, who was returning from the Holy Land, and had visited Constantinople, Damascus, and Alexandria in Egypt, as well as many of the islands of the Mediterranean, was thrown by bad weather on the western coasts of England, where he became acquainted with the Abbot Adamnan. The latter carefully stored up the information which the traveller communicated to him, and afterwards committed it to writing in a treatise which is still preserved. It is probable, indeed, from many circumstances, that the Anglo-Saxons themselves made frequent visits, not only to Italy, but also to the East.* King Alfred, who in this, as in other things, merited well the character given him by historians of being 'a diligent investigator of unknown things' (ignotum rerum investigatiori solerter se jungat), sent Sighelm, bishop of Sherburn, in 883, to India to visit the scene of the labours of St. Thomas and St. Bartholomew; and Sighelm not only reached in safety this distant land, but he brought back with him many of its productions, and particularly some gems and relics which were still preserved in his church in the time of William of Malmesbury. The present day cannot furnish a more intelligent account of a voyage of discovery, than that taken down by Alfred from the mouths of Othhere and Wulfstan, one of whom had sailed to the North Cape, and the other along the northern shores of the Baltic, and which that monarch has inserted in his own version of Orosius. The map of the tenth century, mentioned above, is far more correct than the generality of maps, which we find in old manuscripts at a later period; its chief inaccuracy lies in the distorted shape given to Africa, which is here a long narrow slip of land running out from east to west; but the coasts of India and Eastern Asia are not ill defined, there are few of the fabulous indications which appear afterwards in this part of the world, and Paradise does not occupy the place of the isles of Japan, as it did after the voyage of St. Brandan became popular in the twelfth century."

But, perhaps, none of the topics brought forward by Mr. Wright is more curious, or throws more light upon the domestic and peculiar manners of the Saxons in England, than the view of *Medicine*, as one of the *Natural Sciences*. Mr. W. says:—

"The systematical study of natural history, in any of its branches, has never been culti-

vated among a people who had not reached a high state of civilisation. Many of the operations of nature are indeed of that wonderful character, that they cannot fail to attract at all times the attention of the observer; and although these insulated observations were often the cause of the wildest errors among the philosophers of a comparatively barbarous age, yet they contained the germs of modern science. The marvellous transformations which accompanied the change of the creeping worm into the elegant butterfly, the singular habits of some animals, and the instincts of others, were the groundwork of many a superstitious fable. Even the fossil remains of a former world did not pass unnoticed; in old writers, such for example as William of Newbury in the twelfth century, we find many tales of animals imbedded in rocks, accidentally released from their imprisonment, which were undoubtedly founded upon discoveries of fossils; and these remains perhaps also gave rise to the legends of dragons which brooded in caves over hidden treasures, and of other animals no less extraordinary and fearful than the forms which are presented to us by the researches of modern geologists. The foreign books on natural history, which the Anglo-Saxons seem to have possessed, were by no means calculated to give them any very enlightened notions on the subject, for they consisted chiefly of fabulous narratives of the imaginary monsters which were supposed to live under the burning skies of India and Africa, or of those moralisations of the ordinary instincts of some animals which a little later became more universally popular under the title of 'Bestiaries.' The learning of the ancients was communicated to the people of the middle ages by two distinct roads. First, it was introduced along with the ancient literature, when those who received it, only just emerging from the depths of ignorance, were least capable of cultivating it with advantage, and when, from their preconceived ideas and various other causes, it was much disfigured, and very partially developed. Secondly, after having found a more favourable soil among the Arabians in the East, whose vast conquests and more enlarged field of scientific observation were naturally attended with a proportionate intellectual development, it became the groundwork of a school which, at a later period, was carried directly to the West, and gradually took the place of the barbarous, half-Romanised school, which had there existed—we can hardly say flourished—through several ages. This was more particularly the case with the medical and chemical sciences, which, less than any others, the Anglo-Saxons were capable of receiving from their instructors. Before the influence of the Arabian school was felt, even the elixir and the philosopher's stone were not thought of, and the medical knowledge of our early forefathers was confined within very narrow limits. In the last struggles of the Roman power, and during the inroads of the barbarous tribes before whom it fell, all the ancient practical knowledge of medicine and surgery must have disappeared. The books which remained were almost useless, not only from this want of practical skill, but also from the impossibility of procuring most of the articles which were enumerated in them, among people who had no certain commercial intercourse with distant parts of the world. This was felt strongly among the Anglo-Saxons; and one of Boniface's correspondents, while earnestly desiring to be remembered, in case that adventurous missionary should meet with any medical books

which were not known in England, complains at the same time of the difficulty of using them on account of the foreign ingredients which those works prescribed. The consequence of this was, that the Anglo-Saxons either returned to the old superstitious practices and receipts which had been used before their conversion to Christianity, or submitted to the authority of certain spurious books which were equally absurd and superstitious, and which appear to have been made with the object of remedying the difficulties above mentioned. The book which seems to have exerted the greatest influence on the science of medicine among the Anglo-Saxons, was a Latin herbal, published under the name of Apuleius, and containing, as it was pretended, the doctrines taught to Achilles by Chiron the Centaur. This spurious treatise, with a tract attributed to Antonius Musa on the virtues of the herb betony, and another bearing the title of 'Medicina Animalium,' and the name of Sextus Philosophus, formed, in an Anglo-Saxon translation, of which several copies are still extant, the popular text-book among the old physicians. We may cite, as a fair specimen of the character of this herbal, the account of the herb betony, which is almost a literal version from Antonius Musa. This plant, we are told, should be gathered in the month of August; no iron was to be used in digging it up; and, when duly prepared, it was not only a powerful antidote against many diseases, but also a sure and efficient defence against spectres, fearful sights, and dreams. In addition to this herbal, we find amongst Anglo-Saxon manuscripts several medical works and collections of receipts, which are interesting to us, not only for the light they throw upon the early history of medicine in our island, but also because they make us acquainted with the classes of diseases chiefly prevalent among the Anglo-Saxons, and thus illustrate collaterally the state of society in general. This class of works, indeed, forms rather an important part of the remains of the literature of these early ages, and deserves more attention than has been hitherto bestowed upon it. Among the manuscripts in the British Museum which are commonly quoted as the Royal Manuscripts, and which were formerly kept at St. James's Palace, we find a very curious book on medicine, splendidly written in the Anglo-Saxon language, apparently of the earlier part of the tenth century, and probably at that time the property of a physician of some eminence. This book is divided into two parts, the first relating chiefly to the treatment of external diseases, and the second to inward diseases, and those of a more complicated nature. A large proportion of the cases here provided against, are outward wounds, arising sometimes from accident, but more frequently from personal violence, the prevalence of which we may assume from the minutely detailed penalties imposed upon it by the Anglo-Saxon laws. The numerous receipts against the bites of adders and other venomous reptiles, shew that these latter were infinitely more numerous, and probably more various, than they are at present, and aid us in conceiving the picture which our island then presented to the eye, thinly inhabited, ill cultivated, and covered with marshes, woods, and wilds. We find, also, in the work above mentioned many receipts against the effects of poison; and (which appears singular enough) there are more provisions against diseases of the eye than against any other complaint. It is, perhaps, in some measure to the prevalence of this latter class of diseases in former times, that we owe the

* How curiously this conjecture confirms the opinion of Col. Tod.—See Review of his "Rajasthan."—Ed. L. G.

preservation of the numerous superstitions connected with springs of water; and the peasantry in many parts of our island still use them, not on account of the purity of the water, but with a belief in some peculiar attributes of the well itself. Although this treatise is not a herbal, still the ingredients mentioned are chiefly vegetables, though mixed up sometimes with other substances, such as ale and honey, of which latter commodity the consumption was very great among the Anglo-Saxons, and, less frequently, fat, oil, or wine. The powerful medicinal effects produced by vegetable mixtures, and the facility with which they were obtained, will easily explain the great reputation they enjoyed in an uncultivated age; but the real causes of diseases were little known, the connexion between the complaint and the remedy was seldom or very imperfectly understood, and the success of the latter must have been extremely problematical. The object generally aimed at seems to have been to produce a sudden and strong impression on the system, the effect of which must often have proved fatal. One of the receipts against the headache, given in this book, directs that a salve, composed of rue and mustard-seed, should be applied to the side of the head which was free from pain, evidently with the expectation of producing a sudden nervous re-action. So again for the cure of sore eyes, we are directed to make a paste of strawberry plants and pepper, which is to be diluted for use in sweet wine. There are few diseases of which the history is so obscure as that of the small-pox. This obscurity arises partly from the difficulty of identifying the disease under the names which seem to have been given to it at different times. In our own language it was formerly called simply the *pockes*, the plural form of a word which signified nothing more than pustules. In the Anglo-Saxon treatise of which we are now speaking, we find two or three receipts against the 'pockes' (wip poccum), which is perhaps the same disease we call small-pox, although, by the number and simple character of the prescriptions, it would appear either not to have been very prevalent, or else to have possessed a less dangerous character than that which it assumed in later times. On the appearance of the first symptoms of the disease, bleeding is ordered, and a full bowl of melted butter is recommended to be taken inwardly; if the pustules be broken out, the physician is directed to pick them all out carefully with a thorn, and to pour a drop of wine or alder syrup in the place, which process was to prevent them from leaving any marks. The terrible effects of hydrophobia seem not to have been much known at this time; two or three receipts are given against the bite of mad dogs, but they are all very simple, the most remarkable being plasters of boiled onions, ashes, fat, and honey, or of plantain, mulberries, and fat, to be applied to the wound."

FINE ARTS.

SIGNOR BOZZONI'S MODELS.

We have lately had the pleasure of seeing, at the Imperial Hotel in Covent Garden, specimens of statues and bassi relievi, modelled by Signor Bozzoni, a pupil of the celebrated Finelli, of Rome. The statues are those of St. Peter and St. Paul, and the subjects of the bassi relievi are "Our Saviour going to Calvary," and "The Entombment;" the former being part of an intended series of sixteen statues (twelve apostles, and four martyrs); the latter being part of an intended series of

eighteen bassi relievi, illustrating the history of Jesus Christ; which are to be the ornaments of a Roman Catholic Church lately built, in his own grounds, by Constable Maxwell, Esq., of Everingham Park, Yorkshire. Signor Bozzoni is evidently an artist of very superior talent. Purity and simplicity are the characteristics of his style. There is nothing in it of that violence and exaggeration which are too often mistaken for indications of genius. If the design be completely carried into effect, and more especially if marble be eventually chosen as the medium of its execution, the church in question will be the most splendid and attractive edifice of its kind in the country.

The Royal Academy.—On Tuesday, the affairs of the Royal Academy were debated in the House of Commons; when, on a division on Mr. Hume's motion to enforce obedience to an order of the house for the production of accounts, &c. for the last three years, it was negatived by a majority of five, the numbers being thirty-eight to thirty-three. It seems likely that, under such circumstances, the Academy must either yield some matters to popular opinion, or make itself entirely independent of popular claims, by building a Home for itself; for which, indeed, it fortunately possesses ample funds.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

PAINTING.

WHEN first from heaven the King of light
Call'd Beauty into birth,
He painted on the waters bright
The images of earth.
The trees in lofty glory drew,
Beside the low and bending flower,
And o'er its living surface threw
Sublimity and power!

What morn unconscious Love strayed near,
She started all amazed;—
Advanced—retired—in bashful fear—
Then, trembling, blushing,—gazed!
She moved—a form, yet nobler graced,
The magic waters swift did yield;
A mirrored hand stole round her waist,
And Painting stood revealed!
Thus Love, immortal Art, first found,
And sought her colours true,
From every bud and blossom round
That slumbered 'neath the dew:
Yet vain she toiled, until she brought
Her untought pencil to that tide,
And deeper inspiration caught
Along the river-side.

For frail was Painting's hand, and rude,
Imperfect to her will;
And Nature's awful magnitude
Frowned at her mimic skill.
But softened—mellowed—in the stream
The majesty of Nature moved;
More like the visions of a dream,
When dreams were what she loved!

Thus Science nursed by Beauty grew,
Its mighty leaves unfurled;
Its fame-ascending branches strew
A grandeur round the world.
And mute must Poetry appear,
Dethroned and crownless stand apart;
And Sculpture seem but Death when near
Love's miracles of Art.

For Time, who never spent an hour
As in Love's beauteous clime,
Taught her—to aid the pencil's power—
To snatch a grace from Time!

And faithful to the voice that made
His golden sands in music run,
O'er Painting Time ne'er cast a shade
But it some feeling won!

A universal language spread
Its eloquence afar,—
Grand as the living Scripture read
In every burning star:
From shore to shore the marvel ran,
And every holier impulse woke;
And every passion known to man
Unrivalled Painting spoke!

All feelings—sympathies, full fraught
With truth, great Art, were thine!
The illumination of all thought,
Or earthly, or divine!
The fine creations of the sense
Took bodied form and life from thee,
The vision and the influence
Of Present Deity!

Behold!—the dreadful whirlwinds toss;
The rocks from earth are torn;
See,—Jesus bleeds upon the cross,
And Horror hides the morn!
We turn again,—'tis Raffaele brings
The risen Saviour to our eyes:—
Oh, for those archangelic wings
That mount Jehovah's skies!

Still may that Lyre whose chords are hues,
Whose language Nature finds,
Its mighty influence diffuse
To charm and teach all minds!
May Painting, whose delights sublime
Exalt each land where man hath trod,
Still inspiration through all time
Seek from Creation's God!

Manchester, July 17th.

CHARLES SWAIN.

BIOGRAPHY.

OLD SAUNDERS.

AT the extreme age of ninety-one, our old friend and showman has this week been gathered to his fathers, at Lambeth. It is with a curious sympathy that we record his death; for do not we remember him in his provincial perambulations, when yet the first of our school lessons were, like his great feats, being imprinted on our mind? and do not we recollect, with gratitude, that he even permitted us to mount his beautiful horses and canter round the ring? The sawdust is now applied to a different purpose: the coffin is his circus now. Then there were in those days the lotteries, far superior in interest to any thing we have since seen upon the stage. A waistcoat; a pair of corduroy—(what a laugh when they were drawn and proclaimed!); a live goose (another comic clap-trap, quite equal to Liston at his best); a sheep (like the finale to the "Village Lawyer"); a silver watch!—ah, how time has flown since then! Shakspeare and Maoready together could not produce such a sensation; Stanfield could draw nothing so delightful as one of these prizes. And he had two fine sharp lads to ride (one of them was afterwards killed by a fall) in their gay silk jackets and tight whites. To be allowed to speak to them was an honour. The Fool, "motley's your only wear," was far above taking so great a liberty with: but Saunders had a pretty family, at least a boy, who followed in his career, and a girl with red rosy cheeks and fair flaxen hair. He was himself a stout and muscular figure, well-looking, and worthy to be the parent of such children, the dispenser of such benefits, the proprietor of such an equestrian stud, the

director of such entertainments, the lord and master of such an establishment.

The booth system, we fancy, succeeded the horsemanship; and, sooth to say, mountebanking, a name in disrepute with the elder and upper circles, though dear to the young and lowly. In this he was the generous rival of Richardson, of famous character; and was, like him, well known to almost every corner of the British dominions. Wherever they came, they contributed to the harmless gaiety of "the masses;" and, in verity, it is our solemn and earnest wish that the masses had more of similar pleasures now to amuse and occupy their few brief hours of relaxation and recreation. The newspapers state that his later years were not so prosperous as his earlier days, with all their fluctuations and various fortunes; but we saw him occasionally driving about in a very small pony-chaise, and hope he had enough for the common comforts of life in his old age. He was very grateful for kindness; and we are convinced that it would be no undeserved tribute to him to inscribe upon his tombstone—

Here lies an Honest Man.

THE DRAMA.

Her Majesty's Theatre.—The new ballet of the *Gipsy*, in which F. Elsaler takes a part similar to that of Taglioni in *La Gitana* (the one being Scotch and the other Bohemian), is chiefly worthy of notice on account of the fine scenery painted for it by Grieve. The view of the Old Town and Castle of Edinburgh, is, in particular, a splendid and picturesque composition, and does infinite credit to the talents of the artist. It is droll enough to observe that a new heresy has sprung up among our dramatic critics, in consequence of the perfection to which scene-painting is now carried. They hold that it is too good; and seem terrified lest the painter should eclipse the poet!!

English Opera House.—The only dramatic novelty of the week is *The Devil's Opera*, brought out here with musical force and beauty; and in a manner that does credit to native talent. Miss Rainforth, Frazier, Burnett, and Butler, sustain the parts of *Pepino*, *Vallardi*, *Herman*, and *Perendelli*; and the other characters are adequately filled; especially *Diavoleto*, by Wieland, whose antics and gambols are seen to great advantage on this stage. *Lover's farce of The Hall Porter* improves on repetition, and bids fair to have a long run. It is terse and humorous, and its hits at some of the follies of the day tell with excellent effect.

VARIETIES.

Thuggee Extraordinary!!—A very nearly fatal occurrence arose (we are sorry to say) out of our last *Gazette*. A clerk, in a public office, was so deeply interested in the subject of *Thuggee*, reviewed in our preceding sheet, that he would be trying to throw the *roomal*, in order to ascertain how that noose could produce death so instantaneously as is there described. With a penny-piece in one corner of his handkerchief he induced a junior to allow him to practise on his neck, when, at the very first cast, he brought his victim to the ground so satisfactorily strangled, that it took five minutes to restore him to life and animation. The alarm of our official *Thug* may be imagined.

Improved Tuning-Fork.—We have been favoured with an inspection of an approved tuning-fork, invented and constructed by a mechanic of this place. The peculiarity of the improved fork is, that it is not like the common fork, restricted to the production of one note,

but may be made to produce any note within the compass of two or three octaves. This is accomplished by extremely simple means. A stop is made to slide stiffly between the prongs, the effect of which is to check the vibrations in the portion of the prongs included between the stop and the handle. The effective length of the prongs being thus diminished, the rapidity of their vibrations is increased and the pitch consequently raised. In the fork now before us—the fundamental—that is, the note yielded without the use of the stop—is D below the first line of the staff; and the positions of the stop, for the production of the other notes of the scale, up to C (beyond which the inventor has not yet carried his divisions) are of course in the first instance ascertained by trial. It appears to us that this improved fork requires only to be known to come into general use.—*Aberdeen Journal*.

Muster Owen.—We see, by the Nottingham journals, that this youthful dramatic aspirant (the son of our ladylike and graceful actress, known by the name of Miss Beaumont, and now Mrs. Owen,) has been performing *Macbeth*, *Richard III.*, and other leading parts, in a manner, not only to elicit great applause from his audiences, but also to wake tributes of poetry from admiring bards. Mrs. Owen has also returned to the stage, and besides the charms of song, has been performing, in genteel comedy, with much success. Young Owen is, we believe, under thirteen years of age.

Lady Hester Stanhope.—The death of this remarkable person is announced in the newspapers. Her ladyship died at Djoun on the 23d of June. Her influence among the Arabs was great; and from many Eastern travellers we have had interesting accounts of her establishment and conduct.

A MS. on Chivalry and the Tournament having been offered to a publisher in the Row, the author was advised to transfer it to Charles Tilt. Charles Knight, however, might have a claim.

Magazine for the Blind.—When the British Association met at Bristol, we gave an account of the exhibition of the embossed letters for the instruction of the blind, and of the facility with which they availed themselves of this ingenious and humane invention. We rejoice to have received No. I. of a magazine in the same form, for the gratification of the unfortunate individuals deprived of the blessing of sight. It is a very laudable design, and will, we trust, be successful. There are ten pages, and the price only sixpence.

Box.—A new work, on "an entirely new plan" is announced by Mr. Charles Dickens (Box!!); the first No. to appear in March. "Nicholas Nickleby" now approximates its close, and we are glad to see that the last No. is to contain a portrait of this most popular author, from the pencil of Maclise, and engraved by W. Flinden. Genius and talent, illustrated by genius and talent, is always most acceptable.

Mary Ashley, the Factory Girl, No. I. (London, Johnson; Manchester, Banks and Co.), apparently intended as a counterpoise to Mrs. Trollope's "Factory Boy," and to rescue the manufacturers from the cruel imputation it attempts to fasten upon them. Both, we fear, will look more to invention and exaggeration than to truth and reality.

Vampire.—One of the large vampire bats, familiar to Guiana and other torrid regions, has been imported alive, and taken to the Surrey—
• Simpkin and Marshall, London; Moxon, York.

Zoological Gardens; where, as bats are not very fond of light, it must be excessively annoyed by Mount Hecla, and other luminous nuisances.

Impromptu.

Of Drury Lane Theatre the farce has much fun;
The committee, though hard, were but calms versus *Buen*;
And with all their disputes, degradations, and jobbing,
Honest George has proclaimed the *Lease* bangs all *Robins*.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Mr. William Carleton, the author of "Confessions of Harry Lorrequer," announces a new Irish national story, in monthly parts, to be entitled, "Chronicles of Ballymacrulkane."

"*Langages of Abyssinia*."—Some letters appear in the "Journal Asiatique" of Paris for April, from M. d'Abbadie, who has been paying a philological visit to Abyssinia, and who appears to have collected some valuable information respecting the dialects of Eastern Africa. He has demonstrative proof that the group of languages called Amharica, Ilmorma, Somalial, Shaha, Taltal, &c., are derived immediately from the Semitic family, without having all the characters. The Hhabab, a dialect hitherto unknown, ought, he says, to be placed beside that of Tograri (Tigré), which is itself a dialect of the ancient language of Ethiopia, whose affinity with the Himyaritic has been demonstrated by Lieut. Wellsted. He has collected a vocabulary of the Moosawwoos (Mansuh) dialect, which, he says, is Semitic, and altogether distinct from the Arabic and the Tigré. He penetrated into the continent, through the country of the Shonoo, of whom only a single tribe, that of the Hassorta, is known to Europeans. From the traditions current amongst these wandering people, and from a vocabulary of their language, he has established their remote affinity with the Semitic stock. After a long residence at Tigré, where he studied the Amharica, he proceeded to Gondar, where, by the help of the Amharica, he applied himself to the Ilmorma, a dialect common to the Gallas of Central Africa. From Adwa, he proceeded by a new route to Mansuh, and thence to Mokha, where he studied the language of the Somalis, which is connected with the Ilmorma. The tradition of the Somalis confirms that of the Gallas, that all these nations issued from the South of Arabia. M. d'Abbadie was on his way to France, accompanied by a Gall and an Abyssinian, with each of whom he could converse in their own tongues. Their appearance would corroborate his remarks on the ethnography of Eastern Africa, deduced from the physical form of the inhabitants.—*Asiatic Journal*.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Natural History of Fish, Amphibians, and Reptiles, by W. Swainson (3 vols.), Vol. II. (forming Vol. II. of Dr. Lardner's Cyclopaedia), fcap 8vo. 6s.—Memoirs of the Life and Labours of R. Morrison, D.D., by his Widow, 8 vols. 8vo. 84s.—C. C. Babington's Outline of the Flora of the Channel Islands, 18mo. 4s.—The Mabinogion, Part II., edited by Lady C. Guest, royal 8vo. 8s.—Observations on Education and Mis-Education, by T. A. Readwin, 8vo. 2s. 6d.—Histoires Intéressantes, by Thuillier, square, 2s. 6d.—The Dublin Medical Press, Vol. I. 4to. 14s.—The Fountain of Life, by the Rev. T. Jones, of Creaton, 12mo. 4s. 6d.—The Young Farmer's Manual, by J. Main, 12mo. 6s.—Sir H. Cavendish's Report of Debates on Canada in 1774, 8vo. 10s.—Poverty, Mendicity, and Crime; Compiled from W. A. Miles's Report to the House of Lords, 8vo. 5s.—Lockhart's Life of Sir W. Scott, Vol. V., fcap. 5s.—Mrs. Hemans's Life and Works, Vol. III., fcap. 5s.—Blackwood's Atlas of Scotland, imperial 8vo. 21s.—Experience, Tales for Youth, by G. J. Shaw, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—Present State of the Turkish Empire, by Marshal Marmont, translated, with Notes, by Sir F. Smith, 8vo. 12s.—Jarman and Hytherwood's Conveyancing, Vol. V.: Mortgages, royal 8vo. 25s.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1839.

July.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 85	From 56 to 70	29.72 stationary.
Friday... 85	... 50 ... 69	29.75 to 29.54
Saturday... 87	... 49 ... 69	29.52 to 29.80
Sunday... 87	... 53 ... 63	29.75 to 29.80
Monday... 89	... 53 ... 63	29.90 to 29.74
Tuesday... 80	... 52 ... 63	29.73 to 29.70
Wednesday 31	... 53 ... 59	29.33 to 29.32

Wind, S.W.
Except the morning of the 27th, cloudy, with frequent and heavy showers of rain; distant thunder accompanied with hail and rain on the afternoon of the 27th.
Rain fallen 1 inch, and .675 of an inch.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We like "Juvenal's" spunk; and if such a spirit can allow him to live to do the work he promises, we dare say it will be bitter enough, though we shall not be able to regret it.

We cannot accept anonymous criticisms.—Answer to the notice of a "Lady's Religious Tractate."—ERRATUM.—In our last, noticing the very clever acting of Mr. Horton as a Cockney footman, in the *Ball Porter*, at the English Opera, his name was misprinted Horton. When praise is so well deserved, we should be loath to throw it away on a misnomer.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Present State of the Turkish Empire. By Marshal Marmont, Duc de Raguse. Translated, with Notes and Observations on the Relations of England with Turkey and Russia, by Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Frederic Smith, K.H., of the Corps of Royal Engineers. 8vo. pp. 341. London, 1839. Ollivier; Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

A MORE opportune contribution to the consideration of present circumstances of importance to nations, as well as a repository on which future historians may look back with interest, has not appeared for some time. The skill and experience of Marshal Marmont, and the facilities for observation afforded to him, give weight to his authority; and, surely, the existing state of things between Turkey and Egypt, and the powers of Europe, give equal weight to the subject. Another advantage is apparent in the ability of the translator and editor, Sir F. Smith, who was not only competent to the task as a linguist, but still more as an officer of skill and talent, who has himself enjoyed ample opportunities of forming his own judgment on every point discussed in the original. His notes are accordingly very valuable.

The volume itself is an episode in the extended travels of the Duke of Ragusa, who, tired of the ennui which attended his expatriation at Vienna, in the year 1834, set out on a tour through Hungary, Transylvania, Southern Russia, Turkey, Syria, and Egypt. On all these regions *a coup d'œil* is thrown; but the immediate application of the work is to the condition and prospects of the Turkish empire, the fall of which the marshal holds to be speedy and inevitable:—

“An administration,” he declares, “calculated to create and husband resources does not exist in Turkey, and is no longer suited to her.* The elements required are absolutely wanting: these are a mass of enlightened individuals, with enlarged and steady views, and unwavering resolutions; but this country probably contains not one such being. Every thing would require to be remodelled at the same moment, for all is under the influence of ignorance and corruption; and whatever Mahmoud may desire in this respect, he is not fated to attain his object, of which he has but a vague and undefined conception. The weakness and misery of his dominions must therefore increase, and the internal disorders that will arise on the first unexpected outbreak will cause the destruction of a state whose real existence is confined to a single city, and its name will be erased from the list of European nations. The creation of the power of Mehemet Ali is in itself a dismemberment of Turkey, with which the new state forms a remarkable contrast; and although this is not the moment for a full consideration of the subject, yet I feel bound to offer a few remarks upon it. All the requisites for organisation of which Turkey is deficient have suddenly sprung up in Egypt, and are earnestly and unremittingly employed towards

the attainment of the desired object. Mehemet Ali is accused of being covetous, and of exposing the people to be plundered by his officers; but by no other course than that adopted could he procure the funds required for his operations. I speak neither of the justice nor philanthropy of the question, but of its policy. The viceroy has already made great progress in his undertaking, by establishing a system of obedience, and a perfect police, in the extensive country under his control; his name is respected, and such is the opinion entertained of him, that opposition to his will never enters the mind even of those who were previously the most inclined to independence or rebellion. This is the foundation of regular order; for the first step in civilisation is to produce submission. The second important act of Mehemet Ali was the change he originated in the agriculture of Egypt, by inducing the ‘Fellahs’ to adopt a system from which crops of infinitely greater value have resulted. If success continue to attend his various improvements, and if the works he has commenced answer his expectations, there will be a further increase of revenue, although even now seven times the amount this country yielded to the French troops at the period they occupied it. Manufactures, suited to the natural circumstances of Egypt, have been established, and are prospering; they suffice for the necessities of the government and the wants of the people, and compete with those of other nations in the European markets.* Those who take a contracted view of the present position of this country, might be led to conclude that the pacha alone profited by these riches, because the bulk of the inhabitants are not supposed to derive any immediate or tangible benefit from them; but it should be remembered, that the Arabs are desirous of rising in the scale of nations, by becoming independent of Turkey; and that as the wealth acquired by their ruler, and applied to promote his political power, is in furtherance of this object, the people are so far positive participants in the improved condition of the state. When the necessities of Mehemet Ali shall have been satisfied—when his enterprises shall have ceased to require the immense expenditure they now demand—when articles of commerce shall have increased in value—and when the pacha shall purchase what he now requires as imposts—there will be an improvement in the condition of the whole community, who will be disposed to assist in supporting his government. Mehemet Ali has accomplished another great object in establishing an efficient force. He now possesses an army, the formation of which presented extraordinary difficulties; for the extreme repugnance of the natives of the East to a regular military service, and their prejudices on this head, are well known: yet he has

* “It is to be regretted that the author has not here given some statement of the nature and amount of these manufactures. If of great extent, it might be supposed that they would have found their way to England; but the most recent returns furnished to the British parliament by the custom-house, specify that the only imports from Alexandria are cotton, wool, flax, hempseed, senna, and natron, no manufactured goods being mentioned.—T.”

overcome all these obstacles by acting discreetly, and by adopting such preliminary measures as were calculated to insure success; satisfactory results have been already obtained, and he is following a course that must lead to their extension and improvement. Officers are instructed, in the various schools, for all branches of his service; and the confidence he reposes in a clever man, who is the foundation-stone of the edifice he is rearing, is a guarantee that, in a very few years, his army will bear a comparison with those of Europe.* The means at Mehemet Ali's disposal, for the establishment of his naval force, were limited, and the materials of which it was composed, as well as the national circumstances at the time of its formation, were unfavourable to its success; nevertheless it is as formidable as the exigencies of his situation require, and being well appointed and efficient, it holds out a promise of performing valuable services. The basis of a durable power has thus been effectually laid, since this government has not only sufficient internal force and energy to establish and maintain order and create resources, but possesses such means of enterprise and defence as are calculated to protect it from aggression, acquire the respect of other nations, and secure its independence. In the accomplishment of this great work, Mehemet Ali has had the assistance of a compact and homogeneous population, full of intelligence, remarkable for its self-respect, strongly predisposed to enthusiasm, laborious though excitable, sober, contented, and obedient. In short, the people are ready to promote the interests of their country, and susceptible of any form or impression they may be required to take. The condition of the Christian population of Syria is favourable to the advance and stability of the new power, being assembled in the same district, well disciplined, sufficiently numerous to be useful, but not to dream of independence, and so much in dread of Turkish tyranny as to be willing to draw tighter the bonds which connect it with the government of Egypt. By attention to the interests of this people, it may be incorporated with the Arab state, and add materially to its strength.”

Such are the general views of the author; to which are appended those diversities which form the sometimes opposing opinions of his translator—between whom the judgment will be improved.

Before going more to the Turkish question, we must extract a few curious portions from the earlier travel; and first, of the breed of horses in Hungary:—

“In Hungary, the duke passed through Tzougrad and Szentes, the former inhabited by thirty thousand, and the latter by ten thousand peasants. He halted for the day at Mezo-Hegyess, the Austrian establishment for improving the breed of horses. An idea may be formed of its magnitude, by merely stating that the land appropriated to it is fifteen leagues in circuit. It is surrounded by a broad and deep ditch, and is sheltered by a wide plantation of

* “The person alluded to is M. Seve, an ex-officer of the French army, whose Malometan name is ‘Salyman Pacha.’—T.”

* “This appears an extraordinary statement; for it would be difficult to understand how such an administration as the author alludes to could be unsuited to the state of any country.—T.”

trees. When the Austrian cavalry was supplied with horses exclusively from this establishment, there were no less than twenty thousand colts here. But the object of the government is now merely to breed stallions, both at this place and at Bobolna, for the provincial dépôts, where a total number is kept up of nearly two thousand. This is effected by means of an annual supply from all the government establishments, towards which Mezo-Hegyes contributes two hundred and fifty. For this purpose one thousand brood mares and forty-eight stallions are kept there. In the operations of husbandry there are employed two hundred mares and six hundred oxen, with three hundred and sixty ploughs. When the provincial dépôts have received their full complement of young horses, the surplus is either sold or sent as remounts to the cavalry. At present the stock of stallions, brood mares, and foals at Mezo-Hegyes, amounts to three thousand. The whole of this establishment is under the direction of an officer with the rank of major, who is assisted by two subalterns, and has under his command eleven hundred and seventy men. The advantages of the Austrian system is, that not only a very superior description of horse is obtained for the cavalry, but that the breed is improved throughout the whole country."

Passing into Southern Russia, and being received with great distinction by the excellent Prince Woronzow, the marshal gives the following detailed account of the Russian army:—

"The Russian military force is organised in regiments of seven battalions: six of these are kept in a complete and effective state, four being attached to what is termed the acting army, and two to the army of reserve. The seventh battalion is stationed in the district allotted for the recruiting of the regiment, and generally is not only incomplete, but composed of very young soldiers. At these dépôts, the new levies are partially clothed, and instructed in their first military duties; they are afterwards forwarded to the battalions of reserve, where their equipments and the remainder of their clothing are supplied, and where their instruction is completed. The active army consists of 288 battalions, each containing a thousand men. They are formed into divisions and corps d'armée, in the following manner. The four active battalions of four regiments, compose a division of sixteen battalions: three divisions form a corps d'armée, consisting, of course, of forty-eight battalions: there are six such corps d'armée, making up the above stated total of 288 battalions. The fifth and sixth battalions of the regiments which compose a corps d'armée, are formed into a division of reserve. This division consists, therefore, of twenty-four battalions, and three divisions of reserve; that is to say, seventy-two battalions form a corps d'armée of reserve. There are two of these corps, one under the command of Count de Witt, and the other under the orders of the Grand Duke Michael. The former is called the corps of Marshal Sacken, and the latter of Marshal Paskewitz. Each battalion of the reserve contains in time of peace 500 men, so that the strength of the army of reserve amounts at present to a fourth of that of the active army, that is to 72,000 men, making a grand total of 360,000; and this is independent of the corps of guards and of grenadiers, each of which is sufficiently numerous to form in itself a corps d'armée. From the facility which the present plan of recruiting the Russian army affords of rapidly increasing its number,

ical strength, a considerable improvement has been effected in the system that previously existed. So great, however, is the extent of the empire, that in order to have such a disposable force as might be required on any sudden emergency, the government professes it expedient to keep the army in a complete and effective state. Its present strength is as follows. In the first place, there is the Imperial Guard:—this corps is composed of six divisions; three of which are of cavalry, and three of infantry. These divisions consist of twelve regiments of cavalry, twelve regiments of infantry, one battalion of sappers, one battalion of marines, one battalion of chasseurs, one battalion of invalids, four batteries of horse artillery, and twelve batteries of foot artillery. In the Imperial Guard each regiment of cavalry has seven squadrons, and the regiments of infantry have three battalions each. Secondly, there is the corps of grenadiers, consisting of one division of light cavalry, of four regiments; of three divisions of infantry, comprising twelve regiments; of two batteries of horse artillery, and of fifteen batteries of foot artillery. In the grenadiers, the regiments of light cavalry are composed of eight squadrons, and the infantry regiments have four battalions, of which three belong to the active force, and one to the reserve. Then there are, as has been already stated, six corps d'armée, each consisting of one division of light cavalry, of four regiments; three divisions of infantry, each composed of four regiments, and each regiment having four battalions for active service; two batteries of horse artillery, and fifteen batteries of foot artillery. The total strength of the six corps d'armée is therefore twenty-four regiments of light cavalry, seventy-two regiments of infantry, twelve batteries of horse artillery, and ninety batteries of foot artillery. There are also three corps of cavalry of reserve; consisting of twenty-four regiments, and twelve batteries of horse artillery. Besides the force above stated, there are two corps d'armée of infantry of reserve. Each of these corps d'armée has three divisions, and each division has twenty-four battalions, so that there are 144 battalions of infantry of reserve. The undermentioned corps are raised for special service. 1st. The corps of the Caucasus, consisting of one regiment of dragoons; three divisions of infantry; and sixteen batteries of foot artillery. 2d. The corps of Orenburg, consisting of one division of infantry, of sixteen battalions; and sixteen batteries of foot artillery. 3d. The corps of Siberia, of one division of infantry. 4th. The corps of Finland, of one division of infantry. There are also, for the service of the interior, ten battalions of sappers; fifty for duty in the fortresses, and one division of horse-artillery of reserve, consisting of nine batteries. Besides these there are four battalions of horse-artillery of the Don, two of the Black Sea, two of Orenburg, and two of Siberia. The Cossack force is as follows:—Fifty-six regiments of the Don; twenty-one of the Black Sea; twelve of the Caucasus; two of the Danube; one of Azoff; three of Astracan; three of Baschkirs; two of Navropol; twelve of Ural; twenty of Orenburg; twelve of Siberia; two of Little Russia. Total, 146 regiments of 800 men each; that is to say, 116,800 Cossacks. In addition to the force comprised in the foregoing details, there are at St. Petersburg, as models for the rest of the army, a regiment of cavalry; one of infantry; a battalion of sappers; and two batteries of foot, with one of

horse-artillery. There are also four regiments, each consisting of four battalions, formed of the sons of soldiers, who are educated and instructed in such a manner as to qualify them for being placed as non-commissioned officers, in the regiments of the line. Hence it appears that the total strength of the Russian infantry is upwards of five hundred thousand men. A Russian cavalry regiment consists of six effective squadrons of 180 men each; making a total of 1440 men, independently of a squadron which is kept at the regimental dépôt. Thus if the marshal's statement be correct as to the number of regiments of cavalry in the Russian army, the effective strength of that branch of the service may be computed to be upwards of ninety thousand men, exclusive of the Cossacks. Judging from the expense incurred in maintaining the armies of the other great powers of Europe, it might naturally be concluded that the finances of the Russian empire would be seriously crippled in having to bear the expense of an army of the magnitude above stated; but the cost of a soldier in any other European country is so much greater than it is in Russia, that she has no real cause for apprehension on this account. The following statement, which is founded on data afforded by Marshal Marmont, will shew the relative expense to their respective countries of the English, French, Prussian, Austrian, and Russian soldier:—viz.

120 English soldiers cost as much as	538 Russian soldiers.
120 French	340 ditto.
120 Prussian	340 ditto.
120 Austrian	312 ditto."

The author speaks very highly of the genius of Suwarow, and mentions several instances of his superior talents; and he adds:—

"What a change, Marshal Marmont observes, has this part of Europe undergone, and what progress has Russia made since that time! Hordes of Tartars from the Crimea then united with the Turks, and carried war to the banks of the Dnieper: Ukraina was a province of Poland, and the Polish armies acted in conjunction with the Turks and Tartars; but now Russia is the mistress of Poland; menaces the very heart of Germany; and has her advanced guards at the gates of Vienna and Berlin; while she politically holds possession of Constantinople. It is only since the reign of Catherine II. that Russia has been of importance in the balance of power; and it is by efforts of consummate skill, both in diplomacy and arms, that she has raised herself to her present state of eminence."

The ensuing remarks treat of the Russian navy, and of the measures which Russia might adopt in the event of a war:—

"The experimental squadron, or, as it may more properly be termed, the squadron of instruction, consisting of five ships of the line and five frigates, had just returned to port when Marshal Marmont reached Sebastopol. He went on board one of the former, which he describes as being a magnificent vessel, and he appears to have been greatly struck by the surprising improvement which had evidently taken place in the Russian ships since he had first seen them at Cattaro, about twenty-eight years before the period of his tour. He then considered the Russian fleet as only fit to cope with the Turks; whereas, he now conceives that it might measure itself with any fleet in Europe. With all due deference to the marshal's judgment in military matters, we must, as Englishmen, be permitted to doubt his knowledge in nautical affairs, and to withhold our acquiescence from this unsupported opinion, until the

Russians have either proved themselves to be thorough seamen, or have gained a victory, when fairly matched, against the fleet of one of the maritime powers of Europe. The naval force of Sebastopol is under the orders of Admiral Conzani, who, although educated in Russia, is by birth a Greek. It was he who, during the last war with Turkey, performed the signal service of taking possession of Sinopoli, which enabled the commander-in-chief of the Russian forces to form a dépôt, in the Gulf of Bourgas, for ammunition and provisions. At the period of the marshal's visit, there were under repair, in the port of Sebastopol, six line-of-battle ships; these, with the Warsaw, which was hourly expected from Nicolajeff, and the experimental squadron, consisting of five line-of-battle ships, made a total of twelve, as the strength of this fleet, which is called the Sebastopol fleet. It is held in a state of readiness for active service, and for receiving on board the division of the army cantoned in the Crimea, and amounting to sixteen thousand men. If political events should render it expedient, the embarkation of these troops could be effected in eight-and-forty hours; the fleet might get under way on the following day, and, owing to the prevalence of the northerly winds in the Black Sea, it would most probably reach the mouth of the Bosphorus in about five-and-forty hours from the time of sailing: so that, within five days of the order being issued for the departure of the fleet, and in all likelihood before the ambassadors of England and France would know that such a movement was in contemplation, the Russian armament would arrive at Constantinople. Marshal Marmont observes that the humiliation of Turkey has rendered it impossible that there should be a conflict in this quarter between any other European power and Russia; for that, on the breaking out of hostilities, or even when circumstances might give reason for supposing that such an event was possible, the Russians would make the Dardanelles a point in their frontier. The naval force of the Russian empire is divided into two fleets: the larger, consisting of thirty ships of the line, is stationed in the Baltic, and the smaller, consisting of only fifteen, in the Black Sea. The marshal states that these numbers should be reversed, because he deems it impolitic for the Russians to risk a battle with the English fleet in the Baltic (in which opinion we fully concur), and therefore injudicious of them to retain so many ships in that sea; but he is of opinion that by making Sebastopol the rendezvous of a powerful fleet, Russia would be enabled to impose laws in the Mediterranean. With this design, he would recommend that the Russian fleet in the Black Sea should consist of thirty sail of the line, and that, on the breaking out, or on the mere expectation, of hostilities, it should be stationed in the Dardanelles, where it would have the support of the batteries and forts which defend that passage, and at the same time be near its resources. He thinks the combined fleet of England and France might thus be kept in check, as, in that position, the Russian fleet would be in readiness to enter the Mediterranean whenever circumstances might give it the numerical superiority. In making these observations, Marshal Marmont, of course, assumes that no circumstance of provocation, or any suspicion of the aggressive intentions of Russia, would induce the other powers of Europe to break through or disregard the treaty of Unkiar Skelessi; and that, therefore, the Russians are likely to have, until the expiration of that treaty, full and undisturbed

sovereignty of the Black Sea, with the right of excluding from the Dardanelles the ships-of-war of every other foreign nation. That under such a state of things the Russian fleet should occupy these straits, we freely admit; but it cannot be imagined that England, who is deeply interested in this matter, would allow herself, in a case of extremity, to be bound by the treaty in question. On the contrary, we may feel confident that she would take the justifiable step of forcing the Dardanelles and Bosphorus, and of making herself mistress of the Black Sea, from which she should never afterwards permit her fleets to be excluded.

"After (he adds elsewhere, when in Constantinople,) having thoroughly examined the arsenal, the capudan pacha proposed that I should visit the fleet, consisting of five ships completely armed; I accepted the invitation to go on board the flag-ship only, the Mahmoudie, a three-decker, carrying 130 guns. Although a magnificent vessel, she is considered rather short for her other proportions. In all Turkish men-of-war, the guns are of brass, and that metal is elaborately used in their interior decoration. I was much surprised at the wonderful expertness of the crew of the Mahmoudie, composed exclusively of Turks. By command of the capudan pacha, they performed the small-arm and great-gun exercise, manned the yards, went aloft, and came down by the stays, the whole being done with a celerity and precision that could not have been surpassed by the smartest French sailors. On expressing my admiration to the capudan pacha, he replied, 'It is by dint of painstaking and punishment that I have brought things to this state, for there is not one of these fine fellows who has not received five hundred blows with the stick.' It would appear that a severity of corporal punishment is suited to the Turkish character, for these men are thoroughly drilled in their exercise, and well disciplined; and as there were at the period of my inspection only eight invalids in this crew of 1200 sailors, we may infer that, in the system adopted, there is nothing injurious to health. The capudan pacha is evidently a man of energy and resolution, and he is the only one of that stamp with whom I met at Constantinople. If severe punishments, and measures of violence bordering on brutality, succeed with Turkish seamen, the same treatment might be equally efficacious with the army; and some military chief, resembling the capudan pacha in character, might follow it, and render an inestimable service to his country."

In the military portion of the work there is a strenuous argument in favour of the lance being used by heavy dragoons, and the sabre by light cavalry. There is also a particular account of the Russian cavalry colonies. Their strength amounts to 28,000 men.

But we must now be content to glean a few brief notices of various matters which struck the traveller in Turkey. At Constantinople, he says:—

"We inspected an establishment for the reception of insane persons. It is every where, and under all circumstances, a painful and distressing sight, but here it is a dreadful one. All that a barbarous stupidity could invent, of the most monstrous description, to aggravate the wretched state of these unfortunate beings, prevails in this place. The insane are bound with cords, chained, and beaten; and their lives are passed in anguish and convulsions. There is not a single instance of one of them being restored to reason; and those who may not have been altogether deprived of their

senses before admission, are soon entirely bereaved of them."

The following anecdote is told of one of the leading men now in Turkey:—

"Achmet Pacha, who is the commander-in-chief of the guards, is intelligent, obliging, well-disposed, and diffident; but he is indebted for his rapid elevation to the caprice and favour of his master. These are, as they ever have been, the grand introductions to important offices. Achmet Pacha, like the generality of Turks, commenced life as an artisan. He was a shoemaker and also a waterman of the port. I was told that while on an embassy at St. Petersburg, where he was treated with great respect, he on one occasion went to see the barracks; when, in passing a workshop of the guards, he could not resist the desire of displaying his ability, and quitting the cortege that accompanied him, he surprised every one by taking up a shoemaker's awl and stirrup, and giving an immediate proof that he had lost none of his former dexterity."

And further on—

"After returning home, Namik Pacha called to acquaint me that the Grand Signor would receive me on the following day; therefore, on the 25th, at half-past one o'clock, I repaired to the palace of Beyler-Bey, then the imperial residence. In this delightful habitation, which is of recent construction, the apartments are spacious, elegant, and cool. It is beautifully enclosed, on one side by the terraces formed on the mountain, and on the other by the sea. Though the style of architecture is irregular, it is pleasing to the eye, and possesses an agreeable character of originality. The harem is composed of pavilions, having their gable ends in a line with those of the main structure; and handsome kiosks, placed at various levels on the terraces, are pleasing objects in the scenery around. Mahmoud has a passion for building, which his architect encourages by causing it to be predicted that the sultan should not die during the construction of a new palace; for God would not choose, by calling him away, to leave his works unfinished: hence, before the completion of one palace another is commenced."

With this we must conclude, and only recommend all that relates to Syria in this volume to the same attentive perusal which the whole of it so eminently deserves.

Tea; its Effects, Medicinal and Moral. By G. G. Sigmond, M.D., F.S.A., F.L.S., &c. 12mo. pp. 144. London, 1839. Longman and Co.

TEA.—It would be difficult to find a subject of more general interest with all ranks of readers; and we could heartily wish that every individual who takes tea, if they cannot afford to go to the price of Dr. Sigmond's book upon it, would at least buy a copy of the *Literary Gazette* in which it is reviewed. We should immediately relieve the bank from its necessity for dealing with the French for specie; hand over to the chancellor of the exchequer a sum

* "That alluded to by the author is probably the one attached to the mosque of Soliman, and if so, is deserving of the description he has given of it. But it should be borne in mind that insanity is often believed to be feigned in Turkey, in the hope of escaping the punishment deserved for some offence, and that prisoners are often sent to these 'Timar Khans' by the judges, instead of the infliction of the more rigorous sentences justified by law.—(T.)"

† "A few months since the sultan appointed Achmet Pacha to the office of capudan pacha, or high admiral. He has hoisted his flag in the finest ship-of-war, and should the fleet be engaged he will have to command it. It is easy to conceive how skillfully it will be managed, and what confidence the crews can have in such a chief."

sufficient to render him easy about deficiencies by penny-posting; and import all the teas of Assam to be distributed gratis among the meritorious Tea-totallers of the British empire, giving Lord Stanhope a chest extra as a reward for heading the last procession. But, joking apart, this is a very curious and excellent little book, not only supplying the able opinion of a clever and intelligent physician upon an article in universal use, but telling us more of the article itself, its cultivation, manufacture, natural history, and other particulars than we have ever met with before in travel, essay, or cyclopædia. We shall, therefore, devote a considerable portion of our periodical to make its leading points better known; and in doing so will, we flatter ourselves, both amuse and instruct every one of our readers.

The origin of the work was an address delivered by Dr. Sigmund at the opening of the last session of the Royal Medico-Botanical Society, to which he is professor of Materia Medica. The reception it met with induced him to enlarge and publish it; and as he is enthusiastic in his admiration of the herb, it could not have been infused in a warmer manner:—

“Nicolaus Tulpus was about the first medical man who wrote professionally upon tea, but they were not original observations; they were the opinions of the most eminent men he had collected to give to the world. But in 1678 appeared the first edition of a book which speedily ran through three large impressions, and had a considerable influence upon the introduction of tea: it was entitled ‘Cornelio Bontekoe, Tractaat van het excellenste Kruid Thee.’ Although this work was, from the extravagance of its commendations on tea, severely handled by some of the critics, it was translated into many languages, and quoted as the highest authority. He pronounced tea to be the infallible cause of health, and that if mankind could be induced to drink a sufficient quantity of it, the innumerable ills to which man is subject would not only be diminished, but entirely unknown. He thinks that 200 cups daily would not be too much. He is said to have been rewarded for his judgment by the liberality of the Dutch East India Company. Heydentrik Overcamp, who wrote the life of Bontekoe, states that his inducement to write was to recommend himself to his fellow-citizens, and to defend himself against his colleagues, who did not follow his theory or his practice. Etmüller recommended tea as a fine stomachic, cephalic, and antinephritic. Pechlin wrote a dialogue on tea, which he entitled ‘Theophilus Bibaculus;’ and several poets indulged themselves in its praise. Petit wrote a poem; Peter Franciscus, two anacronisms; Heinrich, a Doric melody; and our poet-laureate, Tate, joined the melodious bands. Whilst it met with so much approbation, there were likewise those who were not equally satisfied with its merits. Boerhaave, Van Swieten, and others, attempted to stem the tide that was setting in its favour, but they have proved themselves incapable of resisting the general impression; for no beverage that has ever yet been introduced sits so agreeably on the stomach, so refreshes the system, soothes nervous irritation after fatigue, or forms a more grateful repast. It contributes to the sobriety of a nation; it imparts all the charms to society which spring from the enjoyment of conversation, without that excitement which follows upon a fermented drink. Raynal has observed, that it has contributed more to the sobriety of the Chinese than the severest laws,

the most eloquent harangues of Christian orators, or the best treatises of morality. The people on the Continent are reverting to the habit of tea-drinking, which they had abandoned during the long war, when they were shut out from the possibility of obtaining it, and therefore sought a substitute in coffee. In Holland, in Germany, and in Russia, tea is much prized; whilst even in France, where for so many years coffee was considered the only good beverage, and was used either strong or mixed with milk, according to the meal that was taken, our favourite shrub is beginning to be as much in use as long-established custom has rendered it in England.”

And of its introduction into our country we are informed:—

“The introduction of tea-drinking into England has been ascribed to Lord Arlington and Lord Orrery; and the year 1666, the *annus mirabilis* of Dryden, has been ascribed as the exact date: but in the diary of Mr. Pepys, secretary to the Admiralty, the following is registered,—‘I sent for a cup of tea, a Chinese drink, of which I had never drank before.’ In the diary of Henry, earl of Clarendon, there is a memorandum,—‘Pere Comptel supped with me, and after supper we had tea, which he said was really as good as any he drank in China.’ The first historical record, however, is an act of parliament, passed in the year 1660, 12 Car. II. c. 23, which enacts, that a duty should be laid of eight-pence per gallon on all tea made and sold in coffee-houses; which were visited twice daily by officers, whose duty it was to ascertain what quantity had been made. In 1668, the Court of Directors, in the despatch to their factory at Bantam in Java, ordered them ‘to send home by their ships one hundred pounds’ weight of the best *tey* they could get;’ and the following year appears the first invoice of tea received by the East India Company, amounting to two canisters of 143½ lbs. The Directors had previously presented to her majesty the Queen, who, as Princess Catherine of Portugal, had been in the habit of taking this beverage, twenty-two pounds of tea. It is to this present on her birthday that Waller has alluded in the beautiful lines that may be so often quoted, both for their merit and for the historical facts recorded by them. There is a curious bill preserved in the British Museum in a volume of pamphlets, collected by George III. and presented by George IV., which is well worthy of being reprinted, as the first account of the early use and the estimation in which tea was held. It unfortunately has no date; but from the price it may be fairly inferred that it was printed about 1660. There is every reason to believe that Garway has been gradually changed into Garraway, and that he must have been the predecessor of the present holder of that well-known coffee-house:—‘An exact Description of the Growth, Quality, and Virtues of the Leaf Tea, by Thomas Garway, in Exchange Alley, near the Royal Exchange, in London, Tobaccoist, and Seller and Retailer of Tea and Coffee. Tea is generally brought from China, and groweth there upon little shrubs and bushes, the branches whereof are well garnished with white flowers, that are yellow within, of the bigness and fashion of sweet-brier, but in smell unlike, bearing thin green leaves, about the bigness of scordium, myrtle, or sumack; and is judged to be a kind of sumack. This plant hath been reported to grow wild only, but doth not; for they plant it in their gardens, about four foot distance, and it groweth about four foot high; and of the seeds they

maintain and increase their stock. Of all places in China this plant groweth in greatest plenty in the province of Xemsai, latitude 36°, bordering upon the west of the province of Namking, near the city of Lucheu, the Island de Ladrone, and Japan, and is called ‘Cha.’ Of this famous leaf there are divers sorts (though all one shape), some much better than others, the upper leaves excelling the other in fineness, a property almost in all plants; which leaves they gather every day, and drying them in the shade, or in iron pans, over a gentle fire, till the humidity be exhausted, then put close up in leaden pots, preserve them for their drink tea, which is used at meals, and upon all visits and entertainments in private families, and in the palaces of grandes; and it is ascribed by a padre of Macao, native of Japan, that the best tea ought to be gathered but by virgins, who are destined for this work, and such ‘*quæ non dum menstrua patiuntur: gemmæ quæ nascuntur in summitate arbusculæ servantur imperatori, ac præcipuis ejus dynastiis: quæ autem infra nascuntur ad latera, populo conceduntur.*’ The said leaf is of such known virtues, that those very nations, so famous for antiquity, knowledge, and wisdom, do frequently sell it among themselves for twice its weight in silver; and the high estimation of the drink made therewith hath occasioned an inquiry into the nature thereof amongst the most intelligent persons of all nations that have travelled in those parts, who, after exact tryal and experience by all ways imaginable, have commended it to the use of their several countries, and for its virtues and operations, particularly as followeth; viz.—The quality is moderately hot, proper for winter and summer. The drink is declared to be most wholesome, preserving in perfect health until extreme old age. The particular virtues are these:—It maketh the body active and lusty. It helpeth the headach, giddiness and heaviness thereof. It removeth the obstructions of the spleen. It is very good against the stone and gravel, cleaning the kidneys and ureters, being drank with virgin’s honey, instead of sugar. It taketh away the difficulty of breathing, opening obstructions. It is good against tipitude, distillations, and cleareth the sight. It removeth lassitude, and cleanseth and purifieth acrid humours, and a hot liver. It is good against crudities, strengthening the weakness of the ventricle, or stomach, causing good appetite and digestion, and particularly for men of corpulent body, and such as are great eaters of flesh. It vanquisheth heavy dreams, easeth the frame, and strengtheneth the memory. It overcometh superfluous sleep, and prevents sleepiness in general, a draught of the infusion being taken; so that, without trouble, whole nights may be spent in study without hurt to the body, in that it moderately healeth and bindeth the mouth of the stomach. It prevents and cures agues, surfeits, and fevers, by infusing a fit quantity of the leaf, thereby provoking a most gentle vomit and breathing of the pores, and hath been given with wonderful success. It (being prepared and drank with milk and water) strengtheneth the inward parts, and prevents consumption; and powerfully assuageth the pains of the bowels, or griping of the guts, and looseness. It is good for colds, dyspepsia, and scurvy, if properly infused, purging the body by sweat and urine, and expelleth infection. It driveth away all pains of the colic proceeding from wind, and purgeth safely the gall. And that the virtues and excellences of this leaf and drink are many and great, is evident and manifest by the high esteem and use

of it (especially of late years) among the physicians and knowing men of France, Italy, Holland, and other parts of Christendom; and in England it hath been sold in the leaf for six pounds, and sometimes for ten pounds, the pound weight; and in respect of its former scarceness and dearness, it hath been only used as a regalia in high treatments and entertainments, and presents made thereof to princes and grandees, till the year 1657. The said Thomas Garway did purchase a quantity thereof, and first publicly sold the said tea in leaf and drink, made according to the directions of the most knowing merchants and travellers in those Eastern countries; and upon knowledge and experience of the said Garway's continued care and industry in obtaining the best tea, and making drink thereof, very many noblemen, physicians, and merchants, and gentlemen of quality, have ever since sent to him for the said leaf, and daily resort to his house in Exchange-alley aforesaid, to drink the drink thereof. And that ignorance nor envy may have no ground or power to report, or suggest that which is here asserted, of the virtues and excellencies of this precious leaf and drink, hath more of design than truth, for the justification of himself and the satisfaction of others he hath here enumerated several authors, who in their learned works have expressly written and asserted the same, and much more, in honour of this noble leaf and drink, viz. Bontius, Riccius, Jarricus, Almeyda, Horstius, Alvarez Sameda, Martinivus in his 'China Atlas,' and Alexander de Rhodes in his 'Voyage and Missions,' in a large discourse of the ordering of this leaf, and the many virtues of the drink, printed at Paris, 1653, part x. chap. 13. And to the end that all persons of eminency and quality, gentlemen and others, who have occasion for tea in leaf, may be supplied, these are to give notice, that the said Thomas hath tea to sell from sixteen to fifty shillings in the pound. And whereas several persons using coffee have been accustomed to buy the powder thereof by the pound, or in lesser or greater quantities, which if kept two days loseth much of its first goodness; and forasmuch as the berries, after drying, may be kept, if need require, some months; therefore all persons living remote from London, and have occasion for the said powder, are advised to buy the said coffee-berries ready dried, which being in a mortar beaten, or in a mill ground to powder, as they use it, will so often be brisk, fresh, and fragrant, and in its full vigour and strength, as if new prepared, to the great satisfaction of the drinkers thereof, as hath been experienced by many in this city, which community, of the best sort, the said Thomas Garway hath always ready dried, to be sold at reasonable rates. All such as will have coffee in powder, or the berries undried, or chocolata, may, by the said Thomas Garway, be supplied to their content; with such further instructions and perfect directions how to use tea, coffee, and chocolata, as is or may be needful, and so as to be effectual and operative according to their several virtues. There is no date to this handbill; but as Hanway ascertained that the price was 60s. per lb. in 1660, this bill must have been distributed about that period."

This curious document is a history in itself; but we may learn more of it from the following extracts (not extracts of tea, but of Dr. Sigmond):—

"The tea-plant is evidently indigenous in many of the provinces of China, and in various situations serves in the fields as a hedge-shrub; but there are particular localities in which

neither labour, skill, nor ingenuity, are spared to bring it to the state of the highest perfection of which it is capable. It exists, indeed, in different parts of the Eastern hemisphere, but it is only in China that it has been extensively cultivated; for, although the Javanese assert that they have within the limits of their empire a shrub which is far superior to that which is found in China, we have no evidence of the fact, nor has any exportation been made of that of which they have so loudly boasted. The plant evidently flourishes over the greater portion of the Chinese empire; and there must be varieties produced by cultivation, which are not known in Europe, but which are said to be in high estimation amongst those people who can afford to purchase them. That which is best known to the European, and which, indeed, seems grown and prepared for the supply of our markets, is the produce of the central and the maritime provinces of China, forming the richest and finest portions of the empire. From these, too, the most valued productions, and the more highly esteemed manufactures of various articles of dress and of luxury, are obtained. The demand for exportation has necessarily increased its cultivation; and it is now successfully reared in many situations where it was formerly unknown or entirely neglected. The provinces of Fokien, of Keang-nan, of Chek-eang, of Kiang-si, and Kung-soo, yield the largest proportion; and the English resident is led to believe that from them the best supply is obtained; but the provinces immediately around Peking afford that which is preferred by the luxurious citizen; and from those which border upon the Tartarian region, the Russian and the Muscovite draw their supplies, which are of a kind and of a character which are much to be prized by the amateur of tea. It is in Fokien, or in "the happy establishment," that a very large proportion of that tea which is the ordinary beverage of the tea-drinkers of this country is grown. The shrub here acquires great luxuriance; is diligently watched over; its farmyards, its drying establishments, are on a scale of great magnitude; and it furnishes us with a sound black tea, of sufficient aroma, strength, and taste, to gratify the palate. *

"When the shrub has grown about three years, the leaves are ready for picking. This is done with the greatest care: they are not plucked by handfuls, but each leaf separately. They are thus, although the process be somewhat tedious, enabled to collect, in the course of the day, fifteen pounds. The following account has been given of a tea-farm which supplies the imperial family with imperial or bloom tea:—"The plantation is inclosed with hedges, and likewise surrounded with a broad ditch for further security. The trees are planted to form regular rows, with intervening walks. Persons are appointed to superintend the place, and preserve the leaves from injury or dirt. The labourers who are to gather them, for some weeks before they begin, abstain from every kind of gross food, or whatever might endanger communicating any ill flavour. they pluck them, also, with no less delicacy, having on thin gloves." During the tea harvest, it would seem, great attention is paid to the diet of the husbandman. In the common tea-plant, the commencement of the leaf-gathering takes place in the early spring; and three different crops are obtained during the summer. Scarcely, in the first instance, has the leaf attained its growth, and whilst it is yet budding into life, than the picking commences; and the tea will be fine in proportion to the tender age of the leaf: the most agreeable aroma and the most

delicious flavour are then obtained from it. A soft white down covers the first leaflets, which is called, in the Chinese language, pa-ho, and hence our name pekoe, the most exquisitely flavoured of those teas with which we are acquainted. Trees, until they reach the sixth year, furnish this tea. A few days' longer growth supplies us with the black leaf pekoe. In the month of May, the leaves that have grown since the first gathering, having arrived at maturity, are stripped from the trees: these form the souchong—the season-chong,—"the small or scarce sort." About six weeks after this, there is a third gathering of the new crop thrown out; and from the Chinese word, koong-fou, signifying labour or assiduity, springs our term congou. From this a particular part is selected, called kien-poe, a selection which is known to us under the name of campou. The tea familiar to us under the appellation of bohea should be the produce of the district from which it derives its name: it is a rough preparation of the later-grown leaves, which yield a beverage of little strength and of inferior flavour. Green teas undergo the same kind of harvest. From the tender leaflets is produced hyson; and a very expensive kind, loontsing, is more particularly prized: it was called yutein, 'before the rains'; whilst hyson is a corruption from: 'flowery spring.' The gunpowder is a hyson gathered with great attention, and rolled with much nicety and care; indeed, it would appear to be a selection of the more delicate leaves. The coarser and yellower leaves remaining after this selection are called hyson skin. The twankay is the last-gathered crop, and consists of an older leaf, in which less attention is paid to the manipulations. The judgment shewn in collecting the leaves at the various seasons evinces a great knowledge of vegetable organisation, and of the succession of phenomena which are developed during the progress of life. It is in the early spring that the sap or vegetable blood has little to convey to the leaf but the mucilaginous principle, and that aroma, peculiar to each vegetable, of whose existence we are by its effects rendered sensible, but of which our means of examination are so limited. On the first bursting into existence, leaves and flowers are endued with an evanescent odour, which art has attempted to fix, and to diffuse through other bodies. Upon this much of the flavour of the plant depends; and if we would wish to obtain all that strikingly characterises the vegetable, we must gather it as soon as this principle is at all developed. At a later period of the year, not only has the aromatic principle been exhaled, but the mucilaginous properties are exchanged. A great proportion of the earthy phosphates exist in all plants in the month of May, but they are much diminished as the year advances.

"Many experienced persons believe that the green tea is altogether artificially prepared; whilst others consider that the black is the same leaf, but that it undergoes the process which gives it colour, and renders it much milder in its effects. The Chinese themselves rarely drink green tea, and then only the produce of particular farms, which have obtained a high character. The leaves of all of them are much more liable to be changed by the action of the atmospheric air, and very speedily lose that beautiful bloom which, amongst many tea-drinkers, is highly valued. The heavier these teas weigh, the better are they imagined to be; and they are much oftener scented by some other leaf: and great is the attention of the factor given to attract his customer by the

fragrance and by the appearance. He often gives an additional dryness to the leaf after damp weather; and generally, immediately before he brings it in the market for sale, he again dries it, to give the crispness which should belong to it. It often happens that those teas which strike the eye at Canton, are found, on their arrival in America, where they are very much esteemed and generally preferred to the black, not to satisfy the consumer, from the changes that have occurred during the voyage. These teas are often dried over the fumes of burning indigo; and a very small quantity, mixed with powdered gypsum, is delicately sprinkled over them, which adds to the colour. Different modes of flavouring the tea are likewise practised: the blossom buds of fragrant flowers are thrown amongst the finest teas. In the lountaing pekoe these are very discernible. After torrefaction has taken place in the iron pans destined for that purpose, the dried leaves are delicately touched with a camel-hair pencil, which has been dipped in spirituous solutions of resinous and aromatic gums; and for this purpose a number of children are employed. The Chinese distinguish two kinds, more particularly the boui, or bou tcha, and the soumlo, which are reserved for the invalid. They likewise make it into cakes; and of this sort there is a particular kind, called mandarin tea, which is an extract from the leaves. This is rarely imported into England. Sir Anthony Carlisle presented, however, a very fine specimen of it to the Royal Medico-Botanical Society; it was in the form of a dry, solid, blackish mass, easily broken and reduced to powder. There are other varieties which occasionally find their way into this country as presents. Ning-yong, pouchong, orange pekoe, hung muey, have become within a few years familiar to us; and there is little doubt other names will soon be made known to us, and their characters will be investigated and compared. Amongst those that are brought to the Canton markets are, quongsow, heeh ke, kee cheem, sing kee, quang tay, quang fat, quang tack, ka kee, cheem chunn, wa chunn, yock chunn, and euphonous names, which may hereafter be as well known to us as any of those which, from their long reputation, have become standard teas. There is a tea known throughout the north of Europe under the name of caravan tea, and in some places under that of kaiser-tea, or the emperor's tea, imported into Russia by way of Kiachta. It is seldom found in this country; the leaf is remarkably large, not much dried, and of a deep black colour, mixed with footstalks of the plant, and occasionally slender twigs of the smallest dimensions. These teas are in all respects superior in point of taste and flavour to those consumed in England, France, and Holland. They are not the produce of the provinces which furnish these markets, but of the centre of China. They are conveyed by land, to which much of their superiority is to be attributed, as the sea voyage deteriorates all teas, and causes them to lose their strength, freshness, and flavour. As Mr. Crawford has observed, the difference between the teas coming sea-wise, and those brought by land through Kiachta is so remarkable, that it is no exaggeration to say, that a pound of the last goes as far as two pounds of the first. * *

"There was an idea once prevalent, that the colour of the green tea was to be ascribed to the drying the leaves on copper; but nothing can be more unfounded than such an opinion, as the pans, one of which was sent home by an officer of the East India Company, are of cast-iron. That copper may be detected in tea is

true; but Bucholz has shewn that it exists in several vegetables; indeed, there are proofs that it enters into the composition of a great proportion of animal and vegetable matter. It is found in coffee in very striking quantities; from ten ounces of unroasted coffee there may be obtained, by the proper manipulations, a dense precipitate, which will coat two inches of harpsichord wire with metallic copper. And he who eats a sandwich has much more to fear from the poisonous effects of this metal, than the drinker of green tea; for the two slices of bread, the beef, and the mustard, all have been proved, by the examination of the chemist, to be capable of forming in the stomach a metallic crust; indeed, the only safe food would be potatoes, for in three pounds no copper could be traced."

The lower orders of people speak of spending their coppers: they never dreamed that in return they were swallowing copper; but science teaches us many new things. Another instance of it is in making the Black one Green:—

"That damaged black leaves can be manufactured into green, an anecdote related by Mr. Davis fully proves. The remission of the tea duties in the United States occasioned, in the years 1832 and 1833, a demand for green teas at Canton, which could not be supplied by the arrivals from the provinces. The Americans, however, were obliged to sail with cargoes of green teas within the favourable season; they were determined to have these teas, and the Chinese were determined they should be supplied. Certain rumours being afloat concerning the manufacture of green tea from old black leaves, Mr. Davis became curious to ascertain the fact, and with some difficulty persuaded a Hong merchant to conduct him, accompanied by one of the inspectors, to the place where the operation was carried on. Upon reaching the opposite side of the river, and entering one of these laboratories of factitious hyson, the parties were witnesses to a strange scene. In the first place, large quantities of black tea, which had been damaged in consequence of the floods of the previous autumn, were drying in baskets with sieve bottoms, placed over pans of charcoal. The dried leaves were then transferred in portions of a few pounds each to a great number of cast-iron pans, imbedded in chunam or mortar, over furnaces. At each pan stood a workman, stirring the tea rapidly round with his hand, having previously added a small quantity of turmeric, in powder, which, of course, gave the leaves a yellowish or orange tinge; but they were still to be made green. For this purpose some lumps of a fine blue were produced, together with a white substance, in powder, which, from the names given to them by the workmen, as well as their appearance, were known at once to be Prussian blue and gypsum. These were triturated finely together with a small pestle, in such proportion as reduced the dark colours of the blue to a light shade; and a quantity, equal to a small teaspoonful, of the powder being added to the yellowish leaves, these were stirred, as before, over the fire, until the tea had taken the fine bloom colour of hyson, with much the same scent. To prevent all possibility of error regarding the substances employed, samples of them, together with the specimens of the leaves in each stage of the process, were carried away from the place. The tea was then handed in small quantities, on broad shallow baskets, to a number of women and children, who carefully picked out the stalks and coarse or uncurled leaves; and when this had been done,

it was passed in succession through sieves of different degrees of fineness. The first sifting was sold as hyson skin, and the last bore the name of young hyson. The Chinese seemed quite conscious of the real character of the occupation in which they were engaged; for, on attempting to enter several other places where the same process was going on, the doors were speedily closed upon the party."

But one of the most promising and important matters connected with the subject of tea, as it may ultimately make us independent of China for that beverage, and encourage a prodigious colonial improvement besides, is the recent discovery of the plant in Assam, and the importation of samples of it to this country.

"This lately acquired territory of Assam is situated at the extreme north-east frontier of Bengal; it is almost in immediate contact with the empires of China and Ava, from each of which it is separated by a narrow belt of mountainous country, inhabited by barbarous tribes of independent savages, and which may be traversed in ten or twelve days. From this mountain-range navigable branches of the great rivers of Nankin, of Cambodia, of Martaban, of Ava, and of Assam, derive their origin, and appear designed by Nature as the great highways of commerce between the nations of Ultra-Gangetic Asia. Mr. McCosh has contributed to the 'Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal' an interesting paper, compiled from original manuscripts placed in his hands by Captain Jenkins, the indefatigable agent to the governor-general on the north-east frontier, and from the letters of Major White, political agent for Assam. He observes that this beautiful tract of country, though thinly populated by straggling hordes, and allowed to be profitless in primeval jungle, or run to waste with luxuriance of vegetation, enjoys all the qualities requisite for rendering it one of the finest in the world. Its climate is cold, healthy, and congenial to European constitutions; its numerous crystal streams abound in gold dust and masses of the solid metal; its mountains are pregnant with precious stones and silver; its atmosphere is perfumed with tea growing wild and luxuriantly; and its soil is so well adapted to all kinds of agricultural purposes, that it may be converted into one continued garden of silk, cotton, coffee, sugar, as well as tea, over an extent of many miles. This valuable tract is inhabited by various races, some of them acknowledge the authority of the Burmese, and some that of China. The Chinese have long carried on a commercial intercourse with the Singphos of Assam, and it would even appear that many thousand maunds of tea are manufactured at a place called Polong, and exported to China. Mung-kung, the chief depot of Chinese trade, situated on the Mugaum river, is from fifteen to twenty days' journey only from Assam. Amongst the recent discoveries made in the remarkable province of Assam, and which lead us to believe that it may rival in its productions the Celestial Empire, are six varieties of silk-worms, three of which are different from the well-known *bombyx mori*, and from the two others indigenous to India, which are worked in Bengal. India may therefore yet provide Europe with a material which may be made to supply the place of cotton and woollen cloth; and the disappointment, which has so often been expressed by so many highly ingenious men, may yet be obviated by the production of a silk, which may vie with any that could be brought to market. A communication on the silk-worms and silks

of Assam by Mr. Hugon, and another upon the indigenous silk-worms of India by Dr. Helper, which was read at two meetings of the Royal Asiatic Society of Bengal, lead to hopes that Assam may yet be found one of the most valuable acquisitions to the British empire. Still further to assist in the development of the vegetable treasures of the province, supplies of coal can be obtained. Three specimens of Assamese coal have been transmitted to Calcutta, which turned out to be of a very respectable quality; they burn with a rich flame, being highly bituminous, and therefore suitable for steam-engine fires. There are four places in which large supplies are found. On the south bank of the Burhampooter river they are easily conveyed to the neighbouring streams, so that steam navigation may be carried on upon a great scale, and thus convey to the most distant points the natural productions of this highly favoured spot. All these points are of the deepest moment to this country; and deserve the most zealous investigation from a government, whose object it must be to diffuse knowledge and truth throughout the civilised world. The tea-plant being distributed so extensively over large portions of Upper Assam, there can be no doubt that an ample supply for European consumption can be obtained thence. Even the present tea-tracts may be enlarged almost to any extent, from the numerous seedlings found amongst the tea-plants, from the great number of seeds that can be collected annually, and from the number of cuttings that may be planted.

"The tea of Assam (continues our author) may be obtained at a cheap rate, when once the establishments for its growth and preparation are placed upon a proper footing. The land is of easy cultivation, and as the necessities of life are purchased at a cheap rate, labour will not be expensive. The cultivators will, of course, at the outset, be obtained from China; but as they have no objection to give their instructions to others, or to answer candidly any questions upon the manufacture in China, there will be no difficulty in instructing labourers capable of undertaking the general and particular management of the plantations. The facility of transmitting the tea to Calcutta is another striking feature in the advantages which Assam presents; and although during the water-carriage down the Burhampooter, a consignment of tea, owing to some faulty arrangement, was damaged, the river affords means of transport, which can be rendered available."

But, alas! "The deceptions practised in the tea trade have been long a subject of great notoriety and frequent complaint; but some of those persons who have written most vehemently against tea-dealers have singularly enough promoted their schemes by giving recipes on the art of mixing one quality of tea with another, and entering into minute rules for improving indifferent teas by the addition of the more highly flavoured qualities. These writers have stated that pekoe is seldom agreeable to tea-drinkers alone, and recommended that one ounce of pekoe should be added to a pound of fine souchong. That souchong or congou may be improved by such means, there can be no doubt; but those who have been in the habit of taking good pekoe would never think of such an admixture. It is, when used unmixed, delicious; it must, however, to be fairly judged of, be tasted without sugar, or with the smallest possible quantity, and likewise without milk. We are almost unacquainted with the delightful qualities of what

may be designated a natural tea. Such changes, such mixtures, and such metamorphoses, go forward in various quarters, that we have an artificial compound of a very doubtful character constantly presented to us. Those who are the advocates of this system, and the artists of this manufacture, excuse themselves on the plea that they must gratify the acquired taste of the people, who are for the greater part fond of a strong beverage, and of a tea that can be tasted in spite of the sugar and milk. They likewise dwell upon the fact, that even in our wines we prefer too often a mixture to a natural growth. Thus the claret, which is so highly prized in England, is a particular manufacture, called *Travail à l'Anglaise*, made up of several stronger wines. We are accused in this country of wanting the power of appreciating those delicate flavours to which some other people are so completely alive. We are declared to be ignorant of the nice art of administering gratification to the palate; strong stimuli are required, whilst the more agreeable, yet lightly flavoured objects escape our attention."

The doctor goes on to commend howqua, as a well-devised mixture of several teas; diverges into some very good general remarks on diet, and says a favourable word or two on behalf of wine and other likeable articles. Into these we can enter no further than to take a brief summary wherewith to conclude:—

"Good wine is a cordial, a good cordial, a fine stomachic, and, taken at its proper season, invigorates mind and body, and gives life an additional charm. There can be found no substitutes for the fermented liquors, that can enable man to sustain the mental and bodily labour which the artificial habits of society so constantly demand. Temperance and moderation are virtues essential to our happiness, but a total abstinence from the enjoyments which the bounteous hand of Nature has provided, is as unwise as it is ungrateful. If, on the one hand, disease and sorrow attend the abuse of alcoholic liquors, innocent gaiety, additional strength and power of mind, and an increased capability of encountering the ever-varying agitation of life, are amongst the many good results which spring from a well-regulated diet, in which the alcoholic preparations bear their just proportion and adaptation."

Sound sense, and, like all the rest of this small tome, well deserving the attention of the public. So no more after this long gossip: of the tea we now take our leave.

The Victories and Conquests of the British Army. By W. H. Maxwell, author of "Stories of Waterloo," &c. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1839. Bentley.

WE know of no writer whose style is better adapted for a work of this kind than Mr. Maxwell. It may, *par excellence*, be called the "belligerent style." It is striking, forcible, dashing, smart, and sparkling. A roll of the artillery of words is succeeded by the rattle of musketry; the noise ceases, and the smoke clears off; and we have the clearest idea possible of a skirmish or a siege, a battle or a storm. So much for the general effect; and as for the particular details, in so far as we are capable of forming a judgment on military matters, they are very impartial and candid. The author's object not being critical commentaries, but descriptions of those scenes in which the British arms have been renowned during the last half-century, he has not found it necessary to involve himself in comparisons and opinions. He has related the events, and the circum-

stances connected with them, in the liveliest manner; and although there are plentiful proofs of judgment in discriminating the bold from the rash, and the skillful from the incompetent, yet the whole gives rather the idea of a series of excellent paintings than the laborious efforts of a mere historiographical penman.

The volumes open with a slight sketch of the critical state of England, military and political, when the war in India commenced against Tipoo Sahib, Seringapatam and Assaye mark the first great returns of victory to our standards, after a very dubious intercourse for a long number of years, in which America was lost and other vexatious results attended several of our national expeditions. The famous Egyptian campaign, and the death of the fine old warrior who commanded there, furnish the next themes; and are in turn followed by the war at the Cape of Good Hope, and the glorious struggle in the Peninsula. As a specimen of the author's style (already alluded to), the following remarks on the victory of Salamanca will suffice; and also show how well he can appreciate the merits and consequences of the transactions upon which he has employed his pen:—

"Salamanca, whether considered with regard to its merits as a battle, or its results as a victory, stands foremost among the Peninsular contests. Many and peculiar traits distinguish it from every previous encounter. It was coolly and advisedly fought, by commanders confident in themselves, satisfied with the strength and *matériel* of their armies, jealous of each other's reputation, and stimulated, by every longing after military glory, to exhaust the resources of their genius and experience to secure a successful issue. Nothing could surpass Marmont's beautiful manœuvring for consecutive days, while moving round the British flank, except the countervailing rapidity with which his talented opponent defeated every effort to outflank him, and held the marshal constantly in check. At two, on the 22d, the French marshal threatened an attack; at four, he was himself the assailed. The same mistake that lost Marengo involved ruin and defeat at Salamanca. One false movement, that might have been easily corrected before a slower leader could see and seize the momentary advantage, brought on a crisis that clouded the French destinies in Spain, by removing the delusory belief that their arms should eventually prove invincible. A conflict, close and desperate like that of Salamanca, conferred a sanguinary victory, while it involved a still bloodier defeat. The allied loss, in killed and wounded, exceeded five thousand men; and this, of course, fell chiefly on the British. The Portuguese, comparatively, suffered little—and the Spaniards, being entirely non-combatant, had very few casualties to record. The only post intrusted—and must unhappily—to their charge, was the castle of Alba; and this was abandoned without a shot, leaving Clausel a safe retreat, while its vigorous occupation must have produced his total ruin. The French loss was never correctly ascertained. Two eagles, eleven pieces of cannon, seven thousand prisoners, and as many dead soldiers left upon the field, were the admitted trophies of British victory. Among the commanding officers of both armies, the casualties were immense: of the British, Le Marchant was killed; Beresford, Cole, Leith, Cotton, and Alten, wounded. The French were equally unfortunate. The generals of brigade, Thomières, Ferey, and Desgravières, were killed. Marmont, early in the day, mutilated by a

shell;* Bonnet severely, and Clausel slightly, wounded. The light division, when morning dawned, continued its advance, crossing the Tormes at Huerta; while the heavy Germans, under Bock, overtook the French rear-guard in position on the heights of La Serna, protected by some squadrons of hussars. These were dispersed by a charge of the 11th and 16th—while the heavy brigade rode directly at the squares, and broke them by a furious onset. Numbers were cut down—others saved themselves by throwing away their arms, hiding in the woods, and afterwards joining the retreating columns. In this spirited affair nearly one thousand prisoners fell into the hands of the victors. As a cavalry exploit, that of La Serna has rarely been equalled, and never, in its brilliant results, surpassed. Bock's casualties were comparatively trifling, amounting in killed and wounded only to some seventy or eighty men. Clausel, who commanded *en chef* after Marmont was disabled, retreated with great rapidity. Viewed from the summit of La Serna, the French exhibited a countless mass of all arms, confusedly intermingled. While the range permitted it, the horse artillery annoyed them with round-shot—but, by rapid marching, they gradually disappeared—while, opportunely, a strong corps of cavalry and a brigade of guns joined from the army of the north, and covered the retreat until they fell back upon their reserves. Although Salamanca was in every respect a decisive battle, how much more fatal must it not have proved, had darkness not shut in and robbed the conquerors of half the fruits of victory? The total demolition of the French left was effected by six o'clock, and why should the right attack have not been equally successful? Had such been the case, in what a hopeless situation the broken army must have found itself! The Tormes behind, a reserve of three entire divisions, who during the contest had scarcely drawn a trigger, ready to assail in front—nothing could have averted total ruin—and to the French, Salamanca would have proved the bloodiest field on record. One great error stripped victory of its results. Either the small force by which the Arapiles was defended had been undervalued, or incompetent means employed by Lord Wellington to carry it. Unfortunately a Portuguese brigade had been intrusted with that service. They were admirably led on—conquest on the wing around them—every where the advance of the British was triumphant—their numerical force was five times greater than that of the defenders of the height: but the attack was feebly made, and, on the shew of a determined resistance, as quickly abandoned. This unexpected reverse induced Bonnet's corps to rally, and by it, the fourth division was suddenly and unexpectedly assailed. A plunging fire from the Arapiles fell upon their flank and rear—the tide of battle turned—the fourth gave way—and, as yet untamed by British steel, the enemy cheered loudly and rushed on—and had not Clinton's division been promptly carried into action, it is hard to conjecture what serious results might have arisen from this singular repulse. Finally, the battle was restored and won—but an immense waste of blood and time supervened. The protracted struggle entailed on the victors a desperate loss, and secured the

vanquished from total ruin. Favoured by the darkness, Marmont's routed columns removed themselves from the field, while guns and trophies* were secured by the retiring army, that, with one hour's light, must have fallen into the hands of the conquerors. Still, and with all these mischances, Salamanca was a great and influential victory. Accidental circumstances permitted Clausel to withdraw a beaten army from the field, and a fortunate junction of those arms, which alone could cover his retreat, enabled him, with little loss, to out-march his pursuers, preserve his communications, and fall back upon his reserves. But at Salamanca the delusory notion of French superiority was destroyed. The enemy discovered that they must measure strength with opponents in every point their equals. The confidence of wavering allies was confirmed; while the evacuation of Madrid, the abandonment of the siege of Cadiz, the deliverance of Andalusia and Castille from military occupation, and the impossibility of reinforcing Napoleon during his northern campaign, by sparing any troops from the corps in the Peninsula—all these great results were among the important consequences that arose from Marmont's defeat upon the Tormes. The joy evinced by the inhabitants of Salamanca, at the total discomfiture of their French oppressors, was only equalled by the despair with which the regressive movement of Lord Wellington from the line of the Agueda had previously been witnessed. From all the high grounds about the city, the changes of the fight had been watched with painful anxiety; and when the struggle ended, and the day was won, mules and cars, loaded with refreshments, were despatched from Salamanca to the field of battle, where they arrived before break of day. Hospitals were prepared for the reception of the wounded, and every exertion employed to assuage the sufferings of their gallant allies. High mass was celebrated in the cathedral, and a wild display of popular exultation was every where visible in the streets. All had assumed the appearance of a carnival; and the guitar and castanet were heard at midnight in the same square that, a short period before, had started at 'the beat to arms.' Lord Wellington, who had been present while mass was celebrated for his victory,† without delay commenced his march southward, and moved as rapidly as he could, in the vain hope of overtaking the enemy's rear-guard. Clausel, intending to join the army of the north, fell back on Arivalo; but Joseph Bonaparte, on learning Marmont's defeat, had retreated himself, and thus Clausel was obliged to change his line for that of the Camino Real,

in order to cross the Duero at Tudela. There, too, he failed in effecting his expected junction with the troops that had garrisoned Madrid; and abandoning his hospitals at Valladolid, he fell back at once on Burgos. The British advance was unopposed. Every where the conquerors were received with *vivas*; while fruit, wine, and every refreshment they could command, were liberally supplied them by the Spanish peasantry. At Valladolid, all hope of coming up with Clausel ended; and Lord Wellington halted on the 30th of July, to enable the rear to close. Then turning at once, he quitted his previous route, and took the road to the capital."

The subsequent attempt against Burgos, and the painful retreat from that place, we lament to say, exhibit the darker sides of the picture; but such is the fortune of war. For example:—

"Torquemada had witnessed a most disgraceful scene of riot and confusion on the part of the British. There, immense wine-stores were found and plundered; and it was computed that, at one time, twelve thousand men were lying in the streets and houses in a state of helpless intoxication. Nor was the boasted sobriety of the French proof against the temptation these well-stored cellars presented. On their subsequent occupation of the town, Souham was obliged to stay his march for twelve hours,—for his own corps numbered more drunks than even that of Lord Wellington had done. * * * On the 18th, the retreat was continued, Lord Wellington having given the necessary directions as to the line of march which the different divisions of his army should pursue. His orders were disobeyed, and serious results had nearly been occasioned. Happily, his lordship discovered the irregularity of his subordinate officers in time to avert disastrous consequences. The retreating brigades were completely arrested by a flooded river; and with great difficulty were extricated, from what would have been, very shortly, a desperate and hopeless position. Indeed, so critically were they situated, that the light division, composing the rear-guard, were obliged to cross a gulley by single files, effecting the passage by means of a fallen tree. Here the retreat virtually closed. The weather improved; and having fallen back upon his resources, Lord Wellington was enabled to recruit his exhausted soldiery. Abundant fuel, dry bivouacs, and plentiful rations, produced a speedy change; and men wearied and worn down by privations and incessant fatigue, rapidly regained their health and spirits. The moment the enemy had abandoned the pursuit, the light cavalry and guerilla horse were despatched to search the woods, and rescue such sufferers as survived. Their efforts were attended with success; and more than fifteen hundred wounded or disabled men were brought into the hospitals and saved. The total casualties sustained by the troops during the siege and subsequent retreat of Burgos, were very numerous; and in no point are military writers and official returns more at variance than in the respective estimates they form of the losses of the allies. Where such immense discrepancy exists, it is hard to come to any thing like an accurate conclusion. The French asserted that the allies lost twelve thousand men, *hors de combat*; the English reduced it to little more than twelve hundred. Between these extremes, the mean is more likely to prove correct; and there can be little doubt, all casualties included, that in the siege and subsequent operations to the 29th of October,

* "Mr. Southey, alluding to the eagles taken at Salamanca, gravely observes, 'It is said that more than ten were captured, but that there were men base enough to conceal them, and sell them to persons in Salamanca, who deemed it good policy, as well as a profitable speculation, to purchase them for the French.' Nothing can exceed the absurdity of this statement. The capture of so many trophies could not have been achieved without a correspondent notoriety, and those who were fortunate enough to win them, knew that the gallant deed would secure both honours and promotion. Is it probable, that the daring spirit who rushed into the deadly *mêlée* and seized the proud emblem of victory, would barter it, when won, for a paltry consideration? It is indeed a sweeping slander on British soldiers, to insinuate that out of ten brave and devoted men—for brave and devoted they must have been to do that deed—eight were the sordid wretches which Dr. Southey has depicted them."

† "I was much struck with the simplicity of the Duke of Wellington's attire, who wore a light grey pelisse coat, single-breasted, without a sash, and white neck-handkerchief, with his sword buckled round his waist, underneath the coat, the hilt merely protruding, with a cocked hat under his arm. He stood with his face towards the altar during the prayer offered up for the success of our arms."—LEITH HAY."

* "It broke his right arm, wounded him in the side, and obliged him to be carried from the field in a litter, by relays of grenadiers, as any rougher method of conveyance was intolerable. After the marshal was removed, Clausel supplied his place with high credit to himself, both during the engagement, and in the retreat on Valladolid."

seven thousand men were sacrificed. The retreat from Burgos was not only remarkable for the sufferings they endured, but also for the insubordination exhibited by the soldiery. The mass of the army became drunkards and marauders. The wine-stores in the towns and villages on the line of march were broken into and despoiled of their contents; and multitudes, through inebriety, either perished, or were made prisoners. In Valderoso alone, two hundred and fifty men were found drunk in the cellars; and, of course, they fell into the hands of the French. Drunkenness produced cruelty; and many of the peasantry hitherto well affected to the allies, perished by the hands of infuriated savages, who seemed reckless whether friend or foe became the victim of their ferocity. Napier says, that on the first day's march from Madrid he reckoned seventeen murdered peasants, either lying on the road, or thrown into the ditches. Another mischievous breach of discipline had become very general. Numerous herds of swine were found among the woods, and the soldiers broke from their columns, and commenced shooting pigs wherever they could be found. The spattering fire kept up in the forest by these marauders, frequently occasioned an unnecessary alarm, and thus disturbed the brief space allowed for rest to the exhausted soldiers. Nothing but the greatest severity checked this most dangerous offence; and though some of the delinquents, when taken 'red-handed,' and in the very fact, were hanged in the sight of their guilty comrades, the evil was but partially abated by the example; for hunger had made the starving soldiery indifferent to the desperate consequences their offending was certain to draw down."

The next campaign, that of 1813, was full of glory; and in describing it our author is eminently happy, though we fancy we meet a trifling contradiction at the outset.

"The appearance (he tells us) of the French army was rather *picturesque than military*. It was crowded in its march, and too fanciful both in the character of its equipment and the variety of its costume. The line and light infantry excepted, few of the regiments were similarly dressed. The horse-artillery wore uniforms of light blue, braided with black lace. The heavy cavalry were arrayed in green coats with brass helmets. The chasseurs and hussars, mounted on slight and active horses, were ably and variously equipped. The *gendarmes à cheval*, a picked body chosen from the cavalry at large, had long blue frocks, with cocked hats and buff belts; while the *élite* of the dragoons, selected for superior size and general appearance, were distinguished by bear-skin caps, and wore a look of martial determination, that their past and future bearing in the battle-field did not belie. Each regiment of the line had its company of grenadiers and voltigeurs; even the light regiments having a company of the former. The appearance of the *whole force* was *soldierly and imposing*; the cavalry was indeed superb; and the artillery, as to guns, caissons, and appointments, most complete; and, better still, their horses were in excellent condition. Both armies were in the highest state of efficiency. To both the undivided attention of their commanding officers had been directed, and yet in their respective equipments a practised eye would detect a marked dissimilarity. With the British every thing was simple, compact, and limited, as far as its being serviceable would admit; while the French were sadly incumbered with useless equipages and accumulated plunder. Those of the Spanish noblesse who

had acknowledged the usurper, now accompanied his retreat. State functionaries, in court-dresses and rich embroidery, were mingled with the troops; calashes carrying wives or mistresses, moved between brigades of guns; while nuns from Castille and ladies from Andalusia, attired *en militaires* and mounted on horseback, deserted castle and convent, to follow the fortunes of some soldier or employée. Excepting that of his great brother when retreating from Moscow, no army since the days of Xerxes was so overloaded with spoil and baggage as that of Joseph Buonaparte. Although this abuse had not escaped the observation of many of the best officers in the army of the usurper, the facility with which these enormous ambulances were transported encouraged rather than repressed the evil. Looking on Spain as a conquered country, the means necessary to forward their convoys were unscrupulously seized, and every horse and mule considered the property of the finder. The roads were good, the retreat unmolested. On the 10th, no enemy had appeared, and the allies were remaining quietly in their quarters. The apathy of the English general was extraordinary; and prisoners were asked by their French escort, 'Was Lord Wellington asleep?' But nothing could exceed the astonishment of Joseph, when, on the evening of the 18th, he was informed that the allies, in considerable force, were actually on the left bank of the Ebro! The French dispositions were rendered useless, and an immediate night-march became unavoidable. The drums beat to arms, the baggage was put in motion, and the entire of the French corps which had occupied Páncorbo, or bivouacked in its vicinity, were hastily collected, and moved rapidly towards Vittoria. Lord Wellington's sudden advance was equally brilliant in conception and execution."

The grand *déroute* of the enemy which ensued, is so well known that we need not offer an extract; nor indeed shall we be tempted, even by the crowning splendour of Waterloo, to go further into the illustration of these volumes, which may truly be received with pleasure and ranked among our literary and national trophies. About half the last volume is devoted to separate "details and anecdotes," connected with the narrative, but affording remarkable images of the extraordinary accidents and adventures which attend modern warfare. These are selections from several popular works, and form a most appropriate and interesting appendix to Mr. Maxwell's own history.

Tod's Rajpootana, &c.

[Second notice.]

AGREEABLY to the intimation in our first review of this work, we proceed to extract the principal points stated in regard to the library of Puttun; such matters being always *germaine*, and interesting to literary readers. Col. Tod says:—

"The Pothi-bindar, or library, the existence of which was totally unknown until my visit to it. It is contained in subterranean apartments in that quarter of the new town which has appropriately received the name of Anhulwarra. Its position screened it from the lynx-eyed scrutiny of Alla, when he destroyed all that was destructible in this ancient abode. The collection is the property of the Khartra sect, of which the celebrated Amra and Hema were the Sripooj, or primates. This sect, called Khartra, or the orthodox (a title conferred by Sid-radji, after long theological disputations), is the most numerous of all the Jain votaries, enumerating at one time no less than eleven

hundred disciples, extending from the Indus to Cape Comorin. Though every one, lay or clerical, bearing the name of Khartra, has a property in the library, it is in strict charge of the Nagar-Seth, and the Panch, or chief magistrate and council of the city, while its immediate superintendence is confided to some Yutia spiritaly descended from Hemacharya, the senior of whom has some pretensions to learning. Years before my visit, I had known of its existence from my own guru, who was equally anxious with myself to place the fact beyond doubt, and on the very day of our arrival, he hastened to 'worship the bindar.' Although his venerable appearance was quite enough to make the padlocks fly open, nothing could be done without the fiat of the Nagar-Seth. The council was convened, before whom my yuti produced his *patravali*, or spiritual pedigree, tracing his descent from Hemacharya himself, which acted like a spell, and he was invited to descend and worship the treasures of ages. The catalogue forms a large volume, and I should fear to hazard my own veracity, or that of my guru, by giving his estimate, from its contents, of the number of books which filled these chambers. They are carefully packed in cases, filled up with the dust of the mugd, or caggarwood, an infallible preservative against insects. The old man returned to me in raptures at what he had seen. But there was a want of correspondence between the catalogue and the contents of the boxes, forty of which he examined in seeking for two works named therein, *i. e.* the *Vanaraj Charitra*, and the *Charitra Salivana*, the leader of the Tak or Tacshac horde, which invaded India from the north, overturning the throne of the supreme monarch, Vicrama, and substituting in the south of India the era called *Saca* for that previously used. The excessive closeness of the subterranean atmosphere compelled him to desist from the search, which he did the more readily, as he was promised permission to copy any work he desired, on his return. Moreover, he had to follow me twelve miles, for the monsoon had already set in; and with very enfeebled health, I had yet a long journey before me. Had time even admitted of my remaining, I had no copyists with me to employ in this new field of research, and I can only hope, therefore, that my discovery may lead the way to others. Extreme caution and delicacy must, however, be observed in the attempt; the use of any thing like power might seal every volume for ever, for the deposit, as before stated, is scrupulously guarded, and only known to the initiated. As they could not have had time to prepare such a receptacle beyond the walls of ancient Puttun, when invaded by Alla, and taking also into consideration the name of Anhulwalla, which this part of the city still bears, we have additional reasons for believing that this portion of the modern city must have been included within the ancient limits. Books may be borrowed from the library by members of the gatcha, who dwell within a certain distance, but they cannot be retained above ten days. Until we have some insight into the contents of the subterranean 'bindar' of Anhulwarra, and a more extended knowledge of the Oswals of Jessulmér, with access to its library, which is equally numerous and probably more select than that of Puttun; above all, until we have formed some acquaintance with the dignitaries of the Jain sect and their learned librarians, we are not in a condition to appreciate the intellectual riches of the Jains, and can only pity the overweening vanity which has prompted

the assertion that the Hindus possess no historical records, and which seeks to quench the spirit of inquiry, by proclaiming such research a vain labour.

"Among the more important objects of future inquiry, would be a copy of the catalogue itself; for though the titles of works, both of the orthodox and heterodox sects, often have little analogy to their contents, this is not the case with respect to the historical tracts, the *Rasas*, *Charitras*, *Stipasas*, *Mahatmas*, &c. I may also repeat, what cannot be too often stated, in order to stimulate exertion, that I obtained many MSS. from Jessulmer, both on paper and palm-leaves, the latter three, five, and eight centuries old, which still silently adorn the shelves of the Royal Asiatic Society's Library. The most ancient of these are works on grammar, and of this perhaps our wise men think they know enough. But would it not be worth while to examine works of this antiquity, if only to convince the curious that nothing new is revealed by them?"

Resuming his journey, Colonel Tod visited Ahmedabad and Kaira, the latter shewing the remains of a once extensive city, where he picked up some curious coins, and observes:—

"But I must repeat what I have often urged, that in numismatics, antiquities in every branch, in the collection of ancient inscriptions or MSS., the English have as yet done next to nothing in exploring ancient India; and when I affirm that, with health and leisure, I could have done ten times more than I have done, and, with increased means, ten times ten, some faith may be placed in my assertion."

Baroda and other places are passed in review as our countryman travels on; his account of the Saurashtra is deserving of particular notice, because of its references to ancient history and nations:—

"Saurashtra forms the most important portion of the kingdom of Anhulwarra, nor is there throughout India any region so well calculated to form a compact principality. It is about one hundred and fifty miles in breadth, from Cape Juggut to the Gulf of Cambay, and the same from the small northern Runn, the receptacle of the waters of the Bunas and Sarasvati, to Deobunder, the ancient capital of the Chauras. It is surrounded by the ocean on every side but the north, where the apices of the two gulfs approximate by means of those vast aranyas (corrupted to runn), or marshy wastes, leaving but a space of sixty or seventy miles open to invasion. It possesses within itself every variety of soil, with numerous streams flowing from the central range (termed Paryati in Hindu geography), towards either coast, these hills affording every description of material for building, and the rivers abounding with fish and their banks with wood. Since the dynasties of Anhulwarra passed away, its various tribes appear to have led a life of nomadic or marauding independence until the Gulcower princes established feudatory claims over some, and absolute power over other portions of the country. The chief subdivisions are Gohilwar, or the district of the Gohills, on the Gulf of Cambay; Jhalawar, to the north, inhabited by the Jhalas; Noa-nuggur, to the west, by the Jains, a branch of the Jharjias; Pore-bunder, by the Ballas; Joonagurh, by a Mahomedan chief; with various other minor districts. In the centre of all are the Cat'hias, while the Portuguese have for three centuries held Deobunder, the old Chauras capital, now converted into Diu. Besides the tribes originating these divisions of the peninsula, many others of an equally Scythic character are to be found, as

the Camari (now the Jaitwa); the Comani, called a branch of the Catti; the Mac-wahana, who claim to be a branch of the Jhalas; the Jits, or Gotes of Jitwar; and several other original, besides the mixed races of Myreas, Cabas, &c. &c., who will be spoken of as we encounter specimens of each. In fine, for diversity of races, exotic and indigenous, there is no region in India to be compared with Saurashtra, where they may be seen of all shades, from the fair and sometimes blue-eyed Catti, erect and independent as when his fathers opposed the Macedonian at Mooltan, to the swarthy Bhil, with keen look, the 'offspring of the forest.' Besides this field for the inquirer into the natural history of man, there is one equally wide for investigating the history of all the religions which have swayed the human mind within this sea-girt corner of Asia. Of the religion of Buddha, it will be seen, as we proceed, that of two points, one must be conceded; either, that it originated here, or that this was the region where it took root on importation from Aria. The discussion of this question involves that of the nearly contemporaneous worship of Crishna, which, if we are to credit tradition, is an offshoot from that of Buddha. The antiquary and the architect would find abundant scope for their researches, and new ideas for their studios, in deciphering the cryptographic documents, and in forming hypotheses on the mechanical genius that planned the multiform shrines which have perpetuated the faith of their founders. And, lastly, the painter might revel amidst harmonious contrasts, and a diversity of beauty, on the mountain top, or on the margin of the ocean, under a cloudless, dazzling sky, or amidst the almost primeval darkness of the monsoon. He might associate the latter with the shrine of Somnath and the dark rites of Siva, while, on the fane of Radha's lover, he would throw 'hues which have words,' and tell of youthful loveliness. Or, as he ascends the mountain to the temple of the worshipper of 'the Spirit,' whatever characterises the grand and the simple, in form as well as in colour, would be present to his mind. This is a feeble picture of the attractions of the land through which I now propose to conduct the reader,—a land containing subjects for many volumes and many portfolios; but my researches, being limited to a rapid tour (though with some previous knowledge of the subject), will oblige me to restrict myself to the most prominent among the many interesting objects of the peninsula of the Sauras."

The Sauras are supposed to be identical with the Syrians. The temple of Somnath, and the shrine of Deva Pastun, the most renowned of India, furnish matter for very curious investigation and description; but we must now take our leave of these and of India together.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Third Preface to "A Treatise on Wood Engraving, Historical and Practical;" exposing the Fallacies contained in the First, restoring the Passages suppressed in the Second, and containing an Account of Mr. John Jackson's actual Share in the Composition and Illustration of that Work. In a Letter to Stephen Oliver, by W. A. Chatto, author of the first Seven Chapters of the Work, and the writer of the whole as originally printed. Pp. 36. London, 1839.

"MORE first words!" In our notice (in the 116th No. of the *Literary Gazette*) of the "Treatise," we mentioned its having two prefaces; a *duality* which we own struck us at the time as *singular*, and as involving some-

thing "more than met the eye." This *third* preface explains the matter. Mr. Chatto complains, in very warm and unequivocal terms, of having been unjustly treated by Mr. Jackson, and by Mr. C. Knight, the publisher of the "Treatise." He complains of the omission of his name in the title-page of the work; he complains of the suppression of certain passages in the preface to which his name was affixed; he complains of some of the statements in Mr. Jackson's preface; he complains of the assumption by Mr. Jackson of the credit of nearly the whole of the work, both literary and artistic; he asserts that the work was originally projected by himself; he asserts that he was the sole author of the "History of the Art of Wood Engraving," of which history he says Mr. Jackson was entirely ignorant; he asserts that he was merely furnished by Mr. Jackson with a few meagre memoranda, to assist him in his description of the practice of the art; he asserts that of the three hundred and odd cuts in the volume, only sixteen were executed by Mr. Jackson himself; he asserts that he has been most inadequately remunerated for his labour, &c. &c. &c. — "Hard pounding, gentlemen," as the Duke of Wellington said to one of our regiments, under a heavy fire, at the battle of Waterloo.

Peter Parley's Child's First Step; or, Easy Path to Knowledge, &c., by H. Oliver, pp. 120. (London, J. Clements.) — If true that it is the first step that counts, it is true of children's books, and not of St. Denis's ran from Paris. The present is well enough, with nothing particular to call for notice.

Flori Poetici scilicet et Illustrati de Carlo Boicchi, L.L.D. Pp. 483. (London, Rolandi Bosange & Co.; Simpkin & Co.) — The words *terza edizione* shew that this is a very pleasing and popular collection: it is, indeed, a charming volume of "choice Italian" poetry, with brief sketches of the writers, and well deserves its success.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

A VISIT to the gardens in the Regent's Park, at present, will well repay the lover of Nature. All is activity and improvement. At the last monthly meeting, held a few days ago, it afforded the Council peculiar satisfaction to be enabled to announce to the Society the successful application to the Commissioners of Woods and Forests; who, by a Treasury minute, have agreed to let to the Society, at a lower rent, certain valuable portions of ground in and about the gardens, on a lease, if desired, of thirty years. The works in progress are highly satisfactory. 28,487 persons visited the gardens and museum in July; and 7081, on the month's proceedings was carried to the credit of the Society's accounts. The collection is generally reported to be healthy; and the young giraffe since its death has been prepared with much delicacy and scientific skill: it is now so artistically placed beside its parents, that every eye is deceived by its lifelike attitude.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

Anglo-Saxon Literature.

MR. WRIGHT's view of the state of the medical profession among the Saxons, brings forward some very curious matters:—

"Surgical operations among the Anglo-Saxons were few and rude. They consisted chiefly in bleeding (the success of which was supposed to depend less on the condition of the patient, than on the choice of the proper time for its performance, according to certain calendars of good and evil days); the application of poultices to draw out humours and reduce inflammations, setting broken bones, and stanching wounds. Honey was the substance

generally used for cleansing external wounds; before application, it was to be warmed at the fire, and mixed with salt. Another operation, described in the Anglo-Saxon medical treatise, gives us no very favourable idea of surgical practice: 'If a man have a limb cut off, be it finger, or foot, or hand, if the marrow be out, take sheep's marrow boiled, lay it to the other marrow, bind it very well at night.' Perhaps the most scientific prescription in the whole volume is a medicated bath, ordered to be used for the cure of a disease which was probably the dropsy; this bath was to consist of a strong decoction of various herbs, among which are enumerated wild marjoram, broom, ivy, mugwort, and henbane; while immersed in it, the patient was to drink a decoction of other herbs, among which we find the all-efficient herb betony, with centaury, agrimony, red-nettles, sage, herb Alexander, &c.; and the liquor in which these latter were to be boiled, was one that we should hardly expect to find mentioned at that time, namely, Welsh ale. The Anglo-Saxon treatise in the Royal Library shews, in a very remarkable manner, that the practice of medicine, amongst our forefathers, as well as among the other branches of the great Teutonic race, was a strange mixture of science and superstition, even in the hands of its most skilful professors. The ingredients which the physician used frequently owed their virtues to some accidental circumstance with which, in the minds of the people, they were connected; as in the case of one receipt in which those particular herbs only are declared to be efficient 'which grow spontaneously, and are not planted by the hand of man.' Much of their efficiency also depended upon the day on which they were administered, or on which the patient fell ill, and this again was regulated by the changes of the moon. The Anglo-Saxon manuscripts contain many lists of the attributes of each day of the lunar month, as they were supposed to be good or evil for sickness and the various operations of life. For example, they inform us that 'the first day of the moon is propitious for all kinds of work; he who falls ill on that day will languish long, and suffer much; the infant who is then born will live. The second is also a prosperous day, good for buying, selling, embarking on ship-board, beginning a journey, sowing, grafting, arranging a garden, ploughing land; theft committed on this day will be soon and easily detected; a person who falls sick will soon recover; the child born will grow fast, but will not live long. . . . The fourth day of the moon is good for beginning works, as building mills and opening drains; the child born on this day will be a great politician. . . . The sixth day of the moon is a favourable day for hunting. . . . The eighth day is good for changing bees; but he who falls sick on this day will suffer a long illness, and will not recover. . . . A child born on the tenth day of the moon will be a great traveller; and, if born on the twenty-first, he will become a bold robber.' These superstitious feelings were not always confined to the manner or time of treating diseases, but they also extended to the diseases themselves. The causes of many outward affections of the body were too apparent to be easily overlooked; but inward diseases often assumed a more mysterious character, which baffled the utmost skill of the physician. They were then believed to be caused immediately by evil beings, the elves, according to the creed of the people, or the demons, according to that of the monks; or else they were produced by the charm of the witch, or by the sinister influence of the evil

eye. Fevers, more particularly, were attributed to such causes; and this class of diseases, which occupies a considerable portion of the second book of the great Anglo-Saxon medical work, introduces us there to a numerous collection of charms and incantations, and to a list of diseases which received their names from the imaginary beings who were supposed to have sent them. In these cases the physician trusted no longer to the simple virtues of his herbs; but he sought to drive away these unwelcome visitors by religious exorcisms; or to pacify them, and induce them to carry their visitations to some other object, by means of counter-charms, which were derived from a still more superstitious age. The latter object was generally effected by charming the disease into a stick, or a piece of wood, which was thrown across a highway, as an effectual separation from the patient, and there it waited to be communicated to the first person who picked up the stick: this process, still familiar to the peasantry in the less enlightened parts of England, was, among the Anglo-Saxons, an approved remedy in the hands of the professors of the healing art. One example from the medical book we have so often quoted, will be sufficient to illustrate the character of the religious charms: it is a 'drink' composed of herbs for a person labouring under a disease caused by evil spirits, and is to be administered in a church-bell:— 'Take thrift grass (?), yarrow, eleuthre, betony, penny-grass, carruc, faine, fennel, church-wort, christmas-wort, lovage; make them into a potion with clear ale, sing seven masses over the plants daily, and add holy water, and drip the draught into every drink that he shall drink afterwards, and sing the psalm *Beati immaculati*, and *Exsurget, et Salvum me fac, Deus*, and then let him drink the draught out of the church-bell, and after he has drunk it, let the mass-priest sing over him *Domine sancte Pater Omnipotens*. The subject of charms is intimately connected with the history of the Anglo-Saxon alphabet. It is well known that what we generally term Anglo-Saxon letters, with the exception of þ, (ð), ð, (dh), and p (w), are nothing more than the common Roman characters, as they were introduced by the missionaries, and used in the early manuscripts. Our ancestors, previous to their conversion, possessed an alphabet peculiar to themselves, the letters of which were in their own language designated by the name of Runes, and which, before their literature was committed to writing, served all the purposes to which they were accustomed to apply them; for these were confined to an occasional inscription, or to certain magical phrases that were engraved on their arms, and on pieces of wood, or other materials, to be carried about their persons. From this practice, and from the rarity of inscriptions, the letters themselves were an object of superstition, and their name became equivalent to magic and mystery. Their form rendered them inconvenient for writing extensively; but long after the conversion of the Anglo-Saxons, the Runic alphabet was preserved; and we find it in manuscripts written as late as the twelfth century. Although these letters were still used for various superstitious purposes, yet they were not unfrequently applied to other objects. As each letter had a significant name, we often find it used playfully in serious poems, instead of the word which designates it, as, for instance, in one of the poems of the Vercelli Manuscript, and even in the Romance of Beowulf. Among the riddles in the Ælster Manuscript, and in the Metrical Salomon and Saturn, these letters

are frequently inserted with the intention of increasing the obscurity of the subject; sometimes with the signification of words, at others merely as letters, while in some cases the two systems seem to be mixed, and we are often obliged to read them backwards, before we can discover the mystery which is concealed under them. The Runic alphabet, and the signification of its letters, form also the subject of a very curious Anglo-Saxon poem printed from a manuscript, now lost, by Hickes in his 'Thesaurus,' and reprinted by William Grimm in a small treatise in German on the Teutonic Runes. Many of the crosses and other strange marks which are found among the superstitious medical receipts, represent probably the Runic charms of an earlier date."

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Tartar. The Property of Her Majesty. Painted by W. Barraud; Engraved by T. Lupton. Ackermann and Co.

AND no doubt a great favourite of her Majesty's, if we may judge of the beauty of the animal by that of the delineation.

The First of April. Painted by S. E. Jones; Engraved by J. Scott. Ackermann and Co. A PUNCHY old gentleman,

"solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress;"

whose mortified countenance, as he stands with his watch in one hand and a billet-doux in the other, sufficiently indicates the trick that has been played him by a couple of malicious wenches, who, in a snug corner of the background, are enjoying his *disappointment*.

Law. The Cat's Paw. Painted by E. Bristow; Engraved by H. Dawe. Ackermann and Co. To those who know the peculiar humour of Mr. Bristow's pencil, it must be unnecessary to say that this is a very entertaining pair of prints; for they are impersonations of the old and well-known fables:—the first, of a monkey sitting in judgment, and affecting to make an equitable division of stolen cheese between two cats; the second, of another monkey, availing himself of the paw of an unfortunate grimalkin, to extricate some piping hot chestnuts from the fire. Mr. Dawe has given great effect to these whimsical groups.

The Encyclopædia of Ornament. By H. Shaw, F.S.A. No. XIV. Pickering.

THIS attractive publication proceeds with unabated excellence. The present number contains a beautiful specimen of painted glass, from the chapter-house of York Minster, rich velvet hangings of the 16th century, and an elaborately wrought cover of a book of the year 1548.

Military Attack. Painted by S. E. Jones; Engraved by W. O. Geller. Ackermann and Co.

ALTHOUGH we cannot say much for the moral of this little dramatic piece, the hero of which is decidedly of opinion that

"None but the brave deserves the fair,"

we must not withhold our praise of the talent and knowledge of character which it displays. The result of the spirited attack seems scarcely doubtful. The effect of foliage in the background is singularly pleasing and clever.

Woodland Sketches; a Series of Characteristic Portraits of Trees. Drawn from Nature and on Stone, by George Childs. With Letterpress Descriptions, by the Author of "The Sentiment of Flowers," "Woodland Gleanings," &c. &c. Parts I. and II. Tyas.

THESE Sketches are executed with great spirit and beauty, and are highly creditable to Mr. Childs's talents. The publication is to consist of four parts. These under our notice comprehend the Horse-chestnut, the Hawthorn, the Oak, the Beech, the Elm, the Yew, the Holly, the Larch, the Spruce-fir, and the White Willow. The descriptions are very pleasingly written.

Saint Valentine's Day: the Post Mistress. Drawn by H. Richter; Engraved by W. C. Giller. Ackermann and Co.

IF no other advantage should result from the proposed system of post-office envelopes, at least it will prevent the indulgence of the impertinent curiosity which is here so amusingly depicted.

Death of Thomas-à-Becket. Painted by C. H. Weigall; Engraved by G. Zobel. Ackermann and Co.

WHEN this clever composition was exhibited in the gallery of the New Society of Painters in Water-colours, we spoke of it in the terms of praise to which it is entitled. Mr. Zobel has rendered it a most effective print.

Tambourina. Painted by G. Hering; Engraved by C. G. Lewis. Ackermann and Co.

A CHARMING little print. The attitude of the "Child of the South," and the effect of light, remind us of Haydon's characteristic and celebrated picture of Napoleon at St. Helena. But how different must be the train of thought passing through the mind of the gay, innocent being before us, and that which filled with bitter melancholy and remorse the "Hero of a hundred fights!"

ORIGINAL POETRY.

ON TREADING THE ROMAN MOSAICS AT
BIGNOR, SUSSEX.

ROME! thy majestic power we view;
Thy might in war, thy glory too,
Not less in arts of peace;
How great, how elegant, while free;
How low, how vile, when liberty
Fled thy degenerate race.

Yet, as in dawning manhood lost,
That child is fondly prized the most
In deep maternal love,
His virtues to his brothers told,
Oft as their little minds unfold:
Example, fix'd above!

So Nature to thy favour'd clay
Granted exemption from decay,
Thy tongue thy works survive;
Bright as these little stones we tread,
The hues of Roman worth shall spread,
And to all ages live.

C. BARWELL COLES.

THE HEART.

(After the manner of Spenser.)

DID ever sage so wise, with tongue or pen,
Portray the wonders of that wondrous thing
Which lieth in the breast of every man?
Did ever poet rightly of it sing?

The same it is, whether it to a king
Or poorest wight that ever lived belong;
As varied are the fruits it forth doth bring,
As are the forms of count'nance men among:
And sometimes they are right, and sometimes
they are wrong.

Small is it sure, yet it can well contain
Full divers things and idols manifold;
Ofttimes it trembleth much through fear of pain;
Ofttimes it pineth much through love of gold;
Ofttimes desire of knowledge doth it hold;
Ofttimes desire of glory doth it swell;
Most strange it is in women young and old;
Its movements some have thought to buy and
sell:
What wight with mortal tongue can all its
wonders tell?

Deep and unsearchable its nature lies;
So far beyond all ken its myst'ry seems,
As earth below is distant from the skies.
Things vain it hath, as is the stuff of dreams;
Withouten aught of bright and heavenly
beams,
It oft doth seem all-earthly, of the earth:
In some it shines with passion's fiery gleams,
In some 'tis withered up for lack of mirth,
A desert oft it is, where things unclean have
birth.

Nathless it hath affections bright and fair,
Wherewith it lighteth up life's darksome
way—
Hope, that amid all checks indwellet there—
Love, much more cheering than the light of
day—
Devotion, lovelier far than minstrel's lay.
But chiefly 'tis in gentle womankind,
That all its glory shines with blissful ray;
Certes not faultless we the same do find,
More beautiful than night, more fickle than
the wind.

THE SIBYL'S WARNING.

WHEN from one point the breezes blow,
Through summer's heat and winter's snow;
When the bee to the lily alone shall fly,
And pass the rose and the violet by;—
Then, gentle maiden, but not until then,
May Constancy dwell in the hearts of men.

When the spirit's golden dreams by night
Vanish not with the morning's light;
When the sleeping sea forgets to wake,
And its guile and its cunning have left the
snake;—
Then, gentle maiden, but not until then,
Truth may be breathed from the lips of men.

When, from above, the moon's silvery gleam
Fixes itself on the glossy stream;
When iron melts beneath the sun,
When rivers in the desert run;—
Then, gentle maiden, but not until then,
True Love may enter the bosoms of men.

G.

THE TROUBADOUR'S SONG.

OF things beneath, around, above,
To which shall I like woman's love?
The depths of ocean none can sound,
But woman's love is more profound.
Pure lies the snow on yonder hill,
But woman's love is purer still;
'Tis like the rainbow, brightest found,
When darkest grow the clouds around:
To smiles and tears both owe their birth,
And do not both link heaven to earth?

G.

SKETCHES.

MEGPUNNAISM.

[Our recent review of the *Thug* renders the following more interesting: it may be taken as a sequel to that fearful story.]

THIS barbarous term refers to a division of the crime of Thuggee, out of which it grew after the siege of Bhurtpore, in 1826. While the Thugs murder their victims to obtain their wealth, the Megpunnas immolate travellers to obtain their children, whom they afterwards sell into slavery. The great founder of this system, Kheama Jemadar, was considered so holy a man, that, after his arrest, he was entreated by the villagers to extinguish a fire which had broken out in a village; and, by a singular coincidence, the fire ceased as his hands were extended to heaven in supplication. The greater part of the gangs who have engaged in this revolting system of murder, sustain the character of religious mendicants; and the system itself is firmly believed to be under the patronage of the goddess Kalee. In common with the Thugs, they have a slang language, known to all the initiated. Unlike the Thugs, however, they always take their families with them on these murderous expeditions; the females assist in inveigling travellers, and in taking charge of the children till they can be disposed of. Their victims are generally chosen from the more indigent classes, the disappearance of whom is less likely to excite suspicion than that of more wealthy individuals; and they find that it is more lucrative, as well as more safe, to murder the poor for the sake of their children, than the opulent for their wealth. The Brinjaras, who are widely scattered throughout the Upper Provinces, are ever ready to receive the children of the murdered parents; and they enjoy many facilities for subsequently distributing them among the brothels of the principal cities, or disposing of them to men of wealth and consideration. Suspicion may be at once lulled by the declaration, that the children were purchased from indigent parents; who had no longer the means of supporting them. The system is of so recent an origin, that it has not as yet spread further than the Upper Doab, the Delhi territories, and the Rajpootana and Alwar States; and the number of the initiated does not exceed three or four hundred. The conviction of offenders is rendered difficult by the custom they adopt of throwing the bodies of their victim, into the nearest river, and by the distance to which the children are carried, and the obstacles which are found in tracing and identifying them. The report of Major Sleeman on this subject consists of the confessions of some of the principal offenders, and the depositions which were taken in cases brought to light by the exertions of the officers in the Thuggee department. From the confessions, we select some of the replies, which will serve to shew the total extinction of all human feeling which this system induces:—'Gopaul, approver.—I murdered, in company with a large gang of Thugs, eight travellers at Belochepore, and took six of their children, with four other Thugs, to Paloundee; and the rajah, hearing of our arrival, ordered us to be arrested, and we were kept in gaol four months. The Paloundee chief took the children away from us, and sent them to the commissioner of Delhi. After my release from Paloundee, I went on Thuggee; I have never had any other occupation. We formerly used to get Rs. 80 or 100 for fair good-looking children.' 'Jewun, approver.—I murdered four people at Husseecunge, and one of the Bunjarrah Thugs, being dissatisfied

with the division of the plunder, went and related the particulars of the murder to the thanadar, who arrested twenty-two of us. Six children of the murdered people were recovered; one of whom, a boy, named Girdharee, recognised me, and told the magistrate I had murdered his parents with a sword. We escaped punishment on that occasion, owing to some discrepancies in the statement of the boy, who did not witness the murder of his parents; but we attributed our success in getting released, on this occasion, to the goddess Kalee, and we disbursed Rs. 24 in her name, among the Brahmins and poor people." 'Moosoomoot Umree, alias Khumba (a female).—I have been confined in the Delhi gaol about six years, for the murder of three travellers near Delhi. The children of the murdered people were recognised by some of their relatives, who detailed the particulars of the murder of their parents. Three of my sons were concerned in this murder, who were all hung, as well as two others of my relations. I was formerly a Thug Jemadarnee; my husband had a gang of forty or fifty men and women, whom I always accompanied on Thuggee. I never did perform the office of Lugh andoss, or strangler; the female Thugs are only employed in taking charge of the children of the murdered people.' 'Radha, a woman of the Jatnee caste.—My parents were murdered near the village of Dunkaree, in the Boolundshuhur district. There were between forty and fifty Thugs present on this occasion. I did not witness the murder of my parents; they were murdered during the night, and I and my two young brothers were intrusted to the charge of the female Thugs, and we were offered for sale a few days afterwards to some gipsies, who would not give a sufficient sum for me, and I was subsequently adopted by Salga Jemadar, a relation of Khema. I have been in the habit of accompanying my adopted husband on Thuggee since I have been living with him. I have been on three or four expeditions with him. A poor Fakeernee woman was murdered in my house at Joulee, eight or nine months ago; in taking charge of her children during the time my husband was employed in strangling her, I was compelled to obey the orders of my husband, who directed me to prevent the children making a noise. This woman was murdered about 12 o'clock, and her body was covered over with clothes, and removed during the night by my adopted husband, Hurree Sing, and others. Her three children were sold to Khoshallee Bunjarrah for Rs. 20.' The report closes with a list of two hundred and twenty-three Thugs, employed in the system of murdering indigent parents for the sake of their children, who are still at large, together with their age, caste, connexions, and respective districts, and a note appended to it says: 'A gang of forty-four of the above prisoners has been arrested by Lieut. Mills, since this list was prepared.'—*Friend of India*, quoted in the *Asiatic Journal*, last month's Number.

AMERICAN FACETIE.

THE good folks in America, especially in the Back Settlements, though always pushing on right a-head, seem to have more time for facetious paragraphing than their brethren in the old country. From a roll of a Boston journal we copy the following instances:—

"Nine Tailors make a Man."—This sentence, which had its origin in the grateful mind of one who had received his start in life from the charity of the craft, has now, from an ignorance of the circumstance, entirely lost its meaning. The term had its origin in the following man-

ner. In 1742, an orphan beggar-boy applied for alms at a fashionable tailor's shop in London, in which nine journeymen were employed. His interesting appearance opened the hearts of the benevolent tailors, who immediately contributed nine shillings for the relief of the little stranger. With this capital, our little hero purchased fruit, which he retailed at a profit. From this beginning, he rose to great wealth and distinction, and when he set up his carriage, he had painted on the panel, "Nine tailors made me a man."—*Boston Yankee Miscellany*.

Correspondence between a Yankee school-master in Mississippi and his mother in Maine. May 15th, 1838.

Dear son,—Come home. A rolling stone gathers no moss. Your affectionate mother, till death.

July 4th, 1838.

Dear mother,—I wont. Come here. A setting hen never gets fat. Your dutiful and obedient son.—*Ibid*.

"Good morning," said a gentleman to a round, twinkling-eyed son of Erin, whom he met on the road; "your nag is in good order." "Indade, ye may say that; and what 'tis makes her so, it's meself doesn't know, for she has nothing in this blessed world to ate but wheat straw, and that niver was half thrashed!"—*Ibid*.

A Whopper.—We have heard of a man who is so tall that his pantaloons have to be wove in a rope-walk. He folds up like a two-foot rule, and has to get upon his knees to put his hands in his pockets!—*Ibid*.

"Well, Bob, how much did your pig weigh?" "Oh, it didn't weigh as much as I expected, and I always thought it wouldn't."—*Ibid*.

Remarkable Phenomenon.—There is a man in Vermont who sneezes so hard, that every time he commences he pitches a somerset.—*Ibid*.

An old lady in Claremont, New-Hampshire, recently slept so sound, that when she awoke in the morning she didn't know who she was.—*Ibid*.

A Remarkable Fact.—We frequently hear persons boast of the health of their several neighbourhoods, in very extravagant terms; but we think a friend of ours living in Bayou Lafourche can beat all others. He insists that no person was ever sick in his neighbourhood, and very seldom any one dies. He says that when the vicinity where he lives was first settled, the emigrants were generally very young, and lived there so long, without seeing any body die, they did not know what death was. They did not travel much, or they might have been better informed in other places. He says that at last one old man, about one hundred and forty years old, died, and they could not imagine what the deuce was the matter with him, but kept him four days sitting in a chair, when some traveller passing told them the old man was defunct, and then they buried him.—*Ibid*.

The following feather shows how the wind blows about the Boundary Line:—

Maine Battle Song.

Come, sgers! take your muskets up,
And grasp your faithful rifles;
We're gwyn to lick the red-coat men,
Who call us Yankees, "trifles."
Bring out the big gun, made of brass,
Which forges July thunder;
Bring out the flag of Bennington,
And strike the foe with wonder.
We'll lick the red-coats any how,
And drive them from the border;
The loggers are awake—and all
Await the Glm's order!

Britannia shall not rule the Maine,
Nor shall she rule the water;
They've sung that song full long enough,
Much longer than they oughter.
The Aroostook's a right slick stream,
Has nation sights of woodlands;
And hang the fellow that would lose
His footing on such good lands.
And all along the boundary line
There's pasturing for cattle;
But where that line of boundary is,
We must decide by battle.
We do not care about the land,
But they shan't hook it from us;
Our country, right or wrong, we cry—
No budging or compromise.
So—beat the sheepskin—blow the fife,
And march in training order;
Our way is through the wilderness,
And all along the border.—*Ibid*.

Yankee Doodle.—Mr. Watson, in his "Annals of Philadelphia," says that our national air, "Yankee Doodle," was taken from "Lydia Fisher," a famous and well known New England jig. The verses ran thus:—

"Lydia Locket lost her pocket,
Lydia Fisher found it;
Not a bit of money in it,
Only binding round it."

In the "Democratic Review," a long and learned account was given to prove "Yankee Doodle" to be of foreign origin. It probably originated with the Japanese!—*Ibid*.

The Good Old Times.—It is said, that when the town of Gloucester was first settled, a suit of clothes and a pair of boots were provided for the use of the representative; so that in choosing him, they were obliged to select a man of proper size, so that the clothes would fit him. When the wags in Boston saw the representative of Gloucester coming, they would say "Here comes the Gloucester suit of clothes, wonder who is in them?"—*Ibid*.

Song of the Thrush.—One of our poets gives the following spirited version of the song of the thrush:—

"Cheerily O, cheerily O—tweedle, tweedle, tweedle;
Pretty Prudy, pretty Prudy, pretty Prudy;
See, see, see! little Jo, little Joe,
Kissing Judy, kissing Judy, kissing Judy!"—*Ibid*.

THE DRAMA.

The Italian Opera closes to-morrow, after, we should think, a profitable season; Tagliioni being a perfect load-star in the Terpsichorean attraction, and the musical corps as high and delightful as could be desired. The last Number of "The Musical World" has some very strong observations upon the management and the general doings connected with this theatre, which are well worthy of public attention.

English Opera House.—A farce, called *My Cousin the Minister*, was brought out here, and did not survive the night. There being no Bedchamber Ladies belonging to this theatre, the *Minister* was not recalled, and has not reappeared on the scene. Donizetti's opera, the *Love Spell*, has been produced with success. It is well acted, and Balfe, Leffler, Fraser, and Miss Rainforth, sustain the musical department very effectively. Lover's farce, with a change in the part of *Rebecca*, now done in a lively manner by Miss Tyrer, and much compressed, shakes the sides in the pit pretty constantly; and with Wieland in the *Devil's Opera*, gives the half-prices a laughing treat. By the way, this diavolo hurt his ankle one night, and has since played the devil on one leg so cleverly, that no two sticks could match it.

VARIETIES.

Improvement of the River Shannon.—We see with great satisfaction, by the Parliamentary Reports, that a large sum of money is to be applied to the improvement of the

magnificent river. When we descended it, after the Dublin meeting of the British Association, it struck us as one of the most melancholy sights, in a country where there are but too many to cause regret, to see a means so capable of fostering increased industry and national wealth so much neglected. It seemed to us that the Shannon alone might be made to spread utility and comfort over half the extent of Ireland.

British Association.—It is determined to proceed with the meeting at Birmingham, where the grave turn of the Chartist trials has, it is presumed, put an end to any fears of riot or collision.

Scipio Clint, the medallist, we regret to see it stated, has just died, at the premature age of thirty-four. He was a clever artist.

Caricatures.—Four new H. B.'s have just issued. No. 606, "Men of Feeling," Lord Melbourne, John Russell, Normanby, Palmerston, and Duncannon, receiving their quarter's salary from the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and declaring it to be impossible to abandon the sovereign under such circumstances. The attitudes and likenesses are very good. 607, "Symptoms of Insubordination." The Duke of Wellington, as a nursery governess, threatening to leave Lord Melbourne to the naughty boys, and never bring him out again, if he gives way to these towering passions. Lord Melbourne, with his hoop, declaring he will do what he likes, and won't be caught, is a capital boy-figure. 608, "An Irish Subject." Mr Spring Rice driving O'Connell in a jaunting-car, he horse kicking; the Queen, alarmed, calling to be set down; and ministers almost tumbling off. The Irish driver is a great hit in dress and appearance. The last, 609, "The Fall of Achilles." A classical group, the Duke as Achilles; Lord John, as Paris, wounding him in the heel with an arrow inscribed "Exaggeration." The Queen, as Polyxena, is walking away with Lord Melbourne, a priest of the temple of Minerva.

The Planets Rotate about their Shortest Diameters.—The shortest diameter of an oblate spheroid, being its shortest principal axis, is that about which, if any motion of rotation be communicated to it, it will tend to rotate, and into a rotation about which its motion, if left to itself, will ultimately settle (art. 244). We have a striking example of this fact in the system of the universe. The planets are all oblate spheroids, and it is about their least diameters that they all of them rotate. Whether any cause have ever tended to interfere with this rotation, such as the shock of some comet, or whether such a cause ever shall operate, we know not; but this we know, that whatever disturbance may be, for a time, produced, in respect to the axis round which the rotation of any planet takes place, if its form remain unaltered, it will ultimately return to a rotation about its present axis. There are, indeed, various minute natural causes, always in operation, which might long ago have changed the existing axis of the earth's rotation, had it not been that into a rotation about which it tends, from all other axes, to pass. This change would involve a perpetual change in the seasons of every place on the earth's surface. Had its form been that of a prolate, instead of an oblate spheroid, this case of a perpetually changing axis of rotation would have occurred. The least axes of the rotation of such a spheroid, are any of those at right angles to its greatest diameter from its centre; about some of these it would always tend, from all others, to rotate; but it would have

no tendency to rotate about one of them rather than the other; and the slightest disturbance, arising from a change in the condition of the earth's mass, the mere effect, indeed, of the tides of the air and sea, would be sufficient to make its rotation pass from one axis to another—a change which, once commenced, would never again cease.—*Moseley's Illustrations of Science.*

Some samples of sugar, made by Mr. Dickinson, the superintendent of the Joint Stock Sugar Company's works, at Howrah, near Jooneer, are pronounced to be the finest specimens of sugar yet made on this side of India. They are beautifully clean, full-grained, and of fair colour. The sugar would, in the London market, come under the description of fine white, and would bring the highest price given for the same kind of Bengal sugar.—*Asiatic Journal.*

Con.—Why is a thief like a philosopher?—Because he is given to fits of abstraction.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

We understand that Mr. James is engaged in writing a life of Richard Cœur de Lion, and intends shortly to visit Germany for the purpose of clearing up some doubts in regard to general matters connected with the imprisonment of that monarch. We rejoice to find so national a subject in such excellent hands.

Mr. Leopold J. Bernays, announces a translation of the Second Book of Goethe's "Faust," and other Poems, partly in the metres of the original, and partly in prose.

In the Press.

Oriental Outlines; or a Rambler's Recollections of a Tour in Turkey, Greece, and Tuscany: chiefly intended as a Guide to Travellers, by Mr. William Knight.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1839.

August.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday ... 1	From 52 to 63	29.82 to 29.95
Friday ... 2	... 50 to 73	29.90 to 29.98
Saturday ... 3	... 52 to 79.5	29.97 to 30.06
Sunday ... 4	... 58 to 71	30.14 to 30.18
Monday ... 5	... 49 to 71	30.20 to 30.18
Tuesday ... 6	... 40 to 73	30.12 to 29.97
Wednesday ... 7	... 55 to 67	29.82 to 29.79

Winds, W. and S.W.

Generally clear, except the 7th, when it rained all the morning; vivid lightning and distant thunder, with a little rain in the evening.

Rain fallen, .2 of an inch.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The conclusion of our review of Mr. Hallam in our next.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Vale of Glamorgan: Scenes and Tales among the Welsh. 12mo. pp. 309. London, 1839. Saunders and Otley.

WE are exceedingly pleased with this volume, which seems to us to have a purity about it altogether refreshing. The only ornamenting is in the style, which so much resembles that of Mr. Carne (see his "Letters from the East," and other popular works), that we could almost imagine the writer had formed himself upon his neighbouring Cornish contemporary. He could not have done better, for he is picturesque and ornate without falling into affectation or exaggeration. With reference to the tales themselves, they are simple, and not wrought up to make points, surprises, or striking terminations. Like the original "Arabian Nights," they are not dressed up for the European taste: like good Welsh ale, untouched by the London improvers. Those who read ghost and witch stories for excitement, will not like the book; but those who read for the sake of becoming acquainted with ancient superstitions and traditions, will find them here quite unadulterated. Their general resemblance to the Scottish, Irish, Norse, and German legendary lore, is obvious; but there are some local peculiarities which give them a distinctive character, and recommend them the more to the curious in such matters. And who is not curious? The schoolmaster will be long abroad, the march of intellect indefinitely prolonged, and the system of national education vastly mended indeed, before these things and beliefs, with their firm holds on human nature, are banished from the possession, more or less, of every human mind and heart. But we shall offer no further preface, and proceed at once to the sweet and (once, if not still) fairy-haunted Vale of Glamorgan.

The papers are thirty-one in number, and embrace various legends, intermixed with some well-written descriptions of scenery. The first we shall pitch upon for a specimen is upon *Spectre Haunts*, and the interlocutor who adduces instances of them, thus cites the following:—

"Davy was now getting warm upon his subject, and continued, 'The most remarkable case, however, uncle,' said he, 'of the unrest of spirits, is where hoarders of money, or it is even said, those who have hidden any metal, were it only a piece of old iron, die while it is secreted. Never, here, it is said, do those spirits rest, until the hidden treasure be taken by a living hand, and thrown down the stream of the river Ogmore. Only now lately a tailor's wife at Lantwit, who had been up to that time a stout, hale woman, was haunted and teased by a spirit until she became mere skin and bone, for not choosing to take a hoard honestly to the Ogmore. For a long while the woman, knowing by the spirit's haunts that there was a hoard in the house, had a mind to keep it for her own purposes. The bell-ringers, however, found her in returning from church late in the evening in a sad plight in the church-lane; and she told them, when she came to herself, that having at last consented, for the sake of quiet, to take the hoard to the Ogmore, the spirit had

wafted her through the air so high that she saw the church-loft and all the houses, below her, as though she were in a balloon. In her flurry she threw the treasure up the stream and not down; when, the spirit, with a savage look, tossed her into a whirlwind, and she knew not how in the world she had got back again. Then, again, there is another quite fresh instance of the same thing at Brincethin. A girl was going one fine summer evening for water to a well in a green pasture field, where there was the ruin of an old house. Suddenly something like lightning shot swiftly round her. The girl was frightened, and returned home quickly. The next evening the same thing happened; but the girl now looking aakance along the ground, as the brightness glanced round her, perceived the lower part of an antique female figure, having on high-heeled, peaked shoes, with immense buckles. She ran home in a desperate fright, and soon had all the neighbourhood about her. They persuaded her to go again, and ask the spirit in the Holy Name, what it wanted. This she did, and had to take a hoard from under a hearth-stone in the ruin, to the Ogmore. The spirit had a very old-fashioned look, and was quaintly dressed; but made a most thankful courtesy when the hoard was thrown down the stream. But the most remarkable instance of all,' said Davy, 'is that of the woman at St. Donatts. She had lived in the small cottage where she still continues, on the side of the coom there, with an old curmudgeon of a money-hoarder, and after his death complained to the neighbours that his spirit would allow her no rest. Her appearance indeed shewed there was something the matter; for although she had always been grizzily enough, yet now she became so gaunt and odd, as not only to be a fright to the children, but to make even grown people feel queer when they met her. This was at the time when the folks hereabouts began to be methodistical; so they proposed, as the best thing for the haunted woman's relief, to have a prayer-meeting at her house; and accordingly several serious persons met there one night to pray and sing. They found the woman gruff and strange to their devotions. Presently, however, they filled the cottage, and sang and prayed at a great rate. In the midst of it, the woman cried out, 'There he is!—there he is!' The people stared, but could see nothing. They then desired her to ask, in the Holy Name, what it wanted. She did so; but they could hear no answer. The woman, however, now again asked, 'Where is it?'—and then went to the fireplace, and stretching her arm up the chimney, brought down what seemed to be a bag of money from a secret nook there. She turned round, and crying out, 'Let me go!—let me go!' slipped through them, out of the house, in a twinkling. There were some young men standing by the door, who followed her at full speed directly. It was a fine moonlight night; and they saw her mount before them over the stile, into the road, without touching it, and whisk off, out of sight. No trace of her was then to be seen; and the young men, after staring at each other, returned to the cottage, and now joined the others

with much unction at their devotions. By and by the woman also returned, somewhat tired, and spattered with wet and sand, like one off a swift journey; and said that the old money-hoarder's spirit, after having told her to take, as they saw, the bag of money from the nook where it had been hidden in the chimney, carried her in a trice to the Ogmore river, and held her in mid-air over it, while she flung the bag down the stream. As soon as she had done so, he smiled, took off his hat, with a bow, and then offered her his arm, and escorted her home with civility quite remarkable in the ghost of the morose, old curmudgeon. This,' said Davy, 'as indeed I knew to be the case, 'is vouched for by a great many 'serious' people.'"

The localisation and peculiarity of this superstition, extending to any even insignificant piece of metal, appears to stamp it with great antiquity—with an antiquity when even a bit of iron was as precious to a Welshman as more recently to an Indian savage.

The next passage we quote is, we think, a very touching description, and, in a few words, of the feelings of one long absent from his native home:—

"At length, however, his heart began to yearn after his native land. It was not that he had left behind any friends whom he was now anxious to see again; for his old personal attachments had dwindled away, with time and absence, to mere remembrance. But his great local attachments all the while took root deeper and deeper, until they at length overpowered all other feelings and considerations. He longed with an aching heart and a restless eye to see once more the green fields, and blue hills, and swelling sea of the spot that had given him birth, and where he had been nurtured in his early years; and finding that this longing and aching of the heart could not be repressed, he set out and re-tramped his long and tedious way homewards."

And the result is almost equally affecting:—

"He found on his return that twenty years had been sufficient for many changes in the neighbourhood. And all the changes were to him now displeasing; to miss old objects, and to have new ones obtruded on the eye, equally offended him. He drew hastily nearer and nearer home, and at length spied the smoke curling from the chimney-top of the family cottage. His heart beat quick, and his eye glistened as it hurried from one familiar object to another. But he was among a strange people, although not in a strange land, and sought in vain to recognise some old acquaintance amongst those who gazed at his gaunt and haggard figure. His father's hearth, too, was trodden by those who were unknown to him. His aged acquaintance had been laid low by death, and he could not recognise the features of those whom he had left young."

The *Tolaeth* (ominous and foreboding sounds, the forerunners of death or some sad calamity,) interests us:—

The *Tolaeth* is "a supernatural and ominous imitation of some earthly sound. Thus there is no carpenter throughout all those parts who does not declare, that, before every occasion on which

he is employed to make a coffin, he hears it made by night in his work-shop; which he calls, 'hearing the Tolaeth before the coffin.' It is also a usual thing to hear a feeble plaintive wail pass to the churchyard in the night, before children's death; and nothing is more common, than when a person lies upon his death-bed for supernatural sounds to be heard in the house, such as groans, or a knocking, or the footsteps of the sick person passing out; and all these are called the 'Tolaeth before death.' But the chief sort of Tolaeth is the one before a burying; when all the funeral procession is heard or seen to pass along towards the churchyard; and of one of this sort, the parson gave me the following relation:—

"*The Spectre Funeral.*—"Do you recollect," said he, "a bay horse called Falcon that I once had?—Oh, no, it was before your time. However, he was a fine, high-couraged fellow, as ever was crossed, with no fault but being too rash and violent. At times, to be sure, how he would snort and tear away! And then he would dash at a leap like a very thunderbolt! I thought at times to call him Dreadnought, and then again Death's-door;—he was often so near being the death of me. Ha! how different was I then from what I am now! I used to go hunting then even on that devil; and one day, after a run with the fox-hounds, I had dined at the castle, and was returning home about midnight, a little flushed with wine, on a hand-gallop, now and then humming, or singing, or talking to myself, when of a sudden Falcon bolted off the road into the ditch, and there drooped and trembled, as a very Christian might, for fear. 'Ho, ho!' said I, 'what new quaver is this?' and then I tried to force him on; but that would not do at all. So I coaxed him and patted his neck, and said 'So-ho, poor fellow!' which evidently comforted him; for he moved his tail, and turned his head towards me. But just then a loud band of psalm-singers broke upon my ear. They were pealing forth the old hundredth psalm, which is the one always used at funerals. Nothing could be more distinct or solemn. And presently I heard the slow, regular tramp of the whole procession, with the groans and sobs of the mourners. I knew now it must be a Tolaeth; and, recollecting what I had heard the old people say, I stooped forward on the horse's neck, and, looking along the ground, saw them all advancing towards me. There were the psalm-singers first, two a-breast, with their hats off, and their mouths open, as in the act of singing. Then followed the coffin, borne on the shoulders of four men, who held their hats by the side of their heads. Next came the mourners, the women holding up their handkerchiefs, and the men pale and solemn, with their handkerchiefs streaming behind. And then followed the usual long train of friends and neighbours. All passed, distinct and close, before me, but now, while I saw them, perfectly silent. There was not now the slightest sound of a foot, nor even of the psalm-singers, although their mouths were open. As soon as they had passed, I drew myself up; and then it all broke upon my ear again, as at first. So true it is that the Tolaeth touches only one sense at a time, that, while you hear it, you cannot see it, and, if you see it, you will hear nothing. When it had got quite clear of us, Falcon turned his head towards me, and gave a quiet switch with his tail; then, not without faltering, he made the road, and presently struck off at a round gallop. He dashed through the gate as we reached home, knocking it to shivers, and then stood trembling

with me before the door. Although in top condition, the sweat streamed from him all over, and the poor fellow, as I was going, turned his head so wistfully after me, that I made the man remain in the stable with him all that night. And now," said the parson, in conclusion, "it was not long after this that one of the neighbours was thrown from his horse in returning from market, and broke his neck, just at the place and the hour of the night that I met that Tolaeth; and when he was buried, his funeral passed there exactly in the manner I had seen it." Here I mentioned to the parson an instance of the Tolaeth, which although not witnessed by myself, as the other had been by him, happened in a labourer's family that I knew well, and who were quiet, truthful people as could be. This honest workman and his wife had just turned into bed one night, in the room which was the only apartment of their cottage, below stairs, when they heard the door open, the tread of several persons entering, some of them walking heavily, as under a load, then a moving and drawing of the chairs, and the putting down of some heavy wooden thing upon them. 'Oh, John!' said the wife, 'what is that?' John, rubbing his eyes, jumped out of bed; but they could see nothing. Shortly afterwards their only son went out bathing in the sea, and was drowned. His corpse was brought home upon a ladder, and when carried by a party of the neighbours into the cottage, and the chairs were drawn together, and it was put down upon them, the poor woman cried out, 'Oh! this is exactly what I heard the other night: my heart has been misgiving me ever since.'"

The most particular Welsh point in this superstition, as far as we are aware, is that which restricts the impression of the Tolaeth to only one sense at a time. The second sight of the Highlands not only sees, but (pardon the bull) hears all the circumstances attending the omen at the same moment.

The *Corpse Candle* is common to all countries: the following is a lively account of it, and possesses some slight varieties (such as the yellow spot) to recommend it for extract:—

"The parson of that parish was a snuffy little man, who used to come to the tavern almost every day, dressed in an old suit of rusty black clothes, very coarse yarn stockings, and a greasy hat cocked up behind by his coat-collar. I observed that if he found the ale and fire to his liking, he had no objection to beguile some hours of his time in gossip with the old landlady; and on such occasions he would hold forth to her in a loud nasal twang, very oracularly. One day, however, he turned in with something of a cloud upon his countenance; and as he took out his snuff-box and tapped the lid, at the same time looking round and wriggling his nose, he desired them to bring him a mug of beer, in a voice that shewed he was affected by some more than ordinary incident. Our old landlady regarded him for a moment with a curious look, and then went and drew a mug of her best, and was going to air it for him before the fire, and add to it a little powdered ginger, with the observation that 'the day was raw;' when he seized it out of her hand, and without more ado took off a deep draught. Then, setting the mug down on a bright steel stand upon the hearth, he turned his back to the fire, and spreading his legs, drew a deep sigh. 'Bobba,' said he to the surprised old woman, 'I have just been giving the sacrament to Winny Thomas: the poor girl is just going.' 'Ha!' said our hostess, 'I was thinking as much: *Udgorr angau yro*

pesoch sych, 'the trumpet of death is a dry cough.'" 'Ay,' said the parson, 'and her mother has had the *Marw goel*, 'the yellow spot before some one's death,' on her arm now this long while.' 'It is true enough,' said our landlady; 'the poor woman was in here with me only the other day, for something good to give her *druan*, 'her poor child,' and she told me about it, and how the *Canwyll Corph*, the Corpse-candle, had been in the house.' 'Well,' said the parson, with a drawing, nasal twang, as he tucked up the skirts of his coat, one under each arm, 'I don't know what to say to that. In these days, to be sure, people will have that the *Canwyll Corph* is seen here and there, all about the country; but it was not so, I warrant you, in old times. For the old account is, that this light, which goes from the house to the church before death, was to be seen nowhere but in Wales; nor yet in any part of Wales out of St. David's diocese; nor yet there, it is like, before the time of St. David himself, who, once upon a time, took in hand to pray God that some such token should have its place there as a memorial of him: which accordingly was. And,' said the parson, snuffing a pinch emphatically into his nose, 'it is there, to this day.' But our hostess protested against such a limitation of the *Canwyll Corph* to the diocese of St. David, and declared that she had known many and many people to see it in that very neighbourhood, and immediately entered upon a particular and earnest relation of all the circumstances attending its appearance to Winny Thomas's mother. 'The poor woman and her sick daughter were in bed together one night, when the mother could not sleep for sorrowing over her *anwyll* child, and thinking how lone and disconsolate she should be were she to lose her. And as her eyes filled with tears, it seemed as though she saw confusedly several small lights flitting indistinctly about. So she raised her hand and wiped away the tears, and looked, and at the foot of the bed she saw a corpse-candle sure enough. It was a still, faint, little flame, that shed no light, and every thing remained dark about it. The poor woman gazed at it, like one stupid, for some time; and then, without knowing scarcely what she was about, she raised herself softly, and reached her hand towards it. But as her finger touched the light, it dropped all into pale sparkles that went out as they fell. Just then the sick girl groaned, and something came over the mother, and she could not help sobbing aloud. Her daughter heard her, and asked what was the matter; but she could only answer, 'Oh my *anwyll* child!' She could not go on for weeping. So the sick girl asked again, 'Did you see any thing, mother?'—which startled and surprised her exceedingly, and she replied, 'See? no, my *anwyll*, why?—did you?' 'No,' said the poor girl; 'only I felt as if I saw something.' Here the old hostess raised her apron to her eyes: for indeed they had gradually filled with tears. But as she concluded, and turned off to her housewifery, she told us, with something of an air of triumph, that it was plain enough that the *Canwyll Corph* was to be seen a good distance from St. David's."

But we must come to an end, and cannot do better than take the last sketch in the volume:—

"*Easter Eve.*—On our return, I was surprised, as we came to the churchyard, to find it the scene of extraordinary employment, until I recollected that this was Easter eve. All the village were there, engaged, after the old custom, in trimming and adorning the

graves of their deceased relatives. Some were raising the sides with fresh turf, and putting fresh earth upon the surface; and others whitewashed the stones at the ends; while the women planted rosemary and rue, and the girls brought baskets of spring-flowers, crocuses, daffodils, and primroses, which were placed in somewhat fantastic figures upon all the graves. Among the rest was Gwenllian, Ewythr Jenkins's daughter, who was there dressing the grave of the honest old yeoman. It was the first time I had seen her since her father's death, and now, after wiping her eyes with her apron, she went on to relate all about it. However, she said, that from the first they had scarcely a hope of his recovery, for that indeed they heard his Tolaeth the very night after he caught the cold that carried him to his grave. After describing the manner in which the old yeoman used to go to rest, and how particular he was to fold up his breeches, and place them under his pillow, especially when there happened to be a sixpence in the pocket, she said, that on that night she had taken them from him to sew on a button, and threw them on the round table in the adjoining room. Presently she drew a chair; but as she was going to sit down, there came a loud rap on the table, that startled her quite. 'Oh, Jenny!' said she to the servant girl who was with her, 'what was that?' They looked at one another, but every thing now was as still as could be. So she reached out her hand to take the breeches; but immediately, as she touched them, there came a double rap again on the table, under it, louder by far than the first, and that made all the furniture in the room to ring again. Upon that, a faintness came over her, that she could almost have sunk to the ground; and she thought something then; but as soon as the old man died, Jenny told her that she was sure at the time it could be nothing but his Tolaeth. An old hound that had been lying on the ground with his forelegs stretched out, and his head reclining between them, as he watched Gwenllian dressing the grave, now rose up, and, after winding slowly round me, looked up into my face, and wagged his tail. He had been a great favourite with the old yeoman, who used to extol this ancient Welsh breed, of large size, long rough coat, and prodigious ears and flews. When I remarked the melancholy expression of the old hound's hollow eye, Gwenllian said, one would hardly believe how he pined away after his master. All the time Ewythr Jenkins lay ill in bed, the hound used to walk backward and forward in the house, putting his nose to the empty settle, and then going uneasily to the old man's bedside, where he would stand wagging his tail, and looking wistfully at him. But what was most affecting of all, was to see the 'dumb creature' after his master's death, having been always used to accompany him to church, go off by himself when he heard the bell toll, and, marching slowly up the aisle, lie down in his old place, outside the empty pew."

The foregoing are complete examples of these unpretending tales; and we trust our readers will agree with us in relishing their simplicity and the genuine air of belief with which they are related. "The Maid's Trick," "The Mabsant," "The Cyhiraeth," "Flouting the Ravens," "The Valley of Glooms," "The Coolstrin," are all good; but of those to which

• Upon which merriment two old crones converse, and are thus touched:—

• Two old women, who, knitting as they went, had been taking a stroll, to see how things were going on, sat on a stone bench opposite the house, and now rallied their knitting for a few pinches of 'high-dry.'

we have not specifically referred, "*The Ychain bannog and the Avaine*," is perhaps the strangest, as it seems to indicate certain animals which would rejoice the hearts of Dr. Buckland and M. Agassiz to see and describe.

"I have been (says the story-teller) from one lake to another upon the hills, learning what the old people had to say about the ychain bannog and the avaine; but it amounted to very little, and I could scarcely figure to myself an idea of those terrible animals that in old times desolated whole districts in Wales. Nowhere could I hear any thing, more than that the ychain bannog were said to be enormous horned animals; and that the avaine was thought to be something like a crocodile. All, however, agreed that it inhabited the mountain lakes, and ravaged the country round; and there was scarcely a lake but what was said in the neighbourhood to be the one out of which the ychain bannog drew the avaine. How the old people's eyes glowed with the thoughts of past times, as they talked darkly about these matters! But now I saw it all," he continued; 'the avaine drawing himself up, and putting one foot out before the other, and listening for his prey. But he had made the country still and desolate far around. There was no sound there but the rushing of the Bala water. For long tedious days did he watch with a blood-thirsty ear and a devouring eye from the still surface of the lake on the mountain-top. And at length there was a heavy tread in the distance. The avaine reared himself, and looked round with a ravenous eye. The heavy sound of that trampling drew nearer and nearer, and at length the ychain bannog came in sight. What grim disappointment and affright seized his hideous countenance then! He plunged into the lake, and at his splash the mountain abook. The ychain bannog heard it, and raised their nostrils to the wind. Slowly, but forcibly, they lash their sides with their enormous tails. They toss their heads and roar, till the mountains echo. Then with a rolling gallop they reach the top, and stand gazing into the lake. Deep and long was the dive of the avaine, but at last he comes up for air. Better, monster! would it be, to perish in the still deep caverns of the lake!'"

Were these the Saurians, Iguanadons, or Megalotheria, of ancient Wales? Perhaps so! Who can tell?

Polynesia; or, Missionary Toils and Triumphs in the South Seas. A Poem. 12mo. pp. 116. London, 1839. Snow.

THIS beautiful and unassuming little poem carries with it a strong recommendation, for, besides the originality of the subject, it seems to have been written for a great and good purpose; namely, to recommend that noblest of all enterprises—the regeneration of Pagan nations, by the diffusion of Christian principles. Any writer setting out with so pure an intention as this, would at least enlist the best feelings of his readers, if he had not the power to arouse their sympathies. But when, as in the present instance, the work bears the true impress of poetry, and shews in almost every page the touchings of a true spirit, something more than our sympathies are roused; we feel the soul kindle under the subject, and involuntarily exclaim to ourselves, "Can it be that we are living in a world where such things as these

The old snuff-taking dames listened with much complacency, shaking their aged heads, in unison with the tune. "Ay, ay," Ally Howell," said one of them, "you and I may never hear the like again." "No," replied the other crones, "when the worm and the clay are in our ears, Will Howe's harp will sound in vain."

are still going on?" Yet so it is; and in a country that seems almost to rival all that poets have written of the garden of Eden, and the sweet valleys of Arcadia; there, until lately, reigned the deep midnight of ignorance, superstition, and blind barbarity. Not that all is now black and overcast, as it was a few years ago, when even the eye of hope gazed forlornly over the desolating darkness, and sighed heavily while watching for the first faint streak of dawn to illumine that land of beauty and wretchedness. No; the light has at last broken upon it, and revealing a goodly prospect, the sun now gilds a rich harvest-field, that seems to call aloud for labourers to gather the fruit into the garner. The good seed has been sown, taken deep root, and flourished; yet the crop is still standing until the reapers are ready to bring in those treasures, which the now enfeebled hands of the husbandmen can no longer manage alone.

But turning to the poem, which is rich in descriptive passages and powerful painting, let us look at the state of the aged savage, as he was before the sound of the Gospel broke upon the land, when his own son too often dealt the death-blow:—

"But grant he lives—grant that his pilgrimage Has reached the verge of patriarchal age: Even then, unblest by kindred sympathy, He sits forlorn beneath yon blasted tree! For him field, forest, flood, have lost their charm— Hope quits his heart, and strength deserts his arm."

Yet haply he has children—daughters—sons, Within whose youthful veins his life-blood runs? Haply they soothe him, bear his load of care; Prep his frail step, and humour his gray hairs; No! filial love has never touched their soul— They never felt Religion's sweet control! How should they save whom they have scorned to soothe?

'Shall age,' they cry, 'usurp the place of youth? Shall he be fed, who, borne on tottering limb, Can fight no more—nor hunt, nor fish, nor swim?'

No! none shall pity—none for him shall plead: None climb the bread-fruit-tree that he may feed! None spread the mat beneath him—none supply The food which his own flesh and blood deny! No! like a leathern leper, thrust aside— He dies—as helpless age too oft has died: Consumed by famine, or condemned to feel The ruthless partridge's unallotted steel! Or, stealthily, beside the midnight wave, Led forth and buried in a living grave!"

The annexed passages (which we must introduce by the following note) have struck us, as containing some fine traits of savage life. We regret that our space will not allow us to give the whole of this beautiful episode. But first the note, that our readers may better understand the subject:—

"On the eve of war, also, human victims were invariably offered:—'King Pomare being about to fight a battle which would confirm him in, or deprive him of, his dominions; to propitiate the gods, by the most valuable offerings he could command, was, with him, an object of the highest concern. For this purpose, rolls of native cloth, pigs, fish, and immense quantities of other food, were presented at the Maraes; but still a tabu, or sacrifice, was demanded. Pomare, therefore, sent two of his messengers to the house of the victim whom he had marked for the occasion. On reaching the place, they inquired of the wife where her husband was. She replied, that he was in such a place, planting bananas. 'Well,' they continued, 'we are thirsty, give us some cocoa-nut water.' She told them that she had no nuts in the house, but that they were at liberty to climb the trees, and take as many as they desired. They then requested her to lend them the O, which is a piece of iron-wood, about four feet long, and an inch and a half in diameter, with which the natives open the cocoa-nut. She cheerfully complied with their wishes, little imagining that

she was giving them the instrument which, in a few moments, was to inflict a fatal blow upon the head of her husband. Upon receiving the O, the men left the house, and went in search of their victim; and the woman, having become rather suspicious, followed them shortly after, and reached the place just in time to see the blow inflicted and her husband fall. She rushed forward to give vent to her agonised feelings, and take a last embrace; but she was immediately seized, and bound hand and foot, while the body of her murdered husband was placed in a long basket made of cocoa-nut leaves, and borne from her sight. It appears that they were always exceedingly careful to prevent the wife, or daughter, or any female relative, from touching the corpse; for so polluting were females considered, that a victim would have been desecrated by a woman's touch or breath to such a degree, as to have rendered it unfit for an offering to the gods. While the men were carrying their victim to the Marae, he recovered from the stunning effect of the blow, and, bound as he was in the cocoa-nut leaf basket, he said to his murderers, 'Friends, I know what you intend to do with me; you are about to kill me, and offer me as a tabu to your savage gods; and I also know that it is useless for me to beg for mercy, for you will not spare my life. You may kill my body, but you cannot hurt my soul; for I have begun to pray to Jesus, the knowledge of whom the missionaries have brought to our island.' Instead of being moved to compassion by his affecting address, they laid him down upon the ground, placed a stone under his head, and with another beat it to pieces. In this state they carried him to their 'savage gods.'—One of the assassins, whose business it was to procure human sacrifices, sailed with me in my last voyage, and not only confirmed the foregoing statement, but detailed many other transactions equally tragical in which he had been engaged."

"First of the few who heard and loved the Word
Was one—the daughter of a pagan lord—
One who had cast her wooden gods away,
To learn of Him to whom the Christians pray.
But still her lover to his idol clung,
And mocked the wisdom of a woman's tongue—
Deaf to her creed, and hardened in his own,
Still bent the knee at Oro's idol throne.
And fair was Nera; rich in native grace;
Her step elastic, sunshine in her face;
Her features finely, delicately, wrought—
Lighted with smiles, and eloquent with thought:
The rose just struggling through her cheek's dark tint,
That shades, yet lightens, every lineament.
And then her eyes—deep, dreamy, subdued by love;
Her glance—the mingled falcon and the dove;
And lips that lent their freshness to the dawn;
And limbs that mock'd the fleetness of the fawn;
And voice as soft as when young seraphs raise
The songs of mercy to their Maker's praise—
Alas, that such should ever wake the strain
That leads the dance at Oro's bloody fane!
Her heathen sires, through immemorial years,
Had girt Tahiti with unconquer'd spears;
Till worn at last, with long successful wars,
They found some nameless heaven among the stars.
Beneath the shadow of yon tall bamboo,
That up to heaven its mastlike stature threw,
A wicker cabin, thatch'd with plaited leaf,
Overlook'd, with latticed door, the coral reef;
Thick round its threshold gaudy creepers hung
Their scented leaves, and cluster'd garlands hung;
While birds of golden plume, beneath their shade,
With many a song the sheltering leaves repaid.
And nightly here, beneath the bread-tree's boughs,
The pagan warrior met his gentle spouse—
Comed the wild legends gather'd from her lips,
Of Oro's wars, or England's wondrous ships!"

The priest demands a victim, and sends out his messengers to capture Nera's heathen lover. She hears them whisper his name in the thicket, warns him to escape, and—

"'Away!'—With flying steps they scale the steep—
Plunge in the stream—or, like the chamois, leap
From rock to rock; and through the dark ravine,
Deep rocky labyrinth, and forests green,
And battle-fields with bleaching bones defaced,
They hasten on;—but ever, in their haste,

They seem to hear pursuing feet behind,
And words of baffled vengeance in the wind!
'Away—away! those blood-hounds in the rear—
Nothing is left to hope, and all to fear!'

At length, beneath yon green declivity
That dips its sylvan crescent in the sea,
They halt—they cast their anxious looks around—
Then, stooping low—with ear close to the ground,
They listen! but no sound of omen'd death
Alarms the ear; the slumbering forest's breath
Sleeps with the stillness of an infant's sigh.
So soft the scene—so calm the starry sky—
So sweet the spot—from man so far remote—
It seems the paradise of peaceful thought!
Where not a sound escapes the leafy boughs
But seems the echo to their whispered vows."

The lovers escape and live together like Juan and Haidée in a cave, but Nera employs herself differently to what the island daughter did, and teaches her companion the truths of Christianity; she is a Crusoe to her man Friday, and he becomes a true believer.

She watched him sometimes when

"He slept: but she, the sentinel of love,
Was sleepless as the stars that watch'd above;
For, though her words were full of hope, her breast
Was chilled with fears,—with boding woes oppress'd!
And watchful at her warrior's side she sat
Where Nature's hand had spread her flowery mat—
Each sense upon the stretch—her ear and eye,
Now bent on him, now upward to the sky,
Mark'd every changing shadow, sound, and hue,
Caught every breath that on the night-wind flew,
'That stir'd the mirror of the forest lake,
Or crept in whispers through the listening brake."

But we cannot leave the lovers without giving another extract:—

"When days had flown, and Raiata's isle
Bask'd in her tropic summer's ardent smile—
When verdure, fruits, and flowers, and sparkling rills,
Made glad her winding valleys and wooded hills—
Oft in the moonlight, near yon coral cave,
That spreads its sparry chambers 'neath the wave,
And glittering with stalactites, or, in gloom—
Combines at once, a fairy bow and tomb—
Dim forms were seen, that, o'er the sands below,
Like silent shadows fitted to and fro.
'T was there, when savage hunters hedg'd them round,
The stricken deer a safe retreat had found.
There, many a lonely hour, and lingering week,
Had left their cares on Nera's wasted cheek.
Yet there were sparkling fountains, and ripened fruit;
And, safe from hunter's snare and friend's pursuit,
With looks so bright, to lighten sorrow's hour,
That sparry cave was changed to lover's bower!
For love is like the sun, whose genial ray
Can change the darkest solitude to day!"

But now, the isle at rest—the god appear'd—
And Nera's soul from sleepless fears releas'd—
Once more, emerging from their coral cell,
'T was sweet to roam the flower-embellish'd dell;
And 'neath its fringe of verdure, side by side,
To find that refuge which the world denied—
To watch the wave—or spangled heaven, whose stars
Wheeled brightly o'er them in their glittering cars;
While to the air the blossom lent their balm;
And, save Maké's spirit, all was calm."

We have selected such specimens as we considered best adapted to our columns, leaving untouched those interesting passages which describe the labours and privations of the missionaries, and all they underwent on first landing on these delightful islands. These are matters which we must leave for the perusal of those who purchase the book, and we doubt not but that the number will be considerable. We must not, however, omit to mention that many interesting notes are affixed to the work, and such as cannot fail to arrest the reader's attention; and, in conclusion, we sincerely trust that this meritorious little poem will meet with that success which it deserves, both for the intent and the superior manner in which the subject is treated.

Memoirs of the Life and Labours of Robert Morrison, D.D., F.R.S., &c. Compiled by his Widow; with Critical Notices of his Chinese Works, by Samuel Kidd, and an Appendix containing Original Documents. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1839. Longman and Co.

We have never met with a work more impracticable for review than these memoirs of a

very excellent and most zealous individual, whose philosophical pursuits and missionary services, during a long and useful life, have made him so well known throughout the civilised world. Within such bounds as we could allude to the task we could not do justice even to any fair and separable division of his labours, either as the Chinese scholar or the teacher of the Gospel. We have in despair taken up the volumes and laid them down again; read fifty pages here and fifty there, and have tried to reduce the matter to order or analysis, till at length the hopelessness of the attempt has compelled us to abandon it, and refer to these massive records themselves for those things which have an interest for the literary and religious world.

The dates and particulars of the reverend doctor's career are also too familiar to the public to require repetition; and, on a view of the whole, we must be content to acquit ourselves of our duty in the very imperfect manner which the subjoined selections complete.

In 1814, we find him established in his important sphere at Canton, writing as follows:—

"There has been a very serious rebellion in this country, and which is not yet suppressed. It is confined to the northern provinces. The throne of the present emperor appears very insecure. O that, whilst the judgments of God are abroad in the earth, men would learn righteousness. The famine in the province of Shan-tung was so severe that human flesh was publicly sold and eaten by the starving people."

"Feb. 24.—A paper published by authority appoints the days on which the spring sacrifices are to be offered. The persons are Kwan-ia, a deified warrior; Confucius; the gods of the grain, of the hills, and rivers; the god of the district Nan-hae; the god of the sea; the god of the wind; the god of fire; the queen of heaven; the inventors of agriculture, &c."

"28th.—The rebels yet cause much uneasiness. A person has addressed his majesty, requesting that all the lighter productions of the Chinese of the novel kind might be suppressed. The Chinese call that class of books *seau shwō*, 'small talk.' They often tell tales of oppression and opposition to the government, and hence were supposed injurious. They are also frequently of a loose and immoral tendency. Rigorously correct parents sometimes entirely disallow the *seau shwō* to their children."

"*Low-ma-yay*, an old gentleman of great influence in the place, asked me the other day respecting our religious sentiments and practices. I briefly stated the sum of the Christian religion. He said the system was grand, and that he taught them in his own family to lay less stress on burning of incense, but more on the regulation of their conduct. The gentleman just mentioned told me that he spent three days in reading the volumes of the New Testament which I gave him; and that he perceived their tendency to reform the heart. He is smiling at a kind of quietism; to have the heart unmoved by ambition, anger, desire, or any other passion; and that he should feel a perfect acquiescence in the allotments of Heaven:—when Heaven frowns, as in the evil sometimes dispensed, to be submissive; when it smiles, as in the opening flower, or shining sun, to feel pleasure. He was once rich, and in honour, but is now poor."

These diaries are but meagre, and much of them occupied in recording the writer's everyday proceedings and religious instructions. In 1816, he accompanied Lord Amherst's embassy as interpreter; but the particulars of that mission are all already published.

In 1828, we copy again from the brief diary. "I met this morning with this little Chinese story:—Hoo-shaou was a very poor man, yet he daily thanked Heaven for pure bliss. His wife said to him: 'We have daily only three meals of greens, rice, and water. What do you call pure bliss?' He replied: 'Happily we live in times of peace, and experience none of the miseries arising from conflicting armies; happily there is nobody in our family suffers from hunger and cold; and happily none of us are laid on a bed of sickness, nor immured in a prison; if this be not pure bliss, I know not what is.' Though this is a pagan story, I think it, as you will, a very edifying one; we have to thank Heaven for all that Hoo-shaou had, and a great deal more."

"I have just received the daily paper. There is to be a review of the troops to-morrow, by the governor and deputy-governor. On Monday, the Hon. Mr. Kin is to be married to Miss Tang, &c., &c.; and on the second of next month, Mr. Wán is to be espoused to Miss Sin, &c. I don't ever remember to have seen such things noticed before. The parties are all the sons and daughters of mandarins."

"On the importance of female education, they say, Kwei mun wei fung hwa che yuen, 'The ladies' apartment is reformation's source;' i. e. a good or bad female education corrupts or reforms the manners of a country."

With respect to the servants, I am at a loss what to say; it is a great trial of patience. The pagans of this country are proud and unprincipled, and hence it is, that we are come among them to try to do them good. To get well-principled and strictly faithful servants, who will not try to overreach and make money, is not practicable; therefore the general sentiment for us to adopt is to expect little, and bear much. Benevolence has brought us here to do them good, and we must do the best we can. Kidnapping is much practised in China, often with the design of getting the reward for the lost child; and on one occasion, the child of European parents was enticed away from Macao. Ahng says, that the more cultivated servant-woman will not go into the service of foreigners: you now see, my love, what must have been my troubles, when unassisted, disheartened, and without money, I had to find my way to the Chinese, and associate with them as I have done, to learn from them what I have learnt, in order to teach them what is of more value than all the money that was ever made in China."

The correspondence relates to the missionary proceedings, and often to Chinese affairs in general; on which Dr. Morrison advised with many of our highest authorities in India, as well as with religious societies at home, their members, and his own relations. In all an eminent spirit of piety and love for his fellow-creatures are conspicuous.

At a time when the state of our countrymen at Canton is in jeopardy, the following, from "Thoughts on the Conduct of the Chinese Government towards the Company's Servants," will be read with interest:—

"They do not acknowledge that which is the fact, viz. that the trade is a reciprocal exchange of benefits; that they open a market to sell their commodities. No; for then there would be an equality in carrying on the trade, there would be reciprocal rights betwixt the buyer and seller. If they were not much obliged to the buyer, yet, at the lowest rate, the buyer would have a right to civil treatment both from the merchant and the government, and also to be fully heard in his own cause.

They are aware of these reasonable inferences, and from policy, not from vanity alone, they perch themselves on the summit of a lofty pre-eminence, and from the celestial empire promulgate the idea, that 'they are perfectly indifferent to the commerce; that they would rather not have it; that from motives of compassion and benevolence alone, they permit the trade; they are benefactors, and therefore foreign merchants, the recipients of their bounty, have no rights; there are no reciprocal obligations, it is all compassion and benevolence on the one hand, and there should be nothing but gratitude and submission on the other.' This artful mode of proceeding runs through the whole of the government. They assume a false principle in reasoning, or untruth in fact, and then flourish away in argument to the astonishment and complete discomfiture of all their opponents. They often make a specious appeal to the reason and common sense of those they address. Having acquired the art of false reasoning, that is, reasoning from false principles or false facts, and possessing the power in their own hands, they always prevail. The applicant for justice is struck dumb. The people say proverbially, 'The mandarins have the largest mouths.' They carry on real tyranny and oppression under the semblance of justice and equity; and hence, persons in England, not finding all sense and reason outraged in Chinese documents, judge erroneously of the slow, grinding, galling oppression of the Chinese government. It were endless to state all the particular acts of injustice and ill-usage to which Englishmen are subject in China. The contemptuous manner in which their persons, their employers, their country, and their king, are treated in official documents, is not easily borne, at the same time that it is not an evil easily tangible by persons who in England are so widely removed from its immediate contact. To be styled, to their face, barbarians, demons, official staters of untruth; to hear his majesty's officers and ships stigmatised with the name of plunderers, must all be submitted to. In writing official documents to the Chinese, they are not allowed to call their employers honourable, nor the king of England an independent sovereign. The native domestics of the Company's servants are fined and punished for the simple act of serving them; the Honourable Company's trade is interrupted, and a fleet delayed on the most frivolous pretences, perhaps a fee unpaid by some native merchant, with which the English have not the slightest connexion. These are some of the constant, regular, daily evils.

"There are from two to three thousand Englishmen, or persons subject to the English flag, who annually visit China, and remain there six or seven months. So large a number of persons having occasional intercourse with some of the worst of the Chinese community, collected in the suburbs of a great sea-port town, it is impracticable to prevent totally the commission of crimes. That there will be occasionally acts of fraud, and violence, and murder, is to be expected. The Chinese do not give the protection of their laws to foreigners. Almost annually, Englishmen lose their lives, or are robbed, without commonly any investigation being made; or, if made, universally without success. The government rigorously requires life for life, when any of their own people are killed, and this with so little regard to justice, that they practically care not whether he be an innocent man or the murderer whose life they take; hence the great difficulty of resigning an Englishman to their power. But Englishmen sometimes commit

acts of violence for which they deserve an equitable punishment. However, to give them to the Chinese government, is not to give them up to justice, but to certain death, whether guilty or not. To prevent the lives of Englishmen being taken unjustly, offenders are screened when in China, and when brought to England, they are not punishable for crimes committed under another government. A murder committed by an English subject on an English subject, is not noticed by the Chinese government, and is not punishable in India or England. Thus several thousand persons are left for a considerable length of time without the benefit of any law. Petty frauds are sometimes practised on Chinese shopmen, to redress which, they have no other means than waylaying and cudgelling the offender, in which case they themselves sometimes suffer. Since the Chinese government is so remiss as not to give the protection of its laws, and so unjust that it is certain ruin to be amenable to them, would it not be advisable to appoint a judge-advocate to hear all causes, and punish or protect Englishmen, as well as to be the medium of intercourse in all affairs, not purely commercial; or even in these, if the chief shall see proper to request his interference? It is probable the Chinese would not object to this mode; for it is their practice to give back foreign offenders to the neighbouring states to be punished, and to require their own people to be given back to them. If there be insuperable objection to the appointment of a judge-advocate, let the powers of a magistrate be vested with the chief. These powers for the punishment of crimes are what give a person high respectability in the sight of the Chinese, and without these, the lowest district officer in China considers himself superior to the chief agent of the English commerce. The great evil of this fancied superiority is felt at all times, but most so when any negotiation takes place."—Appendix.

The Parent's Friend, by Dr. Morrison (pp. 148, Fisher, Son, and Co.), has also just appeared, and a better "manual of domestic instruction and discipline" can hardly be put into the hands of Christian families.

A History of British Birds, Indigenous and Migratory: including their Organisation, Habits, and Relations; Remarks on Classification and Nomenclature; an Account of the Principal Organs of Birds, and Observations relative to Practical Ornithology. Illustrated by numerous Engravings. By William Macgillivray, A.M., F.R.S.E., &c. Vol. II. Cantatores, Songsters. 8vo. London, 1839. Scott, Webster, and Geary.

WE have much pleasure in hailing the appearance of a second volume of Macgillivray's book on British Birds. Macgillivray we say—we do not Maister him, for "his foot is on his native heath," and his style so friendly and familiar, so eloquent withal, that it wins upon us, and while we peruse the work we are at home with the author. We have already expressed our opinion of this great ornithologist's labours in our review of his first volume. We must now only say that their continuation has equal interest and equal merit. In his preface to this volume, he perfectly describes his own manner of writing:—

"In the present work, as in others, and in all my papers published in various journals, I have endeavoured to adapt the style to the subject, rendering it compact and precise when engaged with technical descriptions, copious and florid when treating of the actions and haunts of birds, abrupt or continuous, direct or discar-

sive, harsh or harmonious, according to the varying circumstances of the case. My aim has been to amuse as well as to instruct, to engage the affections as well as to enlighten the understanding, to induce the traveller on the road to science to make occasional excursions tending to raise his spirits, and to shew to the public that ornithology is not necessarily so repulsive as some of its votaries represent it."

From the beautiful descriptions that crowd the book, we extract the following touching episode of the dying struggles of a wounded bird:—

"The most melancholy ornithological exhibition that I remember to have witnessed, was that of a wounded dipper, which was shot through the lungs, above Cramond Bridge, near Edinburgh. It stood still, without attempting to fly off, apparently insensible to all external objects, its legs bent, its wings drooping, its head declined. The blood was oozing from its side and gurgling in its windpipe, which the poor bird made ineffectual efforts to clear. At intervals a convulsive heaving of the chest took place, followed by an effort to vomit; and in this state the sufferer stood for five minutes until I got over the stream to it, when it expired in my hand. In the agony of death, the pupil became contracted to a mere point, and presently after dilated, when the lower eyelid gradually rose and covered the eye. This is commonly the case in birds, which do not expire with the eyes open like man, and most quadrupeds."

The sky-lark's song Macgillivray describes with a poet's hand:—

"The song of the lark is certainly not musical, for its notes are not finely modulated, nor its tones mellow; but it is cheerful and cheering in the highest degree, and protracted beyond all comparison. In a sunny day in April or May, when the grass fields have begun to resume their verdure, it is pleasant to listen to the merry songster that makes the welkin ring with its sprightly notes; in the sultry month of July, still more pleasant is it to hear its matin hymn while the dew is yet on the corn; and in winter should you chance to hear the well-known voice on high, it reminds you of the bright days that have gone, and fills you with anticipation of those that are to come. No doubt much of the pleasure derived from the lark's song depends upon association, and to him who finds delight in wandering over the green fields, along the daisied margin of the clear stream that winds in the bottom of the pastoral glen, or upon the ferny brae, where the 'lang yellow broom,' and 'blossomed furze unprofitably gay,' shoot up amidst the wild thyme, yarrow, and blue-bell, it is pleasant to listen even to the 'skirl' of the corn bunting, the see-saw song of the tit, the creaking cry of the partridge, or the singular croke of the landrail; but, independently of circumstances and associations, the song of the lark imparts an elasticity to the mind, elevates the spirits, and suspends for a time the gnawing of corroding care. The mellow song of the merle or mavis is apt to inspire melancholy, especially if heard in a sequestered valley toward the close of day, and the feelings which it excites have perhaps as much of a depressing as of a soothing tendency; but the carol of the lark, like the lively life, excites pure cheerfulness, and might with propriety be prescribed as an antidote to dulness. It is not merely music that we look for in the song of birds, but variety, and the expression of passions, feelings, and wants. Were all our warblers to tune their throats according to rule, we should become sickly and sentimental, fill the valleys with

sighs, and groan from the mountain-tops; but the loud war-whoop of the eagle, the harsh scream of the heron, and the croak of the raven, are antidotes to the bewitching melody of the black-cap and nightingale. I have endeavoured to trace a repetition at regular intervals in the strains of the lark; but its modulations seem to have no rule. In confinement this bird sings every whit as well as when at large; and when rapidly perambulating the square bit of faded turf in its cage, it enacts its part with apparently as much delight as when mounting 'towards heaven's gate.'"

Success, then, attend thy researches and thy wanderings, thou gentle ornithologist; thou art, indeed, the star of natural history in the north, a light amid the mists of Cairngorm, the haunt of the ptarmigan and raven.

Outlines of Analogical Philosophy; being a Primary View of the Principles, Relations, and Purposes, of Nature, Science, and Art. By George Field, author of an "Essay on the Analogy and Harmony of Colours." 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1839. Tilt.

THERE is no system of philosophy more seductive, and none more uncertain and likely to lead one astray, than that which is founded on Analogies. Many a wild-goose chase have we had in that way; and yet, though we confess that our conclusions were not always borne out, we are free to assert that we reaped much both of pleasure and instruction from the attempts.

The original sketch or skeleton, and detached parts of these volumes, appeared, some twenty years ago, in the "Pamphleteer;" and Mr. Field has now consolidated them, in the belief that they contain "the seed of a complete reconciliation throughout philosophy." Whether they do or not, we fear it cannot be for us, in a sheet like the *Literary Gazette*, to determine; for the questions are too numerous and great, their relations too extended, and their illustration too difficult to be even touched upon, in any detail, in a journal so limited as ours. We shall, however, quote one or two brief passages to shew that the author's remarks are often judicious, though we meddle not with the more profound beyond citing an example.

"One of the greatest obstacles to the progress of philosophy in a more advanced state of human intelligence, and more especially so among the ancients, has been the propensity of writers to poetize truth,—to give to every thing the figure and attributes of humanity, and to dress and decorate these figures with all the license of fancy, till what was designed for illustration obscured its objects, the play of reason sunk into the revelry of sense, and truth and its analogy were lost. This disposition of the pen has undoubtedly been fostered by false taste and the false fame flowing upon writers from the sensuality of readers, by which they have been led to prefer sound to signification, and an elegant diction to correct thought. It is in the ultimate purification of intellect alone that the mind seeks harmony of thought instead of the harmony of sense, and reason and philosophy attain their right end and authority."

Mr. Field maintains that trichotomy prevails throughout nature, and adds,

"We regard all arbitrary triads as unwarrantable, incongruous, and to be guarded against by the philosopher, as leading only to absurdity and confusion; while we maintain it to be a criterion of the genuine philosophic triad that it is either a natural fact or a necessary reason,—correlative, complete, and not to be confuted."

This is his doctrine: and he says further,—

"We claim as universal facts, that all existence is the effect of action and passion (or re-action), and, consequently, of an agent and patient (or re-agent); and that all knowledge is the effect of the concurrence of that-which-knows, or consciousness, and that-which-is-known, or exists."

In conclusion, he states as the result of his whole inquiry, "that the regarding things and thoughts as absolute, and overlooking their true relations or analogy, occasion the manifold errors and misunderstandings which mislead and distract both the learned and unlearned. It is, therefore, incumbent on philosophy to settle these relations, that thoughts and their objects may concur truly, and take their proper places; and, till this is accomplished, opinions and doctrines will vacillate unceasingly: for the absolute in philosophy can only give stability to dissidence, disputation, and error."

"It is a simple truism,—a mere identical proposition,—when we assert that if any thing were perfect it would stand alone,—indigent of nothing,—without relation, and without connexion:

'A perfect monster, which the world ne'er saw.'

This natural imperfection of all things is, then, the principle of connexion among them; just as in music every concord has an intervening discord, and there is a temperament distributing imperfection, by which one octave or system is connected with another in general harmony. In like manner, the gyrations of the heavenly bodies, and the divisions of time, although regular, are imperfect; the week, or lunar quarter, does not perfectly divide the month,—the month imperfectly divides the year,—and there is a temperament or precession by which each year, or course of seasons and of periods, is carried into the cycle or system of another; and so it is throughout the astronomical universe: there are no invariabilities among the works of nature, the whole of which is a regular system of dependent variety and mutation; nor are there any two things that are absolutely alike therein; and all change and variety imply deficiency, or want and imperfection. Thus, discord is essential to harmony,—variety to unity. There could be no light without darkness,—no heat without cold,—no current falsehood without truth,—no liberty without necessity,—no good without evil, nor evil without good,—nor can there be perfection in any thing without imperfection, although there may be perfection of the whole."

The Last Man. A Poem, in Three Cantos. By Edward Wallace. 8vo. pp. 122. London, 1839. Cunningham.

THIS work, with all its faults (and they are many), is not an every-day production. It contains some such stanzas as have not met our eyes of late,—stanzas which abound in true and sterling poetry, and that too of a very high order. Witness the following address to Time, which, without selecting, is the very opening of the poem:—

"Hail, hoary Time! so curst, so often blest,
Into thy jaws must worlds sink one by one;
Still of soul! thou giant king of rest,
Thy earth-destroying course must soon be run!
Thou mighty father of a mightier son,
From thy dark sides will spring Eternity:
When all thy destined labour has been done,
And nought is left to meet thy famished eye,
When Earth and the high Heavens have pass'd away
thou'lt die!

Shadow of dark Futurity! around
Thy dreared form the wasted phantoms sit
Of mighty kings and empires, and the sound
Of wailing nations—horror, and the beat
Thy neighbourhood, where desolations sit
And feed thy gloomy grandeur—near thee are

The ravagers of kingdoms which emit
But temporary evil, for a far
Lies a sweet sleep too sound for thy rough hand to mar.

Gaze, Time, with triumph on the glorious world,
Roll off the frown that lowers above thine eye,
Earth's flag of grandeur proudly is unfurled!
Slay thy quick wings as on thy ruthless fly,
Behold the towering mountain rising high,
As if in scorn of thy overthrowing hand!
Mark the vast forests waving haughtily
Their massive foliage shadowy and grand,
As if their forms defied the terrors of thy wand!"

Here again is something not to be overlooked:—

"Earth, hast thou aught to match a woman's eye,
Dark, deep, and dreamy, as a shaded stream
In everlasting silence rolling by,
With tall trees guarded, o'er whose branches beams
The moon's pale rays, and falling, brightly gleam
Upon the darkened surface, smooth as glass,
Through which we gaze, and form a world where seem
All fairy joys,—far in its depths we pass,
And dwell in ecstasies the world cannot surpass!"

We care not what has been, or may be, said
about this work; for, with all its drawbacks,
there is the right spirit in it; and if the author
would write less about the early death, which
he seems to court, and bestow more of the
artist's skill upon his verses, he would stand
out in this age of many versifiers and few
poets. Let him "gird up his loins" for the
fight; "a faint heart never yet won fair
lady." Sure and certain we are, that he who
wrote the passage which we have marked in
the *Italic* character, in the following poem, can
do something:—

"In vain—in vain—I still live on
To long for Love—but find it not,
And linger round the hopes—which, gone,
Should be forgot.

Will Love upon the faded cheek,
The sinking heart—the wrinkled brow,
Where Time its many troubles wreak,
Its woe bestow?

Ah, no! upon the young—the gay,
Whose footsteps hopes with joy surround,
Ere Care has brushed life's bloom away,
Will Love be found.

Ah, no! in hearts whose wishes play
Like sunbeams round each rising thought,
That mirrors back their purer ray,
Love's throne is wrought.

But not, alas! on hearts like mine,
Whose feelings raise a starless night
O'er hopes, that ne'er again must shine,
Will Love alight.

Ambition—glory of the sky!
Whose trumpet woke my youthful breast,
When proudly rose Hope's kindling eye,
And stainless crest.

Ambition! have I lived so long,
And sought these with a lover's fire,
To find the hopes that seemed so strong,
With life expire?

Too true—too true—no tongue will tell
When Earth has ta'en me back again,
One hope of all that warred so well,
Yet warded in vain!

No soul will swell before my fame,
No eye will read my thoughts anew,
Nor none will know the rank weed's name,
Or where it grew.

Love withered at my hour of birth,
Fame passed me unregarding by,
And I must live alone on earth,
Unhonoured die.

But thou—in youth's most lovely prime,
Who'lt sit with smiles my parting day,
And on the rugged brow of Time,
Didst roses lay;

Thou—who from Beauty's brilliant sphere,
Didst bend in gentleness to raise
The drooping eyes of Care—and cheer
Wo's gloomy ways;

For ever true—for ever blest,
Who didst another's sorrows calm,
And pour into the suffering breast
Most heavenly balm;

Who hearkened to the voice of life,
Nor spurned the wallings of decay,
And watched afar Hope's dying strife,
Nor turned away;

What words—what deeds—can e'er repay
Thy noble spirit?—Ever mine,
Though Heaven and Earth should pass away,
Will worship thine!"

Capital Punishment: the Importance of its Abolition. A Prize Essay. By the Rev. James Peggs. Pp. 117. London, 1839. Ward and Co.

THIS great and much-debated question, involving at this moment the lives of convicted criminals, and, as a consequence of the effects either of execution, commutation, or remission, the lives and properties of multitudes of innocent persons belonging to the community at large, has a zealous advocate for absolute abolition in the reverend gentleman who has carried off this prize. One thing is evident, that the law and practice should be settled, and a determinate course follow conviction. Nothing can be more objectionable than that popular outcry should produce any influence upon the administration of justice. The whole subject ought to be weighed by the highest moral and philosophical balance. What is the value of human life? May it not be over-estimated as we advance in civilisation, as much as it is under-estimated among barbarous nations? And then, it is not the value of life in the guilty alone which should awaken our sympathies—they have infinitely less claim than the guiltless to such consideration;—and the most important social duty is to ascertain by what modes of punishment the safety of the unprotected may be best preserved, and the good of the whole best promoted. The victims must be thought of before the murderers; and the entire circle of society before wicked and ruthless individuals.

Looking at the matter on these broad principles, we have merely to say that this essay is a zealous *ex parte* piece of pleading, and all in favour of that doctrine which denies to man the right of shedding man's blood, however heinous his offences, with the exception of murder.

There is one objection to the next class of infiction for great crimes, transportation; that, however severe it may be (and God knows it is dreadful enough), it does not operate as a public example. The convict is removed and forgotten; the knowledge of his sufferings is limited to himself and a few companions in misery. Solitary imprisonment is another unseen, and consequently in a great measure, as concerns the public, an ineffective punishment. Prisons, we fear, will never be schools of reform; and we should think it a wise thing to devise or extend the system of compelling criminals to work in the view of their fellow-creatures, against whose interests they have offended—a lesson to others, as well as a shame to themselves.

Hallam's Introduction to the Literature of Europe.

[Fourth notice: conclusion.]

THE importance which we attach to this work has led us already to extend our review of it considerably beyond the ordinary limits within which we confine our notices of new publications. We have still the fourth volume before us, which we have not yet touched; and which contains quite as much interesting matter as any of its companions, although, we must confess, not exactly of that kind which will permit us to give many short extracts. A part of this volume is occupied by a continuation of the history of the first half of the seventeenth century, relating chiefly to the scientific progress and discoveries during that period.

The age which followed the Restoration was in England, in a literary point of view, far less interesting than that which had preceded it. Foreign fashions, and a disgraceful licentious-

ness, had produced their effect in vitiating the public taste in its poetry and lighter literature. With the exception of Milton—the old despised commonwealthman—who can hardly be said to have belonged to it, with Dryden, and perhaps Butler, we can scarcely pick out a poet who deserves mention. To make up in some measure for this deficiency, the latter half of the seventeenth century furnishes us, amongst those who turned with disgust from the base intrigues of the court and its statesmen, to seek consolation in the study of philosophy and learning, with the names of Boyle and Locke, of Bentley, of Barrow, Stillingfleet, Tillotson, and Pearson. On the Continent, too, this period produced but a few men whose reputation is still high. We might mention, among critics, Isaac Vossius, Spanheim, Tanaquil Faber, the Dacier, and Henry Valois (Valesius); amongst theologians, there were Fleury, and Bessuet, and Fénelon, with one or two others who were distinguished by their labours; we ought also to mention Bayle; among poets appear the names of La Fontaine, Racine, Corneille, and Molière.

The first passage which presents itself to our view on opening the volume, will probably not be uninteresting to our readers; for it relates to the first beginnings of a society which has recently chosen two of our own contemporary poets into its bosom:—

"Rome was to poetry, in this age, what Florence had once been, though Rome had hitherto done less for the Italian muses than any other great city. Nor was this so much due to her bishops and cardinals, as to a stranger and a woman. Christina finally took up her abode there in 1688. Her palace became the resort of all the learning and genius she could assemble around her; a literary academy was established, and her revenue was liberally dispensed in pensions. If Filicaja and Guidi, both sharers of her bounty, have exaggerated her praises, much may be pardoned to gratitude, and much also to the natural admiration which those who look up to power must feel for those who have renounced it. Christina died in 1690, and her own academy could last no longer; but a phoenix sprang at once from its ashes. Crescimbeni, then young, has the credit of having planned the Society of Arcadians, which began in 1690, and has eclipsed in celebrity most of the earlier academies of Italy. Fourteen, says Corniani, were the original founders of this society; among whom were Crescimbeni, and Gravina, and Zappi. In course of time the Arcadians vastly increased, and established colonies in the chief cities of Italy. They determined to assume every one a pastoral name and a Greek birth-place, to hold their meetings in some verdant meadow, and to mingle with all their compositions, as far as possible, images from pastoral life; images always agreeable, because they recall the times of primitive innocence. This poetical tribe adopted as their device the pipe of seven reeds bound with laurel, and their president or director was denominated general shepherd or keeper (*custode generale*). The fantastical part of the Arcadian Society was common to them with all similar institutions; and mankind has generally required some ceremonial follies to keep alive the wholesome spirit of association. Their solid aim was to purify the national taste. Much had been already done, and in great measure by their own members, Mansini and Guidi; but their influence, which was of course more felt in the next century, has always been reckoned both important and auspicious to Italian literature."

We extract Mr. Hallam's criticism on "Hudibras," which is brief, but, we think, judicious:—

"Hudibras" was incomparably more popular than 'Paradise Lost'; no poem in our language arose at once to greater reputation. Nor can this be called ephemeral, like that of most political poetry. For at least half a century after its publication it was generally read, and perpetually quoted. The wit of Butler has still preserved many lines; but 'Hudibras' now attracts comparatively few readers. The eulogies of Johnson seem rather adapted to what he remembered to have been the fame of Butler, than to the feelings of the surrounding generation; and since his time, new sources of amusement have sprung up, and writers of a more intelligible pleasantry have superseded those of the seventeenth century. In the fiction of 'Hudibras' there was never much to divert the reader, and there is still less left at present. But what has been censured as a fault, the length of dialogue, which puts the fiction out of sight, is in fact the source of all the pleasure that the work affords. The sense of Butler is masculine, his wit inexhaustible, and it is supplied from every source of reading and observation. But these sources are often so unknown to the reader, that the wit loses its effect through the obscurity of its allusions, and he yields to the bane of wit, a purblind, molelike pedantry. His versification is sometimes spirited, and his rhymes humorous; yet he wants that ease and flow which we require in light poetry."

Milton himself belongs rather to the former than to the latter period of this century; yet the most part of his poems was written after the Restoration, when he was no longer involved in the busy whirl of politics, and when the loss of his bodily sight served only to increase the brightness of his mental light. Mr. Hallam has the following remarks on the choice of subject which gave birth to his great epic:—

"The subject of 'Paradise Lost' is the finest that has ever been chosen for heroic poetry; it is also managed by Milton with remarkable skill. The 'Iliad' wants completeness; it has a unity of its own, but it is the unity of a part where we miss the relation to a whole. The 'Odyssey' is perfect enough in this point of view; but the subject is hardly extensive enough for a legitimate epic. The 'Æneid' is spread over too long a space, and perhaps the latter books have not that intimate connexion with the former that an epic poem requires. The 'Pharsalia' is open to the same criticism as the 'Iliad.' The 'Thebaid' is not deficient in unity or greatness of action; but it is one that possesses no sort of interest in our eyes. Tasso is far superior both in choice and management of his subject to most of these. Yet the 'Fall of Man' has a more general interest than the 'Crusade.'"

A little further on, Milton is compared with Dante:—

"To Dante, however, he bears a much greater likeness [than to the other great Italian poets]. He has, in common with that poet, a uniform seriousness; for the brighter colouring of both is but the smile of a pensive mind, a fondness for argumentative speech, and for the same strain of argument. This, indeed, proceeds in part from the general similarity, the religious and even theological cast of their subjects; I advert particularly to the last part of Dante's poem. We may almost say, when we look to the resemblance of their prose writings, in the proud sense of being born for some great achievement, which breathes

through the 'Vita Nuova,' as it does through Milton's earlier treatises, that they were twin spirits, and that each might have animated the other's body, that each would, as it were, have been the other, if he had lived in the other's age. As it is, I incline to prefer Milton, that is the 'Paradise Lost,' both because the subject is more extensive, and because the resources of his genius are more multifarious. Dante sins more against good taste, but only, perhaps, because there was no good taste in his time; for Milton has also too much a disposition to make the grotesque accessory to the terrible. Could Milton have written the lines on Ugolino? Perhaps he could. Those on Francesca? Not, I think, every line. Could Dante have planned such a poem as 'Paradise Lost'? Not, certainly, being Dante in 1300; but living when Milton did, perhaps he could. It is, however, useless to go on with questions that no one can fully answer. To compare the two poets, read two or three cantos of the 'Purgatory,' or 'Paradise,' and then two or three hundred lines of 'Paradise Lost.' Then take Homer, or even Virgil, the difference will be striking. Yet, notwithstanding the analogy of their minds, I have not perceived that Milton imitates Dante very often, probably from having committed less to memory while young (and Dante was not the favourite poet of Italy when Milton was there), than of Ariosto and Tasso."

Of the minor poets after the Restoration:—
"The supremacy of Dryden from the death of Milton, in 1674, to his own, in 1700, was not only unapproached by any English poet, but he held almost a complete monopoly of English poetry. This latter period of the seventeenth century, setting aside these two great names, is one remarkably sterile in poetical genius. Under the first Stuarts, men of warm imagination and sensibility, though with deficient taste and little command of language, had done some honour to our literature; though once neglected, they have come forward again in public esteem, and if not very extensively read, have been valued by men of kindred minds full as much as they deserve. The versifiers of Charles II. and William's days have experienced the opposite fate; popular for a time, and long so far known, at least by name, as to have entered rather largely into collections of poetry, they are now held in no regard, nor do they claim much favour from just criticism. Their object in general was to write like men of the world; with ease, wit, sense, and spirit, but dreading any soaring of fancy, any ardour of moral emotion, as the probable source of ridicule in their readers. Nothing quenches the flame of poetry more than this fear of the prosaic multitude, unless it is the community of habits with this very multitude; a life such as these poets generally led, of taverns and brothels, or, what came to much the same, of the court. We cannot say of Dryden, that 'he bears no traces of those sable streams;' they sully too much the plumage of that stately swan, but his indomitable genius carries him upwards to a purer empyrean. The rest are just distinguishable from one another, not by any high gifts of the muse, but by degrees of spirit, of ease, of poignancy, of skill and harmony in versification, of good sense and acuteness. They may easily be disposed of. Cleveland is sometimes humorous, but succeeds only in the lightest kind of poetry. Marvell wrote sometimes with more taste and feeling than was usual, but his satires are gross and stupid. Oldham, far superior in this respect, ranks, perhaps, next to Dryden; he is

spirited and pointed, but his versification is too negligent, and his subjects temporary. Roscommon, one of the best for harmony and correctness of language, has little vigour, but he never offends, and Pope has justly praised his 'unspotted bays.' Mulgrave affects ease and spirit, but his 'Essay on Satire' belies the supposition that Dryden had any share in it. Rochester, with more considerable and varied genius, might have raised himself to a higher place than he holds. Of Otway, Duke, and several more, it is not worth while to give any character. The Revolution did nothing for poetry; William's reign, always excepting Dryden, is our *nadir* in works of imagination. Then came Blackmore with his epic poems of 'Prince Arthur and King Arthur,' and 'Pomfret with his Choice,' both popular in their own age, and both intolerable by their frigid and tame monotony in the next. The lighter poetry, meantime, of song and epigram did not sink along with the serious; the state of society was much less adverse to it. Rochester, Dorset, and some more whose names are unknown, or not easily traced, do credit to the Caroline period."

We quote the following observations on another class of writing which was numerous during this period,—the comedies on which Pepys often lavishes such unqualified applause, and even prefers them before those of Shakspeare; a clear proof how often the common principles of good taste are regulated by the character of the age:—

"In the early English comedy, we find a large intermixture of obscenity in the lower character, nor always confined to them, with no infrequent scenes of licentious incident and language. But these are invariably so brought forward as to manifest the dramatists' scorn of vice, and to excite no other sentiment in a spectator of even an ordinary degree of moral purity. In the plays that appeared after the Restoration, and that from the beginning, a different tone was assumed. Vice was in her full career on the stage, unchecked by reproof, unshamed by contrast, and for the most part unpunished by mortification at the close. Nor are these less coarse in expression, or less impudent in their delineation of low debauchery, than those of the preceding period. It may be observed, on the contrary, that they rarely exhibit the manners of truly polished life, according to any notions we can frame of them, and are, in this respect, much below those of Fletcher, Massinger, and Shirley. It might not be easy, perhaps, to find a scene in any comedy of Charles II.'s reign, where one character has the behaviour of a gentleman, in the sense we attach to the word. Yet the authors of these were themselves in the world, and sometimes men of family and considerable station. The cause must be found in the state of society itself, debased as well as corrupted, partly by the example of the court, partly by the practice of living in taverns, which became much more inveterate after the Restoration than before. The contrast with the manners of Paria, as far as the stage is their mirror, does not tell to our advantage. These plays, as it may be expected, do not aim at the higher glories of comic writing; they display no knowledge of nature, nor often rise to any other conception of character than is gained by a caricature of some known class, or perhaps of some remarkable individual. Nor do they in general deserve much credit as comedies of intrigue; the plot is seldom invested with much care for its development; and if scenes follow one another in a series of diverting incidents, if the en-

tailements are such as produce laughter, above all, if the personages keep up a well-sustained battle of repartee, the purpose is sufficiently answered. It is in this that they often excel; some of them have considerable humour in the representation of character, though this may not be very original, and a good deal of wit in their dialogue."

We must now hasten to our conclusion; and we will only add a Frenchman's (Bonhours) appreciation of language:—

"Our own pronunciation," he affirms, "is the most natural and pleasing of any. The Chinese, and other Asiatics, sing; the Germans, rattle (*rallent*); the Spaniards, spout; the Italians, sigh; the English, whistle; the French alone can properly be said to speak; which arises, in fact, from our not accenting any syllable before the penultimate. The French language is best adapted to express the tenderest sentiments of the heart; for which reason our songs are so impassioned and pathetic, while those of Italy and Spain are full of nonsense. Other languages may address the imagination, but ours alone speaks to the heart, which never understands what is said in them!" This is literally amusing; Mr. Hallam observes, "and with equal patriotism, Bonhours, in another place, has proposed the question, Whether a German can, by the nature of things, possess any wit?"

We leave this work with regret; it is one of those oases in the desert of good literature, which only presents itself to our view from time to time. On again casting our eyes upon it, as a whole, we can confidently say that it is one of the most valuable works which has been produced for many years; and its author may justly say with the poet,

"Exegi monumentum ære perennius."

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Stranger's Guide to the Roman Antiquities of the City of Treves, from the German of Prof. J. H. Wyttenbach, Director of the Gymnasium at Treves, &c. Edited under the Direction of Dawson Turner, Esq., F.R.S. 8vo. pp. 143. London, 1839. Parker.

FEW places offer more interesting objects for the contemplation and inquiry of the antiquary than the ancient city of Treves, with its Theatre, Amphitheatre, and palatial ruins. These are all fully and ably illustrated in this volume, both by the text and engravings. The curious monument at Igel is a vestige of equal curiosity; and the whole not only deserves the attention of the tourist who visits Treves, but of the readers of history and antiquities in general. The Prussian government, we observe with pleasure, gives an example worthy of all imitation in the careful opening and protection of all antiquities.

The Poetical Works of Robert Burns. 3 vols. (Aldine Edit.). London, 1839. Pickering.

THIS is a very complete edition (perhaps a too-complete edition) of the immortal Scottish bard. The memoir of his life is by Sir Harris Nicolas, enlarged from that published ten years ago; and the preface states that "Since the appearance of the first Aldine edition of the Poems of Burns, great exertions have been made to obtain materials for a more complete collection of his works than had hitherto been given to the world. With this object, upwards of two hundred letters or poems, in Burns's own hand-writing were purchased, many of which had never been printed; while some of those that had been already published had important variations, and, occasionally,

supply even entire stanzas. The possession of these valuable manuscripts led to the resolution of giving, for the first time, a collection of Burns's Poems, containing all the variations in the text which were either found in former editions, or supplied by the new matter thus obtained."

But the strangest matter, and that which induced our foregoing parentheticals, is to be found in the following passage:—

"The possession of so many of Burns's MSS. has enabled the publisher to print a few of the Poet's effusions for the first time; and if it be said that they add little to his reputation, it must be remembered that the avidity of the public for every thing that Burns ever wrote, precludes his editors from performing the most important part of their duty. They cannot venture to reject any poem, however insignificant, unless absolutely indecent, without risking the success of the impression; for the various editions are estimated by the number, and not by the merit, of the pieces they may contain. That this plan of editing Burns's works is as injurious to his fame as it is contrary to his earnest and pathetic injunctions, his present editor is painfully aware. But, for the reason assigned, he was compelled (without any fault of the publisher) to follow a course of which neither his own feelings nor his judgment approved."

Remark upon such a confession would be superfluous.

Romances of History: Tales and Poems, by Henry Neale. Pp. 372. (London, J. Thomas.)—A neat little third edition of these selected remains of a very amiable and gifted writer.

Analysis of One Hundred Voyages to and from India, China, &c., by Henry Wise, late Chief Officer of the Hon. Co.'s Ship Edinburgh. 8vo. (London, J. W. Norrie and Co.; W. H. Allen and Co.)—These analyses may, we presume, be useful to navigators between England and India; but the principal object of the publication appears to be to recommend Melville's steam-propellers as the best auxiliary powers for shortening the voyages.

Advice to a Young Gentleman on entering Society, by the Author of the "Laws of Etiquette." Pp. 144. (London, A. H. Bailey and Co.)—Very excellent advice, if young gentlemen will take it. The style is rather stiff for the subject; and we think, *inter alia*, that the counsel to seek the society of ladies more advanced in life, more educated and finished, in preference to "the young, the fair, and the gay," is very likely to be thrown away; at least it would have been upon us, when we too were young.

Bridges: in Theory, Practice, and Architecture, by James Hann. Parts I. and II. (London, John Weale.)—These parts appeared in March and April, and we had reserved them to notice the work when more advanced; but as we have not seen their continuation, we can only say that they are ably written, and illustrated in a very superior manner.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

"ONE SHILLING" AND "SIXPENCE."

To the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*.

SIR,—It is, and has been, a very favourite assertion for some years, that "the schoolmaster is abroad;" meaning, of course, thereby, that we are a much more enlightened race than our ancestors, though, in their days, possibly, they did not think "small beer" of themselves either:—little cause, as we may opine, they had to be consoled. This cry of the schoolmaster comes chiefly from the party that have furnished us with rulers and governors during the late and the present reign; and they, being doubtless more truly wise than others (or how could they rule this great empire?), and therefore more humble: for pride usually comes through ignorance. Now I am strongly led to suspect that our rulers are of opinion, so far from the schoolmaster being abroad, that "the learned gentleman" is more at home than he used to be, and we (the public), instead of advancing in science, are retrograding in the commonest traditional knowledge of our forefathers, and that we require

instruction on points which, for the last two centuries, every person in the realm, who could be trusted with the custody of sixpence, or one shilling, was presumed to be fully acquainted with, namely, that the silver coin that he, she, or they, respectively held in his, her, or their hands, was a *sixpence* or a *shilling*, as the case then or there might be. But, in 1834, *anno quarto Gulielmo Quarto*,—"The Lords of the Council," after, we may suppose, due and deep deliberation on the state of the country (and possibly knowing that the schoolmaster being abroad, really meant that he was gone to Russia or America), their lordships advertise us, through his majesty's "Gazette," that two silver coins were to be issued for the convenience of trade; one of the value of twelve pennies, having imprinted on it "*One Shilling*," and another of the value of six pennies, having imprinted on it "*Sixpence*;" thus thinking it necessary to afford that instruction to the students of London College which the hornbook scholars of past ages were not supposed to require! And I perceive by the coinage of the shilling and sixpence of Queen Victoria, A.D. 1838, that the same careful consideration is paid to the lack of knowledge of all her present majesty's liege subjects, as in the days of her majesty's uncle, of naval and famous memory.

When a coin was struck for currency, which had not been in circulation for two centuries—the groat, and which came so close to the sixpence, it might be held to be excusable, putting the value "*Fourpence*" on it, though it is remarkable that in this smaller coin it was found that there was quite room enough to give a Britannia, and place the value in the circle; whereas, on the larger coins, there was only room for the value, surrounded, it is true, by branches of laurel and oak, indicating, of course, that England was fagotting up glory, domestic and foreign, by cartloads.

Now, as one of the many who consider the coinage of our empire as one of national honour or disgrace, I protest against this ridiculous and uncalled-for degradation of our shilling and sixpence. If we have not either the spirit or the genius to make the coinage *medallic*, on the system of the Greeks and Romans, at least let us not sink it lower than it was, by substituting a mere unnecessary inscription for the armorial bearings, a national personification. But if you think the Lady Britannia is too favoured, why not admit St. Andrew, St. Patrick, and St. David, to all the numismatic honours; and blazon whatever may be most remarkable, or most picturesque, in their legends on the coinage? And then, if the Mint is gallant, they may vary the same subject by adopting the reverse of William Wyon's pattern crown of George III. on the union with Ireland, and present us with his lovely group of the Graces, representing on this occasion, Britannia, Scotia, and Hibernia. At the same time the armorial bearings may be varied *ad infinitum*, so that if novelty is the one thing indispensable, we have no lack of excellent materials on which to ring the changes, without sinking to prosaic dullness; or pompously conveying instruction to the empire, which no child in it of five years growth admits the need of!

I certainly would wish to see the Greek and Roman system of historical reverses added to our heraldic, which latter I think quite as proper in their way as the personification of kingdoms and provinces on the classic coinages. And I do not consider the objection generally raised against it, "that we are too divided in politics," at all tenable.

We are not an iota more at daggers drawn than the ancients were, nor have we fewer objects on which we are all agreed. Analyse the philippics of Lord Brougham, and, with all their living blood and marrow, I doubt if you will extract ten per cent more oil of vitriol, than you will when you have decomposed the dry, or rather the petrified, bones of Demosthenes. Look into the chapel of St. Stephens for any particular Christian affection subsisting between Whigs, Liberals, Radicals, and Conservatives; and probably, even with the aid of the lantern of Diogenes, the Speaker's return may be "Non est inventus." Yet I am extremely sceptical whether Lord Stanley would resort to "cold steel" to put down Mr. O'Connell; or that Lord John would employ it to get rid even of Sir Robert; although they could refer to the "precedent" of the Ides of March, on the motion of Sir Brutus to remove the Lord Julius from the head of the then government.

And supposing that the "Lords of the Council" on this, my very meek and humble representation, respecting the Shillings and Sixpences of 1834 and 1838, were "to hold a solemn meeting," and with all the treasures of the ancient mints "laid on the table," it was then "resolved" to make a trial of the antique; and imagine that in the outpourings of warm-hearted loyalty and devotion, the Lord Melbourne should select the beautiful and expressive personification of Hope from the imperial series (a female holding in her right hand an expanding flower, and pressing onward, in all the animation of joyous life, and all the grace of opening beauty), as the first star in the new system, to be adopted as the personification of our youthful queen, "*Spes Imperii Britanniarum*;" and the suggestion passed with enthusiastic acclamation;—but that before Wyon could engrave the die, the noble viscount was removed "to another and a better world," and that "the duke" again became "the Atlas of a sinking state;"—do you think his grace, with the seals of office, would bring to the council-table a less chivalrous affection towards his royal mistress, and rescind the order? I guess something very different; something like a hunt, and no mistake, to the master,—that despatch, was expected, with this addition to the motto, "*Esto Perpetua*."

Again, when, at this my board of green cloth, it came to Mr. Spring Rice's turn "to name a coin," and well knowing how satisfactory it is to the British creditor duly to receive his "dividend on the 5th January and the 5th July," the calculating chancellor of the exchequer should fix on the "*Fides Publica*" of the same imperial series before him, and that ere this coin was ready to be issued, he was rusticated on the banks of the Shannon, and studying Davy's "*Salmonia*;" do you believe that the dragon of Tamworth would be less watchful of the golden fruit, or less anxious to impress on the Stock Exchange the stability of "the public credit?" Though he did not beget the child, he would paternize it, and say, with a clear conscience, "the wish is father to the thought." But to return from these future possibilities to our present actualities, let us at least maintain the high position of the coinage of George IV., A.D. 1825, 1826; which, taking the combined sets of gold, silver, and copper, from the five-sovereign to the one-farthing, I consider to be a series of coins that no mint in Europe at this moment can equal, and I speak after having examined the drawers of a friend's cabinet, who has collected every current coin

on the Continent, and fearlessly I challenge comparison or competition. No modern coinage, with its indispensable precision and neatness of edge, obliging it to be struck in a collar, can have the relief of a Greek coin. But looking up to Greek work as our acknowledged standard of excellence, I hold the bust of George IV. on this series to have very high merit, for breadth, softness, and dignity of bearing and expression; they will transmit his posterity, as a most princely sovereign. Turn to the reverse, where the regal magnificence of the five-sovereign, the baronial splendour of the crown, and the classic Britannia of the penny, which will not shrink from a comparison with any similar personification of imperial Rome,—all, all are worthy of the obverse; and, until something better could be produced, we might have been contented with what we had.

I will now only further trespass on your space, by glancing at the bad taste of having inscriptions in two languages on these shillings and sixpences of 1834–1838, Latin on the obverse, and English on the reverse, which I think cannot be defended by any canon of classic literature. As inscriptions on coins are for the information of the public, I would say, as a general rule, that it is better to use the language of the country, and therefore on English coins I would place English inscriptions. The East India Company have adopted English inscriptions on the silver coinage of William IV., the first bust that for very many centuries has appeared on an Indian coin. I wish we could say any thing as to its merits, either in design or execution. This, by the way. But as the English are only a very fractional number among the hundred millions of Hindostan, I would rather have inscribed the king's titles in the languages of India, and so have made the might and the majesty of his power known as extensively as possible among the nations of the East.

R. S.

Corf, 36th March, 1839.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

[At Birmingham.]

THE Meeting, we rejoice to find, promises to be very fully attended; and also that every thing indicates a quiet and interesting display, not only of mechanical improvements, but of those advances in science which are usually brought forward on these occasions. The Model Gallery, which did so well at Newcastle, will probably be still more efficient in this great manufacturing place, on the second trial of that experimental exhibition. The town is now perfectly tranquil, and there is no reason to apprehend that it will be otherwise; and every preparation has been made to give a cordial reception to the members of the Association. The meeting of the general committee to settle for the ensuing week, is to be held on Saturday next; and on Monday the Sections meet. Lodging books have been provided; and Mr. Phillips has been some time past on the spot making those useful preparations which his experience and judgment suggest, and which have hitherto been found so beneficial in promoting good order and regularity in every department of the Association. The Local Secretaries, too, have been indefatigable in their exertions, and passed frequently between Birmingham and London to complete the entire arrangements in the best possible manner.

NIGRITIA, ETC.

THE following are among other remarks addressed by a correspondent of "*The Times*"

to that journal, on the subject of the "expedition of the viceroy of Egypt to Nigritia (an account of which appeared in the *Literary Gazette* of the 6th July), having visited Nigritia, or the Beled-Es-Soodan, and having, during a residence there of more than eight months, mixed and associated with the Turks, Arabs, and slaves, the oppressors and the oppressed, the writer thinks he may endeavour to explain the motives of the statement which has evidently been put forth under the cognisance of Mehemet Ali Pasha himself:—Previous to 1837, he had heard that Shaboon and Fazoole possessed productive and prolific gold mines; and in the spring of the same year Col. Rusigger was despatched to both mines, at the joint expense, I believe, of the Austrian and Egyptian governments, and Signor Boreani, an employé of Mehemet Ali, was sent to Fazoole only. I have (continues Mr. Holroyd) seen nothing of Col. Rusigger since his return; but I have seen and conversed with Boreani upon the result of his expedition, and he distinctly informed me that the mines of Fazoole were so productive, that a labourer, at wages of twenty paras (about five farthings) a-day, could with ease obtain gold in ore or dust of the value of two and a half dollars, or ten shillings sterling. Is it, then, a matter of surprise that the pasha should have been desirous of increasing his revenue by monopolising the auriferous productions of this country, when his emissaries returned with such a dazzling account of its resources? There was, however, another reason for his leaving Alexandria. [This being political, we omit.] Mehemet Ali had also a haunter after Abyssinia; he had despatched 10,000 troops up the Nile to its confines, in the autumn of 1837, and these were still in the Beled-Es-Soodan. And then we find him leaving Cairo in the autumn of 1838 with 10,000 more, under the pretext of visiting and working the mines, whilst nothing was said about his wish, if a favourable opportunity offered, of interesting himself about Abyssinia. When he reached Fazoole he found, however, that the accounts of the produce of the mines had been grossly exaggerated; and that instead of a labourer being able to obtain daily gold worth ten shillings, it would be with great difficulty that he could procure gold worth five-pence, and that the large number of soldiers required to protect the workmen would hardly, when all expenses were paid, leave a nominal balance in favour of the pasha. A few months previous to Mehemet Ali undertaking this journey, he sent a peremptory order to M. Linant, his chief engineer, to request him immediately to blow up, in three months, all the cataracts between Cairo and Sennar, that he might steam from his capital to Fazoole. Linant very properly replied, that he would not undertake to accomplish this stupendous undertaking under ten years; and he was consequently informed that the pasha did not longer require his services. It appears, then, that Col. Hageddin Bey received instructions to effect this passage through the rapids, and, like all Egyptians, undertook that which it was impossible to effect; for, as the result proved, the steamer was obliged to stop at Essooum, and the pasha continued his journey in dahabeehs. Since his return, Linant had been recalled to the service. We are told that the mountains and valleys of Nigritia abound in all kinds of curious animals. There are birds with four wings. I did not visit Fazoole; I did not proceed higher than Sennar. I was told that if I did go there I should see these quadrilateral monsters, as well as another

variety of birds, very common, with the body of a pig and the head of an ass. My informant had the candour to say he had never seen them, though he had heard people say that they had friends who had.

'Credat Judæus, non ego.'

FRENCH ARTS AND MANUFACTURES.

WE extract the following description of the recent Exhibition of Arts and Manufactures, in the Champs Elysées, at Paris, from a very interesting article on the subject, in the "Foreign Monthly Review," No. IV.—

"The exhibition in question was placed in some very elegant galleries constructed in the Champs Elysées, with all the taste and skill of simple decoration for which the French are now so much distinguished. Four very large galleries, communicating with an enormous transverse one, and several supplementary galleries, contained the products of upwards of 4000 exhibitors from all parts of France, but more than half of whom were from the department of the Seine alone. The first gallery contained all the machinery, agricultural instruments, models of all sorts, specimens of iron and other metals, &c. The second comprised a miscellaneous assortment of things, truly French, and uncommonly dear, not only to Parisians, but to all visitors of the gay capital: hats, wigs, shirts, stays, bon-bons, perfumery, colours, chemical products, cutlery, stationery, guns, pistols, canes, &c.; in fact, every thing that could come under the head of personal nicknacks. The third gallery, with a supplementary one, was filled with all the woollen and linen stuffs, shawls, lace, muslins, cotton goods, &c. The fourth also, with a supplementary gallery, displayed an immense collection of furniture, carpets, musical instruments, bronze-work, clocks and watches, philosophical instruments, jewellery, &c. The fifth, or transverse gallery, besides holding the porcelain, the glass, the mirrors, &c., was devoted to a miscellaneous collection, that, by itself alone, would have formed a first-rate exhibition. The galleries themselves were internally decorated in the style of the *Renaissance des Arts*, now the only fashionable style in the French metropolis; the windows were all filled with stained glass, or the coloured blinds exhibited; and the walls were all hung round with the carpets, the paper-hangings, the varnished leathers, &c.; producing at once a varied and even gorgeous effect: in fact, the *coup d'œil* of the whole was one of the most beautiful things we ever saw. As we have before remarked, the excitement caused by this great exhibition, the periodical return of which appears to be now definitively fixed at five years, was exceedingly intense, not only in the capital but all over the country: the exhibitors who flocked up to Paris with their products, brought each his train of friends or relations; many people came to the centre of the nation for this very purpose alone, and considerable numbers of foreign manufacturers and visitors were observed to be thronging the galleries whenever they were open to the public. Five days in the week, during May and June, the public were admitted indiscriminately, and we need hardly add gratuitously, to every part of the exhibition; the other two days, and certain reserved hours on the five days, were kept for the *élite* of the public, admitted by tickets; on these, too, the royal family, who bought very largely there, used to go. We have no means of estimating the daily number of visitors, nor indeed of how many the galleries would hold; but we know that the influx and efflux of the throng was incessant, and at a rough guess we

should think that about 5000 persons were always in them. During the last week before its closing, the crowd was so great that a regular *queue* was formed as at a French theatre, from twelve o'clock till four daily, and extending about three hundred yards from the doors in a file of three or four abreast. Notwithstanding this immense concourse of people, high and low, known and unknown, good, bad, and indifferent, for every body went, so admirable were the regulations of the police, the armed force, and the internal superintendence, or rather so good was the average conduct of the public, that not a single severe accident occurred during the two months just mentioned, nor any more serious offences than pockets picked were heard of; these, too, were very few in number. The truth was, that the exhibition formed an intellectual treat of the highest order, where the curiosity of every one was sure to meet with some object or other of gratification; nobody came away disappointed; there was no occasion or desire for mischief; the whole passed off tranquilly. This, too, be it remembered, was at the very time when the insurrection of the 12th and 13th of May occurred. The exhibition was closed for one day, that was all; and the king at his succeeding visits, came with a more numerous attendance of guards and police officers. All this speaks volumes for the general good conduct of the people, and is, indirectly at least, a proof of the humanising influence of practical science, even on a turbulent and restless people."

LITERARY AND LEARNED. ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

Anglo-Saxon Literature.

"*Fate of the Anglo-Saxon Language and Literature.*—During the period of which any written monuments in the Anglo-Saxon language are preserved, extending from the eighth century to the Norman conquest, it seems not to have undergone any great change. But soon after the entrance of the Normans, its use as a written language was superseded, first by the Latin tongue, which, introduced by the foreign ecclesiastics, again took the station which it had occupied in the eighth century, and continued to flourish until the middle of the thirteenth; and secondly, by the Anglo-Norman, a Neo-Latin dialect, which was the vernacular tongue of the invaders, and was not laid aside until the beginning of the fourteenth century. It is probable that the Anglo-Saxon tongue preserved its purity until the beginning of the twelfth century; but it then began to experience the influence of the great political revolution which had been effected in England. It was by degrees subjected to a general organic change of many of its letters; syllables were cut short in the pronunciation; and the final terminations and inflections of words began to be softened down, until at a later period they were entirely lost. In the latter years of the Anglo-Saxon chronicle, which closes with A.D. 1155, we see that the language had already degenerated much from what it was fifty years before; and the change is still more apparent in the fragments lately published by Sir Thomas Phillipps. We have scarcely any other documents in the English tongue which can be ascribed with certainty to the twelfth century; but when we come to the age of Layamon, in the earlier half of the thirteenth, we find the transformation so complete, that it may be doubted whether the uncorrupted language of the Anglo-Saxon writings could then be understood without much difficulty. During the thirteenth century, this organic change proceeded

so rapidly, that there is quite as wide a difference between the language of Layamon, and that which was written at the beginning of the fourteenth century, as there had been between the former and that written in the tenth, or as there is between the English language as written in the reign of Edward the Second, and the same tongue as we possess it at the present day. The form of our language during the twelfth and the first half of the thirteenth century is generally termed Semi-Saxon; from that period to the time of the Reformation, it has received from modern philologists the name of Middle-English. The greatest destruction of Anglo-Saxon books happened during the numerous inroads of the Danes, from the ninth to the eleventh century, when so many of the richest libraries were committed to the flames, along with the monasteries in which they were deposited. Under the rule of the Normans, from the Conquest to the beginning of the thirteenth century, our old chroniclers relate many stories illustrative of the contempt with which the Anglo-Norman barons regarded the language of those whose rights they had usurped; but the more serious disputes related to charters rather than books, the latter (except when, from time to time, some English monk took them down) were allowed to lie neglected in the dust of monastic libraries, and the only losses which they sustained seem to have been the natural consequences of dirt and damp. But after this period the case was entirely changed, and, as they could no longer be read even by Englishmen, they had to suffer from various causes. A few monastic catalogues are still preserved in manuscripts of that age, and they contain the titles of many Anglo-Saxon books, which, however, are generally described as being 'old and useless.'* Accordingly we find, that when the monks were in want of vellum, they scrupled not to take one of these 'old and useless' Anglo-Saxon manuscripts; and, having carefully scraped out the original letters, to make use of it for writing a new work, which they considered more important and necessary. One of these *palm-pests* is preserved in the Library of Jesus College, Cambridge, in which a splendid copy of the Anglo-Saxon homilies of Alfric has been erased to make room for Latin decretals, although the destruction of the original was not so complete as to hinder us from tracing here and there a few words, particularly about the margins of the leaves. Sometimes, also, when the monks were at a loss for boards to bind their books, they took a few folios of these useless old manuscripts, and pasted them together; as was the case with the leaves discovered by Sir Thomas Phillipps in the covers of a volume preserved in Worcester Cathedral. The loss which Anglo-Saxon literature sustained by these means must have been very great. At the time of the Reformation, when, by the dissolution of the monasteries, their libraries of manuscripts were scattered in all directions, the number which perished cannot now be calculated, though the fragments which are found in the old bindings of books are sufficient to convince us that it was not small. The Anglo-Saxon manuscripts, however,

* "See, for example, a catalogue of the books in the library at Glastonbury, made in 1246, and printed by Wanley, in the introduction to his catalogue of Saxon manuscripts, from a MS. in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge. We find several entries like the following:—

Item, duo Anglica, vetusta et inutilia.

Item, Sermones Anglici, vetusti, inutilis.

Passionale Sanctorum Anglice scriptum, vetust. inutilis. The second of these items was a volume of Anglo-Saxon homilies."

suffered much less at this time than the others, owing to the eagerness of the reformers to collect them; yet we still find a few fragments in the covers of books printed during the sixteenth century. The two great collectors of Anglo-Saxon manuscripts in the sixteenth century were Matthew Parker, archbishop of Canterbury, and Sir Robert Cotton. At the time of the Reformation, when church property was not always regarded with the same respect as at present, Parker found no difficulty in transferring most of the Anglo-Saxon manuscripts which were found in the libraries of cathedrals and churches into his own collection. Sir Robert Cotton was equally successful in gathering together those which had passed, by the plunder of the monasteries, into the stalls of booksellers or the hands of private individuals; and these two libraries, the former now preserved in Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, and the latter in the British Museum, are still the richest in Anglo-Saxon literature. Next in the scale we must place the Bodleian Library at Oxford, with the University Library at Cambridge, and one or two of the college libraries. The royal library in the British Museum is perhaps the richest of them all in Anglo-Saxon manuscripts of Latin books; and this, as well as the Harleian Library, and some other public and private collections, possess also a few scattered volumes written in the vernacular tongue. It has been already observed that public attention was first directed to the remains of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers, by the support which they afforded to the arguments of the Reformers.* Soon after the middle of the sixteenth century, Fox the martyrologist, and William P'Isle, under the auspices of Archbishop Parker, prosecuted the study of the Anglo-Saxon language, and published the Anglo-Saxon version of the gospels and some of the homilies. But their knowledge of the language was very imperfect, and confined entirely to the prose writings; for the difficulties they had to encounter, without grammar or dictionary, were too formidable to allow of their making much progress. About the middle of the seventeenth century flourished Spelman, Gibson, Whelock, and Junius, who gave to the study of the Anglo-Saxon language a new character. The first of these scholars was preparing to establish an Anglo-Saxon professorship in the University of Cambridge, when his intentions were thwarted by the turbulent times which followed. Sir Henry Spelman published the *Ecclesiastical Laws* in 1639; and his son edited the Anglo-Saxon Psalter in the following year. In 1643, Whelock printed Alfred's translation of Bede, with part of the 'Chronicle.' Junius gave an edition of the poetry attributed to Cædmon, in 1655. In 1659, Somner published the first Anglo-Saxon dictionary. From this period to the end of the century, numerous distinguished scholars were working zealously to bring to light new documents of Anglo-Saxon literature, and to facilitate the study of the language. Among others we may enumerate Bishop Gibson, Thwaites, Rawlinson, Hickes, and his niece Elizabeth Elstob. In 1689, Hickes published the first Anglo-Saxon grammar; a book containing, as might naturally be expected, many errors, which later discoveries, and a more extensive reading, have corrected: but which, nevertheless, was then of great service

vice to the cause of Anglo-Saxon philology. In 1692, Bishop Gibson printed a more complete edition of the Anglo-Saxon 'Chronicle;' and in 1698, Rawlinson published King Alfred's translation of Boethius, which was followed, in 1699, by Thwaites's edition of the Heptateuch. In 1701, an Anglo-Saxon vocabulary was published, in an octavo volume, by Thomas Benson; and four years afterwards, appeared the celebrated 'Thesaurus' of Dr. Hickes. After the beginning of the eighteenth century, the study of the Anglo-Saxon language soon fell into neglect; and it was long regarded as a mere toy for the amusement of antiquaries. The only works of any importance which were given to the world during this long period, were the 'Laws,' by Wilkins, in 1721 and 1737; Alfred's 'Bede,' by Smith, in 1722; and the great Anglo-Saxon Dictionary, by Lye and Manning, in 1779,—a monument of unwearied industry, but disfigured by a multitude of errors. In 1773, Daines Barrington published an ill-executed edition of King Alfred's translation of Orosius. In 1750, the Anglo-Saxon professorship was founded at Oxford, and brought into effect in 1795. We owe the revival of the study of the Anglo-Saxon language and literature at the present day, in some measure, to foreign scholars, whose attention was frequently given to it at the latter end of the last and the beginning of the present century. In 1815, Thorkelin, a Dane, published the first edition of the 'Romance of Beowulf;' which is, however, a very incorrect book. A few years later, Erasmus Rask at Copenhagen, and Dr. James Grimm in Germany, began to apply a more enlarged system of philology to the language. About the same time, the literature of our forefathers began to attract the attention of scholars in England, and was industriously cultivated by Conybeare, Ingram, and Bosworth; and, after the space of a century, the place formerly occupied by Elizabeth Elstob was supplied by a worthy successor in Miss Gurney. The systems of Rask and Grimm, as applied to Anglo-Saxon philology, have since taken a more substantial form under the hands of two native scholars, Thorpe and Kemble. Thorpe's translation of Rask is the best grammar which has yet appeared. A portable dictionary has been published recently by Dr. Bosworth; so that the impediments which formerly hindered the study of the Anglo-Saxon language are now entirely removed. Yet still, from the deficiency in many classes of documents, and from the recent period at which it has been studied in a true philological spirit, it is a language which is but imperfectly known."

With this we conclude our Illustrations of Anglo-Saxon Literature, &c. from Mr. Wright's very excellent Essay. Hoping and expecting that the "Biographia Britannica Literaria," to which it is the preface, will be altogether worthy of such an introduction, and of the Royal Society of Literature, under whose auspices the work is to be produced, we now leave it in good hands.

FINE ARTS. NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Pictorial History of Palestine. By the Editor of "The Pictorial Bible." Part I. London, 1839. Knight and Co.

AMONG the many extraordinary projects of the present period, one of by no means the least startling is the attempt on the part of a number of opulent individuals of the Jewish persuasion to obtain possession of Syria by purchase! Whether that attempt prove success-

ful or not, it must undoubtedly communicate for the time an additional interest to every thing that respects "The Holy Land." If it were in that point of view alone, the work under our notice is calculated to be favourably received by the public; for its main object is stated to be, "to relate every event of interest or importance in the political, social, military, and religious history of the country called Palestine, from the most remote ages to the times in which we live. It will thus be in the largest sense *A History of Palestine*, and not merely of the Hebrew nation; but, seeing that it is only its connexion, and the consequences of its connexion, with the history of the Hebrew people, which has rendered this small country of historical importance, it is also intended that the present volume should be complete as *A History of the Jews*;—not leaving them, as most histories do, when they were utterly cast forth from their old possessions; but while, on the one hand, the history of the country is still continued, on the other, pursuing the people into all the places of their dispersion."

But, besides the extrinsic value which this publication may derive from the peculiar circumstances of the times, its intrinsic merits, if we may judge from the part under our notice, will be such as to entitle it to extensive circulation. The text is at once copious and condensed; and the illustrations are fine specimens of the excellence to which the art of engraving on wood has attained. Among the most beautiful of these cuts are, "Crusaders approaching Jerusalem," "Ruins of Jerash," "Mountains of Galilee and Samaria," "Aradus," and "Boudin Encampment."

Constantinople and the Scenery of the Seven Churches of Asia Minor Illustrated. In a Series of Drawings from Nature by Thomas Allom. With an Historical Account of Constantinople, and Descriptions of the Places, by the Rev. Robert Walsh, LL.D., Chaplain to the British Embassy at the Ottoman Porte. First Series. 4to. Pp. 84. London and Paris, 1839. Fisher, Son, and Co.

"NOTHING," observes Dr. Walsh, "can form a stronger contrast, in modern times, than Asiatic and European Turkey. The first preserves its character unchanged—men and things still display the permanency of Oriental usages; and they are now as they have been, and will probably continue to be, for an indefinite period. Not so the second—Constantinople having for centuries exhibited the singular and extraordinary spectacle of a Mahomedan town in a Christian region, and stood still while all about it were advancing in the march of improvement, has at length, as suddenly as unexpectedly, been roused from its slumbering stupidity; the city and its inhabitants are daily undergoing a change as extraordinary as unhoped for; and the present generation will see with astonishment that revolution of usages and opinions, during a single life, which has not happened in any other country in revolving centuries. The traveller who visited Constantinople ten years ago, saw the military a mere rabble, without order or discipline, every soldier moving after his own manner, and clad and armed after his own fashion; he now sees them formed into regular regiments, clothed in uniform, exercised in a system of tactics, and as amenable to discipline as a corps of German infantry. He saw the sultan, the model of an Oriental despot, exhibit periodically to his subjects with gorgeous display; or to the representatives of his brother-sovereigns, gloomy and mysterious, in some dark recess of his

* "It has been said, that so early as the fifteenth century, the monks of Tavistock applied themselves to the study of the Anglo-Saxon language, and that they even printed a grammar. No traces, however, of such a book can now be found; and it may have been a mere error, arising from the indefinite manner in which some people formerly applied the term Anglo-Saxon."

seraglio: he now sees him daily, in European costume, in constant and familiar intercourse with all people: abroad, driving four-in-hand in a gay chariot, like a gentleman of Paris or London; and, at home, receiving foreigners with the courtesies and usages of polished life. He formerly saw his kiosks with wooden projecting balconies, having dismal windows that excluded the light, and jealousies closed up from all spectators; he now sees him in a noble palace, on which the arts have been exhausted to render it as beautiful and commodious as that of a European sovereign. He formerly saw the people listening to nothing, and knowing nothing, but the extravagant fictions of story-tellers; he now sees them reading with avidity the daily newspapers published in the capital, and enlightened by the realities of passing events. It is thus that the former state of things is hurrying away, and he who visits the capital to witness the singularities that marked it, will be disappointed. It is true it possesses beauties which no revolution of opinions, or change of events, can alter. Its seven romantic hills, its Golden Horn, its lovely Bosphorus, its exuberant vegetation, its robust and comely people, will still exist, as the permanent characters of nature: but the swelling dome, the crescent-crowned spire, the taper minaret, the shouting muezzin, the vast cemetery, the gigantic cypress, the snow-white turban, the beniche of vivid colours, the feature-covering yasmak, the light caïque, the clumsy arrubbas, the arched baycove—all the distinctive peculiarities of a Turkish town—will soon merge into the uniformity of European things, and, if the innovation proceed as rapidly as it has hitherto done, leave scarce a trace behind them. To preserve the evanescent features of this magnificent city, and present it to posterity as it was, must be an object of no small interest; but the most elaborate descriptions will fail to effect it. It is, therefore, to catch the fleeting pictures while they yet exist, and transmit them in visible forms to posterity, that the present work has been undertaken, and, that nothing might be wanting, Asiatic subjects are introduced; thus presenting, not only the Turk of one region as he was, but of another as he is, and will continue to be. The views are accompanied with letterpress, describing the usages, customs, and opinions of the people, as ancillary to the pictorial representations; and a map of the Bosphorus is added, pointing out localities, and directing attention to the spot on which the reality stood, or still stands. To complete the whole, an historical sketch of the city from its foundation is annexed, with a chronological series of its emperors and sultans to the present day; thus combining a concise history of persons and events, with copious details of its several parts, and vivid and characteristic representations of its objects."

To the above comprehensive description of the object of this beautiful volume, we will only add that that object appears to us to have been most happily accomplished. In noticing former works from the same publishers (and this as it "liped in Numbers"), we have frequently had occasion to speak of Mr. Allom's talents. They are evinced in the publication before us in a very high degree; for, besides the topographical fidelity, and mastery of picturesque effect by which his pencil has hitherto been distinguished, he has here introduced into his different views groups of figures, exhibiting in the most pleasing manner, not only the rich and various costumes of the people, but their character, customs, and ceremonies. Dr. Walsh's brief history of Con-

stantinople, and his explanations of the plates, contribute greatly to the interest and value of the work. At the present moment, when the affairs of the East are in so critical a state, the appearance of this volume is singularly opportune.

A Series of Lithographed Drawings of the London and Birmingham Railway. By John C. Bourne. With Topographical and Descriptive Accounts of the Origin, Progress, and General Execution of that Great National Work, by John Britton, F.S.A. Parts III. and IV.

IN accounting for the long interval that has elapsed since the appearance of the second part of this beautiful publication, the publishers state that it had been thought advisable to bring the work to a termination in three, instead of four parts; to effect which, it became necessary to defer the publication until much beyond the time originally contemplated: but they express their hope that the delay will be found to have conduced materially to the improvement of the work. The present part contains the whole of the letterpress, and eighteen drawings, making, with those already published, the total number of drawings comprised in the work; viz. thirty-seven, instead of thirty-three, as promised in the original prospectus. We have already expressed our admiration of Mr. Bourne's lithographic drawings. Those immediately under our notice are at least equal (we rather think superior) to their predecessors, in the interest of the subjects, and in the picturesque and masterly style of their execution. Mr. Britton's "Topographical and Descriptive Accounts" are full of useful and entertaining information. Would it not answer to print them in a form for the pocket?

Medical Portrait Gallery. Biographical Memoirs of the most celebrated Physicians, Surgeons, &c. &c. who have contributed to the Advancement of Medical Science. By Thomas Joseph Pettigrew, F.R.S., F.S.A., F.L.S., &c. &c. Parts XIII. to XVIII. Whitaker, and Co.

THE thirteenth part of this able work was the commencement of a new series, with some modifications of the original plan of publication. The principal of those modifications were,—devoting the usual quantity of letterpress which had been assigned for three memoirs to two; enriching the letterpress with the occasional introduction of woodcuts, to represent any new instruments, or other interesting matters, connected with the memoirs; giving facsimiles of entire letters of some of the most distinguished individuals of ancient times, and even copies of some of their prescriptions, &c. &c. To professional men, these improvements must have greatly enhanced the value of the Gallery. The portraits in these six parts are those of Boerhaave; Benjamin Travers, F.R.S.; William Heberden, M.D., F.R.S.; A. P. W. Philip, M.D., F.R.S.; John Cheyne, M.D., F.R.S.E.; George G. Sigmond, M.D., F.S.A.; William C. Cruikshank, F.R.S.; James Annesley, Esq.; James Ware, F.R.S.; Sir Charles Bell, K.H., F.R.S., L. and E.; Hippocrates; and John Boetock, M.D., F.R.S.

Sterne's Sentimental Journey, through France and Italy. Illustrated with One Hundred Engravings on Wood, executed by first-rate Artists, from Original Drawings by Jacques Part I. Nicholls.

WE regret that we are unable to notice this publication in terms of praise. Technically speaking, the cuts are well executed; but they

are far from conveying an adequate idea of the spirit, beauty, pathos, and peculiar character of the admirable work which they profess to illustrate.

Church Architecture of the Middle Ages. A Series of Etchings of Cathedrals, Churches, Hospitals, Monasteries, Friaries, and other Ecclesiastical Edifices remaining in England. By John Coney. The Descriptive Account of each Building by the Rev. J. A. Giles, LL.D. Part I. London, 1839. Bohn.

THIS publication, in which, for the accommodation of persons not wishing to take the whole work, a county arrangement is to be adopted, begins with Yorkshire; and of course the magnificent and venerable minster of York occupies a considerable portion of the first part. Of the twelve plates which constitute the part, six are views of its exterior and interior; the remaining six plates are views of Fountains' Abbey, Kirkstall Abbey, Kirkstall Crypt, Rivaux Abbey, Selby Church, and Richmond, Grey Friars. The public eye has of late been so accustomed to elaborate and highly finished engravings, that we fear the plain and unpretending simplicity of Mr. Coney's style, formed upon the topographical productions of former days, will not be so generally admired as it ought to be. Dr. Giles's descriptive accounts are as satisfactory as their brevity will permit.

THE DRAMA.

Her Majesty's Theatre.—Another week (including Labache's benefit on Thursday) has been added to the finale of last Saturday, and the theatre closes after to-night. We are assured that the monied speculators in this property have, this season, cleared 10,000*l*. Mr. Laporte having a liberal allowance as manager. The advertisement for sale is merely a legal annual form, necessary in consequence of the involved state of the property.

The Haymarket is most unremitting and enterprising in its exertions, and the efforts of its lessee, Mr. Webster, are such as absolutely "to command success." During the present week we have had Power, in all his rich and native humour, drawing bumper houses; and the Queen herself to see the inimitable *Teddy the Tyler*. But not content with his high comic attractions, and they are of a first order (including Farren, Strickland, himself, Buckstone, Lacy, Hemming, O. Smith, Mrs. Glover, Mrs. W. Lacy (Miss Taylor "as was"), Mrs. F. Matthews, Mrs. Fitzwilliam, Mrs. W. Clifford, &c. &c.), he announces Macready to commence his engagement with *Othello*, on Monday, and Miss Ellen Tree to appear as soon as Power's too-brief period is over. Miss Helen Faucit, Mrs. Warner, Miss P. Horton, are also engaged; and Messrs. Phelps and Howe, to support the popular Covent Garden plays.

English Opera House.—*Snap-Apple Night*, suggested by M^r Clise's splendid picture on that subject, has been produced here as a melodrama, and performed with great success after the first night, when very necessary retrenchments in the second act were suggested by the languor which attended its first representation. *Barny O'Bother*, "a relater of strange stories," is excellently played by Mr. T. Lee; and Mr. Brindal, Mr. Lyon, and Mrs. Ternan, fill up the other leading parts very effectively. The scenery and tableaux are particularly deserving of praise; and we are glad to see the house nightly filled to witness the various entertain-

ments, which are presented for the public gratification.

Strand Theatre.—*The Ballad Singer* has this week added Miss Betts and Mrs. W. West to the strength of the Strand company, and given a pleasant musical variety to the entertainments.

VARIETIES.

The Wellington Equestrian Statue.—We learn with great satisfaction that government has acquiesced in the decision of the late committee, and that there is now no longer the slightest obstacle to the prosecution of this interesting national work. The noble colossal head of Wellington, modelled by Mr. Wyatt, has met with the most unanimous approval and admiration: the likeness is fine and the character grandly preserved. With regard to this artist's execution of the horse, there can be but one anticipation, as no man living can do so much justice to that splendid animal in its true English form. The arch at Hyde Park will therefore be soon, we trust, crowned as it should be, with this national tribute to the hero of a hundred fights.

The Nelson Monument.—There is now a board up in Trafalgar Square, which encloses the excavations for trying the foundation of the Nelson column. It is as near as may be equidistant between the portion of the National Gallery and the statue of King Charles I. at Charing Cross; and in a direct line from the one to the other.

Curious Autograph.—A circular letter was sent, rather generally, some weeks ago, inviting a purchaser to buy "a letter written in 1801 by Mlle. de Beauharnais (afterwards Queen of Holland), which singularly contrasted with the high destinies afterwards attained by the Bonaparte family. In this letter, addressed to one of the friends of her infancy, the daughter-in-law of Napoleon solicits an invitation to a ball for seven members of this family which shortly afterwards were able to distribute crowns amongst themselves.

The Cambridge Camden Society, founded in May last, has commenced its operations by restoring to light the original Norman stem and perfect abacus of Coton Church. The removal of rubbish, and former church-warden embellishments, has opened up the ancient east Norman font; and elsewhere the view of ornaments of chevrons, and intersecting arches, curious though rude, will reward the trouble of an antiquarian pilgrimage. —[*Abridged from Cambridge Chronicle*].

King's College, London.—The Rev. Mr. J. H. Fish has given 1000*l.* to the funds of this institution; which, among other advances, is adding an hospital to its establishments.

Van Amburgh.—An elephant and two hyenas have been imported from America, for play-fellows for Van Amburgh. The former is a tame gentleman, already having travelled from the town of London seven years ago; perhaps he will favour the public with his tour in the United States, and his opinions of Yankee population and institutions.

Will's Whim.—No. I. Illustrated by Jacob Parallel (London, Berger), is one of the numerous class of imitations of which the illustrious Pickwick is the progenitor. The single number is rather introductory of the characters, and of course we cannot yet say any thing of the story, but that "there is no offence" in the way of telling it.

A Chronological Chart of the contemporary sovereigns of Europe (Hereford, J. N. Webb; London, Darton and Clark; Bath, C. A. Bart-

lett), is a very clear and useful historical analysis in a tabular form. It begins before the Christian era, and comes down to our time; setting out with the assertion that the name of *Great Britain* is derived from *Brill*, the Saxon appellation of the blue colour with which the natives stained their bodies. There is a note of remarkable persons in each period.

Cerona Amaryllidacea, by Miss Rosenberg, No. I. (Bath, C. A. Bartlett), is the commencement of a splendid representation of the numerous varieties of the Amaryllidæ tribe of plants. This fasciculus presents us with the *A. Sweetii* and the *A. Vittata Formosa*; the last is a beautiful hybrid, and truly called "one of the most charming varieties of Hippeastrum." The flowers are gorgeously coloured after nature.

Life of Napoleon, with 500 designs by Horace Vernet. Part I. Mr. Joseph Thomas has just commenced the publication of this life in half-crown parts. The narrative is brief, and the work seems to rely on the numerous illustrations, which are spiritedly cut in wood.

An inferior, or sixpenny edition of the same, Part I., has issued from the press of Mr. W. Strange.

Mrs. Loudon's Ladies' Flower-Garden. No. VIII. (W. Smith.) A rich and beautiful plate of lupins shews how worthy our old favourites are to rank with the fairest of novelties in the flower-garden. The Lathyrus, Lotus, Astragalus, and other sweet blossoms, also adorn this No.; and the third engraving is of a gay trio, Balsamina, Mirabilis Jalapa, and Impatiens Noli-me-tangere.

Gravitation a Force inseparably and universally associated with Matter.—Gravitation is fixed in matter eternally and inseparably. No lapse of time wears it away, no modification of circumstances in which it can be placed—no appliance of artificial means—or power of other natural forces upon it, removes or can remove the slightest conceivable portion of it. You may crush the parts of a body into a powder, apply to it the power of heat, and melt it into a liquid—or you may, by a yet intenser application of heat, dilate it into a gas; you may make of it a chemical solution; bring it again to its original form of a solid—analyse it again and again—combine and recombine it: through all these changes you will not in the slightest conceivable degree have affected the gravity or weight of any one of its particles. Not only is the power of gravitating thus unalterably infixed in matter, but it is infixed in it universally. There is no place on the earth's surface where there is matter and not weight—there is no matter known to exist in our system of the universe which does not gravitate; and if we carry on our inquiries beyond the limits of our system, into the fathomless depths of space, we find there the stars gravitating towards one another. It is a recent discovery of astronomy, that those multiple stars which, being examined by powerful telescopes, are seen to revolve round one another, and of which there are many, are in their motions subject to certain laws, which prove them to be attracted towards one another by the force of gravity—or rather by a force subject to the same laws as that which attracts all things on the surface of our earth towards its centre, and our earth itself towards the sun. Such is the eternal, immutable nature of gravitation, and such is its universality. Although the force of gravity thus coexists universally with matter, yet does it not reside in the same manner and degree in all matter; there is not, for instance, throughout all matter the same quantity of the principle of

gravitation (whatever it may be) associated with the same volume. Thus the component materials of the planets are such, that were they all of the same volume or size, they would not, nevertheless, all weigh the same. And it is scarcely possible to take up any two portions of the matter which composes the earth's surface, of which equal volumes would be found to have the same weight or gravitating power.

—*Moseley's Illustrations of Science.*

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Mr. A. Asher, of Berlin, is preparing for publication an interesting collection of early documents relating to the Geography of the Middle Ages, edited by M. D'Avessac, of Paris, and Mr. Thomas Wright, of London. The volume will contain, among other things, the *Cosmographie Ethiope Philopoli*, said to have been reduced to its present form by St. Jerome, at the end of the fourth or beginning of the fifth century, and edited from numerous MSS., of which two are of the eighth century; a detailed and exact survey of the coasts of the Mediterranean sea, made apparently about the twelfth century, and peculiarly important for the geography of Northern Africa; several early inedited cosmographical treatises and itineraries, and a collection of facsimiles of early maps of the world, from manuscripts of the 10th, 11th, 12th, and 13th centuries. We repeat that this volume will throw much curious light on the history of geographical science and discovery. —*Foreign Monthly Review.*

The Sabbath.—"Sabbath Walks," by the Rev. James Grahame, Esq., we are glad to see, published by Messrs. Chambers of Edinburgh, in what is called the "People's Edition." Nothing can be better adapted for cultivating the morals and good feelings of the people. There is also a Memoir of the Author.

In the Press.

The Exiles of Zillertal; a Narrative of the recent Rise and Progress of Protestantism in the Tyrol, from the German of Dr. Rheinwald and other sources. — *The Colony of Western Australia.* A manual to men persons intending to emigrate to this Colony or its Dependencies, &c. &c., from authentic documents, by Nathaniel Cyle, Esq.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Black's Picturesque Tourist of Scotland, with Maps and Views, 12mo. bound and gilt edges, 7*s.* — **Paley's Clergyman's Companion** in Visiting the Sick, new edition, 18mo. gilt edges, 5*s.* — **An Address to Medical and Surgical Pupils**, by James Barlow, 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.* — **The Laws, Customs, &c., of the Island of Jersey**, with Notices of Guernsey, by A. Jones Le Cras, 18mo. 6*s.* — **Manchester as it is**, 18mo. 4*s.* — **Four Ways to Paris**, and Paris itself, 32mo. 1*s.* — **Memoir of the Rev. James Smith**, by George Pritchard, 8vo. 3*s.* — **Hebrew and English Dictionary**, by J. S. C. Frey, 8vo. 14*s.* — **Parents' Friend**, by John Morrison, D.D., 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.* — **Traveller's Tables**, by Captain J. T. Boileau, royal 8vo. 8*s.* 6*d.* — **The Churches of London**, by George Godwin, plates, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 12*s.*; large paper, 2*l.* 2*s.* — **Guide to Italy**, by M. Valery, translated by C. E. Clifton, post 8vo. 16*s.* — **Claridge's Guide** down the Danube, 2d edition, 18mo. 8*s.* — **Maxims, Morals, and Golden Rules**, 8vo. 8*s.* — **The Cloud of Witnesses**; a Series of Discourses, by the Rev. James S. M. Anderson, Vol. I., 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* — **Shuttleworth's (Dr.) not Tradition**, but Scripture, 3d edition, 18mo. 4*s.* — **Confessions of a Thug**, by Captain M. Taylor, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* — **Philosophy of Common Sense**, 32mo. 2*s.* — **Jones's Book-Keeping**, Part I., (single entry), royal 8vo. 12*s.* — **Jones's Book-Keeping**, complete (single and double entry), 2*l.* — **Rev. W. Whewell's Bridgewater Treatise**, 8vo. 7th edition, 8*s.* 6*d.* — **Frank Howard's Science of Drawing**, Part II., Animals, 8vo. 8*s.* — **History and Topography of Ashbourne**. The Valley of the Dove, with Illustrations, 8vo. 11*s.*; large paper, 12*s.* — **Sketches of Missionary Travels in Egypt, Syria, West Africa, &c.**, by R. Maxwell Macbrair, post 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1839.

August.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday ... 8	From 81 to 68	29.67 to 29.92
Friday ... 9	... 49 to 70	30.08 to 30.07
Saturday ... 10	... 53 to 70	30.05 to 30.02
Sunday ... 11	... 54 to 69	29.95 to 30.13
Monday ... 12	... 80 to 65	30.18 to 30.16
Tuesday ... 13	... 81 to 67	30.11 to 30.08
Wednesday 14	... 53 to 65	29.95 to 29.90

Prevailing Wind, S.W.

Except the afternoons of the 13th and 14th, generally clear; a little rain fell during the evening of the 11th.

Periodic Meteors. From nine in the evening, till nearly one hour after midnight of the 10th, the meteors were very numerous, though generally very small; eight of these were of more than ordinary brilliancy, and all followed by trains varying from 10° to 20° in length. The most remarkable fact was that nearly all appeared to proceed in one direction, viz. from N.N.E. to S.S.W. Rain fallen, .075 of an inch.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ERRATUM.—In "Caricatures," page 510, line 15 of the notice, for "caught" read "scolded."

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July 1859.

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THE BRITISH EMPIRE IN THE EAST.

By COUNT BJORNSTJERNA, the Swedish Ambassador.

SIR ALEXANDER JOHNSTON, vice-president of the Royal Asiatic Society of Literature, and chairman of the Committee of Correspondence of that Society, being desirous, in consequence of the interest attached to every question relating to India, to ascertain, for the information of the members of the Society, the opinions which are entertained by the ablest and best-informed statesmen on the Continent of Europe, with respect to the present state of British India, has recently received, amongst others, from the Continent, a very able and impartial account of British India, written by his excellency Count Bjornstjerna, the Swedish ambassador at this court, who is a member, *ex officio*, of the Society. As the Count wrote his work in Swedish, he has sent Sir Alexander Johnston the following *résumé* of its contents in English, in order that he may make such use of it as he thinks proper; and having had the opportunity afforded us of making so interesting a document known to the public, we have felt it our duty, in consequence of the importance of the subject at the present moment, to print it entire, as evidence of the opinions which are entertained by well-informed foreigners upon a matter of such national concernment. The high rank the writer holds in his own country; the high diplomatic situation he fills in this country; his character for impartiality, and the manner in which he has been distinguished by his sovereign for his public conduct; the knowledge and talent he has displayed as an author on various financial and political subjects, must all render a work on the present state of India, from the pen of such a man, and at so critical a time, an object of the deepest interest on the Continent, as well as to the British Empire.

INTRODUCTION.

"Numberless are the revolutions of the universe; the creations, the destructions; He, the Almighty, produces them as in sport."—VEDAS.

"Such things, Though rare in time, are frequent in eternity."

BYRON'S CAIN.

Among the greatest phenomena in the history of the world may, undoubtedly, be reckoned the British Empire in the East Indies.*

This empire has, within a single century, risen from the humble rank of a trading factory to an *imperium* of more than 100,000,000 of inhabitants,† with an equal number (100,000,000) who, though under their own princes, still obey the British power.‡ It

* Strictly speaking in Hindostan and Deccan, which form the Indian peninsula's northern and southern parts; the former extending from the Indus and the Himalay mountains to the Nerbudda river; the latter from this river to Cape Comorin. We can certainly say the East Indies; but it is perhaps less decided, seeing that the eastern of the two great peninsulas of Asia (where the kingdoms of Ava, Pegu, Siam, and Cochin-China, are situated) is also included in the general name of the East Indies.

† The Presidency of Bengal contains	Inhabitants.
..... Agra ..	40,000,000
..... Madras ..	38,000,000
..... Bombay ..	15,000,000
.....	7,000,000

Total...100,000,000

‡ Montgomery Martin states, in his highly meritorious work on the British colonies, which is grounded on au-

extends over 1,250,000 *English square miles* of the most fertile part of the surface of the earth* (from 8° latitude to 35°, and from 68° longitude to 92°), and consequently contains a polar altitude the same as from *Messina* to *Torneo*, and a breadth as from *Lisbon* to *Smolensk*, which shews that it cannot be compared with any thing in Europe, either as to size or population, any more than in difference of climate and temperature, but that it must be compared with *Europe itself*. This empire has within its boundaries the *Gauts* and *Himalay* mountains always covered with ice, which rise, the former 13,000, the latter 27,000 feet above the level of the sea; it is intersected by rivers, each of which, like the Indus, Jumna, Sutledge, Ganges, and Brahmapootra,† offers a navigation of not less than 1200 *English miles*, and the two last-mentioned during certain months pour into the Bay of Bengal a mass of water containing more than 1,000,000,000 cubic feet in an hour.‡ It has for its defence a standing army excellently disciplined, and considerably greater than that of Austria,§ and a revenue half as large again as Russia.|| Within its boundaries there are towns which, like *Calcutta*, have a population of a million; others which, like *Delhi*, *Agra*, *Benares*, *Luckno*, and *Pooná*, reckon from 300,000 to 500,000 inhabitants; and others again—Ma-

thematic documents, that the number of the direct subjects of the Anglo-Indian kingdom amounts to 100,000,000 (see vol. I. page 169 of the edition printed 1835); and considers the subjects of those states which are more or less dependent on the Company, also to amount to 100,000,000. The latter, however, appears to me less likely to be correct, unless we reckon among the dependent princes several who yet consider themselves independent; among whom the king of Lahore, with 6,000,000, the princes in Bhotan, in Assam, the Amers in Sindh, &c.

The subjects, however, of the directly dependent and contingent subsidiary princes amount to more than 50,000,000.

* See Parliamentary Reports for 1831.

† According to the latest accounts of the source of these great rivers of India, viz. Moorcroft's (published 1838), Burnes's (1835), Gerard's (1834), and Jacquemont's (1837). It is partly on the Thibet table-land (which lies 17,000 feet above the surface of the sea), partly from the great lake Mansourvur, also situated there, and also from the Rakorom mountains to the north of the lake. The four first-mentioned rivers, after having, in several directions, wandered over the above-named table-land, cross the double chain of the Himalay mountains through four different passes, or dales, which themselves lie 15 or 16,000 feet above the surface of the sea. On this height Dr. Gerard has found great beds of mussels, and other shell-fish; as also nackers, and a kind before unknown, called *unishites*: they were found in a bed of broken granite, limestone, and clay. The river Brahmapootra takes a south-east direction from the territories of Thibet, and goes round the whole of the Himalays, in order, together with the Ganges, to throw itself into the Bay of Bengal.

‡ According to calculations made by Burnes, during his highly interesting travels up the Indus (1831), this river discharges 80,000 cubic feet of water in a second, during the day season, which is four times as much as the Ganges at that time, and answers to the discharge of the Mississippi.

§ The Austrian army is at most 280,000 men; the Anglo-Indian, with its contingent troops, 250,000; a few years since, during the Birman war, it was 350,000; but we shall return to this subject further on.

|| The revenue of Russia, according to the latest accounts, is 300,000,000 rubles, answering nearly to 12,000,000*l.*; the revenue of British India amounts to more than 19,000,000*l.* yearly.

Presidency.	Revenue.
Bengal and Agra	£11,800,000
Madras	4,700,000
Bombay	2,200,000
Ceylon	420,000
Diverse	56,000

Total...£19,176,000

dras and Bombay, which carry on a trade greater than that of ancient *Carthage*, *Venice*, or *Genoa*, during their most flourishing periods. It has kings as vassals, with a greater number of subjects than Naples;* of dynasties older than the Bourbons; and the emperor in Hindoostan, the descendant of Tamerlane (Thimur Khan), the great Moghul, sits still on his golden throne, in Delhi, surrounded by all the grandeur of the East, himself only a prisoner in the power of the British.†

But who then is the conqueror, who the ruler, of this immense empire, over which the sun extends so gloriously his glittering rays, that has risen on the continent of Asia as by enchantment, and now emulates in greatness that of Alexander, Tamerlane, or Nadir Shah?

Why, on a little island, in another part of the world, in a narrow street, where the rays of the sun are seldom able to penetrate the thick smoke, a company of peaceable merchants meet; these are the conquerors of India, these the despotic rulers of this splendid empire.

We seek in vain through the annals of the world for any thing that can be compared with this, or be compared with the rapidity with which this power raised itself from nothing to its present colossal height. Rome required ten centuries to reach its loftiest point, the British power in India has risen almost equally high in less than one; but still more remarkable does the rise of this power appear, when it is considered that it is not indebted for its advancement, like that of the *Tartars* in *China*, to superiority of armies, nor like that of the Goths and Vandals in Western Europe, to the effect of immense masses of people overwhelming others; nor as the Arabs in Asia when the fanaticism of religion wielded the sword; nor has it risen from the same reason as the *Spaniards* in *America*, where the simple people took the followers of Pizarro for *Centaur*s, and the fire from their arms for the lightning of heaven.

No, to no such cause is it indebted; we see here a small number of Britons, first, by means of a few well-understood mercantile attempts, gain accession to the distant country, so spread themselves, so establish their counting-houses, so, with the Roman device as their example, *divide et impera*, separate and rule kings and princes of India, conquer them, and with the most trifling means, within the short period of sixty years,‡ found one of the mightiest empires of which history gives any example; inhabited by a warlike people, among whom the *Mahrattas* alone were in possession of an army of more than 200,000 men, organised by French officers, and supplied with a numerous artillery.

* The king of Oude has 6,000,000; Nizam, in Hyderabad, 10,000,000 of subjects.

† Among the numerous pensioned princes we will only mention here,

	Silver rupees.*
The Nabob in Bengal, with a yearly pension of	2,500,000
The Nabob in Carnatic	2,000,000
The Emperor of Delhi	1,600,000
The Rajan of Tanjore	1,200,000
The Rajan of Benares	500,000
Tippo Saib's son	600,000

‡ Bengal, the first English territorial possession, was not gained before 1776.

Each rupee is worth about half-a-crown.

It is to this remarkable circumstance, viz. the smallness of the means used, compared with the greatness of the object gained, that the author wishes particularly to direct the attention of the reader; seeing that it contains proofs of the superiority of European civilisation over the half-cultivation of the East; of the advantages of the intellectual powers over the material, and of the way gained by science over ignorance.

India with its Sanscrit, so expressive for metaphysical conceptions, with its ingenious philosophical systems, from which Plato himself, Socrates, and Aristoteles, have gleaned; with its mystic religious doctrines, from which dogmas seem to have propagated themselves to the most distant quarters of the world; with its poetical spirit and its rich mythology, presents an object, speaking as loudly to the reflection of the philosopher, as to the investigation of the man of science.

The oldest records we possess concerning this country, are from the time of Alexander's march, and the accounts his followers brought with them to Greece. These could only be in the highest degree uncertain, seeing that the Greeks were ignorant of the language of the country; that one generally views the powers and means of defence possessed by an unconquered enemy as if through a magnifying-glass; and also because Alexander did not extend his conquest further than to the *Hyphasis*, now called the Sutledge, and consequently only to the northernmost province of India, the present kingdom of Lahore.

Alexander, who had succeeded, with great difficulty, in passing the *Hydaspes*, now called the *Jelum*, in sight of a numerous hostile army, pressed forward, after having conquered Porus, the king of the country, to the *Hydrastes*, and finally to the *Hyphasis*, the last of the five great rivers which fall from the Himalay mountains down upon the plains of India, in order finally to unite with the *Indus*. At the *Hyphasis*, Alexander was met by the king of the Gangarides, Agrames, who, with a force of 20,000 horse, 200,000 foot, and 2000 war-chariots,* opposed the progress of the Greek, till then uninterrupted in his course, from victory to victory; revolt broke out in the army: Alexander returned to the *Hydaspes*, built vessels there, went down the stream to the *Indus*, and along it to the Indian Ocean, whence he returned along the Persian Gulf to his conquered provinces in Media.

The resistance the Indian kings made on this occasion, the power of their armies, the number of their war-chariots, the excellence of their arms and appointments, and the strength of their fortresses, the besieging of which had nearly cost Alexander his life, prove what India was even at that time. This is testified also by Herodotus, Diodorus, and Arrianus, the first authors that gave to Europe any detailed accounts of this country. The most complete are, however, by *Megasthenes*, who had gone as ambassador from Alexander to some Indian princes, probably those of *Oude* and *Bahar*. Diodorus and Arrianus mention the high state of cultivation India had then reached, that it was filled with large and rich towns, carried on a considerable trade, and had roads with milestones, and buildings for the accommodation of travellers.

Strabo and *Plutarch* also agree in these statements.

A long period passed after the above-named authors, during which no accounts were re-

* See Arrianus, and Quintus Curtius, c. ii. b. 8.

ceived from India. Some few fathers of the church, St. Clemens and St. Ambrosius, for instance, made some observations; but of so uncertain a nature, that but little dependence could be placed in them.

After these *Marco Paolo* is, perhaps, the best source for a knowledge of India at that time, and in some respects is a very remarkable writer; but even he speaks of so many monstrous things, that one can place but little confidence in him.

The account of a journey by Ibn Batuta is in all respects more worthy of attention. He was from Tangier in Morocco, and in the year 1324 (750 of Hedschira) undertook a journey to the East, which was not finished before 1353, and had consequently lasted twenty-nine years. Batuta, who was a learned and a pious man, visited during his wanderings, Algiers, Tunis, and Tripolis, Egypt, Syria, Arabia, Persia, Khorassan, Afghanistan, India twice, Thibet, China, Sumatra, Java, and returned by Ormus, Schiras, Ispahan, Aleppo, Mecca, Jerusalem, and Gibraltar, to Morocco; an amazing journey for that period.

During his sojourn in India, Batuta gained the favour of Mahomet, the emperor of Delhi, who sent him with an embassy to the emperor of China. Mahomet was descended from the sultans of Khorassan, who had conquered India. The whole dynasty of these sultans had the surname of *Oddin*, a circumstance which the author considered it right to notice here.

Batuta's embassy, which consisted of not less than 1000 persons, departed from Delhi 1342, and an account of some of the presents that were taken with them may give an idea of the magnificence which prevailed at the court of Delhi. They consisted of a hundred Arabian horses, richly harnessed; a hundred Bajaders, distinguished for their beauty; five dresses, ornamented with jewels; 500 ditto of gold and silk; 1000 ditto of different kinds of stuffs; vessels of gold, swords set with jewels, &c. &c.* The description of Batuta's journey contains, however, but little for the man of science, it being principally on account of his numerous adventures, with little more than a list of the names of those places which he visited. It is written in *Arabic*, and extracts were first translated by Rosegarten, and afterwards the whole work by Samuel Lee, of Cambridge.

The above-mentioned trifling information is all with which the middle ages present us respecting India. But a new era soon commenced for entering upon a study of it. *Vasco di Gama* had discovered the way round the Cape of Good Hope; the Portuguese founded the settlement of Goa (about 1600). Their missionaries, soon followed by the Jesuits of the Roman propaganda, penetrated into the country, and our sources of knowledge respecting the East now became more abundant. Among these, the Jesuit *Du Halde* has left the most complete, founded, however, on the reports of the Hindus themselves; but as these are given without any critical examination, they do not possess that value which they otherwise would have.

After the Jesuit, there appeared two Frenchmen, to whom we are indebted for the best accounts of India; *Bernier* and *Tavernier*. The former travelled there from 1640 till 1646, during the reign of the Moghul, *Shah Jehan*, father of the renowned *Aureng Zeb*.

Tavernier travelled somewhat later; but

* The embassy was first plundered on the road, and afterwards suffered shipwreck. Batuta himself, however, finally arrived in China by way of Thibet.

neither of these authors possessed a knowledge of the Oriental languages: the latter, indeed, had not received a general education.

Anquetil and *Herbelot* ("Bibliothèque Orientale") certainly possess merit as learned authors; but as their opinions are built upon the missionaries' reports alone, they are less sure, and are now also out of date.

Gentil's "*Voyage dans les Mers des Indes*" (1660), and Bailly's "*Traité sur l'Astronomie Indienne*," are more to be depended on.

At the same time that Bailly wrote* (1780), the antiquity of India, together with its religion and philosophy, were treated on, with a view which was far from praiseworthy, by the French *Encyclopédistes*,† with *Voltaire* at their head. This remarkable man, whose bold glance, however, never penetrated beyond the surface of any subject, and who wished to refer every thing to a system formed beforehand, endeavoured to avail himself of the doctrines of the Brahmins, in order to injure those that were more holy; and often distorted the missionaries' accounts, for the sake of raising doubts on subjects which ought not to be doubted.

Two other authors followed the same course, — *Volney* and *Dupuis*; the former in his work called "*Les Ruines*;" the latter in his "*Sur l'Origine de tous les Cultes*;" they seem, however, with the appearance of profundity, to have been completely mistaken in their conclusions.

It was reserved for the English to arrive first at more correct views, and at a more perfect knowledge of India; and who could be in a more advantageous position for the purpose than that people who govern India? The way was opened (1787) by Sir William Jones, first president of the learned Asiatic Society in Calcutta.

With extensive learning, as well European as Oriental, and a perfect knowledge of Sanscrit, Persian, Arabian, and Hindostanee, Sir William united the advantage of many years' residence in India; his works are consequently of the greatest value.‡

After him, *Colebrook* claims our attention for his great knowledge of India, especially with regard to its religion and philosophy; in the history, *Mill* is the best; in other branches, *Crawford*, § *Houghton*, || *Tod*, ¶ but especially General Sir John Malcolm, ** and the late governor in Bombay, *Elphinstone*, †† are the best authors to consult; while, with regard to the monuments of India, *Lord Valentia* is the first authority. ‡‡

CONTENTS.

Introduction. — Age of Civilisation among the Hindus. — The Hindus' Theogony, Philosophy, and Poetry. — Of Buddhism and Jainism. — Of the Mahomedan Tribes in India: Guebans, or Parsees: Syrian Christians, &c. — Of the Divisions of Castes among the Hindus. — Conquests of Hindostan. — Origin of the East Indian Company, Charters, Fate, and present Position. — Administration and Form of Government over the Anglo-Indian Kingdom. — The Administration of the Law within this Kingdom. — Municipal Government. — Population. — Taxation. Revenue and Expenses of the State. — The Anglo-Indian Military Force. — Subsidiary Princes in India, and the other Princes standing under British

* Bailly fell a sacrifice to the guillotine during the reign of terror.

† Especially D'Alembert and Diderot.

‡ "*Asiatic Researches*," &c.

§ "*Sketches of Hindostan*," 2 vols.

¶ "*Religious Establishment of Mevar*."

** "*Annals of Rajsthan*."

†† "*History of Central India and Malwa*;" "*History of Persia*."

‡‡ "*Ambassy to Cabul*," &c. &c.

§ "*Hesperus Idee über die Politik, den Verkehr und Handel der alten Welt*," is really grounded on the Arabic sources above mentioned; the same is the case with that very meritorious work which a learned countryman (Professor Palmblad) has published (1832), and which, under the modest title of "*Handbokki Geografica*" (Manual of Geography), is a source which supplies an extensive knowledge of India.

Protection.—What Advantage does England derive from its Power over India?—What Effect has this Power on India?—What Prospect is there of the Stability of this Power? 1. With regard to its inward State. 2. With regard to its outward; and those hostile Expeditions that could be made against it.—Final Reflections.

What advantage does England derive from its power over India?

Three most important questions now spontaneously present themselves, namely:—

1st. *What advantage does England derive from its power over India?*

2d. *What effect has this power on India?*

3d. *What prospect of stability has this power?*

The explanation of these questions is so much the more important, as it forms the *really practical result* which is here to be sought. We shall therefore consider them separately.

1st. *What advantage does England derive from its power over India?*

The policy of the English parliament, in the government of its extensive colonies, has long been, and still is, *not to take from them any direct revenue*, either in the form of a tax or otherwise; but to seek its advantage only in the profits of trade, the sale of its productions, and in other *indirect revenues*. It is especially of this enlightened and wise policy that England is indebted for the gigantic increase and flourishing state of her colonies, which latter forms the real condition for their remaining under the English sceptre.

This policy is built on the *soundest principles* of political economy, namely those which teach that the people's gain is that of the crown; that riches do not consist of gold and silver alone (which Spain sought in America, but did not find, even in the mines of Peru), that riches consist in exchange, in sale, in trade; that the profits herein are mutual, enriching the countries that participate in it, not one at the expense of the other. These principles are not new in England, they were employed at a time when America, now the United States, formed a British colony. These States had never paid a single farthing towards the support of the government in the mother-country, and the only advantage the latter derived was the *indirect gain* arising from the sale of its manufactures, and the fortunate enterprises of private individuals.

Whereas England had given to North America all those political institutions which have the foundation for its personal strength and freedom; given it the advantages of a representative constitution, of a commercial government, a jury, freedom of the press, religious freedom, and of personal liberty (Habeas corpus, &c.). These advantages could not, however, in the opinion of the Americans, balance the tax of a few pence imposed, and considered unjustly, on tea and paper; a circumstance which would carry the appearance of ingratitude, if a people, when arrived at that stage in their social education which is necessary for independence, did not do the same as a son who has attained the age of manhood,—emancipate himself, and leave the quiet for the raging storms of the world: such is human nature: so also will the Hindu act, as he has gained that degree of enlightenment which forms the maturity of society.

I hasten to return to the subject,—the *policy of England's colonial government*.

England will not take any revenue from immense colonies, nothing that can lighten English people's own heavy burden of taxes, but then, it may be reasonably asked, can the advantage to the mother-country from colonies?

With regard to India, it consists in the following sources of revenue:—

1st. In that profit which arises in England from the expenses which the East India Company there defray, and for which the means are taken from the East Indies, these are:—

Interest (at 104 per cent.) on the shareholders' original capital, 6,000,000 a-year	£615,000
Travelling expenses from and to India, for its military and civil officers (at an average)	66,000
Freights for English ship-owners	134,000
The commanders' salaries during their half-yearly sojourn in England	120,000
Compensation to the English war department, for the clothing, fitting out, and arming with articles of English manufacture, of the royal troops serving in India	220,000
Pensions for military officers now living in England, but formerly in the Company's service in India	60,000
Ditto for civil officers	30,000
Salaries for the East India Company's servants in England, and the maintenance of its buildings, &c.	100,000
Remuneration to the Board of Control, &c.	30,000
Cadet schools in England	22,000
Bounty money in England	44,000

Transport.... £1,443,000

Purchase of materials in England, for the clothing, arming, and fitting out of the native East India army 500,000 || Sundries | 37,000 |

2d. In those savings which the trading, or serving English, living in the East Indies make, which are considered to amount yearly to a medium of

1,500,000

3d. In that gain in trade which private individuals make in the East Indies (especially by the sale there of English manufactures), which is reckoned to amount yearly to....

3,000,000

Total gain.... £6,500,000

Hence we find, that England's gain from its East India possessions amounts to no less than 6,500,000 pounds sterling a-year; a sum which would, in the end, completely ruin this colony (or, more properly speaking, drain it of its bullion), if it were remitted in this form. But such is not the case; it comes to England in the following manner:—East Indian opium is sent to China, and is there exchanged for tea; this is taken to England, and covers all the exchange.

Such are the *phenomena of trade*:—what the one country gains is not lost by the other: they both gain.

It is, however, from a higher point of view than the preceding, that the colonies of England ought to be considered.

On what does Britain ground her political power, if not on her colonies? which include a greater portion of the globe than Russia itself (the English colonies take up a sixth part of the land on our globe, Russia a seventh part), and especially a more populous, better cultivated, and a richer territory than that empire.

On what does Britain ground her naval power, if not on her colonies? where trade and communication employ hundreds of thousands of her seamen (England has, according to the latest statistical accounts, the surprising number of 700,000 seamen in *active service*, of course principally mercantile).

On what did Britain, in her strife for life or death against the power of Napoleon, ground her prospect of leaving the field with the palm of victory, if not on her colonies? which, after all the harbours in Europe were shut against her flag, offered in theirs a market, an exchange, a trade, which supported its decaying strength, and alone made victory possible!

Of these colonies India is, without doubt, the first; it is so not only in a political and commercial point of view, but, considered philanthropically; for England distributes there the benefits of civilisation to more than 100,000,000 of our fellow-creatures; and will probably, at some future period, succeed in supporting it,

on the purest of all foundations—the mild and exalted doctrines of revealed religion.

2d. *What effect has the power of England on India?*

Having elsewhere examined the advantages which England enjoys from her power over India, we should now glance at the effect this power has on India.

It will be necessary, for this purpose, to go back to the state of this country before its conquest by the English, by which means alone the question can be decided as to its relative condition *now*, compared with *formerly*; its positive condition shall be examined afterwards.

In order to proceed as impartially as possible in the first of these inquiries, I will, in the description of the state in which India was immediately before the English conquest, when it was principally under the sceptre of Mahomedan Mongols, refer to the authority of a Mahomedan writer. This author, the most faithful of modern historians, is Golaim Hoessein Khan. He thus describes the state of India in the eighteenth century:—

“At this time,” he says (in his “History of Hindostan”), “all prisoners of war were murdered; all suspected persons were put to the torture; the punishments were empaling, scourging, &c. The people in certain provinces were hunted with dogs like wild beasts, and shot for sport. The property of such as possessed anything was confiscated, themselves strangled; no one was allowed to invite another to his house without a written permission from the vizier or rahya of the place where he lived; and the people were constantly exposed to the most dreadful plunderings and outrages.” Such was the situation of Hindostan during the latter part of the dominion of the great Moghuls: it became still worse when Nadir Shah, like a torrent of fire, overwhelmed the country; and was perhaps most unhappy when, after the departure of Nadir, India was left in the power of the Mahrattas, whose only object was plunder, burning, and devastation. Hindostan then presented a picture of such unheard-of oppression, that one shudders at the description. Thousands of examples may be found in the history of these times, of the whole population of conquered towns being murdered by the conquerors. Delhi, which then possessed more than 1,000,000 of inhabitants, became quite desolate after Nadir Shah's massacre, which he continued seven days without intermission. Shah Abdahla, Nadir's successor on the Persian throne, also left it to the pillage of his outrageous soldiery (1761); and it fell a third time a sacrifice (1767) to the power of the Mahrattas, who murdered all that could not save themselves by flight.

India had been destroyed, however, not only by foreign conquerors, but also by the tyranny of its own princes, who, assisted by the anarchical state of the country, no longer knew any bounds to their cruelty. It would be both too tedious and too disgusting to give instances of this, for the eruptions of despotism are every where the same, though they take a still more dreadful form in those countries where the perpendicular rays of the sun cause the blood to flow more rapidly; where a continued despotism has created a slavish submission; and where with his bleeding victim, the surest means of reconciling the despot—the mild religion of Christ—does not exist. This state of misery and destruction, of anarchy and civil war, of foreign and domestic violence, which has spread its black veil over the land of India, just at the time when England appeared on its political theatre, doubtless assisted much in that coun-

try's unexampled success; England presented itself to the Hindu people in the character of their friend, their protector, not in the form of a new oppressor, a *Tamerlane*, a *Nadir Shah*, a *Saladin*. Its army did not, like those of the Moghuls, Persians, and Mahrattas, press forward plundering and laying waste wherever they appeared; no, it united European civilisation with European discipline, was orderly and humane in its conduct, paid for all that it took, protected the humble, and saved the conquered from the revenge of the conqueror. It is thus, especially, that the giant strides, made by the British arms in Asia, may be accounted for.

Having given, from an indubitable source, a picture of the state of India, under the Muselman power, we should now take one representing its condition under that of the Christian British; for this purpose we shall choose those sources which are most to be depended on: among which, in the first place, the worthy Bishop Heber,* whose letters deserve so much the more to be depended on, as they were not intended for publication, but were written under the seal of confidence to some friends in England.

"There are," says Bishop Heber,† (in a letter dated 16th December, 1823,) "now in Calcutta and the surrounding villages, twenty boys' schools, containing from sixty to one hundred and twenty each; and twenty-three girls', each of twenty-five or thirty." The children learn, it seems, to read and write both the Bengal and English languages, the *morals* of the Christian religion, arithmetic, geography, and history. This is the more astonishing with regard to the girls, as no female in Bengal was allowed, two years ago, to learn either to read or write."

In another letter, to Sir Wilmot Horton, Bishop Heber writes:—

"Some of the best-informed of their nation (Hindu), with whom I have conversed, assure me, that the half of most of their remarkable customs of civil and domestic life are borrowed from the Mahomedan conquerors; and at present there is an obvious and increasing disposition to imitate the English in every thing. The wealthy nations now all affect to have their houses decorated with Corinthian pillars, and filled with English furniture. They drive the best horses and the most dashing carriages in Calcutta. Many of them speak English fluently, and are tolerably read in English literature. In the Bengalee newspapers,‡ of which there are two or three, politics are canvassed with a bias, as I am told, inclining to Whiggism. Among the lower orders the same feeling shews itself beneficially, in a growing neglect of *caste*, in not merely a readiness, but an anxiety, to send their children to our schools, and a desire to learn and speak English, which, if properly encouraged, might, I verily believe, in fifty years' time, make our language what the Oordoo, or court and camp language of the country (the Hindoostanee), is at present; and though instances of actual conversion to Christianity are, as yet, very uncommon, yet the number of children, both male and female, who

are now receiving a sort of Christian education, reading the New Testament; repeating the Lord's Prayer and the commandments, and all with the consent, or at least without the censure, of their parents or spiritual guides, have increased, during the last two years, to an amount which astonishes the old European residents, who were used to tremble at the name of a missionary, and shrink from the common duties of Christianity, lest they should give offence to their heathen neighbours. So far from that being a consequence of the zeal which has been lately shewn, many of the Brahmins themselves express admiration of the morality of the Gospel, and profess to entertain a better opinion of the English, since they have found that they too have a religion and a saviour. All that seems necessary for the best effects to follow it, is to let things take their course, to make the missionaries discreet, to keep the government as it now is, strictly neutral, and to place our confidence in a general diffusion of knowledge, and in making ourselves really useful to the temporal as well as spiritual interests of the people among whom we live."

In a letter dated January 27th, 1824, Bishop Heber says, "Their crops are magnificent, and the soil, though much of it has been in constant cultivation beyond the reach of history, continues of matchless fertility. Nowhere, perhaps, in the world, is food obtained in so much abundance, and with apparently so little labour. Few peasants work more than five or six hours in a day, and half their days are Hindoo festivals, when they will not work at all."

The female dress consists only of a piece of cotton, wound about the waste like the ancient Greeks; but even the *lowest classes* use, both in the country and in towns, ornaments of gold and silver on their arms, ankles, and fingers, and in their ears, which are of greater value than the smartest dress of any servant girl in England.

Bishop Heber gives the following character of the Hindus (see his letter of the 7th June, 1825):—

"The different nations which I have seen in India have, of course, in a greater or less degree, the vices which must be expected to attend an arbitrary government, a demoralising and absurd religion, and (in all the independent states, and in some of the districts which are partially subject to the British,) a laxity of law, and an almost universal prevalence of intestine feuds and habits of plunder. Their general character, however, has much which is extremely pleasing to me; they are brave, courteous, intelligent, and most eager after knowledge and improvement, with a remarkable talent for the sciences of geometry, astronomy, &c., as well as for the arts of painting and sculpture."

Montgomery Martin's work on India gives a more general view of the advancement of education in India, than can be obtained from Bishop Heber's letters. It contains (page 404) a table which states the number of schools in Madras alone at 12,498, with nearly 20,000 children from six to fifteen years of age.

Although there are no special reports on the number of schools in the other governments in India, the best-informed men (among them Montgomery Martin) say, that education has made as great advancement there as in the government of Madras. This has led to the remarkable result, that the proportion between the persons that can read and write, and those that cannot, is greater in India than in any country in Europe.

According to Montgomery Martin, see page 412, this is the proportion:—

In India	1 in 5
In Russia	1 in 7
In the Netherlands	1 in 9
In the United States of America	1 in 11
In England	1 in 15
In Austria	1 in 15
In France	1 in 17

This surprising result has been produced in India within the course of twenty years, and shews what a government can do, if it have the power, ability, and the wish to be useful.

Colleges are now to be seen in all the larger towns in British India; the age of the students is from 15 to 25 years. At these establishments, the Hindu youths are educated partly in the languages of Europe; the English is most admired. Shakspeare is a favourite author there as in England, and his plays are performed with great success by the Hindu youth.

The British government has taken great pains to render the relation between the lower and higher castes easier for the former. They are now perfectly equal in the eye of the law; the only equality that can reasonably be expected in any country.

The British government has abolished human sacrifices, which still existed on their first arrival on the continent of India; has abolished the custom, then prevalent in certain provinces (especially Raypootana), of killing those *female children* that exceeded the number of 2 or 3 in a family; and it has abolished (during the time that Lord William Bentinck was governor-general) the barbarous custom of burning the widows (*suttees*).*

The British government has, in a great measure, abolished the dreadful scenes witnessed in the Jagernaut idolatry; and the number of those is now small who throw themselves under the wheels of the image, there to be crushed to death. More, however, remains to be done in this respect, especially by forbidding the sending out of preachers to encourage the people to undertake pilgrimages, the dreadful troubles and difficulties attending which cost the lives of several thousand persons yearly.

Besides these great advantages, the British government has bestowed upon its subjects in India the most important palladium of constitutional society, the *liberty of the press*; it has given them, the (free citizens) glorious right of being judged only by their equals in a jury, and preserves conscientiously the most perfect religious freedom. When to all these blessings we add the orderly and just progress of the administration of the law, the flourishing state of trade, the peace which now generally prevails over this extensive territory (instead of the anarchy and civil war which before prevailed), and, what is most important, the *sacredness of the right of property and of personal freedom*,—it must be allowed that these circumstances, not only *relatively* to the state of India before the arrival of the British (of which Golaim Hussein Khan gives so striking a description), but even *positively* forms a very pleasing picture. The philanthropist can, therefore, only praise that heavenly providence which has spread these blessings among the millions of India, and honour that nation which, by the wisdom of its government, has been the noble instrument.

(To be continued.)

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Morton of Morton's Hope. An Autobiography. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1839. Colburn.

THIS is, we believe, the production of an American author, who has chosen to make his

* This is still done sometimes in secret; but if discovered, all who were present are punished.

* Protestant Bishop in Calcutta, from 1823 to 1826, when he fell a victim to the difficulties of the uncommon journey he had undertaken in his diocese—the whole of India.

† Since 1823, when this was written, the number of schools has more than doubled itself.

‡ The Bayadars are an exception: they receive in this respect, a much better education in the temple than the rest of their sex, which contributes, in a considerable degree, to increase the great influence and real respect which they enjoy in India.

§ There are now fourteen newspapers in Calcutta, which also proves the increasing inclination for European culture.

début in this country. His own will have no need to be ashamed of him, for the work is one of great talent, variety, and spirit. We might add, of thought and originality; though the latter is not a little derived from the very desultory nature of the incidents, and the appearance and disappearance of many of the characters, who figure for a space and then leave the field to others. This is very lifelike, and not very like the construction of a fiction, where all parties are bound together by the skill of the writer, carried through certain adventures, and finally brought to a *dénouement* which embraces the fates of the whole body.

Morton of Morton's Hope begins his career somewhat near the middle of last century, in the house of an eccentric uncle, a few miles from Boston, Massachusetts. His earlier scenes are acted there; and then he travels to Germany, where the chief portion of the narrative relates to his intimacies, loves, and manifold affairs with students, donnas, and curious personages of every description. He then returns to America, takes part in the revolutionary war, mixes much with the Indians (having a cross of their blood in his veins), and in the end is settled down a distinguished and powerful citizen.

As there is no danger of our letting out any secret connected with the story, we shall copy a few extracts which, we think, cannot fail to recommend the matter and the spirit of our new and welcome literary friend. The hero's Aunt Fortitude, and Uncle Joshua, are good portraits. The former was a great genealogist, but he says:—

"The information I derived from her was, after all, of no great value. It seems pretty certain, however, that the Mortons had always an unlucky facility for getting on the wrong side. In Cromwell's time they were said to have been staunch cavaliers, and so forfeited half their estate; and just as the tide was turning, they seemed to have turned too, and so lost the other. The roundhead gentleman of one generation soured into a puritan in the next. The puritan dwindled into a dissenter, and the dissenting clergyman, after having in vain endeavoured to learn Dutch, and smoke meerschaums with the congregationalists of Leyden, finally shipped himself for America, and landed in the merry month of November on the genial shores of Newfoundland. Fortunately the climate proved even too severe for the frigid constitution of the nonconformist—for if my respectable ancestor had not thought proper to remove to a trifling distance from the arctic regions, where he first landed, it is probable that his descendant would have been a white bear by this time, instead of the compiler of this pleasing autobiography."

The uncle is thus painted:—

"My uncle Joshua had been bred a merchant. He had been, however, engaged in trade but a few years, and with indifferent success. When my grandfather died, Joshua and my father were the only surviving children; and as the latter, by his erratic course of life, and various and sundry misdemeanours, which at present I shall only hint at, was no great favourite with any one: it was considered highly reasonable by every body, but the person most interested, that the scapegrace should be disinherited, and the bulk of my steady old grandfather's fortune go to his eldest son, Joshua. Joshua of course left trade. His disposition and tastes were literary and scientific. He had received a tolerable education for the provinces, and he now took himself off to the Old World to complete it. He re-

mained many years in England and upon the Continent; cultivating the arts and sciences, pursuing various whimsical schemes from one time to another, and in short leading much the same sort of life, which an indolent man of easy fortune and respectable talents is apt to lead, in any age or country. He returned to his native province a few years before my birth, resolutely repulsed all advances of matrimonial alliances from the most distinguished colonial families, the deputy governor's and innumerable members of the council among the number; built himself a huge castle of pine-planks and shingles, which he dignified with the title of Morton's Hope, and there shut himself up with his schemes and oddities. He had been disappointed in an early passion, and had become shy of women. He had had two sisters, Miss Plentiful Morton, who had married a schoolmaster from Passamaquoddy, and died about a year before his return, leaving an enormous progeny, every one of whom he religiously hated; and Miss Fortitude Morton, who had remained in single blessedness, and whom he now took with him to the Hope, as his housekeeper. My aunt, Forty, was the genealogical relative whom I have spoken of in the first chapter. As for myself, I shall not now relate the singular course of events which made me the third inmate of the Hope; suffice for the present, that I was adopted by my uncle at a very early age. It would be very difficult for me to sketch the character of my uncle, and on the whole I shall not attempt it. It seems to me that every one must have known him, and to explain his character seems to be like explaining any one of the natural phenomena, which we assume as being known instinctively by every one. A few of his leading characteristics may be, however, traced in as many lines. He was a bundle of contradictions, or rather he was through life possessed with the desire of preaching what he never once thought of practising. He was the most kind-hearted man in the world, and he invariably talked like an ascetic; he was idle, self-indulgent, luxurious, and would talk to you by the hour, of the necessity of industry, comment on his mercantile career, and recommend Spartan diet, and penitentiary soup, when you knew he ransacked the country for luxuries for his table. He was indelibly charitable, but always railed against the pernicious practice of alms-giving, and would praise what he called the dignified police of the ancient nations, who gave the poor and the aged to the dogs, instead of locking them up in hospitals. I have known him bully a pauper who asked an alms, and made a speech to him, on the necessity of industry, till the beggar was fairly worried out of his patience, and have then seen him sneak back to give him five times as much as any one else would have done, out of pure soft-heartedness. In short he made amends as he thought for doing just what he chose, and allowing every body under his charge almost every kind of indulgence, by preaching the most rigid and ascetic doctrines. If you heard him praise a person, you might have been sure that he was the very reverse of himself in every particular; if you heard him recommend any line of conduct, or praise any particular doctrine, you would be sure that he would act exactly contrary in every respect. If you heard him animadvert on any sort of extravagance, he was certain not to rest till he had been guilty of it himself. It may be easily inferred that in regard to all matters touching my education and management, he was likely to be absurdly rigid in theory, and as ridiculously indulgent in practice. I may add to all this, that my uncle's

head was contantly full of some scheme or some 'theory' (to use a favourite phrase of his own), which occupied most of his attention for a short time, and then was thrown aside for ever. Sometimes they were good, sometimes preposterous, and sometimes indifferent; but they were always thrown aside for others before they had time to ripen."

We give a future anecdote of him:—

"I had not walked far, when I perceived a small cavalcade making its way to the Hope. Joshua attired in a brown wrapper, and furred boots, an India handkerchief round his neck, and a bear-skin cap on his head, led the procession, mounted on the reader's acquaintance, Sleepy Solomon. Mayflower and Deane riding side by side, completed the party. Joshua, as the servant told me, had taken it into his wise head to give a fête, in honour of his own birthday. The festivities were to conclude with a ball and illumination, and he had brought from town a quantity of squibs and Congreve rockets for the occasion. He was a singular figure, as he jolted up and down upon the gigantic horse. His wrapper, with one yawning pocket filled to the brim with the fire-works that were to explode that evening, and the other stuffed with a brown-paper parcel of passion-flowers, which he had purchased to make Mafy a wreath with, flapped heavily against his horse's flanks. Under his arm he clutched a bundle of flannel petticoats, purchased in town for Aunt Fortitude, and with one hand he jerked testily his horse's head at every tormenting jolt, while in the other fluttered the newspaper, which, with his spectacles bobbing down to the tip of his nose at every step, he was most preposterously endeavouring to read aloud for the edification of the lovers. 'It is a favourite theory of mine,' said he, turning back towards his auditors with a sublime countenance, 'that one should accustom oneself to do as many things at a time as possible. Caesar, you know, could read, write, and dictate to a dozen all at once,—&c. &c. all at once;—and you see that I, without pretending to be as great a man as Caesar, can rein a restive horse, carry as many bundles as a baggage-wagon, and read these proceedings of the General Court, all at once, while each of you have enough to do to keep your seats on your horses.' Just as he concluded this vain-glorious speech, his horse stumbled heavily in a rut. Joshua, pulling awkwardly at the bridle with one hand, flapped the paper in his eyes with the other. The horse, resenting this insult, kicked up his heels, and Joshua, alarmed, dropped newspaper, bundles, and all, and clung to Solomon's neck with both hands. Upon this, I advanced from a thicket, picked up the bundles, and greeted Joshua, who had already tumbled from his horse, with surprise at my unexpected apparition."

On a heavy love-disappointment the hero attempts suicide, and affords us an opportunity of giving an extract of a different kind:—

"I now determined to shoot myself. This conclusion was perfectly natural. I mounted my horse, and rode hastily to Morton's Hope. I went to my room, took my pistols a second time, and walked quietly into the wood. I sat down on a fragment of rock, took off my cravat, unbuttoned my waistcoat, laid bare my bosom, and placed against it the muzzle of the pistol. So far all was simple enough. I, however, now made the discovery that killing oneself is the easiest matter in the world, till you come to the final particulars. I found these very troublesome. With a desperate effort, however, I drowned reflection, and pulled

the trigger. The pistol flashed in the pan. I sank upon the ground in a state of wonder at my miraculous escape. A moment after, I began to reflect: I began to think myself a lucky fellow, at being so well out of the scrape. I believe, that in that minute, and a portion of a second, which intervened between the pulling of the trigger and the trifling explosion of the pan, I had run over all the thousand arguments against the propriety of the measure; in that infinitesimal portion of time, I had seen unrolled before me all the thousand charms, and delights, and realities of life, just as it was too late, and my unhappiness and its causes shrank up into nonentity. Conceive of my delight, in finding myself alive after all. 'A year ago,' said I to myself, 'I wandered through these woods; I dreamed of a future of glory and of joy; the sun-light lay warm and beautiful on the path of my life; my way was strewn with roses; the heavens were bright, the earth was green; the flowers were gay, the birds sang merrily on every tree. My heart was full of happiness and hope; I had not then seen May-flower, I dreamed not of her existence; yet was my present happy, my future glorious. Can the sun shine no more? Are the woods no longer green? Do the flowers no longer bloom? Have the birds forgot to sing? Have I no longer a green world to rove through? Must the gates of the future be barred upon me, because I may not dwell in her arms? Thrice-sadden ass! if she sighs for your death, you will not hear; if she weeps, you will not kiss away her tears; if she dies, you will not be near her in the grave. Buffoon! can you not feel that her grief, if grief she feel, will pass from her heart, like a breath from a mirror, and leave no trace. Look beyond,—one year,—half-year,—three months,—and lo! she is laughing, and dancing, and singing,—and you have hardly rotted in your grave. Try time,—try time: in one little year the arrow will drop from the wound, and our heart will be whole. In one little year you would stand over the grave of such a love-sick child as your former self, and laugh his memory to scorn. Try time,—try time! Why this haste?—why this unseemly haste? If, when you have essayed Time's healing balsam, you find that the worm decays not, if your purpose is still unchanged, will there be then no more gunpowder, no more poison, no more halts, in the world? Away, then, with this unseemly haste.' I went through a long series of such pleasing reflections: but, I dare say, I have given the substance of them. Boys and girls shoot themselves sometimes in a pet, but it is only men who do the thing deliberately and systematically. I was not yet a man; my love of life, and my fear of death, were both great; it was this that scared me, as it has hundreds, from voluntary death. My deliberation weakened and destroyed my resolve, so I put my pistols into my pocket, and walked quietly into the house. It will be seen, but I hope, pardoned for the present, that my nature, at this period, was utterly void of any thing like morality, or even regulation."

Our author finds Congreve rockets fifty years before they were invented. But we must end with another example:—

"His dress was exceedingly neat, contrary to the habits of most students, and his frill was exquisitely plaited. He advanced towards me, shook me warmly by the hand, and we were soon engaged in earnest conversation. He discussed all sorts of topics, but his principal themes were music and anatomy. When he found that my intention had been directed of late to the

natural sciences, he seemed delighted, and became very communicative. A servant presently announced that supper was ready. 'I have invited no company to meet you, Mr. Morton,' said he, 'because I wished that we should make each other's acquaintance first; and secondly, because till I knew you I could not tell what sort of people you would suit and would be suited to you.' I testified my gratification at our being alone. He gave me his arm, and we were proceeding to the supper-room. 'Stay, stay,' said he; 'I had forgotten my duty to my own family.—I have not introduced you, I believe, to my grandfather?' 'Is it possible,' thought I, 'that this sexagenarian can have a grandfather? But these Germans are so long-lived.' 'But will he not sup with us?' said I aloud. 'Ha, ha, ha—very good—very good!' chuckled the baron, 'very excellent! No, no—I am afraid we shall hardly induce him; and, so saying, he suddenly opened the door of a small mahogany cabinet. 'Mr. Morton, Baron Kiniski: Baron Kiniski, Mr. Morton.' It was a stuffed man! For an instant I was staggered; but recovering my self-possession, and wishing to please the humorist, I made a low obeisance, and assured the old gentleman I was charmed to make his acquaintance. It was the skin of a man of middle stature, the features admirably well preserved, with glass eyes, and stuffed exactly after the manner of wild beasts in a museum. He had apparently died when a little advanced in years. The hair and beard were a sable silvered, and both were nicely combed. I had sometimes seen such exhibitions in anatomical collections. 'But why do you dignify him with your grandfather's title?' 'Because he is my grandfather!' said he coolly. 'And how came he into his present enviable position?' 'Position!—his position is a very good one. This is an excellent and very handsome cabinet. I call him my cabinet minister—very good—ha, ha, ha!' 'Very good indeed,' said I; 'but pray do you think he would have been satisfied with his situation if he had been consulted on the subject?' 'Consulted! why he selected it for himself. You must know,' continued he, 'that the Kiniskis have been, for several generations, great lovers of science, and withal great humorists. My grandfather, the gentleman in the glass case, was a profound student of anatomy. Just before his death, having a small independent property to leave, (apart from the family estate, which descended to my father, and subsequently to my eldest brother,) he summoned his grandchildren to his bed-side. It happened that there were but two boys among them, my cousin Herman Kiniski and myself. 'I have a small estate, sufficient to support a moderate man,' said he; 'I am desirous of leaving it to one of you two. Had you rather,' he continued, addressing himself to Herman,—'had you rather that I should bequeath to you my body (which, by the way, must be always preserved and kept in the family of him who inherits it) or my estate?' 'God forbid,' cried the booby Herman, 'that my grandfather's body should be deprived of Christian burial, and a worthy monument by the side of his ancestors!' 'In other words,' said the old gentleman, 'you would prefer the estate. And you, Caspar?' he continued, turning to me. Now, I had already become imbued with many of my grandfather's whims, or absurdities (if you choose to call them so), and, moreover, I suspected that he intended to favour me; so I answered boldly,—'God forbid that I should hesitate for an instant between two such unequal offers; I take the body. God forbid, too,

that so distinguished a votary of science as my grandfather should be doomed to a vulgar burial like common individuals.' 'It is well,' said my grandfather; 'my body is yours, Caspar.' 'And the estate?' eagerly demanded Herman. But my grandfather had sunk back exhausted. The next day he revived a little, and the next day he was able to sit up and be dressed. On the third, he was sitting in his arm-chair, in his dressing-gown and slippers, and every body thought he was fairly recovering, when he suddenly fell back and expired. I believe, from my soul, that he did it on purpose; the eccentric old gentleman could not bear to do any thing like other people, and I have no doubt he was inwardly chuckling, at the last gasp, at having given us the slip so cleverly. The will was opened—no mention was found of the estate in question; but, by a codicil, his body, and the clothes that he last wore, were bequeathed to me. I claimed the body as a matter of course. It was delivered to me. On putting my hand into the pocket of the dressing-gown which he wore when he died, I discovered a package of papers. One of them was a letter. It was directed to me. I hastily opened it. First, without any preface, it contained a long list of instructions for pickling and flaying human bodies, together with directions for stuffing and embalming them. He urged upon me strongly the necessity of setting about my task immediately. After I got to the end of all this, I discovered a very important postscript. It was simply a devise (in consideration of his great affection for me, and particularly of his approbation of the love for science and for his person which I had displayed in my late choice,) to me and my heirs of the whole estate in question. The other papers were the title-deeds, &c., of the estate. 'And you accepted the whole, of course?' said I. 'To be sure!' said he. 'I became independent for life. I skinned and stuffed my grandfather immediately, and then set off on my travels.'"

The Indian portion of the volume is very powerfully written; but we can cordially recommend the whole.

IRELAND.

1. *Letters from Ireland, M.DCCC.XXXVII.* By Charlotte Elizabeth. London, 1838. Seeley and Burnside.
2. *Guide through Ireland, Descriptive of its Scenery, Towns, Seats, Antiquities, &c., with various Statistical Tables; also an Outline of its Mineral Structure, and a brief View of its Botany.* By James Fraser. Dublin, 1838. Curry and Co.
3. *Map of Ireland*, published under the Superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.
4. *A History of Ireland from the Relief of Londonderry in 1689, to the Surrender of Limerick in 1691.* By the Rev. John Graham, M.A., Rector of Tamaght-Ard. Dublin, 1839. Curry and Co.
5. *Chronicle of the Law Officers of Ireland.* By Constantine J. Smyth, B.A., of Lincoln's Inn. London, 1839. Butterworth.
6. *A Tour in Connaught, comprising Sketches of Clonmaenise, Joyce Country, and Achill.* By the Author of "Sketches in Ireland." Dublin, 1839. Curry and Co.
7. *An Account of the extraordinary Cures, Conversions, and singular Favours conferred on Persons wearing the Medal struck in Honour of the Immaculate Conception: translated from the French.* Second Edition. Dublin, 1838. Powell.

8. *A Novena in Honour of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin, with an Account of the Origin and Effects of the Miraculous Medal, translated from the French; to which are prefixed, Observations on Devotion to the Blessed Virgin and the Saints.* Sixth Edition with Additions. Dublin, 1838. Powell.

9. *Rambles in the South of Ireland during the Year 1838.* By Lady Chatterton. 2 vols. Second Edition. London, 1839. Saunders and Otley.

THE good taste, good feeling, and good sense, which Lady Chatterton's volumes exhibit, have rapidly placed them in a second edition, which recalls our attention to several Irish books that for some months past we have allowed to accumulate upon our table. Indeed we cannot help feeling a disinclination to peruse works concerning that extraordinary country, for reasons which we have stated in the *Literary Gazette*, No. 365, so far back as the 17th January, 1824, and which we may, therefore, be excused for repeating:—"So seldom do we take up a book on the subject of Ireland which does not tire us with tedious statistics, or offend us by political bitterness, or disappoint us by repeating the same everlasting themes of national prejudices and foolery."

It appears to us, that Ireland is divided into two parties, the Roman Catholic party and the Protestant party, who respectively watch the movements of the other with almost incredible jealousy. If a bit of orange riband is worn by an individual, it is regarded as a triumph to the Protestant religion; and the imprudent wearer is denounced in the same spirit that formerly would have led to his martyrdom at the stake. If, on the other hand, a peasant does not doff his hat, it is a sure sign with the Protestant party, that their lives and property will be the inevitable sacrifice to the schemes of an arrogant priesthood. This ridiculous exaggeration embitters all social intercourse in Ireland; and yet in England, when, as we have very recently met, an Irish Roman Catholic priest and an unflinching champion of the Protestant religion, and even of Orange or ultra Tory principles, at the same board, they did not spring at one another like tigers; they did not, as might have been expected, had the meeting taken place on the other side of the Channel, seize on carving-knives and use them as daggers. No: on the contrary, there seemed to be no point of disagreement between them; they both condemned the violence of party spirit, and regretted various misrepresentations on both sides, and that they never had an opportunity of meeting on easy terms in Ireland, although they had been for years near neighbours. We remember one of the parties quoting an epigram by a Doctor De la Cour, an Irish poet, as, indeed, is evident from his rhyme:

"Should Tom and I be angry through mistake,
Or wrong conjecture, let us meet and *spoke*;
For one may be as causelessly accused
As 't' other is designedly abused:
The world is such, 'tis difficult to know
If the most seeming friends be friends or foe."

And, at the conclusion of this remarkable meeting, we can assure our readers, that when the Roman Catholic priest (as pleasant, though not quite so clever a fellow, as Father Proust himself,) and the avowed champion of the reformed religion parted and shook each other cordially by the hand, there was no need to cut a hole in the door for the performance of this ceremony, as is said to have been done in Dublin upon the reconciliation of two Irish peers, each fearing to be poniarded by the other.

The last lines of Dr. De la Cour's epigram appear to sum up our opinion of the writings of Charlotte Elizabeth relative to Ireland. We admire the enthusiasm of Charlotte Elizabeth, and we are entire believers in her sincerity and honesty of purpose, but here our praise must end. In our view, her writings have done much mischief to Ireland; for they have done much to sustain the violent prejudices that exist in some Protestant minds against Irish priests and Irish Roman Catholics. Charlotte Elizabeth urges impartial inquiry into the real state of Ireland; and yet, in the letters before us, all her conclusions, which of course she fancies to be impartial, are derived from excursions in the counties of Wexford, Wicklow, Westmeath, Down, Armagh, Londonderry, and Donegal; that is, entirely the north or Protestant district of Ireland, with the exception of Wicklow and Wexford, in the latter of which counties the rebellion of 1798 has raised feelings and prejudices which forty years have not sufficed to remove.

However impartially drawn the deductions from this tour may be, they cannot, we assert, be fairly applicable to Ireland. "Root and branch," to use an Irish phrase, Charlotte Elizabeth denounces the Roman Catholic priesthood; and why?—because Father Murphy, Father Roche, Father Redmond, and Father Kavanagh, were found in the ranks of the insurgents in 1798, and she happens to be at Wexford. "So long as the Romish hierarchy and priesthood retain the essential character of their class, they will stand prepared to wield the whole moral and physical force of their boasted millions against us." Again:—"I have passed some years in the south of Ireland, and that too in very troublous times, yet I never witnessed a lack of respectful courtesy on the part of the poor peasant towards the gentry. It seems, however, that an order has lately been issued by their priests in some of these districts forbidding the usual recognition of a superior, should he happen to be a Protestant; and this, of course, is obeyed: but at what expense of feeling to many of the poor people, their looks betray, as they steal past with a mortified air, or strut by with one of assumed bravado. The present policy of their leaders is to superadd contempt to their long-cherished hatred of the Saxons; while flattering them that the land will, ere long, be again their own, and their cherished superstition, the established, the exclusive religion."

It was Archbishop Bonlter, we believe, who said of his efforts to educate the Irish people, "Unable to make them good Protestants, I am willing to make them good Catholics; in short, good any thing." But Charlotte Elizabeth is not of the archbishop's rational mode of thinking: she will have education precisely according to her own views, which certainly are none of the most tolerant. "Many a delightful hour," she writes, "have I passed in schools conducted under the different plans that, however varying in detail, all met in one common centre—and that centre the Holy Bible. Now, if I see a Romish chapel, I look in its immediate vicinity—within the very precincts of its boundary, for some new spruce building, bearing the inscription, 'National School'; and what is the system of instruction adopted there? The Bible is excluded; a mutilated extract, unfaithful even in its mutilations, is substituted nominally: but even that is scarcely ever used; while all the debasing fables of monkish superstition, all the contaminating licentiousness of the lowest class of immoral and indecent publications, are placed in the hands of the poor

children; and, in a multitude of instances, the person appointed to the office of master is a furious zealot in popery and sedition. These, you will say, are strong statements."—Yes, we do say, that there are pretty strong statements, which make us hesitate a little about Charlotte Elizabeth's boasted impartiality. But before we proceed to shew the enthusiastic champion-ship which is to be found in almost every page of this volume, we will quote the Orange version of Moore's "Minstrel Boy," whose devotion to the cause in which he was engaged induced him, instead of tearing the chords of his harp asunder, to jump through the parchment of his drum; an instrument, not quite so poetical, nor as action by any means so graceful.

"We had passed into Wicklow, but sad recollections continued to attach themselves to the locality. A dreadful and disastrous battle was fought here during the Rebellion; one incident of which you must have, because I am persuaded that the touching anecdote gave rise to a song that we have both admired. You remember

'The minstrel boy to the war is gone;'

but I doubt whether you have heard its probable origin. In the engagement that here took place, between the king's troops and the rebels, the latter were victorious. Among their prisoners was a little drummer, named Hunter, twelve years of age, who fell into their hands. They told him he should still carry his drum, and beat it for them on the march; but the intrepid child, filled with loyal devotion, exclaimed, 'Never! The drum that has sounded in the king's service shall never be beaten for rebels!' And instantly leaping upon it, he burst it completely through. Must I add the sequel? the heroic little fellow was directly put to death, perforated with pikes. Mr. Moore visited this spot; he could not but know the tale, which is recorded in the annals of the Rebellion. It was worthy of the author of 'Captain Rock' to steal this trophy from the brow of loyalty, and with a little of his own brilliant colouring superadded, to place it on that of something very different. The minstrel boy, who, to prevent the desecration of his harp, 'tore its chords asunder,' was evidently fighting on the other side. Poor little Hunter lost the wreath of poetic fame, by being true to his king; but we, at least, shall not again fall in with 'The Minstrel Boy,' without recollecting the youthful drummer at Gorey."

In the passage-boat from Dublin to Mullingar, Charlotte Elizabeth thus describes her travelling equipments:—"I had in the portmanteau at my feet, a great folio of Foxe's 'Actes and Monuments'; in my pocket, Dr. Newland's cutting *exposé* of the 'Anti-superstition Education Board'; and on my lap, the plants that I had brought from the top of Vinegar Hill." As she proceeds towards "the black north," Charlotte Elizabeth enters more and more into the spirit of the popular song, the burden of which is

"Put your trust in God, my boys, and
Keep your powder dry."

Arrived within the walls of Derry, she is presented by her host with "a valuable gift, the half of a cannon-ball, found fast-wedged in the walls of an old house, taken down a few years since, where it had been lodged and broken by coming in contact with some yet harder substance. I could not but think, when contemplating this memento, of the promise, 'No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper!' It was remarkably fulfilled during

the siege, and while I live I shall treasure the broken missile of a baffled foe. At eleven o'clock we repaired to the cathedral, where service is celebrated on Wednesday and Friday mornings; and thither I went with joyful feet, *carrying the cannon-ball in my handkerchief*, that I might be the more stirred up to bless the Lord, and not to forget His benefits."

And thus proceeds Charlotte Elizabeth, until she declares her wish to head a crusade against popery, and to issue forth from the gates of Derry, sword in hand, to cut down priests and priestcraft.

"Yesterday I sallied through Butcher's Gate in quest of a relic, but did not go far; that quarter called the Bogside is the counterpart of our London St. Giles's, and inhabited by a most uncivilised population. I did not explore it, but learnt much from others concerning it. Oh! how I longed for time and opportunity to make a *regular sally* through that gate into the enemy's camp, *after the fashion of 1689*, armed with the sword of the Spirit, and seconded by a determined party of Irish Scripture readers."

On the day of her departure from Londonderry, this George Walker in petticoats receives a deputation of the 'prentice boys—her "kind brother 'prentices."

Need we go further? If correct views, impartial statements, and calm observation, are desirable respecting Ireland, we can assure our readers that they need not look for them in the *Letters of Charlotte Elizabeth*. Our continued observations on the Irish books, placed at the head of this article, we must reserve until next week.

A Paper:—of Tobacco; treating of the Rise, Progress, Pleasures, and Advantages, of Smoking; with Anecdotes, &c. By Joseph Fume. 12mo. pp. 165. London, 1839. Chapman and Hall.

TOBACCO, as a source of revenue, may well succeed to our notice after the *Tea*-total affair, from Dr. Sigmond, which illustrated our No. 1177. In no other way can we afford it similar countenance; for we look upon it as being as unnecessary as the latter is now necessary, as nasty as the latter is cleanly, as offensive as the latter is innocuous. A more disagreeable nuisance than a young shopboy smoking a cigar does not infest the streets of London. An Irish market-woman, or a hodman with a dudheen, is tolerable; but to see the whelps, who make the air noisome almost wherever you go in and about the metropolis, is, indeed, an offence of mental and physical bile to the beholder.

Their faces are generally of a lightish dun, smoke colour; their mouths, pursed up like monkeys munching soft apples; their eyes, bleary and dissipated; their nostrils, as it were, disgusted with their mouths, and having a nightman twist and expression; their air, most impertinent; and their whole Puppy, at once ridiculous and provocative to kicking. We do not mention their continual and filthy squirts of expectoration, as they take the stinking roll of weeds from their dirty lips, and tip off the burnt ashes with an amusing consequence, and staring about with a vacant stolidity; for, really, the picture is altogether so revolting, that even its grotesque absurdity fails to excite the laugh of contempt; and we cannot but pity the poor creatures, with their snivelling, turnip-built countenances, whilst we are annoyed by their apish practices.

Mr. Joseph Fume (which pronounced quickly sounds very like Mr. Joseph Hume) is, we pre-

sume, an assumed name; and we are the more confirmed in this suspicion by not knowing any family so called, or being able to find it in the Directory or Red Book! But, be the writer who he may, and with all our objections to the subject, the little volume is an amusing one, and contains much popular information about tobacco; a few indelicacies are the only drawback we have to allege against Mr. Fume's performance. He sets out with an account of the origin and introduction, derivation and appellation, of the production in question, stating (from Oviedo's "*Historia General de las Indias*," edit. 1535) that "it appears that tabaco was the name given by the Indians to the tube with which they used to inhale the smoke, and that certain persons erroneously supposed that this was the name of the herb, or of the stupor consequent on the Indian mode of using it. From the light afforded by Oviedo, it is not difficult to trace the different meanings of the word: the expression *tomar tabaco*,—literally, 'to take a pipe,'—was used to signify the practice of smoking; and subsequently the name tabaco was transferred from the tube or pipe to the herb. The tobacco plant was known by several names to the native inhabitants of America. In Mexico it was called *piecalt*; in Brazil, *petun*; in Hispaniola, *coliba*; and in other islands, *yoli*. The potato, which we also owe to America, was not so generally known in the New World, when it was first explored by Europeans, as tobacco: the natives of Mexico and the Antilles were accustomed to smoke the 'fascinating weed' long before they were acquainted with the use of the 'prolific root.' The Indians of the continent, as well as those of Hispaniola, esteemed tobacco as a 'sacred thing.'"

And it is added:—

"It may be worth while to remark here, that the Pythia, or priestess of Apollo at Delphi, was inspired, or excited to a state of frenzy, by a vapour, before she delivered her oracular responses. Both Indians and Greeks, it seems, required to be stupified before they could receive a knowledge of future events."

This, we think, completely proves how uncalled for the practice is in England; for, our Boeotians being already the stupidest of created animals, not excepting superannuated donkeys, it is a work of extreme supererogation in them to swallow tobacco vapour to increase their stupidity; and as for imparting to them a glimpse of futurity, the sottish-looking drivellers are not able to comprehend what they are about at the time present, when they are bedouding themselves with puffs of inodorous fumigation.

But, independently of the folly and uselessness of smoking in our climate and with our habits, there is a still more serious consideration attached to the excess to which it is carried, and especially by the young in various employments, and by the poorer classes of the people. It is an expensive indulgence; and an honest shopboy, an apprentice to a trade, an ill-paid attorney's clerk, and multitudes in many similar walks of life, cannot afford it. The two or three cigars a-day, not to speak of their attendant tippling, are a heavy cost to such persons; and we firmly believe that a large proportion of the minor crimes committed in London and other populous places, owe their perpetration to the paltry exhibition of smoking. Thieving, robbing masters, breaches of trust, petty swindling, discontent, lying, idling, keeping bad company, resorting to demoralising haunts, are all the notorious fruits of this per-

nicious habit; and the cells of Clerkenwell, Horsemonger Lane, Cold Bath Fields, and Newgate, contain hundreds of ruined witnesses to the truth of our statement, that most evil propensities and most guilty results have begun in procuring means to purchase the daily dose of tobacco, or of the deleterious stuff manufactured and sold under that name. Even Chartism, in many the offspring of poverty and discontentedness, may be traced, in a considerable degree, to this original cause.

But we shall quit grave reasoning, and return to our author. After giving a good historical notice of the olden times of Raleigh, &c. &c. he tells us:—

"The great plague in London, 1665, tended materially to confirm and extend the custom of smoking among the citizens, in consequence of certain doctors having asserted that the use of tobacco was good against the infection. It was also currently reported that the families of tobaccoists had generally escaped the contagion. Tobacco might now be said to have been made free of the city: at the annual dinners of the different companies it was indispensable; and there is reason to believe that pipes and tobacco were served at lord mayors' feasts.* Unfortunately no artist has transmitted to us a view of the interior of Guildhall, with five hundred citizens 'all alive and smoking,' on the evening of lord mayor's day."

In the polite mayoralty of Lord Wilson, how we may rejoice that wheresoever else the contagion has spread, it has been banished from the Mansion-house, the Guildhall, and the city barges and cutters. There is one green spot (not green fat of turtle spot) for recreation where the odious stench of tobacco is not allowed to intrude. In the city, not far from *Spittlefields*, and near to *Smoke Alley*, true gentility has taken up its abode; and the chief magistrate will hardly permit north-country coals, far less Orinoco, to be burnt within the bounds of his sovereignty. He feels that manners make the man; and the very apparel of our respectable resident citizens shews that they are not of the flash class (those, the city flash class, generally reside out of town, and are sad objects in their "bang-up" orbits) who, if they cannot lard the lean earth, at least can poison the pure air, and are thus described:—

"Gentlemen [Gentlemen!!], whether civil or military, who wear moustaches, are nearly all cigar-smokers; and it has been ascertained by a painstaking member of the Statistical Society, that out of every ten gentlemen who wear Macintoshes, nine, on an average, smoke cigars. Shipping-clerks, custom-house agents, and Mincing-lane brokers, are great consumers of tobacco in this form."

Moustaches, which may be bought at from fourpence to half-a-crown a pair, in the little barbers' back shops in back streets; blouses, cheap and nasty, shapeless and sheepstealing in outward appearance; dirty hair and hands, the worst appurtenances of the tribe of Benjamin; and cigars polluting the circumambient atmosphere, are indeed the characteristics of these would-be *gentlemen*! Only look at "the critters;" the last pilfered sixpence, perhaps, thus consuming: truly tobacco may in such instances be called "the anodyne of poverty;" and this might be some excuse for it, were it not also too frequently the cause as well as the cure, and the anodyne of thievery more than of beggary.

* "You are sensible that children smoke more nowadays than even soldiers and carmen did heretofore; and that more of this nasty stuff is spent at a beastly city feast than would have served the whole kingdom formerly."—*The Reasons of Mr. Bay's changing his Religion*.

"Shame (says our author) on those who would harshly deprive the hard-working labourer of this indulgence! Sleek, well-fed, capon-rumped Quakers, who know not what toil is, are in particular opposed to the 'idle and wasteful habit' of smoking and chewing, so much indulged in by the poor. Let such over-fed, over-righteous 'Friends,' take for a while the place of some of our hard-working fellow-countrymen, and at eve, when their bones are aching with toil, and their minds incapable of exertion through bodily fatigue, let them, if they can, find solace 'in the inward light of the Spirit.' Let Obadiah take a few days' exercise at ploughing, mowing, or reaping; breaking stones on the highway, or steel at Sheffield; at coal-heaving on the Thames, or ballast-casting on the Tyne; let him serve the bricklayers for a month, or turn stoker to a steam-boat for the same period; do a foremast-man's duty in a voyage to Archangel or Quebec; and, when he has tried any of these, he perhaps will be able to estimate the value of tobacco, in diminishing the sense of weariness, and of enabling the working man to go quietly to bed without wishing that 'chaos were come again.' Were 'Friends' practically acquainted with the beneficial effects of smoking, in checking incipient mental disease, it is probable that the Retreat, near York, would not contain so many inmates; for, notwithstanding the much-vaunted excellences of the Quaker mode of life, proportionably more persons of this sect become insane than of any other denomination of Christians in the United Kingdom."

What the Society of Friends have done to provoke this diatribe we know not; but we do know that they are about the cleanest class of people, both in person and dress, which can be found in Great Britain. And, perhaps, they may think with us, that a wholesome penny roll and a glass of sound beer would be better for "the hard-working labourer" than the whiff of a noxious, stupifying weed, destitute of nourishment and sustenance; or that a pound of juicy mutton was worth more to the poor than half a dozen pipes of short-cut or even a real (*i.e.* imposition) Havannah cigar! But Mr. Fume has stronger reasons to urge in favour of short cut. "There is not (he declares) an instance on record of a person, however suicidal his thoughts might be when filling his pipe, proceeding to carry his intentions into effect immediately after he had smoked it out." Oh! wonderful discovery, if true, though how ascertained we cannot surmise; that if you contemplate cutting your wizzard all the time you are replenishing your "yard of clay" with shag, if you only take time to smoke it out, away flies your shagrine; instead of stopping your breath, you resolve at all risks to puff on; and as for separating your windpipe, you look forward to nothing so much as treating it with the companionship of a few pipes of tobacco every day, till your body is dried up and your fire is extinguished. Therefore be it granted, as the best argument in the case, that whilst you are smoking *pig-tail*, you are not likely to be committing suicide!!

Come we now, however, to statistics:—

"In the United States, with a population of about 16,000,000 souls, Nigger, Yankee, and Indian, the annual consumption of tobacco is about 108,000,000 pounds, which is at the rate of nearly seven pounds for every man, woman, and child." No time for self-murder among them! And Mr. Fume gets sentimental:—

"A pipe of tobacco, or a cigar, after a day's hard exercise, whether mental or bodily, and after the cravings of hunger and thirst are

appeased, may be fairly ranked amongst the most delightful and most harmless of all earthly luxuries. It fills the mind with pleasing visions, and the heart with kindly feelings. A hard-working labourer, smoking by the side of his hearth at night, presents a perfect picture of quiet enjoyment. I see him now in my mind's eye. He is seated in an old, high-backed, cushionless arm-chair; but an easy one, nevertheless, to him who, from dawn till sunset, has been engaged in ploughing, threshing, ditching, or mowing. With one leg thrown over the other he quietly reclines backward, and with an expression of perfect mental composure, he gazes on the smoke that ascends from his pipe. There is a sentiment-exciting power in the smoke of tobacco when perceived by the eye, as well as a pleasing, sedative effect when inhaled; and those smokers who have any doubt of the fact should take a pipe with their eyes closed."

What a picture of rustic felicity, the hard, high-backed, easy chair; the leg crossed over, the sweet reclining as he eyes his pipe and does not pipe his eye! One of the embellishments represents this happy English labourer closing his peepers in the most doltish indifference, neither quite asleep nor quite awake, his dog is at his feet longing for a whiff, his wife is washing something in a hand-basin, and looking at him with unutterable tenderness—the softened Juno of this cloud-compelling Jove—and the fire is burning bright, and there is an air of comfort about the whole apartment which seems to say, 'I can well afford to smoke myself and to smoke bacon.' Would it were so in the cottage of every hedger, ditcher, thresher, reaper, and mower in the country! But alas! it is but a bottle of smoke. And if we were content to admit the harmless pipe at home, is that any reason why we should be suffocated with it in the crowded streets, be pestered with it on coaches and in steamers, and not even be able to enjoy a stroll in a sweet pastoral grove or lane without having the wholesome freshness destroyed by some of these locomotive human engines who are nuisances wherever they go? Not so in the opinion of our author, who declares—

"There is nothing like a cigar for whiling away the tedium of travelling; to my fancy a real Havannah never smokes so pleasantly as on a coach-top, or the deck of a ship, more particularly towards evening, when odours are most powerful, and the mind, perchance excited by the 'dying day's decay,' reverts most forcibly to the thoughts of absent friends."

Nevertheless he adds—

"Tailors' trotters, young medical students, 'walking the hospitals' till duly licensed to kill, haunters of low billiard-rooms and sixpenny hells, raffish swaggerers in saloons, and pawn-brokers' shopmen, are generally fond of smoking their cigars in the street: not, indeed, from any pleasure which it affords them, but from an opinion that it gives them a 'buckish air.' The sight of a slim, tallow-faced, young man, with a dirty shirt and a pair of drills to match, looking as if he were about to puke when he takes his cigar out of his mouth to spit, as he struts along Piccadilly or the Strand, is almost enough to excite the risible muscles of a cabman's horse, and to act sympathetically as an emetic on the stomach of a decent Christian. In foggy weather, between eleven at night and two in the morning, a gentleman returning from the theatre or a social party may smoke a cigar without committing any breach of good manners."

Thus he goes on to excuse the sins he is inclined to by doing those he has no mind to.

"The man who considers such a state of mind

as an enjoyment, and who knowingly tries to induce it by continued smoking, may be justly denominated a tobacco sot, whether he wears a big-wig, or a pair of patched corduroy smalls. When the custom of smoking is indulged in to such an extent as to prevent a man from efficiently discharging his duties, instead of being an innocent recreation, it becomes a detestable vice. The man who cannot restrain his passion for tobacco even for half a day, but must have his pipe wherever he goes, though the smoke may be offensive to the majority of the company to whom he is introduced, is a positive nuisance to society. The proper place for such a person to enjoy himself in would be a tap-room in Wapping, where smoking is allowed at all hours of the day."

And then the posthumous smell, the stale stench of the next morning on clothes and person, enough to make a hog sick—these are among the pleasurable essences of tobacco-smoking, with which the smoker affronts all decent society. And we may now copy the account of the various kinds of tobacco with which our iale is blessed, not to mention the many vile substitutes which are sold for them.

(To be continued.)

Physic and Physicians: a Medical Sketch-Book, exhibiting the Public and Private Life of the most celebrated Medical Men of former Days; with Memoirs of Eminent living London Physicians and Surgeons. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1839. Longman and Co.

THERE is no class of writing whatever in which it is so difficult to be accurate as in biography. No care can guard against mistakes and misrepresentations; and the utmost that can be done by great pains, industry, and research, is to avoid error and elicit truth as much as possible. The title of "Sketch-Book" is so unpretending that we look for little more in the present instance than a compilation from the sources of "former days;" and, with regard to the living, that sort of amusing anecdote which does not invade the privacies of life, and such notice as the public knowledge of facts and circumstances may supply, not unseasoned with that favourable interpretation which contemporary biography claims.

Portraits of Sir H. Hallford and Sir Astley Cooper embellish the volumes.

Not looking for much original or certain matter, after what we have said; and having, indeed, observed several mistakes, we can only recommend those who would "throw physic to the dogs," to read *Physic and Physicians*, for the entertaining gossip they will find in these pages. Much is not new, and of more we may say, if not true, it is well enough invented; of which take the following examples:—

Dr. Mounsey, "by way of ridiculing family pride, used to confess, that the first of his ancestors, of any note, was a baker and dealer in hops, a trade which enabled him, with some difficulty, to support his family. To procure a present sum, this ancestor had robbed his feather-beds of their contents, and supplied their deficiency with unsaleable hops. In a few years, a severe blight universally prevailing, hops became more scarce, and of course enormously dear; the hoarded treasure was ripped out, and a good sum procured for hops, which, in a plentiful season, were of no value; and thus, the doctor used to add, 'our family hopped from obscurity.'"

"It is a singular fact, that there are now confined in the public and private establishments for the treatment of insanity in London

and the neighbourhood, no less than sixty men and women who consider themselves the legitimate but unacknowledged sovereigns of the country! One female patient insists upon asserting that she is the real Victoria, and that she was confined in a madhouse, in order to prevent her from ascending the throne of her forefathers. This patient most pertinaciously affirms that she was sent to the asylum by Lord Melbourne, in order to make way for a lady with whom he was in love, and who now occupies the throne. It is most laughable to witness the pomposity with which this poor mad creature struts about the ward, exclaiming, 'Fall back! clear the way for your illustrious Queen Victoria.'

"A curious case is related, which shows that a person labouring under derangement of mind may be conscious of his infirmity. An intriguing, unruly, vicious, male lunatic, was detected with a piece of iron, which he had contrived to shape like a dagger, with a handle firmly fixed to it. Of course it was removed. He immediately became excessively abashed, and restraint was placed on him, and he was secured with handcuffs. On this he lost all command of temper, and, uttering the most revolting imprecations, exclaimed to his keeper, 'I'll murder you yet: I am a madman, and they cannot hang me for it!'"

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Stranger's Intellectual Guide-Book to London, for 1839-40. By A. Booth, F.S.A., &c. Pp. 152. London, 1839. Hooper.

ONE of the most useful books of the kind we have seen, and one much wanted by those who visit the metropolis with a view to profit by its many excellent institutions. There are very many good accounts of its public societies, describing their objects, and pointing out the times and places where they meet. Exhibitions, museums, and other sources of delight and instruction, are also all clearly indicated; and the stranger is put in the best way of availing himself of every opportunity of seeing what is worth seeing to advantage. It is a capital guide for every intelligent person.

The Churches of London: a History and Description of the Ecclesiastical Edifices of the Metropolis. By George Godwin, jun., Architect, F.R.S. and F.S.A., assisted by John Britton, Esq., F.S.A. &c. No. XXX. London, 1839. Tilt.

THE concluding number of a pleasing little publication, to which we have frequently called the attention of our readers during its progress. An unassuming preface thus describes its nature and character:—

"An attempt has been made in the following pages to divest topographical and architectural descriptions of technicalities; and, by the introduction of critical remarks on the buildings, biographical notices of eminent individuals connected with them, and by notes, illustrative of the manners and position of our ancestors, to render the work as interesting to the general reader as was consistent with its express purpose,—that of presenting a faithful account of the churches in the city of London. We have, perhaps, exposed ourselves to the remark, that we have sometimes departed in a degree from the received antiquarian maxim, 'prodesse quam delectare,'—that we have sought to please, as well as to instruct; but it is hoped, that the motive which influenced the departure (namely, the desire of inducing attention to the subject on the part of a large class of readers who, otherwise, might not have regarded

it), will be deemed sufficient, on reflection, even by the most scrupulous antiquary. Apart, too, from this, we have endeavoured, by connecting each building with various remarkable events and persons, to render the churches storehouses of pleasant memories (if we may so speak), and to invest them with an interest in the minds of their frequenters, distinct from, although connected with, their sacred character."

The work is, with great propriety, dedicated to the Bishop of London.

A New and Complete Set of Traverse Tables; shewing the Differences of Latitude and the Departures to every Minute of the Quadrant, and to five Places of Decimals: together with a Table of the Lengths of each Degree of Latitude and corresponding Degree of Longitude, from the Equator to the Poles; with other Tables useful to the Surveyor and Civil Engineer. By Capt. J. T. Boileau, Bengal Engineers. 8vo. pp. 96. London, 1839. Allen and Co.

THIS copious title-page describes the nature of this very laborious work of figures and tables! A single page of it frightens us to look at. What care and pains Capt. Boileau must have bestowed upon the whole mass of calculations! To the seaman in particular, but also to the engineer and surveyor, it is, no doubt, a publication of great value.

History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, the Catholic of Spain. By W. H. Prescott. 3 vols. 8vo. London, 1839. Bentley.

IT is a good proof of the judgment of readers, when really valuable works like the present run so readily into new editions, as this history has done. Justice has been accorded to it by our larger reviews; and few of the lesser caterers in the literature of the day, we believe, have failed to do their duty in recommending it to the attention it so eminently deserves.

Under these circumstances, and considering the general knowledge which the public possesses of the great merits of Mr. Prescott's performance, we need not go into any details respecting this new edition. Suffice it to say that, on comparing it with the former, we find that many useful corrections have been made by the author, and that further authorities have been consulted and quoted in support of his statements. Altogether the publication is so sterling in its matter, and so able in its execution, that it must always rank among the best historical productions relating to Spain which our language can boast.

A Discourse on Ethics of the School of Paley, by William Smith, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. 8vo. pp. 85. (London, Pickering.)—With due admiration of natural science, as a magnificent demonstration of the existence of a God, Mr. Smith seems to think that the characteristics of the Divinity may be somewhat obscured by not looking sufficiently beyond for his higher attributes.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR,—Your facetious Cork correspondent, R.S., in your last Number, is rather severe upon our rulers, for having taken the very necessary precaution of having the value imprinted upon our shilling and sixpenny pieces. R. S. is, perhaps, not aware of the fact, that before this practice existed thousands of sixpenny pieces were gilded, and passed to the unwary as half-sovereigns. To such an alarming extent was this fraud practised, and so severely was it felt by the humble classes, that it was considered necessary, in order to counteract the evil, that the imprinting complained of by R. S. should be adopted.—Respectfully yours, I. S.

Grafton Street, Soho, 30th August, 1839.

ARTS AND SCIENCES. BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

THE reception and election of members began on Thursday, in a large room in King Edward's School; and all information respecting the breakfasts, ordinaries, lodgings, meetings of the Sections, &c., continues to be furnished there. The general ordinary is fixed for Thursday, the 29th, in the Town Hall.

At one o'clock this day (Saturday), the General Committee holds its first meeting in the library of King Edward's school; and on Thursday, at three o'clock, in the same place, to determine where the next meeting of the Association is to take place. From what passed last year at Newcastle, we presume there can be no doubt but that Glasgow will have the preference.

The Sections, on Monday, are to meet as follows:—

- Section A. Mathematics and Physics—King Edward's School, New Street.
- B. Chemistry and Mineralogy—Copper Company's Room, Cannon Street.
- C. Geology and Physical Geography—Philosophical Institution, Cannon Street.
- D. Zoology and Botany—Athenæum, Temple Street.
- E. Medical Science—Medical School, Paradise Street.
- F. Statistics—Billiard Room, adjoining the News Room.
- G. Mechanical Science—Shakespeare Room, New Street.

In case of the subdivision of any of the Sections, rooms will be appointed for the purpose.

The Sectional Committees will meet on Monday, the 28th of August, at ten A.M., and on every succeeding day of the week, at the same hour, in rooms adjacent to the Section Rooms, for the transaction of the business specified in instructions delivered to the Secretaries of each Section.

The Model Room will be open during the whole week of the Meeting, from eight A.M. to five P.M.

Evening Meetings, at eight P.M.
On Monday evening, the 28th of August, the first General Meeting of the Association will be held in the Town Hall; when the Rev. William Vernon Maucourt, F.R.S., and the president elect, will take the chair.

On Tuesday evening the Town Hall will be opened for conversation.

The arrangements for Wednesday and Thursday evenings are left for the determination of the General Committee.

On Friday evening the Town Hall will be opened for conversation.

On Saturday evening the concluding General Meeting of the Association will take place, when the proceedings of the General Committee, and the grounds of the seasonal grants of money sanctioned by them, will be explained.

Excursions, &c.—An Excursion to Dudley is planned for Friday, the 30th of August, for the purpose of allowing the non-resident Members of the Association an opportunity of visiting the Iron Works, the Sedgley Hills, the Rowley Hills, the Limestone Caverns, and other interesting objects. A special programme will be prepared of the intended route and plan of this excursion.

The Horticultural Exhibition will take place in the Botanic Garden, Edgbaston, on Wednesday the 29th, when the Members of the Association are invited to be present.

We lament to notice the death of Mr. Corrie, whose eloquent pleading for Birmingham at the Liverpool meeting was noticed in our *Gazette*. He was an accomplished man, and an honour to Birmingham in all its scientific and philosophical pursuits. His death will throw a shade of gloom on the meeting.

FINE ARTS.

THE DAGUERRE SECRET.

AT the weekly sitting of the Academy of Sciences, on Monday last, the process of M. Daguerre, for the formation of photogenic drawings, was, as had been previously announced, communicated to the public. From an early hour, all the seats allotted to the public were occupied; and upwards of 200 persons, disappointed of gaining admission, were stationed in a crowd in a court of the Institute, and formed a kind of scientific *émeute*. Every body was anxious to hear the secret, every

body to catch the *mot*; all were desirous of learning whether their own scientific conjectures would be confirmed or not.

At three o'clock, M. Arago commenced his explanation. We shall not attempt to follow the great *savant* through all the details of his long statement, a large proportion of which related to the history of the discovery,—a subject already pretty well known to the public; and we shall only mention as much of that part of it as belongs to Messrs. Niepce and Daguerre. In a similar manner, our account of the process itself will be brief; both because M. Arago was obliged to give only a *résumé* of it, and because it is announced that, in a few days' time, the documents communicated by M. Daguerre, under seal to the Committee of the Deputies, on his grant, will be published, and the inventor himself will give a series of public representations of the actual performance of his method.

M. Arago, after alluding to the history of the camera obscura, originally discovered by Porta, a Neapolitan chemist, reminded the Academy that, as early as 1566, the influence of light on what the alchemists termed *lune* or *argent corné* (chlorure of silver), had been observed, and was mentioned in the work of Fabricius. A Frenchman, named Charles, at the commencement of the present century, had made use of a sensitive paper for the tracing of outlines, by the action of light, but had died without leaving any account of his method. After this came the memoir of Wedgwood, of 1802, &c.; a part of the history of the discovery too well known to need repetition. The late M. Niepce, M. Arago proceeded to state, was living near Châlons-sur-Saône, occupied in scientific pursuits, and appeared to have commenced his photographic experiments in 1814. His first connexion with M. Daguerre commenced in 1826, when, through information received from an optician at Paris, he learned that this gentleman was engaged in an independent series of photogenic researches, and especially in trying to fix the images of the camera obscura. They associated their labours in 1829, after M. Niepce had visited London in 1828, and had presented his memoir on his photogenic discoveries to the Royal Society. It is proved that for the *photographic copying* of engravings, and for the formation of plates for engravers, in an advanced state of preparatory sketching of the subject, this gentleman was, in 1826, possessed of the secret of making shades correspond to shades, light parts to lights, demi-tints to demi-tints, &c.; and that he also knew how to make his drawings so produced insensible to the ulterior action of light. The act of partnership, drawn up between M. Niepce and M. Daguerre, and which afterwards stood good between his son and the latter gentleman, states that some entirely new methods had been discovered by M. Daguerre, and that they had the advantage of being able to reproduce images from sixty to eighty times more rapidly than by the processes previously adopted.

It appears that M. Niepce, in his own photographic researches, had first made use of a sheet of silver covered with the purest bitumen (called, in France, *Bitume de Judée*), which had been previously dissolved in oil of lavender. He used to heat this sheet of silver till the oil was completely evaporated, and only a kind of whitish powder remained adhering to the surface. He then placed the sheets so prepared in the focus of the camera obscura, and obtained the image of the object; but the trace was hardly visible. To obviate this imperfection, M. Niepce next thought of plunging the sheet,

when removed from the camera obscura, into a mixture of oil of lavender and oil of petroleum,—a method that succeeded and augured still further improvement; for the image became visible like an ordinary engraving, and on washing the sheet with distilled water, left the representation permanent. As a further improvement of this, M. Niepce used a new mixture of sulphuret of potassium and iodine; but the light acted very slowly upon it, and the iodine, spreading itself over the surface, rendered the image confused and obscure. The oil of petroleum, first used by this gentleman, was found to have the property of attaching those points of the metallic surface, which had been preserved from the action of light by the shades, while it was of no effect on those parts touched by the solar rays.

It was at this stage of the invention that M. Daguerre's labours were joined to those of M. Niepce; and it is only after a long series of experiments, carried on with unwearied perseverance for many years, that, after M. Niepce's death, M. Daguerre has at length resolved the problem to its present extent. We omit the history of these experiments, and pass on at once to the actual process as now used by its author.

A sheet of copper, plated with silver, is washed carefully in a solution of nitric acid, which removes from it all the extraneous matters on its surface, and especially any traces of copper from the silver surface. A slight degree of friction is requisite in this process, but it must not be applied always in the same direction. M. Daguerre has observed, that with the friction used in a particular manner, a sheet of copper thus plated with silver answered better than a sheet of silver alone; and he infers from this, that voltaic agency is not unconnected with the effect. When the sheet is thus prepared, it is placed in a closed box and exposed to the vapour of iodine. This vapour is made to pass through a very fine sheet of gauze, to render its distribution more equable over the surface of the silver, and in order to effect this object (which is quite indispensable) more certainly, the sheet has a small metallic rim raised round all its edges. A thin coating, of a yellow colour, is thus formed on the surface of the sheet, which is estimated by M. Dumas at not more than the *millionth part of a millimetre* in thickness. This sheet, when covered with this substance, is of the most excessive sensibility to light; and is thus ready for the camera obscura. M. Daguerre, in the instrument which he uses, employs a piece of unpolished glass, which he brings first of all into the focus of the lens, in order to determine the exact point at which the sheet should be placed; and, as soon as this is determined, the sheet is placed accordingly. A few seconds, or minutes, according to the time of day, the state of the atmosphere, &c., suffice for forming the photogenic image; but it is hardly, if at all, visible on the surface of the sheet. To make it so, the sheet is placed in another box, and exposed to the vapour of mercury, heated to 69° Reaumur, or 167° of Fahrenheit. One of the most curious circumstances attending this part of the process is, that the mercury must act at a certain angle. If the drawing is intended to be seen vertically, it must be suspended over the mercury at an angle of 45°; if it is to be seen at an angle of 45°, it must be suspended horizontally. On being taken out from the mercury-bath, the sheet is plunged into another bath of the hypo-sulphite of soda; this solution attacking the parts upon which the light has not been able to act, and re-

specting the light parts,—being the very inverse of the action of the mercury. It may be supposed, therefore, observed M. Arago, that the light parts of the image are formed by an amalgamation of mercury and silver, and the dark parts by a sulphuret of silver at the expense of the hypo-sulphite of soda. M. Arago observed, that no satisfactory reason had yet been given for this latter part of the process. The sheet is finally washed in distilled water, and the operation is terminated.

The drawing, thus obtained, is perfectly insensible to the action of light, but it is liable to injury, just like a crayon or pencil-drawing, and requires to be preserved under a glass. The effect of the whole is miraculous: and as an instance, we may mention that one of the drawings exhibited by M. Daguerre, on Monday, was the view of a room with some rich pieces of carpet in it; the *threads* of the carpet were given with mathematical accuracy, and with a richness of effect that was quite marvellous.

Such is the process of M. Daguerre; we must add, that it is found that the sun-light does not act equally well at all hours of the day, *now even when the sun is at equal heights above the horizon*. Thus the effect is produced better at ten in the morning than at two in the afternoon; and hence the *Daguerrotype* may be of immense value in measuring the intensity of light.

The camera obscura, employed by M. Daguerre, may be put in a box two feet long, two feet wide, and two and a half feet high: the price of the whole apparatus may be from 400 francs to 420 francs; the price of each metallic sheet is about three or four francs.

M. Daguerre has intrusted the manufacture and selling of the apparatus, to the house of Alphonse Giroux, in the Rue de Coq, St. Honoré.

We need hardly say that the most enthusiastic cheers responded from the grave benches even of the Academy, on the termination of M. Arago's description; and the President, M. Chevreul, complimented M. Daguerre in the warmest terms.*

EXHIBITION OF PICTURES,

(The works of Modern Artists.)

At the Eastern Institution, Commercial Road.

SETS the wind in that quarter? May it blow a fair, gentle, and prosperous gale! Wholly neglected by the legislature, and by the state, in these times, when, as Shree said some thirty years ago (and it as true now as it was at that period), "commerce and politics are the two gulfs which, in this country, swallow up every liberal consideration," it becomes an imperative duty on modern art to send out little squadrons of discovery, for the purpose of ascertaining on what hitherto unknown coast a descent may be most happily accomplished.

In former days we should have been puzzled to discover in what way to reach the "whereabouts" of this exhibition. Now, however, we had no difficulty on that point. Jumping into a Blackwall omnibus, we were, in the course of half an hour, set down at the door of

* It seems to us that, beautiful as this process is upon metallic substances, much of the utility of photogenic copying will be lost, unless the artist and traveller can use paper instead of copper, *silvered, iodined, and mercury-ripened*. The images produced by M. Daguerre are exquisitely correct, but gloomy-looking. They resemble moonlight pictures done in ink. We also hear from Paris, that M. Collat has succeeded in his method of copying busts, statues, or other solid objects, with mathematical precision. This is, perhaps, as remarkable a discovery as the photogenic; and one that may be applied to many valuable purposes.—Ed. L. G.

the Eastern Institution for "the small charge of one"—shilling!

The hall of the Institution is large, and well-proportioned: so large, indeed, that, although the number of pictures hung on its walls amounts to 335, it has been found necessary to "curtail it of its fair proportions," by at least a fourth in length. Originally constructed for concerts, the room is by no means well adapted to the display of works of art. Although it is evident that every effort has been made to obviate the evil, such is the position of the windows, that the effect is at once dazzling and gloomy; the eyes of the spectators are put out, and the pictures appear to be in what painters call "a half-tint."

But, in spite of this drawback, we were much pleased with the collection. Of course, a majority of the works have appeared in other exhibitions, and have already passed under our critical notice. Even if it were not so, at the close of the season, and after the town has been satiated with remarks on art, we should abstain from particular comment. When, however, we state that at the Exhibition in the Commercial Road, may be found some of the cleverest productions of Allen, Bartholomew, Barraud, Bewick, Boddington, Buss, Campion, Childe, Clint, Corbould, Miss Corboux, Mrs. Criddle, Dadd, Drummond, Duncan, Essex, Fisk, Mrs. Gent, Harrison, Hodland, Horsley, Huggins, Johnston, Joseph, Joy, Kidd, Lance, Lewis, Linton, Maclean, Martin, Noble, Oliver, Park, Psamore, Pidding, Pitts, Poole, Phillips, Priest, Rothwell, Shepherd, Stark, Mrs. Seyer, Tennant, Weigall, Wilson, Wood, Zeiter, and a host of others, we trust we have done enough to induce "the wise men of the East," to vindicate the character which has been so long attributed to them, and to avail themselves of the opportunity thus unexpectedly afforded of establishing a reputation for taste and *veritas*.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Mansions of England in the Olden Time; consisting of Twenty-six existing Views of some of the most characteristic Features of the Domestic Architecture of the Tudor Age; and also illustrating the Costumes, Habits, and Recreations of our Ancestors. Drawn on Stone, in the Tinted Style, with raised Lights, from his own Original Sketches (made expressly for this Work), by Joseph Nash. Printed, with the latest Improvements in Lithography, by C. Hullmaudel. London, 1839. M'Lean.

We do not recollect the precise time when we noticed in the *Literary Gazette* the specimens of this beautiful work, which, at an early period of its preparation, were circulated by Mr. M'Lean; but we perfectly recollect the admiration that we felt and expressed with respect to them. It is with great satisfaction we now say that the anticipations in which we then indulged have been completely fulfilled in the splendid volume before us. Of the general character of its contents, we cannot do better than adopt a part of Mr. Nash's own description:—

"In producing a set of views of the picturesque architecture of the mansions of England, the artist's object has been to present them in a new and attractive light; not as many of them now appear, gloomy, desolate, and neglected, but furnished with the rude comfort of the early times of 'merry England,' or exhibiting the more splendid luxury and elegant hospitality of later periods: in short, to represent 'the stately homes of England' glow-

ing with the genial warmth of their fire-sides, and enlivened with the presence of their inmates and guests, enjoying the recreations and pastimes, or celebrating the festivals, of our ancestors. Thus, not only the domestic architecture of past ages, but the costumes and habits of England in 'the olden time,' are brought before the eye; and in attempting this, the artist has endeavoured to place himself in the position of a visitor to these ancient edifices, whose fancy peoples the deserted halls, stripped of all movable ornaments, and looking damp and cheerless, with the family and household of the 'old English gentleman' surrounded by their every-day comforts, sharing the more rare and bounteous hospitalities offered to the guests, or partaking of the boisterous merriment of Christmas gambols. Those who have seen, or may hereafter visit, the places delineated, may perhaps think that the artist has not in all cases given the views of the building in which the general structure is seen to the best advantage: anticipating this objection, he begs to observe that his aim has been to select the most characteristic points of each edifice, and such as exhibit the ancient style unchanged by subsequent alterations. This principle he has studiously kept in view, in the hope that his book may be equally acceptable to the antiquarian and to the lover of the picturesque; being anxious by its means to disseminate and cherish (in so far as his humble efforts may tend thereto) the taste that is now so rapidly increasing for the old English style of domestic architecture; and to prove to all who would study its remains, that—at least, so far as this subject is concerned—

'Not harsh and rugged are the ways
Of hoar antiquity, but strewn with flowers.'

We are charmed with the delineations of the buildings (especially of the interiors); we are charmed with the strict adherence to the fashions and usages of the time, as regards the furniture, pictures, ornaments, and other accessories of the scene; we are charmed with the skilful, in some cases, the almost magical and deceptive, effect of the light; we are charmed with the united force, delicacy, spirit, and transparency of the execution; but that which we are more charmed with than all the rest, for it is the most rare and valuable species of excellence, is the happy and appropriate introduction of figures, both singly and in groups, full of character, expression, feeling, and action. As striking specimens of this particular and crowning beauty, we refer to "Doorway, East Barmham;" "Hall, Hatfield;" "Ockwells;" "Hall, Ockwells;" "Hall, Wakehurst" (superlative!); "Terrace, Bramshill;" "Southam;" "Drawing-room, Boughton-Malherbe;" "Entrance to the Grand Staircase, Holland House;" "Entrance to the Hall, Sutton Place;" "Drawing-room, Haddon Hall;" "Bay-window in Dining-room, Haddon Hall," and "Long Gallery, Haddon Hall."

THE DRAMA.

[The impulse given to dramatic literature by Mr. Macready, whether or not it may lead to any lasting results, honourable to our age and country, has been exemplified in so striking a manner by the efforts it has induced, that we are tempted to bring into one view a glance at those productions which may be said to have sprung, either partially or entirely, from that source. Knowles, Talford, and Bulwer, have already been disposed of in our pages as their publications appeared; but the following list presents an ample field beyond, whereon we might expatiate for a month to come. Landor and Willis, perhaps, do not regularly fall within our category; as the former has not written for the stage, and the latter be-

longs to another clime; but still, as their works may be attributed to the prevailing influence, we have thought it advisable to make them swell the catalogue.]

1. *Andrea of Hungary, and Giovanna of Naples.* By Walter Savage Landor. 8vo. pp. 184. London, 1839. Bentley.
2. *The Tragedy of Count Alarcon.* By the Author of "Vivian Grey." 8vo. pp. 108. London, 1839. Colburn.
3. *Blanche of Navarre.* A Play. By G. P. R. James, Esq. 8vo. pp. 98. London, 1839. Longman and Co.
4. *Two Ways of Dying for a Husband.* 1. *Dying to Keep Him;* or, *Theresa the Unworn.* 2. *Dying to Lose Him;* or, *Blanche Visconti.* By N. P. Willis, Esq. 8vo. pp. 245. London, 1839. Cunningham.
5. *Onitine; or, the Roman Conspiracy.* A Historical Drama, in five acts. By J. Edmund Reade, Esq., author of "Italy," "The Deluge," &c. 8vo. Pp. 131. London, 1839. Saunders and Otley.
6. *Festus.* A Poem. 8vo. pp. 361. London, 1839. Pickering.
7. *Aristodemus.* A Tragedy. 8vo. pp. 98. Edinburgh, 1839. W. Tait; London, Boone, and Shpkin and Co.; Dublin, Cumming.
8. *Gertrude and Beatrice; or, the Queen of Hungary.* A Historical Tragedy, in five acts. By George Stephens, author of the "MSS. of Erdely." 8vo. pp. 104. London, 1839. Mitchell.
9. *The Lords of Killingham.* A Drama. By Henry Spicer. 8vo. pp. 144. London, 1839. Fraser.
10. *The Landgrave.* A Play, in five acts. With Dramatic Illustrations of Female Character. By Eleanor Louisa Mossgu. Pp. 285. London, 1839. Smith, Elder, and Co.

THE dramatists, and ten different publishers,—every man his bird! Nothing could be more appropriate than the division of labour; and our only hope is that, in some of the cases, it may not be also a division of loss.

Mr. Landor's two plays are connected in dramatic personae, the whole belonging to the story of the famous Joan, Queen of Naples. We do not find in them much dramatic interest, nor are the *dramatis personae* such as to make amends for this deficiency. The fanciful spelling of *til*, *still*, &c., is not, perhaps, worth noticing; nor, perhaps, the confusion created by finding a *Fiammetta* in the first play, and no such name in the list of characters. The former seems to intimate affectation, and the latter hurry.

We come, then, to look for poetry, imagination, and fine classic allusion and imagery, as the features with which the author shall charm and captivate us; and though there are a few fine passages, we are obliged to confess that here, too, we are doomed to disappointment. The following, however, is worthy of Mr. Landor:—

"*Maria.* How can we love . . .
Giovanna (interrupting). Mainly, by hearing none
Decry the object; then, by cherishing
The good we see in it, and overlooking
What is less pleasant in the path of life.
All have some virtue if we leave it them
In peace and quiet; all may lose some part
By lifting too minutely bad and good.
The tenderer and the tender of creatures
Often desert the breed that has been handled
Or turn'd about, or indiscreetly look'd at.
The slightest touches, touching constantly,
Irritate and inflame."

The next is a pleasant turn upon a celebrated saying:—

"*Filippa.* Honours are joys great as such breast can hold.

Giovanna. The happy, then, in courts are numberless:

We hear the contrary.

Filippa. Never believe
This, nor another ill report of them.

Giovanna. What?

Filippa. That the great are not great to their valets;
'Tis but their valets who can find their greatness."

But playfulness is not the author's forte. —

"*Fiammetta.* Thou art not noble: say thou art most noble:

Norman—half-Norman—quarter-Norman—say it.

Beccaccio. Say an untruth!

Fiammetta. Only this one, my heart

Will faint without it. I will swear to think it

A truth, wilt thou but say it. 'Tis a truth:

Thy only falsehood thou hast told already,

Merely to try me. If thou art noble—

Noble thou art, and shalt be!

[She sobe and pauses: he presses her hand to his bosom.

Who gainsays it?

Beccaccio. A merchant's son, no better, is thy slave,

Fiammetta!

Fiammetta (smiling). Now art thou disguised, indeed.

Come, shew me specimens of turquoises,

Amethysts, emeralds, diamonds—out with 'em.

Beccaccio. A merchant's, and poor merchant's, and

am I;

Gems I have none to offer, but pure love

Proof to the touchstone,—to the crucible.

Fiammetta. What, then, or who is noble, and thou

not?

I have heard whispers that myself am not so,

Who am King Robert's daughter. We may laugh

At those who are, if thou and I are none.

Thou art my knight, Giovanni! There now; take

Thy patent of nobility, and wear it.

Boccaccio (kisses it). What other but were cobweb
after this?
Fiammetta. Ha! kiss it! but take care you don't
kiss me. [Runs away.]

The opinion of courts is not, we fear, exaggerated:—

Giovanna. Oh! for ministers
To guide my counsels and protect my people!
I would call round me all the good and wise.
Sancia (returning). Daughter! no palace is too small
to hold them.

The good love other places, love the fields,
And ripen the pale harvest with their prayers.
Solitude—solitude—so dread a curse
To princes, casts a blight to scyophants,
Is their own home, their healthy thoughts grow in it.

The wise avoid all our anxieties:
The cunning, with the tickets of the wise,
Push for the banquet, seize each vacant chair,
Gorge, pat their spaniel, and fall fast asleep."

In places, it seems, as if instead of original English,
Mr. Landor had translated, and badly translated, from
a foreign language: such, for instance, as the idiom—

"Why are not come those fools?"

But we conclude with three sterling English lines:—

"Maximin! there are more lies done than said.
Son! when we hesitate about the right,
We're sure to do the wrong."

Sooth to say, these are but scant examples from two
dramas, and from so deservedly esteemed a pen; but
Homer nodded sometimes, and Landor appears to us to
have been rather sleepy all through *Andreas of Hungary*,
and his widow *Giovanna of Naples*.

2. *Alarcos* is introduced by Mr. Disraeli, with a dedica-
tion to Lord Francis Egerton, beginning thus:—

"I dedicate to a poet an attempt to contribute to the
revival of English Tragedy: a very hopeless labour, all
will assure me. When I commenced this drama, there
were certain indications which induced me to believe that
the public taste was recurring to the representations of
that stage which has afforded us so much of national de-
light, wisdom, and glory. These indications have already
vanished; and one is almost tempted to admit the theory
of those ingenious critics, who maintain that the English
drama has performed its office, and that, in the present
state of civilisation, it has no functions to fulfil."

Upon this we might remark, that though Mr. Disraeli
and Lord Francis should fail, owing to the want of that
peculiar talent which leads to success in dramatic com-
position, the argument is not quite so clear as to the hope-
lessness of English tragedy, nor so conclusive of the En-
glish drama having been swallowed up in the gulf of
civilisation. Men may be accomplished scholars, and
even possess genius in other lines of literature, and yet
be altogether incompetent to produce even a tolerable
comédie; and therefore it is to draw a *non sequitur*
to infer thence that there can be no other man capable of
sustaining the highest elevation of dramatic literature.
Mr. Disraeli continues:—

"The theory is a very plausible one; but what theory
was ever true? And who can deny that a fine play,
finely performed, is among the noblest productions of
art? This age, denounced as anti-poetical, seems to me
full of poetry, for it is full of passion."

As for the age being full of passion, we should like to
know what age was not? "Anti-poetical":— whilst there
are skies, green fields, seas, mountains, joys, wretched-
ness, youth—

"Youth at the prow, and Pleasure at the helm,"
there will be poetry, in spite of all the utilitarians and
useful-knowingians in the world. This play was, it seems,
suggested as the writer rambled among the Sierras of
Andalusia, and—

"That was the season of life when the heart is quick
with emotion, and the brain with creative fire; when the
eye is haunted with beautiful sights, and the ear with
sweet sounds; when we live in reveries of magnificent
performance, and the future seems only a perennial flow
of poetic invention."

And he adds:—

"Dreams of fantastic youth! Amid the stern realities
of existence I have unexpectedly achieved a long-lost
purpose."

We trust that the whole of these expressions are poet-
ical, and surely cannot fancy that the dreams of the bard
have been, or are likely to be, disturbed by any "stern
realities." In the play, at any rate, we have poetry with-
out a drawback:—

"Countess. Something has chafed thee?
Alarcos. What should chafe me, child?

And when should hearts be light, if mine be dull?
Is not mine exile over? Is it sought
To breathe in the same house where we were born,
And sleep where slept our fathers? Should that chafe?

Count. Yet didst thou leave my side this very morn,
And with a vow this day should ever count
Amid thy life most happy; when we meet
Thy brow is clouded.

Alar. Joy is sometimes grave,
And deepest when 'tis calm. And I am joyful,
If it be joy, this long-forgotten hall
Once more to pace, and feel each fearless step
Treads on a baffled foe.

Count. Has thou still foes?
Alar. I trust so; I should not be what I am,
Still less what I will be, if Hate did not
Pursue me as my shadow. Ah! fair wife,
Thou knowest not Burgos. Thou hast yet to fathom
The depths of thy new world.

Count. I do recoil
As from some unknown woe, from this same world.
I thought we came for peace.

Alar. Peace dwells within
No lordly roof in Burgos. We have come
For triumph.

Count. So I share thy lot, Alarcos,
All feelings are the same.

Alar. My Florimonde,
I took thee from a fair and pleasant home
In a soft land, where, like the air they live in,
Men's hearts are mild. This proud and fierce Castile
Resembles not thy gentle Aquitaine,
More than the eagle may a dove,—and yet
It is my country. Danger in its bounds
Weighs more than foreign safety. But why speak
Of what exists not?

Count. And I hope may never."

Alas! the catastrophe turns on Alarcos getting to love
Solias, the Infanta of Castile, with more passion than
his own Florimonde of Aquitaine; and the termination is
very fatal. His ambition is powerfully portrayed:—

Alar. Prosperity!
Men call them prosperous whom they deem enjoy
That which they envy; but there's no success
Save in one master wish fulfilled, and mine
Is lost for ever."

Nor his aim more happy. Hear her speak:—

"Solias. And wherefore do I smile when I should sigh?
And wherefore do I feel when I would fast?
And wherefore do I dance when I should pray?
And wherefore do I live when I should die?
Canst answer that, good sir? Oh! there are women
The world deem mad, or worse, whose life but seems
One vile caprice, a freakish thing of whims
And restless nothingness; yet if we pierce
The soul, may be we'll touch some cause profound
For what seems causeless. Early love despoiled,
Or baffled, which is worse; a faith betrayed,
For vanity or lucre; chill regards,
Where to gain constant glances we have paid
Some fearful forfeit: here are many springs,
Unmarked by shallow eyes, and some, or all
Of these, or none, may prompt my conduct now."

At page 56, we would hint that "trifles" is not a verb
active, and to say that a "tongue trifles the church's ear" is
not catholic English; but we must not indulge in verbal
criticism, or slight objections, of which we have noted a
few. *Alarcos* is a stirring drama; and the elements of
tragedy, wickedness, headlong passions, innocent suffer-
ing, and nobility of nature, are mixed up in it with con-
siderable force and effect.

3. *Blanche of Navarre* is, we believe, the first dramatic
essay of Mr. James, so popular in historical and fictitious
authorship. It seems to us to be deficient in attributes
to fit it for successful representation; but, as a poetic
dialogue, to be by no means unworthy of the writer's
reputation. Entertaining this opinion we shall not enter
into the plot, but content ourselves with two or three
specimens of the style and sentiment:—

"On earth whichever way we turn our eyes,
We are surrounded closely by a cloud,
A sudden mist, which renders all confused
E'en close at hand, and veils each distant thing
In rayless darkness; yet as we advance
Gives the same space to light, at every step
Disclosing new events, first faint and dim,
Then clearer, till they touch us as they pass,
Whirled thro' the narrow circle of our ken.
The while to guide us, reason holds a torch,
Dim and ill-lighted o'er the one right path,
And fancy, in the cloud, bearing her lamp,
Flits round, like wild fires on some midnight moor."

A beautiful morning:—

"Oh, that the splendid scene, where God's pure truth
And universal love, in tides of light,
Pours, as if fountains of eternal splendour
Were opened in the east, to flood the heaven
With plenty-bearing rays; counselling man,
E'en by the very aspect of the sky,
To deeds of peace, and love, and charity—
Oh, that this glorious scene should be a place
Of hate, malevolence, and calumny!
Look where the morning light rests peacefully,
Like a good father's blessing, on those towers
By the Taffels gate."

The approach of night:—

"The night which shall conceal us must be nigh;
For lo, where that high cloud above the hill
Grows rosy with the sun, which sets far off,
Hid by the mountains from our eyes! More red
And redder still it grows, while we see nought
To call those blushes us, like some fair cheek
Colouring at a distant signal, known
To one fond ear, but heard by it alone.
Now fades the red away again, as if
Emotion made the very vapour pale."

4. *Tortosa*, by Mr. Willis, has, we learn, been performed
with great applause in America; and, both as regards
poetry and acting qualities, not without deserving it.

Yet the plot will not bear a close examination; and it is
difficult to reconcile the leading characters, Falcone and
Tortosa, with truth and nature, from the beginning to the
end: the former becoming much worse, and the latter
much better, than we have any right to expect. The
Juliet portion of the story, when the heroine takes a
sleepy potion, which mimics death, is not so well
wrought out; and the author's being obliged to frame
strange laws for Florence, as it were, only to bring about
his *finale*, has a very awkward effect. One odd law might
pass, but two odd laws are, like two evening guns, too
much in a single play. But with these blemishes there
are high redeeming points, and a power of imagination
and description, beyond any thing we could have expected
from the generally slight order of Mr. Willis's prose
works. We commence with an apostrophe to Money:—

"Oh, omnipotence of money!

Ha! ha! Why, there's the haughtiest nobleman
That walks in Florence. He!—whom I have bearded—
Checked—made conditions to—shut up his daughter—
And all with money! They should pull down churches
And worship it! Had I been poor, that man
Would see me not ere give his hand to me
—as I stand here—dreaded thus—looking thus—
The same in all—save money in my purse—
He would have scorn'd to let me come so near
That I could breathe on him!"

An effect of the same agent is again humorously deli-
neated in a conversation between Angelo, a poor painter of
great genius, and his serving man, Tomaso:—

"Tomaso. Thou a genius! Look! Master Angelo!
Have I not seen thee every day since thou wert no bigger
than thy pencil!"

Angelo. And if thou hast?

"Tomaso. Do not know thee from crown to heel?
Dost thou not come in at that door as I do?—sit down
in that chair as I do!—eat, drink, and sleep, as I do? Dost
thou not call me Tomaso, and I thee Angelo?"

Angelo. Well!

"Tomaso. Then how canst thou have genius? Are there
no marks? Would I clap thee on the back, and say good
morrow? Nay, look thee! would I stand here telling
thee in my wisdom what thou art, if thou wert a genius?
Go to, Master Angelo! I love thee well, but thou art
comprehensible!"

Angelo. But think'st thou never of my works, Tomaso?
Tomaso. Thy works! Do I not grind thy paints? Do I
not see thee take up thy palette, place thy foot thus,
and dab here, dab there? I tell thee thou hast never done
stroke yet, I could not take the same brush and do after
thee. Thy works, truly!"

The Duke patronises Angelo, and a large sum is awarded
him for a picture—and mark the difference:—

Tomaso. For the most excellent painter, Angelo, two
hundred ducats! The genius of my master, flashes upon
me. The Duke's greeting and two hundred ducats! If I
should not have died in my blindness but for this eye-
water, may I be hanged. (Looks at Angelo.) He is studying
his picture. What an air there is about him—lofty, unlike
the vulgar! Two hundred ducats! (Observes Angelo's hat
on the table.) It strikes me now that I can see genius in
that hat. It is not like a common hat. Not like a bought
hat. The rim turns to the crown with an intelligence.
(Weighs the ducats in his hand.) Good heavy ducats!
What it is to refresh the vision! I have looked round,
ere now, in this very chamber, and fancied that the fur-
niture expressed a melancholy dulness. When he hath
talked to me of his pictures, I have seen the chairs smile.
Nay, as if ashamed to listen, the very table has looked
foolish. Now, all about me expresseth a choice pecu-
liarity—say you would say, how like a genius to have such
chairs! What a painter's table! Two hundred ducats!

Angelo.

"What hast thou for supper?
Tomaso. Two hundred ducats, my great master!
Angelo (absently). A cup of wine! Wine, Tomaso! (Sits
down.)

"Tomaso. (So would the great Donatello have sat upon
his chair! His legs thus! His hand falling thus!) (Aloud.)
There is nought in the cellar but stale beer, my illustrious
master! (Now, it strikes me, that his shadow is unlike
another man's—of a pink tinge, somehow—yet that may
be fancy.)"

This is playful enough; but we proceed to select some
of the higher passages:—

Women's Love.

"Woman loves once unthinkingly. The heart
Is born with her first love, and, new to joy,
Breathes to the first wind its delicious sweetness,
But gets none back! So comes its bitter wisdom!
When next we think of love, 'tis who loves us!"

A Portrait.

"I saw a soul!
His eyes were light with it. The forehead lay
Above their fires in calm tranquillity,
As the sky sleeps o'er thunder-clouds. His look
Was mixed of these—earnest, and yet subdued—
Gentle, yet passionate—sometimes half godlike
In its command, then mild and sweet again,
Like a stern angel taught humility!
Oh! when he spoke, my heart stole out to him!
There was a spirit-echo in his voice—
A sound of thought—of under-playing music—
As if before it ceased in human ears.
The echo was caught up in fairy-land!"

An Artist's Feeling.

"My soul is drunk with gazing on this face."

I reel and faint with it. In what sweet world,
Have I traced all its lineaments before?
I know them. Like a troop of long-lost friends,
My pencil wakes them with its eager touch,
And they spring up, rejoicing. Oh, I'll gem
The heaven of fame with my irradiate pictures,
Like kindling planets—but this glorious one
Shall be their herald, like the evening star,
First-lit, and leading of its fire to all.
The day fades—but the lamp burns on within me.
My bosom has no dark, no sleep, no change
To dream or calm oblivion. I work on
When my hand stops. The light tints fade. Good
night.
Fair image of the fairest thing on earth,
Bright Isabella!"

Love.

"You are a woman, though your brow's a rock,
And know what love is. In a ring of fire
The tortured scorpion stings himself, to die—
But love will turn upon itself, and grow
Of its own fang immortal!"

A Touching Voice.

"Hast never heard him speak
With voice unlike his own—so melancholy,
And yet so sweet a voice, that, were it only
The inarticulate moaning of a bird,
The very tone of it had made you weep?"

Unequal Attachments.

"See here! There was a small, earth-creeping mole,
Born by the low nest of an unfledged lark.
They lived an April youth amid the grass—
The soft mole happy, and the lark no less,
And thought the bent sky leaned upon the flowers.
By early May the fledgling got his wings;
And, eager for the light, one breezy dawn,
Sprang from his nest, and, buoyantly, away
Fled forth to meet the morning. Newly born
Seem'd the young lark, as in another world
Of light, and song, and creatures like himself;
He soared and dropp'd, and sang unto the sun,
And pitted every thing that had not wings—
But most the mole, that watched even eyes
To see the light he floated in!"

With this very sweet similitude we close our extracts
from *Tortoise the Unweaver*, which would have been a better
drama had not the author determined to make it end
happily, and warped circumstances to that effect, instead
of letting events take the natural course where such pas-
sions were afloat, and then it must have had a tragic
catastrophe.

Bianca Fiacotti was an earlier production of the same
hand, and has been two years on the New York stage.
We shall therefore make free to pass it without encroaching
on our rather limited space by further observation on
the author's dramatic talent, which he has established as
firmly by his later work.

Haymarket.—Macready's appearance here in
Othello, and the *Lady of Lyons*, has filled the
theatre to the ceiling. The drama continues
its triumph, and need only be conducted with
judgment, propriety, and spirit, to ensure its
great success.

English Opera.—On Thursday evening, *Scaramuccia*
was to have been performed, but Mr.
Balfie was obliged to make an apology, in con-
sequence of Mr. Leffler being too drunk to
play his part.* This person's unfortunate propen-
sity has been but too often apparent on the
stage; from which such conduct must, if per-
severed in, banish him for ever. Mr. Stansbury
has undertaken his office, and *Scaramuccia* was
reannounced for last night.

Strand Theatre.—An eccentric and most
laughable dramatic sketch, called *A Good
Night's Rest*, and supported entirely by Messrs.
Bennett and J. Lee, has been produced here.
It is full of whim and fun, and very cleverly
acted, so as to keep the audience in the merriest
possible mood from beginning to end.

VARIETIES.

American Railroads.—From the following
(copied from the "National Intelligence"), it
appears that the Americans, in railroad arrange-
ments, go pretty considerably a-head of us poor

* Mr. Balfie made a manly address to the audience, and
read the following extraordinary note from the offender:—
"DEAR BALFIE, I am very sorry I have drank so
much claret. I can't play to-night; d—n it."

"Yours faithfully,

"ADAM LEFFLER."

The audience received it in proper spirit: whilst they
hissed the writer, they did justice to the manager, by their
warm plaudits at the conclusion of his apology.

Europeans. The train between New York
and Baltimore has two cars fitted up in a
splendid manner for the use of the ladies, and
such gentlemen as have ladies in charge.
These cars are elegantly curtained, carpeted,
and adorned with costly mirrors; and at the
ends of each of the cars, opening into them, is
a magnificent *sanctum sanctorum*, for the ex-
clusive use of the ladies, in addition to which a
stewardess is appointed to wait upon them.
The other carriages (we are informed) are so
adapted as to communicate with each other,
forming a continuous promenade through the
whole, with seats on the sides for occasional
resting.

Paris in Hot Water.—**Artesian Wells.**—At
the last sitting of the Academy of Sciences, M.
Arago stated that he had that morning been
making some thermometrical experiments of
the Artesian well at Grenelle, in order to ascer-
tain the temperature at the depth which had
already been attained, viz. 483 metres, or 1584
feet. When the workmen had reached 460
metres the chalk was of a green colour, indica-
ting the proximity of water. Since then the
chalk had become mixed with clay, and of a
dark colour, a still stronger indication that the
sheet of water which it is intended to reach is
near. M. Arago used the thermometer of M.
Wulferdin, and after having taken all the
necessary precautions in order that the pressure,
which at such a depth is equal to 50 atmos-
pheres, might not injure the bulb; six thermo-
meters of the same kind were successively let
down to a depth of 481 metres, care having
been taken not to lower them until 36 hours
had elapsed after the boring, in order that the
heat which this work might have communicated
should have subsided. The thermometers were
left in the well for 36 hours. The heat at this
depth was 27 degrees of Reaumur, or 92½
of Fahrenheit, being about 23 metres for each
degree of temperature. M. Arago expressed a
hope that no water might be found for 100 me-
tres more, as in that case there would be a
permanent hot spring at the very gates of
Paris.—*Times*.

Zoology.—The French Jardin des Plantes
has recently received a black bear from Kam-
schatka; an emu, and a rare species of crocodile,
from the South Seas; tea plants from the
Brazil; and other botanical rarities.

Important Discovery.—Extract of a letter
from New York, dated July 1, 1839:—"I must
now draw your attention to a subject which
will shortly make considerable noise in the
scientific world. Doctor H. H. Sherwood, with
whom I have been acquainted more than 30
years, has invented a mathematical instrument,
whereby, without the aid of a quadrant, sextant,
or ephemerometer, and without taking a celestial
observation, it is practicable and easy at sea and
on land, by night or by day, in cloudy or clear
weather, to determine the latitude and longitude
of any place on the surface of the globe, with
the greatest accuracy; and also to determine the
variation and inclination of the magnetic needle,
at all places and at all times, past, present, and
future. He is now publishing his work, and
will visit England some time this season."—
Jersey Paper.

Falling Stars.—During the night of Friday
and Saturday last, the 9th and 10th of August,
the heavens were beset with little falling
stars of extraordinary brightness. Mr. Forster
counted above six hundred of them. It is not a
little singular that the peasants of Franconia
and Saxony have believed, for ages past, that
St. Lawrence weeps tears of fire, which fall
from the sky every year on his fête (the 10th of

August). This ancient popular German tradi-
tion, on observation, has been found within
these few years to be a fact, which engages the
attention of astronomers. The inhabitants of
Brussels can bear witness, that in the night of
the 10th this year St. Lawrence shed abundance
of tears.—*Brussels Paper*.

Steam on the Continent.—The Royal Aca-
demy of Sciences of Berlin, appreciating the
utility of the works published by the Comte de
Pambour, and particularly of his "Theory of the
Steam Engine," which has just appeared in this
country, has, in its sitting of the 6th of June,
elected him, by unanimity of votes, a member
of the Academy.—*Berlin Letter*.

Agriculture.—A Professorship of Agriculture
is about to be established at Oxford; which
example Cambridge will probably follow.

Restoration from Drowning.—Dr. Fair-
brother, of Clifton, has restored animation, after
immersion in the water for a quarter of an
hour, by stopping the mouth and sucking the
foul air from the lungs through the nostrils,
whilst respiration was promoted by pressing on
the abdominal muscles on the sides.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

A new edition of Gulliver's Travels, in monthly parts
is announced, illustrated by Woodcut, after Designs by
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phy and Satirical Fictions; and A New Life of Swift,
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	From	55	to 65	29.7	to	29.28
Thursday ... 15	...	53	...	29.7	...	29.28
Friday ... 16	...	54	...	29.58	...	29.25
Saturday ... 17	...	54	...	29.58	...	29.25
Sunday ... 18	...	50	...	29.50	...	29.24
Monday ... 19	...	53	...	29.46	...	29.22
Tuesday ... 20	...	46	...	29.25	...	29.04
Wednesday 21	...	39	...	30.48	...	30.10

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FISHING.

Systematic History of Fishes—The Linnean Arrangement—Their Anatomy and Physiology, Organs of Sense and Motion—Digestive, Respiratory, and Reproductive Systems—Diseases and Migrations—Division into Fresh and Salt-Water Fishes—The Importance of Fishes to Mankind.

The Practice of Angling—Angling Apparatus: Rods, Lines, Floats, Fishing-Hooks, Reels, Landing-Net, Gaff, Clearing-Ring—Disgorger—Drag-Hook—Minnow Kettle—Minnow Net—Fish Pannier—Tackle Pocket-Book, &c. &c.—Directions for the Manufacture, Preservation, and Repair of Fishing-Tackle.

The Localities of Angling, abroad and at Home—Angling divided by its Months—Prognostics of Weather—its Pleasures, Pains, and Dangers—Hortatory Remarks adapted to the Subject, particularly to the Treatment of Persons apparently drowned.

Baits: Living and Dead, Natural and Artificial—Entomology of Angling, or Living Insects, Flies, Worms, Caddis, Gentles, Grubs, and Beetles; Pastes, Ground-Baits, Artificial Representatives of Living Animals, Sham Fish, Frogs, &c.—The principal Fish angled for in England: the Minnow, Bullhead, Loche, Gudgeon, Bleak, Dace, Graining, Roach, Rudd or Red Eye, Orf, Bream, Barbel, Cat, Tench, Perch, Ruff, Trout, Grayling, Gwinlad, Red Char, Gilt or Case Char—The Salmon Family: the Salmon, Salmon Trout, Bull Trout, Par or Samlet, &c. &c.; Trout, Pike and Jack, Eels, Flounder, Mullet, Smelt, Mackerel, Whiting, &c.

Fly-Fishing, with the Artificial or Natural Fly of the Season—Methods of Dressing or Making Artificial Flies—Practical Directions for Throwing the Fly, Spinning the Minnow, &c. &c.—Sea-Fishing, &c. &c.

ADDRESS.

Rural Sports have, in all ages, continued a favourite amusement of large portions of mankind; and that the progress of civilisation and refinement has rather strengthened than subdued the passion for these exhilarating pursuits, is sufficiently evinced by their present popularity among all ranks of society.

The popularity of Rural Sports has, of late years, led to several books, whose chief object was to furnish practical instruction in the arts and contrivances necessary to the formation of the accomplished sportsman, and recently some publications have appeared which have discussed more scientifically particular branches of the subject; but no writer hitherto has taken that comprehensive view of the entire range of Rural Sports, which seems to be demanded by the increased and still increasing number of their admirers and votaries.

The work here offered to the public is no hasty production, more than seven years of assiduous labour having been devoted to its completion. It has been throughout the author's aim to combine rational amusement with correct and extensive information; and, in the prosecution of his plan, the author has allowed himself an ample field, that he might introduce and illustrate all the more important and material facts. In tracing Rural Sports to their origin, he has carried his researches back to the infancy of society, when man was compelled in self-defence to shake war upon the wild animals by which he was surrounded; and he has described the simple methods first in use, by which they were ensnared or overcome. Descending with the stream of time, he has developed the gradual progress of improvement in the construction of implements, and in the adoption of aggressive and defensive plans, until they have reached their present state of comparative excellence; bringing down the history of Rural Sports to the period when those pursuits, which were originally embraced for purposes of personal security, were converted into a means of recreation and amusement.

In reference to modern times, the reader will find in the work a detailed description of the Rural Sports of Great Britain and Ireland, as well as of all Foreign Countries, comprehending those of Racing, Coursing, Shooting, Hunting, Hawking, Fishing, &c.; nor have the Athletic Exercises of the British Isles been omitted.

It may be added, that the Foreign Sports, hitherto in a great measure untouched ground, form a new and important feature of this work.

A succinct but accurate sketch of the Natural History, Anatomical Structure, Physiological Peculiarities, and Geographical Distribution of the chief Animals of the Chase, has been given. The Natural History of the Horse, also, embracing every variety in use among Sportsmen; his Breeding, Rearing, Breaking, and Training; his proper Treatment in the Stable and in the Field; the important subject of "summing the hunter"; the effective methods of bringing Horses into Condition, and of keeping them in that state; the Management of the Feet, both in a Healthy and Diseased Condition; the Varieties of Shoes worn, and the proper Methods of Shoeing, have been fully discussed. The Treatment of Dogs, too, both in Health and Sickness, and particularly these two capital Sources—"Distemper" and "Madness"—have engaged a considerable portion of attention.

In the Embellishments no expense has been spared to render the work both useful and highly attractive. Drawings have been executed by Alton, T. Landseer, Dicks, and other eminent Artists; and the Engravings on Wood by Branstetter. In conclusion, the Author ventures to express a hope that the novelty and comprehensiveness of his plan, and its accuracy of execution, will secure for it a permanent place in the public favour.

* * * The Work will be published in Ten Monthly Parts, price 5s. each, commencing Oct. 1, 1839.

LONDON: LONGMAN, ORME, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

NINTH MEETING: BIRMINGHAM.

In our last two *Gazettes* we briefly announced the preparations made for the reception of the British Association at Birmingham, and the general arrangements for the business of the Sections. On our arrival we found that every possible facility was given for the usual routine; furnishing members with their tickets, electing new candidates, pointing out lodgings, and all the other conveniences which contribute so much to the ease of strangers, and to the promotion of the objects in the view of the Association. The same good order prevailed through the usual influx and bustle of Monday; so that we may truly say, experience has enabled the system to work well. Its complicated machinery has been happily reduced at Birmingham to something like steam-engine precision and regularity.

With regard to the political aspects of the town, which caused some apprehension a few weeks ago, there is nothing apparent to attract the attention of visitors. The houses burnt at the Bull-ring are, it is true, melancholy memorials of the past; and the remains of placards posted off the walls, offering rewards for the discovery of the guilty, or stating that the Riot Act has been read, are sad reminiscences of a deluded period. There is, moreover, a degree of gloom which has succeeded the painful excitement; and the general mind of the inhabitants seems to be more engrossed with questions of politics and local rule than can be conducive either to the interests of trade or to individual comfort and happiness. A debating corporation is, we fear, a poor substitute for a guild of merchants or a chamber of commerce. National politics are bad enough to engross a people; but local politics are a curse *par excellence*!

We shall inflict no further mention of them upon our readers; but simply observe, that on Sunday the entire population moving abroad, including the poorer classes, looked to us to be decently and respectably clothed, and well-fed. We saw no rags or other signs of squalid misery.

At three o'clock on Saturday the General Committee of the Association met, to the number of about sixty; Mr. Vernon Harcourt, the president, in the chair. The Marquess of Northampton, one of the vice-presidents, was also present; the Earl of Dartmouth was not; and of the other two, Mr. Corrie was lost to the meeting by death; and we were sorry to hear that indisposition prevented the attendance of Dr. Robinson, of Armagh.

The Report of the last meeting of the Committee at Newcastle was read by Professor Phillips, and agreed to.

Mr. Yates read a Report from the Council. It stated it to be thought inexpedient to add to the permanent property of the Association; now amounting to 5500*l.* 3 per cent. consols. It noticed the proceedings of a deputation sent to London to ascertain if any danger could be apprehended, or any circumstances connected with the late riots, which might render it advisable to postpone the meeting; and congratulated the members on the fact, that no

change was deemed necessary. It then adverted to the following matters to be brought before the Committee:—

I. The Requisition presented at Newcastle for the establishment of a distinct section for Agricultural Science.
II. Mr. Kingsley's motion for the arrangement of the business of the Association.

III. The following Rules, which are recommended for adoption by the Council:—

1. That an admission-fee of 1*l.* be required from all future members admitted as annual subscribers, in addition to their annual subscription of 1*l.*; the composition of life-members to remain at 5*l.*

2. That every member, new and old alike, have the option of paying 5*l.* as a fixed *Book-subscription*, entitling him to receive a copy of the volumes published after the date of such subscription.

3. That all recommendations of grants of money, requests for special researches, and reports on scientific subjects, be submitted to the Committee of Recommendations, and not taken into consideration by the General Committee, unless previously recommended by the Committee of Recommendations.

The Report was ordered to be received.

The Marquess of Northampton, after paying a compliment to his services to the Association, moved that Mr. Francis Baily be appointed a trustee in the room, we believe, of Mr. Babbage, resigned; which being seconded by Mr. Hutton, Mr. Baily was elected.

Professor Phillips then rose to propose the adoption of the three Rules recommended by the Council, as above. In support of the *first*, he urged that the extreme easiness of access led to the casual enrolment of so great a multitude, as to lead to serious embarrassment and confusion in every part of the arrangements. The increased provision to be made for the accommodation of ladies, a consequence of these numbers, was another source of much inconvenience. Again, it tendered the Association a more fluctuating body than it should be: so many persons attending once, and taking no further concern or interest in their proceedings. It was like paying a price to hear a few lectures or discourses; and he trusted, that by adopting this rule the meetings would become both more manageable and stronger.

Mr. Murchison seconded the motion, which was carried *non. con.*

Professor Phillips then moved the *second* Rule, from which he anticipated that the publications of the Association would be supplied with less difficulty and more immediately to members; which last was very much to be desired, in consequence of the papers containing accounts of the state of science to the existing time being so useful to persons engaged in scientific pursuits.—Agreed to.

The Marquess of Northampton moved the *third* Rule, which would tend to the saving of much valuable time, and perhaps of some disagreeable discussions. To many propositions offered for their consideration there might be objections of so delicate a nature as to unfit them for being submitted to a public meeting. They might be like gunpowder thrown in, and at the risk of explosion. Should this rule pass, the worst that could happen was that two or three objects might not be taken up; and this bore no comparison to the advantages that must accrue from it. If any members objected to the Committee of Recommendations, it was competent to them to move the nomination of other individuals, but at all events the proceedings ought to emanate from that body.

[This Rule in reality makes the Committee of Recommendations the executive of the Association; and the more anomalous body, called the General Committee, little else than the registrars of their acts.—Ed. L. G.]

Dr. Yelloly seconded the motion, though the Society had gone on well during eight years without it; and he proposed, to add, as a rider, that one member of every Section should be allowed to attend the Committee of Recommendations, in order to explain the grounds on which the Section wished certain things to be done, and to vote on that subject.

This led to a long and uninteresting discussion, which ended in the original motion being carried and amendments negatived.

The whole debate arose out of a presumed disregard of a wish, of the Medical Section at Newcastle, to have the American gentleman with a hole in his side brought over for inspection, that we might learn how food was digested, and other functions, in the economy of nature, performed (See *Literary Gazette* on the subject; and, previously, with a full description of this individual and his remarkable condition).

Proposed Section of Agriculture.—The numerously signed requisition, for forming a Section on Agricultural Science, was read; but Dr. Yelloly, in the absence of Dr. Granville, withdrew the proposition, which he was not prepared to enforce.

Mr. Kingsley also, instead of proposing his resolutions respecting the arrangement of business, seeing that some of them had been already acted upon, agreed to lay them in the shape of suggestions before the Council.

Professor Phillips observed that they were always ready to adopt such hints as could be beneficial to the arrangements.

Lists of officers, &c., were then read, but as they were subsequently added to and altered, we shall omit them till Monday.

The meeting adjourned to Thursday at three o'clock.

At ten o'clock on Saturday night, 168 non-resident members were enrolled; and a very correct list, with their addresses, &c., circulated in the morning. Much credit is due to the local secretaries and their assistants, for their exertions in this and all the other business they have had in charge.*

MONDAY.

This morning, in due time, the Sections were constituted; and, after considering the alterations rendered necessary by the non-appearance of several officials, elected to various situations, the following list was given out of the presiding officers, &c., for the present Meeting:—

SECTION A.—Mathematics and Physics.

Steward—Rev. J. Abbot. President—Rev. Professor Whewell, F.R.S. Vice-Presidents—Francis Baily, Esq. F.R.S., Professor Forbes, F.R.S., Major Sabine, F.R.S. Secretaries—J. T. Chance, Esq., W. Snow Harris, Esq. F.R.S., Professor Stevelly.

* The Committee of Recommendations, in whom, as we have observed, the executive power of the Association is lodged, was read by Mr. Murchison, as follows:—The Marquess of Northampton, Sir Charles Lemon, Bart., Dr. Buckland, Professors Daubeny, Forbes, Graham, Mr. J. E. Gray, F.R.S., Mr. G. B. Greenough, Mr. H. Hallam, Dr. Hodgkins, Mr. Hutton, M.P., Mr. G. R. Porter, Professors Lloyd and Lyell, Dr. Roger, Mr. Fox Talbot, Professors Willis, Whewell, and Wheatstone, and Dr. Yelloly, together with the President *pro tem.*, the Vice-Presidents, the General Treasurer, Secretaries, and other Officers.

SECTION B.—*Chemistry and Mineralogy.*

Steward—Dr. Melan. President—Professor Graham, of London, F.R.S. Vice-Presidents—Professor Johnstone, F.R.S., Richard Phillips, Esq. F.R.S. Secretaries—Golding Bird, M.D. F.R.S., J. B. Melan, A.B. M.B.

SECTION C.—*Geology and Physical Geography.*

Steward—John Francis, Esq. President—Rev. William Buckland, D.D. Vice-Presidents—For Geography, G. B. Gresham, Esq. F.R.S. For Geology, H. T. De la Bèche, Esq. F.R.S., Leonard Horner, Esq. F.R.S., Charles Lyell, Esq. F.R.S. Secretaries—G. Lloyd, M.D. F.R.S., H. E. Strickland, Esq. F.G.S., C. Darwin, Esq. F.R.S.

SECTION D.—*Zoology and Botany.*

Steward—W. D. Crompton, Esq. President—Professor Owen, F.R.S. Vice-Presidents—J. E. Gray, Esq. F.R.S. P.B.S., Dr. Graham, F.R.S.E., G. B. Daubeny, M.D. F.R.S. Secretaries—E. Forbes, Esq. M.W.S., Robert Patterson, Esq., William Ick, Esq.

SECTION E.—*Medical Science.*

Steward—Dr. Eccles. President—Dr. Yelloly, F.R.S. Vice-Presidents—Dr. Johnstone, Dr. Roget, Sec. R.S., Dr. Macartney, F.R.S. Secretaries—Dr. G. O. Rees, F. Ryland, Esq.

SECTION F.—*Statistics.*

Steward—Frederick Russell, Esq. President—Henry Hallam, Esq. F.R.S. Vice-Presidents—Sir Charles Lemon, Bart. M.P. F.R.S., G. R. Porter, Esq. F.R.S. Secretaries—Francis Clark, Esq., Rawson W. Rawson, Esq., W. C. Taylor, Esq. LL.D.

SECTION G.—*Mechanical Science.*

Steward—William Hawker, Esq. President—Professor Willis, F.R.S. Vice-Presidents—Robert Stephenson, Esq., Dr. Lardner, F.R.S., G. Rennie, Esq. F.R.S. Secretaries—William Carnall, Esq., W. Hawkes, Esq., T. Webster, Esq. Sec. Civ. Eng.

The business of the various Sections posted up by their committees for this day, afforded a fair promise of the matters which were likely to occupy the meeting.

SECTION A.—*Mathematics and Physics.*

1. Sir J. Herschel, respecting the 'Reduction of Stars in Lacaille's *Cœlum Australe*.'

[Professor Stewelly, the secretary, read this Report, for which 200*l*. was granted last year. It stated that considerable progress had been made, and only a small portion of the grant expended. The rest would be required in the course of next year.]

2. Sir J. Herschel's 'Report on the Revision of the Nomenclature of Stars.'

[A similar grant of 50*l*. to Sir John, Professor Whewell, and Mr. F. Baily: in which also some progress had been made in the northern hemisphere. The laying down of the stars in the southern hemisphere on a planisphere had been commenced. No expense had been incurred, and application was made for a continuation of the grant.]

3. Mr. Baily's 'Report on the Reduction of the Stars in the *Histoire Céleste*.'

[Here also, in making progress, 13,000 stars had been reduced, and 150*l*. of the grant expended. The whole was expected to be concluded next year.]

4. Mr. Baily's 'Report on the Extension of the Royal Astronomical Society's Catalogue of Stars.'

[Partly completed; 150*l*. expended; and the completion expected next year.]

5. Professor Lloyd, 'On Placing Three Magnets in an Observatory.'

Professor Lloyd observed, that the phenomena of terrestrial magnetism could not be determined by one magnet. His researches had, therefore, been directed to ascertain the best position of three magnets, so as in the least degree to affect each other, and ascertain this problem. The learned Professor then went into a demonstration of the fundamental theorem included in this proposition, and gave a formula, which he illustrated by diagrams on the board beside him; and of which we give the substance. One magnet should be placed in the line of the magnetic meridian, and is termed the declination magnet; the second, perpendicular to it, representing the horizontal force; and the third, representing the vertical force, at the angle opposite the base of the other two. The limits of distance can, at present, be determined by experiment only. By the positions of these three magnets, we have four indeterminate arbitrary angles, by which we are enabled to fulfil four equations of conditions; and thus the relative action is rendered nothing, and

the mutual action of the three magnets destroyed. A gallery of about forty feet in length is most practically convenient for the placing of the three magnets. The result arrived at by Professor Lloyd is exceedingly interesting, in relation to the observatories about to be erected in the British colonies, and to the solution of the difficult problem of terrestrial magnetism.

6. Sir D. Brewster's 'Report of Hourly Meteorological Observations at two Stations in Scotland.'

[This Report recorded the daily variations of the temperature; and mentioned an extraordinary aurora borealis, 27th Nov. 1838; at which time there was a remarkable depression of the barometer, which stood at 27.2, seven hundred feet above the level of the sea. A conversation upon the aurora, and this general depression of the barometer, ensued, but led to no conclusion. Mr. Whewell noticed a curious Japanese picture, which he thought represented this phenomenon at a remote period. These were radiations from the centre of a circle. He also stated, that the subject connected with the aurora borealis had excited much interest at Utrecht.]

7. Letter from Professor Bache of Philadelphia, respecting his 'Meteorological Report.'

The Professor was not ready with his report, owing to a *tangle* in the state—indisposition, and being occupied with preparing his "Tour in England;" but he hoped to send it next year. The latter portion of his letter referred to rain-gauges, magnetic arrangements, &c. This led to a long gossip about rain-gauges, such as we reported from Newcastle; and the general impression (sanctioned by Professor Foster) was, that the best position for a rain-gauge was a square hole cut in a horizontal surface of the earth.

8. Dr. Daubeny, 'On a Sub-registry Photometer.'

The rough model of this instrument was exhibited. It depended upon a simple principle, which he hoped would be explained by Mr. Fox Talbot, and that it might form an appendage to that gentleman's paper. The model was of glass and wood, enclosing ammonio-bulphate of copper, through which the solar rays passed, acting upon photogenic paper, whereby their intensity was measured all day, and each hour. The paper travelling on rollers, caused each portion to be acted upon, as exposed, and become more or less discoloured. The effect was reduced to a scale, and marked off by a common mechanical process.

Professor Forbes observed, that considerable mechanical difficulties presented themselves; and otherways objected to a dependence upon such an instrument.

9. Mr. Fox Talbot's 'Remarks in reference to M. Daguerre's Photogenic Process.'

Mr. Talbot offered a few extempore remarks on M. Daguerre's photogenic process. M. Arago had declared, that optics and chemistry united were insufficient, in their present state, to give even any plausible explanation of this complicated process. If M. Arago, who had the advantage of being for six months acquainted with the secret, was of this opinion, it seemed as if a call were made on all the cultivators of science to use their united endeavours, by accumulating new facts, to penetrate into the real nature of these mysterious phenomena. For this reason, Mr. Talbot said, he would offer to the Section a small contribution, on his part, of new observations, which might, perhaps, be of service towards the elucidation of this new branch of science.

The first part of M. Daguerre's process consists in exposing a silver plate to the vapour of iodine, by which it becomes covered with a stratum of iodine of silver, which is sensitive to light. Mr. Talbot stated, that this fact had been known to him for some time, and that it

formed the basis of a curious optical phenomenon; which, as it did not appear to have been observed by M. Daguerre, he would describe to the meeting.

Place a small particle of iodine, the size of a pin's head, on a plate of silver, or on a piece of silver leaf, spread on glass: warm it very gently, and you will shortly see the particle become surrounded with a number of coloured rings, whose tints resemble those of Newton's rings. Now, if these coloured rings are brought into the light, a singular phenomenon takes place. For the rings prove to be sensitive to the light, and their colours change; and, after the lapse of a short time, their original appearance is quite gone, and a new set of colours have arisen to occupy their place. These new colours are altogether unusual ones; they do not resemble any thing in Newton's scale, but seem to conform to a system of their own. For instance, the two first colours are *deep olive green*, and *deep blue, inclining to black*, which is quite unlike the commencement of Newton's scale. It will be understood, that the outermost ring is here accounted the first, being due to the thinnest stratum of iodide silver, furthest from the central particle. The number of rings visible is sometimes considerable. In the centre of all the silver leaf becomes white and semi-transparent, like ivory. This white spot, when heated, turns yellow; again recovering its whiteness when cold: whence it is inferred to consist of iodide silver, in a perfect state. The coloured rings seem to consist of iodide silver, in various stages of development. They have a further singular property, which, however, has not been yet sufficiently examined into. It is as follows: it is well known that gold leaf is transparent, and transmits a bluish-green light; but no other metal has been described as possessing coloured transparency.

These rings of iodide silver, however, possess it, being slightly transparent, and transmitting light of different colours. In order to see this, a small portion of the film should be isolated, which is best done by viewing it through a microscope. Mr. T. said, that he had considered the possibility of applying a silver plate, thus combined with iodine, to the purpose of photogenic drawing; but he had laid it aside as insufficient for that purpose, on account of its sensitiveness appearing to be much inferior to that of paper spread with chloride of silver; and therefore in an equal time it takes a much feebler impression. Now, however, M. Daguerre has disclosed the remarkable fact, that this feeble impression can be increased, brought out, and strengthened at a subsequent time, by exposing the plate to the vapour of mercury.

The next point of M. Daguerre's process is this exposure to vapour. And this is by far the most enigmatical part of the whole process. For he states, that if you wish to view the picture in the usual manner, that is, vertically; you must hold the plate inclined to the vapour at an angle of 45° (and *vice versa*). Now, this is something extraordinary; for whoever heard of masses of vapour possessing determinate sides, so as to be capable of being presented to an object at a given angle?

From the hasty consideration which he had been able as yet to give to it, his first impression was, that this fact bore a certain analogy to some others which he would mention.

If a piece of silver leaf is exposed to the vapour of iodine, however uniform the tension of the vapour may be, yet it does not combine uniformly with the metal, but the combination commences at the edge of the leaf, and spreads inwards, as is manifested by the formation of

successive coloured bands parallel to the edge. This is not peculiar to silver and iodine, but occurs when other metals are exposed to other vapours, not always with much regularity, but displaying a tendency to combine in this way. A possible explanation is, that this is due to the powerful electrical effect which the sharp edges and points of bodies are known to possess: in fact, that electricity is either the cause or the attending consequence of the combination of vapour with a metallic body. Again, if a minute particle of iodine is laid on a steel plate, it liquefies, forming an iodide of iron, and a dew spreads around the central point. Now, if this dew is examined in a good microscope, its globules are seen not to be arranged casually, but in straight lines along the edges of the minute striæ, or scratches, which the microscope detects even on polished surfaces. This is another proof how vapour is attracted by sharp edges, for the sides of these striæ are such. Whether or not these facts had any relation to that observed by M. Daguerre, of the action of vapour at an angle of 45°, Mr. Talbot did not pretend to say, but thought them worthy of being mentioned to the Section.

It had been repeatedly stated in the "Comptes Rendus" of the French Institute, that M. Daguerre's substance was greatly superior in sensitiveness to the English photogenic drawing-papers. Now, however, it appeared that this was to be understood in a certain peculiar sense, inasmuch as the first or direct effect of the French method was very little apparent, and was increased by a subsequent process. This rendered it difficult to institute a direct experimental comparison between them. If it could be accomplished, he doubted whether M. Daguerre's substance would be found much more sensitive than his. The present degree of sensitiveness of the photogenic drawing-paper was stated to be as follows:—It will take an impression from a common Argand lamp in one minute, which is visible though weak; in ten minutes' time, the impression is a pretty strong one; in full daylight, the effect is nearly instantaneous.

Mr. T. then mentioned a kind of photogenic pictures which afford a very capricious phenomenon. The objects are represented of a reddish colour on a white ground, and the process leaves the pictures in such a state that they can neither be said to be *fixed*, nor the contrary, but are in an intermediate state: that is to say, that when they are exposed to sunshine they neither remain unaltered (as *fixed* pictures would do), nor are they destroyed (as *unfixed* pictures would be). But this singularity occurs, that the white ground remains unaltered, while the colour of the object delineated on it changes from reddish to black with great rapidity, after which no further change occurs. These facts may serve to illustrate the fertility of the subject, and shew the great extent of yet unoccupied ground in this new branch of science.

SECTION B.—Chemistry and Mineralogy.

The Papers announced in this Section were:—

1. Professor Hare, 'On the Preparation of Metallic Bases of Earth.'
2. Dr. Mackay, 'On a Bark from South America.'
3. Mr. Mallet, 'Observations on the Action of Sea Water on Iron.'
4. Mr. Harris, 'On some Phenomena of Colour in Glass.'
5. Coathorpe, 'On the Mode of Graduating Glass Tubes.'

[Two other papers postponed.]

SECTION C.—Geology and Physical Geography. Dr. Buckland in the Chair.

1. Dr. Buckland's 'Report on Agassiz's Work on Fossil Ichthyology.'
2. Mr. Lyell, 'On Tabular Cavities in Chalk, near Norwich.'
3. Mr. J. D. Marshall, 'On Section of Silurian Rocks in Westmorland.'
4. Dr. Buckland, 'A Communication from Mr. Oram, on the Applicability of Small Coal to Steam Navigation.'

The Geological Section has been attended with its former popularity at this meeting; and its discussions have been of a very interesting character.

Before proceeding to the business on the list, the chairman called the attention of the meeting to a communication from a public association of the town of Bradford, recommending that local museums should be formed for the collection and preservation of such specimens as occurred in their own neighbourhoods. This he observed was a commonsense view of the matter, and could not emanate from a fitter place than from Bradford; which, like Birmingham, was seated on those enormous remains of ancient vegetation which had raised them from the rank of petty villages to the high commercial and manufacturing importance which they now enjoyed. The same course had been already pursued at Newcastle, and the members who had visited that town last year, had seen how valuable the results had been. Strangers visiting such museums would at once see what the country contained, and learn, without further trouble, what to seek and where. It was properly recommended to keep distant products separate and apart from those of the localities where the museums were established, and he (the chairman) was of opinion that too much attention could not be paid to this excellent suggestion.

Mr. Greenough, before proceeding to the business of the Section, took the opportunity to express his gratitude to the French government for having, ten years ago, formed a national collection of this kind, arranged in departments. Nothing could be more desirable than to form topographical museums; and he regretted that the example of France had not been followed in the British Museum. He trusted that this reproach would soon be removed, and in the meantime that local collections would be encouraged. Whilst on the topic he would merely observe, that heretofore fossil remains had been too little considered in reference to their localities. In looking for them according to the strata in which they were discovered, the varieties found in different parts had been rather overlooked.

Mr. Murchison was warmly thanked for his liberality in allowing a portion of his great map to be copied, for the use of the excursion appointed for Friday.* It will certainly

* It has been arranged as follows, and much gratification is anticipated from it:—

Division A.—*Iron Works, &c.*
Leaves Birmingham at half-past seven A.M., and disembarks at Tipton Green, for the Horsley Iron Works, Tipton; from thence to the Works of Messrs. Bradley, Barrows, and Hall; and after that, if time will permit, to the Castle Hill and Lime Caverns.

Division B.—*Rowley Hills and Trap Rocks.*
Leaves Birmingham at eight A.M.; disembarks at the Brades Canal Branch, and proceeds to the Trap Formations at Rowley Hills, Pearl Hill, Bare Hill, and Tansley Hill; and from thence to the Limestone Formations at the Castle Hill, if time permit.

Division C.—*Caverns and Lime Formations.*
Leaves Birmingham at half-past eight A.M., and disembarks at Tipton Bridge; then proceeds by Mr. Bradley's Lodge to the Lime Caverns; and from thence to the Wren's Nest.

The above divisions will leave punctually at the time fixed, by boats, from Messrs. Shipston's wharf, in Broad

help much to the enjoyment of the remarkable Limestone Caverns.*

The Marquess of Northampton, as an *ex officio* trustee of the British Museum, whilst he highly commended the plan of local and national museums, stated that there was as yet no room for the former in the museum. For the present they could only have a general collection. He trusted, however, that this difficulty would be removed, and one of the greatest interest and variety be attached to the metropolis.†

Dr. Buckland now came to the first paper of the Section, and expressed his regret that M. Agassiz was not able to attend the meeting to express the gratitude he felt for the patronage he had received in the prosecution of his splendid work, not only in grants from the Association, but from the subscriptions of individual members, in consequence of which he had been enabled to carry it on. The learned Chairman spoke highly in praise of this work (on Fossil Fishes), the price of which was 25*l.*; and which must have stopped but for the assistance given to its author by the Association; and well did he merit that assistance. He had relinquished pursuits from which he might now have been in the receipt of a considerable income, and all for the sake of science. He had known him, when engaged in this arduous career, with the revenue of only 100*l.*; and of this he paid 50*l.* to the artist for drawings, 30*l.* for books, and lived himself on the remaining 20*l.* a-year! Thus had he raised himself to an elevated European rank, and in his abode, *au troisième*, was the companion and friend of princes, ambassadors, and men of the highest rank and talent of every country.

There were now published Parts 10 and 11; and in three or four more M. Agassiz's magnificent production would be complete. (Professor Buckland held up some of the plates, which were beautifully executed.) These they owed to the talent of M. Agassiz, and to the encouragement he had received from the British Association. His system could not be too highly estimated. It was founded, not on internal structure, which was so perishable, but on those external appearances which, from their nature, were calculated to endure from ages so remote, and be submitted to geological inspection and investigation. Men and women born naked, and so soon accustomed to think more of clothing than of their own natural covering, were not apt to pay so much attention to this important subject as it deserved. But to eels, for example, it was of vital interest. Had any one of his auditory ever seen scales of an eel?

[No answer for a time—when Dr. Lloyd, of Leamington, one of the Secretaries, said, "I have."]

Then, continued the speaker, there is one gentleman present who has seen the scales on an eel. It is a fortunate circumstance, for he will bear witness to the fine provision in its external economy, covered with minute scales,

Street. Those Members who are too late for the boats to which they belong, cannot be conveyed by any others. Non-resident Members are requested to make immediate application at the Inquiry Room for tickets, as the lists will be closed on Tuesday, the 27th inst., at four o'clock P.M. Resident Members are requested to enter their names immediately, as the remaining seats in the boats will be allotted to them in the order of application. None but Members of the Association will be permitted to apply for excursion tickets, the price of which is 2*s.* 6*d.* including a ticket for a cold dinner at Dudley.

* The local publisher has, however, put on a screw, in charging 2*s.* for what ought not to have cost above 6*d.* † In the meantime, might we suggest the expediency of public encouragement being given to Newcastle, Bradford, and other provincial establishments; on the condition of preserving duplicate specimens for the National Museum? The interchange of local duplicates, one place with another, ought to be arranged on a liberal footing. It would enrich all, and impoverish none.—Ed. L. G.

and having diffused over them a quantity of slimy mucus, under which, being concealed, they were admirably adapted for that mode of life which consisted of imbedding themselves in mud, or penetrating under stones and rock. But this was a slippery subject, and he would leave the eels with their pilot coats on to proceed with the rest of the Report. One very curious result remained to be noticed. There were but four great dispositions of scales in all the species of fish now living; and of these, two belonged to classes whose formation was traced to the later geological strata. Below, in the oolite, sandstone, slate limestone formations, their character was totally distinct from the more recent, in chalk and the superincumbent strata. In the former, their scales of enamel, or enamel upon bone, were so imperishable, that they had resisted destruction, whilst the bones, and all other parts, except the teeth, had decayed in the lapse of centuries of time. He regretted to say that, in regard to the teeth, a sudden indisposition had deprived the Section of the presence of Mr. Owen, whose researches had made him so perfect an authority on every thing connected with these organs. Their microscopic forms had been so minutely examined and ascertained by that gentleman, that he could almost at a glance decide to what animal, existent, or no longer existent, they belonged; and he trusted that by Saturday Mr. Owen would be sufficiently recovered to be able to communicate to them some of his vast fund of information on the subject. The Professor then playfully alluded to the ornaments which could be manufactured from these remains, and recommended them to the ladies; but returning to M. Agassiz's system, he observed, that it furnished a new key to the early conditions of the earth, and shewed the course in which the Creator had created new animals as that earth became fitted for their reception. It unfolded the progress of organisation of vertebrate beings; in which the traces of fishes were of so much value. This we owed to M. Agassiz, who being able to detect and pursue these traces at a period anterior to the *Mammalia* of Cuvier, went deeper below the surface of the globe and its later inhabitants, and laid before us the secrets of ages long before these had existence.

The learned Professor concluded by recommending M. Agassiz's work, not only for its own importance, but as only a limited number had been printed, on account of its rarity.

A Member stated that he had made a collection of fossil fish in the neighbourhood of Manchester, which he would communicate at a future day.

Dr. Buckland mentioned, that after to-day the gallery round the Section-room would be appropriated to ladies, and that if he saw any below he would call upon them for speeches.

[This threat, however, he did not execute on after-days, when a few privileged ladies were introduced into the body of the room.]

2. The second paper was by Mr. Lyell, 'On the Pipes or Tubes of Gravel found in Chalk;' and it was of such interest as to afford the principal topic of discussion and observation on this and the ensuing day.

Mr. Lyell directed their attention to this condition of these strata, as exemplified at a locality about two miles west of Norwich. Here, as shewn by a diagram, pinned up in the Section-room, a bed of gravel lay over the deep chalk formation, and penetrated it in nearly perpendicular pipes or tubes, of various lengths and widths. They tapered like carrots. Some were three or four feet in diameter, and pene-

trated five, eight, or ten feet; others were from twelve, to above twenty feet wide at the upper part, and descended to their points, forty, sixty, or more feet. These pipes were filled with gravel, sand, or clay, the same as the horizontal strata above. They contained no fossil remains that he had discovered; and he referred their age to that of the Norwich Crag. One remarkable fact was, that the sides of these pipes were lined almost continuously with a fine clay, nothing similar to the materials, the gravels and pebbles, which filled up their centres, and appeared evidently to have been precipitated from above, slowly and gradually after (probably at a much later period) the openings in the chalk had been made to receive them. The horizontal nodules of flint, which crossed the chalk, were found in the wider pipes to have fallen through them, and below the line which they occupied in the chalk. They never arrived at the bottom; and this was another proof of the gradual descent of the gravel, &c., which had so far filled and arched the pipes, that heavier bodies were thus intercepted as they were disengaged from the chalk. The chalk on the edges of the pipes was in a most decomposed state, and slightly discoloured, of a yellowish hue, as if from clay and sand, and extending to the distance of from one to five feet.* His explanation of these appearances was, that the cavities in the chalk were first formed by chemical action; and at, perhaps, a long subsequent period, gradually filled up as they now appeared. The first operation might either have been effected by water from above, charged with carbonic acid, or by the action of carbonic acid passing upwards, either with springs or in vapour. He considered that the clay lining was the last portion of the formation; and stated that it contained no calcareous matter whatever. A thicker layer of it was found at the bottom of the pipes. He confessed that there were difficulties opposed to his theory, which seemed to rely most on the ascent of carbonic acid in springs; but he had brought the subject fairly under the observation of the Section.

Mr. De la Bèche observed, that there were similar irregularities on the upper surface of green sandstone, but they did not penetrate to any depth. He agreed with Mr. Lyell that these tubes had their origin in chemical action; and attributed them to the descent of rain-water, charged with carbonic acid. Every well in the upper gravel would receive a supply of this from every shower, which, sinking through it, would form carbonate of lime, and readily account for the descent of the pipes to points of various extent. He also agreed that the formation of the cavities, and their filling up, must have belonged to different periods. The argillaceous lining he could not explain.

Professor Phillips remarked on the importance of this communication, and the examination of similar phenomena, not only in lime formation, but in oolitic rocks. He thought it possible that the fissures might have been begun by mechanical action, and completed by chemistry.

The Chairman said this subject had occupied his attention ten years ago, but had, like many others, been indefinitely postponed, as he was occupied with different pursuits. He would, however, bring certain drawings with him tomorrow, and propound his theory on these appearances. Every chalk formation exhibited

* This part of the appearance, and that of the fine clay lining, was afterwards much discussed. Might it not arise from an infiltration of the materials of the pipes, through the adjacent chalk? The finer particles would pass through and discolour it, whilst those a little more gross would form the lining.—Ed. L. G.

the same pipes or tubes. Some of them were enormous. Between High Wycombe and Oxford, and all along the sea-shore of England, and in Normandy, they might be studied. At Shottouer (as we understood him), they occurred in the oolite; also in the Kimmeridge clay over Chert and at Caen.

Mr. Yates described the organ pipes at Maestricht; similar fissures shewn to travellers there, and so called from their resemblance to the musical instrument. These did not terminate in points at their lower extremities, and many of them were empty. His opinion inclined to their having been produced by action from below.

Mr. Lyell terminated the discussion by expressing his satisfaction at the general concurrence of opinion in the Section, and which was opposed to that of M. Passy on these phenomena in Normandy. He was convinced that the fine clay lining was not at all derived from the chalk. He would then ask where the chalk removed from the cavities had gone, if precipitated from above? If they held that the action proceeded from below, this difficulty would vanish.

SECTION D.—Zoology and Botany.

1. Mr. Lankester, 'On the Formation of Woody Tissue.'

2. Mr. Forbes and Mr. Goodsir, 'Notices of Zoological Researches in Orkney and Shetland.'

3. Dr. Wilde, 'On the Preparation of Fish, and Models and Drawings of a Mummy brought from Peru.'

4. Mr. Lankester, 'On the Preparation of Fish.'

1. Mr. Edwin Lankester, of Campsall, near Leeds, read the first paper in the list, 'On the Formation of Woody Tissue.' He began by enumerating the principal tissues, and tracing the origin of the whole to the simple cell. He thought this fact was lost sight of in the theories of the formation of wood. The development of this tissue had been ascribed to the leaves by Du Petit Thouars, and to the bark and wood by other observers. The former view was supported by Dr. Lindley. The author objected to the theory of the formation of wood from buds or leaves. I. Because hardened, elongated tissue, is found in Cryptogamia; in leafless Endogaeus; in the pericarps peduncles, &c. of Phanerogamous plants, where there are no leaves; in leafless Exogaeus, as *Monotropa* and *Cactaceae*; and in the knots of beech-trees, which Du Petit Thouars calls *Embryo-buds*. The author entered into a lengthened account of these bodies, and thought the following conclusions were all that could be asserted in the present state of our knowledge:—I. That the requisites for the formation of wood are a living tissue, developing elongated fibres; 2. A tissue, forming and depositing secreted matter; 3. exposure to the influence of external stimuli. II. That the secreted matters are more easily brought under the influence of external stimuli in the youngest tissues, hence the importance of leaves. III. That neither bark nor leaves are essential to the formation of woody fibre. The paper was accompanied by a number of specimens.

Mr. Babington thought Mr. Lankester's conclusions correct, and could confirm the accuracy of his remarks on the embryo buds. The fact of a stock forming its own wood, whilst a graft formed its own, he thought tended to refute Du Petit Thouars's theory.

Dr. Boosey had heard the paper with interest, as he had long been of opinion that facts were opposed to Du Petit Thouars's theory. He

would mention the oriental plane, which shed its bark from increase of wood; this it did in the centre of the tree, and not at the top, as it would do, if this theory were true.

2. Mr. Forbes then read his paper 'On some new Animals he had discovered off the Coast of Shetland.' He enumerated and described thirty new species of invertebrated animals, which he had discovered. Amongst others, a very interesting polypus, standing between the genera *Coryne* and *Tubularia*, and which he proposed to call *Ellisia*.

Mr. Gray objected to the name *Ellisia*, as it had been already applied by Dr. Brown to a plant.

3. Dr. Wilde made some observations 'On the Mummy brought from Peru.' It was peculiar in being doubled up, and having a blue net thrown over its body.

Dr. Macartney, of Dublin, referred to its anatomical peculiarities. The intestines were emptied of their contents, and other parts of the preparation were of a singular nature.

4. Mr. Lankester then read the paper 'On the Preparation of Fish.' His mode demanded attention, on account of the ease with which it might be done. The side and interior of the fish were removed, and the skin allowed to dry in a proper shape by pieces of cork being placed inside, and then on being placed on paper they assumed their original form. (The specimens exhibited were most natural and beautiful.)

This paper led to a long and interesting discussion on the various modes of preparing animals for museums, in which Dr. Macartney, Mr. Wilde, Mr. Gray, and other naturalists, took part.

SECTION E.—Medical Science.

1. Cases, by Sir D. Dickson, 'On the Rupture of the Duodenum,' &c.

2. Mr. Middlemore, 'On the Treatment of Capsular Cataracts.'

[These papers do not admit of popular illustration in a Journal like ours; and we shall probably take a view of this Section altogether at the end of the week, with the exception of any papers of a nature to interest the general reader.]

SECTION F.—Statistics.

1. 'Contributions to the Educational Statistics of Birmingham.'

2. Mr. G. Porter, 'On the Collection of Agricultural Statistics.'

3. The Manchester Statistical Society's 'Report on the Condition of the Working Classes of Rutlandshire.'

[Abstracts of these Reports will be given hereafter.]

SECTION G.—Mechanical Science.

1. Mr. Hawkins, 'On Paving Roads and Streets with Blocks of Wood placed End upwards.'

2. Mr. Taylor's Report 'On the Duty of Cornish Engines.' (A money grant of 50*l.*)

3. Mr. Russell's 'Observations on the most Economical Proportion of Power to Tonnage in Steam-vessels.'

4. Dr. Lardner's 'Contrivance for detecting Inaccuracies in Lines of Railroad.'

1. Mr. Hawkins, 'On Paving Roads and Streets with Blocks of Wood placed End upwards.'—"The public attention being turned to the subject of paving roads and streets with blocks of wood, placed with the grain in a vertical position, the plan being highly spoken of for goodness and durability by many travellers, who have seen such roads abroad, and although seven patents have been taken out in England for wooden pavements in little more than a year past—there still being, I apprehend, no specimen in this country calculated to afford the means of forming a sound public opinion on this most valuable means of road-making—it is

desirable that those who have had opportunities of examining such pavements should contribute the results of their observations and inquiries, towards informing the public mind, and to guard it from being led to an unfavourable conclusion by two specimens very imperfectly laid down in London—one in Oxford Street, and the other in the Old Bailey. Having myself attentively watched for about four years, from 1827 to 1831, the effect of much travelling over a piece of wooden pavement, well executed, in the principal thoroughfare of Vienna, and observed that it appeared to wear away less than any other kind of paving material whatever, I frequently, after my return to England, in 1831, mentioned to our engineers the superiority of such roadways for carriages, and recommended their universal adoption; having also made inquiries of several persons, who have observed the condition of a piece of wooden pavement, laid about three years ago, in that very great thoroughfare, the Broadway, in New York, and been repeatedly informed that the execution of that piece was performed in a workmanlike manner,—the particulars of which have been stated to me—I am strengthened in my high estimate of the value of great attention to the goodness of the workmanship. One gentleman of acute observation informed me, that he saw a stone of near twenty tons weight drawn on a carriage over this piece of pavement, without appearing to make the least impression on it. Under these circumstances, I come forward as a disinterested advocate of this system of paving, in the full persuasion that sound wood, with the grain vertical, is the best material yet discovered for making good and durable roadways; and that roads formed of that material, well executed, may be made so even as to constitute a sort of universal railway, on which carriages may be drawn by a small proportion of horse-power, and on which steam carriages may be run as safely and almost as fast as on railways. Thus, finding myself in possession of valuable information and experience on this most economical kind of pavement, and having no connexion with any parties for carrying it into effect, I deem the Mechanical Section of the British Association the medium by which the public mind can be the most extensively informed; and therefore feel it my duty, in a concise manner, to state the points on which the goodness and durability of such roads will mainly depend. They are:—1. That the wood be chosen from the heart of sound trees, not a particle of sap being in any case allowed to be laid down, lest early rotteness be the result. The resinous firs offer excellent materials at moderate prices, where little land-carriage is required; but such durable woods may be employed as can be the easiest procured in the respective localities of the roads to be paved. 2. That the blocks, which are to be laid contiguously, be cut to an exact gauge, so as to fit closely and evenly together; and when placed side by side on a level floor, no block shall be visibly higher than another. 3. That the depth of the blocks be at least once and a half of the breadth, a firm lateral support being found necessary to stability; twice the depth of the breadth is to be preferred. Each block, when rectangular, is supported by four others; and when formed into hexagonal prisms, which appears to be the favourite form, each block is supported by the six surrounding ones; and this support will be the more effective in proportion to the accurate and tight fitting of the whole mass of blocks. The hexagonal prism being found to afford the greatest quantity of wood from a tree, when

the diameter of the prism is as large as can be cut out of the whole diameter of the sound part of the tree, that figure has been adopted in all cases which I have seen or heard of, as hitherto carried into effect; I shall therefore omit considering various other figures proposed, until specimens of them have been laid down and fairly tested by experience. 4. That the blocks be laid upon a bed firmly made with gravel, shingle, hard rubbish, or other hard material, well rammed down, and made even previously to laying the blocks. An excellent bed in New York was made of marble chippings, from a neighbouring statuary's yard. 5. That a thin layer, of only half an inch of fine gravel, be spread evenly over the rammed and levelled surface of the bed, at the time of laying the blocks, to favour their adjustment. 6. That the blocks be laid so as to present an even upper surface before any ramming of them is commenced, in order that the ultimate making them even shall not depend so much on the rammer as on the evenness of the bed; the use of the rammer being to settle the whole firmly down, no block should have to be rammed much more than the rest. If one block be allowed to remain higher or lower than the contiguous ones, a jolting of the carriages will take place; and the tendency of this jolting is, to depress the lower blocks more than the higher ones: and thus the evil, when commenced in the smallest degree, is found to be gradually growing worse; for the carriage wheel, when descending from the higher block upon the lower one acts as a rammer; but when ascending from the lower to the higher, it acts only as so much dead weight. In addition to the above essential points, it may be observed, that the blocks should be cut from dry wood, and used soon after being cut, lest their figure vary by warping; they may be roughly cut abroad, while the tree is green, and re-cut after they have become dry. The blocks may perhaps be cut by steam power in England, at as little expense as by hand in foreign countries, where from the lowness of wages it might be supposed England could not compete with them. Many more important points might be stated; but the valuable time of the Section must not be occupied with minutiae."

In a subsequent conversation, it was suggested that the blocks might be prepared by injecting the pores of the wood with a resinous composition. Notwithstanding the very careless manner in which the wooden pavement in Oxford Street was laid down, it was asserted that it had stood the best of all the ten experimental pavements. So little care had been bestowed, that no attention was paid to securing a dry bed, and some of the blocks were actually three inches deep in water. The contract for this portion was taken at 9*s.* 6*d.* per square yard.

2. Mr. J. Taylor announced, that the grant of money awarded by the Committee of the Association for a reduction of the duties of Cornish engines had been given to parties whose work was in the Inquiry Room. These reductions were of much interest, and would serve well as a foundation on which to found further remarks.

4. Dr. Lardner described an instrument which he had constructed for ascertaining the deviations of lines of rails. He employed a truck with wheels, without phalanges, and perfectly cylindrical, and on which a platform was placed. An iron tube crossed this, terminating at each end at right angles, into which was introduced mercury; so that it was, in fact, a mercurial level. On placing this along the

lines of railway, the mercury in the columns was found to go up and down; and into each was introduced a float and a piston, to the top of the rod of which a pencil was attached, which, on the occurrence of any incorrectness of the line, described a curve on a sheet of paper, the ordinate of which gave the variation of the rail. He had tried it on several parts of a line where the variation was perceptible. The instrument was checked so as to show that this curve was doubtlessly the real representation of the line; and being simple and easily applied, it would no doubt be found useful to contractors on new lines of rails.

EVENING MEETING.

Soon after eight o'clock, the Reverend President took the chair in the noble Town Hall, the platform, galleries, and body of which, were more than two-thirds filled by members, both resident and non-resident, and by a number of ladies.

Mr. Murchison having announced that the President of the year would address them, as is usual on this occasion, Mr. Vernon Harcourt read his address, which occupied above an hour and a half in the delivery, but of which we shall offer no summary, as we presume it will be published entire, and afford us a better opportunity of giving it, or its substance, than could be done from hearing it imperfectly.

The following is a correct abstract of Mr. Murchison's communication to the Section C. on Thursday; and in a geological point of view the most important paper of the meeting, as it unites opinions upon a great principle and much controverted theory. It is entitled, 'On the Carboniferous and Devonian Systems of Westphalia and North-western Germany.' The author states that having, in company with Professor Sedgwick, examined the older rock of north-western Germany and Belgium, it is the intention of his friend and himself to lay before the Geological Society of London a general memoir (illustrated by numerous fossils) on the classification of these ancient deposits, shewing a succession of the carboniferous, Devonian, or *old red and Silurian systems*. The present communication bears only upon one point of this analysis, and is offered as a clear and indisputable proof of the geological position of the anthracitic or culm-bearing strata of Devonshire and Cornwall. Transverse sections, in descending order from the productive coal-field of Westphalia on the N.N.E. to the uppermost division of Protogic rocks on the S.S.W., were explained; and one from Dortmund by Schelke, to the neighbourhood of Limburg and Iserlohn, was specially adduced, in which the various masses of strata are clearly exposed in five natural sections, in the following descending order:—

1. Coal shales, coal, &c. (productive coal-field).
2. Millstone grit series, with many impressions of large plants, and occasional thin seams of coal.
3. Thinly laminated carbonaceous sandstones and shales, containing many grases and small plants, together with bands of flat-bedded, black, bituminous limestone and shale, charged with *Pecilonia* and *Goniatites*, and attenuating with courses of flinty schist, the *Kiesel-schiefer* of German geologists.
4. Carboniferous or mountain limestone, of great thickness, and of the usual British mineral characters, loaded with many well-known fossils of the formation.
5. Upper Devonian rocks, consisting of black schists, gray and red sandstones, with occasional calcareous courses, and numerous fossils (the old Grauwacke of German authors).

The order and sequence of these strata is indicated and maintained along the lower edge of the whole range of the large coal-field of Westphalia, the beds successively rising to the

surface at angles, varying from 30° to 40°, in perfect conformity, and shewing throughout the clearest and most complete transition into each other. It is particularly to the group No. 3, indicated on an exhibited drawing, that the author directs the attention of British geologists; because it is, in all respects, identical with the culm-bearing strata of Devon and Cornwall, first described by Professor Sedgwick and himself, as being a portion of the true Coal-Field, and not belonging to the Grauwacke or older transition rocks, to which they had formerly been referred.*

The Westphalian sections establish the geological position of the Bideford culm strata more clearly than has been done by any stratigraphical evidence in Great Britain, by presenting five masses of unequivocal mountain limestone, rising out from beneath the black limestone and culmiferous schists; and thus the precise age of the latter is demonstrated.

In regard to the rocks of the Devonian system (old Grauwacke of German authors), which support in mountain masses the carboniferous system above alluded to, the author offered a brief and general sketch, assuring the Section of the Geological Society, that Professor Sedgwick and himself would demonstrate that these rocks fairly represent the British system generally known as the Old Red Sandstone, but to which they had recently applied the term Devonian,—a term which foreign geologists seemed well disposed to adopt, as calculated to prevent that confusion and antiquity which had arisen from the use of the word *Old Red Sandstone*, now that it is ascertained that rocks, for the most part black and slaty, occupy, over wide districts, the same geological horizon as our *Red rocks* of Herefordshire.

Proofs of the existence of the same order and succession will be hereafter pointed out in the countries of the Hartz and the Fichtelzeberge; as well as upon both banks of the Rhine, in Westphalia, and Nassau, &c.; while a splendid development of the still older Silurian rocks (both upper and lower) will be pointed out, chiefly on the left bank of the Rhine; and also in Belgium, and the region around Liege and Namur, already rendered classic ground by the descriptions of D'Omalus, De Halley, and Dumont.

New Speculum.—In the Section A., a new, and it may turn out an important instrument, was produced, on a principle of much ingenuity. Our note upon it follows:—

Mr. Nasmyth offered a few remarks 'On the Difficulties to the general Use of Metallic Specula for Reflecting Telescopes of very large size, in consequence of their excessive Weight, and of the great Nicety required in casting and grinding them.' He then drew attention to an invention of his, viz. a plate-glass pneumatic speculum, which he exhibited to the Section. The dimensions of the plate were 3 feet 3 inches in diameter, and 3-16ths of an inch thick. It had been placed on a concave cast-iron bed, the edges only of the glass resting on a rim perfectly turned, and fastened in with bees'-wax, which rendered the apparatus air-tight, and was also of a yielding character. By removal of the air from behind the mirror, which Mr. Nasmyth effected with his mouth, sucking it out by a pipe 6 or 8 inches long, the surface of the glass, previously a plane, was pressed by the weight of the external atmosphere considerably out of the level; and by this means the focus of the mirror could be varied to any length. The form which the glass takes is, as

* See former Proceedings of the British Association, in our Reports and their published volumes.

it were, a curve of its own making, not exactly a parabola, but more like an ellipsoid. Mr. Nasmyth, however, conceived that the cast-iron back being turned to an exact figure of any kind, the glass might be made by this simple mode to lie flat on the metal, and again, at pleasure, to resume the plane form. He then named some of the advantages which he thought would result from the use of this contrivance for the specula of reflecting telescopes.

Mr. Grove objected to this application of Mr. Nasmyth's discovery, as the mirror would present at least two refractive and two reflective surfaces, and therefore cause the multiplication of the image.

Professor Stevelly agreed with Mr. Grove, and suggested a similar treatment of metal.

Professor Forbes proposed the utility of the application of the principle to the testing the cohesion of substances.

The difficulty we have found in collecting and arranging our materials, has left gaps to be filled up hereafter in parts of our Report; so that it is rather a general outline of what has been going on, than a complete account of the proceedings. Another reason which induces us not to be very particular in this respect in the first instance is, that many of the communications are more or less known to our readers from previous accounts of meetings of London societies and institutions, and we have not had time so to weigh them as to select the most novel and important. In truth, some of them are very familiar friends, and others of so little interest, that we shall consider a notice of their leading features more to the purpose than the details by which they have been introduced, and the arguments for and against them.

In order, however, to give a fair taste of the qualities of those papers which are of popular value, we shall add here such as have reached us, and for which we have room, without destroying all our other divisions, and in the expectation of having further matters of the same kind in our future Numbers.

The first is of much importance to *Agriculturists*; and, as this mighty Science has been excluded from the scheme of the Association, we are the more pleased to insert the only essay on the subject.

'On the Acceleration of the Growth of Wheat.'
"To the President and Members of the British Association, &c. &c.

"The British Association has not hitherto ranked the pursuit of Agriculture as a science in the arrangements of its Meetings. It is, however, a pursuit of the first importance, and of the greatest magnitude; and although, in its early stages, the assistance which science may bestow is comparatively little needed, yet the benefit it is capable of conferring becomes more and more evident as society advances, and the wants of man increase. Of its advantage to the British nation in this particular, and at the present time, there can be no reasonable doubt. Increased power and accelerated motion have been imparted to nearly every branch of national industry; and it is therefore evident that the pursuit which does not in a corresponding manner advance, must relatively retrograde. It has been questioned how far the pursuit of agriculture can be improved by scientific research. To the mind devoted to the investigation of the great powers of Nature,—of the various elements and the diversified soils,—of the numerous tribes of plants requiring their peculiar culture, and possessing their determinate properties,—surely the field

is most extensive, and the careful investigators are few. In no pursuit is the watchful eye of discrimination more required, and the absence of performed opinions more indispensably called for, than in one where the fluctuations of seasons may modify the results of the inquirer, and disturb those principles which have a generally operating effect. The well-trained mind alone can possess the qualifications of giving the fullest power, and working up with the greatest effect, the mass of material which the experienced practitioner has the best opportunity of collecting. Where these circumstances are combined, and enterprise and sobriety of thought exist together, discovery must advance, and improvement be established. The object of the present communication is to call the attention of the meeting to a statement of facts connected with the acceleration of the growth of wheat, and a consequent diminution of the period required for its occupation of the ground, and to exhibit the results of the proceeding, and the benefits deducible therefrom. It will be needful, for the sake of comparison, to call attention to the circumstance of the ordinary period of growth allotted to the wheat plant, by which its abridged period will be properly measured. The medium may be taken from the middle of October to the middle of August, a period of ten months—twelve, or even thirteen months, being not uncommon; while, for the ordinary winter wheat, from December to August may be taken as the shortest period of ordinary growth. Observation on the progress of the plant under different circumstances, and with peculiarly selected seed, led to the conviction that much of this time might still be spared on certain soils and favourable situations; and the result has shewn that a period very little exceeding five months has sufficed to perfect an abundant crop of wheat, which was sown on the 2d of March, and which was ready for the sickle on the 15th of August following—a specimen of which is here produced. This is not a solitary case—nor is it the result of a peculiar season. In the year 1835, wheat sown the 5th of March was reaped on the 12th of August; and on a previous occasion, wheat sown the 9th of March was reaped on the 11th of August, the produce being forty bushels per acre. These circumstances being determined, and the results so satisfactory, the contributory causes demand a brief investigation. Wheat is a plant requiring a deep tenacious soil for its most congenial growth; and on such soils, previous to exhaustion, it has been grown for twenty-five successive years, with liberal harvests, and without manure. Such soils, however, form a very minute portion of the land of England; and had not skill adapted others to the production of wheat, the independence of the British nation in this particular would have been far below its present standard. To the lighter and more siliceous soils these observations on the acceleration of the growth of wheat will chiefly apply. The power of adaptation, both in plants and animals, to the varying and even opposite circumstances in which they may be placed, is very remarkable; yet are the original dispositions in either case seldom wholly extinguished. When wheat is placed upon the lighter soils, its growth and security are alike promoted by artificial pressure and compacting of such soils—this is very generally known and acknowledged—and a similar regard to the other variations which altered circumstances may present, and which it is believed have not hitherto been distinctly calculated or publicly noticed, may be found worthy of the regard of the present

scientific meeting. The lighter siliceous soils, when supported by the addition of manure, possess a warm and stimulating character, and conduce to a very rapid growth of plants, but they as assuredly become quickly exhausted; and it will, therefore, be evident, even to a mixed assembly like the present, that an acceleration of the growth and ripening of the plants committed to a light soil, and a diminution of the time required for perfecting its crops, must not only be congenial to its character, but tend to economise and prolong its productive powers. These circumstances have been observed, and seized for the improvement of the pursuit of agriculture, and with the most beneficial results in various ways. The crops have been fully equal, or even superior; the occupation of the land for this purpose has been diminished half, and set free for a beneficial occupation, directly contributing to the furtherance of this in a prolonged depasturage of a preceding crop by sheep, tending still further to compact the ground and obviate its natural disqualifications for the production of wheat; the risk from injury by insect devourers, and by weather, is alike abridged; and, above all, the fertile powers of the soil are at once directed to the formation and support of the ear of wheat, the truly valuable portion, instead of being uselessly expended in an excessive growth of blade or leaf, which the soil has not ultimately the power to supply with grain in just proportion. A matured siliceous soil will carry to maturity, with an accelerated step, the plant of wheat; a short stage at a rapid rate it is, by natural constitution, well calculated to perform; but it has not the strength for prolonged continuance, possessed by more powerful, yet more tardy soils. Science will at once prescribe the application. The means of accelerating vegetable growth, and the evils attending it, remain to be pointed out. Aspect, soil, situation, climate, and manure, all tend to affect the rapidity of the progress of plants towards maturity, and the discriminating mind will select the favourable station from whence to derive a supply of seed. It is an unquestionable law of vegetation, that the plant of early maturity again seeks to become so, even when placed in unpropitious circumstances—that it recedes with reluctance from the station of its parent; and the circumstance is valuable for accelerating the growth of wheat in any soil. Where it is desirable to do so has been already detailed, these are some of the means:—The crop once ripened in a period of about five months, has an acquired disposition to reach maturity again in a similar time, and although, if placed under very unfavourable circumstances, it will fail to accomplish this, it will not fail so much as seed would do which had not been grown so quickly. The nature of the plant becomes accelerated, as other plants become acclimated, and seed may thus impart changes most beneficial to the various kinds of soil. But there are still means, of a more mechanical character, for accelerating the maturity of a crop of wheat, which are frequently too much neglected, in securing by adequate seeding thickness of crop; which, it is still very generally known, conduces to regular and early ripening. The reasons of this may form an interesting subject of inquiry in another department of the Association; and although the cause of so beneficial a result may probably be found in the more effectual stopping of the rays of the sun, and a more general radiation of heat, which there takes place; yet the fact that such is the case, gives an additional means of accelerating the growth of wheat in the spot from whence seed is se-

lected, as well as in that where it is to be again deposited. This is deserving of the most marked attention, as the evils to which rapidly grown wheat is most obnoxious are best prevented by abundant sowing and compacting of the soil; both of which have been directly recommended on their own account: the rust or mildew, arising from atmospheric influence, over which man has no control, except in averting the predisposing causes, might very probably injure, most extensively, rapidly grown wheat, standing thinly on the ground; but such should not be the case, and, practically, the crops alluded to have not suffered from this cause, or any similar evil. In conclusion, I hail with delight the existence of an Association so extensive, so enlightened, and so harmonious, met together to accelerate the progress of important truths, and to disseminate their beneficial influence over an improved and rapidly improving world.

“GEORGE WEBB HALL.”

August 20, 1839.

A conversation ensued, and Mr. Webb Hall very satisfactorily answered several questions put to him. It was stated, among other things, that one hundred and fifty different kinds of wheat might be found in one field in England, and that above two hundred kinds were cultivated in Spain.

Our next paper is on a medical subject; but, with the introductory note, explains itself:—

SECTION E.

[This pertains to the class of papers for which we made an exception in our Monday's notice.]

‘On Alkaline Indigestion,’ by Robert Dundas Thomson. The author stated that he had discovered this form of dyspepsia in 1835, and had communicated the results of his observations to the Medical Section of the British Association, at Bristol. Since that period he had continued his researches, and had confirmed the accuracy of his first results by the examination of a very great number of cases. It has been long known that, in stomach complaints, fluids are often ejected from that viscus into the mouth, and it has been by examining the chemical constitution of these fluids, that the author has been enabled to simplify, in some considerable degree, some of the most disagreeable forms of dyspepsia. Dr. Thomson divides the fluids, which he has detected in these complaints, into *acid*, *alkaline*, and *neutral*. 1. The acid state is familiar to most persons. In the natural state there is no doubt that, during a certain period of the process of digestion, the contents of the stomach exhibit an acid reaction; that is to say, that litmus paper dipped into the fluid existing in the stomach becomes red, that the fluid tastes acid, and that when distilled over, a quantity of pure water having been previously added, the fluid, which passes into the receiver, exhibits a faint acid reaction. This does not occur, however, according to Schulz, during the first half-hour or hour of the process of digestion; the acid would therefore appear to be generated during the process. [The discussion as to the nature of the acid, Dr. Thomson said he would reserve for the Chemical Section.] When this natural acid, as it may be termed, accumulates to a certain extent, and symptoms of disease exhibit themselves in the form of a burning sensation about the pit of the stomach, with acid eructations, which do not, however, alleviate the pain; this is the characteristic symptom of *acid indigestion*. 2. The second form of indigestion indicated by the fluid ejected from the stomach, Dr. Thomson terms *alkaline indigestion*. This is characterised by a violent pain in the region

of the stomach, accompanied frequently with headach and faintness, with a sensation of spasm or contraction in that viscus; this sensation goes on increasing till it frequently becomes intolerable, and at last, when the agony is complete, the patient is suddenly roused by a determination to the mouth of a large quantity of fluid, which must be immediately evacuated, to give place to a succession of similar occurrences: at last, however, the flow of fluid becomes so abundant as to constitute an actual stream; it continues to flow for some time, but gradually diminishes in quantity, and at length ceases, and with it the pain in the stomach. The latter is the characterising symptom of *alkaline dyspepsia*, or *pyrosis*, as it has been frequently termed. But hitherto it has been always confounded with other forms of indigestion. Dr. Prout has published an account of his examination of the fluid of pyrosis, and has stated that it was acid. The fluid, however, was not procured by himself, but was sent him from one of the hospitals, where the mistake was very likely to occur. This form of indigestion occurs much more frequently than is generally supposed. Dr. Thomson stated, that out of forty or fifty patients daily seen at Blenheim Street Dispensary, in London, he generally met with one or two affected with symptoms of this description. It frequently occurred in coincidence with affections of other organs, as of the liver, &c., and was often of such a pressing nature, that it required more of the skill of the medical man than the original disease. Certain it was, that it was absolutely necessary to treat it with as much care as the original complaint, and if the action had been allowed to go on for some time unchecked, the second affection became as firmly fixed as the original disease which had induced it; so that after the removal of the latter, a second disease, as firmly rooted as the first, required to be taken under the physician's care. The treatment consisted of the administration of acids, tonics, and narcotics, which required to be prescribed with care, otherwise the acid indigestion was frequently induced, which was as difficult to eradicate as the alkaline form. 3. The last form of indigestion, as indicated by the fluid ejected by the mouth, which the author had met with, was a neutral state, which was of much rarer occurrence. Dr. Thomson had, however, met with several cases, and had succeeded in overcoming the disease by the use of tonics.

Our third communication is one of great electrical interest. It was read at Section B, where previously nothing had struck us as worthy of particular notice, except a new safety lamp, the foreign inventor of which found too much difficulty in explaining it, owing to his want of acquaintance with our language. It seemed, however, to be a very ingenious contrivance:—

‘On a Small Voltaic Battery of extraordinary Energy, by W. R. Grove, Esq. M.A.’

“In a letter, published in the ‘Philosophical Magazine,’ for February, I stated some reasons for hoping that by changes in the constituents of the combination of four elements, we might greatly increase their energy. At that period I sought in vain for improvements, which a fair indication convinced me were attainable; but being in the country, all my experiments were with copper, as a negative metal. I was consequently unable to use concentrated nitric acid as an electrolyte, and its importance never occurred to me until forced upon my notice by an experiment which I made at Paris for a different object. This object was an endeavour to prove that the disso-

lution of gold in nitro-muriatic acid was an electrical phenomenon, or rather that this (and as I believe, with Sir H. Davy, every other chemical phenomenon) could be resolved into an electrical one by operating upon masses instead of molecules. The experiment was the following: The extremities of two strips of gold leaf were immersed, the one in nitric, the other in muriatic acid, contact between the liquids being permitted, but mixture prevented by an interposed porous diaphragm; in this case the gold remained undissolved for an indefinite period, but the circuit being completed by metallic contact, either mediate or immediate, the strip of gold in the muriatic acid was instantly dissolved. Thus it seems, that the affinity of gold for chlorine is not able alone to decompose muriatic acid, but when aided by that of oxygen for hydrogen, the decomposition is effected: this phenomenon bears much analogy to ordinary cases of double decomposition. The two gold strips in this experiment being connected with a galvanometer, occasioned a considerable deflection; and it now occurred to me, comparing this experiment with my previous observations, that these same liquids, with the substitution of zinc and platinum for the gold leaf, would produce a combination of surpassing energy. My expectations were realised; and on the 15th April last, M. Mecquerel presented to the French Academy a small battery of my construction, consisting of seven liqueur-glasses, containing the bowls of common tobacco-pipes; the metals, zinc and platinum; and the electrolytes, concentrated nitric and dilute muriatic acids. This little apparatus produced effects of decomposition, equal to the most powerful batteries of the old construction (see ‘Comptes Rendus,’ April 15th, and ‘Philosophical Magazine’ for May). I have since this tried various combinations upon the same principle, and though some of the rarer substances—such, for instance, as chloric acid—have produced powerful combinations, I have found none superior, and few equal, to the above. I therefore directed my attention to utilising these materials, and rendering the apparatus more economical, although I soon found that it was not so expensive as it at first appeared; the platinum being unaltered, and the concentrated acid producing a more durable effect than the electrolytes usually employed. Dilution of the nitric acid with water diminished the energy, but in the course of some experiments on the conducting power of different liquids, I found that nitro-sulphuric acid (a mixture of equal parts, by measure, of the two acids) acted as an electrolyte much as nitric acid; that it was an excellent conductor; and yielded oxygen at the anode, and no hydrogen at the cathode. Applying this to my battery, I found it succeed admirably, and hence a considerable diminution of expense. On the side of the zinc, I found that salt and water was but little inferior to dilute muriatic acid. It also does away with the necessity of amalgamating the zinc; but it sometimes, though very rarely, disaggregates the porous mass from the crystallisation of the nitrate of soda: excepting, therefore, in very large batteries, where expense is a material consideration, I should prefer employing muriatic acid diluted with four or five times its volume of water. By using flattened parallelopiped shaped vessels, instead of cylindrical, the concentrated acid is much economised, the space diminished, and the metals approximated.* The hastily con-

structed battery which accompanies this note, consists of an outer case of wood (it should be of glazed earthenware), $7\frac{1}{4}$ inches by 5 and 3, separated into four compartments by glass divisions; into those compartments are placed four flat porous vessels, the interior dimensions of which are $7, 2\frac{1}{2}$, and $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch; they contain each three ounces, by measure; the metals, four pair, expose each a surface of 16 square inches; and the battery gives, by decomposition of acidulated water, 3 cubic inches of mixed gases per minute; charcoal points burn brilliantly; and it heats six inches of platinum wire $\frac{1}{8}$ of an inch diameter; and its effect upon the magnet, when arranged as a single pair, is proportionately energetic; it is constant for about an hour, without any fresh supply of acids. The porous vessels are identical in their constitution with the common tobacco-pipe. As far as my experiments go, its power, with reference to the common constant battery, is, *ceteris paribus*, as 6 to 1, but the proportions vary with the series. The cost of the whole apparatus is about 2l. 2s. During the operation of this battery, the nitric acid, by losing successive portions of oxygen, assumes, first, a yellow, then a green, then a blue colour, and, lastly, becomes perfectly aqueous; hydrogen is now evolved from the platina, the energy lowers, and the action becomes inconstant. It is worthy of remark, as an argument for the secondary nature of metallic precipitation by voltaic electricity, that the oxidated or dissolved zinc remains entirely (or at least by far the greater portion) on the zinc side of the diaphragm, the hydrogen alone appears to be transferred; and yet the reversal of affinities, which the theory of reduction by the nascent hydrogen supposes, is an enigma difficult of solution. I have invariably observed, in this battery, a current of endosmosis from the zinc to the platina, or with the current of positive electricity. The rationale of the action of this combination, according to the chemical theory of galvanism, appears to be as follows: In the common zinc and copper combination, the resulting power is as the affinity of the anion of the electrolyte for zinc, minus its affinity for copper; in the common constant battery it is as the affinity of the anion for zinc, plus that of oxygen for hydrogen, minus that of oxygen for copper. In the combination in question, the resulting power is as the affinity of the anion for zinc, plus that of oxygen for hydrogen, minus that of oxygen for azote.* Nitric acid being much more readily decomposed than the sulphate of copper, resistance is lessened and the power increased; and no hydrogen being evolved from the negative metal, there is no precipitation upon it, and, consequently, no counter-action. I need scarcely add a word as to the importance of improvements of this description in the voltaic battery. This valuable instrument of chemical research is thus made portable; and, by increased power in diminished space, its adaptation to mechanical, and especially to locomotive purposes, becomes more feasible.”

POSTSCRIPT.

At the General Meeting, at three o'clock, the President in the chair, the Report of the last meeting was read and signed.

The place appointed for the next meeting was Glasgow, and the time fixed, Thursday, September 17th; the General Meeting to assemble on the preceding day. This change was to accommodate the religious feeling of Scotland

* According to Professor Ritchie, the power is inversely as the square root of the distance between the metals.

* I have thrown out of the case the resistance to decomposition of the electrolyte in contact with the zinc, as common to the three combinations.

against Sunday travelling, which would have been violated if the meeting had taken place on the Monday, as heretofore.

Other applications were made from Hull, Manchester, Plymouth, and York.

The Marquess of Breadalbane was elected president; Dr. Macfarlane, principal of the University, Lord Greenock, Sir T. Brisbane, and Sir D. Brewster, vice-presidents; Dr. J. P. Nichol, Andrew Liddell, and John Strang (or Strachan), Esqrs., local secretaries; and Charles Forbes, Esq., local treasurer.

On the retirement of the Dean of Ely from the office of one of the general secretaries, Major Sabine was elected as his successor; and, on the earnest entreaty of the council and the members at large, Mr. Murchison, who had also signified his intention to retire, was induced to remain at least another year, it being represented to him how detrimental it would be to the interests of the Association, if both general secretaries withdrew their services at the same time.

Professor Phillips (called away by the dangerous illness of his uncle, Mr. Smith, the father of our geological science) was re-elected assistant general secretary; Mr. Taylor, treasurer; Colonel Sykes, Mr. Porter, and Mr. L. Horner, auditors; a numerous council, nearly as before, and Mr. James Yates, as their secretary.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

IRELAND.

[Second notice.]

ACCORDING to our promise last week, we turn to the various works on Ireland which we have accumulated upon our table. Mr. Fraser's *Guide through Ireland* appears carefully executed; but we think that it might have been made what is called "a more readable" book. For instance, Kilmallock is dismissed in the following summary manner:—

"Built by the Earl of Desmond, and demolished during the wars of the Commonwealth; its ancient walls, gates, and houses, as well as its ecclesiastical and civic ruins which are scattered around, will recall its former grandeur and prosperity. As there is but little business carried on in this small place, it has a solitary aspect, but possesses great interest for the antiquarian and lover of the picturesque. The principal ruins are the abbey, now used as a parish church, and the interesting remains of the Dominican friary. In the latter is the tomb of Fitzgerald, the White Knight. The Anogue stream runs close to the town."

As brevity is said to be the soul of wit, we are ready to acknowledge this to be the wittiest point of Kilmallock extant; but after reading the romantic historical details which Lady Chatterton has collected respecting this interesting town, we cannot help thinking that Mr. Fraser might have said something more to attract the attention of the traveller to a place distinguished as "the Balbec of Ireland."

Without travelling in the country described, at hand (see *Literary Gazette*, No. 920, September 6th, 1834), it is impossible to test the accuracy of guide-book statements; but, in turning over the pages of Mr. Fraser's work,

following, as a kind of test, the tour of Lady Chatterton, we are struck by some discrepancies. At p. 174, Mr. Fraser says, speaking of that wild and lovely district, Glengarriff, "the road which traverses the glen is suited to pedestrians." Now, it would appear from Lady Chatterton's "Rambles," vol. i.

3, that there is no difficulty in driving through Glengarriff. This is an important fact for travellers to be correctly informed

upon, as it may make a serious difference in their arrangements.

We also observe that Dingle, p. 216 of Fraser's *Guide*, is noticed without a single word about the numerous antiquities in its neighbourhood. Of course, it would have been impossible to introduce minute descriptions of them; but they might have been mentioned as objects deserving attention: that they are so we cannot doubt, when we find Lady Chatterton devoting six days and one hundred pages to their examination.—See "Rambles," vol. i. from page 127 to 227.

On the whole, however, we believe that Mr. Fraser's *Guide* will prove a useful hand-book for tourists; although we cannot help feeling that, even within the same limits, much more might have been done to enrich the matter, which appears to us too cold and statistic for an agreeable travelling companion.

Of an equally cheap, and, what is singular, excellent *Map of Ireland* published under the superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, we cannot speak in terms of too high praise. The precision, the distinctness, the pains bestowed upon spelling those "heathenish Irish names," as Charles II. termed them, must have been the work of vast time, labour, and patience. Whenever we have referred to this map, and we have frequently done so for nearly the last twelve months, the result of our reference has been the conviction that it could have been compiled by no other hand than that of the Hydrographer of the Admiralty, to whose silent labours in the improvement of naval charts the whole civilised world bears witness. Among the peculiar features of this map, besides an important statistic table, a list is introduced of the round towers of Ireland, with their present state shewn by the following abbreviations:—*p.* perfect, with conical cap; *np.* nearly perfect; *i.* imperfect; *s.* only the stump; *f.* foundations only; *v.* remarkable variety in the construction. Dr. Ledwich, who gave what was considered a very complete list of the round towers which had been discovered in Ireland, enumerates sixty-five; but the list given in the Society's map extends to no less than one hundred and eighteen: a convincing proof, if indeed proofs were wanting, how little Ireland is known even by her actual residents. The following sixteen round towers, according to the map before us, remain in a perfect state:—

1. Antrim	85 feet	Antrim County.
2. Ardmore	90 do.	Waterford.
3. Cashel		Tipperary.
4. Clonsilla		King's County.
5. Clonsilla		Monaghan.
6. Devenish	82 feet	Fermanagh.
7. Fertagh	96 do.	Kilkenny.
8. Glendalough		Wicklow.
(St. Kevin's Kitchen.)		
9. Kildare		Kildare.
10. Kilkenny		Kilkenny.
11. Kilmacduagh		Galway.
12. Roocra		Tipperary.
13. Sier Kieran	30 feet	King's County.
14. Swords	73 do.	Dublin.
15. Timahoe		Queen's County.
16. Turlough		Mayo.

To Miss Beaufort, we presume, we are indebted for this catalogue of Irish round towers; and it forms a most valuable appendix to that accomplished lady's "Essay upon the State of Architecture and Antiquities, previous to the landing of the Anglo-Normans in Ireland," published in the fifteenth volume of the "Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy."

Mr. Graham's *History of Ireland, from the Relief of Londonderry in 1689, to the Surrender of Limerick in 1691* (No. 4 on our list), notwithstanding that the author is distinguished as an unflinching advocate of the Protestant

cause, and a powerful party-writer, is compiled with that careful historical industry, chiefly from contemporary and respectable authorities, which are fairly quoted, that we must admit, as lawyers would phrase it, "a good case has been made out."

It is unnecessary for us to enter into a review of this period, but the following account given by Mr. Graham, in the appendix, of the discovery and reinterment of the remains of Walker, the gallant defender of Londonderry, will gratify the curiosity of some of the admirers of that distinguished man:—

"On Tuesday, the 16th of October, 1838, the church of Donoughmore at Castle Caulfield, being in process of repair by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, it was found necessary to lower and level the floor of it. In that part of the chancel immediately under the monument of Governor Walker, the workmen discovered a full-sized oak coffin, containing the remains of his widow, who, in 1703, caused his bones to be brought there from the banks of the Boyne, where his body had been interred, and had lain for thirteen years. They were this day found in a small oak box, in which this 'widow indeed,' full of the endearing recollections of happier days, had deposited them. This worthy body was the mother of four sons of the renowned Walker, who at his death were serving in King William's army; and each of whom, in justice to their immortal father's services, and their own, ought to have inherited one of the forfeited estates. John Walker, the eldest son, on a petition to the House of Commons, obtained a pension of two hundred pounds a-year, which he enjoyed until the beginning of the reign of George the First, when he was deprived of it by the parsimony of the triumphant Whigs. Of the other sons there is no record, save that the daughter of one of them was the grandmother of the late Mrs. Calbeck, of Lisburn. The Walkers were a Yorkshire family. The father of the governor of Derry was the Rev. George Walker, sen., rector of Cappagh, county Tyrone, the friend and confidential adviser of Dr. Bramhall, bishop of Derry, when this prelate was nobly using his private means and public influence in regaining the alienated property of the Church of Ireland, and purchasing the advowsons of the appropriated rectories, which he added to the vicarages throughout the diocese. He sent his son and namesake to Glasgow College for education, and on the young man's return, soon after the restoration of King Charles the Second, he was presented to the rectories of Donoughmore and Errigall Keerogue in the county of Tyrone. Walker was in the sere and yellow leaf of life when he went to Derry in 1689, being then, according to credible tradition, 71 years of age. His sister Anne married William Maxwell, Esq., of Falkland, high sheriff of the county of Monaghan in the year 1691, and who was great-grandfather of the present representative of his renowned ancestor—the Rev. Thomas Carpendale, rector of Donoughmore. Mr. Carpendale, with Edward Evans, Esq., son of the Rev. George Evans, who had been upwards of thirty years rector of Donoughmore, Alexander Mackenzie, Esq., and a few others, naturally regardless of the remains of this great and good man, caused them to be taken carefully from the decayed box in which they were found, and putting them, and those of his widow, into smaller boxes, enclosed both, with suitable inscriptions, in a leaden coffin, which being laid in one of deal plank, was solemnly deposited in the hero's grave by his reverend

descendant and successor, assisted by the Rev. John Graham, author of the 'History of the Siege of Derry,' and also by one of the oldest apprentice boys of the maiden city. In the case with Governor Walker's remains was placed a flint glass-bottle, hermetically sealed, containing the following writing on parchment. 'Be it recorded, that whilst this church was undergoing repair, in the year 1838, search was made beneath the monument of the Rev. George Walker, immediately opposite to the communion-table, at the eastern end of the church, and south side of the aisle, to ascertain whether his bones were deposited there, agreeable to the inscription on the monument erected by his widow, in the year 1703. We whose names are hereunto subscribed, having assembled in said church on Tuesday the 16th October, 1838, and having made search immediately beneath said monument fixed in the wall, have found, in a full-sized oak coffin, the remains of the widow, and in a small oaken case adjoining were deposited bones which had not the appearance of regular interment in a coffin, but corresponding with the words of the monument, 'Ossa reconduuntur,' &c. &c. Now, to testify our veneration and respect for the memory of the illustrious Walker, we herein carefully replace the bones, and restore them in their former position, together with this record.' [Here follow five signatures]. Previous to the reinterment of the bones a cast was taken of the skull, which was perfectly sound, and in which the organs of intelligence and firmness were remarkably developed. Walker afforded an instance of the value of a classical education and habits of literary composition to a military man; proving that the hero capable of recording actions in which he has been concerned, with modesty and without exaggeration, is more likely to get full credit for his own merits, than the illiterate warrior, who requires another man's pen to do justice to him."

About the part which Walker acted, there has been much discussion. In our opinion, the circumstances of the times forced him into the position which he held during the memorable siege of Derry. He afterwards, as is well known, proceeded to London, where he was received in the most enthusiastic manner. While in London, Walker published his "Diary of the Siege of Londonderry;" in the address prefixed to which he apologises, as a churchman, for having acted in that service a part which might with more propriety have been done by other hands. It has been asserted that the reward of Walker's conduct was the bishopric of Derry, and therefore it is stated by the late Mr. O'Driscoll, in his "History of Ireland,"—a work, the impartiality of which has been, and certainly with some reason, extolled,—that *this man* (thus contemptuously is the noble and enthusiastic George Walker referred to) was unnecessarily present at the Boyne. "Walker's exploits at Derry," adds O'Driscoll, "might have had an excuse in the peculiarity of his situation; but neither his exhibitions in London, nor his presence at the Boyne, can be justified."

We give this passage as a specimen of the way in which Irish history is written even by the most impartial. Now, the fact is, that Walker was a hero in Derry, the advocate of his brave fellow-sufferers in London, and in the course of his duty as a Protestant clergyman appointed chaplain-general of the army, was present at the battle of the Boyne, where he was killed. What might have been the grateful intentions of King William towards Walker, as to promoting him to be bishop of

Derry, it is impossible that the appointment could have taken place, for that see was not vacant until the day previous to the battle of the Boyne, and William, therefore, could not have known of the vacancy before Walker's death.

After Mr. Graham's, the next Irish book on our list is Mr. Smyth's "*Chronicle of the Law-Officers of Ireland*," containing lists of the lord-chancellors and keepers of the great seal, masters of the rolls, chief justices and judges of the courts of King's Bench, Common Pleas, and Exchequer, attorneys and solicitors-general, with the sergeants at law, from the earliest period; dates and abstracts of their patents; fees and allowances from the crown, tenures of offices, references to the records, and patents of precedence; also a chronological table of the law officers, with the promotions, deaths, or resignations, from the reign of Queen Elizabeth to the present time; judges' salaries in 1690, and as fixed by the 2d and 3d William IV.; with an outline of the legal history of Ireland, and copious indexes."

After fairly transcribing this, the title-page of Mr. Smyth's volume, which, if executed with accuracy, must be a valuable work of reference, we feel that very little is left for us to say in the way of criticism. However, at page 18, we may be allowed to inquire whether the lord-chancellor mentioned twice as Robert Fitz-Eustace, Lord Portlester 1472 and 1486, is not the identical Sir Rowland Fitz-Eustace, who is mentioned in the same page and intermediate year of 1474, but not as Lord Portlester? If we supposed that our readers generally took much interest in an examination of this nature, we have no doubt that a little more time than it is at present in our power to bestow upon the investigation of this promising title-page, might lead us to cross-examine Mr. Smyth in a manner which would not be perfectly agreeable to him. If any one, however, will undertake to fill up the outline of the legal history of Ireland—to give life to the skeleton of Mr. Smyth, we pledge ourselves that it would be a most acceptable work to the public. And here, for the present, we must close the notice of our Irish heap of books, to resume next week with Mr. Otway's "Tour in Connaught," from which we can venture to promise our readers some sketches of Ireland and the Irish by a master hand.

A Paper:—of Tobacco.

[Second and concluding notice.]

"No people in the world smoke worse tobacco, or pay so dear for it, as the people of this country. The very worst kinds of leaf, which nowhere else could find a market, meet with a ready sale among the English manufacturers; and, after being duly liquored—with a solution of copperas as is commonly reported—are worked up into shag. Some of this veritable mundungus is so strong, that a couple of pipes are sufficient to set the head of an Irish coal-beaver a-swimming. In consequence of the high price of tobacco, most of the lower classes prefer that which produces the most powerful effect on the nervous system in the shortest time; and it is from this cause that strong tobacco-leaf commands in the English market a comparatively better price than such as is mild and fine flavoured. Jonathan Carver highly commends the tobacco grown in the Northern States of America, on account of its being stronger than that grown in the South: 'As much time,' says he, 'would be required to smoke one pipe of it, as three of that which is generally used: before so great a quantity of

the vapour could be drawn from it as to prove hurtful, the smoker, from intoxication, would be unable to continue his amusement.' This commendation of strong tobacco is something like a north-country fishwoman's praise of a sample of very strong Leeward Island rum: 'A single glass of it is like to burn your very heart out, and two will make you comfortably drunk.' The high duty, nine shillings per pound, imposed on foreign cigars and foreign manufactured tobacco, not only gives encouragement to smuggling, but renders it almost impossible for consumers to obtain good home-manufactured tobacco and cigars, except at the price charged for foreign. The immense number of small cigar-shops in London sufficiently demonstrates the great profits that are derived from retailing English manufactured Havannahs at the price of genuine Woodvilles or Silvas. Though our manufacturers purchase the leaf as cheap as the Dutch, yet much better home-manufactured Havannah cigars can be purchased in Holland for ten shillings per pound than in England for twenty-four shillings; and the same kind of kanaster tobacco,* which is here charged eight shillings per pound, can be there bought for three shillings. Even after allowing three shillings per pound for difference in the duty, the price charged by the English retailer beyond that of the Dutch is eleven shillings per pound on the cigars, and two shillings per pound on the kanaster tobacco. Under such circumstances it really cannot be a matter of surprise that a poor gentleman should prefer dealing with a bold smuggler rather than with a petty licensed extortioner. Were the duty on foreign cigars and foreign manufactured tobacco reduced to three shillings, and that on home-manufactured to one shilling per pound, there can scarcely be a doubt that the net receipt at the Exchequer, on account of those articles, would be considerably increased. The smuggler's trade would be almost totally destroyed, for the chance of profit would scarcely balance the risk of loss; those who now smoke one cigar would smoke two: and the consumption of the finer kinds of tobacco would at least be trebled. The saving tradesman, who now orders 'a screw' of shag and a small-headed pipe, with his sixpenny-worth of gin-and-water, would treat himself to half-an-ounce of kanaster, and smoke a pipe of more capacious bowl. At the Havannah the price of the best cigars is about 6s. a-pound, which, allowing the general average of one hundred and twenty to the pound, is at the rate of little more than a half-penny each. In Spain, where the manufacture is monopolised by the crown, cigars of the best Havannah leaf are sold at the royal factories in Seville and Malaga—the only places where they are made—at the rate of 7s. 6d. per pound, which is just three farthings each.

"The principal kinds of tobacco smoked in this country are:—Turkey, Varinas, and kanaster, consumed by the more wealthy classes who can afford to purchase fine tobacco, and indulge in a real meerschaum; Orinoco and Maryland, chiefly in favour with incipient amateurs; returns, the delight of steady, seasoned smokers; and shag, the favourite of all who like a 'strong article.' Pigtail, or small twist tobacco, shired small, is not unfrequently smoked

* At the most respectable shops at the 'west end,' genuine Havannahs cannot be purchased for less than 30s. per pound; and, for exceedingly fine samples, two guineas are not unfrequently charged.

† A penny paper of tobacco is, in London, termed a screw. 'I say, mister,' inquired a sailor one day of a pot-boy, at a public house in Wapping, who had brought what he considered a very small pennyworth, 'do you call this here a proper full-sized screw?' 'Yes.' 'Why, then, I can only tell you it's a precious soft-road one.'

by many persons, but more particularly in Scotland; and a few iron-nerved smokers occasionally take a pipe of negro-head. The best Turkey tobacco is of most delightful flavour, and is so mild that three or four large pipes affect the head less than a couple of pipes of the mildest English returns. The chief objection to the use of this kind of tobacco is its excessively high price,—from twelve shillings to fourteen shillings per pound. Turkey tobacco is frequently called Latakia, from the name of the port in Syria from which it is chiefly shipped to England and other countries in Europe. *

"Varinas, so called from a town and province of the same name in Colombia, celebrated for excellent tobacco. Varinas is usually imported in rolls, formed of the leaves of the tobacco spun into a kind of thick twist. By many smokers of unquestionable taste it is preferred to Turkey, from its being rather stronger, and having, as they say, more of a real tobacco flavour. Most of the tobacco imported into this country from Colombia and Guatemala,* is sold as Varinas; and the present price is about ten shillings per pound. Kanaster, or canaster, derives its name from the large wicker or cane baskets, called *canastros* by the Spaniards, in which the finest kinds of tobacco used formerly to be imported into Europe from Spanish America. The spelling, kanaster, or sometimes knaster, we owe to the Germans and Dutch, by whom this kind of tobacco is highly prized. The very best kanaster is of the growth of that part of Spanish America which lies between the equator and the tenth degree of north latitude. It is mostly imported in rolls, similar to Varinas, which is only a superior kind of kanaster. A considerable proportion of the tobacco sold under this name, both in England and on the Continent, is not genuine, but is mixed with an inferior kind of leaf. Genuine kanaster is comparatively mild and of fine flavour, while that which is adulterated is frequently rather strong, and sometimes has a peculiar druglike and rather musty smell. A mixture of one-third choice Varinas to two-thirds of mild returns—(Taddy and Co.'s, 45 Minorities, to my taste is the best)—will generally be found superior to most of the kanaster that is to be had of small retail dealers. The present price of kanaster is eight shillings per pound. Orinoco is not, as its name would seem to imply, manufactured from tobacco grown on the banks of the river Orinoco, but from a kind of sweet-scented, mild Virginia. It differs but little from Maryland, except in being lighter coloured, rather milder, and of a sweeter flavour. Both kinds are chiefly consumed by persons who find returns too strong. They are pleasant enough to smoke when nothing better can be had; but they both have the effect of rendering the mouth parched and dry, and of exciting a prickly sensation in the tongue. The present price of Orinoco is sixpence, of Maryland fivepence, per ounce. The tobacco called returns is manufactured from the best and mildest kind of common Virginia leaf, with the stalk taken out. The name returns, as applied to tobacco for smoking, is of comparatively recent date. About forty years ago, short-cut was the favourite with those for whom the common shag

was too strong; and as this kind of tobacco, in order to make it sufficiently small, was rubbed through a sieve, the comparatively long shreds or outstings, which would not pass through the wires, were called returns. The smoking public having become tired of short-cut, on account of its small particles frequently getting into the stalk of the pipe and stopping the draught, the manufacturers tried them with a sample of returns, under the name of long-tails. The quality was approved of, for it was precisely the same as that of short-cut; but as the appellation was not fancied,—it was even worse than shag—the manufacturers changed it to the old trade name of returns. Modern returns is, therefore, almost the very same as old short-cut unsifted.

"Shag tobacco has obtained its distinctive name from its being so finely cut that the filaments appear like so much shag, the old name for short and matted wool or hair." It is manufactured of the strongest and very worst kind of leaf, and is chiefly consumed by the poorer classes. Persons of a nervous temperament, who take little exercise, ought particularly to avoid smoking this kind of tobacco, as its frequent use is extremely apt to induce paralytic affections. There can be little doubt that many of the cases of palsy among the poorer classes engaged in sedentary employments, are in a great measure owing to their immoderate indulgence in stupefying shag tobacco. Pigtail, when smoked, is equally as strong as shag. The present price of shag is fourpence, and of pigtail fourpence-halfpenny, per ounce. Negro-head is formed of the leaves of tobacco steeped in molasses, and tightly twisted together. It is generally very strong, but is seldom smoked alone. The flavour of good negro-head is extremely sweet. A smoking friend of mine, who is fond of trying new mixtures, says that Orinoco and Maryland, and even mild kanaster, is materially improved by a small portion of negro-head cut small and placed as a priming above the charge. The present price of negro-head is fivepence per ounce. The quantity consumed is very trifling. Sailors in the West India trade sometimes bring a little home to present to their smoking friends."

But then comes the discrimination:—

"A very considerable portion of the cigars sold in this country as 'real Havannahs,' are formed of a very inferior kind of leaf, with only the outside of better quality. A person who has a nose and a palate will judge of a cigar from its flavour, and not decide upon its goodness from the circumstance of its burning to a white ash. I most earnestly recommend all smokers who cannot afford to buy a box of a respectable dealer, to abstain from buying threepenny mock Havannahs at little paltry tobacco-shops, for they pay at least a third more for the article than they justly ought.† The man who should establish a retail shop for the sale of cheap and good cigars, somewhere between Drury Lane and Coventry Street, would deserve well of all 'gentlemen about town,' who purchase their Havannahs by sixpenny-worths, and doubtless would in a short time realise a handsome fortune. A joint stock company for supplying the public with tobacco and cigars at a moderate price,—with his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex at the

head of the directors, and the Duke of Devonshire trustee—would be a much better speculation than the Genuine Milk and Cream Company."

This would, indeed, be the cream of the joke; and a fortune out of smoke would be quite *à propos* after the famous snuffman's motto on his carriage:—

"Who would have thought it,
That noses could have bought it?"

We pass over all the observations on chibooks, meerschaums, pipes, tobacco-stoppers, &c. The following old custom, if revived, seems to offer a vent for much of the poetry which it falls to our lot to review—volumes of poetry conjoined with volumes of equally perishable smoke.

"From a passage in an old English book, printed about 1597, we learn that tobaccoconists were accustomed to purchase unreadable poems and pamphlets for the purpose of wrapping their tobacco in; and from the following verses in 'Drunken Barnaby's Journal,' probably printed in 1647,* it appears that tobaccoconists were then accustomed to decorate their papers with a motto:—

"A shop neighbouring nears Iaccho,
Where Young vends his old tobacco;
'As you like it,' sometimes sealed;
Which impression since repealed;
'As you make it,' he will have it,
And in chart and front engrave it."

Modern tobaccoconists have frequently a conundrum printed on their ounce and half-ounce wrappers."

And herewith we conclude. Should the votaries of this filthy custom think proper to make wrappers of this sheet of paper they are welcome; and Mr. Scripps, our publisher, will be ready to supply it stamped or unstamped, for the same office. Or he will be ready to make a contract with the Duke of Sussex, the Duke of Devonshire, and other Directors and Trustees of the Genuine Cigar Joint Smoke Company, when it shall be established! His address is, No. 7 Wellington Street, Strand; and, N.B., no connexion with any other shop.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Histoire du Mont Saint-Michel, et de l'Ancien Diocèse d'Avranches. Par l'Abbé Desroches. 2 tomes 8vo. et atlas fol. Caen, 1838. Mancel; London, Dulau and Co.

THIS is a very comprehensive, and we may add valuable, acquisition to historical literature. The work embraces every event, from the most remote period to the present time, even to the middle-age superstitions and miracles, in which the Abbé Desroches is a more than credulous believer. This is, perhaps, the greatest fault of the volumes under consideration; for the author attaches importance to, and draws conclusions from, what he supposes to be facts, but which are really nothing more than monkish legends or perversions. With this drawback, we cannot place sufficient reliance on other statements which are borne out by facts, though always more or less coloured by the same credulity. The author is, in other respects, an industrious searcher for truth; and, had he exercised a little more discrimination, we should have been able to speak in higher terms of his laborious undertaking. As it is, we are compelled to dismiss it with this slight

* "By a Treasury order, Guatemala and Colombia tobacco may be imported in packages, containing not less than ninety pounds. East India tobacco may be imported in packages of not less than one hundred pounds. Tobacco from all other places must be imported in packages, cases, or hogheads, if not less than four hundred and fifty pounds net weight. Turkey tobacco may be imported in smaller bags or packages, provided the outer case contains not less than four hundred and fifty pounds net weight. Cigars are not allowed to be imported except in packages or cases, which contain at least one hundred pounds."

* "Shag was at first used to denote generally all kinds of tobacco when cut into thin filaments; though at present it is restricted to the cheapest and worst."

† "A pound of home-made Havannah usually contains about 120; the amount of which at 3d. each is just 3s. The wholesale price of home-made Havannah to the 'trade' is about 14s. per pound."

* "A tobaccoconist's sign about that period was not unfrequently a lighted pipe and a chafing-dish. The sign of the blackmoor smoking, with a roll of tobacco at his feet, is of venerable antiquity, being as old as the reign of James I. The sign of the Highlander and snuff-mill is of comparatively recent date. It seems to have been first introduced by the 'trade' about the commencement of the reign of George III., when the Earl of Bute was what Lord Melbourne is."

notice; though we are free to admit that its merits as a history, and foundations for historians, are more than a compensation for its errors of over-belief.

The Forest Planter and Pruner's Assistant; being a Practical Treatise on the Management of the Native and Exotic Forest Trees commonly Cultivated in Great Britain, respecting which every Useful Information is given. Illustrated by Engraved Figures. By J. Main, A.L.S. Pp. 251. London, 1839. Ridgway.

ONE of the most useful, practical, and valuable works that has been published. It seems to us to be perfectly sufficient for all purposes of instruction, and that planters, gardeners, woodmen, need do nothing else than take Mr. Main's volume in their hand, and attend to its directions in every matter connected with their occupations. If they do so, they will find their work rightly done, and great improvements made in every thing committed to their charge.

Letter to the Queen on the State of the Nation; by a Member of Parliament. Pp. 27. (London, 1839. W. J. Cleaver.) A Pamphlet on the Conservative side, manifesting some sound constitutional principles, and evidently the work of an individual who has enjoyed political opportunities for accurate observation.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

THE BRITISH EMPIRE IN THE EAST.

By COUNT BJÖRNSTJERNA, the Swedish Ambassador.
(Continued from Page 532.)

3d. *What prospect of stability has the British power in India?*

This extensive question must be considered from two points of view; that of the inward state of British India, and that of its outward political state. With regard to the former, the present flourishing state of this kingdom, the mildness of its government, and the order generally prevailing there, ought certainly to ensure the stability of the British empire; for what better can India wish than the continuance of the present state of things. But he must be indeed ignorant of the human heart who should believe that these advantages, how great soever they may be, should be able perfectly to compensate a nation for the loss of its independence, and reconcile it with the thought of having been conquered, and that too by a nation coming from a great distance, belonging to quite another race, and professing another religion,—a nation which is even considered to be *unclean*, and is avoided by the Hindu as causing *moral contamination*. Besides this general cause, there are several others which more or less contribute to the undermining of the British power in India. Among these may be mentioned the number of deposed kings and princes, degraded governors, *rayas*, nabobs, and zemindars, that are in the country, who, although they are well used by the British government, cannot forget the loss of their *musnuds* (thrones); and they and their followers are therefore ready to take the first opportunity of regaining their regretted power. India is also full of discharged soldiers from the times of the *Mahrattas* and *Pindarries*, who, as belonging to a warrior caste, and besides accustomed to a lawless and wandering way of life, now seek revenge against those who caused their ruin. Neither is the Mussulman population attached to the British government; themselves formerly commanders, see now with regret how this power has fallen into the hands of others, and wish nothing more earnestly than to establish *Timur's* throne in Delhi, and that of *Aureng Zeb* in Agra.

These united causes for fermentation cer-

tainly make the power of Britain in India appear far from being yet perfectly established. *The Hindu race*, which forms the great mass, can, however, be considered as rather attached than disinclined to it, especially the lower castes, whose protector the English government has always been. The fidelity of the army is certain.* The greatest security for the continuance of the British power in India lies, however, without doubt, in the exceedingly mild and easy character of the Hindus (especially among the inhabitants of Bengal, the very pith of the British power); in the *division into castes*; and on their belief in the transmigration of souls. The *castes* prevent the desire of the low-born from aiming at higher ranks in society (a common cause of disquiet in Europe); those in the higher classes consider life as so insignificant a part of their eternal being, that it is not worth while to trouble themselves much about it, and are consequently inspired with a *stoical and slavish indifference*, which promotes obedience to the temporal powers, and prevents the breaking out of insurrection.

The question now is, Whether the elements of stability overbalance the materials for fermentation existing in India? I, for my part, consider this very probable, provided the British government continues to treat India in the same wise and mild way as hitherto, and by degrees prepare the way for the natives to obtain, through ability and merit, a greater share in the government of the country than that at present enjoyed; which extends only to the lowest places in the civil and law department, and the lower in the army.

The power of England over India is a power depending on opinion. Should the Hindu cease to entertain the conviction of the intellectual and moral superiority of the English, it would be impossible for the trifling number of the latter now in India, amounting in all to 100,000 (government, officers of the army, soldiers, tradesmen, planters, &c. &c. included), to retain the government of 100,000,000 of natives, more than half of whom belong to warlike nations. It is, therefore, particularly necessary to endeavour to keep up this power of opinion, which can be done only by means of just government in general, and moral individual conduct. That time must, however, come at last, when a separation will take place, to which the increasing prosperity and enlightenment of the Hindu nation will contribute; for when a nation has arrived at maturity, independence forms the principal object of its wishes. It is at such a period that India, like America formerly, will deliver itself from the colonial leading-strings of the mother-country. That such will be the case must be seen by every thinking Englishman, and seen, too, *without regret*; for England can be great, and powerful, and happy without India, as it has been so without America. Britain has been called by Providence to spread the blessings of civilisation throughout the surface of the earth; she has planted the tender flower on the northern continent of *America*, has afterwards taken it to *Asia's* ancient abodes, and is now preparing its advancement on the extensive coast of *Australia*. To determine the period when the separation

* In the presidency of Bombay, the English officers, dissatisfied on account of some retrenchment that was made, had openly revolted (1790), and refused to march on an expedition against a Dutch colony. The Hindu soldiers would not join in the revolt of their officers, and maintained the strictest fidelity towards the government: such examples of faithfulness are uncommon in every army.

of India from England will take place, is beyond the limits of man's shortsighted glance into futurity; it may take centuries, and it may possibly occur within decennia,—fate alone can determine this; but the probability is, that it is distant. The Anglo-Indian kingdom is still full of youthful strength, it has not arrived at the zenith of its power, and it is not till then that the point of culmination is reached. What would, without doubt, hasten this period, are *outward political circumstances of a dangerous nature; a war against India*,—which, besides its direct influence, might possibly bring with it an indirect effect, that of putting in motion the materials for fermentation already existing in the bosom of India itself, and mislead the dissatisfied there to raise the banner of revolt. Such circumstances affect too nearly the subject now under consideration.—*What prospect of stability has the British Power in India?* to be passed over by me in silence. As, however, the object of my work is rather of a *scientific* than of a political nature, and as I, in other respects, also wish to avoid the latter, I shall, in considering the question, confine myself to the strategical, topographical, and statistical parts of the question, leaving the political as much as possible untouched.

The sources used by me in the execution of this part of my attempt, consist principally of *manuscripts*. The writers are Generals Sir John Malcolm and Sir John McDonald (who have both been British ministers at the Persian court, and have a perfect knowledge as well of this country as of the rest of Central-Asia), staff and engineer-officers, *Bonamy, Pottenger, Christie, Hanky Smith, Crows Ellis, Settons, Williams, Macartney, Hamilton, and Mansfield*, besides *Alexander Burns's* separate memoirs of *Sind, Marwar, Cutch, the river Indus*, and the central countries of Asia.

A glance at the map of India will shew that the boundaries of that country form a kind of irregular square, the south-east and south-west sides of which are bounded by the Indian ocean; the north-east protected by the *Himalaya* and the *Aracanian* mountains; and the north-west by the river *Indus*. The two first-mentioned sides are perfectly free from the possibility of attack so long as England retains the command or superiority at sea; the third side is equally free from attack, partly from the insurmountable chain of mountains forming its boundary, and partly from the weakness of the neighbouring countries, *Tibet* and *Ara*;^{*} there remains, therefore, only the fourth side (the north-western), where *attack can be made*.

It is, therefore, this boundary which we are to examine.

Although the *Indus* forms the north-west boundary of Hindu, it is not that of the *British possessions*, which do not extend so far, finishing partly behind *Sutledge* (with the kingdom of *Lahore* between it and the river *Indus*), and partly on the borders of *Sind*, leaving this country between it and the last-mentioned river.†

In case any threatening clouds should collect in the north-west against the British possessions in India, which, on account of the great preparations necessary, and the distance, which is

* The Birman war (against the king of *Ara*) certainly cost much money, because they were obliged to send all the necessities of life from Calcutta and Madras to Rangoon; but no danger whatever was caused by it to the British government in India.

† *Marwar, Mattru*, as also the possessions of *Schidra*, likewise lie between the *Indus* and the direct territories of the British Company; but as these countries form parts of the British confederation, they are mentioned here as lying within its own boundaries.

very considerable, cannot take place otherwise than slowly, the Anglo-Indian government will probably not neglect to take the necessary precautions; which should especially consist of, either by mildness or force, securing to themselves the attachment of those countries which separate the British possessions from the Indus, making this their natural boundary, to which the British defensive powers must advance if military and political reasons continue to have any influence in the council at Calcutta.*

The Indus being proved navigable for more than 200 geographical miles (see Burns's description), makes it not only an easily defended boundary, but, what is still more important, renders it easier to keep up, and supply, with ammunition, artillery, and other necessities for war, the army collected beyond its banks.

The Anglo-Indian army consists, as we have seen above, of 180,000 men (besides contingent troops), and can easily be restored to its former strength of 240,000. A third part of this army, united with the troops of Runjet Sing and those of the Amers in Sind, offers a force of 100,000 men at the river Indus, which, supplied with all necessities, would form an almost invincible barrier for India.† The second third part of the army (from 70 to 80,000) might, in such a case, form the *line of reserve*, behind the Sutledge and Loony, within the Company's own territory: and the last third remain in the interior of the country to keep all quiet. It is in this position that the Anglo-Indian army might be ready to meet any attempt made on India; and for the sake of still greater security, extend its outposts to Peshawer and the *Soliman* mountains. As the British commander can judge, from the direction of the hostile preparations, on which part of the Indus (the upper, middle, or lower) the attack is intended, he will always have an opportunity of so dividing his own forces as always to meet the enemy at the proper point.

Having now shewn the strategical movements of the Anglo-Indian army, we ought to examine what power could undertake a war against India; and in what manner this power should proceed in order, with any chance of success, to venture on such an undertaking.

In the course of the last twelve or fifteen years the central countries of Asia have undergone so great changes, that the opinions expressed before this time, by men well acquainted with the subject, are no longer applicable.

These countries are Persia with Khorassan and Kirman, which are partially subjected to it; Afghaunistan, Beluchistan, Koondos, Khiva, and Bokhara; and the nomadian nations in Turkomania. All that lies to the west of these countries belongs to Turkey, and has less to do with India; while all on the east of them belongs to China,‡ and forms its own political world.

Of these countries Persia merits, without doubt, the first place. But what a change has not this power undergone within a few years! During the latter part of the reign of its last

* I doubt this so much the less, as the present governor general, Lord Auckland, is a man possessing both political penetration and strength of character.

† According to what is said, Lord Moira's army against the Pindaries, in 1817, consisted of not less than 81,000 infantry, 33,000 cavalry, and 300 field-pieces: how much easier ought it not be, and also, how much more important, in case of a warlike attempt against the Indus, to collect a similar force there now?

‡ Yarkmid, the nearest country east of Koondos, was, not more than twelve years since, conquered by China, whence an army was sent of 80,000 men, most of the soldiers of which were armed with fire-arms, of such a weight that it required two men to carry them. Yarkmid is Mahomedan, as also Khokan, situated to the north of Yarkmid. This latter is governed by Uzbekian Tartars, and has paid for some years tribute to China.

aged monarch (Feth Ali Shach), Abaz Mirsa, his successor, exercised great influence in Persia's council-chamber, hostile to Russia, and friendly towards England. It was he who began the war in 1826 against Russia, ending so unhappily for Persia, which (according to the peace at Turkomanchai, in 1828,) was obliged to give up the fertile provinces of *Eriwan* and *Nahshivan*, and saw the Russian boundary advanced as far as to the river Arras (the Araxes of the ancients), in the neighbourhood of Tabriz, and not far from Teheran, the two principal cities of Persia. Abaz Mirsa died in 1833; and his young son, Mohamed, became his grandfather's successor at his death, in 1834.

Mohamed ascended the Persian throne, protected both by Russia and England, which jointly endeavoured to put aside the claims of his numerous competitors. Sir Henry Bethune, a distinguished English officer in the service of the Shach, contributed, however, most to this happy result.

It could not then with certainty be known what political system the young Shach would follow, and each party hoped to be honoured with his confidence and favour; which of them, however, was mistaken was soon shewn, when the Shach, contrary to the English ambassador's serious representations, began his campaign against Herat, the strongest fortification on the great route to India.

Almost the same injurious change for England has taken place in India as the other neighbouring state, Afghaunistan. Not more than fifteen years since this country formed a powerful monarchy, under the title of the *Caulbul* kingdom, the rulers of which have always been on good terms with the British government in India; but through civil wars, the history of which is too voluminous to be mentioned here, this kingdom has been divided into several principalities, independent of each other. *Caulbul* devolved (1826) on *Dost Mahomed Khan*, brother of the former king's vizier; *Peshawer* has its own governor (*Sirdar*), who pays tribute to Runjet Sing in Lahore; *Kandahar* is under the management of *Kohmidil Khan*, a brother of *Dost Mahomed* in *Caulbul*; Herat alone has remained under the power of the old dynasty, and it is now governed, though weakly, by *Kam-rau*, son of the last king of *Caulbul*. *Ghizne* has obtained its independence, as also have the Amers in *Sinde*, who were before petty princes under the power of the *Caulbul* kingdom. This division of the monarchy of the *Doroneus** has deprived India of the shelter of a power that was friendly inclined, which, invincible in its mountains, possessed, however, no offensive force against British India, and was therefore, in a double point of view, important for it.

The other states of Central-Asia are of much less importance to India than the two last mentioned: *Beluchistan* is inhabited by a predatory people, who rob every traveller, make plundering expeditions to the neighbouring lands, and carry on continual wars between their different khels, or tribes. The *Beluch*, like the Arab and the Turkoman, is always on horseback, and could therefore present a considerable body of cavalry, if their own disagreements did not prevent it. The nominal governor of this extensive country is the khan in *Kelut*, who possesses a kind of feudal government, but is so imperfectly obeyed by his vassals that the khan is almost without power. It is evident that *Beluchistan*, with such a state of society, is incapable of under-

* This was the name of the royal line reigning in *Caulbul*.

taking any thing against the British possessions in India; as it is besides separated from them, as well by the *Soliman* mountains and the Indus, as by the extensive dominions of the Amers in *Sind*.

Koondos has, during the last twelve or fifteen years, considerably increased its power by conquests, which its present king, *Mahomet Moorat Bey*, has made of *Budukhskan*, *Kholum*, *Balkh*, and other places; so that it includes all the northern branches of *Hindoo Koosch*, and thence down to the bed of the Oxus. Its military force is not, however, more than 20,000 men, undisciplined cavalry, without infantry, and therefore of but little consequence against India, from which also *Koondos* is separated by the great natural hinderances.

Next to *Koondos* we find, to the east of the Oxus, *Bokhara* (the ancient *Trans-oxiana*), with *Samarkand*, a tributary to it, a fertile country, but surrounded with sand deserts, and inhabited by a fanatic, Mahomedan people, who have every Christian power. *Bokhara* is governed by *Uzbek Tartars*; and is the staple town for the trade between western and Chinese Asia. Its army consists of 23,000 cavalry, 4000 infantry, and forty field-pieces badly served, and is so much the less capable of undertaking any thing against India as the disposition of the people is rather peaceable than warlike.

(To be continued.)

THE DRAMA.

[Second notice.]

5. *Castille*; or, the *Roman Conspiracy*, has frequently suggested a subject for the drama, and, from Ben Jonson to Dr. Croly, has employed the pens of able writers, both in England and on the Continent. Mr. Reade informs us that his play was composed some years ago, and without his being aware of the existence of Dr. Croly's work; from which it is, however, so dissimilar, that he has no inducement to suppress it on the ground of resemblance. "Each author had taken his own ground and view from *Salust*; and each had, perhaps, equally benefited by the scholastic production of 'rare Ben Jonson'."

Mr. Reade has now printed his *Castille* for private circulation; though, if such publication succeeded at all, he might have ventured it in the usual way; for it reflects no discredit on his muse, and is not unworthy of the author of "Italy" and "The Deluge."

We know not how it is, but Roman story rarely interests us. There is a hardness about the Roman women, and a sternness about the Roman men, in which there is so little of humanity, that we feel no sympathy with either. Where suicide was a triumph, it is impossible to entertain the common sentiments of our nature, and indulge in grief or give way to despair at the bereavements of death. The heroic is a sore enemy to the affections: it may be grand, but it is not touching; it may bring down the thunderbolt of ruin, but not the gentle rain of sorrow. Therefore, let us confess the truth; we have not a tear to shed for *Marcius* on fallen *Carthage*, for *Cato* about to slay himself, for *Sylla*, for *Gracchus*, for *Castille*, for *Brutus*, for *Cesar*, nor for any one of their stamp: *Pompey* certainly is a character to reach our feelings; in the fate of *Antony* we cannot help also taking some concern; and, strange though it may seem, *Lucullus* is one of the very few of our interesting Romans. How is this? Simply because there are weaknesses in their composition which make them brethren of mankind, and not demigods. What's *Hercules* to us, or we to *Hercules*, that we should weep for him?—not even when *Nessus's* horrid shirt drives him to madness.

Mr. Reade has invested his theme with as much of poetry as we could have expected from his former productions; and with quite as much of influence over our sensibilities, as we could anticipate from any catastrophe in *Rome*, among its pitiless senators, bloody conspirators, harsh citizens, and rugged soldiers. He has, for the first time within our knowledge, introduced *Julius Cesar* as a youthful character, and in love with *Fulvia*, the heroine of the drama. Under somewhat similar circumstances, his *Julius* bears a family likeness to *Jaffier*; *Castille*, *Cethegus*, *Crassus*, *Lentulus*, *Petrius*, and *Cicero*, are all drawn with distinctness and force; and the finale is good, both in effect and language.

"Scene VI.—Another Part of the Field.

Alarums: Retreat.

Enter Cato, Petrius, Cicero, and Soldiers.

Cato. Thanks to the gods! the bloody day is ours: Well hast thou fought, brave soldier! and withheld me When I would have retreated from their fury; The senate shall thank thee.

Petrius.

A bloody purchase; And hardly worth the cost, were not Rome's life The stake; for more than half our army's slain;

The rest so wounded they will scarce reach Rome:
The enemy have fallen to a man:
None fled: they fell like pillars in their places,
Covering the spot they stood on with their bodies.
Cicero. Such desperate and determined valour shews
How fixed their resolution.

Catiline (without, and at a distance). Petreus!
Cato. Hark, 'tis the shout of Catiline!
Catiline (without—nearer). Petreus!

[Alarums, and shouts within.]
Petreus. Stand back—and let him have the combat!

[Petreus is left alone in the front of the stage: from the extremity, enter Catiline, mortally wounded; on seeing Petreus, he raises his shield; and staggering towards him, falls dead at his feet.]

Well hast thou played the soldier's part, and died
The soldier's death!

Cicero. A brave, bad man! Behold
How Nature marks his character in death!
See how that swarthy brow still frowns defiance:
How his red hand still grasps his well-hacked sword;
Shewing his will unconquered! Hadst thou been
But half as zealous to support Rome as
Thou wert to overthrow her, thou hadst left
None ranked in virtue higher than thyself.

Petreus. Now let our homeward path to Rome become
Triumphal march.

Cicero. Not so, brave veteran!
For what have we to triumph in? We have not
Fought with our enemies, but friends. Brethren
Have been opposed to each, and sons to sires.
O cursed is that nation when it wars
Upon itself! Whom its own sword has turned
Upon its vitals! There's no greater plague
Can blast a country than a civil war!
Famine and pestilence have bounds; but who
Shall fix the limits of intestine broils?
There's scarce a nation when we see Rome who
Will not demand her son! Her flower of youth
Lie dead: but not a desperate enemy
But purchased many better lives for one.
No: let us shew a decent joy, for we
Have crushed these traitors, and for ever; but
Let it be tempered. Oh! let us respect
The wounds that Rome will shriek with when she hears!
Our cup is mixed; then let us shew the gods
That we can bear, with firm and equal mind,
The good and ill with which they prove our virtue.

We must, however, quote a few other specimens of Mr. Reade's poetry. Fulvia exhorts Cæsar to forsake the conspiracy, and not give way to spleen and bitterness:—

Cæsar. Ay, thou wouldst have me always equable!
Why, the best virtue that becomes a man
Is his humanity; his fellow-feeling.
For sympathies familiar with his own.
Let Cato eat his crust 'till the dark: let me
Feast with a set of hungry rogues around me,
And hear their shouts—they're honest at the time!
If I have made them happy, I feel
The wiser, ay, and better man o' the two!
Nay—if I please thee more, I'll ape the stoic:
Look wise and solemn, and walk clothed in rags,
Shaming the modesty of nature; grudge
My sharp-edged bones the wretched alms
That keeps my life together; and scorn all
Whose ribs are faster than my own! A crust—
A wretch whose bones is never to have smelt:
A dry anatomy; still mumbling out
Beneath a prickly bush of unshorn beard
Sophisms as bare and meagre as his bones!
Or I'll be Ciceronian, and scratch my head
To rouse my wisdom, then in thin, sharp voice,
Pipe out the deeds of Grecian heroes; borrow
Their wits, and sell them for my own; then listen
To my own hired applause.

A speech of Catiline, as a match:—

Cæsar. But if we fail—
Catiline. In the best cause that ever called on man
The failure stamps it worst. If we succeed,
When will the herd be tired with praising us?
What's vice and virtue, but names given to deeds
That men or love or hate as they affect
Themselves; and which change names and characters
With circumstances and manners? No,—'tis Power
Men bow to—ruling and inspiring Force!
It makes vice, virtue, all is overleaked,
All,—in the dazzling heights which it hath won!
Men are not to be loved,—they mock ye; nor
Be courted,—they despise ye,—they must fear!
They're born to be commanded; and they own
Instinctively the master-mind! They may
Hate, but dare not despise. Power is the giant,
And fear and flattery are his abject courtiers!
Let us gain that, and with the mind to plan,
The hand to dare, what can we not attempt?"

Now for—

Cato. They never fail who strike for liberty!
They may be crushed; but they are not forgotten:
They leave their names as watchwords to inspire us
On through the glorious breach in which they fell!
And so they triumph even in death.

And—

Cicero. The morrow's dawn—and we shall be in Rome:
Masters of fate, and of our enemies;
Or sleep too well to know all we have lost."

These are fair examples. The plot, of course, follows the history, and Mr. Reade has by no means improved by causing the discovery of the conspiracy to depend on finding its objects stated, and a list of the conspirators in a scroll lying at the feet of a sleepy or drunken "Hall Porter."

6. *Festus* we should have excepted from a list of dramas for the stage; and shall therefore reserve it for a separate review. It is an extraordinary production, out-Herding Kant in some of its philosophy, and out-Goetheing Goethe in the introduction of the three persons of the Trinity as interlocutors in its wild plot. Most objectionable as it is on this account, it yet contains so many exquisite passages of genuine and glorious poetry, that our admiration of the author's genius overpowers the feeling of mortification at its being misapplied and meddling with such dangerous topics.

VARIETIES.

The Daguerrotype.—Although the Daguerrotype does not comprehend a single manipulation which every body does not understand, and although it does not presume any knowledge of drawing, still it requires a certain manual dexterity in order to reach the proper point in every part of the operation. We are not surprised, therefore, that at the same time that M. Daguerre is about to publish a detailed account of his discovery, it is also his intention still more completely to initiate, by a kind of practical course, all those who desire to avail themselves of his process.—*La Quotidienne.*

H. B. Caricatures.—"The Road to Ruin" (No. 610), a barouche, containing the Queen, Lord Melbourne, Lord Normanby, &c., going at a fearful pace down the hill of Concession and Reform. "The leading horses are managed, or rather are unmanageable, by Lord John Russell. The beast he is riding bears the face of O'Connell. The wheelers are under the guidance of Spring Rice, who, in evident fear, is exclaiming, to his brother-postilion, "Hold hard, Johnny!" The reply, "I can't," causes the Queen to ask the premier whether "We are not going down the hill very fast?" Lord Normanby confesses that "We are going faster than is agreeable;" while Lord Melbourne, glancing over his shoulder, perceives, that "We cannot stop until we get to the bottom."—"Practising for the Tournament" (No. 611), was sure to furnish a subject for H.B., and a very humorous group he has made of it. To the left, the House of Lords is overthrowing the House of Commons (both represented by knights, caparioned and mounted, and tilting over the barrier, "Ireland"). Lord John Russell and O'Connell are the squires, watching the result of the contest. To the right, Lord Brougham is carrying away the ring on the point of his spear; and, in the background, Spring Rice is knocking the dummy (represented by Lord Durham) off his pedestal. Both caricatures are in H.B.'s best style.

Laurent de Medici.—The tragedy of "Laurent de Medici," so long in preparation and interdicted by the police, was at length produced, and with success, at the Théâtre Français, on Saturday night last. The author, M. Bertrand, was proclaimed with the usual écolat.—*Paris News, from the Times.*

Landslip.—On the 18th of June, a remarkable displacement of an entire valley, near the foot of a mountain, took place at the village of Federowk in Russia; and during seventy-two hours it moved with an undulating motion towards the river Volga. The sinking of the valley is one mile and a half long, and 280 fathoms in breadth. Above seventy houses were damaged or thrown down, but happily no lives were lost.

The Inventors' Advocate, No. 1.—A new weekly contemporary, embracing a very wide field of arts, sciences, and literature. The principal feature is the record of patent inventions,

both domestic and foreign. This will be a useful guide to projectors and inventors; and any suggestions to improve our patent laws are also very desirable. We have little right to advise in such cases; but we should think the more space that can be given to these matters, and the less taken up by literary novelties and amusements unconnected with them, would be all the better.

The Minister of the Interior has addressed a circular to the Prefects of Departments, enjoining them to pay the greatest attention to the preservation and classification of all the archives of their respective districts. Where the collections of documents are sufficiently important or extensive, he recommends the appointment of regular archivists to be paid by the state; he orders all the collections to be catalogued, and kept in properly constructed buildings, subject to due inspection; and he forbids any paper whatever belonging to such collections to be destroyed or sold without his permission.—*French Paper.*

Roman Remains.—Some important and interesting Roman remains have lately been discovered on the banks of the Scheldt.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Lives of Eminent, Literary, and Scientific Men, of France, 2 vols. fcap. 6s. (being Vol. 117 of the *Cabinet Cyclopædia*).—Reply to Mr. Lockhart's Pamphlet, entitled "The Ballantiney Humbug Handled," 1s. 6d.—*Life and Times of Sir T. Gresham*, by J. W. Burgon, 3 vols. 8vo. 30s.; royal 8vo. 50s.—*Presence of Mind and Force*: Tales by Phoebe Blyth, 18mo. 1s. 6d.—*Tales of Many Lands*, plates, fcap. 7s. 6d.—*Observations on Cholera*, by J. Fox, 8vo. 6s.—*System of Practical Surgery*, by J. Liston, Part II., 8vo. 10s. 6d.; complete in 1 vol. 8vo. 5s.—*Jardine's British Salmonids*, Part I., folio, 3l. 3s.—*Meditations on the Lord's Prayer*, by A. Bonnet, translated by W. Hare, fcap. 4s.—*Rev. J. Augustus Frisbie Essay on the Voluntary System*, post 8vo. 6s.—*Tournaments; or, the Days of Chivalry*, square, 3s. 6d.—*The Law relating to the Public Funds*, by J. J. Wilkinson, 18mo. 18s.—*The Death of an Angel*, &c., by J. P. Richter, translated by A. Kenney, post 8vo. 9s.—*The Rose Unique; or, Erno Explicated*, fcap. 4s.—*Course of Lectures on Romanism at Liverpool*, 18mo. 7s. 6d.—*Fitzroy and King's Voyage of the Adventure and Beagle*, 2 vols. 8vo., and Appendix, 2l. 18s.—*Bingley's Tales about Birds*, square, 4s.—*Lives and Actions of Highwaymen*, &c., by Captain C. Johnson, 3d edition, 8vo. 9s.—*The Victories of the British Army*, by W. H. Maxwell, 2 vols. 8vo. 25s.—*Colburn's Modern Novelist*. Hook's Sayings and Doings, 3d series, &c.—*Morton of Morton's Hope*, an Autobiography, 3 vols. post 8vo. 11. 11s. 6d.—*J. P. Cory's Treatise on Accounts*, 3d edition, 8vo. 9s. 6d.—*Aldine Poets*, Vols. XXXIX. to XLIII. Spenser, 5 vols. fcap. 25s.—*Sermons preached at Halifax*, Nova Scotia, by J. Cogwell, 8vo. 15s.—*Sermons preached in India*, by J. Bateman, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—*The Practical Chemist's Pocket Guide*, by W. Hope, 32mo. 1s. 6d.—*Guide to Moscow*, 18mo. 6s. sewed.—*Clark's Description of Boulogne*, 18mo. 6s. sewed.—*New Agricultural Tables*, by J. Christian, 18mo. 2s.—*Carlyle's French Revolution*, 2d edition, 3 vols. fcap. 35s.—*The Royal Armories of Great Britain*, by A. Burnet, 18mo. 10s.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1836.

August.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday .. 22	From 57 to 63	30.10 to 30.11
Friday .. 23	54 .. 65	30.14 .. 30.11
Saturday .. 24	51 .. 71	30.07 .. 30.06
Sunday .. 25	48 .. 78	30.05 .. 30.04
Monday .. 26	49 .. 73	30.07 .. 30.06
Tuesday .. 27	50 .. 64	30.72 .. 30.75
Wednesday 28	45 .. 64	30.35 .. 30.47

Prevailing wind, S.W.

Except the morning of the 23d, and afternoon of the 27th, generally clear; rain fell in the morning and evening of the 27th.

Rain fallen, 0.75 of an inch.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HEVAT ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have this week devoted as much of our space as was convenient to the proceedings of the British Association. It requires some time to sift these multifarious matters, and separate the new and useful from the well-known and unimportant. To this we shall append ourselves in future Numbers; but do not forget that we shall have to trespass at very great length upon other departments of our Gazette in recording the facts and results without touch of the contradictions and arguments.

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THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

NINTH MEETING: BIRMINGHAM.

[Second Notice.]

BEFORE we proceed with our Report of the Proceedings of the British Association, we will offer a few remarks on the increased hostility and ridicule with which it has this year been assailed; and which, if we may judge from the frequent allusions to the subject, have made a considerable sensation. The question of Religion has been introduced by the Dean of York and a number of writers in religious periodicals; whilst several of our ablest and most powerful journals have attacked the Association on the grounds of its inutility in the cause of Science,—its vain-gloriousness, its gormandizing, and even its corrupt and jobbing administration.

Upon these points, having attended all the meetings since that of Cambridge, and been observant of every point connected with them, we are induced to submit our honest testimony and candid opinion to the public.

On the polemical controversy, which appears to have been excited, chiefly, if not entirely, by the Geological Section, and by publications among the "Bridgewater Treatises" and elsewhere, too much has been said and written to render its revival, and the answers here given, on so many occasions, to the impugnors of this science as being infidel, unchristian, and at war with Scripture and revelation, of any high degree of importance to the religious world. All that the friends of geology could do, was to dress in other phrases the arguments they have already, with so much ability, supported through the press; and it is not to be supposed that after-dinner speeches, or those of routine and compliment, are likely to be so powerful on so grave a matter as the mature reflections and compositions of the closet. They were proper and sufficient for the audiences to whom they were delivered, but if repeated in our reports, could not have so much weight with the surrounding and distant world as those which have been already circulated universally amongst every class of readers who concern themselves with the dispute. In some of our notices will be found the most pithy observations made by Mr. Vernon Harcourt, the Marquess of Northampton, Dr. Buckland, &c.; and we will not further involve ourselves in the unprofitable discussion, from which so little of good is promised to the faith in which the people of Great Britain live and worship their Creator. If the attacks have been intolerant and ignorant, as surely those which we have seen and heard have generally been, it has caused us some surprise to find that they are so sorely felt. We cannot tell whether religion is likely to suffer most from its assailants or defenders! If Bible history, and its superstructure of Christianity, can be overturned by the discovery of an Ichthyosaurus or an Encrinurus, a tree fern or a sponge, their vindication is a folly, and their foundations, instead of the solid rock, are on a stratum of shifting sand.

With regard to the advantages which science has derived, and is destined to derive, from the meetings of the Association, if too much is not

demanded on that score, a person must be prejudiced and blind beyond credibility to deny their beneficial influence. The collision of a number of clever men, the friction of their minds, could not take place without stimulating, informing, and improving every one of them. The general interchange of their ideas must of necessity produce a good and a great effect; which could never be produced by the study of their productions, even allowing that these were made accessible to, and could be consulted by, all. It is personal contact which spreads and infuses vigour into these communications, and there is no setting a limit to the possible and probable results of such intercourse. Another recommendation, and a gratifying one, is the generation of friendly and kind feelings among so many engaged in similar pursuits, who would never have known any thing of each other but for the British Association. Their consequent correspondence is another source whence science must be aided and advanced. We are bound to say, that we never witnessed less of jealousies and more of cordial co-operation among men than at these meetings. In the higher branches of knowledge, the former does not seem to exist, and the latter is freely given; and even in these divisions, where individual interests come directly into conflict, there is really, in general, more to praise than to reprehend. It is true, when people have patents to defend, on which immense profits are expected; or rail-roads to puff, in which they are largely embarked; or inventions to get into notice, which will reward their ingenuity; or manufactures to exalt, by enhancing the fame and value of which they will fill their pockets, there is quite as much of human frailty and human selfishness exhibited at the British Association, as in the transactions of trade and business elsewhere. This cannot be avoided, but it is not the prevailing feature; and where there is sterling gold, it would be unjust to quarrel with the small quantity of alloy.

We do not mean to affirm that the doings in the Sections, the extempore and often verbose debates, the questions and suggestions of parties who occupy the time by interruptions of the most irrelevant description, and its like occupation, or rather waste, by trite and familiar matters, which have already passed through the London Societies, and been promulgated by the publications devoted to these pursuits, are either the best portions of the proceedings, or of use to science. Some more care is advisable in respect to them; and the sectional committees might accomplish reforms in regard to these blots.

But the most important work of the Association is the annual collection of views, in which the progress and existing state of the sciences are traced and laid down for the guidance of every soul engaged in their study. Here they find land-marks by which to be guided; by which they are prevented from following erroneous courses, and saved the trouble of travelling over grounds already explored and occupied. We must acknowledge that this is an immense service to science; and we have only to look at the volumes published by the

Association, to have sufficient vouchers for this truth.

The procurement of the Antarctic Expedition, alone, would be an answer to the cry against the Association for trifling and inutility. Suggested by Major Sabine, the Association took it up heartily, and backed by the influence of the Duke of Northumberland, and the Marquess of Northampton, President of the Royal Society, all the delays in government movements were overcome, and this most interesting voyage is now in actual progress under the happiest auspices.

The other charges against these meetings are hardly worth combating. The harmless flatteries which occur in the oratory, and the inclination to lay hold and boast too much of trivial things in favour of the Association and its leading characters, are only the *soft solder* of the machine, and do not impair its real value. The gormandizing is an exaggeration of the hospitalities enjoyed by the members, which, though generously and profusely bestowed by the various localities to which they have been invited, never led to intemperance or any unbecoming act. It is a sad mistake to fancy that the philosophical and social are irreconcilable. On the contrary, their union is one of beauty and benefit; the philosophical adorns and exalts the social, the social cheers and animates philosophy.

There is another good result arising from these meetings, which we ought to notice before saying a few words on the imputation of jobbing; we mean the intelligence received by the members respecting things with which they were unacquainted, in return for the knowledge and impulse communicated by them to the quarters to which they have gone. The inspection of many manufacturing and mechanical processes, and the examination of mines and natural products, are of infinite use in the cultivation of the mind; and the stimulus given to the industry and inventiveness of the districts where the Association has held its annual concourse, has been made apparent in so many instances that it would be absurd to insist upon it. Our last and present Numbers furnish proof enough to satisfy every sceptic. The drawbacks of bustle and want of time, though they are felt as evils, do not hinder the working of the system to much that is of individual and national advantage, both as relates to commercial and scientific objects.

We now turn to the last point of objection, which has been embodied and advanced by our influential contemporary "The Times" newspaper. We are convinced, that had the writer been present at any of the meetings, or had he impartially analysed the accounts and expenditure of the Association from first to last, the conclusion of his auditing would have been

"It is impossible that any reporter not acquainted with all the subjects can give an accurate narrative of the lectures and discussions; and an inaccurate one is worse than useless—it puzzles and misleads. Besides, we have, we confess, a great contempt for this mode of dispensing knowledge, where beef and botany, champagne and chemistry, geology and goose-liver pies, are discussed together, to the great confusion of the digestive faculties both of the intellect and the stomach. We have felt from the beginning that there is a great deal of folly and humbug in the concoction and subjects of this pretended Scientific Association; and latterly, we have had reason to

directly the opposite. The grants of the Institution are before the public, and when it is seen that in eight years a fund and property of above 6000*l.* have been accumulated, they cannot be deemed prodigal. The two or three official salaries are very small, and far below the average of service; the mass of the business being performed gratuitously and without reward. The sums placed at the disposal of individuals for scientific purposes have been economically employed, and always within the bounds limited; and with respect to the objects aimed at, it is scarcely possible to throw a doubt upon their utility, or a suspicion upon their motives.

And when we look at the persons who have taken the lead in the Association, and have adhered to it through good and evil report, can we doubt either its intentions, its conduct, or its efficacy? Its presidents and vice-presidents have been men of all parties, and of the highest honour and distinction. At its meetings, the four great national universities of Oxford, Cambridge, Edinburgh, and Dublin, have been constantly represented by their chief ornaments; and the University of London, King's College, Durham University, Aberdeen, Glasgow, St. Andrew's, have all taken active and prominent parts in the measures adopted. Nor have the most eminent philosophers in the grand Republic of Science been absent from this her parliament: on the contrary, so vast a majority of the highest have lent their efforts to the design, that it would be very difficult to make out a short list of absentees belonging to that class.*

The attendance and approbation of foreigners of universal reputation is another strong proof of the value of this Association. To their estimate of its extreme importance we can bear our own testimony; for we have often heard it from the mouths of those with whose fame all Europe rings.

Another incidental point may also be adduced; viz. its tendency to bring forward modest merit, which would otherwise be doomed to bloom unseen, and wither in the desert air. Who can tell what future Watts, Peels, Arkwrights, and Smeatons, may be the fruit of these cheering opportunities? Already in the ranks of the Members are enrolled some gratifying instances of celebrity, cherished into an extended sphere of usefulness by its nourishment; and the seeds have unquestionably been sown of many more examples of the same auspicious order. At the close of our Report of the present meeting we may probably glance at the items voted, and fairly canvass them in support of these facts.

Pursuing our usual course of abridging what can be abridged with advantage, and winnowing the new and useful from the theoretical and unproductive, in the Proceedings of the British Association, we revert to Monday, in order to fill up the gaps we left in its Report, so as to make room for papers afterwards read;

think that there is something worse—we mean, that gross jobbing has tainted the administration of the Society. We shall, perhaps, have occasion to say a few words on this subject. Meantime, we shall conclude by quoting the words of a friend, that 'the systematic concealment of important information from those who are called upon to decide, and the support which men of high character and station have, by cajolery, been duped into giving to contemptible measures, have disgraced the Society, and paralysed all its powers of usefulness. We believe that Sir John Herschel, Mr. Babbage, and Mr. Sedgwick, among others, have withdrawn their countenance from the Association.'—*The Times*.

Of the three names mentioned as reported deserters by "The Times," Sir J. Herschel and Professor Sedgwick certainly continue among the warmest friends of the Association.—*Ed. L. G.*

and which we considered to possess more public interest and general importance.*

In Section B, on Monday, the papers appointed for which were all we could indicate, Professor Graham took the chair, and opened the proceedings by taking a view of recent improvements in chemical science. He particularly pointed attention to the great talents displayed by M. Schönbein, of Basle, in that important branch of science, "Organic Chemistry," and expressed a hope that the meeting would be favoured with the presence of that distinguished foreigner. The learned chairman also animadverted on M. Dumas's "Law of Substitutions," the source of so many valuable discoveries. The first experiment was with chlorine on organic matter; and it was found that an atom of chlorine was substituted for every atom of hydrogen, separated in the form of hydrochloric acid. In the same manner oxygen substituted itself for hydrogen in acetous fermentation; and chloro-acetic acid substituted chlorine for oxygen. The discoveries and experiments of Faraday in regard to the chlorides of carbon, also pursued by M. Regnault, and the binary theory of M. Leibig, were alluded to, as beautiful examples of chemical progress. The prohibition, or nearly so, of the exportation of sulphur from Sicily (our principal mart) was noticed; and the Professor spoke in praise of an invention of Mr. Gossage, of Stoke Prior, near Birmingham, for the reduction of this material, so important to chemists and manufacturers, from soda waste.

Professor Hare's paper possessed no novelty, and has already been published and reviewed.

Mr. Mallet's letter simply stated, that he was continuing his Experiments on the Action of Water on Cast-iron, and would require, therefore, a continuation of the 50*l.* grant made by the Association last year.

The communication from Dr. Boswell Reid, of Edinburgh, accompanied a chemical instrument, which, by mechanical arrangement, shewed the composition of different substances, and which greatly resembled the numerical machines, formed of wood and wire, employed for calculations in China. Some improvement was suggested by Dr. Daubeny.

Mr. Coultupe explained his Improved Method for graduating Glass Tubes for Eudiometrical Purposes, which Professor Graham thought might be equally useful for medical measurements. Also another Air Apparatus, for determining the quantity of carbonic acid in

* "The Times" is quite right in its opinion that attempted reports of all these proceedings, taken at the various Sections, must of necessity be very inaccurate, and lead to error, rather than accurate intelligence. But, still, a considerable portion of them may be obtained, and preserved in a way to render them valuable to science, both at home and abroad. Discrimination is necessary: and we would meddle with none except such as would convey correct information. Why engross our pages with repetitions of subjects, experiments, essays, &c., already familiar to the world, either from newspaper publicity, or the details of the London Societies, which have appeared in so many shapes? But such matters as Mr. Fox Talbot's explanations on photogenic drawings, and Mr. Daguerre's process (see our last No., p. 545); Mr. Lyell on the chalk and gravel formations, in Section C. (*Ibid.* p. 548); Mr. Hawkins on paving—an immediate practical question (*Ibid.* p. 549); Mr. Webb Hall on accelerating the growth of wheat—the only agricultural paper at the meeting, and one of the utmost importance (*Ibid.* pp. 550-1); Dr. Thomson on indigestion—another subject of universal interest (*Ibid.* pp. 551-2); Mr. Grove on the voltaic battery—also taken out of the routine order (*Ibid.* p. 553); and Mr. Murchison's valuable geological communication on the carboniferous and Devonian systems, in Westphalia and the north of Germany: such matters, we repeat, being fully and accurately given, must exercise a very instructive influence on the public mind. We shall merely notice that Mr. Murchison's abstract ought to have been among our supplementary papers (after col. 3, p. 550), and not immediately under the head of "Evening Meeting."

the atmosphere, which did not seem to be so much approved as Dr. Dalton's; and several gentlemen present mentioned contrivances of their own for the same object.

Dr. Mackay read 'A Communication upon a Bark which he had lately received from South America.' He stated that, in a brief sketch of its reputed virtues which accompanied it, it was said to possess febrifuge properties in an eminent degree, which was rendered exceedingly probable from its containing a bitter principle in considerable quantity. Its febrifuge qualities are stated to be equal to those of the best Peruvian bark, for which it has been successfully substituted. Dr. M. submitted to the inspection of the Section specimens of two different oils, obtained from the bark by distillation with water, which, though existing in the same plant, and obtained by the same process, present marked distinctions. The one, being of less specific gravity than the other, floated upon the surface of that which was distilled along with it, while the other being considerably heavier, sunk to the bottom of the receiver. Both, when fresh, were transparent and colourless; but in a few days they changed to a yellow colour, the heavier oil becoming of a deeper tinge than the other. In smell the oils differ perceptibly, that of the heavier being fatty and unpleasant, while the odour of the lighter is aromatic and agreeable. In taste they are equally acrid and disagreeable. The specific gravity of the lighter oil is 0.949, that of the heavier is 1.028, both having been examined several days after their preparation. Upon exposing them to a temperature of 18° F. no effect was produced upon the lighter oil, but in the heavier a great quantity of needle-shape crystals were observed, which, however, speedily dissolved upon the phial being removed out of the febrifuge mixture: the mineral acids decompose them, connecting both oils with fluids of a blood-red colour. In a chemical point of view the oils referred to are interesting, on account of their presenting such marked distinctions in colour, smell, specific gravity, and the effect of cold upon them, while they are the produce of the same plant, and procured by the same process. Dr. M. concluded by expressing his expectation of shortly being able to communicate to the public more important results from the analysis of the same plant, particularly as regards its bitter principle.—From the "*Birmingham Journal*," to which, we presume, Dr. M. communicated the account.—*Ed. L. G.*

Baron de Menil's safety-lamp was noticed in our last. It differs from Davy's, in having the chimney left open. Professor Graham suggested, that to absorb the carbonic acid gas, the cause of these calamitous explosions in coal-mines and other subterraneous works, an equal mixture of dry-slaked lime and Glauber's salt might be very effectually employed.

In Section C., after the discussion, which we reported at full length, Mr. J. E. Marshall read a paper 'On the Silurian Formation of Rocks, from Shap to Casterton Fell, in Westmoreland;' and Mr. Strickland put forward the following printed queries respecting the superficial gravel in the neighbourhood of Birmingham.—1. Does the gravel near Birmingham ever contain chalk flints, fragments of oolite, &c., which may indicate a southern origin, or is it wholly of northern extraction? 2. Does it ever contain marine shells? 3. Are these shells of existing or extinct species? 4. Does it ever contain bones of terrestrial mammals, or fresh-water shells? 5. What are the circumstances of position, material, &c., of

the gravel in which mammalian bones or fresh-water shells are found? and is it distinguishable in any respect from the gravel in which marine remains are found? 6. Are mammalian remains ever found in company with marine shells?

SECTION G.—Mechanical Science.

Mr. Scott Russell, 'On the most Economical Proportion of Power to Tonnage in Steam-vessels.'—The rule by which most proprietors of steam-vessels have been guided is the application of power in small proportion to tonnage; but where velocity was the chief object, higher proportional power has been employed, with a great expenditure of fuel, and not with the ratio of increase to the velocity; or high powers and large consumption of fuel have been attended with only a slight increase of velocity; and, therefore, the employment of low powers, with low velocities, would appear to be most economical. But this conclusion has not been borne out; and, by an examination of the books of expenditure of fuel, belonging to several companies, he had found that experience had proved the use of high steam powers and high velocities more economical than low ones. This had been attributed to Mr. Russell's wave principle, and he had, therefore, carefully investigated the subject. The result of which he had arrived, appeared to him quite new and very remarkable. The general principle was:—that in a voyage by a steam-vessel in the open sea, exposed, of course, to adverse winds, there is a certain high velocity and high portion of power which may be accomplished with less expenditure of fuel and of room than a lower speed with less power. This was proved arithmetically, and by a formula, in relation to the same vessel, with different powers of engine, whereby any other case may be determined.

Fair Weather.—1200 tons, 400 horse-power, 9 miles an hour, 216 miles a-day, 1 ton of coal an hour; 2160 miles 10 days, 840 tons of coal.

1200 tons, 500 horse-power, 10 miles an hour, 240 miles a-day, 1½ ton of coal an hour; 2160 miles in 9 days, 370 tons of coal.

Adverse Weather.—1200 tons, 400 horse-power, 5 miles an hour, 120 miles a-day, 1 ton of coal an hour; 2160 miles in 18 days, 436 tons of coal.

200 tons, 500 horse-power, 6½ miles an hour, 163 miles a-day, 1½ tons of coal an hour; 2160 miles in 13 and one-half days, 395 tons of coal.

General Formula.—Let v represent the velocity of a given steam-vessel in a fair weather voyage; v' , the same vessel in an adverse weather voyage; v'' , a vessel of higher power in the former; v''' , the same in the adverse one; p , the power of the former vessel; p' , latter vessel.

$$\sqrt{v''} - (\sqrt{v} - \sqrt{v'}) = \sqrt{v''} - \sqrt{v} + \sqrt{v'} = \sqrt{v''} - \sqrt{v} + \sqrt{v'} = \sqrt{v''} - \sqrt{v} + \sqrt{v'}$$

$$= \sqrt{v''} - \sqrt{v} + \sqrt{v'} \text{ in the case of equal ex-}$$

use, when the highest proportion of power it will be economical in fuel may be at once ascertained.

Dr. Lardner observed, that it was a new theory; but, from Mr. Russell's exposition, he was satisfied with its accuracy.

Mr. Russell stated, in answer to a question, that the principle was only true in reference to long voyages, because where vessels were not exposed to continued adverse weather, a great additional power would only be an additional expense.

We must still for the present reserve the statistics, which are long, for future notice.]

TUESDAY.

SECTION A.—Mathematics and Physics.

Mr. J. S. Russell, 'Report of the Committee on the Tide' (Himself and Sir J. Robison).

Professor Whewell's remarks 'On the Tides of the open Ocean,' by Lütke.

3. Professor Whewell's remarks 'On Captain Fitzroy's Views respecting Tides.'

4. Sir J. Herschel, 'Report of Application to Government for Increased Instrumental Power and Assistance at the Royal Observatory at the Cape of Good Hope.'

5. Sir J. Herschel, 'Report of Reduction of Meteorological Observations.'

6. Professor Forbes, 'On the Use of Mica for the Polarisation of Light.'

7. Mr. Goddard, 'On the Use of the Oxy-Hydrogen Microscope in Experiments on the Polarisation of Light.'

8. Mr. Addison's 'Meteorological Observations at Great Malvern.'

9. Colonel Sykes, 'On the Meteorology of the Ghats of Western India.'

1. Mr. Russell observed, that the committee had continued and almost concluded their inquiries. These had been directed, in the first place, to the determination of the nature and laws of the wave of translation, as distinct from the wave of oscillation. Extended researches have confirmed former experience. The form of the wave of translation is that to which the term hemicycloid has been affixed; and the wave obeys the laws as stated in former reports. The laws had been obtained from the equations of a place on the hypothesis that the movement of the atoms of water was not infinitely small as supposed; and highly satisfactory conclusions, in support of these views, had been derived from the labours of Professor Kelland. In the next place, the inquiry had been directed to the connexion between the motion of the wave and the resistance offered to floating bodies. Former views had been confirmed in a highly satisfactory manner. The experiments had been conducted on a more striking scale. The phenomenon of a vessel skimming the surface of the water, the resistance of the wave having been overcome by a high velocity, had been exhibited in an unusual degree. The prow divided the wave, which rose on each side, in a remarkable manner, to a height of three times the depth of the vessel, spreading out from it; the upper surface appearing as a thin film, and resembling wings to the moving body. The third inquiry was as to the form of a solid of least resistance in a practical form. Mr. Russell had inferred, from theoretical views, that a certain form which he termed the wave-form, would be the form of least resistance and least displacement. This inference had been confirmed last year by experiment,—by calculation and by practical advantages. The questionable proof of the two latter confirmations were adduced: a clergyman of Scotland, the Rev. Mr. Brodie, had been induced by the account of the proceedings of the British Association to investigate and to test mathematically the truth of Mr. Russell's inference, and he had by a totally different process arrived at the same conclusion. And Mr. Ashton Smith, of Wales, has built a steamer of 660 tons burden, and 220 horse power, in accordance with the new form; she is the fastest vessel in Britain, she realises fifteen miles an hour; and whilst other vessels at much less speed raise up the wave in white foam under their bows, the Fire King moves it aside and no single particle of white spray is perceived. Another proof of the permanent benefit likely to accrue to the naval interest is the fact, that many eminent ship-builders have at last entered upon the question which before they would never entertain; and at the present time there are four or five vessels of large size being built on the new wave principle. The last subject of the experiments was the application of this knowledge of waves to the terrestrial mechanism of the tidal wave. It was, in fact, a continuation of the inquiry of Professors Lubbock and Whewell, who had explored this wave until it ceased to be effected by celestial influence. The committee had come to the conclusion that the tidal

wave is a great wave of translation, but had not as yet carried out their experiments sufficiently to enable them to decide the mechanical properties of its propagation from shore to shore and up estuaries and rivers. To this end observations had been made in uniform channels, also in channels not uniform, especially in the Firth of Forth, where there were several stations established. The results, however, are not as yet complete; but a few phenomena had presented themselves, one of which was so striking that Mr. Russell could not refrain from describing it to the Section. In investigating the outline of the form of the wave, they found, to their astonishment, that in the Firth there were double tides—four instead of two—four high-waters and four low-waters a-day. And this phenomenon was observed, not at one point only, but at the series of stations. The wave, moreover, increased in magnitude as it ascended the river. This he considered it desirable to explain, and he thinks he sees the cause. The tidal wave which brings high-water to Great Britain, divides into two parts, the one goes up the English Channel and the other round the north of Ireland and Scotland, coming south to the Firth of Forth, but arriving later than the southern or English Channel wave already in the Firth. The larger northern one almost overtaking the smaller one at Stirling, where they are nearly coincident. In their passage up traces of two distinct waves have been observed, explaining, Mr. Russell thinks, the phenomenon of double tides; but he considers many accurate observations requisite to the proof. He believes the phenomenon to be very common, but not hitherto observed. Waves of translation never unite, they do not obey the laws of oscillation; they often coincide, but as often separate again, the larger and one of greater velocity, passing over the lesser, and on in its course. The lesser one, moreover, is not altered in form nor retarded in progress. Besides, waves of translation frequently cross each other at all angles, and retain their identity. The series of observations on this interesting subject will be complete next year.

Professor Forbes observed, with regard to the separation of the waves, that after two had blended into one, the ordinate of the joint wave would be the sum or difference of the ordinates of the waves, accordingly as the two waves coincided. Professor Whewell said, No; they will separate. Mr. Russell said they had often been found to do so. Professor Stevelly stated that, by the law of oscillation or the undulatory motion, the effect would be exactly as explained by Professor Forbes; but the motion of translation, from its very nature, as described by Mr. Russell at Newcastle, would cause the waves to separate. He attributed the difficulty Professor Forbes laboured under to his not having been present at the last meeting, when the minute account of the properties of the wave of translation was given.

2. This was a communication from Admiral Lütke, read by Professor Whewell. The admiral had traced the cotidal lines from North Cape, where those of Professor Whewell end, beyond Lapland to Nova Zembla; and had observed that to the eastward of Nova Zembla the tidal wave is scarcely perceptible. Professor Whewell remarked that the disappearance of the tide-wave in large tracts of sea, and the absence of tides in the centre of the Pacific, or of any wide waters, were at present anomalies. The Russian admiral further communicated that the diurnal inequality, supposed peculiar to one or two places, was well known to Russian navigators on the coast of Kamtschatka.

and of North America. It was, therefore, he conceived, a general law.

3. Captain Fitzroy conceives that the tides of the Pacific are not the result of a progressive wave, which is the basis of Professor Whewell's researches; but that they are produced by a vast oscillation, by which the sides of the water would be raised high, whilst the centre would be at rest. Professor Whewell did not deny the possibility of such an oscillation. By this view also, some of the phenomena inconsistent with the equilibrium theory might be explained. But whether this motion be consistent with the forces exerted by the sun and moon, is an extremely difficult problem of hydromanics. He could not adopt Captain Fitzroy's views, but they were a kind of relation by no means hastily to be rejected.

Professor Whewell then took leave to present the 'Report on Tidal Waves,' received from Mr. Bunt, to whom, and to himself, a grant for the research had been voted, at the same time observing that it was not of a nature to be made intelligible to a general audience. This is a sufficient reason for its not appearing in our columns.

4, 5. Several letters from Sir John Herschel stated the progress that had been made in consequence of the grants for the reduction of meteorological observations at the equinoxes and solstices, and for the appointment of an efficient observer, &c., at the Cape of Good Hope. [Mr. Mann has been appointed, and other necessary steps taken].

6. Professor Forbes read a paper 'On the Use of Mica in Polarising Light'; and, after stating his method of employing it, expressed his opinion that it might be made very important towards explaining the nature of metallic reflection. Professor Lloyd agreed that this process might throw light upon the internal structure of metallic substances, and in other respects considered it to be highly important. By polarising light, either elliptically or circularly, in a superior way to any hitherto practised, it might lead to a termination of some of the difficulties which beset the inquiry. As Professor Forbes had found, on exposing mica to heat, that exceedingly thin laminae were separated, the surfaces of which furnished these reflections, he supposed it likely that all metallic plates presented similar laminae, on which depended their polarising influence. Professor Powell confirmed these opinions, and adduced instances of such laminae polarising light, without affecting the image thrown upon the metal.

7. Mr. J. F. Goddard read a paper 'On the Oxy-Hydrogen Microscope, in exhibiting these Phenomena of Polarisation,' which consisted chiefly in the application of the means, and of results shewn in London exhibitions.

8. Mr. Addison read an excellent local paper (and well fitted to be considered with general comparative tables) 'On the Meteorology of Great Malvern for Four Years.' In answer to a leading question from Professor Powell, Mr. Addison gave an extraordinary relation of a flight of shooting stars, which he had seen below him from the top of the hill in Nov. 1832. These meteors resembled a shower of fire, and it was in a November fog. Professor Powell said, that on the 10th of this month he had witnessed a similar fall at Tunbridge Wells. They left trains of fire behind them, and their motion was from north to south. [The date curiously coincides with the American and other annual star fireworks.]

9. Some observations on barometrical and thermometrical variations, under such circumstances, were offered by Professor Stevelling,

Mr. F. Baily, and Mr. Jeffreys (who had experimented on the Himalah Mountains); and a paper by Col. Sykes (kept from the meeting by his canvass for an East-India Directorship, and we can hardly imagine a more worthy and accomplished candidate) was read, 'On the Meteorology of the Ghats,' and closed this sectional meeting.

SECTION B.—Chemistry and Mineralogy.

1. Mr. H. L. Pattinson, 'On Electrical Currents in Metallic Veins.'

2. Professor Hess, 'On Apparatus for conducting Organic Analysis.'

3. Professor Graham, 'On the Chemical Theory of the Voltaic Circle.'

Mr. H. L. Pattinson read a paper 'On Electrical Currents in Metallic Veins.' The writer undertook this investigation at the request of the Association last year at Newcastle; and, after detailing many experiments, he inclined to the non-current opinion, though it was possible, by the employment of more delicate tests, &c., that the contrary might be established.

Mr. Spencer opposed some experiments of his to those of Mr. Fox; and held, that the presence of two metals was not always necessary.

Dr. Golding Bird congratulated Mr. Pattinson on the accuracy of his experiments, and observed that as such currents were not detectable on the galvanometer, and susceptible of chemical action, his theory was very satisfactory.

A paper was read by Professor Hess, of Petersburg, 'On Professor Leibig's Apparatus for Analysing Organic Substances,' which was similar to that described in 'Puggendorf's Journal' a few months ago, with the exception of passing oxygen through the tubes instead of atmospheric air.

Professor Graham, 'On the Theory of the Voltaic Circle,' entered into an explanation of the views now general as to the propagation of electrical induction through the fluid and solid elements of the Voltaic circle, by no circulation of the electricities, but by their displacement in the polar molecule. In a molecule of hydrochloric acid, for instance, the electricities are displaced, the positive goes to the atom of chlorine, and the negative to that of the hydrogen, and each retains the chemical affinity of the chlorine and hydrogen respectively. Mr. Graham wished to refer the phenomena directly to the chemical affinities, and to omit entirely the idea of electricities being possessed by the molecules. In short, he observed the term electricity, or chemical affinity, must give way. He then took hydrochloric acid as the type of exciting fluids; he gave to each molecule a pole, the one with an affinity for chlorine, which he termed *chlorous* affinity, instead of negative electricity; and the other with an affinity like that of zinc or hydrogen, which he termed *zincous* affinity instead of positive electricity. Extensive diagrams illustrated his views; but the purport of his paper was to shew that an advantage would be gained by change of terms, and that the condition of the terminal affinities would convey more readily the states of the elementary bodies. The change in the nomenclature proposed was as follows:—

Synonymes.

Zincous	Positive.
Chlorous	Negative.
Zincoid	Positive pole.
	Anode, zincode.
Chloroid	Negative pole.
	Cathode, platinode.

The term zincoid, Prof. Graham observed, means what possesses the properties of zinc, quasi zinc; and chloroid, what possesses the pro-

perties of chlorine, quasi chlorine. Zinc was the head of its class; and of all salified bodies, chlorine was the head. They were types of their families. The same views were applicable to electrolytes, the elements of which he also wished to be called zincous and chlorous. Thus the concluded induction is an assumption, and we get rid of positive and negative electricity.

Mr. Grove objected to the terms zincous and chlorous, as too specific for the predicaments. They were not, moreover, the extremes of their class: for instance, in chloric acid, oxygen must, according to Prof. Graham's views, be stated to be chlorous to chlorine; and at the other extreme, potassium and the earthy radicals more zincous than zinc; but supposing the terms were chosen from the extremes, *non constat* but that substances of a greater extent of difference might be discovered, and thus a continual change of terms would be necessary. On the other hand, the terms positive and negative were essentially generic, and applicable to any change which could be at present foreseen.

SECTION C.—Geology.

1. Mr. Williams, 'On the Rocks of Devon and Cornwall.'

2. Mr. Austen, 'On the Fossils in the Limestone Slates of South Devon.'

Mr. Lyell's paper having, as we noted in our last, opened a new and interesting field for geological discussion, the Section Room was crowded as soon as the doors were opened; and, for several hours, many disappointed visitors were obliged to seek their instruction at other places, in consequence of finding this shut against all further entrance.

Dr. Buckland proceeded to make his promised statement. He remarked that the phenomena brought before them by Mr. Lyell were of very general occurrence. The pits in chalk, filled up in the manner he had so ably pointed out, had long been observed by French geologists, who had given them the appropriate name of natural wells—*puits naturels*. But to the present moment they had never been subjected to a systematic examination of the detritus they contained, their sand, gravel, and other deposits. They had only been noticed in a desultory manner. On reviewing what he had himself seen, and what had been advanced by Mr. Lyell, he differed from him as to the cause whence the acid vapours, or acid waters, were derived: what he might call the corrosive origin of these pipes or natural wells. His observations had been made upon those immense chalk-pits and excavations which occurred near Greenwich and Gravesend, where many acres were contained in a vast single field. With regard to the clay lining of the fissures, it might, like the work of bricklayers in chimneys, be called their *pargetting*. In his opinion, the gravel had been deposited at a period when the whole formation was under the salt water; and the clay, after the chalk had become dry land. The caves of Lunel, near Montpellier, in the south of France, offered analogous appearances. But the action of carbonic acid vapours, it should be held in mind, were not peculiar to chalk. In Auvergne, he had been taken to a well in the formation of granite, into which they threw cocks and hens to gratify the curiosity of visitors; and these animals were quickly destroyed in the same way as at the *Grotto del Cane*, near Naples. In Nassau, the same phenomena occurred; and it was upon the numerous acid springs in the vicinity of the Eifel that Baron Von Buch had founded his theory, that their impregnation and action were derived from the igneous rocks among which they rose. The Seidlitz and other acid waters, which came up from the earth spark-

ling like champagne, were thus accounted for by the Baron; who held that, though throwing off much of that with which they were charged, there still remained enough of acid to produce effects far more extensive than those under their consideration. A thousand square miles of rock of volcanic origin were percolated in this way. The phenomena of caves were also analogous, and were ultimately due to acid vapours or waters. They were lateral expansions, caused by the same action, after the chalk had been raised from the sea. In the caverns at Kirkdale, for example, the nodules of chert stuck out of the walls in thousands of projections, whilst the substance in which they had been embedded was corroded away. These nodules often had echini upon them, marking the age of these formations. Pursuing his subject, the learned professor then referred to some drawings which he had mentioned yesterday. They represented some extraordinary scenery near Syracuse, upon which he bestowed a high panegyric, and promised that they would well repay the trouble of a visit from any who now heard him, should it ever happen to them to be in that country. The extraordinary caves in this spot, not far from Hybla, so famed for its honey in classic lore, were the habitations of the native troglodytes long before the Greeks established themselves in Sicily. These were, no doubt, enlarged by their inhabitants, but there was one of considerable magnitude in the upper part of the cliff, hardly accessible to human foot, which had evidently been formed by the corrosion of an acid. Above Tours the same easily constructed abodes were found; and at Matlock, in our own country, these cheap and ready habitations were the residence of many of the poor. The rev. doctor further digressed to speak of the permanency of Trajan's Pillar, and of the famous Ear of Dionysius, and a ruined temple near these caves, which he ascribed to their being cut out of solid blocks of marble, without joints or cavities to expose them to the injuries of the atmosphere. Returning to his subject, he held that the corrosion in question had not been performed by running water, either from the surface or from below; but by water derived from currents under the sea. [This proposition was afterwards disputed, and no very satisfactory answer given.] The Doctor came next to treat of the action of rains on superficial rocks, of which he exhibited drawings by Mr. Thomas Webster, that most able artist and geologist.* Having made these cursory remarks, he would now address himself to the paper upon the Greenwich chalk he had spoken of; for he was sorry to inform them he had not come to that yet (*a laugh*). Here, where such prodigious masses of chalk and lime had been removed, similar perpendicular pipes were numerous; and there never was an instance of horizontal gravel. In a sand deposit cart-loads of bones were found, and horns of deer. The surface resembled that of the moon, so like that of volcanic countries, only in the former the holes were of prodigious extent. Some of them were fifty miles in diameter, and twice as deep as the adjacent elevations. Near Greenwich the hills were but as ant-hills, and the hollows between no larger than might admit a fellow of goodly rotundity to seat himself in one of them with his feet stuck up (*a laugh*). There, like Humpty-Dumpty, he might stretch each arm over the nearest hillocks, and feel the similar cavities on either side. Into these the deposit of carbonic acid from the

rains would produce effects such as Mr. Lyell had described, and agreeably to the explanation of Mr. De la Beche. In the county of Antrim chalk flints were found below the basalt, and were stained red by the contact with volcanic rock, and a thin red stratum occurred between the chalk and trap. Between High Wycombe and Beaconsfield, as he had mentioned yesterday, the holes were filled with the bones of turtle and many other animals common to the tertiary gravel, with which they were here intermingled. This gravel was not superficial, but, as he thought, of the epoch of the Hertfordshire pudding-stone and the formations of Blackheath. On the surface of the chalk they invariably found pebbles more or less rolled, as if the water had retired from them. The carbonic acid still continued to act: but, as we understood him, he was inclined to attribute the tubes in chalk to its action from above, whilst in volcanic regions, as in Auvergne, and during the tertiary period, he ascribed them to the intense action and great ascent of the carbonic acid which followed the plastic clay formation. For these reasons he could not agree to Mr. Lyell's hypothesis that the pipes in the Norfolk, or any chalk, were the result of the ascent of acid springs or vapours. He could not conceive where they were to begin; and he observed that the chalk immediately below these presumed vents was unchanged, and exactly like the surrounding material. This could not have been the case had the acid originated there. He would now be pachydermatous enough to venture his own theory; though he confessed their infinite obligation to Mr. Lyell for propounding his views on this subject. The lady of their respected secretary, Mr. Murchison, had in her collection a dish of curious fish, but they were not bigger than minnows; they were like the white bait so agreeable to eat at Greenwich, where his chalk pits were situated (*a laugh*). They did not reach the size of those Irish sprats which his friend (Mr. Williams) had obtained from the formations at Antrim. How, he would ask, came these fish to die? It was obvious from their remains that they had been killed instantly, some of them immediately after their own dinners, and been buried to the present age. On Mount Lebanon they were found, and on the Hartz Mountains. How came they to die? Some might have been destroyed by bitumen. When the island of Sabrina was recently thrown up from the sea, thousands and tens of thousands of fishes were cast on the shores, scalded to death,—killed either by heated water or by the disengaged carbonic acid. To ascertain this point, he had tried experiments with Dr. Daubeny; the fish were put into a vessel and the acid introduced. For a very short time they seemed not at all affected by it, but all in from one to five minutes perished: not one lived beyond five minutes. They darted round the tub with a rapid motion, and died. The fossil remains of fish in volcanic districts presented exactly similar phenomena: it was certain that they had died suddenly. Now the bottom of the sea would for centuries be impregnated with this acid, and it would exactly produce all these effects. There were, he acknowledged, some difficulties in the way of this explanation; and noticed, in illustration, the state of the strata between Weymouth and Flamborough Head. In conclusion, he again expressed how deeply they were indebted to Mr. Lyell for pursuing this inquiry connected with superficial geology, and an accurate examination of the surfaces of rocks. It was only within four or five years that it had been taken up, and

already they had made striking advances in eliciting from it information of great value. Dr. B. then illustrated this opinion by advertising to his favourite topic, the impressions left on the sands. These were registers of the phenomena. From them could be told where the rain fell, whether the footsteps were directed, if they were small rains or thunder storms, which way the wind blew, the animals walked, and the water ran. All this was unfolded by a small piece of Shrewsbury sandstone! From the fossil fishes they could acquire like knowledge—see what they had eaten for dinner, and how much digested: altogether, it was only by such means they could ascertain the progress of animal creation and the changes in the formation of the earth.

Mr. Lyell rose to communicate some new facts connected with the subject, which he had only that morning received from a young friend, Mr. Wickham, at Norwich. This gentleman stated, that at Mr. Lyell's request he had explored a chalk pit at Higham, where, instead of being quite or nearly perpendicular, as at Eton, he had found the gravelly pipes tortuous, slanting and winding (a drawing of a transverse section shewed this). Sometimes a covering of marl was deposited over their upper surface, which must have taken place after the gravel had sunk into the cavities. There were also cavities in the middle of the chalk, and without any communication with the surface. On the surface a chalk rubbish, of a posterior date, appeared. In one tube, two masses of indurated white sand were discovered. The Norwich crag at Thorpe, where so many varieties of fresh water and marine shells were collected, sixty per cent belonging to British living shells and forty per cent to extinct species, lay above the chalk. The upper stratum consisted of a ferruginous sand of a brown colour and containing organic remains. Below was a stratum of ten feet of sand, and between it and the crag was a thin lining of slate-coloured clay. Twenty feet of crag succeeded, and below was the chalk, excavated to the depth of thirty-five feet, and within four feet of the water. Mr. Lyell then defended his theory of the ascent of acid vapours from below, which he thought the most probable as regarded the larger pipes; but he was inclined to adopt Mr. De la Beche's opinion respecting the smaller ones, that they were formed by the descent of rain charged with carbonic acid from above.* As for the promise of their learned president, Dr. Buckland, he had given them no theory at all.

Dr. Buckland joined in the laugh at this, and said that the antiquaries' notions of Druids' stones were all mistaken, and stolen from these irregular surface wells of the geologists.

Mr. Strickland mentioned several gravel tubes near Henley, which had been made in the chalk within a very few years.

Here the discussion closed.

Mr. De la Beche exhibited an admirable specimen of the 'Ordnance Geological Map of Devon and Cornwall.'

1. Mr. D. Williams read a paper 'On the Rocks of these Counties,' in which he opposed the opinions of Mr. Weaver in the 'Philosophical Magazine.' From a map and section which he exhibited, shewing the position of strata in various parts, he concluded that all Cornwall and South Devon were of geological conformity, and probably the produce of long-continued volcanic activity. The immense granite dyke from Oakhampton to the Scilly Islands might

* These were certainly very characteristic and beautiful, and proved how well Mr. Webster was entitled to the compliment paid to him.—Ed. L. G.

* Two theories for the same phenomena, only differing in size, does not seem to us to be very philosophical.—Ed. L. G.

be of a volcanic origin, and of the same period as the parallel ranges of the Grampians and the north of Ireland. The entire structure of Exmoor he believed to have existed long before the depositions of the Cornish slate.

2. A paper was next read from Mr. Austen, 'On the Fossils in the Limestone Slates of South Devon,' shewing the great analogy between the remains of the Eifel on the Rhine and of Devon, regarded of the same age. A long list of them was read, and included Radiaria, Mollusca, and Crustacea. The south of Ireland and Lower Normandy possess similar strata. The paper offered some very sensible objections to the practice of giving local and personal names to objects of general science.

Mr. Greenough exhibited the new edition of his Map of England; and Mr. De la Beche complimented Mr. Williams on his industry in exploring Devonshire. He estimated the thickness of the slate series of North Devon at 30,000 feet, containing fossils slightly resembling the Silurian form. The fossils from the limestone of South Devon are all different from those of North Devon. He expressed his opinion that the limestones of South Devon are younger than the slates.

SECTION D.—Zoology and Botany.

1. Mr. Goodsir, 'On the Follicular Stage of Dentition in the Ruminants, and the Orders of Mammalia.'
2. Mr. Wilde, 'On the Preparation of Fish.'
3. Mr. Forbes and Mr. Goodsir, 'On the Ciliagrade in the British Seas.'
4. Mr. Wilde, 'On some New Entozoa.'
5. Mr. Webb Hall, 'On the Growth of Wheat.'

Mr. Goodsir read a paper 'On the Follicular Stage of Dentition in Ruminants, and other Orders of Mammalia.' Referring to his paper on the same subject, at Newcastle, he had since ascertained that all the permanent teeth, excepting the first molar, which does not succeed a milk tooth, are developed from the internal cavities, and the depending folds of the sacs of composite teeth are formed by the lips of the follicles advancing inwards after the latter closes. Mr. Goodsir further described the earliest indications of the teeth in the embryo state, and generally the gradual formation of teeth. In conclusion, he stated the results he had arrived at to be that, 1. In all the mammalia he had examined, the follicular stage of dentition was observed. 2. The pulps and sacs of all the permanent teeth of the cow and sheep, with the exception of the fourth molar, were formed from the minor surfaces of cavities of reserve. 3. The depending folds of the sacs of composite teeth were formed by the folding in of the edges of the follicle towards the base of the contained pulp, the granular body assisting in the formation of these folds. 4. The cow and sheep (and probably all the other ruminants) possessed the germs of canines and superior incisors, at an early period of their embryonic existence.

Mr. Wilde's paper 'On the Preparation of Fish' followed. His method of preserving specimens appeared to accomplish that object in the most natural manner. A conversation ensued, in which it was discussed, whether arsenical soap was eligible for this purpose? Mr. Strickland holding that it was not; and Mr. Burchell, the African traveller, stating that it had been perfectly so with him, and lasted for five and twenty years.

Mr. R. Patterson brought forward a specimen of Ciliagrade, taken on the Irish coast, and which he had named *Bolina Hibernica*. It led to a question on the luminosity of this species of fish. Professor Jones stated that the property was not limited to this species, as several possessed it; nor to life, as the dead also were

luminous. Mr. E. Forbes recommended the placing of the animals in a watch-glass, as the best mode for examining them. A subsequent paper, 'On the Ciliagrade in our Seas,' by Mr. Forbes and Mr. Goodsir (illustrated by drawings of Alcyonæ, Cydippe, and Beroë), led to a conversation respecting the fine tentacula, and other curiously formed organs of these Medusæ, hitherto so unsatisfactorily examined.*

It concluded with one part of the Section speaking of their eyes at the ends of certain filaments, and another portion denying that they had eyes at all.

Mr. Wilde read a paper 'On some New Entozoa.'

Mr. Webb Hall's paper 'On the Growth of Wheat' (see our last) closed the day's work.

SECTION E.—Medical Science.

- Mr. Middlemore, 'On Artificial Pupils.'
- Dr. R. D. Thomson, 'On Alkaline Dyspepsia' (given in our last Gazette).
- Dr. Macartney, F.R.S., 'On the Modes of Suppressing Hemorrhage.'
- Dr. Folville, 'On the Brain.'

SECTION F.—Statistics.

Mr. Hallam, P., in the chair, Sir C. Lemon, V.P., having presided on the preceding day. Report deferred.

SECTION G.—Mechanical Science.

Mr. Beart read a paper 'On a New Mode of Filtering Liquids by Means of a Perforated Piston.' By the usual mode of filtering, hydrostatic pressure had hitherto, with few exceptions, been used; but the tediousness of this process, especially as applied to decoctions, infusions of coffee, &c., and the waste from evaporation, loss of time, and heat, rendered some other mode desirable. The method he proposed obviated these inconveniences, namely, the use of a perforated packed piston, in a cylinder, or other shaped vessel, and making the piston itself the filtering medium.

Dr. Lardner, at great length, detailed some important 'Observations on the Resistance of Railway Trains,' containing the result of inquiries undertaken by himself and Mr. H. Earle, in conjunction with Mr. Wood, at the instance of the British Association. Before their inquiries were instituted, it was assumed by inquirers that the resistance of railway trains had no dependence on velocity. Their experiments were, therefore, directed to the solution of this question; and, after numerous trials on railways, they arrived at the conclusion that the atmosphere played a more important part in the question than was imagined, and that

* Eschscholtz's work on those of the Pacific Ocean is, perhaps, the best on the subject: the British species of ciliagrade ascertained, and some of them well known and not much liked in their jellies by our sea-bathers, are thus enumerated:—

- Genus *Cydippe*.—Filamentary appendages.
- Genus *Alcyonæ*.—Tentacula round mouth.
- Genus *Beroë*.—No tentacula or appendages.
1. *Cydippe pilosa* (Linnaeus).—Rows of cilia, 19 or 20, on the summits of the lobes—filamentary appendages white. St. Andrew's. Mouth of the Thames (Dr. Grant).
2. *Cydippe Flemingii* (Forbes).—(an; *Beroë ocellatus*, Fleming?)—Rows of cilia 36, on the summits of the lobes—filamentary appendages white. St. Andrew's.
3. *Cydippe lagana* (Forbes).—Rows of cilia about 25, placed in the furrows of the lobes—filaments white. Coast of Ireland.
4. *Cydippe poraformis* (Patterson).—Rows of cilia about 20—filaments rufous. Coast of Ireland and mouth of Forth.
5. *Alcyonæ rotunda* (Forbes and Goodsir).—Ovate, rounded, crystalline—tentacula rounded at their extremities—natory lobes forming half the animal. Kirkwall Bay, Orkney.
6. *Alcyonæ Smithii* (Forbes).—Elongate-pyriform, sub-compressed, crystalline—natory lobes not more than a third of the whole length—tentacula acute.
7. *Beroë cucumis* (Otho Fabricius).—No spots on external surface, internal dotted with red polata—clifforous ridges red. Isle of May at the mouth of Forth.
8. *Beroë fulgens* (Macartney).

its resistance produced a material effect on the velocity of the train. He stated that the whole of his details would be published, when those who felt an interest in the question might have an opportunity of examining the results they had arrived at for themselves. They had conducted their experiments on the Grand Junction, and Liverpool and Manchester Railways; and he took that opportunity of acknowledging his thanks, as he was sure the Association, as a body, would do, to the directors of those companies, for the facilities which they had afforded them in their inquiries.

The evening closed with a well-attended conversazione in the magnificent town-hall; where abundant refreshments were provided, and the splendid organ pealed forth its notes to the great delight of the company.

Following our own example last week, we now proceed to a miscellaneous insertion of Reports selected from succeeding days; and which, though irregular in the order of time, will materially decrease our labour as we overtake the Sectional proceedings.

Prof. Schönbein then read to the Section a paper 'On the Theory of the Electro-chemical Protection of Metals from Corrosion.' After glancing at the theories of electro-chemistry proposed by Berzelius and Sir H. Davy, the Professor adduced a numerous series of experiments, bearing upon the fact of the apparent necessary existence of a current to prevent the corrosion of the lesser oxydizable metal; for when pieces of copper and zinc were placed in metallic connexion, and immersed in vessels of brine not communicating with each other, the copper was invariably more or less attacked, unless a portion of both metals was immersed in each vessel: when, however, the copper and zinc legs of a compound arc were immersed in communicating vessels, the zinc was attacked and the copper perfectly protected from corrosion. This, and other facts bearing upon it, being proved, the Professor passed on to a consideration of the possibility of any development of polar properties influencing the behaviour of metals towards corroding liquids: this idea he experimentally proved to be untenable, as he had in vain sought for any case in which the chemical affinities of bodies were materially affected by their elastic conditions. Referring particularly to the immediate object of his paper, Professor Schönbein stated that he did not believe the protection of copper from the action of sea-water, by means of zinc or iron, depended upon the existence of a continuous current of feeble intensity, continually circulating through the metals, but rather on the induction of a kind of passive state in the copper, in the following manner:—A piece of copper being placed in metallic communication with a piece of zinc, and immersed in sea-water, slowly develops a current, which, although of feeble intensity, is, nevertheless, of sufficient electrolytic effect to decompose a portion of water, resolving it into its constituent elements; the oxygen combines with the zinc; the hydrogen being evolved, and becoming diffused over the surface of the copper, to which it adheres, this gaseous layer affords a mechanical protection from the corroding influence of the sea-water. The Professor drew some analogy between this state and the extraordinary passive state of iron, under certain conditions, towards nitric acid, previously described by him. In this case, Professor Schönbein thought it not improbable that peroxide of hydrogen became developed, and formed the protecting agent to the iron wire. After alluding

to some other points of great importance, as connected with the generally received views of philosophers on the electro-chemical relations of many substances, the Professor concluded his paper amidst considerable applause.

Mr. Grove said, that of the various theories of electricity, Professor Schönbein had only alluded to that of Sir H. Davy, as modified by Berzelius; and that he was unable to discover in what essential particular his (Professor Schönbein's) views differed from those of purely chemical theorists. With regard to metallic protection, Mr. Grove stated that his view had always been (and he never considered it as in the least degree original), that this protection was occasioned by the oxygen being abstracted by the affinity for it of the positive metal, and leaving hydrogen, or some electro-positive element, in contact with the negative metal. That this is the general view entertained by chemical theorists, he firmly believed; and that it is the view of Professor Daniell, he proved by a quotation from one of his papers. In speaking expressly of metallic protection, Professor Daniell says, "I was at a loss to conceive how the hydrogen, which must be the equivalent of the oxygen united with the positive metal, could be spread over so disproportionate a space." These words are too explicit to admit of any misconception. With regard to the possibility of feeble currents being conducted by electrolytes without decomposition, Dr. Faraday felt himself obliged to admit it; as the results of experiment shewed him, that evidence of decomposition could be obtained in no certain cases where there was evidence of conduction. He seems, however, to consider it rather as an exception to his law of definite electrolysis; and he by no means extends it to the generating pair, as he regards, or did regard, the oxidation of the zinc to be the sole source of voltaic action. The anomaly has, however, been removed by the detection of the phenomena of polarized electrodes, and by the satisfactory explanation of M. Becquerel.

After some remarks from other members present,

Dr. Golding Bird expressed his entire belief in the views of Professor Schönbein, and adverted particularly to that part which had been alluded to as most objectionable, viz. the possibility of minute traces of gases adhering to metallic surfaces, and thus mechanically protecting them from corrosion. Dr. B. stated that philosophers were in possession of so many facts supporting this view, that its correctness could scarcely be doubted; thus the secondary currents, developed by platinum plates that had been used on the electrodes of a voltaic battery, owed their influence entirely to the adhesion of infinitesimally minute portions of foreign matter to their surface; and this foreign matter, in the case of pure water, could scarcely be anything else than the gaseous elements of water. So far were the relations of a metal affected by this adhesion of gaseous matter to its surface, that it had been shewn that a plate of platinum, immersed in oxygen gas for a few seconds, was capable of developing an energetic current when immersed in acidulated water with a platinum plate that had not been so exposed. Dr. Bird referred to some researches, published by himself in the 'Philosophical Magazine,' in which this state of surface even modified the effects of platinum plates, when subsequently employed as the negative elements of a simple voltaic circle; so that when two plates that had been previously employed as the electrodes of a battery were voltaically connected with zinc, and immersed in the same vessel of

dilute acid, double the quantity of hydrogen would be evolved from one of the platinum plates, as compared to that evolved from the other. Collating these phenomena with those described by Dr. Faraday, in which the influence of platinum in aiding gaseous combination was affected by the state of the surface of the metal, Dr. Bird considered that an induction might be drawn highly favourable to the views of Professor Schönbein.

Mr. Grove explained, that he had not expressed any difference of opinion from Professor Schönbein, but had endeavoured to shew that the same views had been entertained by other electricians.

'On the Elastic Force and Density of Steam.' By Andrew Ure, M.D., F.R.S.—The specific gravity of vapours, of different substances, is a subject of modern investigation, for which we are primarily indebted to M. Gay Lussac. The experimental process devised by this ingenious and accurate philosopher, consists in measuring the volume of vapour, furnished by a given weight of liquid. Having weighed a globe of glass, like the bulb of a large thermometer, he then filled it, by heating the bulb, and plunging the point of its capillary tube in the liquid to be vaporised, repeating the heating and immersion till it was entirely full. In this state it was slightly heated, to expel a drop of liquid from the point, which was then hermetically sealed by the flame of a blow-pipe. The bulb was next introduced into a graduated bell-jar, about a foot long, and two inches in diameter, filled with, and inverted in, mercury, contained in a cast-iron trough. That jar was enclosed within a glass cylinder, open at top and bottom, the space between the two being filled with water or oil, whose hydrostatic pressure was supported by the subjacent column of mercury. The trough or pan, with these cylinders, was placed over a little furnace, whereby it was progressively raised to any desired degree of temperature. Eventually the liquid became sufficiently hot to generate vapour, of such tension as to burst the thin glass bulb. In the case of water, he continued to heat the apparatus till the water contained between the two cylinders entered into steady ebullition; at which instant he measured the space occupied by the steam, noting the height of the mercury in the bell above the level of the bath; by deducting which height from that of the barometer placed in the same apartment, he found the pressure of the internal vapour. He afterwards reduced by calculation the length of the volume of mercury, to what it would be at the temperature of melting ice; and made the small correction due to the volume of liquid between the cylinders.

In this research we must take care that the whole of the liquid of the bulb be reduced into vapour, otherwise we shall fall into great errors. This circumstance would occur, were more liquid introduced into the bulb, than would fill the whole space in the bell-jar at the given temperature.

M. Gay Lussac, in calculating the results, referred the volume of a gramme of water (15.444 grains) to a gramme of dry air, at 0.76^m pressure (29.92196 inches English), now since 1 litre (=100 grammes of atmospherical air) weighs 1.293 grammes, the volume of 1 gramme ought to be $\frac{1 \text{ litre}}{1.293}$. Let V be the volume of vapour furnished by a weight, 10, of the given liquid, the volume of 1 gramme will be $\frac{V}{10}$; let h be the height of the column of

mercury standing within the bell above the level in the bath; H, the height of the barometer at the time of the experiment; H h will be the pressure sustained by the vapour, it being the temperature of the whole apparatus. To make the comparison of volumes upon a like quantity of matter, they should be reduced by calculation to the same temperature and pressure. The weight of a litre of dry air being taken at 0° (C 32° Fahrenheit), and at the pressure 0^m.76, all the result should be reduced to the same point. At first the volume is too small, because each division, in virtue of its expansion, is enlarged in the ratio of 1 to 1 x kt; k being the cubic of the matter of the bell-jar. The volume of the vapour is dilated in the ratio of 1 to 1 x 0.100375 x t, as the volumes of gases and vapours are inversely as the pressures upon them, the corrected volume will be $V (1 \times kt) (H h)$

$$P (1 + 0.00375 \times t) 0.76).$$

The following calculation of the density of steam will illustrate the preceding proposition and formula:—

Weight of the glass bulb full of water 1.391 grammes.
Weight of the glass bulb empty 0.731 ..
Weight of the water alone 0.660 ..

This quantity of water filled at the temperature of 100 C, 220 divisions of the bell-jar; each division contained 0.005 of a litre. The column of mercury raised in the jar above its level in the bath was 0.052 of a metre; the internal barometers stood at 0.766 metre. The coefficient of the cubic dilatation of the glass is for each degree centigrade = $\frac{1}{273}$. Introducing all these data into the formula, it was found that the density of the steam is $\frac{1}{18}$ of that of air, or 0.625, air being 1.000. In the same way, M. Gay Lussac determined the densities of the vapours of ether, alcohol, sulphuret of carbon, and oil of turpentine, as follows:—

Tables of Densities.

	Weight of a litre at 0° C. and 0.76 of pressure.
Air	1.000
Vapour of water	0.625
Alcohol	1.613
Sulphuric ether	3.586
Sulphuret of carbon	3.645
Oil of turpentine	0.513

That the densities of vapours vary proportionally with the pressures has also been experimentally determined; or, in other words, vapours when reduced by calculation to the same standard temperature, are proportional to the elastic forces. Upon this principle, the column entitled specific gravity of steam, in the following table, has been constructed; and the column entitled number of cubic feet of steam, from one pound of water, has been computed by me from the preceding column, and the known weight of a cubic foot of water. One volume of water at 32° produces 1694 volumes of steam, at the temperature of 212° Fahr., and a pressure of 29.912 inches of mercury. The number 0.000589, given as the specific gravity of such steam, is obtained by dividing 1000 by 1698, on the supposition that one volume of water produces 1698 volumes of ordinary steam.

SECTION B.—Chemistry and Mineralogy.

'Upon the true Constitution of Chlorochlorine Acid; upon a new Compound called Iodosulphuric Acid; and on the Chromates of the Magnesian Family,' by Lyon Playfair, Esq.—The subject of this paper was to describe a new acid, and to point out methods of procuring others of a similar class, in the investigation of which Mr. Playfair is at present engaged. The compound which he has called Iodosulphuric Acid, may be procured by mixing two atomic proportions of iodine with one equivalent of sulphuric acid, and subjecting the

mixture to distillation; or by a more easy method, by sending a stream of pure sulphurous acid through a solution of iodine in pyroxillio spirit to complete saturation. It may be procured from this by distillation, drying over sulphuric acid, &c. It has a powerful acid taste, and acts violently on the cuticle, being analogous in composition with the chlorosulphuric acid of Regnault. Mr. Playfair tried several experiments to isolate hyposulphurous acid in a similar manner; but although not completely successful, he procured sufficient indications to encourage him to proceed. He then gave an account of the characteristic properties of the chromates of the magnesian oxides. The circumstances which induced him to enter into the investigation, was to discover the causes of the great dissimilarity, both in chemical and physical characters, of the chromates to their corresponding sulphates. Most of the magnesian chromates are described as insoluble, and those which are not are extremely little known; but by boiling a sulphate of the oxide required with chromate of barytes, soluble chromates may be obtained, exactly corresponding and isomorphous with the sulphates. They in general affect the same number of atoms of water. The insoluble chromates are of a very interesting constitution, but their analytical development is a work of extreme intricacy, on account of several existing of each oxide.

The Union Dinner, in the Town-hall, on Thursday, was a brilliant affair; the Marquess of Northampton presiding, and being indeed, as he was at Bristol (when, also, unexpectedly called upon to perform the arduous duties of president, in the absence of Lord Lansdowne, as now through the indisposition of Mr. V. Harcourt), the soul of the Meeting, both in its working business, and its relaxations from toil. At present, we have not room for a detailed notice. Above eight hundred members enjoyed the treat.

On Friday the excursions were sadly marred, by its being even as wet a day as that which damped the tournament at Eglinton. In spite, however, of wind and weather, we embarked with the Division A. (see *Lit. Gaz.*, Note, p. 547)—about eighty in number—and arrived in undue time, through slush and mud, at Horsely Iron Works, where the smelting of that stubborn ore is carried on in an admirable manner. Thence to the works of Messrs. Bradley and Co., through a drenching rain, which was compensated by the sight of the metal brought from the smelting furnaces, and now rolled about in burning masses with the ductility of dough or confection sugar. The fiery lumps hurled towards the grooved cylinders were soon formed in bars or sheets, clipped off like threads of flax, and moulded into any wished-for shape; while the longer rods and wires wreathed about as if they were living serpents of fire. It was a striking spectacle. Dried in these Volcanic regions, we were again wet to the skin in our walk to join Division C. at the Limestone Caverns [what became of Division B., if there were such, we never heard], and fortunately reached them in time to enjoy a scene which imagination could hardly conceive. These immense caverns were illuminated from end to end; and the lights reflected from the waters below seemed innumerable as the starry hosts. In lateral and highly arched caves, blue lights were burnt; and the whole was truly a magic illusion. The sides were lined with people, and in boats below were the members (some 300), headed by Mr. Murchison, who delivered a most ani-

ated and scientific lecture on the natural wonders by which they were surrounded. Volleys of arms were discharged with startling effect, and the shouts of the multitude gave an almost superhuman sublimity to the scene, as the clouds from the artillery rolled with their thunders along the vaulted roofs.

At the mouth of the caverns, Dr. Buckland pronounced a splendid oration, which we regret we did not hear, the sudden departure of Prof. Phillips, called away to attend the death-bed of his uncle, Dr. Smith, having left the divisions without programmes, so necessary for their direction. The incessant rain did not prevent nearly the whole party from attending Mr. Murchison to the Wren's Nest, on which picturesque spot, during a blink of fine weather, he explained the surrounding geological formations—the lime and coal, sources of the wealth of these districts, and themselves so rich in fossil remains. The lunch at Dudley was a merry meeting after all the physical endurance and mental enjoyments of the day; but as one of our companions, who unites much of wit and humour with no small share of scientific attainments, favoured us with a description of the whole in rhyme, we gladly avail ourselves of his sportive muse to lighten the solidity of these Reports.

The Dudley Expedition; an Association Melody.

Tune—"Going to Putney by Water."

Come, listen, all as members be,
Whether of Section A, B, C,
D, or else of F, E, G,
As go to Dudley by water!
As how from Brummingen we set,
Upon one Friday very wet,
To gather stones, and fossils get,
All at Dudley by water!
Skipping, dripping all the way,
Lots of swim and nothing to say,
Every one with summit to say,
Going to Dudley by water!

Each philosopher so wise
Then set out with staring eyes,
The little fishes to surprise,
As go to Dudley by water!
Not a soul behind did lag,
But with hammer and with bag,
Smashed at dyke, allp, fault, and crag,
When they went to Dudley by water!
Skipping, &c.

Under ground we then did go,
Candles round us in a row,
Such a flare-up and a show,
All at Dudley by water!
Dr. Buckland then arose,
And the people there he shows
What rum beasts in stone there grows
In the caves at Dudley water!
Dripping, &c.

Then at dinner sich a rush,
Such a scramble, cram, and crush,
Lots of grub and little lush,
All at Dudley by water!
And when we came back to town,
War'n't it funny that we found
All this fun for half-a-crown,
When we went to Dudley by water!
Skipping, &c.*

Postscript.—On Saturday the General Committee met (to the number of about thirty), at one o'clock; the Marquess of Northampton in the chair. The report of Thursday's meeting was read, and confirmed.—Mr. John Taylor laid the following state of the finances before them, made up to the 15th of August, and before the Birmingham meeting:—

Rec	
Balance in hand	£670 0 7
Compositions from Life Members	641 0 0
Subscriptions for 1838	1944 0 0
Do. 1839	37 0 0
	£3292 0 7

* A laughable incident attended this aquatic expedition. On passing one of the canal locks, boats have to leave a manifest so that the proper dues may be charged on them. One of ours, as returned by the surveying officer, ran thus—"Draught, 13 inches; weight, 3½ tons; cargo, philosophers!"

Brought over, £3292 0 7	
Arrears	37 1 0
Dividend on Stock	165 0 0
Sale of Reports	413 9 6
	£3906 11 1

Expenditure.

Expenses at Newcastle	500 0 0
T. Local Treasurers	156 18 5
Salaries, &c.	250 0 0
Grants to Committee for Scientific Purposes:	
For Reduction of Stars in Histo-	
toire Céleste	£331 18 6
Do. Lacaille	11 0 0
R. Ast. Soc. of Cat. Stars	6 16 6
Land and Sea Level	58 1 4
Do.	1837 222 0 0
Tide Discussions at Bristol	35 18 6
Mechanism of Waves	1837 94 2 0
Do.	1838 50 0 0
Meteorological Observations,	
Plymouth	55 0 0
Do. do. hourly, Scotland	49 7 8
Completing Anemometer	8 10 0
Meteorology and Subterranean	
Temp. 1837, Thermometer	31 11 0
Atmospheric Air	16 1 0
Action of Sea Water on Iron	40 0 0
Action of Hot Water on Organic	
Bodies	3 0 0
Bristol Fossil Ichthyology	110 0 0
Fossil Reptiles	118 2 9
Mining Statistics	50 0 0
Duty of Cornish Steam-engines	50 0 0
Marine Steam-engines	100 0 0
Experiments on Vitification	9 4 7
Do. on Strength of Iron	100 0 0
Animal Secretions	1837 10 10 0
Gases on Solar Spectrum	22 0 0
Action of	
Railway Con-	
stants, 1837, ...	£3 7 2
Do. 1838, ...	20 0 0
	1565 11 0
Printing Reports	301 14 0
Do. Lists of Members	77 12 0
Advertising, &c.	38 14 6
Sundries	25 7 10
Balance in hand, viz.—	
At the Banker's	£342 15 0
At the Treasurer's	107 18 4
	406 13 4
	£3906 11 1

The estimate of their property was, in 3 per cents., at 91½, 5002½; stock of "Transactions," &c.: in all, amounting to 6048½. Os. 4d.

At Birmingham, the receipts were from 1438 members—

Enrolled	£1437
For books on the new plan proposed, ...	30
4 subscribers	
"Transactions" sold	75

Total 1582

The disbursements, of course, not yet ascertained; and the voluntary contributions to what is called the Local Fund, apparently small in amount.

Dr. Peacock (the Dean of Ely) read the Report of the Committee appointed at Newcastle, to apply to government on the subject of the Antarctic Expedition, to be intrusted to that gallant sailor and eminent man of science, Captain James Ross. It detailed the negotiations and preliminary arrangements; touched on the importance of the magnetic observatories about to be established in connexion with it at St. Helena, the Cape, Canada, Van Dieman's Land, and New Zealand; and complimented ministers, and especially Lord Minto, at the head of the Admiralty, for having adopted the whole plan recommended in the most ample and liberal manner. The Erebus and Terror were now, or would speedily be, on their way to commence this the most important scientific expedition, perhaps, ever undertaken in the world. It was almost certain that other nations would follow the example, and, by establishing similar observatories, enable them to compare the phenomena over the face of the earth. The East India Directors had also come generously forward, and given orders for the erection of an observatory at Madras (held to be a preferable station to Ceylon, as originally in-

tended); and would extend them, where requisite, over the Indian territories. Dr. Peacock also spoke highly of the perfection of the meteorological and other instruments furnished, in duplicate, for the occasion; and observed that, though the grant of 400*l.* was continued by the Association as a contingent to the expenses, it was most unlikely that any part of it would ever be called. Only it was desirable to have it ready for any immediate demand, without waiting for the delay of official forms.

The next report was respecting a Museum for the Deposit of Mining Records, a very essential and useful recommendation. To this the Chancellor of the Exchequer had agreed, and government had consented to allow a salary to a keeper. Arrangements were making to carry into effect.

The Committee on publishing the Ordnance Map on a large scale—six inches to a mile—also gave in their report, from which it appeared to be in favourable odour, but not yet completely determined upon.

Dr. Lardner moved a vote of thanks to the railway directors, who had liberally aided the experiments on the resistance in railways, &c.—Carried.

Dr. Peacock then moved the new grants; but it will be seen that many of them were only renewals of former grants not taken up, or continuations of fractional portions where the whole sums had not been expended. The total amounts were, for

Section A	£1810 17 4
B	240 0 0
C	81 17 3
D	141 0 0
E	135 0 0
F	100 0 0
G	390 0 0
	£2888 14 7

The particulars are as follows:—

A. For Reduction of Meteorological Observations (Sir J. Herschel) continued	£100 0 0
For Reduction of Stars, Cælum Australe, Balance of 200 <i>l.</i> undrawn	189 0 0
For Revision of Nomenclature of Stars, Northern Constellations, continued	50 0 0
For Histoire Céleste, balance of 500 <i>l.</i> undrawn (13000 Stars had been reduced).	332 1 6
For Extension of Royal Astronomical Society's Catalogue, balance of 500 <i>l.</i>	343 3 4
For Magnetic and Meteor Instruments above referred to	400 0 0
For Hourly Meteorological Observations in Scotland, balance of 100 <i>l.</i>	50 12 6
For Committee on Waves	30 0 0
For Committee on Subterranean Temperature, to complete this branch of inquiry	30 0 0
For Tide Observations (Prof. Whewell)	30 0 0
For an Engraved Plate to facilitate Calculations in Observations	10 0 0
For the Translation of Foreign Scientific Memoirs (Major Sabine)*	100 0 0
For Anemometer (Prof. Whewell and Mr. Snow Harris)	10 0 0
For Mr. Oler's Anemometer	30 0 0
For Continuation of Hourly Observations at Plymouth	40 0 0
For procuring and fixing an Anemometer in Scotland	40 0 0
	£1810 17 4
B. For Analysis of Atmospheric Air (Mr. West) continued	24 0 0
For the Action of Sea-water on Cast and Wrought Iron (Mallet)	30 0 0
For Action of Boiling Water on Organic and Inorganic Bodies	70 0 0
For Experiments on the Gravity of Gases	40 0 0
For Experiments on Chemical and Electrical Phenomena, to follow on those of M. Schönbein, and reported at next Meeting	40 0 0
	£204 0 0

* This grant was recommended by Sections C and D, and it was particularly noticed how much the translation from the German of Gauss and Weber's works on magnetic association, the general theory of terrestrial magnetism, and on the uses of certain instruments, had contributed to the efficient preparations for our antarctic expedition (for them, see Parts V. and VI. of *Mém. R. et J. Taylor's Scientific Memoirs*, a periodical of infinite value in science). We could have wished this grant and its consequent operations extended to three or five times as much.—*Ed. L. G.*

C. Only one grant—for Promoting the Knowledge of Fossil British Reptiles, balance of 200 <i>l.</i> at Newcastle	£81 17 3
D. Experiments for the Preservation of Animal and Vegetable Substances (Prof. Henslow) continued	6 0 0
(By C and D) Drawings of Animals in Marine Zoology dredged up from the Waters	50 0 0
For engraving Skeleton Maps	60 0 0
For engraving Plants and Animals	20 0 0
For printing Questions for the Use of Travellers, respecting the Races of Men in uncivilised States (Dr. Pritchard)	5 0 0
	£141 0 0
E. For Experiments on the Sounds of the Heart	25 0 0
For Experiments on the Physiology of the Lungs and Bronchi	25 0 0
For Experiments on Important Medico-acoustic Instruments (Dr. Yelloly)	25 0 0
For Experiments on Vases and Absorbents	25 0 0
For Experiments on the Action of Acid Poisons	25 0 0
	£125 0 0
F. For Inquiries on Schools for the Working Classes	100 0 0
G. For Inquiry into the Duty performed by American Steam-boats	50 0 0
For Duty of Engines not in Cornwall	30 0 0
For Experiments on Hot and Cold Blasts	100 0 0
For Experiments on the Deflection of Beams after long use	20 0 0
For Experiments on the Forms of Vessels, continued	200 0 0
	£300 0 0

Other subjects were recommended without grants. In A. Mr. Henwood to continue his valuable Researches and Report on the Temperature of Mines in Cornwall. Mr. R. W. Fox, on Subterranean Temperature. The Committee at Plymouth, to reduce their Hourly Observations for the five preceding years. Professor Millar, Report on the State of Science,—on Radiant Heat,—on Electro-chemical and Magnetic Sounds,—on the Levels of Sea and Land.

That a Conchological Collection be formed at the British Museum, with models and casts.

The Committee for collecting and preserving Records of Mining Operations, to carry the plan into effect. And,

The Council to be authorised to apply for Reports of Scientific Progress in every Department of Science.

This last resolution is calculated to produce very important fruits; and we may here give the names of the council to whom the charge is intrusted: viz. Dr. Arnott; F. Baily, Esq.; R. Brown, Esq.; Earl of Burlington; Dr. Daubeny; G. B. Greenough, Esq.; Professor G. Graham; J. E. Gray, Esq.; R. Hutton, Esq.; Sir C. Lemon; C. Lyell, Esq.; J. R. Lubbock, Esq.; Dr. Lardner; Professor Owen; Colonel Sykes; Professor Whewell; Professor Wheatstone; Captain Washington; Dr. R. Lee; Professor Powell; Professor Mosely; Professor Daniel; G. Rennie, Esq.; Dr. Hodgkin; Dr. Peacock.

With this administrative body to direct the business of the Association, we were somewhat in error last week in saying that the Committee of Recommendation were "the Executive." Their office is certainly important as regards the finances, as no grants can be moved except through them; but still the General Committee possesses the power of *veto*, should it ever be necessary to exercise it.

At three o'clock, the general closing meeting took place in the Town-hall; of which, however, all we can at present notice is, that a scientific meeting at Pisa, in the first week of October,—a geological meeting at Boulogne on Monday next, September 7th,—and a meeting of German naturalists at Piedmont, on the 18th of September, were announced, with cordial invitations to the English savans to visit them.

The customary votes of thanks to the townspeople, institutions, &c., were given by acclamation; but our bounds are far exceeded, and we must reserve any particulars for hereafter. We may add that the summary of papers read at the various Sections during the week, hitherto, and justly, deemed one of the most important features of the meeting, was, for the first time, omitted at the conclusion of the sittings. But time pressed, and this very useful act, as well as the returning of thanks by the parties complimented, were left out.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Journal of a Residence in England, and of a Journey from and to Syria, of their Royal Highnesses Reza Koolée Meerza, Najaf Koolée Meerza, and Taymoor Meerza, of Persia. To which are prefixed some Particulars respecting Modern Persia and the Death of the late Shah. Originally Written in Persian, by H. R. H. Najaf Koolée Meerza, &c.; and Translated by Asaad V. Kayat. 2 vols. post 8vo. London, 1839.

"PRINTED for private circulation only." We feel assured that our review of this very curious and entertaining work will lead to a very general demand for it, and that if not placed in the hands of a publisher, it will at least be allowed to issue in sufficient numbers to meet the wish of a very large circle of readers from the stores of its interesting translator.*

From Mr. Baillie Fraser's narrative of his visit and journey homeward, readers are in possession of the particulars which marked this extraordinary appearance on our political and fashionable scene of the grandsons of the late Shah of Persia; and so near the throne of that country by position as well as by descent, as to be objects of extreme jealousy to their cousin, the present ruler of the empire. Whilst others, less likely to shake the succession, were blinded and imprisoned, and their own father, Firmán Firmán, was carried from his government of Fars to die at Teheran; they effected an almost miraculous escape, and threw themselves on the good feelings of England for representation and intervention on their behalf. But we will not enter upon the considerations connected with their family hopes and fears; the spirit of their journal, and that which will afford so much amusement to the English people, is to hear from their own lips the account of their reception amongst us, the impressions made on them

* To put our friends and readers in the way to procure so singular and amusing production, we take upon ourselves to mention, that the residence of Asaad V. Kayat is at 98 Sloane Street; which we should expect to see very speedily converted into a busy book-selling shop. We have designated this gentleman as "interesting," and it will be confessed to be a well-deserved epithet, when we sketch the outline of his life and prospects. He was the interpreter to the Persian princes during their visit to this country; and is a person of very high talents. A native Christian of Beyroote, in Syria, and yet only twenty-six years of age, his abilities attracted the notice of Mr. Farren, the English consul-general at Damascus, who employed him in a semi-official situation, where he gained his entire approbation and esteem. He speaks and writes Arabic, Turkish, Persian, and English (like a native); is a good French scholar, and possessed of much general information. Mr. Farren sent him over from Bagdad with the princes, and he accompanied them back. He is now studying at our Universities, with the intention of returning to Syria, and form Normal Schools for the education of the natives, in conjunction with many individuals who are as zealous for the advancement of instruction, as religion, among the Syrian people,—the first being, indeed, the true source of the last. Asaad, we are informed, means especially to address himself to the improvement of the Christian women, who enjoy the privilege of communication with the harems of the Mahomedans. His plans are excellent, and his objects such as every friend to humanity and religion must earnestly desire should succeed to their fullest extent.—*Ed. L. G.*

by our strange manners and customs, their views of our various institutions and places of resort, their laughable mistakes, and their glorious Persian hyperbole. Yet let us not ridicule their errors too much! Perhaps an English traveller in Persia may fall into as many when he paints their condition, so entirely different in every respect from ours. At any rate, we shall proceed to give a pretty full taste of these *genuine*, droll, and whimsical pictures; in our opinion, far superior to the best *invented* productions which, under the *ruse* of being written by foreigners, have come from the pens of some of our ablest and best-informed authors,—from the old “Persian Letters,” to Southey’s “Donabado” and Morier’s “Hajji Baba.”

“It is rarely (justly observes the Translator in his preface) that the English public obtain such an opportunity of learning what is said of them by the people of other nations, as in the work now presented. It is not uncommon to have European travellers in this country; but to have Asiatic travellers, men of distinction, who write their views on all they have observed, is a singular phenomenon. Such a work may teach, by comparison, the state of civilisation to which Britain has attained; the difference between those customs which belong to its own habits and prejudices, and those which are the result of experience, convenience, and propriety. Here may be noticed the effect of manners, customs, &c., upon the minds of Asiatics; and from this may be ascertained how this country may best exercise a moral and transforming influence upon them. And we may learn further, what a vast interest might accrue to the English nation, and what great benefits may be conferred upon the East, by visits like this, of three Mohammedan princes of royal blood, or other personages of distinction.”

We are then told that “Najaf Koollee Meerza (Wali), being a person of intellectual character, a poet, and a man of observation, was the prince who wrote this journal. As to the matter which composes the work, it will be seen that it consists of three parts; viz. an account of the accession of Mohammed Shah to the throne; a journal of their voyage to, and residence in, England; and their tour overland to Constantinople and Bagdad.”

Such is an outline of the work, and with regard to its first division we shall merely quote two passages, because they are intimately connected with the fortunes of our princely visitors:—

“It has been the custom of all the princes of Persia to nominate their eldest sons as their successors to their principalities, which were almost independent. The principality of Azerbaijan, governed by Abbas Meerza, and that of Fars, ruled by Firmán Firmán, were very powerful. In their provinces they acted as sovereigns, held levees, had crowns on their heads; and that the father of these princes, Firmán Firmán, at Shiraz especially, held a magnificent court, and army, &c., with full control over the Persian Gulf for forty years, and fully expected to ascend the throne after the death of his father, may be seen from the modern history of Persia in this work. He was a prince of a great influence in Persia, as well as the brother, Shojáh el Sultané, who possessed the province of Kirmán, and was generally considered the most courageous and enterprising prince in the empire. The first of these princes is Reza Koollee Meerza, a man of superior talent and wisdom, who was the viceroy of his father; the second, Najaf Koollee

Meerza, and the third, Taymoor Meerza, were governors of some districts in the principality. Najaf Koollee Meerza is a well-known Persian and Arabic scholar, an excellent poet, and consulted as an oracle on many subjects, being exceedingly fond of literature.

“These princes were the first members of the Persian royal family that ever visited England. They were induced to take the journey by order of their father Firmán Firmán, who was taken to Teheran; and who sent to tell them that, although he was persuaded that they were ready to use all their endeavours to relieve him by civil wars, yet such proceedings were entirely against the welfare of the empire; especially as he himself was in the hands of Mohammed Shah, who might on this account treat him in a different manner; for Mohammed Shah had imprisoned almost all his uncles, and put out the eyes of some of them, and some of his own brothers were treated in the same manner. But although Firmán Firmán went to war against him and fell ultimately into his hands, and was brought to Teheran, yet he was respectfully treated in the capital, and no insult whatever was offered to him. Firmán Firmán, therefore, in his letters to his sons, persuaded them not to go to war, but to try to find their way to England, and to solicit his Britannic majesty’s friendly mediation with Mohammed Shah on his behalf, from which he anticipated a good result by the manner in which he was treated by the Shah. The princes accordingly were encouraged to take the journey, and had full hope that such mediation would immediately be granted. In fact, they could do nothing else, as they had only their lives left.”

So much for history, and we now come to that portion of the work which will afford the greatest pleasure and diversion to our readers. The ludicrous effect of our every-day and common doings upon the minds of men unaccustomed to any thing in the least resembling them, furnish a fund of unique illustrations. Having touched at Malta and Gibraltar, they landed at Falmouth, and under the circumstances mentioned in our review of Mr. Fraser’s work, arrived in London, and were at once comfortably and sumptuously lodged at Mivart’s excellent hotel. We shall take them up on their journey from the coast, *via* Bath, and begin with their account of our *Royal Mails and stage coaches*:—

“The post in this country consists of two establishments. One is the royal mail, which is simply for carrying letters throughout the empire. Without interruption, it must go to and from London every day, to every city in the kingdom. The other consists of private coaches belonging to companies, who have in every place horses for changing, and agents or partners in every direction for arranging the business of travelling. They give some duty to government for being allowed to carry on their business, but they receive from their employment a very considerable amount of interest. *There are throughout England, Scotland, and Ireland, about two millions of coaches for this purpose, which afford the government an extraordinary income.* They run twelve miles an hour, and then change horses. One of the twelve vizirs of England is the director of this business, who is called the postmaster-general.”

At Bath, their hotel was surrounded by, and their privacy invaded by, the more curious and impertinent. Of this we have a description, of which the following will afford a notion:—

“Thursday the 10th, crowds of people of this place, about ten thousand men and wo-

men, came below our house, to look at us through the windows, where we were standing behind the glass. They continued to do this from morning till night. We, in order to satisfy their curiosity and get rid of their gazing, ordered our Persian servants to go out of doors, that they might see them. As soon as the servants went out, they were surrounded by vast crowds, about 20,000, and all the streets were full. At last the servants could bear it no longer, and were obliged to re-enter the house.”

The expedient having failed, these warm-blooded and amorous Asiatics seem to have been in some measure compensated by the *frank* and *free* visits of the *Bath ladies*:—

“Friday the 11th, in the same manner, the people came, as usual, below the windows to gaze at us. This day we were much annoyed by it; and were obliged to leave the windows and conceal our caps. On hearing a noise, as if there were many people below, we then went to the windows to look. The fact is, that the proverb was verified, ‘Like as the thirsty desire the cool waters, so the waters try to force their way.’ They were gazing at us, and we were delighted to behold their beauty; they shewed us much respect, by bowing their heads. While we were sitting, when it was about the asser, behold! a sun appeared from our east, shining and flashing. On seeing this incomparable beauty, and beholding this lovely face, like the full moon, I lost my senses, not to say that I lost my sight, in admiration. No, my eyes, by beholding her smiling, became a hundred times more powerful. The delightful odour of her hair fell into my heart, and I was obliged to rise up and invite her to sit by my side, paying her all honourable respect. My heart died away; and unless my mind had gained strength to maintain conversation with this visitor, I should have appeared as if I were lost. I asked who she was. This full moon was the daughter of a captain in the East Indies.”

The *Opera House*, in London, filled them with astonishment:—

“It is a very lofty edifice, built in a wonderful manner. From the roof of it to the ground, on the three sides round, there are small rooms made of wood, these they call boxes: these rooms, or boxes, are elegantly dressed up with woollen cloth and velvets; before every box there are forty chandeliers of cut glass; each has fifty lights; there are also lights in every part of this house. The forty chandeliers of cut glass, each containing forty lights, and each light of five branches, as well as the other lights, have one pipe, which, by touching an instrument, all the thousands of lights suddenly become dim, so that you scarcely see any thing; and, by moving the instrument differently, they as suddenly give a powerful light. There are young ladies with faces like the full moon, the beauty of whom makes the illumination of the sun dark; and a company of young men, whose beauty obscures the sun. Seats are provided below for the musicians; they play with instruments which nourish the heart: the pen and the tongue are incapable of giving an adequate description of them. The proprietor, who keeps this establishment, advertises in the newspaper, that such a play is to take place on such a night; he also prints cards, or tickets of prices, which are bought. Those who wish to go to this place purchase a card, and off he goes to the Opera; according to the money he gave he takes a seat, that is to say, there are dear and cheap places, *yet the cheapest is*

about one tomán of ours. There were in the boxes around more than a thousand young and beautiful ladies, splendidly dressed with jewels; the beam of their beautiful faces illumines the place, the brilliancy of their sweet faces takes away the heart; my whole soul cried out to leave the body, that it might go near those hours. The heart beats with the ravishment of that sight. *There are also distinguished places about this house, where are fine-looking women, with arms like jasmine, and faces like a shining mirror; these handsome young women sell refreshments; and, on the whole, this place seems to furnish the nourishment of life.* Hand is taken by hand, all sit down, conversation takes place, joy and pleasure seem to go to the extreme; indeed I have no power to describe it; let those who desire to know more endeavour to find their way to this place, where they will receive all the pleasures of life. Hour after hour I observed new things; and, while I was looking around, behold a curtain, with different figures, was lifted up, which was about ten draas long, and of the same width."

The account of the ballet and chorus-singers is quite as good as that of the fruit-sellers, &c., in the saloons; but we have not room for more than a single passage:—

"A company of fine young women and men came out, beautifully clad, arm in arm. All of them came out singing. After standing in this place awhile, they began to dance: their sweet voices went to some distance; and in this manner they continued about half an hour, delighting their guests."

The *Zoological Gardens* furnish another treat, and we must acknowledge that our princes saw much more there than we ever witnessed.

"There is also one of the wonderful amphibious animals of a curious form. It is as large as a horse. It was brought from the interior of Africa. It is a very beautiful creature. When it stands and walks, it very much resembles mankind. All kinds of baboons, of wonderful sizes and forms; they act like human beings. Bears, white, red, green, yellow, and indeed of all colours. Also a kind of monkey, which is of all the animals most like the human figure, the size of a mule, with an extraordinary long tail. These monkeys act like human beings, and laugh wonderfully, and play at chess with men, and some of those that visit the gardens play with them. To-day a Jew happened to be at this place, and went to play a game with the monkey. The monkey beat, and began to laugh loudly, all the people standing round him. The Jew felt exceedingly ashamed, and was obliged to leave immediately. The most wonderful animals of all were a pair of creatures larger than an elephant, and higher than a camel; their necks are *fourteen feet long*, their legs are handsome, their tails are like that of an Arab horse of red colour, and with white spots on the face. They were brought from Africa, and their flesh is said to be excellent. They go as fast as a gazelle. All the world, from England, Scotland, and Ireland, come to see them."

"There are also more than thirty thousand kinds of birds; in truth, we do not know how even to write their names; to describe their colours is impossible. *Some elephant birds, just like an elephant, but without a proboscis. Their wings are about fifteen yards long.* There are some others, which were brought from Abyssinia, of an extraordinary form. There are in the garden about forty kinds of peacocks, white like the snow, with beaks like rubies, and eyes like emeralds; such peacocks we never saw

before. There are also twenty-five sorts of nightingales, and parrots, and goldfinches, and fifty kinds of fowls; cocks from all parts of the world: their beautiful colours cannot be described."

"Verily a visit to a place like this brings to the mind the power of the Omnipotent. The eyes are dazzled, the mind is surprised, the heart is agitated, and curiosity takes its utmost fill. *All this gives a most excellent opportunity to the lover, to lead his favourite by the hand to shew her this and that curiosity. Besides all the above, you will see beautiful moonlike ladies, led by the hand, to gaze at these wonderful spectacles, and repose under the delightful shade of the beautiful trees.* In truth, unless the eye should see, the mind cannot form an idea of this place."

The *Colosseum* filled them, if possible, with greater surprise and delight. Never had Parris's unrivalled picture of London a higher compliment paid to it than by these princes taking it for a reality. Their ascent by the movable room, however, must first be given:—

"Afterwards we were guided up-stairs into a lofty place, where we were shewn a room, and we were asked to sit down on the chairs in it; there were also some ladies and gentlemen seated on chairs by our side. As soon as we sat down, suddenly the room* left its place, ascending up quite like an eagle, with large wings, into the atmosphere. *After an hour's time*, this bird folded its wings and stopped in the sky, then fortunately it opened its beak,† and we went out. We came out of this room on a terrace, where there were a great number of men and women standing. This place affords a most beautiful view of the city of London, with the river Thames, and all England up to the sea; in the same manner are to be seen all the edifices, gardens, and the crowds of people in the street in all quarters; and a great noise is heard of carriages, coaches, and horses. In the river Thames we observed innumerable vessels like forests, many of which were at anchor, others under sail, and a great number of steamers going and coming at great rapidity. Many persons were going to church, others were taking walks, and some on horseback about the beautiful gardens. We had a spy-glass, which enabled us to see places at a great distance; such a command of a view surprises the mind. After I had a full view of the country, I said to Mr. Fraser that, although this is a very excellent view of London and the country, yet I should like more to see and visit some of the English arts, and asked him to take us to such places, because what we see here we see every day. Mr. Fraser laughed at our question, and said, 'Is any art better than what you are actually now seeing?' What an art is it? we said: does any one doubt the power of the Creator, by whose order this world was created with its natural beauty? Then Mr. Fraser said, 'This heaven that you see is not more than four yards distant from you; if you thrown an orange against it, it will return back to you; and that which you behold with your spy-glass is not more than ten pikes from you. The city and habitations, with the crowds of people in every direction, are about this terrace, and they are not more than six yards in each direction.' It was angry with him at his saying this, it seemed as if he were playing with us. I said, 'O man, have we not eyes to distinguish between the real and artificial?' Mr. Fraser replied, 'It would be

impossible for you to know how this is done, unless you saw it.' Then he conducted us by some steps up where we saw the same spectacle, with this difference, the former was cloudy, and in this place the sun was shining. This increased our disbelief; however, we went up and down until we were satisfied. All this miracle was simply produced by a picture, which causes all this wonder and astonishment. *The air here is so shut out by the painting, as to make a philosophical illusion;* in short, it is impossible to describe this wonderful picture; and we could not believe it until it was proved to us by examining the mystery which produces all these artificial realities."

We have put passages into Italics to save ourselves the room and trouble which comments would take, leaving it to our readers to notice the singular exaggerations, whenever numbers, or time, or other quality which excited wonder in the Persians, were presented to them. But we must not, therefore, fail to observe the sagacity and penetration of many of their remarks. It is only the style of Persia, flowery beyond European measure, and not the sense that is perverted. Thus we find of

King's College.—"It is a very large, lofty edifice, of numerous apartments, enough to accommodate 10,000 scholars; there have already been in it that number of students, endeavouring to obtain the wonderful sciences. Each class has a different department; one day in the year all the students meet in a large, lofty room. On this day many of the nobility and gentry come to this assembly. Then the students of different classes present themselves, and every one stands before his professor, in the presence of the college agent, and gives a proof of his progress in his studies. Many questions are put to him on different points, which he ought to answer, to shew his qualifications; which, if great, would be also an honour to his teacher. When he satisfies the examiner, a prize of twenty tománs immediately is presented to him; generally, a handsome book with gold binding. As soon as he receives his prize, he is applauded by perhaps 40,000 persons, who may be present; it is done by clapping of hands."

As our preceding examples have afforded some idea of the love and amaze produced on the Persians by the easy and general intercourse between the sexes, we may as well put together two or three more of their raptures about our fair:—

Ladies.—"The people of this kingdom are of genteel nature, and delicate constitution; most of the ladies, and females in general, are more delicate and refined than the blossom of roses. Their waist is more slender than a finger-ring; their form is beautiful; their voice gains the affections."

Taymoor's falling desperately in love was related by Mr. Fraser; and though it is exceedingly naïve and characteristic, in the writer's version, we shall pass it over, except the conclusion:—

"Our friends seeing that Taymoor Meerza's enjoyment in their parties depended solely upon the presence of this young and honourable lady, made a point of inviting her to meet him. On one occasion we were invited to an evening party; when we arrived, Taymoor Meerza saw the house dark, not observing a ray of the shadow of his love: he looked in every direction, and did not see the star appearing from the horizon. The more he looked round, the less he saw. Then he said to himself, 'Oh! how have I lost the sight of my eyes! let me die.' Again he said? 'Nay,

* "The Colosseum."

† "The door."

‡ Here Reesa Koolos Meerza seems to speak."

what will it profit me if I lose my life? Oh! let me live, if I can only see her again. Can I be in a party without my soul? No! It is impossible, let it not be." Then his heart forced him to rise up to the host; with an open eye he asked him, "Where is the lady?" The assemblage suddenly laughed, saying to him, "She is already out of your grasp." Two days ago she fell in love with a young gentleman with whom she went to the great church, and was married with him; and both of them have left the city. They are now walking about among the flowers, enjoying the pleasure of love. Unfortunately, Taymoor Meerza, as soon as he had heard this unexpected news, was almost distracted, and could scarcely be comforted by any body. However, our friends explained to him that she did not keep her word; and that he need not be sorry; and, with much pains, they restored his heart."

Of an entertainment given by the Duke of Buccleuch, we hear:—

"Monday the 21st, about the asser, we went to the house of a very great nobleman, the Duke of Buccleuch, who is also richer than any other of the nobility of this kingdom. Majestic splendour and imperial greatness appeared at his house. Many princes, vizirs, and nobles, were present at this assembly; also many handsome ladies, sunk in jewels and precious stones, the beauty of whom made the sun that illuminates the world look ashamed of itself. His house is situated on the river Thames, where many of the young nobility and great personages were in their boats, betting with each other about their best sailing. The band of musicians were also standing by. The one who beats, receives the high tune of praise from the musicians; and the beautiful ladies clap their hands, burning the hearts of their admirers. In several directions of the garden were tables furnished with all sorts of sweets and refreshments, for the pleasure of the visitors. More than 200,000 tomans on this day changed owners."

We have never met with so happy a satire upon the custom of *duelling*, as in the Persian's most unintentionally humorous description of our proceedings on such occasions:—

"The men are very particular in their disputes, which are carried on with great ability. If there should be the widest possible misunderstanding, still they keep up the rules of politeness. If it should rise so high as to produce vindictive feeling, still they carry on their disputes in a genteel style, and bad language (God forbid!) is not used. To be called a liar is the utmost insult: this will lead to a duel; the duel is allowed here. Sometimes this happens in such circumstances as the following:—If a man should be at an assembly, and should have something said to him improper or disgraceful, he who feels it to be such would at once leave the room. Then he will relate it to some friend, saying, that he heard so and so, at such a place, in such a party, which he did not like at all. Then his friend will reply, 'So and so, perhaps, did not intend to insult you; he might have said it by accident; write a note, and I will carry it to him, and learn more fully.' Then the plaintiff will write to him a respectful letter as follows: 'At such and such a day, at such an assemblage, I heard you say such words which made my heart feel angry; please to explain to me what you meant.' Then the friend will carry the note, and request an answer. If the object of the accused is not to insult him, he will write him an answer as follows: 'Upon my honour I never intended to create any displeasure in you, and

should I have said any thing which you consider improper, I now beg your pardon.' Such an answer will settle the question. But if otherwise, he will neither excuse himself nor beg pardon, but will answer as follows: 'I have received your letter, which I will thus answer; Meet me on such a day, at such a place, and thereby you will be informed, and learn all the particulars.' This will give him to understand that the object is a duel. Then he informs his friends of it, and commences preparations to meet his opponent; and likewise the other will inform his friends, that he has already appointed the time to fight with such a man. Then the friends of both endeavour to settle the question between them; but generally, this cannot be effected without fighting the duel. However, when all mediations fail, then the two individuals, accompanied by their respective friends as witnesses, meet at the appointed place, exactly at the fixed hour, which will be published in the newspapers. When the two come to this place with their pistols, then the friends use their utmost influence of mediation; if at last all should be in vain, then they separate from each other a distance of twenty feet, and the signal will be given when both fire. Then it becomes a matter of chance; sometimes both of them are hit and perish, and perhaps no one is hit, or one dies, and the other is saved. Thus the question is finished; this act is permitted by their law, which does not condemn it, and it has been a well-known practice among the fools of this nation from the ancient times. It is quite similar to the old foolish custom of the heathens, who threw both the plaintiff and defendant into the fire, believing that the flame would only burn the criminal and not the innocent. Thus, also, these people believe that the bullet will not hit the innocent, and this old foolish custom is continued among the imprudent class of the Franks."

The names assigned to our ministers are funny enough. Besides those already quoted, Lord Melbourne is the Vizir Azam (or Prime Minister), Lord Glenelg (no longer), the Vizir of the New World, Sir John Hobbouse, the Vizir of the East Indies, and so on; and it is curious enough, we are informed that America is known in the Turkish language by the name of *Yanki Dooniah* (or the New World), and as near *Yankee Doodle* as we could have expected! We will now string together some observations on many sights, which require no comments from us:—

Balloons.—"On our way to this mansion we observed some domes (balloons) flying to heaven, and men in them; this is as great a miracle as any."

Our Navy.—"The ships on this river (Thames) are like forests. The large men-of-war are 1200 in number, some of which are of 120 guns; these, besides the packets and steamers. The least of their navy carries thirty guns. The British mercantile vessels are above 25,000, such is their extreme and extensive commerce. Indeed, the English power on the sea is so great, even that the present sovereign, during the reign of his brother, was the lord high-admiral, and he spent a very long time of his life on the seas. In fine, all the ships of other nations on the globe could not equal the number of the English ships alone, nor ten foreign men-of-war stand in battle against one English; they have always been victorious over their enemies." * * Besides the above-mentioned ships, they have innumerable others in the West and East Indies, in America, and Australia, which are called out at the time of necessity. The water of the

river Thames is very heavy, and not at all good for the digestion, nor could it ever produce an appetite. Yet the people of this country do not use water as a drink; when it is necessary they take a little, once in three or four days." (What will the temperance societies say to this?)

London Doors.—"Their doors are beautifully worked, and many have gold knockers of a hundred tomans' value."

London Clocks.—"When a person has an engagement or an appointment at such an hour, either on business, a dinner-party, or whatever it may be, the person always puts into his mind the fear of not being in time; therefore, he is always on the alert to be at the exact moment. For this purpose they have, on the outsides of all their churches, at the four sides, fine clocks, which strike every hour, exact to a second, and the striking of the clocks may be heard four miles distant. The clocks that are thus fixed on the walls of the churches and other edifices in London, may be more than 500,000!!"

National History and Politics.—"In former times, the Franks, especially those of England, were like animals and quadrupeds, and had no arts of any description. They dwelt in forests, mountains, and the extreme coasts of the sea, dressed in skins of animals, and eating the natural productions of the earth, and if they had a king, they sometimes killed him; and likewise their kings killed many of the people. These oppressions, outrages, and violations, caused always quarrels between the kings and their subjects. Many people, during the height of oppression, had no rest, and were obliged to abandon the country, and go to the New World and other parts."

Now "all know the law, and what is justice: they obey their laws, which are founded on liberty. Every person enjoys this liberty, and acts according to its laws. Vizirs, princes, even the king himself, has no power to kill a bird. For instance, should the king fire at a bird during the prohibited season, he must stand before the law, and receive the decision thereof; in short, every person is under the law." *

Charities.—"In charity, and supporting the poor and orphans, they are exceedingly liberal; so much so, that they give ten per cent per annum of their income to institutions of charity. On account of the dear prices of living, there may be, out of the 27,000,000 of population, 7,000,000 poor; but not a single person begs in the streets, nor in any part of the kingdom: in fact, if there should be any one begging, he would be taken up immediately and punished for it, as it is against the law; because, in every quarter, there is a house built on purpose for charity, where the poor are accommodated. An agent is appointed for it, who receives the revenue from the good men, and spends it on clothing and maintaining the poor comfortably."—[See "The Times" newspaper, *passim*!]

But our author, after noticing the hospitals, says:—

"All these institutions have taken their rise within a period of two hundred and ninety years. Before that time the people were wild beings, and now they cultivate all branches of science; so much so, that their children are scientifically educated, and speak twenty languages. They do not spend one moment in vain. Great and small, old and young, every

* The princes wondered much as they travelled to town that they were requested not to amuse themselves by shooting deer, &c., which they saw in parks as they drove along.

one is endeavouring to enlarge his interest. Perhaps, out of this 27,000,000 of population, there is not a single soul who does not know how to read and write; not even the dumb, deaf, or blind. They do not give credit for fine handwriting; they say, writing is good enough if it can be read, and they do not spend the time simply in learning a beautiful hand. They have several thousand colleges and schools, for instructing in every class of learning, on which they have spent millions of money. All this for education and wisdom. Verily, such a magnificent kingdom and high nation is not, in these times, in any other part of the world, nor has such an one been, even in ancient times, mentioned in the histories."

Ingenuity!—"Their carts and carriages strike the observer very much. A large tree, which would require 600 men to carry it, may easily be transported to any distance on a cart drawn by two or four horses. They have also instructed their large dogs even to draw carriages quickly. They are fond of dogs, and take pains to teach them to become useful; they make them so serviceable that sometimes they are sent on business. For instance, if a man wants something from a shop that is known to his dog, he will write a note to the shopkeeper, asking for what he may want; then he puts the note into a basket, and hangs it on the dog's neck, and gives him a sign. The dog will carry the message immediately, and return to the satisfaction of his master. Many other curious things are done by their dogs, not important to be mentioned. They do not keep any useless animal; all that they keep must be of use. If any should be of no use, they will dismiss them."

We fear the *ex uno disce omnes* has been unguardedly the rule in this dog-story. It is thus that travellers are occasionally led wrong. They generalise from a single fact.

Finance, and the way in which the Chancellor of the Exchequer is treated.—"The vizirs must present every year a correct account to the House of Commons, even to a penny, with satisfactory explanation how and for what these errors have been spent. If the expenses that were made should be agreeable to the Commons, well and good; if not, the vizirs must stand the consequence, and will be obliged to prepare more satisfactory proofs in the next session; and, on the whole, it is impossible that a halfpenny should be spent without utility. The Treasury has a vizir on purpose, whose duty is to receive in, and to present, the accounts at the proper time. These accounts must also be regularly published in the newspapers, that every soul in the empire may know how the money was spent, and every person that has given ten tomans of the revenue, in case he should see any thing wrong in its expense, has a right to rise up in the House of Commons, and seize the vizir by the collar, saying, 'What have you done with my money?'"

Whigs and Tories.—"The administration consists of two parties. The one is named Whig, and the other Tory. The difference between these two parties is political, that is, every one has a different opinion on policy. Their seats in the vazaraship, or administration, depend on the House of Commons; that is, if the majority of the House are Tories, then the ministers also are Tories; and if they be Whigs, then the ministers are Whigs. They cannot both be in office at the same time. Administration must be of one party alone. It happens sometimes that they are changed; one goes out, and the other comes in. Sometimes

the father is a Whig, and his son a Tory; and two brothers may also be one a Tory, and the other a Whig. The difference between these two parties is as follows:—"The Tories in ancient days have always been in office, and thereby they have established to themselves some privileges by which every one is now a possessor of millions of money."

The Royal Family and Nobility.—"All the people in this kingdom are clad alike, and there is no distinction of dress. Vizirs, nobles, and other great personages, go out about the streets alone, and sometimes purchase what they may fancy; even members of the royal family do so; and sometimes the king in person goes out, dressed like other people: when he does so nobody pays him the honour due to him as king. He is only respected as such when he goes out in his state. The kings here can only marry a member from the same royal family, and not from any foreign; as it is considered unlawful, because he is the father of his subjects. Likewise a royal princess is never married to any person but to a royal prince, and this rule is kept by all the sovereigns of the Franks."

Astronomy.—"An inspection of Sir James South's observatory excited great wonder, and the summing up states our knowledge in astronomy:—

"In fine, they have arrived at these conclusions from their accurate observations. They have also ascertained that each of the planets is, like the terrestrial globe, inhabited, and that besides the known seven planets, there are four others, and that the earth itself is a planet, and turns upon its axis like the others. As to the sun, they believe it to be fixed, and that the seven planets are perpetually revolving around it in their orbits; they approach and recede from each other."

And here, with this fortunate relief from the gravity of science, which at present overwhelms our columns, we must stop; but not without promising our readers that they shall next week have a continuation of the treat, and some no less amusing matters.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

THE BRITISH EMPIRE IN THE EAST.

By COUNT BJORNSTJERNA, the Swedish Ambassador.
[Continued from Page 537.]

To the west of the Oxus, between that river and Persia, we find the nomadian tribes of Turkomans and Kurds, who are certainly capable of making depredations on the dominions of their neighbours, but cannot undertake any campaign against so distant a country as India. Their forces consist of numerous undisciplined cavalry.

At the mouth of the Oxus, on the shores of the sea of Aral, lies the Khaunt Khiva (called also Orgunje*), a fertile base, surrounded by sand and salt deserts: the whole of its military force consists of 10,000 cavalry, which, if even joined to the Turkoman tribes, on whom the khan in Khiva exercises great influence, would nevertheless be unable to effect any thing against India. The short sketch here given of the central countries of Asia will, although very hastily made, be sufficient to shew that neither of them is capable of alone undertaking any thing against British India; and a union among them is not probable, as both political and religious antipathies would prevent it. It is, consequently, not from them that India has any thing to fear; it is to

* Murawief, who, in the year 1820, was sent on a political commission to the khan in Khiva, has published a work, which contains the best information respecting this country.

the north of these countries that the power is to be sought, which alone could venture upon an undertaking against India. This power, Russia, is, consequently, that to which we must now direct our attention.

The powerful prince who now so vigorously guides the helm in the above-named empire, has, during the few years he has filled his exalted station, gone through a whole series of political storms, all of which he has happily overcome.

After having first, within his own country, suffocated the hydra of revolt, he engaged in the Persian war, which ended with the planting of the Russian eagle on the shores of Araxes, and on the pinnacles of Arrarat. The Turkish war following shortly after, finished in Adrianople, on the other side of the Balkan, hitherto considered impassable, and completed the power of Russia over the Black Sea, and the mouths of the river Danube. The Polish war finished in Warsaw, and advanced the Russian boundary to the Oder in the very heart of Europe. The Egyptian-Turkish war ended with opening the ports of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles to the Russian ships-of-war, while they were closed to all others; yes, even the most friendly relations have in the north advanced, if not the boundary of Russia, at least its fortified, and therefore more threatening base of operation. All this has been accomplished in little more than a decennium, and has raised the Russian empire's political influence to that degree, that what was before impossible, even an undertaking against India, has now come within the range of possibility.

It is from this new point of view that the position of Central Asia must now be considered.

The conquest of India has long been a general subject of conversation, and a fervent desire for this has been expressed among the nations of Central Asia, as also among their northern neighbours, whose territories extend from Lapland to China. This wish, founded on the memory of former successful conquests, will probably (how promising so ever it may appear to the people) not be entertained by their leaders and statesmen without great consideration; they certainly see the difference between the past and present, as also the many local and political hinderances which would meet such an undertaking.*

Those armies which formerly conquered India,—Mahmud's (of Ghizni), Tamerlane's and Nadir Shah's, were composed of only light cavalry, and therefore free from all that baggage which usually accompanies a European army; though this, especially as regards artillery and ammunition, is now absolutely necessary, in order to be able afterwards to compete with a force, also organised in the European manner, on the borders of India. These armies of light cavalry which were enabled to surmount those mountains, and to go through those deserts which are every where met with on the way to India, could equally well, on their arrival, be compared with the army that was collected there, and yet

* Many plans for the conquest of India have been formed: Potemkin and the Prince of Nassau, Siggen, (the same that commanded the Russian fleet at Svoulskund) formed more than one for Catherine. The Emperor Paul also entertained such a plan; but they were partly formed without the necessary knowledge, and partly under circumstances so very different from the present, that they are now no longer of any service. General Gardanne, Napoleon's ambassador at the Persian court, also made a plan, which is said to have fallen into the hands of the Russian army during the campaign of 1812, but neither would that answer the existing state of Asia.

The very skilful and equally active generals of the Russian army (especially General Yermolov and Field-marshal Paschkevitch) know the central lands of Asia, and the roads to India, better than any of their predecessors, and have in this respect nothing to learn.

was composed only of irregular troops. The case is now quite the contrary; India is defended by an army organised in the European way, well disciplined, and supplied with an excellent artillery, which cannot be attacked with the slightest hope of success by any other force than one formed in the same way. The question is, therefore, Whether *such a force* can possibly press forward through the extensive sand deserts, and over the cloud-capped mountains which separate India from Central Asia?

It is the examination of this question we should now briefly undertake.

As the Indus, which covers the north-west boundary of Hindustan, has a course of nearly 200 geographical miles from the Himalaya mountains to its mouth, there are only three ways by which an army, organised in the European manner, can advance from Central Asia to the above-named boundary river.

These ways are:—

1st. That which leads from the provinces Fars* and Kerman, along the eastern coast of the Persian Gulf, through Beluchistan to Sind, at the mouth of the Indus;

2d. The great road which goes through Musched, Jeerbuk, Herat, Kandahar, Ghisna, Cabul, and Peschawer, to Attock, near the Indus; and,

3d. That way which, following the Oxus, goes to Koondoo, and thence over to Hindoo-Koosch to Cabul, &c.

Between the last-mentioned of these roads and the central (over Herat and Kandahar), goes a chain of mountains, Hindoo-Koosch, always covered with ice, over which there are no roads, and where it is impossible for an army to proceed.

Between the above-named central road and that which follows the Persian Gulf, lies the Kermanian sand desert, which extends more than 100 geographical miles from east to west, and more than 150 from north to south; where no other water is to be found than a few wells, scarcely sufficient for one caravan; where no food can be obtained, and where sand ridges, of more than thirty feet in depth, form invincible barriers to an army organised in the European way. Nearer the Indus, the Soliman mountains also form an obstacle on this road, the rocky passes of which, surrounded by precipices and crossed by rivers, are at certain seasons quite impassable, and the rest are so easily defended, that a handful of soldiers there can prevent the progress of a whole army.†

As to the first of these roads (that along the Persian Gulf), there is only one example on record of an army having followed it,—that of Alexander the Great. After his unfortunate march to India, and having gone along the Indus to its mouth, he turned off at Patula, the present Tattah, and marched through Gedrosia (now Mukram, a part of Beluchistan) to his conquests at the Euphrates. His historians mention the devastation caused in his army by famine and thirst.‡

Alexander was, however, master in the Persian Gulf, and was accompanied on the left flank by his fleet under the command of Nearchus, conveying water and other necessities of life. This assistance could not be obtained by an army now marching the same way to India (the English being, by means of their squadron stationed at Bombay, sole mas-

ters of the Persian Gulf); and without such help, an advance there would be quite impossible. We see thus that India is perfectly safe on this side.

Let us now examine the northernmost of the three ways which lead from the central countries of Asia to India, namely, that which, following the Oxus,* goes to Koondoo, and thence over Hindoo-Koosch, to Cabul, and further to the Indus. It is by this way that General Evans,† in his work entitled "Designs of Russia," considers a Russian army might most easily press forward to India; a more particular examination of it will shew the real state of the case.

The army intended for an expedition against India on this side of the Caspian Sea, should be collected in the government of Orenburg, which already presents considerable difficulties, on account of the scarcity of food in this badly cultivated and mountainous province. Three roads lead thence to Central Asia.

One goes from Orenburg, between the sea Aral and the Caspian Sea, to Orgunje (Khiva), and further to Bokhara; it is a journey of sixty days for a caravan, and would consequently take at least the same number of days for the march of an army. The second goes from Troitskoi in Asiatic Russia, through Dutsht-i-Kipchak, or the desert of Kipchak, east of the sea of Aral, to Bokhara; a caravan takes forty-eight days to travel this. The third road begins at Kuzuljar, or, as it is also called, Petiopolak, near the river Issin, and leads to Bokhara, in a south-west direction, going through Taahkiud; this road requires a journey of ninety days for a caravan.

All these roads lead through those salt and sand deserts which separate Russia from Khiva and Bokhara. The great distance, together with the general want of water, sufficiently shew the impossibility of proceeding there with any considerable army.

Two scientific men,‡ accompanying the mission of the counsellor of state, Neyri, to Bokhara, have, in their accounts of the journey, shewn the state of things; and mentioned that several hundred camels were necessary for carrying through the desert the water and food for the embassy, consisting of 100 persons. By means of a fleet in the Caspian Sea, an army might be able to go round these deserts; but for this it would be necessary that it sailed to the mouth of the river Attrack, by which means the line of operation would be altered, from that proposed along the Oxus, and in such a case go over Asterrabad, Musched, Herat, and so on. Besides, Russia has only eight or ten small corvettes in the Caspian Sea, and the whole of its trading fleet there consists of, at most, thirty or forty open vessels; there could, therefore, be no possibility of transporting even the most trifling body of troops.§

According to the latest examinations of the river Oxus (by Alexander Burnes, 1833), it is navigable throughout the greater part of its course, and is free from sandbanks, cataracts, rocks, and whirlpools. If it did not, at its mouth in the Aral Sea, become a morass, it would be navigable for the course of 120 geographical miles (taking away this marshy part, it is navigable for a distance of 100 geo-

* The Asiatic tribes now call the river Amox.

† General in the Spanish service; colonel in the English.

‡ Meyendorf and Everman.

§ A transport fleet might possibly be built at Kasan and Astrakhan, where there is much timber; but this is a great and expensive business, which requires several years preparation and labour, and consequently need not be taken into consideration before it is absolutely built. Seamen, to man this fleet, would also be needed.

graphical miles, fifteen miles on the degree of latitude). At the narrowest part it is 500 yards; its depth during the driest season is nine feet, at other times, even thirty. A considerable number of vessels are to be had, each of which holds 200 men; and as the shores are thickly inhabited and rich in timber, there are the means to build more. An army, following the Oxus, can thus with tolerable ease press forward on it as far as to the neighbourhood of Balkh, where an extensive mountainous tract presents itself, which forms a branch of Hindoo-Koosch (the Indian Caucasus), and the breadth of which, from Balkh to Cabul, is more than sixty geographical miles. The height of the passes above the surface of the sea is from 8 to 12,000 feet; and these not free from ice and snow for more than July, August, and September, and even then are exposed to lavines, which often bury whole caravans. This mountainous tract consequently presents, if not insuperable, at least very considerable, hindrances to the progress of an army.

It is about forty-five geographical miles from Cabul to the Indus; the first thirty go through a thinly inhabited and rocky country to the town of Peschawer. The pass, Khyber, through which this road goes, is five miles long, presents every possible natural hindrance, and is the haunt of the bold Khyber's robber-bands. Peschawer is a very flourishing and populous town, situated in a fertile country, whose well-cultivated fields are watered by dams on the Cabul. Hence two ways go to the Indus. The first to Attock (fifteen geographical miles from Peschawer); the other towards the south, over salt hills, which form the usual difficulties in mountainous tracts. This road afterwards follows the right shore of the Indus, crosses it at Kuhera, and thence to Multan: here it divides itself into two branches, one of which follows the river to Sinda, while the other goes through the Bikanerian sand-deserts to Agineere, and so on to British India.

The road from Peschawer to Attock is passable even for artillery, but goes through a narrow pass, formed by the river Cabul on the one side, and a high range of mountains on the other, where a small body of forces can prevent the approach of a whole army. Such passes are also met with on the road leading over the salt hills to the river Indus.

We have now shewn the natural hindrances to the advance of an army along the Oxus,* and over Hindoo-Koosch to India; besides these, however, there are the political hindrances, which are of more consequence than the former, for such a military expedition presupposes that all the states on the way should first be taken by force (voluntarily they will never unite with Russia, which is considered, as well by the inhabitants of Khiva as Bokhara, as a hereditary enemy), which makes an operation along the Oxus any thing but easy. It would require at least one campaign to force Khiva, one for Bokhara and the Turkomanian tribes, and one for Khoondoo. It would, consequently, not be before the fourth campaign, that a Russian army would be able to go over Hindoo-Koosch to Cabul, &c.; consequently India seems as safe on this side from attack as on the southern road, along the Persian Gulf. It now remains to examine the

* Shiraz is the principal town in the province of Fars. † Colonel Pottinger's and General Sir John Macdonald's opinions, given to the East India Company, testify this.

‡ It was in the desert Mukram that Alexander quenched the thirst of his army by throwing away the water which a soldier offered him in his helmet.

* Nadir Shah, on his return from India, transported his army on the river Oxus, which was so much the more easy, as he went down the river: it would be quite another thing for an army which, coming from the north, should go up the same, the river being very rapid, and consequently requiring that every vessel should be towed either by man or horse.

particulars of the third; namely, the central road leading to India over Persia and Afghanistan.

The form of the country of Persia is particularly that of a table-land rising gradually, which, at the foot of that chain of mountains which crosses its northern parts, raises itself 5000 feet above the surface of the sea;* its soil is a mixture of salt and sand, dry and barren, without streams, and wanting generally a supply of water; within this half wilderness there are certainly some beautiful oases, abounding in all kinds of vegetation where towns have been founded, but between these an army cannot find a single thing necessary on its march.

The road generally taken from the Interior of Persia to Afghanistan keeps from Teheran the above-named chain of mountains, and goes over Astrabad and Mueched to the strongly fortified Herat, in Khorassan, near the borders of Afghanistan (the distance from Teheran to Herat is 200 fursukhs—130 geographical miles).

This road presents no insurmountable hindrances for the march of an army, though the above-named difficulties of obtaining support are every where met with, which necessarily oblige it to separate into small bodies, to enable it to obtain the necessities of life.

From Herat, two roads lead to India; the one goes directly to Cabul and forward to India (fifty geographical miles), but through wild and rocky tracts and passes, defended by such insuperable mountain castles, that one can reach them only by means of ropes, consequently impracticable for an army. In order to avoid these passes, an army must march from Herat to Kandahar, this road is passable even for artillery: the distance is from one town to the other 100 fursukhs (65 geographical miles).

From Kandahar, two roads lead through Sevestan to India, one meets the Indus at Mittun, the other at Schikarpur. From Kandahar to Mittun the distance is 85 geographical miles; from Kandahar to Schikarpur, 100. Both roads go first over a sand desert, which, on the former, extends 20 miles, and, on the latter, more than 40. Here the Soliman mountains present themselves, the inaccessible passes of which have been described above: on the other side of these is another sand desert. At Mittun the Indus has (according to Alexander Burnes) a breadth of not less than 2000 yards, and is besides, very rapid; so that the passage, in sight of an army posted on the other side, and without the heavy artillery which is necessary to reach and clear the opposite shore, would be very difficult, if not impossible, and the retreat exposed to the greatest dangers. The case is the same at Schikarpur, where the river is as broad as at Mittun.

In consequence of these circumstances, the best authorities (Pottinger, Christie, and, latest, Conolly) consider neither of these roads practicable for a force organised in the European manner.

An army destined for India must, therefore, seek another road from Kandahar, different from either of the last mentioned.

This is found by turning from the place in question to the north-east, and going over Ghuzni to Cabul. The distance is 120 fursukhs (360 English miles), the road passable even for artillery, though constantly leading through defiles between lofty chains of mountains. Food may be obtained if the inhabitants are friendly. A considerable body of troops might also obtain

the necessities of life at Cabul (renowned for its thousands of gardens).

(To be continued.)

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SOLVERS.

London in the Month of September.

Now on St. Stephen's staircase turn their backs,
And with their Mantons set ablaze each moor;
From Downing Street now fly the jaded hacks,
And yawning beaux desert the chaise-horse door.
The empty Park, alas! is now a bore,
Its dull monotony no chariot breaks;
Even cits their ledgers and the 'Change forsake
For Hampstead's breezes or for Margate's shore.
I, too, when Slumber seals my wearied eyes,
'Mid visionary scenes my cares forego;
Then murmurs in my ears the streamlet wild
Where first the Muses met their wayward child;
But brief, alas! the joys that I must know,
For with the dawn the dear delusion flies.—R.B.S.

THE DRAMA.

Haymarket.—Miss Ellen Tree made her first appearance, since her return from America, at this house, on Tuesday last, in the character of *Viola*, in Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*. Her welcome was most warm; and she is now playing, to crowded houses, alternate nights with Mr. Macready. She is much improved in appearance, and more decided in her style of acting than when she left us, but as charming as ever. During the week, she has played *Pauline* in *The Ransom*, and *Ian*, in *Sergeant Talford's* tragedy of the same name; in all of which her reception was most unequivocal; and we, in common with the play-going world, have cause to rejoice at the re-appearance of this beautiful actress. Mrs. Fitzwilliam, the popular and amusing Mrs. Fitzwilliam, is about to leave us for awhile. She takes a farewell benefit on Thursday; and who is there that does not wish her a bumper?

English Opera.—Mr. Balfe's season closed here with a benefit on Saturday, when Mrs. Balfe made her first appearance on the English stage, as *Amina*, in *La Sonnambula*. Her reception was very favourable; and we think she will prove an attractive addition to our modern musical school. She has a very sweet voice, without great power. The theatre has continued open during the week, under the management, we believe, of Mr. Ternan, who has been doing the "first business" in very creditable style. There has not been any novelty to mention.

Strand.—A complete change of performances took place at the Strand, on Monday; partly novelty, partly revival. *The Scottish Chiefs* belongs to the first; it is not Miss Porter's, "but is written by E. Stirling, Esq.," at least so say the bills: it was successful, and no more. *The First of September*, also new, is a very witty and laughable farce; it is from the pen of Mr. Oxberry, and will have a run. *Othello*, with a capital Irish *Iago*, in Mr. T. Lee, was the revival; it was as droll and as successful as ever.

Astley's.—The tournament at Astley's is likely to be a much more profitable exhibition than that in Ayrshire. It is a stirring affair, full of feats of arms, performed by belted knights, and Amazonian ladies; tilts, processions, mummeries, all shewn off with the advantage of gorgeous scenery, brilliant light, and, whatever weather it may be outside, with every appearance of sunshine within.

VARIETIES.

M. Schönbein.—The writings, experiments, and discoveries of this eminent chemist, who has contributed to the *éclat* of the meeting at Birmingham, are not so well known in England as they ought to be. On the Continent they are justly held in high respect. We observe in

the last number of the "Bibliothèque Universelle de Genève," which has reached us (No. 42, *Nouvelle Série*), a very valuable contribution of his on the chemical modifications of nitric acid, alcohol, and ether, under the double influence of the voltaic current and platinum. Nineteen interesting experiments are detailed, in which the uses of electricity in Organic Chemistry are demonstrated in a very important manner.

Growth of Wheat.—In a conversation which took place after the reading of Mr. Webb Hall's paper 'On Accelerating the Growth of Wheat,' it was stated that a hundred and fifty kinds of wheat were sometimes to be found in one field in England; and that in Spain two hundred kinds were cultivated. If not amenable to the same rule, it should seem that it would be an improvement to keep these varieties as separate and pure as possible, especially in following out the important experiments of Mr. Hall. If we can grow the same corn crop in five months which occupies the ground, at an average, eleven, see what pasturage might be gained in the meantime—pasturage as essential to the prosperity of England as even the "golden ear" itself.

New Application of Steam Power.—Mr. John McNeil, the engineer of the Clyde navigation, has constructed a rail-tramway along the banks on which a steam-engine moves, and, acting instead of horses, will, it is stated, be able to drag the vessels at the rate of eighteen miles an hour.

Tournaments.—Lord Eglintoun (a name that sounds like ancient chivalry and romance) having brought the pomp and circumstance of ancient knighthood into fashion again; we may notice, with commendation, a neat little tome on the subject, entitled "Tournaments" (pp. 90, W. Strange), which gives a concise but pleasing account of the ceremonials and effects of this warlike and feudal style of life.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

A Manual for Mechanics' Institutions. Published under the Superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, post 8vo. 3s.—Narrative of the Discoveries of Sir C. Bell in the Nervous System, by Alexander Shaw, 8vo. 5s.—Ireland: social, Political, and Religious, by Gustave de Beaumont, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.—Rowbotham's Derivative Spelling-Book, 12mo. 2s.—J. Felton on Performing Commercial Calculations, 12mo. 2s.—Thuilleur's Animaux, Part II., square, 2s. 6d.—Short Essays in Verse on Sacred Subjects, by R. Bartley, post 8vo. 3s.—The Orchard and Fruit Garden, by C. McIntosh, 12mo. 10s. 6d.—Johnson's Every Lady her own Gardener, 12mo. 2s.—The History and Antiquities of Newbury and its Environs, 8vo. 14s.—Tupper's Modern Pyramid to commemorate a Septuagint of Worthies, post 8vo. 7s. 6d.—The Visionary, Canto III., by Lady Stuart Wortley, post 8vo. 7s.—Six Years' Residence in the Australian Provinces, ending in the year 1839, by W. Mann, 12mo. 12s.—A Suit of Armour for Youth, coloured plates, 12mo. 10s. 6d.—The Evergreen, in Prose, by B. H. Draper, 32mo. 3s.—Life and Times of the Countess of Huntingdon, 3 vols. 8vo. 24s.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"C. A." will not do yet. A stanza in which "again" and "men," "sing" and "queen" are the rhymes, must be greatly improved before publicity can be recommended. The author of the "Dear Sister of Sidney," will find a packet at our office.

We have many papers, abstracts and abbreviations from the Birmingham Meeting, in the hands of our printers, which shall be published in due course, and as fast as our bounds admit, without sacrificing the literary interest of our journal. Every attention will be paid to similar communications with which the authors may be pleased to favour us; and we are the more desirous of such supplies from observing, in many instances, how much, even the best Reports taken at the Sections, are liable to error, and how imperfectly they record the proceedings of the Association.

"The Polytechnic Journal," No. L, demands our notice, and thanks to its Editor. We find some very interesting matter among its various articles, and are well pleased to hail it as a monthly contemporary well calculated to be of advantage to science and the fine arts.

ERRATA.—Page 533, middle column, for "Macquerel" read "Bequerel."

* See Ollivier's description of Persia.

ADVERTISEMENT,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.—Medical School, 1839-40. The Winter Session will commence on Tuesday, the 1st of October, 1839, with an Introductory Lecture, by Professor Arnet, at Two o'clock.

Descriptive and Surgical Anatomy—Richard Potts, F.R.S. Physiology, General and Morbid Anatomy—R. B. Todd, M.D. F.R.S. Chemistry—J. F. Daniell, F.R.S. Materia Medica and Therapeutics—J. F. Royle, M.D. V.P.R.S. Medicine—Thomas Watson, M.D. Surgery—J. M. Arnet.

Middle-aged and Diseases of Women and Children—Robert Ferguson, M.D. Comparative Anatomy—T. Rymer Jones.

The King's College Hospital will be opened early in the ensuing Session, so that the Medical Students can now complete their Education at King's College.

August 27, 1839. J. LONSDALE, B.D. Principal.

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THE ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION.

By the time this paper meets the public eye, this very interesting Expedition will have left, or be leaving, the British shores. Had it been possible to complete the extensive philosophical and other equipments in a shorter space of time, it would have been better, perhaps, had it been able to sail six weeks or two months earlier; but still its course is open, and the delay will lead to no other consequence than some slight alteration in the projected plan of operations.

On Tuesday, the *Terror*, Captain Crozier, dropped down from off the dock-yard, at Chatham, to Gillingham, with all her white canvass spread, and looking like a bird of passage preparing to wing its way to another clime; and on Thursday, or as soon after as possible, her companion, the *Erebus*, Captain James Clark Ross, was appointed to follow, and then proceeded on their voyage together. Having gone to take our farewell, a short description of the vessels, &c., cannot be unacceptable to our readers.

The *Erebus* and *Terror* seem to be twin ships, alike in build, in colours, in masts and rigging, and, indeed, in every external appearance. An inexperienced eye could not tell the one from the other. The *Erebus* is about 370 tons; the *Terror*, 340. In each the full complement of officers and men is sixty-four: a hundred and twenty-eight in all.* Nothing that the art of the shipwright could accomplish has been omitted to fit them for their perilous undertaking. Below, not only have the ribs been strengthened by transverse timbers, but these again have been interlaced by cross beams at certain angles, so as to offer resistance to any invading body, such as ice, which would require a mighty force to overcome. Thus, internally powerful beyond any former example, the outward hull has also been so shaped (curving from near the centre, something like the turning-off edge of a glass or tea-cup) as to throw the converging ice from the chain-plates, and thus protect the rigging from being crushed or invaded. The deck, too, is double; and the whole has a compactness and firmness which gives assurance of security from the worst elements to which their gallant crews can ever be exposed. A spare rudder, which could be shipped immediately in case of accident to the other, is safely stowed amidships: each vessel is provided with eight boats, two of them whalers, and framed to encounter rough seas and weather in separate expeditions, to explore passages and lands where the ships cannot penetrate. Six guns are borne in each; viz. four six-pounders, and two salute-guns. The apparatus for keeping the vessels at an equable temperature is admirable, and consists of a square iron tube, above a foot in diameter, running all round the sides, and distributing a comfortable warmth to every berth in the ship. The ventilation is not less attended to. There

are also stoves in the captains' cabins, and the gunroom messes* which adjoin; and the cooking conveniences are as ample and fit for every purpose as they could be on shore. There is a large kettle to dissolve ice into fresh water; another for dressing salt meat; another for fish; another for fresh meat; and ovens for baking. The mates' cabins are well constructed, and those for the officers to sleep in, though small, are arranged with all a seaman's skill and dexterity in making much of a little. The sick-berths are forward, and so contrived that the invalids may be kept apart from the healthy, for their own sake as well as for the general safety. Immense ice-saws are ranged along the lower deck; some of them thirty, or more, feet long, and looking like the jaws of sharks, competent to cut through any besetting adversary.

They are victualled with fresh provisions for three years; and pemmican and prepared meats in cases are stowed away in the least possible compass.

The provision of scientific instruments, under the superintendence of the Royal Society, is very complete; and double sets, to supply the loss of any which may be broken or rendered useless, seem almost to furnish the commander's cabin. In this respect, the Admiralty has been most liberal; and, indeed, we may say, that after the first official difficulties were got over, the government has taken up the expedition with the most commendable spirit, and done every thing that can contribute to its successful issue. The phenomena of terrestrial magnetism will be independently observed throughout the voyage; and also in connexion with the new observatories about to be established, as already stated in the *Literary Gazette*, at St. Helena, the Cape, Van Diemen's Land, &c. The declination, inclination, and intensity of the magnet, will thus form tables of the utmost importance towards solving this great problem. The declination instrument, the horizontal and the vertical force magnetometers, are constructed under the direction of Professor Lloyd, of Dublin; and there are, besides, dip circles, transits with azimuth circles, and chronometers of the most approved construction. There are also pendulums for ascertaining the true figure of the earth, thermometers for determining the temperature of the sea at given depths; other blackened thermometers to measure the atmospheric temperature in different latitudes; photometric sensitive paper for experiments on light; barometers to be observed during storms, white squalls, &c.; glasses for sidereal observations (particularly on the variable stars, a Hydræ and a Argus); drawing utensils; repositories for geological, botanical, and natural history specimens; actinometers for finding the forces of solar and terrestrial radiation; hygrometers, Osler's anemometers, rain gauges, electrometers, skeleton registers of every useful kind; and, in short, such means to employ, and so much to be done, that there will be no great leisure for our enterprising countrymen when all these instruments are put in requisition.

* In these, four officers will be accommodated; the fifth keeping the deck.

and their results are regularly chronicled for the information of the world.

In looking over the vessels about to depart on so deeply interesting an occasion, many slight matters and incidents touch the feelings. In almost every cabin and berth were tolerable collections of books; and Captain Ross's amounted to a fair library of the most useful description. In some were sweet remembrances of native land, in prints, and pictures; and one engraving, conspicuous in the gallant commander's cabin, affected us much—it was of *our Saviour Walking on the Waters*!! Faith and Hope could not have chosen a more beautiful illustration of the Sailor's mind: the Instruments of the Soul, without the possession of which, what were all that the philosophy and science of man could provide? In that engraving alone, we read a more certain index of the success of this great work, than in the multitude of ingenious machines, and the volumes of wise instructions, by which our most estimable friend was surrounded.

Some kind heart had supplied a twelfth-cake, to be opened on the 6th of January, 1840! The diameter of the globe will then be between the giver and the receiver.

Another pleasant circumstance to record is the friendship subsisting between Captains Ross and Crozier. They have been messmates, and intimate together. Crozier was a midshipman in the ship where Ross was a lieutenant; he was a lieutenant where Ross was captain; and now he is captain where Ross is commodore of the Expedition. They have served together, know and regard each other, and this is an auspicious promise for their mutual good understanding and cordial co-operation to the end; when bound together in their brave barks,—

“To reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice,
To be imprisoned in the viewless winds,
And blown [we trust not] with restless violence round
about
The pendent world”

The earlier proceedings of the voyage will lend them to St. Helena, where Lieutenant Eardley Wilmot, of the Royal Engineers, who goes out in the *Erebus*, will be left in charge of the new Observatory. Next, at the Cape, another officer will be landed for the like purpose. The vessels then make their way across the Ocean, touching at, and examining, Kerguelen's Land, Amsterdam, and other islands, either known, or imperfectly reported, in that vast expanse of water. Arrived at Van Diemen's land, the instruments, &c. for the observatory will be sent ashore; and, whilst it is erecting, they will cruise to various points where the scientific pursuits of the Expedition are most likely to be advanced. On their return, they will start *de novo* in a direct southern course, between 120° and 160° east longitude, towards the Antarctic Pole: and it is a singular and fortunate thing that in this direction, during the present season, a ship of Mr. Enderby's has discovered land on both sides of the longitudes we have indicated, in about 65° and 68° of south latitude.* These

* *Erebus*.—Captain, J. C. Ross. Lieutenants, E. T. Bird, J. F. L. Wood, J. Sibbald. Master, H. Mapleton. Surgeon, R. M' Cormick. Purser, T. R. Hallett. Assistant-Surgeon, J. D. Hooker.

Terror.—Captain, F. R. M. Crozier. Lieutenants, A. M'Murdo, J. H. Kay. Master, P. P. Cotter. Surgeon, J. Robertson. Assistant-Surgeon, D. Lyall.

* Of these recent discoveries in the southern hemisphere, Mr. Bates, of the *Poultry*, has just published an excellent chart, under the superintendence of Captain Beaufort. They appear like the pillars of a gateway, between which the Expedition should pass.—Ed. L. G.

shores have been named Sabrina Land, seen March 1839, and Balleny Isle, seen February 1839; and between them, as well as upon them, the efforts of the Erebus and Terror will, in the first instance, be employed. How far they may penetrate is in the hands of Providence. They will afterwards circumnavigate the Pole, and try in every quarter to reach the highest point, whether near Enderby's Land, discovered in 1832, or by Captain Weddell's furthest reach, about 73°, in 1823.

It is between Sabrina Land and Balleny Isle, to the northward, in about lat. 50°, and E. long. 140°, that it is expected the South Magnetic Pole will be found. Strange if he who discovered either that of the North, or so near an approach to it as Captain James Ross did, should also ascertain this long-sought phenomenon. We had forgotten to mention, that the vessels are constructed on the plan which divides them into three compartments; so that either extremity or the middle might be stove in, and yet the remainder be a safe hold for the crew.

Wherever the voyagers go, we have only to add, May God bless and prosper them, and return them in safety to a grateful country and their anxious relatives and friends!

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Report on the Magnetic, Isoclinic, and Isodynamic Lines in the British Islands. From Observations by Professors Humphry Lloyd and John Phillips; Robert W. Fox, Esq.; Captain James Clark Ross; and Major Edward Sabine. By Major E. Sabine, R.A., F.R.S. 8vo. pp. 196. London, 1839.

THIS Report, of which two sections are written by Professor Lloyd, appears in the seventh vol. of the "Transactions of the British Association," recently published; but it has been deemed advisable, also, to issue it as a separate volume, of which a copy is now before us. And when we look at the national character of the work, its observations carried over the whole extent of England, Ireland, and Scotland, and presenting the actual state of the phenomena of the magnetic dip and intensity in the British Islands; we cannot but rejoice in a determination which is likely to place it in so many more hands, than where it is connected with fifty other subjects in a more costly publication. But we desire chiefly to notice it in this number of the *Literary Gazette*, because it affords another and a striking proof of the valuable services rendered to science by the British Association. It is a fair example of a work which, in extent and scientific importance, might well have been executed at the expense of the Nation; and yet it originated in a suggestion thrown out at the Cambridge Meeting in 1833, and has been carried into effect by the united exertions and private means of the five distinguished individuals (Members of the Association) whose names adorn the title-page. We may state, of our own knowledge, that these gentlemen were previously personally unacquainted with each other, and might probably have remained so to this day, but for such opportunities as these meetings afford. It is all most deserving of notice, as

* The "Kentish Gazette" states that, "The walls are doubled with 8-inch oak-plank, and the bottom with plank of 3 inches; the holds, the ceilings of which are doubled with two thicknesses of 1½ inch African teak, crossing each other at right angles; the bulkheads in the holds are built in like manner, and made water-tight; so that, should the bottom be stove in at any part by the sheets of ice, the safety of the ships will not be endangered. The pumps fitted are those of Maslin's patent. The weather-deck is also doubled with 3-inch fir-plank, with fernnought, slipped in tallow, laid between them."

demonstrating the *moral* good derivable from the Association, that the bond of co-operation in this laudable work has been the means of ripening a warm friendship amongst all the parties concerned in it. And this is not simply a subject of private gratulation—it must have a very beneficial effect upon the general interests and cultivation of science, as the exhibition of petty jealousies and angry contentions on the contrary is sure to contribute to its decline. May we have many similar instances to record; and vain and pointless will be all the railing launched against the British Association.

To the suggestions and exertions of Major Sabine we are mainly indebted for the expedition, the outfit and description of which form the subject of our preceding article.

The Spas of Germany. By Dr. Granville. 8vo. pp. 524. London, 1839. Colburn.

WE rejoice to see a second edition of a volume at once so full of entertainment, general information, and sound medical advice, upon the question so interesting to invalids.—Whither shall I go to seek health among the salubrious fountains of Germany? Having compressed his excellent production into one volume instead of two volumes, is a great improvement upon a publication of its class; and he has done this not only without impairing the former, but by adding much that is most agreeable and useful. Necessary alterations and corrections have also been made; and at a season when such a multitude of our countrymen and women seek amusement, solace, and restoration at such places of resort, we cannot do them a greater service than by cordially recommending Dr. Granville as a valuable guide and delightful companion.

Journal of the Persian Princes.

[Second Notice: conclusion.]

WE have great pleasure in returning to our task of illustrating the conceptions of England formed by its royal Persian visitors. The mixture of wisdom and simplicity, of just information and misconception, is both instructive and amusing; and, as we have observed, a lesson of caution when we may read travels in Persia, or other strange lands, by European authors.

*Windsor Castle.**—"The girdle of its cupola makes that of Kasrow sink into insignificance and shame. The first geometrician of the age would be unable to find out the ratio which the corner bears to the entire roof, and the most learned architect would cut his finger,† from his inability to discover the principles of its construction. Art thou a garden and a palace, residence of victory? or a paradise that God hath planted in the earth? In truth, thou appearest as an everlasting Paradise. O azure four-springed fountain! whence did thy colour first come? Thou must be a stream from Kauthâr!‡ In every room that we entered, our astonishment increased, and our minds were surprised. In every apartment we observed imperial splendour. All the furniture was of gold and precious stones. Even in the smallest room there appeared to be an assemblage of all the jewels in the world. The brilliancy of each article of gold and jewellery surpassed that of the sun and moon. Each of the kings, for 200

* Mr. Wyatt's monument to the Princess Charlotte touched their feelings. "On one of the tombs we observed some magnificent statues. A royal princess lies buried here, who died when she was in the bloom of her age. She having been extremely beautiful, they carved for her a most splendid statue."

† "Cyrus."

‡ "An expression of great despair."

§ The immense large river of Paradise, detailed in the Koran."

years past, has had a separate palace in this castle, with distinct majestic splendour of sovereignty, as may be now seen, just as they were when these sovereigns occupied them. And whatever unique jewels each sovereign obtained during his reign, are placed in his palace, with his statue, either of marble, jasper, or porphyry, seated on a jewelled throne; so beautifully made, that you might say, It is alive and can speak. One statue of a former king cost more than 12,000 tomans. Thus you may imagine what is the value of all the statues, pictures, and figures in this castle. In the same manner, every one of the shahs of England has his coat of arms, together with the arms of such foreign kings as he may have conquered. All his ministers and officers of state during his reign, have also statues placed by him in the room, each with arms of the age, and appearing as if they were alive. In the royal rooms of the late kings, all are seated on their thrones and chairs of gold, embroidered with precious stones which cost millions of minted gold; each has his crown on his head of a hundred mauns of solid pure gold, and adorned with precious stones, so magnificent as to take the senses away. These crowns are supported by chains of gold, and suspended over the heads of the sovereigns. In short, the majestic splendour of every sovereign who has died still exists. All the royal furniture in the palace is deposited in the different apartments, and every thing which indicates the greatness of majesty is still now in the same order as formerly, and attendants are actually waiting just as if the departed sovereign was alive. Their libraries are filled with myriads of volumes, a thousandth part of which cannot be described. One of the libraries, belonging to one of the former sovereigns, is lined with fifty thousand volumes. We also noticed several rooms, three hundred feet long, and a hundred broad, all adorned with beautiful pictures. These are for balls, where the king and queen invite their noble guests; the king himself dances, and the queen also with whom she pleases. When such balls take place, the sounds of the musical instruments in these rooms are heard at a distance of twenty miles. The wonderful articles which we observed are so numerous, that it is impossible to describe them. After we had minutely examined the palaces of the former sovereigns, they conducted us to the palace of his majesty William the Fourth, the sight of which made us forget the former ones. Imagine what must be the splendour of a king whose revenue is four hundred and eighty millions per annum! Indeed, we were filled with amazement at what we beheld. No sovereign ever possessed such splendour, not even Solomon (peace be upon him!), who had power over the gin,‡ whom he commanded to find for him all the treasures of the world, even he did not possess so much as his present majesty. Although we had not the opportunity to see one thousandth part, yet, of what we saw and estimated, we could easily imagine what was asserted of Alexander of the Two Horns, that he blocked up the wall of Gog and Magog with gold, since the gold that we observed here, in this palace, is four times the quantity that would be required to block up any wall of Gog and Magog."

Vaushali is represented as "a garden—a heaven—large, adorned with roses of different colours in every direction; the water was running on the beautiful green; pictures were drawn on every wall. Here and there were

* "Gin, i.e. the well-known fiery spirits of the 'Koran' and the 'Arabian Nights.'"

young, moonly faces, selling refreshments. There were burning in this place about two millions of lights, each giving a different colour; the lanterns and lights are so arranged as to make poetry, in such a manner that they have no end. On every side there appeared the moon, and the sun, with the planets, each moving in its orbit; and in every walk there were about 10,000 Frank moons,* walking and gazing about, where the roses and their tribes were admiring their beautiful cheeks. Each was taken by the hand: such a company in such a place says to the soul, Behold thy paradise!—pleasure and joy appear; woes and sorrows are banished;—every hand asked for a glass of refreshment to present to the possessors of jasmine hands. Thus we were happy to have in each hand a paradisaean companion, and to point out the beauties of the place, in order to draw forth the sweet music of their replies. We left the rose and met a pink!—are we awake or in a dream? We walked in this garden from one place to another, till we came to a place where we saw crowds of people gazing at a boy elegantly clad, who was playing on a rope; now we were as though we had lost our mind. This rope was made fast high above in the garden, on which this boy was dancing; indeed he was like a bird with wings in the air. Afterwards a young and beautiful girl, handsomely dressed, increased our surprise; she joined the boy, and they played together in a most wonderful manner, enough to take away the senses to look at them. When the boy and girl had finished their manœuvres, the people in the garden went to another place, where there was a wheel which was set on fire: as soon as it was lighted it began to ascend, throwing out fire of red, green, blue, yellow, and other colours wonderfully, as if all the world had taken fire, and continued to ascend till it reached the sky. All this was done without giving any unpleasant smell of powder. The people that make such fireworks derive a large income from it; also the Treasury receives a great annual sum from them. We had an exceedingly interesting exhibition, and returned home perfectly satisfied with our visit."

Geography!—"Between England and Ireland is a channel fifteen miles broad. * * * Being near the north pole, England has a very cold climate; so irregular is the weather, that in four hours you may experience the four seasons of the year. It is generally cloudy, and the four seasons have no separate ranks. Even in summer it is cloudy and rainy. Owing to the constant rains in all seasons, the whole country is green as a garden of emerald colours. Thus all the quadrupeds here enjoy the green which they eat all the year long. Sometimes it happens, that for a month or forty days they they do not see the sun, and the air becomes damp. * * * Most of the public affairs are decided at night. These islands are 3000 miles round. Their population is 27,000,000, which is equal to fifty-four kerrors of Persia. The revenue to government, the whole of which is spent, is 60,000,000, or 120 kerrors of ours. But when government goes to war, they raise much more money. This took place during the war with Buonaparte, when the people gave the wonderful sum of 840 millions, which was spent during the said war!"

Durow and his horses, at Astley's Amphitheatre, were, like the Italian Opera, highly appreciated.

"On Thursday, the 24th, four hours before sunset, we visited a large edifice, which we

* "English ladies."

may call the opera of the horse. It is the same in form as the opera house or theatre, and in the same manner it contains boxes and seats for the spectators. *There were on this day about 10,000 ladies with charming faces like the moon, and the ray of their beauty gave a most powerful splendour to the place.* The principal parts in this theatre are performed by horses, including other wonderful exercises. In the first part, an Asiatic emperor in eastern splendour came out upon the stage, where a fire was lighted up, the light of which made the whole place look as red as crimson. In the same theatre there were many elevated places, like high bridges, on which they performed on horseback. The horses ran up and down exactly like cats. Some little boys, of seven years of age and under, clad in different-coloured dresses, played by turning their bodies as if they had no bones at all. They formed, by joining their bodies in different ways, any figure they liked. For instance, they wished to form an elephant. One of them represented the proboscis, another the head, one the neck, and others the feet. Thus they form an elephant, exactly like the original; so wonderfully, that one could scarcely distinguish it from a real one. Likewise, with their bodies they form the resemblance of any other animal. About 100 men were arranged in this manner,—one stood above the other, that is, the feet of one on the head of another, till all were arranged, and then they danced in that position. In truth, it was a very wonderful, surprising performance. The most astonishing part of this exhibition was a ring of wood, which was held by a man, ten yards distance, around which were fixed some spears. Some persons, while playing on the rope, passed most wonderfully through the ring, without being hurt. Afterwards some beautiful young female performers, *with angelic faces, dressed expensively with jewels, came out.* They played in different ways, and with their beauty and exercises exceedingly delighted and astonished all of us. After the rope performance was over, then the play was carried to the lower part of the house, that is, the ground, which is a round place of soft earth. First a young boy, ten years old, rode on two horses, which stood at the distance of a yard from each other. He took the bridles of both in his hand, and placing one foot on each horse's back, and lashing them with his whip, they went with extreme rapidity. The horses ran so swiftly, that their feet did not appear to touch the ground. *It is said, that they go the distance of an hour in a minute.* In fact, the performance of this boy on the horse's back, in such a narrow place, was so quick and wonderful that we lost our senses. Afterwards a young female appeared, of beautiful complexion, brilliant as Venus. She, also, in the same manner, rode on the horses, but in a more wonderful way. She actually danced on the horses, and made these large, powerful animals themselves dance. Sometimes this young lady, with a stick in her hand, gave a sign to the horse, which he understood as well a human being, and fell down as if dead; again she gave another sign, which made him rise up and dance. In fact, nothing was wanted to this horse but speech. After this young lady had finished her wonders, then other performances were introduced. I would only add, that what we saw done here was as if by magic,—indeed, you may call it a complete necromancy. Afterwards the master of this establishment himself came out, and performed so wonderfully on horseback, that he might be called the first horseman in the world. This man, standing on a large and very powerful horse, exhibited

such distinguishing powers of horsemanship, that what I have already mentioned is nothing in comparison of it. While the horse was at full speed, he filed his pipe, struck a light, and began smoking. He also took a pen and ink in his hand, and while at full gallop wrote letters. Likewise he loaded his gun and fired. Again, two men stood and held a circular screen of paper in his way, ten yards above him, through which he jumped, though the horse was at full speed, and alighted on his back. In fine, what was exhibited here was miraculous."

Cutlery and a Cutler's Shop.—"Here we saw many curious and strange instruments, such as we had not before seen, for dentists, oculists, surgeons, and doctors. It never entered into our minds that there were so many and such various instruments as we here observed, there being upwards of two million knives of different descriptions." *Surgery and Medicine.*—"Some of them were for anatomical purposes, to remove any part of the bones with perfect facility. These instruments are so ingeniously constructed, and adapted to their purposes, as to enable even a child to practise in the medical science. Indeed, those of the medical profession in this country appear to have no difficulty in curing any disease; so that, whatever to our Persian doctors appears as incurable, to them presents no insurmountable difficulty."

Madame Tussaud's Exhibition was another marvel, and the occasion of a pretty hoax. Walli and Taymoor having seen it without their brother, resolved to play him a trick, and it is thus described:—

"About sunset we entered the carriage for the royal palace, on a visit to the queen. We arrived at the door of the house, supposing this to be the palace. I desired Fraser Sâheb to enter first, and to announce our arrival, and to obtain permission for us to enter. Fraser Sâheb went in, and came out, saying, that the king has honoured this place with his presence, and that all the royal family are present, as well as the vizirs and nobles of state, all in full uniform, in the presence of his majesty, who is holding a levee. I then entered the palace, and found it a splendid hall. The King was sitting on the imperial throne, with the crown on his head, and clad in a splendid royal robe of jewels. In the same manner the queen was seated, in her most magnificent robe of precious stones. All the members of the royal family were in their full uniform, making a circle round the king. Dukes, princes, vizirs, and nobles, all standing before him. The royal hall was beautifully lighted up with magnificent chandeliers. When I beheld all this splendour, I said within myself, 'I ought to approach the king just as I should my sovereign, the Badishah of Persia, and offer him the same dutiful obedience.' Thus I approached nearer to the king, bowing down my head, after our custom, and my brothers stood behind me. The king, much to my surprise, did not appear to acknowledge my presence. I then asked Fraser Sâheb why the king was uncivil. He said, 'I do not know. Perhaps,' said he, 'the reason is, that it was not the king, but the queen, who invited you, so that the king has nothing to say to you; let us go to the queen.' I was exceedingly vexed and ashamed of what took place, bowed my head to the ground, and followed Fraser Sâheb to the queen. Here I observed a throne of marble, inlaid with precious stones and valuable jewels. On this splendid and magnificent throne was seated a young lady, with a face like the moon, dressed in royal robes, worth more than the revenues of Europe. A precious crown was on

her head, and she was surrounded by a company of ladies with angelic faces, whose splendour was like the sun at mid-day, all seated upon chairs of gold. I drew near, offering the due respects; all were silent, and nobody replied to my salutation. This was quite the reverse of what I met with at other parties. I began to be quite vexed with Fraser Sâheb, and said to him, 'Fraser Sâheb! this gives me to understand that the queen did not invite me to come, and that she did not wish to see me. It is all through your fault and intermeddling that I have to bear this shame.' One of the ministers, dressed most magnificently, without a hat on his head, was standing before the queen. I went near this minister, and desired Fraser Sâheb to tell him this, that although the queen did not invite us, yet we were already in her palace, and it would be only politeness in her to treat us as her guests. Fraser Sâheb interpreted to him what I said, but I observed that this man did not give any answer, neither uttered a word. Praise be to God! what a curious circumstance! I then took his hand, saying, 'Why do not you give an answer to my question?' When I shook his hand, he fell down. I then observed that he was dead, and I was astonished to find that all of them also were dead persons. Now my brothers and Fraser Sâheb laughed loudly, and said, 'These people are not dead, but all of them are artificial figures of white wax.' Verily, no one would ever have thought that they were manufactured by men. This establishment belongs to a rich nobleman, who inherited it from his father; and it brings him daily an income of a hundred tomans. Many people from all parts of the world come to visit this wonderful place. In short, I was not satisfied till I examined all of them; and I was perfectly astonished to find that there was not the least difference between the imitation and the imitated. So wonderful are the arts of the Franks!"

Woolwich.—At a review, "the dexterous artillerymen loaded and fired their cannons quicker than lightning and swifter than the wind. They fired many thousand balls a minute, and the ears of the heavens became deaf from the sound of the firing, and not a single ball missed its mark. So many cannons they fired, that our ears became quite deaf. Afterwards they began throwing bombshells. This most wonderful exhibition I cannot describe, and our pen is astonished, and cannot write an explanation of these miracles. Then we suggested that it was enough. The balls and powder which were fired to-day might have cost 7000 tomans. Afterwards they invited us to see the stores of ammunition, and implements of war. We were conducted to a large plain where there were many very large edifices, any one of which must have cost millions of money: they are so large that each is a quarter of a pafasang in circumference. Every one of these edifices contains about 5000 men employed in the manufacture of cannon, which look fine and bright like glass. They complete daily twenty-five of them."!!

Bedlam.—"We went out of town, and came to a large castle, about two miles in circumference, situated on the bank of the river. All its doors and windows are made of iron. We came to the large gate of entrance, which was shut. When the captain of the castle came, and was told that we were the Persian princes, he opened the gate, and we entered the place. It is four stories high, and contains innumerable rooms. There are two departments; the upper one for the women and girls, each of whom has a maid-servant; the lower one for the males, each of

whom has likewise a male servant. We were first conducted to the upper department, containing many clean, pleasant rooms, which have delightful views of the gardens around. Every room has a fine bedstead, and is elegantly furnished. Every thing desirable and necessary, and in perfect order. This delightful place, with such accommodations, gives any person an inclination to become insane.

While we were walking about these places, a fine neat-looking girl came to us, and asked us who we were. We replied, 'The Persian princes.' 'Is it true?' said she. 'Yes,' we answered. Then she said, 'I shall always be able to tell hereafter a Persian by the dress, such as you wear.' We were informed that this young woman was a celebrated poetess. Afterwards she asked us, 'Are you going to stay here, or will you go away?' We replied, 'We are not insane, of course we shall go back.' She said, 'Many foreigners come to visit this place and go back, but they come here in fine weather; but as you have come so great a distance on such a stormy day for such a useless object, I believe you are also belonging to our company, and it will be necessary that you should join us for a few days till you become sane.' Her words made us all laugh till we fainted away. Afterwards she took my hand, and invited us to her room. We entered her apartment, where she shewed us some of her needle-work, and repeated some verses of her own poetry. She then said to us, 'Notwithstanding you are royal sons and I am the daughter of a peasant, nevertheless, I would not part with my house for your palace, neither would I exchange my insanity for your sanity.' She conversed on other things which had nothing to do with her madness. We were told that sometimes she does very strange things. Afterwards she asked us, 'Do you fear God as I do?' 'Of course,' we said. 'Have you that Divine grace that I have?' We replied, 'Yes.' Then many tears came to her eyes, and she asked us to leave her apartment, saying, 'I am not inclined to converse with you any more, leave my room.' When we went out, she shut the door after us."

Industrious Fleas.—From the National Gallery, with the pictures in which they were much pleased, they went, as they inform us, "to the house of a person whose business is to take care of fleas, and tame them. The relation of what we saw of these fleas at this place, how they are tamed, and taught to act most wonderfully, will undoubtedly be taken only for a lie. No one would ever believe that these little insects could be instructed in such a manner. However, whether it be believed or not, we will write down what we saw of them for our own gratification. These fleas are kept in a damp place, where they grow. They are placed in a glass case, which magnifies them exceedingly. There are some apartments in this box where they are quartered. They are broken to draw carriages, just as our horses are taught to draw carriages of cannon. What- ever details we may give of these fleas will appear incredible; however, we are determined to mention what we observed. Four of these fleas drew a carriage of ten drachmas weight, in harness, and turned exactly like horses. Two others stood for coachmen, with a whip of hair to drive the rest. On one side of their box there is a vessel full of water, on which there is a little thing in the form of a ship, with sails, and an anchor in the water, just like a vessel in harbour. About ten or twelve fleas drew the anchor up, others went up the masts and spread the sails, their chief

or captain taking the helm; and thus this ship of fleas actually sailed on the water. In another place we observed a wheel and a rope in perfect order. In the box there was a little musical instrument, on which the fleas played; other fleas played on the rope, and some danced. We observed also a large flea, which was a soothsayer, telling fortunes and future events. This was done as follows:—A plate is figured in lines of different colours, like an astrolabe. Some of these indicate good, and others bad fortunes. There is fixed to it a kind of pointer, attached by a chain to the neck of the flea. The person who wishes to have his fortune told puts his question. The flea will then walk about, and the pointer will move. Whenever it stops, it will inform him whether he has a good or bad fortune. These fleas are fed on human blood twice a-day, once early in the morning, and again in the evening. Those that are educated, that is, such as become tame, are well fed, and those that are not tamed, are allowed but little till they become learned; and then they are sold, and purchased. The master of these fleas has one which he has kept for two years; he would not take a horse for it. In fine, we think we had better stop, as what we saw of the curious and most wonderful acts performed by these fleas would require much time to describe."

A brief notice of France, and we conclude:— "Although in regard to size and population it exceeds England, yet it has not the perfect order of that country. Paris is its capital, which is one of the seven magnificent cities of the world. Its climate is better than that of England. It is bounded on the east by the Netherlands, Switzerland, and Piedmont; westward and northward, by Spain and the West Sea. It is 650 miles long, and 560 broad. France possesses also some dominions in America and Algiers. *There is here more liberty than in England*, but their form of government and political order is nearly the same as that of London, as to parliament, and their council of commons. The present king of France is named Louis Philippe. France contains 35,000,000 of population, which is equal to seventy horrors of Persia. The standing army which is under order in this kingdom, amounts to 600,000; they have likewise a very large navy. The French during the reign of Buonaparte possessed the greatest part of the European kingdoms. *The generality of the people believe in transmigration.*"

But we trust we have done enough to sustain the character we gave of this performance, and we must leave the rest, though equally curious and amusing, to those who may procure it. From a four months' sojourn we could hardly have anticipated so much; and with all the erroneous opinions which the princes formed of us, and with which, on account of their piquancy, we have chiefly embellished our *Gazette*, we ought not to dismiss them, or our valued friend Assaad, without stating that there is also much matter to yield food for English reflection, and produce very beneficial effects in Persia and the East.*

* We are happy to find that our review of this curious work, last week, has greatly promoted the object of those who had taken its amiable translator by the hand, and interested themselves in the success of his publication. Among the foremost of these we would name that zealous friend to every thing connected with the promotion of Eastern literature and improvement, the Earl of Munster; and, after his lordship, the Hon. Captain Maude, R.N., 10 Gloucester Terrace, Regent's Park; Captain Sir Edward Parry, R.N., 22 New Street, Spring Gardens; T. Crofton Croker, Esq., Admiralty; J. Brathwaite, Esq., 64 Old Broad Street; and William Trimmer, Esq., 1 Torrington Place, Torrington Square; whose addresses we give, because we are informed they act as friendly publishers of these attractive volumes.

ARTS AND SCIENCES. THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

NINTH MEETING: BIRMINGHAM.

[Third Notice.]
WEDNESDAY.

SECTION A.—Mathematical and Physical Sciences.

1. Mr. Follett Osler, 'On the Indications of his Anemometer.'
2. Mr. Hopkins, 'On the Least Thickness of the Solid Crust of the Earth, consistent with the Phenomena of Precession and Nutation.'
3. Mr. Smythies, 'On the Motion of Free Points.'
4. Mr. Nasmyth, 'On a Plate-glass Pneumatic Spectrum.'
5. Professor Powell, 'Report on Refractive Indices.'
6. Professor Powell, 'On a New Case of Interference of Light.'
7. Dr. Ure, 'On Photometry.'
8. Dr. Ure, 'On the Fluidity and Viscidity of Certain Fluids.'
9. Professor Powell, 'Explanations of Certain Optical Phenomena.'
10. Mr. Frodsham, 'On a New Compensating Pendulum.'

THE first paper was read by Mr. Follett Osler, and brings us better acquainted with this very ingenious instrument, a model of which was in the Model-room; but a much more interesting example, in actual operation, on the roof of the Philosophical Institution.

"An anemometer and rain-gauge, similar to the one that has been at work at the Birmingham Philosophical Institution, was put up at Plymouth last year by order of the British Association, and placed under the superintendence of Mr. Snow Harris, whose indefatigable exertions in forwarding the science of meteorology are too well known to require comment from me. Having just received the registers from this instrument, I shall take a cursory review of a few of them in comparison with those made at Birmingham. I do this, not so much for the purpose of giving information that is in itself of so much value, as with the hope of exciting a desire for obtaining observations of a similar nature on a more extensive scale, feeling strongly convinced that a correct general knowledge of the main currents of the atmosphere is of paramount importance in studying meteorology. I shall confine my remarks entirely to the direction of the wind as registered, and not attempt, on the present occasion, to connect any barometric or thermometric observations with these. As it would not be possible to illustrate more than a few of these observations,* I have selected those only in which the wind has been tolerably steady and strong, as being the best mode of giving a correct idea of the nature and value of these observations:—On the 17th of November, 1838, a steady current set in at Plymouth, about 8 o'clock A.M., from the S. by E., and continued until 8 o'clock on the following evening, a period of thirty-six hours. The steadiness of this current at Plymouth was very remarkable: during the first part of this time there was almost a perfect calm at Birmingham; however, by 10 o'clock in the evening, that is to say, fourteen hours after this current from the S. by E. had set in at Plymouth, a slight wind was felt at Birmingham from the north; in three hours more, that is, by 1 A.M., on the 18th of November, it became E.N.E., and finally set in a strong gale from N.E. by N., which lasted the remainder of the day. It is a singular fact, that as this gale increased in force at Birmingham it declined at Plymouth; this was towards the middle of the day; in the evening, the contrary to this took place. The rush of air from the S. by E. at Plymouth continuing for such a length of time previous to any wind being felt at Birmingham, clearly

* "These observations have been rather hastily drawn up, and whether they will be verified by future experiments we have yet to learn."

shews that this must have been the main current; and it seems highly probable that the atmosphere for some distance north and south of it was gradually affected, and eventually drawn into it. The state of the wind on the next day very much confirms this view of the subject: the current by that time became due E. at Plymouth, and N.E. at Birmingham. On the 20th, there was but little wind at either place, and the directions then became the same in both places. During a considerable portion of this time much rain fell; about .76 of an inch in Birmingham, and 1.32 at Plymouth; the two principal falls in Plymouth preceding those in Birmingham by about four hours. On March 28th, a strong wind set in from the west at Plymouth, which continued the whole day. At Birmingham the wind was S.S.W. when this gale commenced; but after continuing in that direction about twelve hours, it moved gradually round to the west, and finally to the W.N.W. During the time of this change, the strength of the wind at Plymouth increased considerably, though it did not alter in direction. A deflection in the wind, in the opposite direction to what is here illustrated, sometimes takes place, but not so frequently. Whether the deviations here exemplified are in regular curves, and are segments of large circles, or merely deflections in the course of the currents, caused by some peculiarity in the situation of the places, or whether it be our insular position that modifies the currents, I cannot venture an opinion. The course of the currents is, as might have been expected, much more steady at Plymouth than at Birmingham. Thus, on the 29th, 30th, and 31st of January last, the wind commenced at due west, and veered at a perfectly even rate round to the north; while in Birmingham the course of the current was exceedingly unsteady, and veered round one half the compass, while in Plymouth it only moved one quarter: this, among many other instances which I could bring forward, shews that great care should be taken in the selection of stations for making observations concerning the course of the main currents of the atmosphere, which ought to be our object in the first instance; for we must not hope for a long time to come to lay down the minor fluctuations to which the greater ones are subject. I shall conclude with a few remarks on the great storm of the 6th and 7th of January last, that committed such dreadful ravages in this country, and trace its probable course and action. In addition to the records obtained by the anemometer at this place and at Plymouth, I have collected what information I could concerning the nature and extent of this storm from many parts of the British Isles. A careful analysis of these strongly leads me to the opinion that this was a small but violent rotatory storm, moving forward at the rate of about thirty to thirty-five miles per hour. The diameter of the rotating portion I am not prepared to give, nor do I consider it at all certain that it could be ascertained, as it seems likely that the revolutions were not in contact with the earth. The tendency of this eddy, or violent whirling of the air, would, of course, be to produce a vacuum in the centres. The air that forms the eddy being constantly thrown off in a slight degree spirally upwards, and dispersed on the upper portion of the atmosphere, the effect of this would therefore be to produce a strong current upwards. Now, supposing this large eddy to be perfectly stationary, there would be a rapid rush of air towards it from all sides, which would be drawn up and thrown off through this rotating circle, and dispersed with amazing rapidity

above; but as it is moving on with great velocity, the air that is in the advance of the storm is not sensibly affected until the whirl is close to it; while in the rear the motion of the air is greatly increased: first, by the tendency of the air to rush into the great vortex of the storm; and, secondly, by the motion onward of the vortex itself. This vortex, or revolving column, would increase in size upwards, so as somewhat to resemble a funnel; it would, in fact, be similar in its shape and action to an immense water-spout; whether it was vertical or not is entirely a matter of conjecture, but I should consider it probable that it would incline in the direction that the storm was moving, namely, to the N.E., and that it was an upper current that carried it in that direction. The greatest intensity of the storm in England was evidently across Lancashire and Yorkshire. I therefore conceive that the nucleus of the hurricane passed in a N.E. direction over these two counties. Towards the sides, however, a little current set in a S. and even slightly in a S.E. direction, on the S. side of the vortex, and in a N.W. and westerly direction on the N. side; but the main rush is behind. Our anemometer shews that we first felt a fresh S. wind with a slight bearing of E. in it, which very shortly became more westerly, increasing considerably in violence; and it then moved round to the S.W. and became quite a hurricane, and continued so, very violent at first, but decreasing in strength during the remainder of the day: at Plymouth it commenced as a S.W., and then very gradually moved round a little more westward. It was by careful examination of the records of these two instruments that I arrived at the view I have ventured to take of this storm, and the evidence that I have collected from various parts of the country concerning it, strongly confirms me in the view now taken of it. Many violent storms followed in the wake of this extraordinary hurricane, but I have not attempted to investigate these, as the main storm would have thrown the atmosphere into so disturbed a state, that it would be very likely to produce minor eddies, gusts, &c. Had more complete and systematic observations been made years ago, the rotatory hurricanes first remarked by Mr. Redfield, and then so ably set forth by Colonel Reid, and also the storms on D'Espy's theory, which I believe the one that has just been described most nearly resembles, would instantly have been rendered palpable; whereas now we only wonder how, out of such an unconnected and crude a mode of obtaining evidence as they were compelled to adopt, so beautiful a theory could by possibility have received birth at all. Other laws no doubt exist, which, let us hope, no great length of time will be required to develop."

Prof. Stevelly referred to his meteorological observations at the Edinburgh meeting, and thought them confirmatory of Col. Reid's theory of storms, and other phenomena of thunderstorms, either with or without rain.*

* We rejoice to see government taking up this inquiry: the following "Memorandum respecting the Records to be kept of the State of the Weather in the British Colonies," has been issued from the Colonial Office:—

"The captains of ports, harbour-masters, and keepers of lighthouses, or, where those officers do not exist, some other competent public functionary, should be required to keep journals of the weather, on the principle of the logbooks of ships. A column should be specially reserved for inserting the height of the barometer. Under the head of 'remarks' should be entered all meteorological observations considered worthy of particular notice. When the keeper of a journal may hear that a vessel has encountered a storm, he will enter in it any information on the subject which he can rely on, together with the name of the ship, of her owner, and of the port to which she may belong. With the view of tracing the cause of storms, the Trinity Board of London have given directions for the

Mr. W. Hopkins read a paper in favour of the greater Solidity of the Earth, supposing it to have been originally fluid: the matter and conclusions were similar to those in his communications to the Royal Society, and need not be repeated.

Mr. Smythies proposed a method for Solving Dynamical Problems relating to the motion of free bodies; accompanied by algebraical tables, terms, and equations, which forbid a report.

Professor Baden Powell read a continuation of his 'Observations for Determining the Refractive Indices, &c., of the Solar Spectrum.' His tables shewed the mean results in experiments on various media.

Mr. Nasmyth exhibited his Plate-glass Speculum, which we have already described. (Page 550, *Lit. Gaz.* No. 1180.)

Professor Powell, 'On a new Case of Interference of Light,' arising from a prism of a certain dispersive power being opposed to another of a different power, and producing dark bands round the usually coloured edges of the image.

Dr. Ure read a paper 'On Photometry.'

The usual method of ascertaining the intensities of different lights, by a comparison of the relative shadows they project, having failed Dr. Ure in two recent inquiries; or rather the results with regard to the illuminative powers of the Bude light, in an investigation conducted with reference to the lighting the House of Commons, and with regard to the darkening effect of a high wooden wall, or hoard, erected behind two houses in George Street, Hanover Square, London, being unsatisfactory, Dr. Ure employed other photometric means. He placed, when following out the latter investigation, several pieces of paper, prepared with the salts of silver usually employed for photogenic drawings, in the rooms which were considered to be darkened by the hoard; and also in those of a neighbouring house not so circumstanced. In a certain time those exposed to the action of free daylight acquired a certain depth of tint; and by observing the time required to produce the same tint on those papers placed in the rooms under the influence of the hoard, Dr. Ure was enabled to determine the amount of daylight diminished by that erection. For instance, if those exposed to free daylight, as in the first case, assumed the particular hue in half an hour, and those in the second, or in a third case, in one hour and a half and three hours respectively; the only relative difference being the greater or lesser obscurity to which the windows may have subjected: then the light would have been diminished threefold and sixfold by the hoard, or by any other experimental obscuring cause.

adoption of measures to obtain a more accurate record of the weather than has hitherto been kept at the lighthouses of Great Britain and Ireland. The keepers of these lights having the opportunity of taking their observations by night as well as by day, great advantage may be derived from employing them in this manner. Officers in charge of colonial lighthouses should be instructed to keep similar journals. In noting the wind's force, both in the harbour-masters' journals and in the lighthouse reports, it is desirable that the officers should adopt the numbers for noting the strength of the wind now in use at Greenwich Observatory, and about to be introduced at the lighthouse under the Trinity Board. In the cases of St. Helena and Ascension, it is desirable that more precise information should be obtained by observation respecting the 'Rollers' at those islands. As the object of her majesty's government in instituting those inquiries is the advancement of knowledge in science generally, the governors of the several British colonies will consider how far it may be in their power to obtain useful information bearing on the subject from countries adjoining to their governments in the possession of foreign powers, or how far it may be useful to the study of meteorology to exchange the observations made within their governments for those of other countries in the neighbourhood. If at any time desired, there would be no objection to the publication in the colonial newspapers of extracts from the journals."

By photogenic impressions, Dr. Ure considers the relative degrees of diurnal illumination in different rooms in any house, in different countries, or on different days in the same house or country, also the extent or strength of daylight in any part of the world, may be correctly measured and registered.

Dr. Ure, after alluding to a memoir of his, which will appear in the "Transactions of the Society of Civil Engineers," and which contains the results of experiments on the fluidity of liquids, gave a brief account of those of similar experiments with a different form of apparatus. Because he imagined in the former there were certain numerical errors, caused by variations in the position of the syphon employed, but which did not affect the general results. The following are the *modus operandi* and the data of the recently repeated experiments. The liquid was put into a glass funnel, terminated at its beak with a glass tube of uniform bore, about one-eighth of an inch in diameter, and three inches long. The funnel was supported in a chemical stand, and discharged its contents, on withdrawing a wooden pin from the beak, into a glass goblet placed beneath, by the side of which a chronometer was placed, to indicate, in seconds, the time of efflux. The volume of liquid used in each case was the same, viz. 2000 grain measures, at 65° Fahr. The times of efflux with liquids of the same specific gravity and bulk, in the same vessel, vary with the viscosity of the liquids, and serve to measure it.

	Fahr.	Sec.
2000 grain-measures of water, at 60°, ran off in 14.	68	13.
.....	164	12.
2000 grain-measures of	Fahr.	Sec.
Oil of turpentine	65°	0.674 14
Pyroxylic spirit	—	0.830 14½
Alcohol	—	0.830 16
Nitric acid	—	1.340 13½
Sulphuric acid	—	1.640 21
Ditto	362	— 15
Saturated solution of sea salt ..	65°	1.200 13
Sperm oil	—	0.830 45½
Fine rape-seed oil	—	0.920 100
Fine pale seal oil	—	0.925 66
Fine South Sea whale oil	—	0.920 66
Sperm oil	254	— 15
Rape-seed oil	254	— 17
South Sea oil	250	— 17

Professor Powell then explained his views with reference to certain Optical Phenomena; and Mr. Frodsham exhibited a new Compound Pendulum of his manufacturing, and explained its advantages.

SECTION B.—Chemistry and Mineralogy.

1. Mr. G. Wilson, 'On the Detection of Haloid Salts in Solution.'
2. Dr. Brown, 'On the Crystallisation of Carburets.'
3. Dr. Clark, 'On the Limitation of Equivalent Proportions.'
4. Mr. Phillips, 'On the White Prussiate of Iron.'
5. Dr. Rees, 'On the Existence of Fluoric Acid in Animal Substances.'
6. Dr. Thompson, 'On the Presence of Free Muriatic Acid in the Stomach.'

'Experimental Demonstration of the actual Existence of Haloid Salts in Solution,' by George Wilson, M.D. In this paper, the author attempted to apply experimental evidence to the resolution of the very important question of the state in which haloid salts exist in solution; chemists being, as is well known, divided on this point, some supposing that chlorides, bromides, iodides, and cyanides, remain unchanged after solution in water; whilst others suppose them to be converted into hydrochlorates, hydrobromates, hydriodates, and hydrocyanates of the oxides of the bases. Dr. Wilson preferred for his *experimentum crucis* the use of the terchloride of gold ($au. + 3 cl.$) as a type of an haloid salt. On dissolving this in water, it ought not to undergo decomposition by hydrobromic acid: becomes converted

into a hydrochlorate of the oxide of gold by combining with water ($au. + 3 o. + 3 cl. + 3 h.$), because the hydrochloric acid is a much more powerful acid, as far as its attraction for metallic oxides is concerned, than the hydrobromic. On the contrary, if the terchloride of gold remains as such after solution in water, it ought to be decomposed by hydrobromic acid, because here are two powerful affinities brought into play, viz. that of the hydrogen of the hydrobromic acid for the chlorine of the salt of gold, and that of the metal itself for the bromine thus deprived of its hydrogen. On testing the correctness of this reasoning by experiments, it was found that the terchloride of gold was really decomposed, a bromide of that metal and free hydrochloric acid being the results; no precipitation, of course, ensued, but the change was indicated by the yellow tint of the fluid becoming converted into a deep red colour. The author had, in substituting salts of platinum for those of gold, arrived at similar results. From the remarks made by several members present, it appeared to be severally admitted that Dr. Wilson had really proved, in a most satisfactory manner, the possibility of an haloid salt remaining in solution without being changed into a salt of a hydracid.

'Remarks on the Crystallisation of certain Insoluble Carburets,' by S. Brown, M.D. It has been long known, that when cyanides of metals are exposed to heat, black amorphous masses are left; these have been regarded by Berzelius and others as true carburets of the metals, and are remarkable for their pyrophoric properties, after spontaneously kindling by exposure to the air. In this paper, however, Dr. Brown has shewn that when these cyanides are exposed to as low a temperature as possible, capable of affecting their decomposition, and quite independent of any thing like fusion or solution, that the residual carburets cohere, molecule to molecule, and leave white well-defined crystals, often so hard as to be capable of scratching glass. Some of the specimens of the metallic carburets thus prepared and exhibited to the Section by the author, were as well-defined and as beautifully formed as possible. Reasoning from these results, Dr. Brown stated, that as there was just the same ratio between amorphous carburets and those which he has obtained in a crystallised form as between common charcoal and the diamond, it was not altogether beyond the limits of possibility to so slowly evolve the volatile elements of organic matter as to leave the fixed element or carbon, not in the state of black amorphous charcoal, but of white crystallised diamond; the only necessary theoretical condition being the evolution of the gaseous elements so slowly as to permit the molecules of carbon to cohere in a crystalline form.

The next paper read was a very important one from its theoretical bearings by Dr. Clarke of Aberdeen, and entitled 'On the Limits within which the Atomic Weights of Elementary Bodies have been ascertained.' In this communication the author adduced numerous arguments for proving the equivalent of carbon to be 75.6 on the oxygen scale, instead of 76.44, the number assumed by Berzelius. The atomic weight of carbon on the hydrogen scale, taking oxygen as 8, will thus, according to Dr. Clarke, be 6.048. On account of the great importance and value of Dr. Clarke's paper, a resolution was passed in committee, that it should be published *entire* in the next volume of the "Transactions" of the Association.

The next paper was a short one by Mr. R. Phillips, 'On the Composition of the Salt,

long known as the White Prussiate of Iron; not of potass, as stated in all the published reports. This excellent chemist, after adverting to the mystery which still shrouded the nature and composition of many of the ternary compounds of cyanogen, adduced the result of a valuable series of experiments, in which he had been engaged; and proving that the so-called white prussiate of iron was really a combination of ferrocyanide of potassium with cyanide of iron, or Prussian blue; and that this, by the action of water, became resolved into these two salts, of which the ferrocyanide of potassium, being soluble in water, was removed by washing, and the residual cyanide of iron, or Prussian blue, presented the ordinary and well-known tint of that beautiful pigment.

A paper on the 'Existence of Fluoric Acid in certain Animal Structures,' by George Owen Rees, M.D., was then read. In this communication, the author, after alluding to the statements of Berzelius and others on the presence of a fluoric in bony structures, shewed that the only satisfactory case in which it had been hitherto proved to exist was in fossil ivory; and, after a series of careful experiments, he had convinced himself that no trace of fluoric acid could be detected in those organic structures which he had examined. The great source of fallacy which, in Dr. Rees's opinion, had occurred in all preceding experiments, arose from the volatilisation of phosphoric acid, and from the development of its corroding action upon the glass of the receiver. The author had detected fluoric acid in the only specimen of fossil ivory which he had an opportunity of examining.

Dr. Golding Bird, in some remarks on this communication, directed the attention of the Section to the source of fallacy pointed out by Dr. Rees, in experiments in which the detection of fluorides was attempted, arising from the presence of phosphoric acid; this, like boracic acid, although among the most fixed of the oxy-acids, yet under the influence of a current of aqueous vapour, was capable of being carried, apparently mechanically, forwards into a receiver, and thus by a careless observer be mistaken for a really volatile acid.

The next paper was 'On the Existence of Free Muriatic Acid in the Stomach during Digestion,' by R. D. Thompson, M.D. In this paper, the author combated the correctness of the views of Dr. Prout on the necessary presence of free muriatic acid in the stomach during digestion, on several grounds, but more particularly on the following:—1. The fact of free muriatic acid not being an efficacious remedy in dyspepsia, attended with the presence of a free alkali in the gastric secretions. 2. The fact of alkaline chlorides becoming decomposed when ignited with organic matter, as with organic acids and farinaceous substances. 3. The fact of common salt being decomposed partially by aqueous vapour. From the two latter circumstances, Dr. Thompson concluded that evidence of free muriatic acid might be obtained from the decomposition of common salt during ignition, as acquired by Dr. Prout's process. An animated discussion ensued upon this paper.

Mr. Benson inquired as to the possibility of sources of fallacy in the decomposition of common salt, resulting from the action of the siliceous matter contained in the vessels in which the ignition of the saline matter was performed; and mentioned the theory of the stomach being the positive pole of a battery, as favouring the idea of the presence of a free acid—capable, however, of being neutralised by the alkaline

matter in the soaplike compound, or bile, secreted by the liver.

Dr. Golding Bird begged to differ in every point from the author of the paper, at least as far as his deductions from experiments were concerned; he thought that the fact of Leopold Gmelin and Dr. Prout making the same observations in different manners, independently of each other, and nearly simultaneously, alone ought to be considered as something like proofs of the correctness of the views of those excellent physiological chemists. Dr. Bird referred to the "Versuche ueber die Verdauung" of Gmelin and Tiedemann, in support of this statement. The fact of alkaline chlorides being decomposed under the influence of aqueous vapour, instead of being new, constituted one of the longest known facts in chemistry, and for years was the basis of a well-known process for obtaining hydrochloric acid. Dr. B. trusted that Dr. T. would continue his experiments, for he had certainly not yet adduced sufficient evidence to overthrow the generally received statements of such careful observers as Gmelin and Dr. Prout. He begged also to impress upon the meeting, that the biliary excretion was not a saponaceous compound, having nothing in common with a soap, and being quite *sui generis*. The view of the gastric secretions alluded to by Mr. Benson was by no means new, and, according to Corvisart, first originated with Napoleon; who, on seeing the large voltaic battery of the French Institute in action, turned to his physician, and said, "Voilà, mon ami, l'image de la vie: la colonne vertébrale est la pile, le foie est le pôle négatif, et la vessie le pôle positif." The fact of muriatic acid not curing indigestion could not, Dr. Bird conceived, be admitted for an instant as of any weight in support of Dr. Thomson's views.

Dr. G. O. Rees differed also from Dr. Thompson in his conclusions. He had heard nothing to make him doubt the correctness of Dr. Prout's views. The action of heat when aided by organic bodies, of decomposing alkaline chlorides, afforded no argument in favour of Dr. Thompson, as Dr. Prout's experiments might be successfully repeated at a much lower temperature. Dr. Rees believed that Dr. Prout had adopted a view like that which Dr. Bird had given Napoleon the credit of originating.

SECTION C. — *Geology.*

1. Dr. Buckland, 'On the Application of Waste Coal to Steam Navigation.'

2. Mr. Lyell, 'Remains of Mammalia in Crag and London Clay, in Suffolk.'

3. Mr. Marrett, 'On the Discovery of an Ichthyosaurus.'

4. Mr. Allies, 'On Marine Shells in Gravel, near Worcester.'

5. Dr. Wilde, 'On the Topography of Ancient Tyre.'

A drawing of a fossil macacus was exhibited in the room.

Dr. Buckland, in the chair, read a letter he had just received from M. Agassiz, expressing a deep sense of the obligations he was under to the British Association, for the aid it had afforded in proceeding with his splendid work on fossil fishes. He had dedicated it to the Association, in terms which he hoped would not be unacceptable to that body. He had also intrusted to his friend M. Schönbein, of Basle, the first part of his work on fossil fresh-water fishes, for the purpose of laying it before the meeting; and that distinguished individual would, probably in person, communicate M. Agassiz's sentiments to the Section.

M. Schönbein addressed the Section in good English, and repeated M. Agassiz's grateful acknowledgments. With regard to the fasciculus intrusted to him, he had found it two

large for his travelling portmanteau, but he had no doubt other means would soon be found to forward it to its destination.

Dr. Buckland then read extracts from M. Agassiz's letter, in which he mentioned a fact of high geological interest. In the Slate of Glaris, and in a stratum of the age of the Inferior chalk, he had found nearly the entire skeleton of a bird, of the size of a swallow. This was the first instance of the kind which had occurred, to his knowledge, on the Continent. Dr. Buckland observed, however, that instances of the kind were not rare in England; and that Mr. Mantell had discovered many animals of the same period in the weald formations of Sussex.

New and Important Fuel: for Steam Navigation, &c.—The learned President then proceeded to call the attention of the Section to a plan of cementing together small coal and coal-dust for fuel, for which a patent had been obtained by Mr. Oram. [See last Vol. of the "Transactions," Notices and Abstracts, p. 86.] For more than twenty years it had afflicted him more than aught short of a moral evil to see the wicked waste made in this substance, the most precious gift which Providence had bounteously bestowed on mankind. To this country in particular it was of inestimable value; and yet, until now when he might consider the means of saving and economising it devised, one million of tons out of three millions annually had been burnt and destroyed at the mouths of the pits. Mr. Oram had been attracted to this subject from pursuits of a different kind. In preparing picture-frames, it had occurred to him that to mould this wasted breccia into the form of bricks, cause it to cohere, and fit it for all the uses of fuel, would be a most desirable attainment. At Glasgow it was allowed to remain at the bottom of the pits; at Newcastle it was in no way brought to market by those whose competition led them to supply only superior coals. The material rescued from this "wicked waste" by Mr. Oram might consist of pieces of about the size of walnuts, and all the rest of the slack (and it should be observed, that the best coal was most liable to break in this manner); and these he composed together in a form so much less in bulk, and occupying so much less room in stowage, that the quantity requisite for a steam voyage of three months would not be more than of coals which would only last for two. How important was this at an era when coal was convertible into coach-horses; when our chariots were of iron, and drawn by steeds of fire! It should be remembered too, that coal could never more be formed; that Nature had already deposited her work for our use in this formation, and when once exhausted it could not be renewed. It was therefore the more necessary, in our island blessed with so abundant a supply, to apply economy to its expenditure. Revenue, manufactures, comforts, all depended on this precious treasure; and therefore it was that he considered this result to be of such inestimable worth. It had been said that people had a right to do what they liked with their own; and in a restricted sense this was very true: but in doing what we liked with our own, we had no right to destroy what belonged to posterity (*applause*); and this had been done to a most injurious extent with the coal-fields of England. He would now read Mr. Oram's communication, only observing that trying and confirming his experiments at Woolwich, under the inspection of Mr. P. Ewart, a year ago, he had obtained a patent,

and had since been travelling on the Continent to make arrangements accordingly. Mr. Oram stated that his experiments were made on Pontop coals of the best quality, which were compared with his rubbish in the brick form, and compounded of two-thirds of coal-dust and one-third of anthracite; which mixture possessed the greatest power, greater than if entirely of coal. By one pound of this fuel, thirteen pounds of water were evaporated, and by one pound of Pontop coal alone only seven pounds and a quarter. Nearly double! The process was a simple one, and had, indeed, been rudely practised in Wales, about Lliege, and elsewhere, where the peasantry were in the habit of baking up the coal rubbish into balls with clay, and thus supplying themselves with an indifferently burning fuel. Mr. Oram took the dry mud (it must be dry) of the Thames or any other large river, or any vegetable earth would do, and the mixture was—

Thirty or forty gallons of water.
Forty pounds of coal tar.
Thirty pounds of lime, powdered, and
One or two hundred pounds of dry mud,

to every ton of coal-dust. The compound was then pressed and desiccated, and an excellent fuel was produced. The oxygen contained in the pores and interstices supplied combustion in abundance, and the muddy ingredients, forming a skin, protected the bricks from the waste which exposure to the atmosphere caused in coal. For they were all aware that if the cook wanted to light a fire quickly, instead of taking small pieces of coal ready to her hand, she would take the trouble to break a lump into fragments for that purpose. Experience had taught her that the atmosphere had deprived the former in some degree of their igneous property, and as every one was prone to perform what they had to do with the least possible labour, she had found out that breaking up the fresh lumps was the least trouble after all. The shape of these bricks was another recommendation. They were convenient for packing; and yet another quality belonged to them of considerable importance. It was necessary in steam vessels to have the fuel near the boilers, where the heat was intense; and the bricks, shielded by their pellicle, resisted this high temperature, which would greatly deteriorate coal in the same situation. Dr. Buckland then noticed that Mr. Grant, of Portsmouth, the inventor of the admirable plan of biscuit baking, had also employed a composition of this sort. His cement was gas tar; and he had laid his method open for the public benefit, without availing himself of a patent right. It was lighter than coal; but Mr. Oram (and it was only on his authority he made the remark) had pointed out advantages which his mixture enjoyed over that of Mr. Grant.

A gentleman stated the coal of this country (about Birmingham) would not run together, in this way, like the Newcastle coal. He had for years been trying experiments with it; and had tried all those of Mr. Oram, except the lime. He had employed tar, oil, bituminous clay; and though he had succeeded to a certain extent, so as to serve hot-houses, &c.; he had never been able to obtain a fuel quite applicable to domestic uses. Could such be obtained for their fires and manufactories, it would be an immense saving.

Mr. Lyell made an interesting communication respecting fossil remains in the London clay and red crag, in Suffolk. Alluding to the fossil bird of the size of a swallow, found by M. Agassiz in the Slate of Glarie, he observed that this, like many other discoveries,

ought to be a warning to geologists never to erect hypotheses on the evidence of the non-existence of any fossil, simply because they had not happened to meet with them in particular strata or formations. This principle he had endeavoured to enforce years ago, and every year's further experience had confirmed him in the necessity of attending to it. It now appeared that mammalian remains were found in two strata, among marine deposits, where they were never before thought of;—a caution of a stronger order than they had yet received on the subject of determining the relative age of those various materials of which the crust of the earth was composed. The first specimen was in chalk of the oldest of the tertiary series, full of marine shells (eocene), of which from one to three per cent only were of known living species. In the red crag of Suffolk, on the contrary, there were thirty per cent of shells and fishes of the present day (pliocene), so that it might be fairly concluded that a large space of time had intervened between these two formations. He was inclined, however, to change the opinion he had formerly entertained, and to consider this Suffolk crag to belong to the miocene, or middle tertiary series. Hitherto no remains of mammalia had been discovered in this formation, until the first of these specimens was brought under his notice by Mr. Colchester, a well-informed geologist, by whom it was found near Woodbridge. On examining it, together with the many fishes' teeth which accompanied it, he was convinced that it belonged to a mammalian animal, and hastened to procure Professor Owen's opinion upon so interesting a point. That gentleman at once pronounced it to be one of the grinders of a beast of prey, allied to the tiger species. On further examination it was known to be the left-side jaw-tooth of a leopard; and he deeply regretted that the sudden illness of Mr. Owen prevented him from being present with them to demonstrate this fact, so beautifully and certainly ascertained by his thorough acquaintance with investigations of this kind. Incited by this discovery, Mr. Wood proceeded to the neighbourhood, where the workmen in the crag-pit had been accustomed for more than twenty years to deliver the teeth they fell in with to an old woman of the village for sale, and who had them in such abundance that, when the inquiry was made, she asked how many ounces the gentleman wanted to buy! Among these were sharks' teeth, and all the rest were of different fishes, but none of mammalia. In another collection, however, of the same kind, made by the Rev. Mr. Moor, of Newbourn, and consisting of the teeth of fish, Mr. Owen detected the molar tooth of a bear; and another, the tooth of some unknown ruminant. These were more or less broken, but still sufficiently perfect to allow of their identification. No doubt they had been found in the large pit at Newbourn, and only one point of doubt rested on the subject. There were many rents or fissures descending from the surface; and it was possible that the teeth might have come out of these rents, which penetrated through the upper red shelly crag into the London clay below. Thus the remains of the hyena had been found among the marine deposits of the Kentish crag, which had fallen through a similar fissure. They had, therefore, to guard themselves against the possibility that these teeth might have been derived from such an accident, and not belong to the strata with marine deposits below. To guide them in this respect it would be well to see if the colour, condition, and general appearances

of the mammalian remains corresponded with those of the fishes among which they were imbedded. In the present instance the resemblance was very great. Mr. L. then referred to the Norwich crag, which held fluvial shells, fresh-water and marine, intermingled; and supposed that a river might have floated down the carcasses of the quadrupeds, and deposited them with the other remains. In the London clay, where an immense number of fishes' teeth occurred, at Kyson near Woodbridge, one of a mammifer had been found with two fangs—and no fish or reptile ever had two—which on being taken to Mr. Owen he declared it at first sight not to belong to carnivora, for they never had them of this form, and few granivora possessed them. He suspected it to be marsupial, and went to the kangaroos, where he immediately recognised it, and in the North American opossum (*Didelphis Virginiana*) its nearest likeness. The next specimen from the same site, procured by the renewed exertions of Mr. Wood and Mr. Colchester, consisted of the lower jaw of an animal, with four cusps, and containing the last tooth in the jaw and part of that nearest to it. This belonged to the monkey (the *Macacus*), and the *Macacus radiatus* was the living genus the most nearly allied to it. The geological formation where it was found was, first, superincumbent crag; below this a clay, seventeen feet in thickness; and below the clay, sand ten feet thick, and full of fishes' teeth. At the top of this sand where it was overlaid by clay, these important remains were found. Cuvier had described an opossum in the eocene gypsum near Paris, and he considered them to belong to the same period as the London clay. Mr. Fox had also made similar discoveries in the Isle of Wight; and it was most remarkable to find the quadrumanous organisation the nearest approaching to our own informations of so remote an era. He had supposed such possibilities in his published work; and it was curious that within two years they should have found in France, India, and South America, instances, proofs of their existence. First, a fossil ape, of the miocene period, had been discovered in France; probably a Gibbon, and high in organisation so near to human. Next, at the foot of the Himalaya another had been discovered; but the present was the first instance so far from the equator of quadrumana among eocene remains. In the London clay, crocodiles, creatures and plants of the torrid zone, the bread-fruit, the nautilus, and other natural productions, all showed that the climate had been much hotter than at the subsequent period when the red crag was formed. The whole illustrated the progressive development of animal life; and this single discovery had destroyed the long-maintained theory that those of a high organisation had been created just antecedent to the creation of man.

Mr. De la Beche bore testimony to the very great importance of this paper; and observed that the remains of marsupial animals were found in much older rock, of the oolite formation. The discovery of this monkey overrode all previous notions connected with the appearance of man upon the earth; and he was glad to take this opportunity of retracting his previous opinions on the subject (*applause*).

Mr. Lyell made a few remarks on MM. Spix and Von Martin's account of the floating islands which they saw descending the river of the Amazons, on which were crocodiles, tigers, and monkeys, the latter of whom made a noise and outcry as if they would gladly have been relieved from their unpleasant location. Such

islands carried down to the sea, would leave deposits for future geologists to ponder upon, with similar combinations of marine and land remains.

Mr. Darwin said the monkeys might be caught by alligators, and told an anecdote of Sir F. Chantrey humanely taking sick monkeys from the Zoological Gardens, petting them, and allowing them baths, of which they were very fond.

Mr. Turner inquired if these remains might not be those of animals which sharks had eaten—the teeth of the shark being very common in the London clay and formations of the same period.

Dr. Buckland complimented Sir F. Chantrey on his humanity to animals, and said that, besides the monkeys, the giraffes owed much of the success which attended their nurture, &c., to him.* He hoped Professor Owen would be sufficiently recovered to communicate to them on Saturday his minute and admirable observations on the teeth of animals. He would then shew them a little tubercle, about the size of a pin's head, by which he determined the questions of their genus and species, and whether they belonged to living or extinct beings. They might belong to a little Master or Miss Buckland, but for the distinctions he could so clearly point out. He believed that there were neither bone nor tooth of mammalia in the London clay in the condition of those of fishes; but they were common to the rolled remains in the crag. With regard to the opossum referred to, it might have been "Possum up the gum-tree," when Oxford was under water. The fossil remains of the gum-tree were found in the gate of Portland; and so were a class of plants allied to the palm, tree-ferns, and coniferous ones, all proving a very different climate and condition of the earth. As for the macacus of the eocene period, he remembered a story of Mrs. Siddons; when any person fell into misfortune, she used to exclaim, "Poor gentleman, how *gat* he there?" (*a laugh*). So might say of Mr. Lyell's monkey, "Poor gentleman, how *gat* he there?" He was inclined to attach credit to the opinion that carcasses of animals might be carried down by rivers, and be ages buried in the sea, till some cause again stored them to the land, where they were humed by geologists.

Mr. Bowman exhibited a number of specimens of fossil fish found in the vicinity of anchester, with a paper from Mr. Binney on them. There were scales and teeth of egalichthys from the coal shales, in the anchester coalfield, lying above the mill-me grit; and remains of diplodus, ctenopodus, polioptichus, and paleoniscus, up to the sh-water limestone formation of Ardwick. The shells of Cypris, &c., among which they were found, seemed to prove a calm and gradual exit; and the condition of the fish indicated a sudden destruction, which Mr. Binney attributed to water charged with the gas from decayed vegetation. None of the fossils had been detected in the coal, though they appeared to the very edge of it.

Mr. Strickland stated that Mr. Marrett had discovered an ichthyosaurus, near Tewkesbury; exhibited a fossil fish with cycloid scales, in lias, which was at issue with the hypothesis of M. Agassiz.

Mr. Allies wrote to say that he had found

We are rather inclined to suspect, however, that the young native giraffe cow's milk, instead of being more to nature and its own mamma, was the immediate cause of its premature decease. "Care," says a proverb, "killed the cat," and so it might the more or giraffe.—*Ed. L. G.*

in gravel, and under hard sand, turritella, cardium, and other recent marine shells, besides the tooth of a mammoth, at Bromwich Hill, near Worcester; and near the same place other marine shells, turbo, and nassa, on marl, below a gravel bed.

The Geographical division of the Section was now formed, with Mr. Greenough in the chair; Dr. Buckland being engaged to attend the medical school of Birmingham, to award some of the prizes. The paper read was a long dissertation on the geography of Tyre, in which there was little of novelty, or research, to support the claims of this division to be incorporated, or interfere with the time which can be appropriated to the geological discussions. The Sections are already numerous enough, if not too numerous, for their business to be carried on contemporaneously throughout the week, without perplexity and distraction. In some of them the subjects are too large, and too wide, for labours so limited in space, and so liable to be interrupted. To extend the sphere would, we fear, be to ruin the Association; and it is for this reason that we willingly acquiesce in the almost total exclusion of every thing of a literary character. The proposed Agricultural Section, like the Statistical already adopted, would require a meeting for itself. Then the Phrenologists want to come in; and, we dare say, the Animal Magnetisers would like to have a bit of manipulation among the rest.

SECTION D.—Zoology and Botany.

1. Mr. Felkins, 'On the Acclimation of Silk in England.'
2. Mr. Brand, 'On Botanical Statistics.'
3. Mr. Fox, 'On the Discovery of the Bones of a Whale.'

Mr. Felkin, explaining an experiment in the growth of silk, made this year at Nottingham, exhibited cocoons of the white and golden coloured products, and stated that, except in one instance near London, for which the Society of Arts had awarded its premium, in the year 1790, no one had succeeded in a similar experiment in England. The white cocoons were the work of worms fed on lettuce-leaves, and then on mulberry-leaves; and the golden coloured, of worms fed entirely on mulberry-leaves, having been hatched a fortnight later in the season, when these could be procured. Of the former, seven out of eight died; of the latter, from thirty to forty per cent, not quite half. The eggs were from Italy; and neither the situation in the heart of the town, nor the season, had been propitious for the attempt. The room was, however, kept at a temperature of between 55° and 70°; and especially from the worms fed on the mulberry-leaves, the silk was of a good quality; and from the success which attended the trial, in our uncertain climate, it was suggested that it might be introduced, with a certainty of prospering, in several of our colonies, and save us part of an expenditure, increased from three to four millions sterling per annum. General Briggs observed, that in India the worms were fed on the zizippus, jujube; and some other remarks were made, as to the best food for supporting the worm and producing the best material. The white mulberry seemed to be preferred.

A paper from Mr. Brand, 'On the Statistics of British Botany,' was chiefly a catalogue of plants, connected with a plan for their geographical arrangement.

Mr. G. T. Fox communicated a paper 'On the Bones of a Spermaceti Whale,' discovered a few months ago (as stated in the newspapers) among the rubbish in an old tower at Durham Castle.

From an ancient letter of June 20, 1661, in the Surtees' collection, it is shewn to have been cast ashore at that time, and skeletonized in order to ornament this old tower.

The writer threw an amusing coup d'œil over the history of the whale, as far as known from old writers; the first account of it being that of Ctesius, 1606, of one thrown ashore seven years before near Scheveling, where Cuvier supposes its head is still preserved,—for there is an antiquity of the kind still shewn there. Since then only a few instances have occurred of the spermaceti whale having been cast ashore on the British coasts.

SECTION E.—Medical Science.

1. Dr. G. Bird, 'On the Physiological and Toxicological Action of Carbonaceous Vapour.'
2. Dr. Ingle, 'On the Increase of Small Pox, and the Origin of Vaccination.'
3. Mr. Estlin, 'On Vaccination.'
4. Dr. Macartney, 'On the Guides for finding the Exact Position of the Principal Arteries and Veins, in relation to the External Forms of the Body.'
5. Sir J. Murray, 'On the Effects of Magnesian Solution.'

SECTION F.—Statistics.

1. Conclusion of Mr. Rawson's paper, 'On the Comparative View of the State of Crime, in the various Districts of England and Wales.'
2. Report by the Manchester Statistical Society, 'On the Borough of Kingston-upon-Hull.'

The papers still very long,—too long to be finished at one sitting—and consequently postponed by us. Indeed, as in the proceedings of the Statistical Society of London, we find that the masses of data, without connexion or system, though separately valuable, are far too voluminous to have justice done to them in a publication like ours. Not that we could not find room for one, two, half-a-dozen, or a dozen of such reports in the course of a year; but, after all, we must ask ourselves, *Cui bono?* The returns of one city, or one parish, would overwhelm us; and, unless upon general data, all inferences must be worse than useless. Fifty volumes of carefully collected and well-authenticated details may serve as a foundation for national legislation, in ameliorating the condition of the poorer classes: in the meantime, local investigations may lead to the beneficial administration of the local powers; but we fear that no partial effort of ours could conduce to the same desirable end. It is not, therefore, that we undervalue statistics; but that we think it must have other organs than the British Association, where volumes take little or no notice of the Section, to propagate any of its useful ends.

SECTION G.—Mechanics.

1. Dr. Ure, 'On the Density and Elastic Force of Steam.'
2. Mr. Cottam, 'On Railway Wheels.'
3. Mr. Russell, 'On the Forms of Vessels.'
4. Mr. Hodgkinson, 'On the Power of different Species of Wood to Resist a Force tending to Crush them.'

Dr. Ure, 'On the Specific Gravity of Steam' (given in our last No., p. 567), was the first paper read; the conclusion of Dr. Lardner's paper respecting the Railroad Experiments is deferred, in consequence of the indisposition of that gentleman.

The Tile Machine of the Marquess of Tweeddale (fully known to our readers by the account of it at the Royal Institution, a few months ago) was exhibited in model, and described by Mr. Cottam.

Some unfinished experiments on the breakage of iron bars, by pressure, were described; and a similarly incomplete notice of the best forms for vessels (from the committee appointed to investigate that important desideratum) was also brought forward, with the expression of a hope that it would be completed against the next meeting. A discussion ensued between

two candidates; one for iron, and the other for wood wheels, as an improvement* in those used for rail carriages. This was one of the mechanical questions in which property and interests are so much embarked, that we would not venture to decide which, if either, were preferable. Indeed, upon one or two other railroad businesses, which occupied much of the time and attention of this Section, we would rather not offer an opinion; because, if we did, we should be favouring arguments manifestly unjust as regards the Association: but we must in honesty confess, as we think, not untenable as regards the control of this Section, and the facilities it is permitted to offer for the conflict or benefit of individual interests. It is difficult to see how this can be avoided. Men engaged in high scientific pursuits look on and care not to interfere. They laugh at steam-vessel or railroad constants as a funny chimera. But the person who has ten or thirty thousand pounds embarked in "The Birmingham" or "Great Western"—the engineer who has planned and estimated the cost—the furnisher of locomotives, all the most superior—the coal or the coke-man—the piston-inventor—the wheel-improver—the iron-master—the wood-contractor,—all have so much at stake in the preference of their articles and schemes, that the Section must of necessity be a struggle for notoriety and public approval. A fortune is on one hand, a defeat on the other. This is no abstraction of philosophy or science, but a much more English quere—profit or loss? In this Section, the discussions are accordingly. Still there is good in it. A practical fellow, from an adjacent factory or mill, upsets a theorist by a few terse questions; and in the weakest and most negative of its movements, the British Association exercises a very salutary influence.

Mr. Eaton Hodgkinson read a paper "On Experiments to ascertain the Power of different Species of Wood to resist a Force tending to crush them." All the specimens were formed into short cylinders, about one inch diameter and usually two inches long, the ends being perfectly flat and at right angles to the sides. The apparatus used to crush the specimens was that described by the writer in his experiments on cast-iron ("Seventh Report of the British Association," page 3461). The crushing surfaces were perfectly parallel, and the body to be crushed had its end bedded firmly against them. The force was applied in the direction of the fibres. These experiments were made, like many others acknowledged before, at the expense of Mr. H's liberal friend, W. Fairburne, Esq. They are the commencement of a research in which the writer has other objects in view. The accompanying calculations will show how far Mr. Hodgkinson has, as yet, carried his experiments, and the results he has obtained. The great interest attached to the subject induces us to append this table, though we are somewhat fearful it is not altogether without inaccuracies:—

* One of these combatants sent us his pretensions in a printed form, from which we copy the following:—"Mr. Parkins has invented a wheel which, it is hoped, will tend much to the security of railway travelling. Wood being a much less rigid substance than iron, and a nonconductor of vibration, wheels properly formed chiefly of wood, will be much more secure than those made of iron. Indeed, the specimen wheel herewith cannot be broken, let the service to which it may be applied be ever so severe. When the spokes or the naves of the ordinary railway wheels are entirely broken, or otherwise rendered unfit for service, the value of the wheel is entirely lost; whereas the whole of Mr. Parkins's wheels, except that part of the wood which forms the tire, will last an indefinite time."

[There are many other good and sufficient Parkins's reasons, which we need not advert to.—Ed. L. G.]

Description of Wood, and Dimensions of Cylinder.	Force which crushed the Specimen. lbs. mean.	Crushing Force per Square Inch. lbs.	Description of Wood, and Dimensions of Cylinder.	Force which crushed the Specimen. lbs. mean.	Crushing Force per Square Inch. lbs.
Yellow Pine. —2 inches high, 1 1/2 inches diameter	4381 4381 4197	4306	King Wood. —Dry ornamental wood, 1 1/2 inch diameter, 2 1/2 inches high	9931 9931	12645
Cedar. —1 1/2 inch diameter, 2 inches high	4639 4381 4197	4456	Pear Tree. —Dry. .99 inch diameter, 2 1/2 inches high ..	5899 5583 5899	5787
1 1/2 inch diameter, 1 inch high	4805	5863	Crab Tree. —99 inch diameter, 2 1/2 inches high	5227 4891 4891	5005
Another specimen, quite dry, 1 1/2 inch diameter	3760 3633 3633	4912	Ditto, after 2 months, .99 inch diameter	5801	
Red Deal. —1 1/2 inches diameter, 2 inches high	4381 4381 5053	4605	Sycamore. —99 inch diameter, 2 1/2 inches high	5227 5877 5899	8481
Other specimens, 2 months turned, 1 1/2 inches diameter, 1 1/2 inch high	5277 5277	6586	Walnut. —99 inch diameter, 2 1/2 inches high	5563 5563	5563
Poplar. —(Not quite dry) 1 1/2 inch diameter, 2 inches high ..	2395 2680 2303	2440	Another specimen, .99 inch diameter	4553 4891 4553	4687
Do. turned and dried 2 months, .96 inch diameter, 1 inch high	3709	5184	Elder. —About a month after the specimens were turned, .99 inch diameter, 1 1/2 inch high ..	5171 5171	5171
Pursh Green. —Fallen 2 months, 1 1/2 inch diameter	2589 2589 2265	2614	.95 inch diameter, 2 1/2 inches high	7089	
After turning and drying one month, .975 inch diameter	4187	5568	.92 inch diameter, 2 1/2 inches high	5863 5171 5171	5302
Plum Tree. —(Dry) .96 inch diameter, 2 inches high ..	6347 5865 6347	6216	Hambam. —1 1/2 inch diameter, 2 1/2 inches high ..	3709 3485 3485	3560
.96 inch diameter, 1 inch high	7131 6899	7915	After 2 months' drying, 1 1/2 inch diameter, 2 1/2 inches high	5728	7289
Do. (wet) fallen 2 years, .99 inch diameter	3813	3637			
Beech. —99 inch diameter, 2 1/2 inches high	5878 5899 6397	5953			
Ditto, after drying and having been turned two months, .99 inch diameter ..	5725	5363			
Ash. —96 inch diameter, 2 1/2 inches high	6007 6571 6173	6550			
Ditto, after 2 months as before, .99 inch diameter, 1 1/2 inch high	5725	5363			
Quebec Oak. —1 1/2 inch diameter, 2 1/2 inches high ..	3485 3211	3323			
Ditto, after 2 months, as before, .99 inch diameter, 1 1/2 inch high	4605	5082			
English Oak. —96 inch diameter, 2 inches high	4891 4891 4891	4891			
Ditto, 2 months after being turned and dried, .97 inch diameter, 2 inches high ..	6821 7433	7087			
.97 inch diameter, 2 1/2 inches high ..					
American Pine. —Full of sap, .99 inch diameter, 2 1/2 inches high	4555 3883	4107			
Do. after being turned and dried 2 months, .96 inch diameter, 1 1/2 inch high ..	3833 3833 3905	3933			
Bay Wood. —99 inch diameter, 2 1/2 inches high	5553 5899 5899	5787			
Spanish Mahogany. —1 1/2 inch diameter, 2 1/2 inches high ..	6173 6173 6173	6430			
Teak Wood. —1 1/2 inch diameter, 2 1/2 inches high	9895 9895 9895	9804			
American Birch. —1 1/2 inch diameter, 2 1/2 inches high ..	9309 8961 9309	9160			
English Birch. —1 1/2 inch diameter, 2 1/2 inches high ..	3769 3485 3485	3560			
Do. after 2 months as before, 1 1/2 inch diameter, 1 1/2 inch high	4829 5053 4605	4820			
elm. —1 1/2 inch diameter, 2 inches high	8413 7980 7980	8114			
Alder. —1 1/2 inch diameter, 2 1/2 inches high	5501 5721 5501	6576			
After 2 months' drying, 1 1/2 inches in diameter, 1 1/2 inch high	5659 5277	5473			
Bor. —1 1/2 inch diameter, 2 1/2 inches high	7579 7843 7843	7355			
1 1/2 inch diameter, 1 1/2 inch high	8880 8307	8003			
Other specimens give	7579 8281	9630 10286			

The Botanic Gardens, this afternoon, were made a recreative promenade, and being the only occasion at this Meeting more especially intended for the amusement of "the ladies," the attendance was numerous and pleasant. Many of the townspeople entertained visitors, there being no evening engagements.

Thursday was a good deal occupied with the meeting of the General Committee; and we have already anticipated the most important paper of the day, that of Mr. Schönshein (see our last No.). We now add such others as our convenience permits:—

SECTION A.—Mathematics and Physics.

'On the Progress of the Meteorological Observations at Plymouth, with the Barometer and Thermometer,' by Mr. Snow Harris.—The pressure of our atmosphere is indicated by the barometer being affected in these altitudes by many accidental circumstances; it is not without difficulty we are enabled to trace the great periodical variations, and exhibit them as they would appear in an undisturbed state. It is only by a careful and extensive series of observations, such as those now in progress in various places, under the direction of the British Association, that we can hope to examine successively great periodical variations in atmospheric pressure, and bring them under the dominion of general laws. The great periodical variation, as shewn by the horary oscillation, observed by Humboldt in the tropics, and by other philosophers in different parts of Europe, is undoubtedly a phenomenon of high interest in meteorology. In discussing the hourly observations with the barometer at Plymouth, Mr. Harris has shewn that this phenomenon is distinctly traceable amidst a vast mass of accidental fluctuation. He exhibited the mean hourly pressures for the years 1837 and 1838, and the mean of the two years, and shewed that a double wave was apparent when these points were connected by a continuous line. The points in the waving line thus produced, had been each determined from 730 observations; the whole number of observations from which the mean pressure had been

* After 2 months' drying, 8807.

deduced being 17,500. The following general results were then mentioned:—The mean height of the barometer at the Plymouth dock-yard, 60 feet above the level of the sea, and at a mean temperature of 60° of Fahrenheit's scale, was, from the latest results, 29.8967. It occurred in the mean hourly progression four times in the day, viz. at 2, 20, and 8, 10, A.M.; 12, 30, and 6, 15, P.M.—at which times the waves crossed the mean-pressure line. The difference on oscillation, from 5 to 10 A.M., amounted to .0113 of an inch; between 10 A.M. and 3, 30 P.M., amounted to .0118. The hours of greatest pressure were 10 A.M. and 9 P.M. The hours of least pressure, 5 A.M. and 3 P.M. Of the diurnal semi-waves, the ascent in the morning is the least, and the ascent in the evening the greatest. Of the descending branches of the curves, that during the day is less than that during the night. The times of the oscillations differ. The wave by day, viz. that between 5 A.M. and 3, 30, P.M., being ten hours and a half; that by night, viz. between 3, 30, and 5 A.M. being thirteen hours and a half. The size of the daily wave, therefore, so far as the observations hitherto proceeded, was less than that of the wave at night. Mr. Harris proceeded then to discuss the observations as applied to the different seasons of spring, summer, autumn, and winter, and shewed that the general hourly progress of the pressure was greatly interfered with at particular periods; the wave of autumn being that which coincided most nearly with the general curve. Of the different monthly pressures, October and December were the greatest, November and February the least, January and September the two nearest the mean.

Mr. Harris now proceeded to discuss the supposed Influence of the Moon on the Barometer, and with this view had reduced about 4000 of the observations, so as to shew the pressure at the time of the moon's southing, and for each hour before and after; but he could not discover any differences which could be supposed to arise from the moon's influence. He was, therefore, disposed to agree with the conclusion lately arrived at by Mr. Lubbock, from a discussion of the Barometric Observations at the Royal Society—viz. that no lunar irregularity is observable from this method of discussing the observations—that, if at any time established, must prove extremely small. He could not, however, avoid mentioning, as a singular coincidence in the results of the two years, that taking the mean pressures about the four periods of the lunar changes, it appeared that the pressure was less at the new moon, and that it increased up to the last quarter, when it was the greatest. The first object being to arrive at certain great periodical variations, those had been principally kept in view; hence, mere accidental disturbances remained as yet unconsidered. Mr. Harris, however, had observed, as a very general result, that when the pressure decreased at night, whilst the temperature increased, the succeeding weather was always disturbed and uncertain—in winter, gales of wind from the S.E. and S.W., with rain; whilst, on the contrary, a decreasing temperature, with an increasing pressure, was generally followed by fair weather, with winds varying from N.W. to N.E. The observations hitherto made with the dry and wet bulb thermometer had not yet been reduced. Of the ordinary thermometer, more than 60,000 hourly observations were now completed. Mr. Harris had received two very interesting communica-

tions on the Hourly Changes of Temperature, which enabled him to contrast the curves of Plymouth and Leith with those of Frankfort Arsenal, near Philadelphia, and three places in the island of Ceylon. The Association was indebted to Major Ord, of the Royal Engineers, for the latter, and, through Professor Bache, to Capt. Mordecai, of the United States Corps of Ordnance, for the former. Hourly observations had been obtained by these gentlemen, at great personal exertion, similar to those which had already appeared in the Transactions of the Association, and which very fully confirmed the results arrived at by Sir David Brewster, to whom the scientific world is indebted for the first perfect series of hourly observations of the thermometer obtained; and also the results of those arrived at by Mr. Harris in the discussion of similar observations carried on at Plymouth, at the request of the Association. Mr. Harris here exhibited, under the form of curves, the mean hourly progress of the temperature at these different places. It appeared, from these observations, that the line of mean temperature at the three stations in the island of Ceylon, between 6° and 8° N. lat., was crossed between 9 and 10 A.M., and at 9 P.M. The mean temperature at these stations being 74° at Kandy, and from 80° to 81° of Fahrenheit at the others; which did not materially differ from the times at Leith, in which the mean temperature is 48°, and the lat. about 55° N. At Frankfort Arsenal, near Philadelphia, the line of mean temperature is crossed also about 10 A.M., but differs at night, being between 7 and 8 P.M.; whilst at Plymouth, the line of mean temperature was crossed soon after 8 A.M. and 7 P.M., by the latest observations. The little comparative mean range of the thermometer at Leith and Kandy, and in Ceylon, gave great similarity to the curves indicating the march of the hourly temperature in these places. The author concluded with some general remarks on this interesting subject.

Professor Forbes and Professor Whewell pointed out the necessity of reducing the observations to 32° of Fahrenheit. Mr. Harris stated, that the temperatures at which the observations were made had not greatly differed, but that, before the Report appeared, the observations should be revised and reduced.

SECTION G.—Mechanics.

Mr. Julius Jeffreys read a paper 'On Ventilation and Warmth,' and exhibited a beautiful Model of the Pneumatic Grate. The main feature of originality in this grate, which distinguishes it from all others, is the bold manner in which it is projected into the room. Instead of the fire being immured, and three-fourths of the heat lost up the chimney, it stands so far forward as vastly to increase the field of its radiation. This important point of bringing forward the fire, without risking the entrance of smoke into the room, is effected by the peculiar arrangement of parts behind the grate. The various currents of air, flowing towards the chimney, converge in the chimney throat, and by retarding each other's passage upward, often turn the smoke into the room. To use Mr. Jeffreys's term, the air there suffers "congestion;" the plane of greatest pressure of these currents, is a horizontal one in the chimney throat. In the pneumatic grate the course of these converging currents is changed to a parallel direction, by their being made to pass through the intervals, between several flat and hollow tubes, which are ranged vertically behind the fire. In passing through

these narrow alleys, they acquire a parallel course, and make their way up the chimney without mutual interference. The pressure is here transferred to the vertical plane, formed by the front of these tubes. In addition to the advantage of bringing the grate forward, a copious body of warm fresh air is brought into the room, by making the vertical tubes communicate with an air-box below. The smoke current, passing through their intervals, warms the air inside without any danger of over-heating it, and it is discharged into the room over the chimney-piece. An animated discussion took place. One gentleman objected to the room such a fire would take up. Mr. Jeffreys replied, that the want of effect of our common fires is a constant subject of complaint, and that any other article of furniture, if thrust under a recess, would as ill perform its office. If the latter is given a place in our rooms, much more has the more important fire a right to the little space it requires. Indeed, that this apparatus renders available a tenfold larger space than it takes up, by enabling the inmates to occupy with comfort all parts of the room, instead of being crowded together, during the colder months, within the half nearest the fire. To another objection, as to the originality of warming the air introduced, Mr. Jeffreys shewed that in all other plans, where there was any considerable effect, the fire itself was robbed of heat, and the fresh air necessarily over-heated—a point of the greatest importance to be avoided. In the pneumatic grate, no heat is stolen from the fire, but drawn entirely from the smoke current. The fresh air cannot be over-heated, and enters in a vastly greater quantity than in any other provision of a like nature. The subject, which is one of great importance, appeared to excite much interest in the Section.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

THE BRITISH EMPIRE IN THE EAST.

By COUNT BJORNSTJERNA, the Swedish Ambassador.
[Continued from Page 575.]

THE road from Cabul, over Peschawar to the Indus, has already been described.

What has been here said of the roads to India, will probably shew, that the only possible way for an army, organised in the European manner, is that which goes over *Heral, Kandahar, Ghuzni, Cabul, and Peschawar, to Attock, on the Indus.*

Every military expedition, however, undertaken on this road, presupposes the absolutely necessary co-operation of Persia,—I say co-operation, for Persia *alone* is unable to undertake any thing of importance against the British power in India. Its infantry is inconsiderable, its artillery of little consequence, its cavalry undisciplined,* and its treasury empty. Consequently, it could only be in conjunction with some greater power, and as *vanguard to it*, that Persia could possibly venture an expedition against British India: it is scarcely necessary to repeat here, that this power can be no other than Russia.

What is now to be examined, therefore, is, what prospect of success Russia and Persia would have, should they unite in an expedition against British India.

The capability of the Central Asiatic states to

* It is difficult to state, with any degree of certainty, the military force of Persia, seeing that it, as being always *varied for the occasion*, depends on the more or less quiet state of the interior of the country: 600,000 irregular infantry, with 30 or 40 cannons, is the greatest number Persia has had in arms during the last 30 years. The cavalry may amount to considerably more, but, if collected to any great number, it cannot find the necessary supplies.

withstand the incursions of a regular army, arises less from their riches than their poverty; the inhabitants' nomadic life and miserable dwellings, which it is not worth while to defend, render them inaccessible for a regular army. They bend like a reed before the storm, but do not break; they regain, or, more properly, never lose their form. It is but a trifling inconvenience to these people to be driven away from their homes; this removal incommodes only the conqueror himself, whose supplies are thereby decreased: The difficulty of forming any alliance with them, excepting such as have plundering for their object, is very great, especially when it is to be accomplished by a foreign nation, differing from them in manners, language, and religion. Consequently, no safe and rapid march can take place in these countries, where the invader, in order to secure his communications, must have behind him a whole chain of reserve troops, provide all the fortifications on the way with garrisons, and every larger defile with a corps of observation; circumstances which, in countries so extensive as those between the Indus and the Araxes, would require an immense army and an overflowing treasury.

According to what we have already said of the topographical character of Persia, it presents nothing, excepting a small branch of the Hindoo-Koosh mountain (the Paropamesian), but sand deserts, with here and there a few oases. An army can, certainly, in these, obtain the necessities of life, but cannot, without the greatest difficulty, transport them through those extensive tracts which separate them, where every thing is wanting, as well food as water.

For an army coming from the north, these difficulties of supply commence even in Georgia, where the necessities for so small a force as 20,000 men,* the greatest that has ever been collected there, must be fetched from *Odessa* and *Sebastopol*, with great expense, over the Black Sea.† The difficulties of obtaining provisions increase the further one proceeds into the interior of Asia, and are, probably, at last, on the borders of Afghanistan, almost insurmountable. An army marching through Persia might certainly prevent some part of these difficulties if it divides itself into smaller bodies, and advance *par étapes*; but then it must be perfectly sure of Persia's (often uncertain) friendship, and, at all events, join again to one body on approaching the enemy, in order to be able to perform the object in view.

* According to a report delivered to the East India Company by Sir John Macdonald, Prince Paschkevitch himself told him, that it would be impossible to support more than 20,000 men in Georgia and the neighbouring countries.

† Klapproth, so well acquainted with Persia, and particularly with Caucasus and Georgia, gives, in his work on these countries, some opinions respecting the difficulties which hinder the progress of a Russian army on the other side of the Araxes, which are worth mentioning, though I do not perfectly agree with him:—"The Russian army," he says, "which advances to the Persian territory, leaves, at least, 120,000 well-armed Caucasians behind it: the whole population of Georgia, only waiting for a good opportunity to revolt, and the Mahomedan tribes in Karabagh, Chirvan, and Daghestan, always ready to shake off the yoke of the infidel. Since Russia extended its possessions beyond the Caucasus, it has been obliged to support a numerous army in the conquered provinces. This army being unable to obtain sufficient provisions in these tracts, it is necessary to send them in great quantities over the Black Sea and Caucasian mountains, by roads generally impassable for carriages. All necessities for the arming and clothing of the troops are carried in the same way to Georgia; hence it may be judged how expensive the possession of these provinces must be to Russia. An army of 40,000 men is scarcely sufficient to check the warlike tribes of Caucasus and the inhabitants of Georgia, who seek every opportunity of plundering the country and making slaves of the inhabitants."

After having overcome the difficulties met with in marching through the sand deserts, others, not less considerable, present themselves in the passes of the Afghanian mountains—abysses, ravines, and roads rendered impassable by snow; which, for an army of European organisation, offer very serious hinderances. The change of temperature between these cold mountain tracts and the burning* plains of Persia just before crossed, would also be very injurious to the health. But the difficulties an army meets with in its march to India do not cease on its arrival at the Indus. After having crossed the river at the upper part, it encounters Punjab (the kingdom of Lahore), marshy, and intersected by five several rivers; on crossing the river at the middle part, the sand desert of Bikaner presents a formidable obstacle; and if the passage be made at the lower part, there Scind presents itself, rendered almost impracticable for an army by the nature of the country: it now first arrives at the *British dominions*, where the strife would begin to be still more serious.

From these different circumstances, it may be concluded how enormously great that army must be which, after having ensured its communications with necessary reserve-troops, along the whole of that extent of 700 farsukhs (2000 English miles), which separates Araxes from the Indus, could arrive with sufficient force at the latter to engage with the Anglo-Indian army there collected, which, richly supplied with the necessities of war, can amount to 100,000 men, besides an equal force in reserve beyond the Sutledge and the Loony (see p. 557).

With regard to the possibility of Persia's being able, when united with the above-named northern power, to gain allies on the way to India, the case seems briefly as follows:—

The Afghanian tribes† hate the Persians, as well from political as religious reasons; the former, on account of wars often carried on against each other, and the usual enmity prevailing among neighbouring states; the latter, because the Persians are schismatic Shias, while the Afghans are orthodox Sunnites. Nor is it probable that these nations will in-

* "The thermometer rises here to 50° of Reaumur in summer."—*Alex. Burnes's Travels to Bokhara*.

† The Afghans call themselves "the bees in Israel," or, the children of Israel, but consider the name "Yahoodæe," or Jew, as a nickname. According to their historical records, Nebuchadnezzar is said, after the destruction of the temple of Jerusalem, to have moved them to Bamea (the present Cabul), and they were then called Afghans, after their leader Afgham, who was a son of Asaf's (Solomon's viceroy) uncle, who was the son of Berkin. This person's pedigree is derived from a side branch, his own father being unknown, which is not at all uncommon in the East. They say that they lived as Jews, till Khaleeb (who obtained the title of Caliph), in the first century of Mahomedanism, called on them to partake in wars against the infidels. For these services the Caliph gave their commander, Kyse, the title of Abdoobrusheed, which means, the Son of the Powerful, and appointed him as "Butan" (an Arabian word), or head of his tribe (answering to a clan in Scotland). It is from this title of *Butan*, that the Afghans were called in India, Patans. After the campaign under Khaleeb, the Afghans returned to their native country, and were governed by a royal race, descended from Kyanee or Cyrus, till the eleventh century, when they were conquered by Mahomed, a Turkoman prince, who, after having first established his power in Ghuzni, conquered a great part of India, and founded the Afghanian kingdom; which continued till Baber, a descendant from Tamerlane, established the kingdom of Mongol there. The features of the Afghans very much resemble the Jews; they themselves allow that they are descended from them, although they despise the present race, and, consequently, would not acknowledge this origin, if it were in the least doubtful. They even yet follow the Mosaic law in several essential points, as where it is ordained that the younger brother, after the death of the elder, shall marry the widow.*

* See more on this subject, in "The History of the Afghans," by Neamul Ullah, translated by Dorn; as also in Alex. Burnes's travels.

considerately let a foreign military force penetrate their mountainous and easily defended country, being for Asia what Switzerland is for Europe.*

Should it, however, be possible, contrary to all expectation, that such an alliance be accomplished, by the ambition of *Dost Mahomet* in Cabul, and his brother's in (Kandahar) easiness of disposition; the decided consequence of this alliance would be, that *Ranjit Sing* in Lahore, who is already at open war with *Dost Mahomet* in Cabul, and whose people (the Seikes) consider the Afghans as their hereditary enemies, would join the British government: a circumstance which would alone be sufficient to detain an enemy marching against India, more than one campaign, if it did not completely frustrate its design.

Ranjit Sing has also more to gain by an alliance with England than by one with her enemies. An alliance with the former could possibly obtain from him the fertile provinces of Cabul and Ghuzni, agreeing so well with his former conquests, *Peschawer* and *Cashmere*; while a union with the enemies of England, even after the greatest success, could not give him more than the desert plains between the Sutledge and Delhi, which are not by any means tempting for him: it is for these reasons that the British government ought to be able to depend upon Ranjit Sing's friendship, and hope to conclude an alliance with him.

The government in Calcutta would, however, act most wisely by deciding the question beforehand, as well with Ranjit Sing as with the Emirs in Sind,† and before the army, which may possibly be approaching from the north, comes nearer its territories. Either peaceably or by force it ought to advance to the Indus, which forms the natural boundary of British India in the north-west, and the proper basis for the operations of its armies.

Besides the above-mentioned difficulties, which would meet an army coming from the north against British India, the following circumstances ought also to be taken into consideration, namely:—

1st. That the mountain-tracts, which present themselves on the way to India, are not passable during the winter (on account of lavines, falls of snow, storms, &c.); that the sand deserts (of which there are many in the way‡), cannot, without great difficulty, be passed in the summer; which, together, would render it a hard problem for the commander of an army to solve, how he should direct his march so as to arrive, at the proper season, at each of these places; and the difficulty is

* The reason why the Afghan princes in Cabul and Kandahar do not, in the present war between Persia and Herat, assist the latter, is, that the sultan in Herat (Kumram) is a son of the deposed king of Cabul (descendant from the Sudozy dynasty), while the princes in Cabul and Kandahar are sons of the viceroy who deposed the above-named king, and that Kamran murdered their brother, Futeh Khan. The princes in Cabul and Kandahar are nearly allied with each other; united, they can bring together a force of 30,000 cavalry, which, in their mountain-passes, would be as invincible as those of the Tcherkases in the Caucasus.

† It is said that a treaty of alliance has already been formed with Ranjit Sing, since the above was written, as also with the Emirs in Sind.

‡ In case the army follow the above-stated common caravan road from the north of Persia to India, namely, that which from Tabris (Taurus) goes over Teheran, Astrabad, Musched, Herat, Kandahar, &c.; the greater sand deserts are certainly avoided, but several of less extent present themselves, namely, one between Tabris and Teheran, one between Astrabad and Musched, one between Musched and Herat, and several on the other side of Herat, which together make more than thirty days' march in the desert. Besides, the road goes between Teheran and Astrabad, through the low and very unhealthy Mazanderan, where brouzas would cause the most lamentable effects on the health of the army.

increased, as the season of the monsoons must also be avoided as a time for the arrival in India, as during that period no army can keep the field.

2d. That the conformation of Central Asia, with great chains of mountains on the one side, and extensive sand deserts on the other, leaves no other opening than the road that leads from *Herat* to *Kandahar*, and thence through a deep valley to *Cabul*, *Peschawar*, and *Attock*, at the Indus. That this road, especially from *Kandahar* to *Attock*, forms one continued defile of 120 geographical miles in length*, through which an army cannot penetrate otherwise than in a single column, and consequently cannot form a basis for its operations. The danger of advancing by a single road for so great a distance, without a base of operation, is shewn, among other instances, by Napoleon's campaign to *Moscow*.†

3d. That, in those extensive sand deserts which lie on the road to India, it is impossible for horses to draw that heavy artillery, with the necessary ammunition required for the taking of the fortified towns met with on the road (among which is *Herat*), and scarcely could they bring forward the greater field-artillery, absolutely necessary for the conflict on arriving at the Indus, with the well-supplied Anglo-Indian army. That the camel is as incapable as the horse of conveying larger pieces, it being neither a draught animal, nor able to carry such pieces with their counterpoises. That, in a word, no means are to be found by which heavy cannon can be conveyed through these deserts. That the camel is useless in the Afghan mountain-passes, afterwards presenting themselves, with their hard and stony paths; the horse of but little service; and that the sand deserts, which again occur (especially that of *Bikaner*), require either camels or elephants;‡ neither of which can be had by a hostile army, coming from the north.

4th. That the financial sacrifices, brought on by an expedition on so great a scale, together with that caused by these political consequences in Europe, might possibly exceed the means.

It is also remarkable that the Anglo-Indian army's line of operation against *Persia*, and the other west and north Asiatic powers, is considerably shorter, and much more advantageous, than those powers' line of operation against India. The reason for which is, the dominion

* From *Kandahar* to *Cabul*, 75 geographical miles (15 on the degree); from *Cabul* to *Attock*, 45; making 120 geographical miles.

† Should, on the other hand, an Anglo-Indian army ever attempt a warlike expedition against *Afghanistan*, it would, no doubt, have to contend, not only on the road from *Mitlum*, or from *Schikarpur* to *Kandahar*, or from *Attock* to *Cabul*, with the same local difficulties as a Russian army marching from the north towards the Indus: there would, however, exist the following difference between the two enterprises, viz. :—

1st. The Anglo-Indian army's line of operation from the point of starting, the Indus (from whence it can easily obtain all its wants), is considerably shorter than the line of operation of a Russian army from its base of operation, which cannot be considered to be nearer than *Araxes*, or even the *Black Sea*. 2d. The Anglo-Indian army's means of conveyance (by elephants, camels, &c.) are much greater than those of a Russian army. 3d. The Anglo-Indian army not only possesses sepoy, but also native Englishmen, who all of them have lived a long while in the tropical zones, and are much more accustomed to the climate and to marching in the sandy deserts than a Russian army can be. And, 4th. The Anglo-Indian army would meet no difficulties in crossing the Indus, on account of all the different means of transport it possesses there, whereas the difficulties would be insurmountable to any other army not possessing these means. From what has been stated above, it necessarily follows that an Anglo-Indian army's operations against the *Afghanistans* would be subject to great difficulties, but not to be compared with those a Russian army would have to encounter on its march to India.

‡ Jacquemont says, that the Anglo-Indian army possesses 3000 elephants and 40,000 camels in their establishments erected for the purpose.

of the British over the Persian Gulf, by which they can send troops from *Bombay*, not only to *Busheer* (*Abuscher*), in *Persia*, but also up the *Tigris* to *Bagdad*, one of the most important provinces of *Turkey*.*

From *Busheer* and its neighbouring city *Shiraz*, a British force thus brought can easily support one of the present pretenders to the Persian crown, and by that means shake considerably the new shah's still trembling throne.

A similar army can, from *Bagdad*, either support the sultan against *Persia* or *Russia*; or also, united with any of its enemies (as the viceroy in *Egypt*, whose army is in *Syria*, not far from the *Euphrates*), extend its arms to the very heart of Asiatic *Turkey*, according to the side which England might take in the changing combinations of European politics, into the labyrinth of which I shall not here attempt to penetrate.

In the first case, if allied with the sultan, an Anglo-Turkish army at *Bagdad* might extend its operations to the not very distant *Erivan*, *Georgia*, and even to *Circassia*, now in a state of open war; an undertaking of a less eccentric nature than it at first sight appears to be, when it is recollected that the Anglo-Indian government sent an army in 1801, under the command of General *Baird*, the conqueror of *Seringapatam*, from *Calcutta* to *Cossier* on the *Red Sea*; which marched thence to *Cairo*, and, united with General *Abercomby's* army, then arrived from *England*, obliged the French to capitulate, and re-established *Egypt* under the power of the sultan. The distance between *Calcutta* and *Cairo* which was performed by this army, is three times as great as that between *Bombay* and *Bagdad*, consequently the idea is decidedly within the bounds of possibility. The history of the world mentions, however, only one single conqueror, who, by means of one great offensive movement, knew how to keep off the defensive from the boundaries of his own country; and even he found a *Capua* and a *Fabius Cunctator*.

An armed demonstration from *Bombay* to *Shiraz* would, on the contrary, be attended with little difficulty; it would not, certainly, in a direct way, hinder the shah's present warlike operations against *Herat*, for the distance is too great (150 geographical miles), and the country between *Shiraz* and *Herat* little else than a continued sand desert; but, indirectly, it might cause a considerable diversion, and oblige the shah to think rather upon his own safety than on his present distant and dangerous expedition.†

What has been here said respecting the possibility of a warlike expedition along the Persian Gulf to *Bagdad* and *Shiraz*, tends only to prove, that the Anglo-Indian army's line of operation against *Persia* and the western and northern Asiatic powers is considerably shorter, and much more advantageous, than the line of operation of these states against British India.

The views stated above as to the possibility

* English steamboats have lately, under the command of Colonel *Sheriff* and Captain *Lyons*, gone from the Persian Gulf, as well up the *Tigris* to *Bagdad*, as up the *Euphrates* to *Hil*, beyond the ruins of ancient *Babylon*; both the rivers were found navigable even for larger vessels.

† Note by the Translator.—It is evident from these and other observations, that this part of the work (as in fact the whole) was written during the latter part of the year 1838 (and not published before the beginning of 1839), consequently, before the news arrived, either of the British expedition to *Busheer*, or of the raising of the siege of *Herat*; the expedition against *Busheer*, as well as the movements towards the Indus of an Anglo-Indian force, have, however, been foreseen by the author.

of a warlike expedition against British India, may perhaps lead to the following conclusions, namely :—

1st. That no one of the separate states of Central Asia can, alone, effect any thing against British India; that a union among them is not probable, as both political and religious causes prevent it: that it is, therefore, only in the north of the states that that power (*Russia*) is to be sought which could place itself at the head of an expedition against India.

2d. That the topographical nature of Central Asia, which, on the road to India, presents on the one side the *Hindoo-Koosch*,* with its several branches,† and, on the other, extensive and wild sand deserts,‡ does not permit an army, organised in the European way, to advance by any other road than that which leads over *Herat*, *Kandahar*, *Ghumt*, *Cabul*, and *Peschawar* to *Attock*, on the Indus; that an army, so advancing by a single road, cannot form a basis for its operations against India, which is always a source of much danger.

3d. That an enemy approaching by this road must, in the first place, be perfectly sure of *Persia*; and, besides, on advancing further, be supported, as well by the *Afghans* as by *Ranjit Sing* in *Lahore*,—a union difficult to bring about, and without which every undertaking against British India must fail, and the retreat through the sand deserts lying behind, with the tremendous mountain-passes, would be attended with great danger.

4th. That the distance between the *Araxes* and the Indus§ cannot be passed by a European army in less than two campaigns (even should the resistance on the road be inconsiderable or none); a space of time sufficient to form, in Europe, such political combinations as might possibly put a speedy end to the whole expedition.

5th. That want of the necessities of life in the sand deserts lying in the route, the great natural hinderances in the mountainous tracts, the destructive effect on the health of the army, from the difference of temperature in the former and latter, the difficulty of taking sufficient heavy artillery, and the greatness of the distance, prevent the advance of a great army to India; and a small one cannot effect any thing on its arrival against the superior British force there stationed, which, richly supplied with the necessities of war, can, as well in discipline and tactics as in bravery, compete with any army in the world.

6th. That should, contrary to all expectation, so distant an expedition really take place, its failure would be more than probable, and the difficulties of the retreat be in proportion to the extent of the advance made.

Independent of the positive difficulties here briefly represented, which hinder a warlike expedition against India, the negative one ought not to be forgotten; viz. that the Anglo-Indian army's line of operation against *Persia*, and the west and north Asiatic powers, is much shorter, and considerably more advantageous, than these powers' line of operation against India.

It is, consequently, not from the inroads of

* The Indian Caucasus.

† The *Taropameian*, *Bameanian*, *Solimanian*, &c.

‡ The *Kirmanian*, *Muranian*, &c.

§ From *Erivan* on the *Araxes*, to *Attock* on the Indus, the distance is about 700 farsakhs, equal to 450 geographical miles, equal to 2100 English miles, viz. *Tabris*, *Teheran*, *Astrabad*, *Musched*, *Herat*, *Kandahar*, *Cabul*, and *Peschawar*, which one possible for a European army. From *Attock* to *Calcutta*, the distance is about 1900 English miles. The whole distance, consequently, is 4000 miles from the *Aras* to the base of a Russian operation. *Odessa*, the *Kuban*, or *Astrakan*, 1000 more, and *Sumarum*, 5000 English miles.

foreign armies that British India has any thing to fear; at least, not so long as peace can be maintained in the interior of the empire: only in case *this*, at a more or less distant period, should be shaken by any considerable eruption, would it be possible for the attack of an enemy from without to cause any real injury? *It might then succeed, but not till then.*

The way to cause such an eruption within the bosom of the British empire in India would be the following:—Either to try to conquer by degrees, one after another, those states which lie on the route; spread and exaggerate in India the reports of such conquest, and thus awaken and keep up those subjects for fermentation already existing there; or, what would be easier, merely stimulate, by political influence, their hostile feelings against British India; irritate that desire of conquest against this country which has so long prevailed amongst them; organise their armies in the European way; and, when once the opportunity presents itself, lead their expedition against India: thus, without ostensibly violating their treaties with England, lose no opportunity of injuring that power whose interests do not accord with their own.*

How long these silent hostilities (*guerre sourde*) might be borne by England, would depend on the *inward political state* of that country, and on the ministry's possessing that *moral strength*† and *resoluteness* necessary for the balancing of these properties in their adversary so highly endowed with them. It would also depend on the *majority in parliament* by which this ministry was supported, which, if not powerful, hinders the transition of what strength and resoluteness it may possibly possess, from the field of sound to that of reality.

For the *peace of Europe*, however, these enterprises in Central Asia are of the most dangerous nature, seeing that they change this ground, before almost indifferent in European politics, to a scene of war for opposing interests, to a field, where the greatest military and naval powers in the world may meet in conflict with each other; which, even should the *material* contact between them not take place, might possibly, merely from the *political*, kindle a general war throughout Europe.

Such a war would, with the combustibles there existing, be of so much the more serious nature, as it might easily, from the *material interests*, pass over to one of the principles of society, the most dangerous of all!

A general reflection may here, perhaps, be added, that the powerful empire established by England on the continent of Asia, and established principally by *force of arms*, cannot be maintained by any other means than justice and prudence supported by *force of arms*; that this *force*, through the reductions of late years, which have reduced the Anglo-Indian army from 291,000 in the year 1827, to 185,000 in 1834, is no longer in proportion to the gigantic size of the empire, the heterogeneous quality of its constituent parts, and the federative nature of its political constitution. The golden rule has therefore been too much put aside: *Si vis pacem, para bellum.*

The views here briefly stated, on one of the most important subjects in the present politics

* Russian policy, which is so well described by Rarasin, their court-historian, in the following words. He says: "Nothing changes in the character and views of our foreign policy. We seek to be at peace every where, and to make acquisitions without war, always keeping ourselves on the defensive. We place no faith in the friendship of those whose interests do not accord with our own, and we lose no opportunity of injuring them without ostensibly violating treaties."

† By this is meant the power of the will.

of Europe, cannot have a better confirmation than by the quoting of what that distinguished statesman, author, and warrior, Sir John Malcolm, has said in his report to the Court of Directors, 4th July, 1830, which finishes with the following words:—

"It is in our power to destroy the commerce and arrest the progress of this empire (Russia) in Europe; and as this power is too obvious not to be fully understood, it is impossible to believe that the Court of St. Petersburg will pursue any speculation and uncertain plans of aggrandisement in the East, that are attended with such eminent hazards to Russia, *except they are encouraged by an overcautious policy on our part.*"

(To be continued.)

PINE ARTS.

THE DAGUERROTYPE.

Academy of Science, Sitting of August 26.

M. ARAGO communicated to the Academy the result of some researches, made by M. Dumas, with the view of preserving the impression of the Daguerrotype. The varnish used by that celebrated chemist, and found to succeed better than any other, is composed of one part of *dextrine* to five of water, and is applied hot to the plate. The photogenic impression is thus free from any danger of friction, and may be copied by means of transparent paper, &c.; it, however, loses a good deal of its brilliancy. The varnish may be washed off again with hot water, without the photogenic impression receiving any damage, and the original brilliancy and distinctness of the image is thus restored to it. This statement of M. Dumas, was replied to by M. Sylvestre, who shewed that he had long ago used the same varnish himself, and he recommended in its place the following composition:—*Dextrine* two parts, water six parts, and alcohol one part. He considered it doubtful whether these varnishes, if suffered to remain for any great length of time on the photogenic image, might not in the end injure and alter the chemical combination by which it is formed. It was hinted by M. Arago, that either the copper sheet on which the plating of silver was made might be indefinitely reduced in thickness, or even that *paper* plated with silver might be employed. M. Chevalier, optician in the Palais Royal, making use of M. Daguerre's method, has succeeded in getting some very fine photogenic drawings. M. Susse, picture-dealer, Place de la Bourse, has advertised Daguerrotypes for sale. The crowd at Giroux's shop is immense, to see the photogenic apparatus and the impressions obtained by M. Daguerre himself. The unscientific are disappointed at the slate-coloured effect of the image, and many more at the price (about 400 francs) of the apparatus!!

THE DRAMA.

THE Drama during the week has been productive of several novelties, but nothing of much dramatic interest. At the *English Opera House*, a burlesque of the Eglintoun tournament, called a *Turn among the Knights of Chivalry*; but it failed to please the audience, and was roughly condemned. With another new piece, *The Lass of Gowrie*, the company have been more fortunate, though deprived of the assistance of Miss Rainforth, Mr. Balse, and Mr. Frazer, absent on provincial engagements. Mr. and Mrs. Franka, however, have done much to supply their places; and the pretty music of a Scottish character, by Mr. Leigh

Smith, procured for the *Lass of Gowrie* a favourable and hearty reception.

At the *Strand*, we have another version of the *Susanne* played at the Adelphi, in which Miss Daly sustains very cleverly the deaf and dumb show of the original Celeste. It is the production of Mr. Selby, who, with Mrs. Selby, also performs in it with good effect. On Thursday evening a most ludicrous burlesque of the tournament was produced, and was received with shouts of laughter throughout.

The *Haymarket*, rich in Macready and Miss E. Tree, is nightly filled with excellent company and their continual plaudits.

Covent Garden is announced to open on Monday the 30th.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

STANZAS.

BREEZE of Autumn! Breezes of Autumn!

Sighing through yon leafless tree;

Well with my dejected bosom

Suits thy wild, lorn melody.

The gales of Spring light hearts may please,
I love the Autumn breeze.

Like Eolian lyre my bosom

Makes with thee her plaintive moan,

While each heart-string, wildly throbbing,

Sounds with thee in unison.

The gales of Spring, &c.

Still to me thy dirgelike numbers

Tell of joys for ever fled;

Youth's bright dreams for ever vanished,

Hopes enshrined with the dead.

The gales of Spring, &c.

Breeze of Autumn! Breeze of Autumn!

When beneath the sod I lie,

O'er me sound no other requiem

Than the music of thy sigh!

The gales of Spring light hearts may please,
I love the Autumn breeze.—R.B.S.

VARIETIES.

Science in Italy.—The Scientific Congress, invited by the Grand Duke of Tuscany to meet at Pisa in the beginning of October, would be a great treat, if not too distant for any of our friends to attend. The invitation is general and liberal to all foreigners, the lovers of science; and Italy, the country of Galvani and Volta, is well entitled to offer them a philosophical reception. At this period, too, Amici of Florence, Melloni and Caponi of Naples, Marianini of Padua, Matteucci of Ravenna, Plana of Turin, and Cacciatores of Palermo, adorn it; and the letters bear the signature of MM. C. Bnaparte, Antinori, Amici, Giorgini, Savi, and Bufalini, all belonging to Tuscany.

The Daguerrotype.—A public experiment of the Daguerrotype was made by its inventor on Saturday last, in one of the halls of the hotel of the Quai d'Orsay. M. Daguerre described the mode of using his instrument to an assembly of about a hundred and twenty persons; and in the course of an hour and a few minutes produced a beautiful view of the river, the terrace, and the palace of the Tuileries.

Earthquake, &c.—On Sunday morning, about half past one o'clock, the shock of an earthquake was felt pretty generally throughout Monmouthshire and the west of England. On Tuesday, one of the finest appearances of aurora borealis ever witnessed in the southern parts of our island was visible nearly throughout the night, varying its illumination in a thousand brilliant ways. On the second of August, two severe shocks of earthquakes visited Martinique.

and greatly alarmed the inhabitants of St. Pierre, &c. Fortunately, however, the ravages of the preceding January were not repeated.

W. Wilkins, Esq., F.R.S., B.A., &c.—We notice, with regret, the death of this well-known architect, announced in the newspapers, near Cambridge, on Saturday, the 31st of August, and in his sixty-first year. He was B.A. of Gonvil and Caius Colleges, and took honours in the year 1800, after which he spent several years in Greece and Italy as travelling bachelor to the University. We have not generally been admirers of his works, but in matters of taste, such as Downing College, St. George's Hospital, the London University, the National Gallery, and his college erections at Trinity, King's, and Corpus Christi, in Cambridge, we shall leave the public to judge of his talents. In the last-mentioned building, his bones are laid to rest; and we lament to have to say that, after a life spent in the higher walks of society, and among the exalted and refined, we have reason to fear that Mr. Wilkins's latter days were clouded with misfortune.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

In the Press.

A novel, entitled "The Fatalist; or, the Fortunes of Godolphin," by an Essayist on the Passions.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

A Manual of Veterinary Pharmacy, by W. J. T. Morton, 2d edition, 12mo. 5s.—The Sportsman's Register, or Game-Book, 2s.—The Scheme of Prophecy; an Exposition of Daniel, fcap, 4s. 6d.—Holy Thoughts, 32mo. 1s. 6d.—J. Rogers's Attempt to Liberate Christianity from Popery, 12mo. 7s. 6d.—Life of the Rev. Henry Venn, 6th edition, fcap, 4s.—Pearson's Memoirs of the Rev. C. F. Swartz, 3d edition, 3 vols. post 8vo, 16s.—White's New Title Amendment Act, 12mo. 2s.—The Poetical Works of W. Cowper, edited by the Rev. H. F. Cary, medium 8vo. 14s.—The Adventures of Ulysses, by C. Lamb, fcap, 2s. 14s.—Sketches from Real Life, by the Rev. J. Turnbull, fcap, 5s.—The Vanity of the World, by Bishop Hopkins, 12mo. 1s. 6d.—Pastor's Gift to his Parish Families: Helps to Prayer, by Dr. G. Burns, fcap, 1s. 6d.—Dr. Lindley's Ladies' Botany Abridged, post 8vo, 12s.—Whalley's New Title Amendment Act, fcap, 2s. 6d.—G. P. Elliott on Qualification and Registration of Parliamentary Electors, 12mo. 10s. 6d.—H. W. Dewhurst's Natural History and Management of the Silk-Worm, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—Quarles' Divine Emblems, new edition, 10s. 6d.—Crabb's Dictionary of General Knowledge, 4th edition, 12mo. 7s.—Honourable R. Talbot's Goethe's "Faust," German and English, 8vo. 18s.—Family Prayers for a Week, by C. M. P. 18mo. 1s.—Memoranda of Rachel Howard, 12mo. 5s.—A Guide to the Study of the Pentateuch, by J. Thompson, 12mo. 4s. 6d.—Walton's Angler, by Nicolas, Vol. II. Imperial 8vo. 3s. 6d.—India proofs, 8s. 11s.—Physical Theory of Another Life, 2d edition, fcap, 6s.—Critical and Miscellaneous Essays, by T. Carlyle, 4 vols. post 8vo. 2s. 2s.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1839.

	August.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday	20	From 56 to 64	29.66 to 29.62
Friday	29	57 to 68	29.77 to 29.74
Saturday	31	53 to 63	29.54 to 29.22
September.			
Sunday	1	53 to 65	29.08 to 29.10
Monday	2	51 to 63	29.12 to 29.16
Tuesday	3	50 to 62	29.34 to 29.64
Wednesday	4	48 to 63	29.66 to 29.64

Prevailing winds, S.W.
Except the afternoons of the 1st, and two following days; cloudy, with frequent and heavy showers of rain.
Aurora Borealis. A remarkably brilliant Aurora of a deep crimson colour, with frequent coruscations, extending from N.E. to N.W.; the aurora was first observed about 9, and the coruscation, both crimson and white, continued till shortly after 10; a steady aurora, however, was observed till nearly midnight.
Rain fallen, 6 of an inch.

Edinburgh.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mr. Waldron will find a letter at our office.
We do not recollect if any, or what, motto was said to be engraved on the ring sent by Essex to Queen Elizabeth. The epigram alluded to by "A Country Gentleman" is even as bad as he describes it, and the false quantity in monies is notorious; but we have not a wheel for the butterfly, or, perhaps, as an epigram, pseudo-wasp.

Letter respecting the ruins of Palenque, &c., received, and intended for our next, or an early Number.
ERRATA. Page 246, third column, line 29 from bottom, for "elastic," read "electricity;" also, page 263, middle column, line 20, for "a place," read "Laplace."

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The Classes for Private Instruction in Hebrew, the Oriental, and other Foreign Languages, will also be resumed.

Medical Section.—The Winter Session will commence on Tuesday, the 1st of October, when Professor Arnott will deliver the Introductory Lecture, at Two o'clock p.m. precisely.

Civil Engineering, &c.—The department, under the superintendence of Professors Hall, Mosley, Daniell, and Wheatstone, and Mr. Bradley, Mr. E. Cooper, and Mr. J. Tennant, will be reopened on Tuesday, the 1st of October next.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Life and Times of Sir Thomas Gresham, compiled chiefly from his Correspondence preserved in Her Majesty's State-Paper Office: including Notices of many of his Contemporaries. With Illustrations. By J. W. Burgon. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1839. Jennings.

THOUGH prolix and somewhat tedious and minute, there is a good deal of interesting matter in these two volumes, which, had they been one, would have met with our more unqualified approbation. Mere personal details and statements about relations, near and distant, or clerks or servants, could never have been of sufficient consequence to engage public interest; and now, after so long a time has elapsed, it must be confessed that they claim no regard whatever. Had the family of Gresham, like that of the Medici (whom he resembled in many points), descended in papal and princely streams through national annals—even then such microscopic inquiries would have been thrown away. We only want the main features of such a life, accompanied by those particulars which illustrate character or reflect the manners of the age, with such unknown circumstances as may attach to historical affairs hitherto less clearly represented and explained.

Having set out with all the blame we intend to cast upon Mr. Burgon's labours, we can now the better afford to praise his diligence and research, and point attention to some of the many merits of his performance. Of Gresham's birth, and parentage, and education, we shall say no more than that his father, uncles, and cousins, were of Norfolk, and among the most wealthy and eminent London merchants; and that he had the benefit of at least a partial, if not a lengthened, university upbringing at Gonvil Hall, Cambridge. He was probably born in London in the year 1519, and saw the crown on the heads of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth, by the three latter of whom he was much and confidentially employed in commercial, financial, and political business. At the period of his entering upon his active career, Antwerp was the great mercantile mart of Europe, and its rich traders were the bankers and loan-contractors of monarchs. This city was the scene of his most extensive operations, in connexion with the Fuggers and Schetz, the Rothschilts and Barings of the sixteenth century. We copy here a notice of one of their transactions in the year 1552, *temp. Ed. VI.* The letter is addressed by Gresham to the Duke of Northumberland:—

“It maye please your Grace to be advertised, that as the 20th of this present, I came unto this towne of Andwerpe in safetye; whereas I fownd neyther Jasper Schetz, nor the Fugger's factor (being at Brussels, and lookyd for to-morrow at the fortieest, being the 21st daye). With whome I shall treat according to soche commission as the King's Majesty haythe given me; wishing at this tyme that yt maye please God to send me soche good succes, as that the King's Majesty's honnor and credit maye be nothinge touched. For that yt shall be no small grief unto me, that in my tyme, being his

Majesty's agent, anny merchant strangers shuld be forsaide to forbear their monny agaynst their willes: wyche matter from hensforthe must be otherwayse foreseen, or else in the end the disonnestye of this matter shall hereafter be wholly layde upon my necke, yf any thinge shuld chauce of your Grace, or my Lord of Pendbrocke, otherwise than well; for that we be all mortall. Wyche matter I doo not dought, yf God send you life, you will foresee in tyme: wherein I will advertise you my poor and symple advyce at large. But ere that I doo proceed anny further in this matter, I shall most humbly requyre your Grace to pardone me of this my writing; for that this matter touchyth the King's Majesties honnor and credit, wyche I am bound by my othe to maynteyne and keep: as also the very love and obedience I doo owe unto you, puttethe me cleane out of feare to wryte unto you this my full mynd at large. What follows, explains the difficulty Gresham had experienced:—‘Fyrst, it maye please your Grace to understand that at my comyng home, I browght with me two bargaynes for to discharge the King's Majesty's dett, due the 20th of August, amownting to the sum of lvi x li. [56,000l.], as also an overplus to remayne in the King's hands for the space of a yere: and that was, I offered lii x [52,000l.] in redde monny, after the rate of xii li. upon the hundred for a whole yere. And therewith, the King's Majesty shuld have takynne Manuel Ryssis jewel, wyche I offered once to you for viii x li. [8000l.]; with another dyamownd of the vallew of one thousand poundes. Wyche jewel I showed to the counsell at Alltham,* being there my Lorde of Wiltshire, my Lorde Darsay, my Lorde Warden, Sir John Gates, and Mr. Secretarye Syssell; and they made their reckonyng the jewels to be worthe nothinge, were they never so perfette or orient. Secondly, I offeryd them a bargayne from the Fugger for the prolongacion of xxv x li. [25,000l.] and to have taken v x li. [5000l.] in fustians; wyche also dyd not lyke them; saying that there was no other remedyd, but that the Fugger and the Schetz must forbear with the King's Majesty at this tyme; and that they would have them prolongyd for another yere, withought takyng of anny merchandize or jewels. Wyche matter dyd not a littill abash me, considering how things heretofore hath been sayd. For, as your Grace dowth right well knowe, when the King's Majesty's Father dyd fyrst begynne here to take up monny upon interest, Mr. Stephen Vaghan being his agent, a took the fee-penny in merchandize—eyther in jewells, copper, gundepowder, or fustians. And soe the matter hayth passid ever since in taking of wares, when the King's Majesty made anny prolongacyone, until the charge thereof was commyttyd unto me. Wherein I travelyd to the uttermost of my power, and by the means of my friends I fownd the means to serve the King with xx x li. [20,000l.] withought takyng of anny jewels or merchandize, as your Grace best knoweth. And to be playne with your Grace in this matter, I was fayne to

give forth my owne [word] that this monny shuld be paid at the just daye, or else the King's Majesty could never have hadd yt.’ The writer proceeds to expose the great disadvantages likely to ensue from the course he had been ordered to adopt with the king's creditors; adding, ‘To be playne with your Grace in this matter according to my bowndyd dewtye, veryly if there be not some other wayes takynne for the payment of his Majesty's detts, but to force men from tyme to tyme to prolong yt. I say to you, the end thereof shall neyther be honorabill nor profitable to his Highness.’”

This is extremely illustrative of these royal and national affairs; but we pass on to quote a passage of a later date, and relating to Queen Mary:—

“The extraordinary supposition that the queen was about to become a mother, when she was in truth afflicted with dropsy, did not fail, before it reached Antwerp, to assume the serious form of an actual occurrence: nor could less have been expected, after the great pains which had been taken at home to fill the public mind with expectations of an heir to the crown. Gresham writes thus to the lords of the council on the 4th of May, 1555:—‘It maye please your most honorabill Lordships to be advertised that as the iind of this present, here came newes along the seas by men of this country, that the Queene's Majesty was brought a-bed of a yonge Prynce, the last of April; whiche newes contynued here till the iiith day. And as the thyrde day, the Regent, being in this town of Andwerpe, about 7 of the clocke at night, dyd cause the great bell to ringe, to give all men to understand that the newes was trewe. Signifying unto your honnors, that as the iind day, upon the aryvall of the fyrst newes, the Queene's highness' mere merchants, according to their most boundyd dewtye, causyd all our Inglish ships to shoote off with such joy and triumph as by man's art and pollicie could be devysed, in the presence of the Regent, with all her nobills and gentillwomen. Whereupon the Regent presently sent our Inglish mariners one hundred crowns to dryncke. Trusting in God the newes to be trewe; for as yet, I, nor none of our nacion hath no certayne wryting thereof.’ Notwithstanding a certain degree of concern which this passage in Queen Mary's history excites, there is something irresistibly ludicrous in the accounts transmitted to us of the extent to which the delusion alluded to was indulged. ‘All the court,’ says Grafton, ‘was full of midwives, nurses, and rockers; and this talk continued almost half a year, and was affirmed true by some of her physicians, and other persons about her; which seemed both grave and credible. Insomuch that divers were punished for saying the contrary.’ On the 3d of May, the Bishop of Norwich received ‘the sodeine good newes of the Queene's Highness moost joyfull deliverance of a noobill Prince: whereupon, to laude God, *Te Deum* was solemly sung in the Cathedrall Church, and other places of the cytye [of Norwich], wyth wonderfull joye and muche gladness of all people throughout the whole cytye and the countrey thereaboutes.’ The parson of Saint Anne within Aldergate,

* Waltham, where the council had sat on the 7th, 8th, and 10th of August, 1552.—Council-book of Edward VI. Ms.

says Foxe, 'after procession, and *Ts Deum* sung, took upon him to describe the proportion of the child; how faire; how beautiful, and how great a prince it was, as the like had not been seen.' But by far the most extraordinary circumstance connected with this delusion has never yet been noticed in print. There is in the State-Paper Office an original letter to Cardinal Pole, signed by Philip and Mary, announcing the birth of a prince as an event which had already occurred. 'Whereas it hath pleased Almighty God of his infinite goodness to adde vnto the great number of other his benefites bestowed vpon vs, the gladding of vs with the happy deliuerie of a prince.' The date is left blank, but the letter is endorsed '29th May, 1555.' Passages such as the foregoing, however, are comparatively of rare occurrence in Gresham's correspondence at this period. Whatever favourable disposition towards him Secretary Boxoll may have entertained, there seems to have been wanting that cordiality between them,—the fruit of intimacy and similarity of sentiment,—which alone can impart interest to a correspondence; and however honourably treated by the council, and favourably noticed by the queen, Gresham generally confined himself in addressing both, to the strictest details of business."

Of this Boxoll, by the by, we are told:—

"So little is known concerning the history of Secretary Boxoll, that the two following extracts from Queen Mary's Council-book will not be unacceptable. Under the 23d of September, 1556, we find, 'This daye was Mr. Boxoll, warder of Winchester College, sworne and admitted one of the King and Queene's Majesties' Counsell at large; and as one of the Maisters of Requests, and a counsaillor of that corte.' On the 21st of December, the following entry was made:—'This daye, Mr. Doctor Boxoll, Archidiacon of Ely, was sworne and admittyd one of the Kinge and Queene's Majesties' privie Counsell.' (MS. in the Council-Office, f. 418, and f. 478.) These minutes, besides their biographical value, lead to the important inference, that to be of the 'council at large,' and to be of the 'privy-council,' were different things; and, consequently, that a man might be Queen Mary's counsellor without belonging to the privy-council. The former phrase seems equivalent in its signification to the term 'privy-council' at present; and 'the privy-council,' as used formerly, was what we now call 'the cabinet.'"

At the death of Mary,⁴⁴ the removal from office of Bourne and Boxoll,—Queen Mary's two secretaries, who were also strong papists,—and the immediate promotion of Sir William Cecil, were indispensable acts; and, among the few exceptions to the practice wisely observed by Elizabeth, of displacing as few of the ministers of the late queen as possible. Boxoll's behaviour on this occasion sets his character in a favourable light, and commands our applause; for, instead of interposing obstacles to his successor in office, it is clear, from a few of his letters to Cecil, dated about this period, that he cherished no sentiment but that of anxiety to afford him all the assistance in his power. He subscribes them in the language of affection—'Your lovinge friend, Jo. Boxoll.' One, in particular, dated only two days after Queen Mary's death, calls for notice, from the interesting circumstances it reveals. It seems probable, from its contents, that Thomas Gresham, when that event occurred, was out of England; and we learn from the same letter the melancholy and remarkable use to which the great seals, attached to the bonds which he must

have been expecting at Antwerp, were applied. His financial occupations in Flanders were of the highest importance, or they would not form the main subject of the very first communication which the late secretary addressed to his successor in office. Boxoll's letter accompanied a number of documents essential to the conduct of public affairs:—'The commission made to my lords now beyond the sea, with their instructions, and all such letters as have been whrytten by the late Queen,' &c., 'which,' he says, 'I have put in order, in such sorte as a man coming home in a sharpe fyfte of a quarten might do. You shall receyve also herewith, Greshames doings towching borrowing of money to the use of this Realme, and the said Queenes highnes late deceased. The letters are in ii packets;—th' one of the last yere,—th' other of this presente. The two Bandes whereof I spake vnto you, cannot be founde: they were left in the bedde-chambre of the late Queenes highnes, to be signed with her hande; and at the ceringe of the corse (as Clarencieux saith) converted to that use. They import nothing. You shall fynde,' he adds, 'in Greshames lettres wrytten this last October to the Queenes highnes, my Lords of the Counsell, and me, the Marchants names, and the somes of money that are to be conteyned in theis bandes nowe to be maid presently.' This letter was written from St. James's, on the 19th of November, 1558, and was delivered to Cecil the same night.⁴⁵ Gresham may have been out of England on the day Queen Mary died; but he cannot have been far off, and certainly lost no time in repairing to Hatfield after that event. As already stated, Cecil was with the new queen on Friday the 18th, which was the day after her predecessor's decease: a single day elapses, and we learn, on the best possible authority, that on Sunday, when the first council was held, Gresham presented himself before Queen Elizabeth, and formed one of the group of statesmen who might be seen assembled at Hatfield on that interesting and memorable occasion. Some years afterwards, in a retrospective mood, he fortunately relates this portion of his history; and supplies us with a characteristic saying of Queen Elizabeth at their interview, which is worth preserving. These recollections were suggested, in 1560, by an attempt which the Marquess of Winchester made to injure him with Queen Elizabeth during his absence; and again, in 1563, by a threatened reduction of his stipend: of both which acts of injustice he complained most bitterly to his friend Cecil. 'It maye please you,' he says, 'to be a meane unto the Queene's Majestie for me; and to put her in remembrance of my servise done this fyve yeres, that she maie have some remorse upon me,—according to her Majestie's promys that she maide me, before you, at her highness' house at Hatefylde, the xxth of November, an^o 1558, when her highnes came to the crowen: and that was (upon the discouraging how I was handelyd in Quene Maryes tyme for my good servise), her highness promised me, by the fayth of a Quene, that 'she wold not onely kepe one ear shut to hear me; but also, yf I dyd her none other servise than I hadd done to King Edward, her latte brother, and Quene Marye, her latte syster, she wold geve me as much land as ever they did: wyche two promyses, I will insweare your honor, maide me

a young man agayen, and causyd me to enter upon this great charge agayen with hart and courage. And thereupon, her Majestie gave me her hand to kysse it; and I exseptid this great charge.' When Queen Elizabeth promised Gresham that whatever evil reports might at any time reach her concerning him in his absence, she would always keep one ear shute to hear him on his return, she was no doubt thinking of a passage in her own early life; when, under sentence of imprisonment, she had 'knelt with humbleness of hart, because not suffered to bow the knees of her body,' to her sister Mary; imploring her to remember her last promise, that she should never 'be condemned without answer and due profe;' adding, 'I have harde in my time of many cast away for want of comynge to the presence of ther prince.'"⁴⁶

When we said we had confined our objections to the few points mentioned at starting, we had forgotten that of which we were not reminded till we proceeded with our extracts, viz. the waste of labour upon conjectural statements and arguments founded upon them (see p. 126, vol. i., for a curious example of this); and though the *oui bono* of many of the details might be answered with some show of reasoning, we are sure that the notions of "what might have been the case," and the conclusions drawn from such suppositions, had much better have been omitted. We will copy a short instance:—

"On the 23d of August he (Gresham) started on his journey, and met on the road the post which was the bearer of Clough's long despatch, dated the 21st, given in a preceding page. This he forwarded immediately to the secretary, with a short letter of his own, from which the following is an extract, dated 'from Halling Playasse, besydes Rochester, the xxiiijth daye [of August], at one of the clocke after mydnyght.' It seems reasonable to infer from the context, that he was writing in the house of his cousin, Thomas Leveson, or Lewson, Esq., who had married Ursula, a daughter of Sir John Gresham; but neither Hasted nor any older authority notices Halling Place as a residence of the Levesons; and what is stranger, instead of one mile, that mansion is nearly five miles distant from Rochester."

Now, what does it signify from what particular house a note or letter happened to be written? But we return to August 1563, for an extract in which the great plague is alluded to:—

"Good Sir, the more haste there is maide in the writing of the bands, the sooner they will be there; by the reason the payments be at hand, and there is no reamedye but some satisfication must be presentid in tyme, for the preserving of the Queene's honor and credit: whiche hath bin, and is, all my care,—considering to what good purpose it hath bin brought, and how moche credit hath stood her in stead; as your honor dothe right well knowe.—Likewise, I shall most humble desier you as ther may be such order takin, that my billes of exchange for the ij x v c li. may be paid (which will falle out the last of this month); by the reason, this plague tyme,

⁴⁴ Domestic Correspondence, St. P. Off. Another of Boxoll's letters, in the same glorious repository, is dated 'from my howse in Canon Row.' Cecil also lived in Canon Row, Westminster, though he was now at Hatfield. How interesting does that narrow little street become in consequence!"

⁴⁵ "The original of this extraordinary letter (which has been often reprinted) is preserved among the State Papers. It is entirely in the hand-writing of the Princess Elizabeth, and must have been written on Saturday, March 14th, 1553-4, the day before she was committed to the Tower. Lord Coke has endorsed it, 'Queen Elizabeth, my dear sovereign's letter to Quene Mary, in exile.' (Dom. Corr.) See Bill's Letters, 2d Ser. vol. ii. p. 253."

there is noe money nor creadit to be had in the streat of London [Lombard Street]: for I understand by my servant Candelier, that everie man is afraide to speke one with another. Therefore, it maye please you to move the Queene's Majestie to see it presentlie paid; and hereafter, when the plague is passid, and everie man falls to his trade agayne, monny will be better to be had. Therefore I praye you, Sir, for this tyme, to consider what great moment it is unto me to run upon the Exchange, for the preserving of my poore name and credit; which is the cheefest substance that God hath sent me, as you doe right well knowe."

The state of a royal agent in those days is strangely exemplified in the following:—

Gresham's next letter is dated the 3d of October; wherein he says that, since he wrote last, 'It had pleased the Lords of the towne to licence him to come into the towne to his house, with all his servants; and that he had succeeded in contenting all the queen's creditors except Rantzowe and Brocketrope. 'I colde bye no meanes bringe the factor of the sayd men to conclude with me; by the reason his comission extendyd only to be paid, or elles to arrest me; and to proceed in justice.' He relates how he had perswaded this agent to repair to his masters, and see if he could not persuade them to agree to the prolongation of the debt, by promising to defray the expenses of his journey, and to give him on his return a chain of gold; and he insists on the indispensable necessity of the queen's getting ready by the 20th of November, 20,000*l.* in gold, to be sent over to Antwerp for the purpose of being coined there, which would be more advantageous to the queen, he said, than paying by exchange."

The erection of the Royal Exchange, however, may be looked upon as the grand event of Gresham's life, it having been suggested by his father, Sir Richard, and undertaken by him after he had the calamity to lose his only son and heir. The details are interesting, though Stowe's account is ample enough for general information. That Henryke, of Antwerp, was not only the architect, but that, except the wood, almost every article of the material was imported from the Low Countries, are strong evidence of the destitution of England, in these respects, and of her dependence upon foreigners:—

"It is (says Mr. Burgon) quite surprising to perceive, from the incidental notices contained in his correspondence, to what an extent, at this period, an English edifice was indebted to continental artificers, not merely for its decorations, but for its most material features. One cannot help regretting that one of the numerous letters which it is certain that Gresham wrote to Clough about this period, enumerating the objects of which he stood in need, and describing the progress he was making, has not been preserved to us. This, however, was not to be expected; and Clough, very naturally, confines his replies to a general expression of pleasure at the satisfactory accounts his master continued to send him, and a promise that 'the provision' ordered,—that is to say, the architectural and other materials,—should be forwarded with the least possible delay. 'And as touching your things belonging to the Bourse, according to your last, they shall be provided here, and sent away as soon as they shall be ready.' . . . In the beginning of December we meet with the following passages. 'I have also received within that your letter, a letter that the Erie

of Wormonde [Ormond] sent you; the order whereof I will follow, and wyll not fayle but to sende both the wainscot and the glass by the fyrst ship that shall depart for those parts. And for that he shall be well serryd of his wainscot, I do now send one to Amsterdam to provide wainscot for the Bourse; who shall buy so much more: and that beyng done, I will choose out his 200 out of 1200, whereof he shall have the best. And for the glass, it shall be bought out of hande. Notwithstanding, I doubt there wyll no ship depart for those parts before March; but and if there do, and that I can by any meanes gett so much freight in them, they shall be sent with the first: whereof have you no doubt. . . . And whereas you write me, so well as touching certain provisions of howseholde, as also as touching the Bourse, you shall understande that I have shipped in Cornelys Jansone's sprette all such things as you wrote for; whereof I have wrytten my fellow Candelor at large. And as touching the Bourse, we do now begyn to shippe some part thereof; and before Easter, we trust all shall be shipped from hence.' Accordingly, about the following Easter, that is to say, sometime in April 1567, John Worrall, one of Gresham's apprentices, wrote as follows to his master: 'Richard Backer, your worship's man and his fellowe . . . be here, ready to pass [in] these next ships for London; wherefore, I mean to send them in one of the shippes layden with stone for the Bourse, for the which there ys three ships readie to departe from hence, as to-morrow, yf that the wynde serve them.' Worrall appears as Gresham's correspondent, in consequence of Clough's absence from Antwerp; the latter having left that city on a matrimonial excursion, of which it will be more proper to speak hereafter: suffice it for the present to state, that although requested by Gresham to remain in Flanders, until 'he had despatched all the provision of stone for the Bourse, and hym that had taken it in hand,' Clough hastened into Wales on a more interesting errand. He returned to Antwerp, however, a married man, by the middle of May 1567. Meantime, the erection of the Bourse went forward; and in the course of a few months, sufficient progress had been made with the edifice to render it desirable to introduce the statues, which, up to the period of its destruction, formed a conspicuous part of its interior decoration. They seem, from the following passage in one of Clough's letters, to have been all made in England, with the exception of Queen Elizabeth's: some of the other statues having been sent to Antwerp, apparently for the purpose of shewing the artist in what style and of what size he was to produce the figure of her Majesty; which, by a natural act of courtiership, it was intended to make the principal object. 'I have received the pictures you wryte of,' says Clough, 'whereof I wyll cause the Queene's Majestie's to be made, and wyll sende you the rest back againe with that, so soone as yt ys done.' About a month later, the edifice began to be slated. Clough writes: 'And as touching that you wolde have sayd to Henryke, I have so done; and he wyll make his provysion thereafter, and wyll come withall along seas: for he sayeth he wyll nott go over and leve the stones behynd him. And for the slates they shall be bought and sent you with the rest of the stuff.' After a fortnight had elapsed, we read, 'I do perceive by your letters, that the slates were not come from Dort, whereof I have marvell: so that I wyll send awaye the other that you wrote for, hoping that Henryk

ys arrived with you long past, and all such stones as was lacking for the Bourse; and I do look daily for Mr. Secretary's porte; which is promised to be here by Michaelmas day.' Elsewhere we find mention of iron bought for the Bourse. In short, it is evident that nearly all the materials of which that edifice was composed were brought from Flanders; and it is worth observing, that the date of the last passage in Clough's letters, where the slates for the Bourse are mentioned, is October 1567, which corresponds very well with Stowe's narrative,—'by the month of November, in the year 1567, the same was covered with slate, and shortly after fully finished.'"

And now began the troubles in the Low Countries; which, from being the wealthiest and most prosperous land in Europe, soon sunk with its people into the lowest condition of bloodshed and misery, with its *Placcarts* for laws, and *Gueux* for Charists—a pregnant lesson to every commercial community on the face of the earth. The settlement of many of its most industrious citizens in England, the dispersion of others over the Continent, and, above all, the transfer of the British trade to Hamburg, the account of which is very curious and interesting, are all circumstances well worthy of careful perusal and consideration. The tragedies of Alva, and the destruction of property and security by civil war, are instructive; and Gresham's finance finale almost like the *dénouement* of a drama:—

"I have spoken (he writes) with the Queen's Majestie's creditors for the prolonging of the rest of the xxxij *ii* *li*, with whom I have had much ado; but (thanks be to God!) now I am at a point with them. So that I have delivered them the new bondes to consider; and upon the receipt of the old, I doo intend (with the leave of God and the Queene's Majestie) to make my repaire homewards with the olde bonds; and so to departe this town with as much honnor and credit to my sovereign as ever I did in all my life. For, with my sodden departure, I shall give the burse and all other marchants to understand that I have no more neede of monie, and that I have contented all the creditors; which is most convenient for me so to do as the time now requirith. For that I do see and feele already that here is no more monny to be had at no price; by reason I have gone through all the monnie-men by one practise or other, and specially with all them which I was wonte to deale withal,—as the Fucker, Schetz, Paulus Van Dall, Rellinger, Lixall, the heires of Lazarus Tucker, and divers other; of whom there was not a peny to be had, by the reason they be so farre ought with their Prince, and verie sore indebted in this place, and take up all they can get, themselves, to preserve their credit. So, Sir, I will no further molest your honor of the great scarcity of monnie that is here; nor also what ado I have had to come by this monnie; but therein refer me to the report of others. Being right glad, in this miserable time, that I have accomplished the things that her highness sent me over for."

So he gave the Queen's creditors, as was customary, a splendid banquet, and bade them—alas, how ineffectually!—*fare-well*.

In 1574 or 5, after his more active career had closed, and the Bourse been built ten years, Sir Thomas founded his college in London for the gratuitous instruction of all who chose to attend, and Gresham House in Bishopsgate Street (pulled down in 1768) was the result. The seven sciences to be taught were divinity, astronomy, music, geometry, law, medicine, and

rhetoric. Gresham died of apoplexy at the age of sixty years.

Little Pedlington and the Pedlingtonians. By John Poole, Esq., author of "Paul Pry," &c. 2 vols. post 8vo. London, 1839. Colburn.

MR. POOLE introduces this amusing production to us by a preface, which denounces humbug, and does not a little indulge in that quality. It declares that all the characters in *Little Pedlington* are nominally and truly what they are represented to be, or have been; and that they bear reference to no other parties whoso or whosoever. Persons who have fancied that he drew from other sources and individuals, must therefore be mistaken; i. e. if they believe this assertion, which we confess we do not. But never mind whence the writer has taken his materials. As his sketches appeared in the "New Monthly Magazine," every body acknowledged their humour, and laughed at their clever and never ill-natured satire. His theatrical squabbles, his publisher-disputes, his critical expositions—in short, all his pictures of many-coloured life, were so absurdly applicable, that whilst we were diverted by the fun, we might learn lessons of wisdom and conduct from the examples set before us. We are not aware that any personal offence has been taken at the portraiture; but we can safely aver, that if we had figured in the same manner that others appear to have done, we should have enjoyed the joke and pardoned the freedom.

Mr. Poole's style is peculiarly his own. Under the semblance of playfulness there is always an under-current of very acute observation, and application to the world around, its actors and doings. Sometimes this is caustic enough, and sometimes caricature may be called in to give point and piquancy, but it is seldom altogether unfounded or harshly unjust. There is a drollery about it which would convert a stinging into a tickling; and even if annoyed by it, we could not abstain from laughter.

At all events, we are glad to see *Little Pedlington*, and its microcosm, in a separate form. It must entertain the reader; and, if judiciously taken, it may contribute a good deal to the benefit of the drama, criticism, competition, and other pursuits in which all mankind are more or less interested and engaged.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Modern Literature of France. By G. W. M. Reynolds, author of "Pickwick Abroad," &c. 2 vols. London, 1839. Henderson.

THE author's view of modern French literature is so essentially opposed to ours in almost all that concerns good taste, morality, and religion, that we cannot enter upon a detailed notice of his publication. It would lead us into a long argument, for which we have neither inclination nor space. All we shall say, therefore, is, that his work contains a good deal of information on the subject, and tells the reader much about recent French works and authors.

Narrative of a Visit to the Court of Sind, at Hyderabad, on the Indus. Illustrated with Plates and a Map; with a Sketch of the History of Cutch, and an Appendix. By James Burnes, K.H., LL.D., F.R.S., &c., Bombay Army. 12mo. London, 1839. Most of this little volume has appeared before in various publications, but being collected together and well arranged, we beg to notice it

as one of the most useful and appropriate works of the day, fully explaining the past and present condition of Cutch and Sind; and the best geographical and commercial information that can be obtained respecting the opening of the navigation of the Indus, and the wants, trade, resources, &c. of the inhabitants who live on the banks of that noble river.

A Series of Letters, Addressed to H. R. H. The Duke of Sussex, as President of the Royal Society, Remonstrating against the Conduct of that Learned Body. By Lieut.-Colonel Everest. 8vo. pp. 147. London, 1839. Pickering.

THIS biting and satirical pamphlet is an answer to a preceding brochure by Major Jervis, of the Bombay Engineers, with remarks, not of the most placid or complimentary kind, upon an address to the East Indian Directory, signed by thirty-eight members of the Royal Society, recommending certain scientific proceedings in regard to India, and involving the personal employment of the authors of these publications. The principal subject in dispute is the continuation of the Grand Trigonometrical Survey of India, of which geodetical operations Lieut.-Colonel Everest has been the principal superintendent since the death of his predecessor, Lieut.-Colonel Lambton, in 1827 (to whom he was chief assistant, for five years from 1818); and with which he thinks Major Jervis and his friends, in this Royal Society, have improperly interfered. For this offence he belabours them with all his might, and cuts right and left, not only upon the surveying question, but upon other suggestions, touching the languages, the religions, the geography, &c. &c., of the country, about which the advisers were wonderfully ignorant. Such is the character of these letters, and without taking any part in their *pros* and *cons*, we are bound to say that they are sufficiently seasoned to be more piquant and amusing than such matters usually are.

Smith's Standard Library. (London, Smith.)—We feel great pleasure in paying a justly deserved compliment to this series of works in a cheap form. They are printed in excellent style in large octavo form, and vary in price from sixpence to four or five shillings. The last issued are "Home," by Miss Sedgwick, Mr. Stephens' "Incidents of Travel," "The Vision of Don Roderick," and "The Life of Benvenuto Cellini."

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION

PROCEEDS, we believe, on its voyage this day, and we take leave to add a few further particulars to the account given of it in our last *Literary Gazette*. At the Cape of Good Hope the vessels will probably not remain more than three or four days, merely to land the observatory and instruments. They will then trace their course by Marron and Prince Edward's Island, Crozet Isles, and so on to Kerguelen Land (S. lat. 49° 50', and E. long. 70°), which being in a vast expanse of ocean, and equidistant from the two great continents of Africa and Australia, is considered a most eligible site for taking observations. Had the expedition been able to sail at an earlier period, it would probably, from hence, have explored the regions ten or fifteen degrees to the south, where are laid down Bellinghausen's course and views of land in February 1820; Briscoe's course, in February and March 1831; Kemp's track and land, seen in December 1833; Enderby's Land, and other interesting points in that direction, of which we have as yet only geographical glimmerings. But as the time will not now admit of this, the voyage will be continued in lower latitudes to Van

Diemen's Land, taking the opportunity, in crossing them, to ascertain the lines of magnetism converging towards the polar circle.

At Van Diemen's Land, the observatory, &c., will be landed, and our navigators meet their old friend and associate in northern enterprise, Sir John Franklin, who, we dare to say, would rather be their companion again than governor of the colony—such is the hold which such exploits and services take upon the minds of men. Whilst the observatory is erecting, the Erebus and Terror will take a cruise along the Australian coast, Port Jackson, &c., look after Howe Island, Admiralty Rocks, Curtis Island, L'Espérance Rocks, Chatham Island, Cornwallis Isles, Antipodes' Island, Campbell Island, Emerald Island, and other very imperfectly known lands, all scattered round New Zealand. On this route they will have opportunities to ascertain the lines of magnetism converging in an opposite direction to those obtained before, and pointing from the westward as the former from the eastward to the magnetic pole.

About November 1840, it may be expected, that having revisited Van Diemen's Land, and completed their observations in the new observatory, our gallant countrymen will sail to fix the precise spot where that pole exists. In our last, we expressed an opinion that it would be found situated rather lower, to the north, than either Capt. Ross or Professor Strauss (as we are taught by more careful examination of their statements) look for it; and it is worthy of remark, that their calculations coincide most curiously on this important question. We would say, then, that the antarctic pole will be discovered somewhere between E. long. 140° and 160°, and lat. 62° and 70°—a small compass when we consider the short measure of the longitudinal degrees in that quarter of the globe.*

The summer months of December, January, February, March, and April, will be spent in this investigation; and searching for the lands mentioned in our last under the names of *Sabrina* and *Ballynny*. Of the latter, we are informed that the mate of Mr. Enderby's ship landed upon it with a boat, if landing it can be called, when he shoved in amongst the ice, leaped into the water up to his middle, and shovelled up some handfuls of stones and gravel, or sand, from the beach below.

If they can penetrate to the south, perhaps the expedition will winter here among the ices of the South Pole. All beyond is as yet utterly unknown to man.

It would be superfluous for us at this period to endeavour to trace the future operations of the expedition. The pole of intensity will probably be found between the magnetic pole and Van Diemen's Land; and the vessels, it is to be hoped, will return in safety, with all their acquired information, to the latter, in 1841. They will then circumnavigate the great polar basin, and, wherever the attempts can be made, reach the highest possible latitudes. The secondary pole should be near Weddell's furthest point. Circumstances must therefore determine the extent of their exertions, and the time they will employ. But we trust to witness their happy arrival on the English shores, after an absence of three years.

Among the excellent arrangements of the ships, we ought to have noticed the bulls' eyes,

* *Impromptu.*—The following impromptu was written at Hull, by a friend who, calling on its subject after his landing from a former voyage overcome with fatigue, found him fast asleep: it was stuck over his pillow.

"Here lies one, the first whose sole
Stood on the North Magnetic Pole:
Doomed upon frozen seas to roam,
At birth they named him—I. C. Ross."

which, instead of being fixtures, are formed to unscrew; and thus, in connexion with the warm air between decks, may, at all times, be turned to the most perfect system of ventilation. We cannot imagine any expedient so well calculated to conduce to the health of the crew. A gong has also been placed in each vessel, for signals in foggy weather, and in darkness; but, indeed, in every respect, the utmost precautions have been adopted to insure a comfortable progress and a prosperous issue. When we mentioned the engraving in Captain Ross's cabin, we overlooked its appropriate companion, *Christ Stilling the Troubled Waves*;—an omission which, as faithful chroniclers, we are bound to repair.

Once more, and again, we have only to repeat our own and the general prayer—*"Farewell! Farewell!"*

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

NINTH MEETING: BIRMINGHAM.

[Fourth Notice.]

WE have to commence our Report this week with two papers (read on Thursday and Saturday) on a subject of universal interest, which were prepared for our last Number, but deferred, in spite of our teeth, for want of room.

SECTION E.—Medical Science.

Mr. Nasmyth, 'On the Structure of the Teeth.' Feeling dissatisfied with some of the results of the investigations of late years contained in the writings of Retzius, Purkinje, and Müller, on the subject of the structure of the teeth; and having completed a series of researches, which he had commenced several years ago, and which he had pursued uninterruptedly to the present time, Mr. Nasmyth briefly placed before the Section the conclusions to which he had arrived on the following subjects: 1. On the covering of the enamel; 2. On the structure of the teeth; and 3. On the structure of the pulp, and its relation to the development of the ivory. He observed that the researches of Retzius and Purkinje, so faithfully detailed to the Section last year by Professor Owen, have established, that there enters into the composition of the simple and compound teeth of man and mammalia generally, not only ivory and enamel, but a third substance, the *crusta petrosa*, which had been noticed previously on the free surface of the compound teeth of graminivorous animals. The *crusta petrosa*, as existing on simple teeth, was described after Retzius, Purkinje, and Fränkel, as a layer external to the ivory of the fang, but as not present on these simple teeth as a covering to the enamel. Purkinje and Fränkel, however, state that they had once noticed it coating partially the enamel on the tooth of an old man. Mr. Nasmyth's researches have led him to the conviction that the enamel itself possesses, in all instances, a distinct envelope or coating. On the incisor of the calf, and several other simple teeth, he had also distinctly traced in this layer of *crusta petrosa*, superimposed on the enamel, the corpuscles of Purkinje, analogous to those found in bone. Mr. Nasmyth possesses preparations of teeth of the human subject, and simple teeth of the herbivora and carnivora, shewing this structure in a clear and unequivocal form. The details of its discovery and of its anatomical description, may be found by those who feel anxious to inquire further into the subject, in his paper in the forthcoming volume of the "Transactions of the Medical and Chirurgical Society," accompanied by drawings. In a paper submitted (see p. 600) to the Geological Section of the Association, on the struc-

ture of the substance, which, in the dental ivory, occupies the space between the fibres, Mr. Nasmyth proved, by a careful examination both of fossil and recent teeth, that the inter-fibrous substance is not structureless, but that it presents a character so remarkably well defined as to furnish a most important and interesting accession to the odontographic basis for a classification of the animal kingdom. [Drawings were exhibited.] He had also made researches into the structure and composition of the fibres of different teeth, and had generally found that these present an interrupted or baccated appearance, as if they were made up of different compartments. The size and relative positions of these portions or divisions of a fibre differ in various series of animals. In the human subject, for instance, each compartment of the fibre is of an oval shape, and its long small extremity is in opposition to the one next adjoining. The long axis of the oval corresponds with the course of the fibre. In some species of the monkey tribe, the fibre appears to be composed of two rows of compartments, parallel to each other, and a trace of the same appearance is evident even in some of the principal ramifications of the fibres. In the orangutan, the fibre is composed of rhomboidal divisions; and in the baboon, they are oval, like those of the human subject, and the surfaces of the long axis are in opposition. When teeth are submitted to the action of acid for a period sufficiently long to allow the earthy matter to be all taken up, the animal residue consists of solid fibres; and if the decomposition be allowed to continue, these fibres present a peculiar baccated appearance. Diagrams exhibited the appearance of the ivory, when the earthy matter has been almost entirely removed by acid, but when the cells still retain their position;—a more advanced stage of decomposition, where there seem to be attached to each fibre minute lateral filaments, which Mr. N. presumed to be the remaining portions of the emptied cells;—and the appearances presented when decomposition has so far advanced as to have rendered the fibre interrupted or baccated. The general appearance of the fibres thus treated is exactly similar to that of the fibres of cellular tissue generally; and the diameter of each fibre corresponds exactly to the diameter of the calibre of the tube, which, according to Retzius, is pervious, although, at the same time, he says that it is always more or less filled with contents of an earthy nature. In fact, the tubes have been said to be principally visible by means of their contents; the reason of which appears obviously to be, that these contents are the only part of them which actually exist. In order to separate the animal matter from the osseous substance of the tooth, Mr. N. submitted thin slices of many different kinds of dental bone to the action of a solution of caustic potash, for a period sufficient to dissolve and remove the organic tissue; but the brittle nature of the residue, the difficulty of washing it without breaking down its structure, and the great opacity of the sections which had been thus treated, deprived this experiment of any striking results, illustrative of the internal organisation of teeth; but the appearances presented in its progress were all such as to favour the conclusion, that the structure of the ivory is essentially cellular. Having convinced himself of the existence of the peculiar cellular structure of the tooth, he entered with great interest on an examination of the organ by which it is produced, viz. the pulp. On examining the internal structure of the pulp generally, the number of minute cells present-

ing themselves in a vesicular form is very remarkable: they constitute, indeed, the principal portion of its bulk. These vesicles vary in size from the smallest perceptible microscopic appearance, probably the ten-thousandth part of an inch in diameter, to one-eighth of an inch, and are evidently disposed in different layers throughout the body of the pulp. They are of various shapes, as shewn in diagrams. When thin layers of macerated pulp are examined, they present an irregular reticular appearance, and are found to be interspersed with granules. The parenchyma is traversed by vessels, of which the direction is generally vertical. He had frequently been struck with the rapidity with which the pulp diminishes in volume, and with the extent of this diminution. Sometimes, indeed, it would appear in a short space of time to be almost annihilated; and this seems to take place more decidedly when the tooth has been in a healthy state, and more frequently in adult than in temporary teeth. This shrinking, or almost total disappearance, may be accounted for by a peculiar collapse or change in the congeries of cells of which we find the pulp to be made up. The use of this peculiar arrangement, and the purpose which it serves in the economy of the part, will furnish curious subjects for future inquiry. A subject also highly worthy of investigation is the nature of the contents of these cells. They must evidently be filled either with air or fluid; but they are so extremely minute, that he has not yet been able to ascertain which. Much diversity of opinion, Mr. Nasmyth proceeded to remark, has always existed respecting the connexion of the pulp with the ivory of the tooth; and as to whether the ivory be simply a product of the pulp, or a transformation of its substance. Although this is by far the most interesting point in dental physiology, and involves the grand question of the manner in which the tooth is formed, as well as that of its arrangement and conformation, it is, notwithstanding, less understood, has been less studied, and is, consequently, more obscure, than any other part of the subject. The vague style in which authors discuss, or rather dismiss this topic, shews how little has been really done to elucidate it. The formative surface of the pulp displays a general cellular arrangement, which Mr. N. denominated reticular, and which, he stated, may be described as resembling a series of skeletons of desiccated leaves. [Drawings illustrated the appearances.] The large compartments, or leaves, of the reticulation, were seen to be oval, and overlap one another. On insulating one of these compartments, or leaves, its structure is found to be curious and regular. These beautiful reticulations have peculiar diversities in different animals. He first observed them in the human pulp, and soon found them in all other animals which he had an opportunity of examining, varying in size and arrangement in different cases. He had next extended his observations to the capsule, and to the capsular investment of the enamel, and found in these the same reticular disposition, though with characteristic variations. These leaves of reticulation are surrounded by a well-defined scolloped border, from which, occasionally, processes are observed to project at regular intervals. Mr. N. had next proceeded to inquire how the transition into ivory is effected. The researches which he had made on this point, he stated, are, as yet, imperfect; and he approached the subject with diffidence, knowing the deceptive results to which novelties sometimes lead; and well aware of the necessity of long study and deliberation, before judgment

be positively given on a point hitherto undecided. How does the fibre of the tooth originate? and how is the interfibrous substance, which must form the main bulk of the tooth, deposited? Mr. N. stated how far his own observations allowed him to answer these difficult questions; and he hoped by a few facts, which he thought his investigations had placed beyond doubt, to pave the way for a satisfactory explanation of the formation of dental bone. On the surface of the pulp, he observed, are found innumerable detached cells, with central points. Generally, these cells form a regular and complete coating, studded with points, which are placed at intervals, corresponding in extent to those between the fibres of the teeth. These points are rendered visible, from the greater opacity of the intermediate material, and will be seen to reflect or absorb the light, according to the difference in the focal distance. A comparison between the superincumbent perfect ivory and the formative surface of the pulp beneath, is always easy; because portions of the former at an early stage, at any rate, remain adherent to the latter, and fragments of the dental bone are found strewn over it, more especially in human teeth. The cellular conformation of these fragments is always evident, and in size and appearance they are perfectly accordant with cellulæ of the pulp. At an early stage of dental development, the reticulated or cellular appearance of the pulp is particularly beautiful. When merely a thin layer of ossific matter has been deposited on its surface, it may with great facility be drawn out entire, together with the former, laid on a glass, compressed a little, and then examined with the high powers of the microscope. The different layers of cells will be seen, and the transition into ivory may be observed. It appeared to him that the framework of the reticulations, or cellulæ of the pulp, is constituted by the fibres of the tooth, which, while in this state, are spirally coiled, and fit into one another. At all events the diameter of these fibres of the reticulations is precisely that of the fibres of the ivory, the points or projections rising from the framework correspond to the centres of the cells, and may be traced to belong to their structure. The fibres of the ivory are frequently very spirally curved, like those of the pulp, as they must be from the manner of their evolution. A diagram shewed the appearances presented by a portion of a recent tooth, which has been submitted to the action of acid. Part of the pulp was visible in connexion with the ivory, and the spiral fibres were seen as they are evolved on the surface of the former. It appeared to Mr. Nasmyth, on microscopic examination, that this convoluted fibre is made up of single successive granules, which are developed one after the other from the body of the pulp, until the fibre is complete. The manner in which the osseous matter is deposited in the cells of the interfibrous substance he had not been able to discover. It would appear that these cells are subdivided into minute cellulæ, for they present the appearance of being filled with granules in certain progressive stages of development. He stated, however, that in whatever aspect, therefore, we view the formative organs of the tooth, and the dental tissues themselves, and whether we examine the latter during the process of their development, or after their formation has been completed, we are every where met by appearances which denote a cellular or reticular arrangement. He allowed that these views of the formation and structure of the teeth are both bold and novel, but he did not

claim for them infallibility; he simply submitted them to the Association as the results of actual observation. He fully recognised and respected the authorities ranged in support of very different theories, though he still ventured to think that, were not his limits confined, he could easily shew how what he held to be fallacies and incongruities have arisen. As, for instance, from want of practice in the manipulation of materials, the precise nature of which has not been attended to; want of familiarity with microscopic appearances; ocular deception; the want of a well-defined magnifying power; and imperfect light in the microscope used; have been, doubtless, also causes of many of the conflicting conclusions to which almost all inquiries in this region of anatomy have arrived. He thought that the view he had taken of the subject more satisfactorily than any other explains facts of daily experience. The laminated arrangement of the osseous cells explains the concentric fracture of the tusks of the mammoth, and of other teeth, when left to decompose spontaneously. The cells being in imbricated apposition, and held together by earthy salts, being moreover arranged in layers, conformably with the periphery of the pulp, must be regarded as concentrically laminated. The existence of this structure explains the phenomena daily noticed by ivory cutters, and also Mr. Hunter's experiments of feeding animals with madder, the result of which is incompatible with any other theory of the structure of dental bone. No view hitherto taken of the structure of dental bone has afforded a satisfactory explanation of the ordinary morbid appearances of the tooth; but many of these, he thought, may be explained, if we regard the latter as cellular. Still he did not conceive that he had in any way exhausted the subject; far from it. He was quite alive to the imperfect nature of his researches, and was prepared for correction on many points, when more extended and more varied investigations shall have been undertaken. He had found that Schwann, in a recent work, teaches, that all the primary tissues of the animal frame are cellular; and has given to the world some remarkably interesting details on this subject. He says, that he has remarked the characteristic "cellular nuclei," or elementary cells, on the enamel membrane, that they are continued in minute fibres, and that these are similar to the epithelium cylinders in mucous membranes. He notices what he calls cylindrical cells on the surface of the pulp; and he supposes that these cylindrical cells of the pulp are the fibres of the tooth in their first stage, which does not at all coincide with Mr. Nasmyth's observations. Schwann regards the dental substance as the ossified pulp, whilst Mr. Nasmyth's observations lead him to conclude that the cells of the ivory are altogether a distinct formation. Schwann acknowledges, however, that he is ignorant of the process of transition, and he regards the dental pulp as a simple cartilage. In fact, he starts with a ready-made hypothesis, and founds his opinion rather on the observations of others, and on the inferences he draws from them, than on his own actual researches: with respect to what he himself gives as his own, it accords for the most part with the details Mr. Nasmyth had first communicated. According to Purkinje and Raschkow, the pulp consists at first of nearly uniform globules, without vessels and nerves; afterwards vessels arise in it, and at last nerves also. On the surface the globules are more regularly arranged, and more longitudinally extended, and turned in an external direc-

tion under right, or very slightly acute angles. These longitudinally drawn out globules, Mr. Nasmyth observed, are plainly cylindrical cells. They contain very evidently in fresh teeth the characteristic cellular nucleus-corpuscles, and are very similar to the prisms of the enamel membrane. The interior of the pulp consists of round cells also, with a nucleus; and between these cells run vessels and nerves. If we draw the pulp of a young tooth out of its cavity, and then examine the dental substance, whether deprived or not of its calcareous salts by muriatic acid, we shall find on its internal surface, at any rate inferiorly, where the already formed dental substance is still thin and soft, a layer of the cylindrical cells of the pulp. These have about the same thickness as the solid fibres of the dental substance, and also the same course; and inasmuch as they, on the one hand, plainly belong to the pulp, on account of their conformity with the cylindrical cells adhering to the remaining surface of the pulp; and on the other hand, as they cohere more firmly with the dental substance than with the pulp, and remain attached to the former, Mr. Nasmyth presumed that here a transition takes place, and that the cylindrical cells of the pulp are only the fibres of the tooth in their first stage, and change into the latter by filling with organic substance, becoming solid and ossifying. Sometimes these cylindrical cells are not found on the dental substance; but then, in their place are found a number of cellular nuclei. These are of a very pale colour, and are intimately connected with the dental substance, so that they are easily overlooked; but when the attention is once directed to them, it is impossible not to recognise them: the spaces between them are very narrow. Against the theory that the dental substance is the ossified portion of the pulp, the facility with which the one is separated from the other has been adduced; and he allowed the force of this objection. Nevertheless, it is at any rate weakened by the circumstance that a portion of the pulp actually remains attached to the dental substance, and by the fact that in half-ossified ribs, for instance, the cartilage can be easily separated from the ossified portion; and it must be remembered, that in the tooth the separation must be easy in proportion to the differences between the consistence of the pulp and of the dental bone.

We give *verbatim* Mr. Nasmyth's next paper 'On Epithelium,' in continuation of this interesting subject:—"In a former part of this communication I have endeavoured to prove that the pulp, the formative organ of the tooth, is composed of cells. I have also shewn that the character of the teeth themselves is more or less cellular; and the observations which I have made on the structure of the epithelium have led me to the conviction that it also is composed of cells. Although some of the facts which I am about to relate have, since the prosecution of my researches, been noticed by Heule and Schwann, in Germany, I think it right, nevertheless, to state concisely all the results of my investigations. Leeuwenhoek, who did so much towards the advancement of structural anatomy, was the first to give an accurate account of the structure of the epithelium. His researches on this subject are contained in letters to the Royal Society in the years 1674, 1684-85, which will be found in the third and fourth volumes of his collected works. He there states that the human epidermis and epithelium are composed of scales; and of these he has left very accurate descriptions and delineations. He spoke of the scales of the epithe-

lium as existing upon the mucous membrane of the mouth. The researches of subsequent observers tend to prove that these scales, or cells, exist in various forms upon the surface of all mucous and serous membranes, upon the inner membrane of the vascular system, &c. With respect to the existence of these scales on those membranes, I agree with the authorities whom I have just quoted; and, having premised thus much, I shall now proceed to treat, firstly, of the structure of the epithelium generally; and, secondly, on the epithelium as existing in the cavity of the mouth. *Structure of the epithelium generally*.—The epithelium is a layer of substance destitute of vessels, which covers the vascular surface of mucous membranes. Though destitute of vessels, it cannot, however, be considered as inorganic, as I shall presently shew. If the surface of a mucous membrane (for instance, the conjunctiva, or the buccal) of a living animal be slightly rubbed, it will be found, on microscopic examination, that numerous small particles have been detached from it. At the first glance they present precisely the appearance of scales, for they are flat bodies with a thick portion, or nucleus, in their centre, and with very thin and transparent margins. It was Leewenhoek who first gave to these bodies the name of scales. They are found not unfrequently with a curved margin, and without a central spot, or nucleus, and their surface often presents numerous transparent points, with very fine lines. The nucleus of the scale generally contains a small body, which has been termed the nucleus-corpuse. But, by this simple method of observation, we do not obtain an insight into their true structure. If we remove the secretion from the surface of an irritated mucous membrane, we shall find another class of bodies, which differ from these first mentioned, in being smaller and more globular. They have a nucleus of the same size as those of the so-called scales, and also a nucleus-corpuse; but the surrounding structure is in the form of a cell, and is much smaller. Here and there may also be observed a nucleus with its accompanying corpuse, lying in substance which presents no appearance of a cell. The structures here described may also be seen on a careful examination of a section of the epithelium and mucous membrane of a young subject. On the surface of, and in immediate apposition to, the mucous membrane, are seen numerous nuclei, which, more externally, are surrounded by a cell; and, on approaching still nearer to the surface, we find this cell, from having increased considerably in size and become compressed, assuming the appearance of a scale, which retains the nucleus and its corpuse of primitive size.* In the foetus, the defined and well-formed scales of the epidermis are not unfrequently distinctly seen externally; the *rete malpighii* consists of newly formed cells; and between the two may be observed other cells in a state of progressive development. On the surface of the vascular mucous membrane, minute cells are found with a nucleus in their interior, round which the cells grow; and this, in short,

* The various stages of the development of the epithelium may be satisfactorily traced, by removing, after a short maceration, the layer of epithelium from the under surface of the tongue of a young calf, and placing it upon a piece of glass, when, if the external surface of the object be brought into focal distance, large scales only with their central nuclei are observable; but if the object be approximated to the glass, so as to bring the internal part of it into the proper focal distance, numerous small scales are brought into view; and if the object be still more approximated to the lens, so as to bring its internal surface into the proper focal distance, numerous rounded cells become apparent.

is the process of development of the minute bodies which constitute the epithelium. An interesting subject of investigation, and one which, I believe, has not been entered upon by those who have hitherto treated of this department of anatomical science, is the manner in which the component parts of the epithelium are connected. The cells on the surface of the mucous membrane are separated from each other by considerable spaces, which are occupied by a gelatinous substance, interspersed with minute granular bodies. But the scales forming superficial layers of the epithelium are separated by very minute linear spaces; but are still connected together by a translucent, gelatinous substance. This latter displays considerable elasticity, as is rendered evident by an attempt to lacerate the epithelium in a moist state, if the latter be examined at the same time by the aid of a magnifying power. Each time that the laceration is attempted, the membrane yields, and the scales separate to a certain extent, but regain their original position on the cessation of the effort to draw them apart. In some instances a fibrous structure is evident in the gelatinous substance between the scales. The scales towards the free surface are distinctly observed to overlap. The gelatinous substance, above alluded to, presents distinct granular bodies, which give to the epithelium, *en masse*, a rather dense aspect, the individual scales being sometimes covered by these granules; the latter can, however, be separated from the scales by compression: by which means, indeed, the granules themselves may be made entirely to disappear. In certain parts of the epithelium of the calf, distinct fibres are observed, which pass over the surface of the scales and connect them together, thus forming a very delicate net-work. This appearance is most evident upon compression of the thick epithelium on the anterior part of the alveolar arch of the upper jaw. In these cases where the small scales, or small clusters of scales, are being continually thrown off, as on the surface of the body and of the mucous membranes of man and animals generally, the scales composing the external layer will be found to overlap each other, and thus the gradual presence of scales below, which are increasing in size, is the cause of the throwing off of these cuticular lamellae. After these have been detached, their place is occupied by newly formed scales. But there is another form in which the external layer of cuticle is removed, viz. in a continuous layer. The cuticle of the frog is composed of minute scales, the borders of which do not overlap, but are held in direct opposition, so as to form one lamina, which has a beautiful continuous tessellated appearance. This layer, covering the whole body, is thrown off entire by frogs and efts. I am disposed to believe that it is this covering which, according to naturalists, is swallowed by the animal after having been thrown off. As soon as this layer is removed, another lamina of scales is seen on the surface of the animal's skin. If, after the death of a frog, it be immersed in water, this thin, external, translucent layer, generally separates; but, upon prolonging the maceration, another lamina is found to be gradually separating from the cutis, which is dense, and sometimes measures a quarter of a line in thickness. Internally it will be found to be composed of very numerous cells, while externally the regular series of scales is evident. The tessellated lamina, alluded to above, evidently takes its origin from this layer of cuticle. An examination of specimens, and a consideration of the facts which I have related, cannot,

I think, lead to any other conclusion, than that the cuticle and epithelium are organised tissues. It would appear that they are formed from a fluid secretion on the surface of the vascular chorion; the various stages of development being, 1st. the formation of nuclei and corpuscles; 2d. that of cells; 3d. the growth of the latter, effected by vital imbibition; 4th. their compression and gradual conversion into minute lamellae, or scales. In short, it appears a rational conclusion, that the component parts of the cuticle and epithelium have within themselves a power of growth; and it remains for pathologists to determine what share the derangement of this function has in the production of cutaneous diseases. Another argument in favour of the organic nature of the epithelium is derived from the circumstance that, under certain modifications, it presents various vital phenomena, among which may be mentioned the ciliary motions. I now proceed to describe my researches *On the structure and development of that portion of the epithelium which lines the cavity of the mouth*. In the foetal subject, previous to the extrusion of the teeth, it forms on the alveolar arch a dense projecting layer, distinguishable from the surrounding membrane by its whiteness, and by the existence on its surface of ridges and sulci, having a waving course and a variable direction. The alveolar epithelium is thicker in proportion to the youth of the subject examined. It is most prominent where it corresponds with the molar teeth; its internal surface is concave, receiving the projecting mucous membrane. This portion presents various objects for investigation. Firstly, as regards its composition:—It is made up of a mass of scales, lying one on the surface of the other. This disposition shews that the terms 'dental cartilage,' or the 'cartilage of the gum,' which have hitherto been applied to this structure, give an erroneous idea of its true nature, for cartilage always presents the corpuse discovered and described by Purkinje. As in other portions of the epithelium, the external scales here are the larger, and this holds good generally, until we come to the surface of the vascular mucous membrane, which presents simple cells with their corpuscles. In the interior of this alveolar epithelium, where it corresponds to the molar teeth, small vesicles may be frequently observed, varying in size from $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ of a line in diameter. They appear to the naked eye to be transparent; under the microscope their parietes are found to consist of attenuated scales, and their cavity to contain a fluid abounding in minute granules and cells.* The internal surface of the epithelium, covering the alveolar arch, frequently presents concavities or indentations, which are from a line and a half to three or four lines in circumference; they correspond to projections from the mucous membrane, formed by a larger species of vesicle. The latter is deeply implanted in the vascular mucous membrane. The parietes of these vesicles are composed of a very delicate membrane; they contain a transparent fluid, which coagulates on the application of heat, or acid, or on immersion in spirit; and in this fluid float numerous globules and scales, similar to those of the epithelium generally. The internal or attached surface of the alveolar epithelium also presents numerous fringed processes, measuring from one line to one line and a half in length, and half a line in breadth, which sink into the substance of

* The vesicles here alluded to are most probably those which Serres describes as glands for the secretion of tartar: they are very numerous, even after the extrusion of the incisor teeth of the calf, and are seen with great facility internally.

the subjacent mucous membrane. Under the microscope these fringes are found to be composed of elongated scales connected together, forming masses, which divide and subdivide until they attain such an extreme tenuity that the most minute terminations consist but of two scales in marginal apposition. If the epithelium be carefully separated from the surface of the mucous membrane, corresponding to the unextruded molar teeth, and placed in water, or in diluted spirit of wine, for some little time, its internal or attached surface presents these fringes much enlarged, and forming a mass more considerable in size than the dense epithelium itself. The epithelium covering the mucous membrane of the palate presents transverse rugæ, corresponding to those of the mucous membrane. If these palatal rugæ of the epithelium of the calf be carefully examined from the internal surface, with a magnifying power of one-inch focal distance, each will be found to consist, or to be composed of, numerous depressions, or *cul de sacs*, which receive prolongations or pointed processes of the subjacent mucous membrane. They are of extreme tenuity, and when viewed by the aid of high magnifying powers, are observed to consist of distinct scales. A question of much interest, and one to which I have paid considerable attention, is, Whether recent investigators are warranted in considering mucus and epithelium as identical? I am disposed to think that they are formations quite independent of each other; but my reasons for arriving at this conclusion are numerous, and the details of my investigations upon this part of the subject I propose to treat of at length elsewhere."

THURSDAY.

SECTION A.—*Mathematics and Physics.*

1. Sir John Herschel's 'Report of the Committee appointed to represent to Government the Recommendations of the British Association relative to the Extension of Magnetic Observations.'
2. Professor Powell, 'On certain Points on the Wave-Theory.'
3. Mr. Hodgkinson, 'On the Temperature of the Earth in the Deep Mines of Lancashire and Cheshire.'
4. Professor Forbes, 'Two Years' Observations of Thermometers sunk to various Depths near Edinburgh.'
5. Mr. Snow Harris, 'Report on Meteorological Observations.'
6. Dr. Ure, 'On a New Calorimeter for the Measurement of Heat dissipated in Combustion.'
7. Professor Stevally, 'On filling a Barometer without the Aid of the Air-Pump, and obtaining an Invariable Surface in the Cistern.'

The first of these papers related to the measures adopted for sending out the Antarctic Expedition, and establishing observatories, &c. &c., of all which our readers are well informed.

The second was one of high theoretical interest, in which the learned professor endeavoured to reconcile the differences of opinion and contradictions of phenomena connected with the dispersion of the wave surface, and elliptical polarisation of light, *sed adhuc sub judice lis est*.

Mr. Hodgkinson had carried on a series of experiments, as recommended by the Association, and with instruments supplied by it, on the temperature of the earth at certain depths in Lancashire and Cheshire mines. The results were rather anomalous, and the experiments were being continued to obtain further data. Professor Stevally and Professor Forbes noticed that coal mines, from their development of heat under particular conditions, were unfit localities for solving this problem.

Professor Forbes then brought forward his own weekly observations on the subject during two years, and gave the results of twelve thermometers sunk at three different stations in trap tufa, loose sand, and compact sandstone. The measurement of their depth was in French feet; why, we do not know. The practical

advance in this class of investigation is most laudable.

Mr. Snow Harris's paper in our last. (See pp. 586-7.)

The researches of Dr. Ure are still in progress. They have reference principally, in their present stage, to the heating powers of Welsh anthracite, Llangennech, Lambton's End, and other coals. They will, however, be extended to every variety of fuel, natural and artificial. In experiments with former water calorimeters, the estimate of a portion of the heat could not be depended upon, in consequence of the combustion being kept up by the current of a chimney through which a quantity of the heat passed away. This defect by his present apparatus (a copper bath traversed with zig-zag flat pipes, and an enclosed furnace) Dr. Ure has entirely removed. The results, in a complete form, will be highly interesting and important.

The business closed with a description of Professor Stevally's method of filling a barometer without the aid of an air-pump; which consisted of using the vacuum in the tube itself as a substitute for the air-pump usually employed, and so difficult to be employed with perfect success by ordinary workmen.

SECTION B.—*Chemistry and Mineralogy.*

1. Mr. L. Playfair, 'On the True Constitution of Chlorochromic Acid; a new Compound called Iodo-sulphuric Acid; and the Chromates of the Magnesian Family.'
2. Professor Schönbein, 'On the Theory of Electro-Chemistry, in relation to the Protection of Metals from Corrosion.'
3. Professor Shepard, 'On Meteoric Iron.'
4. Mr. Richardson, 'On the Composition of the Silicates.'
5. Dr. Ure, 'On Microscopic Chemistry (Experiments on Fermentation).'

The first and second papers were given at length in No. 1181, pp. 566-7. There was, however, an error in the title of Mr. Playfair's, which this opportunity enables us to correct: for "Chlorochromic," read, as above, "Chlorochromic."

Professor Shepard, of the Medical College, South Carolina, gave an account of an analysis of meteoric iron, in which he had detected new elements, which he thought would be regarded with some interest, viz. chlorine and silicon. Several specimens of meteoric iron were exhibited, some of them remarkable for the extraordinary manner they had exfoliated. Also specimens of native terrestrial iron, the existence of which had been doubted. One had been found in Connecticut, and another in Pennsylvania. The latter was arseniuretted native iron. No traces of nickel or cobalt could be detected in either.

Mr. Richardson gave the results of his analysis of several specimens of Idocrase, and observed that greater exactitude in the representation of analytical results in the formula would tend to remove the apparent contradictions of the beautiful law of Isomorphism. The constitution of minerals is not correctly conveyed by many of the received formulas. He instanced especially Petalite and Idocrase. The formula of the latter, according to Mr. Richardson, should be



Dr. Ure gave a summary of his paper. It related to the formation of alcohol in the vats, without yeast, by spontaneous fermentation, and to other matters more interesting to the commissioners of excise and to distillers, than to the general reader. The microscopic character of the experiments was derived from observations as to the nature of the particles composing yeast.

SECTION C.—*Geology.*

1. Mr. Bowman, 'On Microscopic Vegetable Skeletons found in Peat.'
2. Mr. Murchison, 'Exhibition of a Geological Map of Europe, by M. Von Dechen.'
3. Mr. Murchison, 'On the Carboniferous and Devonian Systems in Westphalia and Nassau.'
4. Dr. Lloyd, 'On Saurian Remains in the New Red Sandstone of Warwickshire.'
5. Dr. Ward, 'On Impressions of Steps in the New Red Sandstone of Greenhill.'
6. Mr. Knype, 'On a Trap Dyke in Cumberland.'
7. Mr. A. Nasmyth, 'On the Structure of Fossil Teeth.'
8. Dr. Adams, 'On Peat Bogs.'
9. Mr. Yates, 'On the Estuary of the Mersey.'

Mr. J. E. Bowman read a paper 'On some Microscopic Fossil Vegetable Skeletons found at the bottom of a peat bog in Warwickshire.' The stratum was from four to six inches thick, and covered several acres in extent, in the form of a white impalpable powder. On testing this powder with chemical agents, and submitting it to high microscopic inspection, Mr. Bowman came to the conclusion that it was the remains of parasitic plants of the order of *Confervee*. Thus they appeared to occupy the same position in the vegetable, which Ehrenberg's *In-fusoria* occupied in the animal, world.

Sir C. Lemon reported the steps taken towards establishing a museum for the preservation of mining records. (See preceding numbers of the *Literary Gazette*.)

Mr. Murchison exhibited a 'Geological Map of Europe,' and Part I. of a work by Von Humboldt on the geology of America. From this it would appear that the oolitic strata do not exist in South America, nor probably in North America. The great development of this continent is of the tertiary formation; and in the south the cretaceous series is immense. Mr. Greenough expressed his opinion that a great coal-field might be found under the morasses of northern Germany, as exhibited in the map before them.

Mr. Murchison's important paper on the systems in Nassau, &c., we anticipated in our first Report. (See p. 550.)

Fossil Flora.—Dr. Buckland stated that Messrs. Hutton and Henslow had undertaken to continue the fossil flora of Great Britain, and solicited specimens (sent to the Geological Society), which should be carefully returned to their owners.

Dr. Lloyd offered 'Remarks on the Geology of Warwickshire,' and noticed the discovery of Saurian remains in the sandstone, such as occurs at Leamington, and contains the salt springs, and consisting of the *Megalosaurus*, *Dolichacanthus*, and *Platygnaethus*, mixed up with *Ceprolites*.

Dr. T. O. Ward exhibited specimens, &c., and described the impressions of footprints of animals on the new red sandstone of Grinsile, in Shropshire. These phenomena, and the marks of rain, much resemble Dr. Buckland's examples, only that the marks were of three toes, with long nails, pointed forwards; and except, in few instances, where they resembled the dog, there were no footballs visible. Dr. Buckland had some similar sandstone from Dumfriesshire.

Mr. J. A. Knype read a paper 'On a Trap-dyke Formation in Cumberland,' twenty-two miles long, and from twenty to thirty yards in breadth. In its course it coincides with the great Cleveland dyke, and may be a continuation of it; the whole thus crossing from the Solway Firth to the German Ocean.

Mr. Nasmyth read a paper 'On the Structure of Fossil Teeth,' which he commenced by some excellent observations on the value of the fossil remains of these organs to the inquirer in the vast and grand domain of geology. The

interfibrous substance of the teeth, he said, had been improperly described by modern anatomists as presenting no traces of peculiar conformation. But his researches, he continued, had led him to the conviction that it is not only organised, but so differently and characteristically so in different animals, as to be capable of affording valuable aid to the naturalist in classifying the animal kingdom. This organisation he proceeded to describe as cellular, and he exhibited various diagrams of its appearance. The fibres of the teeth, he said, presented an interrupted, or baccated appearance, as if made up of different compartments. In the human subject, each of these compartments is oval. In the oran-utan the divisions of the fibre are of a rhomboidal form: in fact, each class of animals seems to have a distinct characteristic appearance, but all are similar in respect to the general baccated appearance. The tusk of the mammoth, Mr. Nasmyth observed, presented a laminated concentric structure: the experiments of Mr. Hunter on animals fed on madder, lead to the conclusion that the structure of the teeth is actually laminated; and the workshop of the mechanic, called by Professor Leslie the school for philosophers, furnishes numerous facts in support of the same position. Other phenomena of daily occurrence are left unexplained by the theories of the dental structure which have hitherto been adopted; but all may be accounted for, Mr. Nasmyth ventured to assert, by the laminated cellular arrangement of the interfibrous substance, and by the peculiar baccated disposition of the fibres. The enamel which, according to Retzius, Purkinje, and others, consists of fibres, Mr. Nasmyth finds to be composed of compartments, or divisions, of a semicircular form; the convexity of the semicircle, or arch, looking upwards towards the free external portion of the tooth. Mr. Nasmyth finds that the enamel contains a larger quantity of animal matter than had previously been supposed. In proof of this he adduced a chemical analysis of its composition, which had been undertaken at his request by Dr. Thomson of Glasgow. After having alluded to his researches on the structure of the pulp, which are given in our report of his paper on that subject, read before the Medical Section, he proceeded to state that there exists a remarkable uniformity in the structure of the formative tissues of the tooth, and of the dental substance itself; for not only is the interfibrous substance cellular, but the surface of the pulp, which is the organ of the production of the ivory, and the internal, or productive, surface of the capsule also, uniformly present a reticulated, or cellular, appearance. Mr. Nasmyth concluded by remarking, that he ventured to hope that his researches had established a new and beautiful instance of the harmony of the laws of nature in demonstrating the fact of the uniformity of the products of the capsule; for not only, he said, have I found that the enamel is uniformly provided with an external covering, but that there is also a membranous investment of the *crusta petrosa* itself. He also thought that we must be compelled to allow the uniform presence of a fourth toothbone substance, the existence of which is more constant in all animals, either normally or anomalously, than any of the other three hitherto recognised constituent substances.

Dr. Adams, 'On Peat Bogs,' insisted on the great advantage which would result from rendering them serviceable for agricultural purposes. He mentioned, that in some cases where his plan had been adopted, the bogs were ac-

tually more profitable than the neighbouring lands. Another paper was read upon the same subject, in which it was stated that they might be made available as an excellent manure by the use of sulphuric acid, applied to the peat in heaps, mixed with putrefying vegetable matter as a sort of compost.

[Mr. Elias Hall exhibited a fine Map of the great Central Coal-field, and the Section closed.]

SECTION D.—Zoology and Botany.

1. Dr. Pritchard, 'On the Extinction of the Human Races.'
2. Mr. Forbes, 'On the Distribution of the Pulmoniferous Mollusca in Britain.'
3. Major-General Briggs, 'On the Cotton Plant of British India.'

Dr. Pritchard, 'On the Extinction of the Human Races,' lamented the disappearance of so many varieties, and warmly appealed to the feelings of the meeting on behalf of the active and indefatigable Aborigines Protection Society, whose pamphlets and prospectuses are so industriously circulated. A long discussion followed.

Mr. E. Forbes read a Report, drawn up at the request of the British Association, 'On the Distribution of the Pulmoniferous Mollusca of Britain, and the Influences which affected that Distribution.' In this respect climate and soil principally operated; the cold northern parts being far less abundantly inhabited than the central and southern regions, where they increased more rapidly, and displayed superior colours and forms. Rocks had also great influence, and those of a calcareous order were particularly favourable. This able naturalist went at considerable length into the various minutiae of his subject; and Mr. Lyell enlarged on the expediency of completing observations on the chemical influence of strata, the subaqueous distribution of species, &c. &c.; so that errors in geological deductions, respecting such as still existed, or were extinct, might be avoided.

Major-General Briggs, 'On the Cultivation of the Cotton of Commerce,' a paper of great commercial and colonial interest. The committee of agriculture, &c., emanating from the Royal Asiatic Society, has been some time engaged in investigating the subject; but still much remains to be ascertained concerning it, especially as regards the soil in which the best colour is produced. General Briggs pointed out that the American, African, and Asiatic cotton plants, were all of different kinds; some perennial, and some triennial. Treating of the cultivation of cotton in India for the supply of British consumption, he earnestly recommended the common species indigenous to the country, the *Gossypium herbaceum*, as most worthy of attention, being as fine and better coloured than the exports from New Orleans, and only supposed to be inferior from the want of care in picking and preparing it. The non-interchange of commodities between England and the East has been long a reproach to us, which the public discussion of such matters as this is, we trust, calculated to bring to an end. It is evident, with regard to cotton, that unless they come from abroad in a fit state for use, our manufacturers will not pay the same price for them as when they are clean and properly managed. They will prefer those which are neither filled with sand nor with flowers, nor are unbleachable; though in colour, length of staple, silky fineness, and other qualities, they may be grown equal.

SECTION E.—Medical Science.

1. Dr. Thompson, 'On Alkaline Dyspepsia.'
2. Mr. Hodgson, 'On Tyng Arteries, and on a certain Appearance of those Vessels.'

3. Mr. Coalhupe, 'On the Respiration of Deteriorated Atmospheres.'
4. Mr. Costello, 'Cases of Calculus treated by Lithotomy.'
5. Mr. A. Nasmyth, 'On the Structure of the Teeth.'

SECTION F.—Statistics.

1. 'Contribution to the Medical Statistics of Birmingham,' by the Local Committee.
2. 'Academical Statistics,' by Professor Powell.
3. Report 'On the State of the Working Classes in Bristol,' by the Statistical Society of Bristol.

At this Section a report, drawn up by a Committee of the Association, was read, 'On the Mining Districts of the North of England'; some contributions to the medical statistics of Birmingham by a local committee; and also a report 'On the State of the Working Classes of Bristol,' by the Statistical Society of that city.

SECTION G.—Mechanical Science.

1. Mr. Jeffreys, 'On Ventilation and Warmth.'
2. Dr. Lardner, Conclusion—'Resistance on Railways.'

The first paper was that of Mr. J. Jeffreys, 'On Ventilation,' inserted in our last No. p. 587.

Dr. Lardner concluded his observations 'On the Resistance of Railway Trains.'

This day the general Union Ordinary, briefly mentioned at our page 568, took place, and was altogether a very animated scene. The town-hall is a superb building for such purposes; and not only was the great area itself filled with company, but the side galleries had each a long dinner-table, and the end galleries filled with well-dressed lady spectators. Among the leading personages we observed, or had pointed out to us, the Marquess of Northampton presiding, the Earl of Dartmouth, the Earl of Bradford, Lord Sondes, Viscount Lifford, Sir J. Mordaunt, Bart. M.P. Sir E. Bagot, Sir J. Guest, Sir D. Wilkie, the Bishop of Toronto, Mr. Stevenson, the Ambassador of the United States, Mr. Scholefield, M.P., Mr. Gally Knight, M.P., Mr. Thorneley, M.P., Mr. Hutton, M.P., Mr. Wilbraham, M.P., the Hon. Colonel Clive, Le Comte de Fambour, M. Schönbain, Mr. W. Scholefield, the Mayor of Birmingham, and nearly all the scientific men who had taken prominent parts in the sectional proceedings, and the local Directors and Secretaries, to whom the meeting generally, and this entertainment in particular, owed so much for their exertions in making every necessary arrangement.

On the removal of the cloth, a temporary platform was got up, near the chair, from which the Noble Marquess gave the usual loyal toasts, "The Queen," "The Queen Dowager, and the rest of the Royal Family," which were drunk with loud cheers.

"The British Association," was the next toast, and, in introducing it, his lordship spoke eloquently and warmly of the benefits it had conferred on science, and the brotherly feelings it had engendered and promoted among scientific men, of every portion of the empire, and of all countries engaged in similar pursuits.

The health of the President, the Rev. Mr. W. Vernon Harcourt, followed, and the proposer took occasion to defend the Association from the charge, that in advancing science it injured religion. It was not, however, the first time that accusations had been made, for it was urged against Galileo, whose system of astronomy, then so much condemned, was now universally believed. It was quite as possible, indeed, that Dr. Buckland, or Professor Sedgwick, or other geologists, might be as mistaken in interpreting the book of nature, as others might be mistaken in interpreting the book of God; but he did say it was not consistent with

the spirit of Christianity or religion to impute mistakes, if they really did exist, to evil intentions, and to impute to others opinions which they did not entertain, merely because we entertained different opinions ourselves. He thought, however, that such assertions arose from a narrow and erroneous view; and whether geologists were correct or not in those opinions on geology, which certain persons deemed to be inconsistent with Scripture, he must say, that they as firmly and really believed Scripture itself to be true, as those who made the imputations against them (*cheers*). He believed Scripture to be inspired, but he confessed, if he were afraid of the inquiries which the pursuit of science rendered necessary, he should shew that he had not the thorough confidence in the religion he professed which he now entertained.

Professor Whewell, being called upon, gave "The Scientific Societies of Great Britain," to which he added, with a just eulogy, the name of the Marquess of Northampton, the president of the Royal Society. For this his lordship returned thanks, and proposed "The Universities of Great Britain and Ireland."

Dr. Buckland acknowledged the compliment, as connected with the University of Oxford, and observed that an agricultural school had been established there, in consequence of a suggestion which he had thrown out at the meeting at Newcastle, for the appointment of a scientific committee to attend to that important object, the multiplication of the quantity of the food of mankind, which would confer incalculable benefit upon the agricultural improvement of the earth, and he had no doubt the example would be extensively followed in other places. It had been asked what was the utility of geology, and he would wish to mention one great benefit that had resulted from the last meeting of the Association in Newcastle. At that assembly a committee was formed, to act under the authority of the Association, for the purpose of collecting mining records, the result of which would be the preservation of human life, and the prevention of the waste of human property. By the exertions of that committee a society was established, and the thousands of human beings, whose lives would be saved in future generations, would have cause to cherish the memory of the British Association, and those who had been instrumental in the establishment of the institution.

The President then gave the next toast, "Success to the Trade and Manufactures of Birmingham." In uttering that sentiment he could not refrain from observing, that science was intimately connected with the prosperity, not only of the wealthy manufacturer, but still more so with the welfare and very existence of those workmen who obtained their livelihood in connexion with the machinery which science had so much improved.

The Mayor of Birmingham, on behalf of his fellow-townsmen, begged to return thanks for the handsome manner in which the last toast had been proposed and received. As he was one of those who had the pleasure of soliciting the Association to hold the present meeting in Birmingham, he thought it proper to express to the members of the society the acknowledgments of the town, for having accepted the invitation; and he knew no greater benefit that could be conferred on a manufacturing population like Birmingham, than that which must arise from the attendance of such a host of distinguished men, who had visited the town this week. Although the reception might be somewhat less

resplendent than the Association had been accustomed to meet with, yet he trusted the welcome was no less warm or sincere; at all events, he hoped the members would feel themselves justified, by the treatment they received, to confer the very high honour of a second visit upon the town of Birmingham at some future day.

The health of Mr. Stevenson, the American minister, was next drunk with great applause; which Mr. S. answered, by dwelling emphatically on the mutual relations of Great Britain and America, and on the duty of cultivating the most intimate intercourse of peace and friendship between them. They were allied in blood, religion, habits, and associations; and they worshipped the same God, in the same language. The present was an enlightened age, which might justly be called the age of improvement, and of those arts particularly which give happiness to man and improve human nature. Could they look about with apathy, or carelessly contemplate the workings of mechanical art, and those wondrous developments in geology, chemistry, astronomy, and every thing which tended to benefit and adorn mankind? They saw the mighty power of steam, proudly walking the waters like a giant refreshed in its strength, and overcoming the wind and waves; and what, he would ask, could conduce more to the extension of civilisation? It increased the prosperity of nations, and made neighbours of people who had never seen each other before. The Association had nothing to do with the strife of political opinion; they were brought together by one congenial feeling, and in a spirit of peace and union every thing was calm around them: he sincerely hoped the Society would long continue to dispense the fruits of its enlightened labours, more widely than it had yet been able to accomplish.

To the health of the distinguished foreigners who had honoured the meeting with their presence (stated to be thirty-four in number), the Comte de Pambour very briefly returned thanks in French.

The President then gave "The health of those noblemen and gentlemen who had honoured the Association by their countenance and support, and who had handsomely thrown open their houses for the entertainment of many of the members." They were particularly indebted to the Earl of Dartmouth and the Earl of Bradford, whose kind encouragement of the Association tended much to its advancement and prosperity. He also complimented Sir R. Peel, whom some of the members had visited at Drayton, and regretted that he was not among them on this occasion. Science was of no party, and every political man might mingle with its friends advantageously to himself and his country.*

The Earl of Dartmouth returned thanks. He had been particularly alluded to as fulfilling the office of one of the vice-presidents, and however unworthy he was to be associated in that capacity with the Noble Marquess (Northampton), he could only say he was sincerely anxious for the prosperity and continued useful exertions of the Association. He was fully sensible of the great advantage it

* This is an opinion that cannot be too strongly enforced, and indeed it is quite surprising that statesmen of all parties do not more clearly see how much of deserved popularity they may acquire by the very cheap, simple, and easy means of bestowing a personal attention to the encouragement of literature, and the arts and sciences. The busiest of ministers would find time to do this, if he was as fully aware as he ought to be how much it would promote his own interests and influence, as well as the weight and character of the government with which he was connected.—Ed. L. G.

was to a district, the inhabitants of which were so much interested in the advancement of every branch of science, to be visited by the British Association, and he believed that feeling was very prevalent throughout the neighbourhood.

The President next proposed "The Philosophical Institutions of Birmingham."

Mr. Hodgson acknowledged the honour which this great assemblage had conferred upon the philosophical institutions of the town, although not possessed of the advantages of an ancient town. But the visit of the British Association to Birmingham could not but impart new energies to its scientific institutions and increase their means of usefulness, by proving to all that natural knowledge is not only highly esteemed by those who are engaged in its pursuit, but also by those who are most elevated in worldly station or literary attainments. He remarked that a recent calamity had cast a gloom over the delight with which the Association had been welcomed amongst us. The lamented death of Mr. Corrie, for more than thirty years the respected President of the Philosophical Institution, had deprived the scientific establishments in this town of their greatest ornament.

The health of the governors and masters of the Free Grammar School called up the Rev. Mr. Lee. He observed that it was but a few months since that the officers of the Free School ventured upon the novel experiment of introducing into the establishment a *département devoted more especially to instruction in the arts and sciences*; and he did feel it to be a most happy occasion and favourable augury, that the year in which this experiment was commenced should also be the year of the visit of the British Association to the town of Birmingham.

The local treasurer, secretaries, and officers, the stewards of the dinner, &c. &c., were finally toasted, and suitably acknowledged; after which the company broke up about eleven o'clock.

Of the results of the final meeting of the General Committee on Saturday, we communicated the particulars in our No. 1181 (pp. 568-9); as also the fact of the closure of the whole at the Town-Hall, at two o'clock. These, however, require some further notice, and, for the sake of completeness in our Report, we shall, at the same time, shortly revert to the proceedings of the General Committee on Thursday.

When the invitations from various places were brought forward, that from Glasgow was supported by written documents from the municipal authorities, signed by the lord provost, the principal public bodies, and learned and scientific institutions. The speaker of the deputation stated, *inter alia*, that within the walls of the College, ample accommodation could be made for all the Sections.

The Hull invitation was ably enforced by Mr. Frost, who, if Glasgow were preferred for the next meeting, earnestly hoped that his townsmen would not be disappointed of the honour in the ensuing year.

Manchester renewed its invitation through Mr. Charles Wood, who also expressed a hope that this gratification might be allowed them in 1841.

The wishes of York were not to interfere with the circle of invitations from different places, but to state the desire of that city when such circle had been completed, the British Association would renew it by visiting the site of its birth.

Sir C. Lemon, though not deputed from Plymouth and Devonport, would take it upon him to say, that whenever the Association could hold their meeting there, it would be taken as a great compliment, and every exertion be used to give them an hospitable reception.

The Marquess of Northampton, on moving that the next meeting should be at Glasgow, observed, that the invitations they had just heard so warmly pressed furnished very satisfactory evidence that the country were not tired of them, whatever individuals might allege in depreciation of their usefulness. That great manufacturing towns, and great seaports of England, after the example of the highest seats of learning and science, still considered it an honour and an advantage to receive the British Association, was extremely gratifying; and proved that their annual assemblage was truly reckoned to produce a great good to the community. He had much pleasure in proposing Glasgow, which united all the advantages of an important sea-port, a populous manufacturing town, and a celebrated university. It was also surrounded by a very interesting geological district; and, indeed, afforded them every ground to expect a meeting as satisfactory as any they had yet attended.

Mr. F. Bally seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously.

Mr. Murchison then proposed that the time should be Thursday, the 17th of September, when the heads of the University should have returned to their duties. The General Committee would meet on Wednesday the 16th; and thus by choosing the middle of the week, instead of Monday, as heretofore, they would consult the feelings of the Scots people, which were averse to travelling on the Sabbath. Mr. M. raised a laugh by observing, that on the ensuing Sunday the members might walk about and enjoy the beauties of Glasgow.

Mr. John Taylor seconded the motion, which was agreed to; and thus a date fixed, which will be more convenient for the Geological Section than of late years.

The President, Vice-Presidents, &c., were then nominated, as previously reported; and we have only to add, that Mr. Murchison's consent to be re-elected one of the Secretaries was only obtained at the express and unanimous desire of the General Committee, to back that of the Council and Committee of Recommendations. On the election of Major Sabine, a most cordial testimony was borne to the great value of the Reports with which he had enriched the volumes of the Association's Transactions; to his important labours in magnetic surveys and the investigation of terrestrial magnetism; and to his effectual efforts in promoting the Antarctic Expedition, about to sail under the command of his friend and associate in these labours, Captain James Ross.

Mr. Murchison expressed his sense of the honour conferred upon him, and said he had performed the duties of his office to the best of his abilities. He asked his enemies to forgive him, if he had made any: he had not intended to make one. (*Applause.*) He had thought he might do more for the science to which he was devoted with his hammer and in far travel; but if it was thought that his services would be advantageous to the Association, he acceded in an instant to their request.

The re-appointment of Professor Phillips to the office of Assistant General Secretary was also hailed with great approbation; for every one acknowledged his faithful and zealous ser-

vices, not only to the general cause, but to many of the Sections, to which he communicated valuable scientific papers. The re-elections of Mr. John Taylor as Treasurer, Mr. Yates as Secretary of the Council, and of Colonel Sykes, Mr. Porter, and Mr. Leonard Horner, as Auditors, were also cordially carried; and Dr. Buckland having moved the thanks of the Committee to the Dean of Ely, the retiring Secretary, the meeting adjourned.

At the concluding General Meeting, on Saturday, the Marquess of Northampton, President, his lordship read a letter from the illustrious M. Humboldt, in which he expressed his regret that his official attendance upon the King of Prussia put it out of his power to visit the Association at Birmingham; and at the same time stating the high esteem in which he held its proceedings, as conducive to the best interests of science.

The Dean of Ely read a list of the grants for the next year; and Mr. John Taylor, the Treasurer's report.

The Dean then moved a vote of thanks to the inhabitants of Birmingham, for the cordial and hospitable reception they had given the Association. He was not the less pleased with it, because it did not involve the splendour of their entertainment at Newcastle; which led to serious and alarming expenses, which it was not their wish to inflict upon the places they visited. No doubt, it was delightful to experience such treatment, but he was not sure that it was altogether of a philosophical character. At Birmingham it had been conducted on a kind and temperate scale. The accommodations were excellent, the private hospitalities sufficient, and all being without ostentation, he considered it a model fit to be followed on future occasions.* Sir C. Lemon seconded the motion, which was carried by acclamation.

Professor Whewell moved the thanks to the philosophical institutions of Birmingham; and alluded, in an affecting manner, to the death of Mr. Corrie, whose eloquent invitation to this meeting could never be forgotten by any one who heard it. The reverend gentleman then urged the claims of science, which taught us our ignorance, as well as the elevation of our nature. Those misrepresented it much who described it in other terms; for the lessons of science implanted reverence and gratitude for the past, hope for the future, and humility in our own estimation.

Mr. Lyell seconded this motion, and noticed the rapid progress of the Philosophical Institution and its museum, as a consequence of this meeting.

Dr. Buckland moved the acknowledgments to the governors and master (the Rev. Mr. Lee) of King Edward's Free School, for the use of that noble building. The learned professor

* As similar sentiments were uttered on other occasions, we cannot but observe that we question their taste and judgment. "Comparisons (says the editor) are odious," and Birmingham might have received the compliments it fairly deserved without depreciating, in the slightest and most distant manner, the truly magnificent hospitalities of Newcastle. In our opinion this time was falling in too much with the silly outcry against our feasting and holding festivals, as if it were felt to be just, which it certainly is not. Let us view the matter in its truth. Were the scientific proceedings injured at Newcastle? No; they were at least equal,—we should say, superior, both in extent and value, to those at Birmingham. And as for the prodigious and alarming expense; what was the result? Why, that after all the sumptuous entertainments, and most gratifying private accommodations at Newcastle, a handsome surplus remained of a voluntary subscription, to be apportioned among the most useful and valuable institutions of the town!!! For our parts, we cannot imagine any thing more worthy of grateful remembrance than our Newcastle usage; and we think it injudicious to have uttered a syllable that might be misconstrued otherwise.—*Ed. L. G.*

took the opportunity to eulogise the new plan of education carried into practice here, by which, besides those classical instructions so indispensable to the scholar, the practical in Science and the useful in the Arts were also taught.* Such, he maintained, must have been the intent of the munificent founders of all colleges, though, at the period they lived, such studies were unknown. Now, based on primary religious instruction, which must be the sure foundation in every age and at all times, no system could be good which excluded such information, and the study of the natural world, the production of the hand of God. Could it be possible that there was a discrepancy between his works and his revealed word? There was none; and it was only the prejudice of an intolerant mind that could imagine such a contradiction. He compared them to persons undervaluing the highest legal and medical authorities, merely because they dissented from them on some immaterial points; and setting their own ignorance up as the standard which admitted of no dispute. So, because they did not agree with him (Dr. Buckland) in his interpretation of some passages of Scripture, charged him with the most inconsistent opinions;—he, to whom the world appeared to be a temple of the Deity, and life itself one continued act of adoration: If rightly interpreted, such would be the sense and feeling of every Christian lover of Science in his investigation of the glorious works of the Creator of all. The speaker then adverted with praise to a lecture on education by Dr. Blakiston (of which a copy sent to us attends our future notice); and expressed his belief, that the assailants of the British Association were in the condition of those who called out "sour grapes." The summaries which its volumes contained were of the greatest value to science; and more was done to promote its interests in this one week than during all the rest of the year. After a touching eulogy upon Mr. Corrie, and mentioning the death of Dr. Smith, the father of English geology, the learned professor sat down. Mr. Wrottesley seconded the motion, and it was unanimously voted.

Mr. Murchison proposed thanks to the gentlemen who had so ably planned and carried out the local arrangements, and particularly specified with commendation the Model-room, with its curious examples of manufacturing industry; the Dudley excursion, and the entertainment of Thursday; which popular features were well calculated to advance the graver interests of the Association. Mr. J. Taylor bore testimony to how much had been accomplished in these respects, and trusted that the impulse given by the meeting would tend to encourage the progress of manufactures and the fine arts wherever they assembled. He also spoke in praise of the economy which had been exercised, and which he preferred to any extravagance; and having seconded the motion, it was accordingly carried.

Mr. Hallam (the first individual of very high literary eminence—independently of science—whom we have seen take an active part in the

* We may here observe, that the same system is acted upon in King's College, London, and has always been warmly advocated in our columns. And, a propos of this Edward VI. School, we were told a singular anecdote, viz. that when it was founded the offer of 20*l.* a year, and of a portion of waste crown lands, was made to Birmingham and an adjacent village: the latter chose the ready money, and has enjoyed its annual 20*l.* ever since; whilst the property allotted to Birmingham has increased in value with its increasing property, till it is now many thousands a-year; and must, in the course of time, become productive to an extent that can hardly be calculated.—*Ed. L. G.*

proceedings of the Association, and we hail it as a good sign) moved thanks to the various distinguished foreigners who had honoured the meeting by their presence. He defended the Association from the attacks made upon it, and compared its utility to the work of those who erected light-houses for their own safety and guidance, but which were a blessing to every nation of the earth. He concluded by complimenting the speech of the American minister, and the sentiments he had uttered on the preceding Thursday; and Dr. Roget seconded the motion.

The Marquess of Northampton moved a similar vote to the President, Mr. Vernon Harcourt; which Mr. Hutton seconded: and then the noble chairman closed the proceedings, and bade them all farewell. He alluded with high satisfaction to the praise bestowed upon the Association by such a man as M. Humboldt; to the foreign invitations to Pisa, Piedmont, and Gottingen, which they had received; and to the useful experiments on railroads brought forward at the meeting. What they did for science might be questioned or under-rated; as people might ask, What is the use of walking? What is the use of the mental faculties? All he would answer was, that our limbs were given us and our minds endowed by Providence, for our happiness and its own wise ends; and he would as soon think it necessary to defend the possession of these, as the benefits conferred on mankind by the cultivation of science.

During the applause which followed, the noble Marquess vacated the chair, which was taken by the Earl of Dartmouth, and the thanks of the assembly officially voted to him, for his great and constant services to the Association, in the most cordial manner. The Marquess expressed his thanks, and the meeting separated.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

THE BRITISH EMPIRE IN THE EAST.

By COUNT BJÖRNSTJERNA, the Swedish Ambassador.
[Concluded from Page 590.]

[In this Number we complete the very important paper on our Indian Dominions by the Swedish Ambassador; having pointed out the value of which, in the few remarks with which we introduced it, we shall now only express our sense of the obligation conferred upon the *Literary Gazette*, by enriching its pages with a view of more importance than has often fallen within the sphere of any periodical publication.]

Concluding Reflections.—From the distant period when the sun of civilisation first rose on the banks of the Ganges, to that when a few of its rays reached an opposite hemisphere on the shores of the Ohio and the Mississippi, more than fifty centuries have expired, and still the greater half of the world remains on the lowest step of cultivation, sunk in ignorance and darkness! During this long period, the civilisation of mankind seems rather to have changed its abode than to have extended its dominion, and in those places where it formerly flourished most luxuriously with its companions, trade, industry, and riches, there is now nothing remaining but barbarism and deserts. *Palmyra* stands alone in the wilderness, with its thousands of broken columns; *Persepolis* and *Babylon* are fallen to the ground; and where *Thebes* and *Memphis* raised aloft their giant monuments, the wanderer now seeks refuge under the humble roof of the Beduin. In the place of those which have passed away we see, on the contrary, in another hemisphere, towns rise like mushrooms from the marsh—*Albany*, *Mobile*, *Cincinnati*, and others. They certainly do not yet equal the greatness of the fallen, but the course is opened, the time is unlimited; and who knows

but what a Carthage may still rise on the Hudson; a Tyrus on the Amazon?

Does not even Europe itself, this centre of civilisation, present the same deplorable scene of fallen powers and culture passed away? See that classic ground where *Plato* stood surrounded by his disciples, *Demosthenes* by his hearers, and *Phidias* by his master-pieces, after having been sunk in darkness for centuries, now first again shoot up a weak and scarcely kindled ray! See the rich shore where *Constantine* raised his capital; its triumphal arches are fallen, its hippodrome changed to a slave-bazaar; and where the holy Chrysostomus, under the lofty dome of St. Sophia, eloquently spread the mild doctrines of Christ, now is heard only the false belief of Islamism! See the romantic palace of *Alhambra*, how it bears witness of the former cultivation of the Moors—their refinement in the arts and in chivalry! But what are the Moors now?—half-savage barbarians, and the royal palace of Granada a ruin surrounded by the wild guerillas. Has not Rome itself, once called the Eternal City, fallen from its double height, the temporal and spiritual? It is now no more than the grave of the former, and the shadow of the latter!

Thus have *light and darkness*, like *life and death*, *creation and destruction*, alternated with each other!

But in this general change, as well of the material as of the intellectual world, a high, a consoling thought, presents itself to the mind of man; viz. that the *light* has, at every stage of its existence, gained an increased brightness, through the advance of *science*; *life*, a higher meaning by the revelation of Christianity; the *creation*, a more extensive development through the decrees of *Omnipotence*: that each has thus more and more advanced on the path towards perfection, continually drawing nearer the common goal, where the *mystery will be solved*.

We know, that “in the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. And the earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep; and the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters,” and then the *naked rock first raised its head above the surface*; that, after a chaotic night of an immeasurable space of time, a new period in the creation began; called, in the beautiful figurative language of Holy Writ, the day of creation,* when *vegetable life* was kindled first in the lowest link, the humble moss, then rising in its development, to those noble-spreading trees, with the lofty evergreen *palm*† at their head. That, after other revolutions had taken place, *organic life* commenced, beginning with the low *zoophyte*, and rising gradually from link to link, through the different degrees of testaceous and amphibious animals,

* For the Almighty within the circle of eternity, “one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day.” (See David’s Psalms).

† The tropical nature of all the remains, as well of the *vegetable* as of the *animal kingdom*, which, after worlds that have passed away, have been discovered in the strata of the most northern countries, and which consist, within the vegetable kingdom, in a great measure, of the *palm-tree*; and within the animal kingdom, of such creatures as are now only found under the tropics (the rhinoceros, tapir, hyena, &c.), seems to prove, that the temperature of the northerly and polar countries, at this early period of the creation, was much warmer than it now is, probably answering to that which at present prevails in the neighbourhood of the equator. That there could ever be the same temperature in the *polar regions* and between the tropics, cannot be supposed, it being contrary to the physical law of our planetary system. Hence it must follow, that at the time when the temperature at the *poles* was so high that the *palm-tree* could grow there, that within the *tropics* must have been proportionably greater, and, therefore, so high, that the physical organs of man could not endure it. Hence, again, it follows that *man’s* first dwelling must have been in the

and the varied kinds of fish; that, after renewed changes, by which the ocean’s bed was lifted above the level of the clouds,* and the tops of the mountains sunk below the depths of the sea, those monsters of the ancient world† appeared, which are now, happily, no longer to be seen, though they have left, in their fossil re-

northern regions, where the temperature was the same as now is at the tropics. This agrees also with the Indian tradition, which states that the countries near the north pole were *first inhabited*, and that it was thence that the first conquerors of India (the Brahmins and Ketrays) came; this tradition also gives the names of these northern countries, which so nearly resemble those of Scandinavia, that one is almost tempted to believe that these conquerors came from this peninsula.

Among the Greeks we find *Plato* stating (from ancient records), that the part of the earth first inhabited by the human race, was an uncommonly large island, *Atlantis*, which, according to *Olaus Rudbeck*, was our Scandinavia. Without entering into the latter author’s somewhat hyperbolic arguments, it is, nevertheless, curious to observe how well they agree with the above-named *geological* discoveries with respect to the former temperature of the *polar regions*, as they do also with the Indian tradition.

Recent etymological researches have, on another side, shewn, that the language in Lapland is nearly related to that spoken in Liffland, and, that the latter has a great affinity to Sanscrit; whence it must follow, that the Laplandish language is also related to the Sanscrit, although no one has yet thought of drawing up a comparison between them.

If we now unite this similarity between the Laplandish language and the Sanscrit, with the Hindus’ traditions of their northern origin, and also with the opinion, which may be received hypothetically at least, that the countries near the poles were inhabited before those in the neighbourhood of the tropics, we may thence very logically conclude that the Sanscrit is derived from the language of Lapland, and that the Hindus (or at least their superior castes) are descended from the first inhabitants of Scandinavia—the Laplanders and the Dwarfs!

“Wie lieblich um meinem entseelten Busen
Der holde Wahnsinn spielet.”—*Oberon*.

The hypothesis of the polar countries being inhabited before those situated nearer the tropics must, however, be confined to the *antediluvian* race; for, with regard to those who escaped the deluge, and have left traces after them in all parts of the earth,† they must, first, have fixed their dwellings on some of the highest mountains, which would, of course, be first free from the mass of water which then covered the earth. The Himalay mountains, and the table-land of Thibet and Pamer, being among highest tracts, it seems most probable that the *post-diluvian* race first fixed their dwellings there, and thence descended to the lower parts of the earth. This supposition is, however, grounded on another hypothesis, that the surface of the earth has not, since the last great deluge, undergone any of those tremendous revolutions which have, in some instances, raised mountains from the depths of the sea, and, in others, sunk them below its bed,—a hypothesis which, no more than the other, can be proved, seeing that the two leading branches (the Thibet and the Hindu) of the Himalay mountains themselves are not, according to the latest researches (Gerard’s and Jacquemont’s), of *contemporary origin*, but the one older than the other; the same is the case with regard to the *Alps*, the different chains of which (according to Beaumont) were not formed at the same period.

On the Himalay mountains there are, 16,000 feet above the level of the sea, and consequently much higher than the clouds, immense strata of ammonite and other fossils of maritime animals and plants. Such is also the case on the Alps.

† Ichthyosaures, Plesiosaures, Megalosaures, &c.

* A scientific Frenchman, M. Laurent, is said to have expressed, in a work lately published by him, the same opinion respecting the *polar regions* having been inhabited before the other parts of the world. I have not, however, seen this work, and therefore cannot say whether the reasons given by him agree in a greater or less degree with those above presented to the reader.

† It appears to me as if this deluge had, in Sweden, gone from north-east to south-west, seeing that almost all the larger rolling-stones here (which have evidently been the tops of granite mountains, either still rising from the earth or sinking under its surface) shew clearly that they have been broken by a force (that of the deluge) coming from the north-east, and still shew in that direction (north-east) the flatter surface seen in granite on that side where it has been broken. In most places, these *rocks* also correspond with rocks situated immediately on the north-east side of them. That they should have been carried forward by a torrent of water, or masses of ice, seems to me contrary, as well to the laws of hydraulics as of physics: the strongest stream of water could not move even smaller stones; how, then, could it carry with it *great rocks*? especially up steep heights, where they are now often met with. Should they, on the other hand, have been masses of ice, it must first be explained how great piles of rock could float on the water, which afterwards became ice. The smaller rounded stones (the erratic) are fractions of the larger, and, even now, often fit together with them or with each other.

mains, indisputable proof of their having existed; that those were replaced by the higher natures of the mammalia; and, finally, in the last of these periods of creation, the noblest work of the Almighty, *man*, appeared on the earth, and, with contemplative countenance, beheld and admired its beautiful paradisiacal surface.

But ought not this developement, constantly increasing through an immeasurable space of time, at every stage, as well of the *material* as of the *organic* creation, which has raised the former from the barren surface of the granite rock to these numerous strata and this delightful vegetation, which now form the riches of the world; and the latter from the lowest link of the zoophyte, to the noble being *man*, the image of his Maker; ought not this to inspire us with the pleasing hope (like the rays of a beacon, which shews through the darkness the way to the distant harbour), that a similar developement shall also exist in the *spiritual* world, and that the high celestial guest that animates our perishable clay shall, in proportion to the cultivation of the powers of the mind, to the suppressed sensual appetites, and to the performance of duties imposed in the course of previous stages, rise and approach more nearly the ideal of perfection, gain a higher *intelligence*, the noblest of enjoyments, the truly paradisiacal; and after having, in an ethereal, more suitable form to the developement of the soul, wandered through the wide extent of those planetary worlds, which form the abodes of a higher organism than our own, shall finally reach the greatest of all happiness: *Absorption in its Divine origin?*—Such is the belief of the *Brahmin*.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

History and Practice of Photogenic Drawing, on the true Principles of the Daguerrotype; with the Method of Dioramic Painting. By the Inventor, L. J. M. Daguerre, Officer of the Legion of Honour, and Member of various Academies. Translated from the original by J. S. Mmes, LL.D., Hon. Member of the Royal Scottish Academy of Fine Arts, &c. London, 1839. Smith, Elder, and Co.; Edinburgh, Adam Black and Co.

THIS little treatise will, of course, be eagerly sought and read by every admirer of "The New Art." Published, as it wisely is, at a very moderate price, it would be exceedingly unjust on our part if we were to do more than simply to state that it is divided into four chapters: the first consisting, principally, of the interesting reports upon the subject to the French Chamber of Peers, by M. Gay Lussac, and to the French Chamber of Deputies, by M. Arago; the second, describing the comparatively unsuccessful experiments, during a long course of years, of M. Niepce; the third, containing a full and remarkably explicit account (illustrated by plates representing the necessary apparatus) of the details of M. Daguerre's process; the fourth, explaining, somewhat obscurely, the principles on which dioramas have been painted.

It happens, very opportunely, that a French gentleman, M. St. Croix, has arrived in London from Paris; and, at the Argyll Rooms, every day, publicly goes through M. Daguerre's process. We "assisted" the other morning at one of these lectures or exhibitions. Unfortunately, the weather was more than usually capricious; now, the sun shining with great splendour, anon, a deluge of rain wrapping the whole scene in gloom; nevertheless, we were much grati-

fied. The process, however, takes a longer time than we had anticipated. From the preparation of the plate (a matter of exceeding nicety and importance) to the fixing of the image (that of the opposite building), occupied above two hours. Owing to the unfavourable circumstances to which we have alluded, the image after all was imperfect, but the parts which *did* tell were wonderfully beautiful; and we saw several plates that had been executed at a more auspicious moment, which were without blemish, and in which the minutest touch was reproduced with magical fidelity, although with much less force than we expected. Many persons will be disappointed by the low tone of the image. Undoubtedly that is a great defect: it is impossible not to wish that, speaking musically, the piece could be played an octave higher. But the art is in its infancy; every scientific mind in Europe will be immediately directed towards the subject; and we predict, that ere long, improvements will be suggested in the process, which will leave nothing to be desired, either in that, or in any other respect.

The Army and Navy. Painted by J. P. Knight, A.R.A.; Engraved by S. W. Reynolds. Ackermann and Co.

WHEN we read, in "The Edinburgh Review" of July, 1838, the account of the only interview that ever occurred between those illustrious men, Wellington and Nelson, and which took place in 1805, in the antechamber of the office of one of the secretaries of state, just after the former had returned from his brilliant career in India, and just before the latter sailed on that memorable expedition which terminated in the glorious victory of Trafalgar, it struck us that it would make an admirable picture. We are of that opinion still: but we cannot say that we think Mr. Knight, able artist as he is, has been happy in his conception of the subject. Instead of that eager communication of opinions and feelings which must have animated both the great commanders in question, on an occasion so mutually interesting to them, they are represented coldly standing side by side, as if unconscious of each other's presence. In fact, they are simply two unconnected whole-length portraits; the likeness of the naval being, by the by, much more faithful than that of the military hero. It is but justice to add, that all the accessories of the composition are skillfully introduced, that the general effect is rich and powerful, and that the plate has been spiritedly and beautifully engraved by Mr. Reynolds.

Portrait of the Duke of Wellington. Painted by J. Simpson; Engraved by B. P. Gibbon. Moon.

OR lives and portraits of our illustrious hero it seems as if "the line would stretch out to the crack of doom." As we either stated, or intended to state, in our notice of the original picture when it appeared in the Exhibition of the Royal Academy of the present year, we are no great admirers of cocked hats upon canvass; although Mr. Simpson has contrived to make his as little offensive as possible.

Woodland Sketches; a Series of Characteristic Portraits of Trees, adapted for Studies for Artists and Amateurs. Drawn from Nature and on Stone by George Childs. Nos. III. and IV. London, 1839. Tyas.

THESE two numbers, we are sorry to say, complete this very clever and interesting publication. Of the beautiful and character-

istic representations of trees which they contain, our favourites are, "The Cedar," "The Ash," "The Weeping Birch," and "The Scotch Fir."

Findens' Portraits of the Female Aristocracy of the Court of Queen Victoria. No. VIII.

How inexhaustible are the beauties of nature! The portraits which ornament the present number are those of Countess Cowper, Lady Forbes, and Lady Mary Grimston, "the counterfeit presentments" of three lovely women, all from the skilful pencil of Mr. John Hayter.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONNET ON GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

ENGLAND may point to yonder pile with pride,
And tell the Stranger—who with wondering eyes
Demands for whom these lofty columns rise,
That grace with regal pomp fair Tharvest's side—
"Here who by Rodney, Howe, and Nelson led,
Hurled my dread thunders on the roaring seas,
Braving for me the battle and the breeze,
Find from the storm a shelter for their head.
And ne'er may England's sons with sparing hand
Grudge you the mansion, princely though it be,
That with your scars ye won, ye veteran band!
Here, from the perils of the deep set free,
Make landmen stare with stories of the main,
And fight in peace your battles o'er again."—R.B.S.

BIOGRAPHY.

HENRY SINGLETON, ESQ.

IT is with great regret that we announce the death of this veteran, able, and universally respected artist, which took place on Sunday, the 15th instant, at the house of his friend, Mr. Simpson, at Kensington Gore. Mr. Singleton was seventy-three years of age, and had been for some time, we imagine, the oldest living exhibitor at the Royal Academy, and at other institutions connected with the fine arts. His works, therefore, have been too frequently before the public to render it necessary for us to say more of them than that, if they did not reach the highest point of merit, they always evinced the possession of great knowledge, talents, and refinement. No man composed with more facility, and no man's compositions were more generally pleasing. It was but lately that we noticed, in the *Literary Gazette*, the completion, by Mr. Singleton, of an extensive series of cabinet pictures, illustrative of Shakspeare; an effort which, at his time of life, was exceedingly creditable to his powers, and to his love of his profession. Sir Joshua Reynolds, speaking of Luca Giordano, expresses surprise that, considering his numerous qualifications, he had not made himself "a great man in art." The same may be said of Mr. Singleton. The cause, probably was, that having many years ago formed a certain style, and established certain principles of design, light and shade, and colouring, he thenceforward painted entirely from his own conceptions and recollections, without any further reference to those sources of excellence which the intense and never-ending study of nature can alone supply. Although his *forte* lay in works of imagination, Mr. Singleton occasionally painted portraits: his group of the Royal Academicians, sitting in the council-chamber of Somerset House, under the presidency of Mr. West, attracted much attention at the time it was produced, and ought to have secured his admission into the Royal Academy. It has been engraved by Mr. Beutland. We are happy to say that Mr. Singleton was in easy circumstances, the result of his industrious and moderate habits. The unaffected simplicity of his manners, and the kindness of his disposition, had endeared him to a large circle of friends, by whom he will be sincerely lamented.

VARIETIES.

Science in Italy.—Our last *Gazette* contained a paragraph, under this head, concerning the Scientific Meeting at Pisa in October. It appears that such an assemblage is held to be objectionable in the Roman states, for Cardinal Lambruschini has issued a circular letter to the chancellors of the Roman Universities forbidding the professors and the directors of cabinets of natural history and botanic gardens to visit Pisa on the occasion, or to correspond with the philosophers there. His holiness the pope has, it is averred, strong reasons for this prohibition.

Poisons.—Paris Academy of Medicine.—A communication was made from M. Orfila, in completion of his method for discovering arsenic in the human body, in cases of poisoning. It is well known that he has fully succeeded in detecting the minutest portions of this mineral, by boiling the substances, and then applying chemical tests to the result. But he had afterwards inquired, Whether arsenic might not exist in all human bodies, independently of poisoning? Whether it might not be introduced into the body by means of chemical tests, and the apparatus used in searching for it in such cases? and, Whether it might not also be communicated from the earth in which the corpse might have been interred? He has discovered that these three suppositions are all possible, and not of unfrequent occurrence; but he has also shewn that the arsenic obtained by his boiling process cannot be mistaken for the arsenic introduced by either of the three above hypothetical causes, and has laid down precise rules for making the distinction. It is considered, that he has rendered great service to the study of forensic medicine.

Progress of Literature.—Our Journal has been the parent of a very numerous offspring spread all over the face of the earth; but we were not prepared to see it stated ("Times" of Monday,) that "In Ohio they have a *Literary Gazette*, called 'The Bucky Blossom;' and in Kentucky, 'The Rose of the Valley;' in New Jersey, 'The Belvidere Apollo;' in Maryland, 'The Kent Bugle;' in Ohio, also, 'The Toledo Blade;' and in Mississippi 'The Bowie Knife.'"

Strange Seal.—A more striking conjunction of civilization and barbarism could hardly be given than by the fact related in the following anecdote. An *English lady* lately passing to Constantinople, in a steam-vessel, was about to sit down on a convenient-looking basket which stood on the deck, when, to her utter astonishment, she was warned by the commander not to do so, as it contained the *head of the governor of the Dardanelles*, on its way to be fixed up before the gates of the seraglio!!

Mrs. Loudon's Ladies' Flower Garden, No. 1X. (Smith), continues its prosperous career. The present number contains some beautiful groups of flowers, coloured so like the life, that one is tempted to seek for their perfume.

W. Ainsworth.—We learn with the greatest gratification that our enterprising friend, and his associates, have been enabled to escape from the dangers of Turkish and Egyptian warfare, and arrive in safety at Constantinople.

Göttingen Scientific Meeting.—We hear that Major Sabine, Professor Lloyd, and others of our men of science, have gone to the meeting at Göttingen, where it is probable they will encounter the eminent Professor Strauss, and discuss all that has hitherto been ascertained by experiment, or anticipated by theory, respecting the great question of terrestrial magnetism.

Theory of Waves.—On the 1st instant

a fir-tree, about forty feet in length, and covered with great barnacles, was drifted across Dover harbour, and towed into that port. It is supposed to have been parted from the American shore by a hurricane, and borne on its long voyage across the Atlantic by the tidal action of the waves.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

In the Press.

A new novel by Miss Burney, called *The Romance of Private Life*.—Sporting Excursions in the Rocky Mountains, by J. R. Townsend, Esq.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

An Encyclopedia of Rural Sports, by D. P. Blaine, Esq., Part I. 8vo. 4s.—The Book of Common Prayer, arranged in the direct order used in the Church Services, by the Rev. J. Bosworth, D.D., &c., post 8vo. 6s.—Chronicles of the Devises, being a History of the Borough, &c., of that name, by James Weylen, 8vo. 14s.—Archdeacon Hodgson's Charge to the Clergy of Derby, July 4 and 5, 1839, 4to. 2s.—Illustrations of the Comparative Anatomy of the Nervous System, by Joseph Swan, Part V., 7s.—Jethro: Lay Agency for the Diffusion of the Gospel among our Home Population, post 8vo. 6s.—Our Country: Spiritual Destitution of England, by Dr. J. Matheson, post 8vo. 4s.—Little Pedlington and the Pedlingtonians, by John Poole, 2 vols. post 8vo. 11s.—The Poetical Works of G. G. Cuthill (a Welsh Poet), 8vo. 15s.—Saturday Evening, 6th edition, fcap. 6s.—Sketches in Ireland, 3d edition, fcap. 6s.—Essay on the Verification of Homer, by J. Milnor, 8vo. 3s.—Prayers by the Rev. H. Allen, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—Hon. and Rev. R. P. Percival's Apology for Apostolical Succession, 12mo. 4s.—Rev. H. Stebbing's Sermons, Vol. I. 12mo. 8s. new edition.—Journal of the Rev. Joseph Wolff, 1827 to 1838, 8vo. 12s.—Hon. and Rev. C. C. Percival's Plain Sermons, Vol. III. 12mo. 4s.—Short Moral Tales, German and English, by W. Berger, 18mo. 4s.—L. A. Donatti's German Grammar, 3d edition, 12mo. 3s.—The Magistrate's Pocket Companion, by W. Eagle, 12mo. 15s.—Documents and Dates of Modern Discoveries in the Nervous System, 8vo. 6s.—Trotter's Key to Ingram's Mathematics, 12mo. new edition, 9s. 6d. bd.—History, &c., of Photogenic Drawing, by L. J. M. Daguerre, translated by Dr. Meme, post 8vo. sewed, 2s. 6d.—Le Tellier's French Grammar, by F. J. Walter, 12mo. 4s.—Lord's Physiology, 3d edition, 12mo. 7s. 6d.—H. Meldinger's German Self-Teacher, fcap. 6s. 6d.—Days of Marlborough, and other Poems, by J. King, 12mo. 4s.—E. W. Symonds's Law relating to Merchant-Sea-men, 12mo. 4s.—The Duke, a Novel, by Mrs. Grey, 3 vols. post 8vo. 11s. 6d.—The Game of Billiards scientifically explained, by E. Knott, fcap. 2s. 2s.—Alfred de Rosann, by G. W. M. Reynolds, 8vo. 7s. 6d.—Rollo at School, by J. Abbott, 12mo. 2s. 6d.—An Apology for Cathedral Service, post 8vo. 2s.—Gilbert's Wonders of the World, edited by H. Ince, 4to. 10s.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1839.

September.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday ... 5	From 48 to 65	29.83 to 29.89
Friday ... 6	... 53 ... 67	29.92 ... 29.95
Saturday ... 7	... 49 ... 64	29.86 ... 29.78
Sunday ... 8	... 51 ... 66	29.86 ... 30.00
Monday ... 9	... 59 ... 70	29.94 stationary.
Tuesday ... 10	... 55 ... 72	29.93 ... 30.04
Wednesday ... 11	... 59 ... 70	29.96 ... 29.95
Thursday ... 12	... 57 ... 64	29.75 ... 29.85
Friday ... 13	... 43 ... 70	29.62 ... 29.61
Saturday ... 14	... 50 ... 63	29.18 ... 29.08
Sunday ... 15	... 52 ... 61	29.16 ... 29.10
Monday ... 16	... 51 ... 66	29.27 ... 29.35
Tuesday ... 17	... 51 ... 68	29.46 ... 29.49
Wednesday ... 18	... 45 ... 58	29.43 ... 29.50

Prevailing wind, S.W.
Except the 6th, 9th, and 13th, generally cloudy, with frequent and heavy showers of rain.
Rain fallen, 1 inch and 43/5 of an inch.
Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are sorry that we cannot comply with the wish of the Editor of the "Foreign Quarterly Review," and insert his statement of the coincidences between him and the Swedish ambassador on the subjects which have recently given so much national interest to the pages of the *Literary Gazette*. The question of priority upon these points seems to us to be immaterial. Their truth is one great point; and their being stamped with so high an authority as that of Count Björnsterne is another, which, without disparaging the opinions of any reviewer, appears to us to give them weight and importance. We are ready and willing to give our contemporary full credit for his sagacity in his No. for October 1839; but do not see how that interferes, or is interfered with, by a work prepared for the press early in that year.

Our review department has been rather curtailed this week, in order to make room for the winding up of the Association, and the conclusion of Count Björnsterne's interesting paper on India.

ERRATA.—In our last, page 595, last line but two of Section F, for "where" read "whose;" note, p. 590, col. 1, for "Karamsin" read "Karamulin."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

THE MODEL of the BATTLE of WATERLOO is now EXHIBITED at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, by brilliant Artistical Light. Constantly illuminated from Four o'Clock in the Afternoon, and throughout the day in dark or unfavourable weather.
Open from Ten in the Morning until Nine in the Evening.
Admission, One Shilling each.

RETREAT near LEEDS, for the RECEPTION and RECOVERY of PERSONS AFFLICTED with DISORDERS of the MIND.—We have begun to announce to the Profession and the Public that the above Establishment is under his particular superintendence, and that the most strict attention is paid to the Medical as well as Moral Treatment of the Individuals who are committed to his care. The Retreat is delightfully situated on rising ground at the opening of Air Dale, a little more than a mile from the town of Leeds. The Situation is healthy, cheerful, and also sufficiently retired: the Gardens and Plantations are extensive; the Premises combine proper accommodations for the exercise and amusement of the patients; and the Apartments are spacious, airy, well ventilated, and fitted up in the most commodious manner. The Establishment is to be considered more in the light of a temporary residence in the country, where the Patient is placed while he undergoes such a course of treatment as may be necessary to restore the functions of the Brain, than as an Asylum in which the patient is to remain; hence it is well suited for persons of weak mind, or who may be subject to fits of temporary insanity—for whom confinement is necessary. In recent cases a perfect and speedy recovery may generally be expected. Mr. H. also receives Patients under his care attended by experienced persons in Lodgings at Private Houses, according to the provision of 2d. and 3d. of William IV., c. 109, sec. 47.—Applications, either personal or by letter (postage free), addressed 30 East Parade, Leeds, will meet with immediate attention, and have the most satisfactory reference, as to Patients, to Patients already discharged, or their Friends; also to Physicians resident in London, Dublin, Birmingham, Leeds, Sheffield, Scarborough, Wakefield, Bradford, &c., who have had occasion to visit patients at the Retreat. This day is published, in royal 8vo. dedicated, by permission, to Sir Benjamin Collins Brodie, Bart., V.P.R.S., and Charles Aston Key, Esq., Senior Surgeon to Guy's Hospital.

Practical Observations on the Causes and Treatment of Curvatures of the Spine, with Hygienic Directions for the Physical Culture of Youth, as a means of preventing the Diseases; an Etching and Description of an Apparatus for the Correction of Deformity, and Engravings illustrative of the Cause. By Samuel Hargreaves.

London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.; Edinburgh, Oliver and Boyd; Dublin, W. Curry, Jun., and Co.; Leeds, W. Bann and Son; and all Booksellers.

Messrs. Hare and Coppenhwaite, Surgeons, &c., are in want of a well-educated Youth as a Pupil.

PICKWICK ABROAD.

A new edition.

COUNTRY BOOKSELLERS and the Public are respectfully informed, that Mr. Tegg, of Chesham, has purchased the entire Stock and Copyright of "Pickwick Abroad; or, a Tour in France." A new edition of this popular Work is in the Press, and will be ready for delivery in a few days, in one very large Volume, octavo, embellished with Forty-one fine spirited Engravings, by Crowquill, &c.; also Thirty-three Cuts by Bonner. London: Printed for Thomas Tegg, 73 Chesham; and may be had, by order, of all other Booksellers in the Kingdom.

KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.—Medical School, 1839-40.—The Winter Session will commence on Tuesday, the 1st of October, at One o'clock, with an Introductory Lecture, by Professor Arneti, at Two o'clock. Descriptive and Surgical Anatomy—Richard Partridge, F.R.S. Physiology, General and Morbid Anatomy—K. B. Todd, M.D. F.R.S.

Chemistry—J. F. Daniell, F.R.S. Materia Medica and Therapeutics—J. P. Boyle, M.D. V.P.R.S. Medicine—Thomas Watson, M.D. Surgery, J. M. Arneti.

Midwifery, and Diseases of Women and Children—Robert Ferguson, M.D.

Comparative Anatomy—T. Rymer Jones.

The King's College Hospital will be opened early in the coming Session, so that the Medical Students can now complete their Education at King's College.

August 27, 1839. J. LONSDALE, B.D., Principal.

ST. GEORGE'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL.—Session 1839-40.

The following Courses of Lectures will be delivered in this School, commencing October 1st, 1839:—

Theory and Practice of Medicine—Dr. Macleod and Dr. Seymour.

Theory and Practice of Surgery—Mr. Cesar Hawkins and Mr. G. Babinpton.

Clinical Medicine—Dr. Seymour, Dr. Macleod, and Dr. Hope.

Clinical Surgery—Sir B. C. Brodie, Bart., Mr. Cesar Hawkins, and Mr. G. Babinpton.

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The Introductory Address on the Opening of the Hospital School for the Session 1839-40, will be delivered in the Theatre of the Hospital, at One o'clock, &c.

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RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET,

Publisher in Ordinary to Her Majesty.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*The Eccelebion; * a Treatise on Artificial Incubation.* In 2 Parts. By William Bucknell. 8vo. pp. 56. London, 1839. Published for the Author.

THIS pamphlet is descriptive of the Exhibition in Pall Mall; and, together with that exhibition, merits a more distinct notice than we have hitherto found an opportunity to give to either.

The hatching of chickens by heat, here termed "the production of animal life by machinery," is of ancient date, and has long been practised in Egypt down to the present day. We like the former phrase better, for the simple fact that the heat is applied through the medium of a well-contrived machine does not, in reality, constitute machinery the producer of life. But, enough of the terms: the exhibition itself is one of great interest. In this room alone it is possible to bring into existence, through winter as well as summer, a hundred birds in a day, or upwards of 40,000 in a year. Artificial incubation may, therefore, be made to contribute to abundance and the luxuries of life.

It is, however, as affording curious means for investigating the process of nature in advancing an organic substance to vitality, that we chiefly prize this exhibition. Eggs may be broken daily, as they proceed in their development and examined by the aid of the microscope; thus exposing to view the actual commencement of life, and the gradual formation of those members which life is to animate. It is a remarkable sight; and, by analogy, throws a strong light upon the most abstruse subjects of physical inquiry.

We had the curiosity to observe some experiments of this kind, and were much delighted with the results. About the fourth or fifth day (we speak from memory) the first trace of a distinguishable organ appeared, where an opaque and cloudy spot had hitherto been witnessed. This was the heart of the bird. By placing the egg conveniently on cotton, in a common wine-glass, with water at 98°, and keeping it to that temperature, it was easy to continue the observation for eight or ten hours. From the heart, fine filaments spread over the surrounding surface. Anon, circulation began to appear in them; and soon we were able to distinguish the auricles, veins, and arteries, in full play—in one, yellowish atoms flowing rapidly like sand in an hour-glass; and in the other, assuming a redder colour. The contemplation was beautiful. Again, a dark speck was observed; and, even before this single broken egg was exhausted, it was ascertained to be the future eye of the chicken, whose rudiments were now shaping out from chaos.

Day after day similar microscopic inspection will show how the work advances—fibres, brain, intestines, muscle, bone, beak, feathers, are all forged in this wonderful sphere—the yolk, and the white, and the shell, contributing their various functions, till about the fourteenth or fifteenth day, when the pamphlet says:—

* *Eccelebion*, I bring forth, and *Bios*, life.

"During the last week of incubation, the birds are so far matured in the shells, that any visitor wishing to enjoy the gratification of hatching them at home, may do so without difficulty, by simply keeping them moderately warm; the warmth of the human body, or 98° of Fahrenheit, being the standard."

This latter experiment we certainly did not try, for we were unwilling literally to hatch our own chickens, and did not relish the idea of counting them before they were hatched.

We will not enter into the somewhat florid and *adventitious* description of the machine, which is capable of containing above 2000 eggs at a time; but some of the relative facts deserve note. Greater heat is required to bring forward, say 1000 fresh eggs, than to mature 1000 during the last week of incubation. Thus a heat is, after a while, generated by the eggs themselves; or a lesser heat is required at the end than at the beginning.

"Birds in a healthy condition require no assistance to effect their escape from the shell; which operation they perform in a remarkable and uniform manner, making a circular fracture of the shell with their bill, and bursting its integuments by strong muscular exertion. In cases of weakness in the bird, or defective hatching, assistance may be given; but such birds generally die in a few days, or, perhaps, hours. Darkness is also considered favourable to the process; probably, from too much light occasioning an unhealthy excitement in the nervous system of so exquisitely delicate a creature. Few eggs, excepting those of rare or foreign birds, are worth the trial of hatching, if more than a month old. * Very hot weather destroys vitality in a few days. An egg having been frozen, is, of course, also worthless. This machine does not, as is frequently the case with eggs set upon by the parent bird, ever addle them. This evil is occasioned by the alternation of heat and cold, arising from the hen's unsteady sitting. The warmth imparted by the *Eccelebion* is uniform and continued. A flush of fresh cool air passing over them each day, for a short time, is considered beneficial.

"There is no difficulty in teaching the young of the various tribes of gallinaceous fowl to eat and to drink; they perform these operations spontaneously, or from observation, as appetite prompts them; nor is food necessary until the expiration of twelve or twenty hours after leaving the shell.

"If chickens, about two months old, and upwards, are turned in among a brood of younger birds, they will sometimes take to brooding, and tending them with the delight of natural parents. The gratification being quite mutual, the young chicks run after, and strive with each other for their favours with the most untiring perseverance. Although, probably, it is simply the pleasurable sensation derived from the genial warmth communicated by the young birds nestling under them, which induces them to do it, it is, nevertheless, a striking and highly interesting picture to witness these mimic mothers acting the part of foster-parents

* The parent hen gives it in similar cases, and the chickens live.—Ed. L. G.

with so much apparent satisfaction, yet with the awkwardness with which a girl, in similar circumstances, fondles her doll.

"The chicken, at the time it breaks the shell, is heavier than the whole egg was at first."

We will now, recommending the *Eccelebion* to the attention of the public as a place of curious instruction, extract a few passages from the pamphlet, in which the writer notices preceding circumstances connected with his own performance. In Egypt, the art "is practised only by a few individuals: these inhabit a particular village, named Bermé, situated in the Delta of the Nile, about sixty miles from Grand Cairo, and by teaching the secret to their children, these Berméans perpetuate the practice of their art. It is, however, only during the serene autumnal months, that they will venture upon the performance of this curious business; at which time, scattering themselves over the whole land of Egypt, they bring into existence, under the supervision of the government, the enormous and almost incredible number of above ninety-two millions of various kinds of poultry. The ovens being limited to three hundred and eighty-six, and the business monopolised by the government, we may conclude this estimate a near approximation to the truth.

"The members of the French Academy determined to make experiments in their own country of this Egyptian practice. These experiments were placed by the Academy under the direction of the celebrated M. De Reaumur; and, under the patronage of the royal family, most strenuous exertions were made to plant this novel mode of increasing illimitably the quantity of human food upon the soil of France. It was a subject calculated to excite popular enthusiasm; the nobility, clergy, and gentry, vied with each other in its encouragement, and titled dames and ladies, high in honour, proved at once their patriotism and their patience, by becoming the mothers of canaries and goldfinches, by hatching them in their bosoms."

Thoroughly French: and we believe these *Ledas* were very fond of their offspring as long as they could be fond of any thing—pity that the talking canary did not speak French! So of the noble and gentle patrons. After the first effervescence was over, they contented themselves and their *patrie* with the *dindons aux truffes*, and *poulets and potage à la reine*, which cocks and hens produced in the usual way. How could any thing Artificial flourish in France?

"It must (says Mr. Bucknell) have struck even the most superficial observer, that the extraordinary fecundity of gallinaceous fowls is a wise and most benevolent dispensation of Nature, to provide, the more abundantly, food for man; as, in those tribes of birds not suited for his table, the female lays no more eggs than she can incubate. With respect, therefore, to domestic poultry, the most nutritious of all human food, this rich provision of a bounteous Providence is for the first time available to Europe."

We imagine the writer to be in error as to the number of eggs birds of all kinds will lay. Take eggs from the nest of the sparrow, the plover, the crow, the hawk, &c., and they will

continue to lay others, the same as gallinaceous fowls.—*Boysiah Experientia docet.*

Before we conclude, we must give the writer's commercial view of the subject:—

"We now (he says) come to the last consideration connected with this subject, which is—Are the profits likely to be realised, such as to warrant an endeavour to establish this artificial system of obtaining an additional quantity of human food? Mr. Mowbray, in his standard work already mentioned, gives the consumption of food by birds in the highest state of condition, as follows:—'By an experiment made in July 1806, a measured peck of good barley kept, in a high style of condition, the following stock, confined, and having no other provision: one cock, three hens, three March chickens, six April and six May ditto, during eight clear days, and one feed left.' Here, then, are nineteen birds, varying in age from two months to their full size, consuming one peck of corn in eight days, which, at one shilling per peck, gives a cost of one halfpenny and an eighth per head; which, however, is considerably above the cost of chickens for the first eight weeks of their existence. But, taking it at this high average, it gives an expense for each bird of nine-pence, all but a fraction, for fourteen weeks' keep, at which age they are in the greatest perfection, 'being the most delicate and easy to digest of all other animal food.' Where they can enjoy the advantage of a good run, the expense would still be lessened, perhaps one-third. Now, what is the price at a poulterer's, or in the London markets, of a fine fat chicken fourteen weeks old, or nearly its full size? Never less than two shillings, and for six months in the year, or during the dear season, four and five shillings; which, adding to nine-pence an additional three-pence for the value of the egg and extras, gives the enormous profit of from one hundred to five hundred per cent, divided between the breeder, the middle-man, and the retailer. It need not be wondered at that such is the case, nor can it be otherwise while the present system continues. A poulterer, whose sale is not more than ten dozen per week, must keep a man and a horse and cart, and attend the different markets for his purchases. All these things, with incidental expenses, will amount, at least, to two guineas per week, which two guineas must be spread over his ten dozen birds, before he derives any profit for himself. Upon any artificial system, these expenses would be saved, and the two guineas thus thrown away would keep a thousand birds, averaging all ages, a whole week."

With regard to the philosophizing in this pamphlet upon mind, instinct, &c. &c., we cannot affirm that it is all (for instance, that the *Eccaleobion* develops mind) unquestionable; but there are some points worthy of notice:—

"No one who witnesses the irruption of a large brood of chickens from their shells, by means of the *Eccaleobion*, but must feel convinced that they sensibly feel the peculiarity of their situation, and a few hours' additional strength renders this increasingly obvious. We can easily believe that a chicken hatched in the usual manner, understanding the cluck of its parent, and having the advantage of her nursing, so exactly suited by nature to its wants and condition, that they are no sooner produced than satisfied without effort or possibility of error, can scarcely express emotions of the mind. The case, however, is different when produced by the *Eccaleobion*; without any parent to soothe or administer to their wants, or to awaken or enter into the sympathies of their

nature, they betray surprise at their situation, and, like a child just awoke out of sleep, evidently wonder where they are, and how they came there. Before the chicken has liberated itself from its shell, it utters sounds in a tone and voice not to be misunderstood, challenging sympathy, and indicating disappointment at not being answered. When, during the night, a large number of birds have freed themselves from their calcareous shackles (of course in complete darkness), and the door of the machine is for the first time opened, and light bursts in, and the apparition of a human head appears before them, no infant ever displayed more astonishment in its countenance at strange sights, than is depicted in the eye and actions of these birds: some will approach, as if to welcome that unknown something they feel they want, while others retire, in fear, to the darkest corners of the machine. No parent answers to their joyous chirp, gives encouragement to their fears, or calls them to receive her protection; and the emotions they betray are precisely those we should expect in a rational being. As they are entirely removed from the circumstances Nature herself would have placed them in—in instinct, as distinct from mind, could not produce these emotions, as instinct would be a power given to them suited, and sufficient only, to their natural condition; for, can we for a moment suppose, that instinct would cause them to express surprise and astonishment, when, if in their natural state, no occasion or use for such emotions could possibly exist? A few hours after, spontaneously, and without teaching, some of them, and these teach the more stupid, begin to eat. This attempt appears to arise, in the first instance, simply from animal impulse; but shortly, the faculties of mind are brought into play, among which that of observation is most prominent; noting each other's actions, they learn from one another, not only how to eat, and more especially how to drink, but soon discover the quality of different kinds of food; and, before two days of their existence have passed, can distinguish them by sight: so that if one among them has a favourite morsel in its bill, it is a great chance if he be allowed to enjoy it without some of his companions participating in the luxury. If instinct taught and impelled them to gratify their animal wants, would it, without the possession of mind, give to them, in an eminent degree, the faculty of observation, and a capacity to appreciate the benefits to be derived from following certain courses they have observed others take, while similar ones, from which no advantage is to be derived, remain unnoticed, or, if noticed, unfollowed?

Whenever a granivorous bird, in a state of nature, is caught and killed, upon opening it, the crop and gizzard are found to contain a large quantity of these indigestible bodies; and, from their evident utility in the economy of the alimentary organs, man, without looking further into the matter, pronounces that instinct causes the bird to swallow them. Of about a thousand *Eccaleobion* birds that were reared in lofts and rooms, with bushels of fine gravel lying in heaps and scattered about, none would eat it, though several died in consequence of not doing so, by becoming crop-bound. If instinct is so effectual, why did not instinct teach these birds to swallow pebbles? but neither instinct, nor my own endeavours thereat, could induce them to do so. The reason is obvious. Like as children insensibly acquire, by receiving from their parents such food as they soon learn to relish, and by observation and habit

find agreeable to their palates and stomachs, so birds learn to choose and mix their peculiar food—but as, without parents to direct, few children would eat the most wholesome, preferring to live upon sweets and food injurious to them, so these birds, as mothers they had none, and instinct was at fault, could not be persuaded to eat stones, a want of sense certainly, which some had reason to repent; nevertheless, the remainder owed not their salvation to wisdom imparting instinct. All these birds were, with but few exceptions, in the best possible health and condition, completely fat, and had been so from their earliest days. They were of all ages, varying from five to ten weeks, and were all turned out into a large yard in the height of the fine weather of summer. This change, trivial as it may appear, was unfriendly to them, as many of them took cold, and some died. For food, they always had a full supply of the best corn, and occasionally a mess of scalded oatmeal; they, however, still for some time refused pebbles, but eat of every green thing they could obtain, as also insect and animal food; gradually, however, they learned the virtue there is in stones and other hard bodies, and swallowed them like others of their kind. Most of them were very fine and beautiful birds, and not the least extraordinary circumstances attending them are, that although the greater half were cocks, there was, with slight exceptions, neither fighting nor crowing among them, even when arrived at nearly their full size. It is usually asserted, that the high mettle and courage of the game-cock is natural to it, that is, instinctive, and that if two were to meet in a desert they would fight until one was killed. That they have in their natural state courage sufficient for the protection of themselves, from their numerous enemies, cannot be doubted, but all beyond is the effects of diet and education. The birds not crowing, also, I cannot account for, otherwise than from their not being within hearing of the thrilling claron of older birds."

Some remarkable deductions may be drawn from these phenomena; but we have done enough to attract attention to them and their source. The *Punctum Salientis* of the ancient doctors may now be obviously examined; and we hope that men of ability and science will think it worth their while to pursue a sufficient set of careful experiments on an important and obscure branch of physical, and to a certain degree, of metaphysical inquiry, now so readily offered for the exercise of their skill, talents, and ingenuity.

Character and Costume in Turkey and Italy.
Designed and Drawn from Nature, by Thomas Allom, Esq. With descriptive Letterpress, by Emma Reeve. London, 1839. Fisher, Son, and Co.

THE literary portion of this handsome volume advances no high pretensions to originality. Subordinate to, and explanatory of, the graphic embellishments, it is necessarily unconnected in its parts. Nevertheless the descriptions are pleasingly written; and we subjoin a few extracts from them:—

"The medak, or story-teller, is a person of much importance to the amusement-seekers of Constantinople; and one eminent in his profession is certain of an attentive and liberal audience, whenever he is pleased to hold forth. A good *artiste* possesses, in a most astonishing manner, the power of exciting tears or laughter from the usually grave and apathetic Turks, who smoke their *chibouks*, and listen to the

progress of his tale with untiring interest. The customary scene of exhibition is at some one of the numerous caffinets: a sort of elevated divan, near an open window, is prepared for the principal actor; while the auditors are accommodated around him, and served by an attendant with tea, coffee, sherbet, melons, ices, and the never-failing pipe. As soon as the performer commences, the utmost silence prevails; every eye is fixed upon the speaker; and certainly, if we may judge from the eagerness with which his words are received, the popular medak must be a man of no contemptible talent; his vivacity, his varied and animated gestures, his expressive action, his quick and flowing eloquence, are all surprising, when it is remembered that the recital of a fictitious narrative has thus hurried a Turk from 'his propriety.' And its effect upon the listener is not less so; every joke calls forth an answering burst of merriment, and the serious passages are met with corresponding emotions: the great heroes of our drama could neither wish nor obtain a better tribute of applause. No payment is demanded for admission to the caffinet; but in the convenient pauses of the story, an individual, appointed for the purpose, passes silently through the assembly to receive their contributions; each auditor drops a few paras into the box, the more speedily as he is anxious for the tale to proceed; and the Turkish improvisatore seldom has reason to be dissatisfied with his remuneration. During the festival of Ramazan, the most distinguished of these men are engaged at the principal coffee-houses, for a certain number of nights, at a stipulated sum, which does not, however, preclude their collecting from the audience. Sometimes the intervals of the narrative are occupied by music: two or three guitarists, with their instruments, are seated in the inner divan, and accompanying their own, or the voices of others, relieve the entertainment by their performances. Frequently the songs are very pleasing, and the diversification is agreeable.

"The odalique is a fair slave of Circassia or Georgia, the purchase and property of her master alone, and frequently the favourite of his heart—the 'light of his harem'; yet she is bound to yield implicit obedience to the commands of the principal wife, and to treat her with the utmost deference and respect; her subordinate situation is never forgotten; she is scarcely allowed to converse in the company of her mistress; and when their common lord honours the female apartment with his presence, while the chief lady takes her station at the extreme end of the sofa upon which he is seated, the odalique is contented to place herself at his feet in submissive silence. For this reason the Buyek Hanoum, or head of the harem, would rather welcome the introduction of many slaves, to share or engross the affections of her husband, than admit the intrusion of a second wife, her rival in authority, although still her inferior in rank. But the latter infringement upon the happiness of a Turkish wife seldom occurs in the middling classes of society: a Turk usually marries a woman of his own condition; the remainder of his household, should he desire to increase it, consists of slaves; and the careful distinction of rank, if it destroys the pleasures of social intercourse among its inmates, is productive of concord; it avoids the vain struggle for precedence, and prevents the worst torment of jealousy, that of mortified vanity. The odalique, however she may be the favourite of her master, is still a slave; and the wife, though her charms have lost their power, remains the

undisputed and legitimate queen of the harem; yet every lady has her private apartment, to which she may retire when she pleases, to enjoy in solitude a freedom from restraint. * *

"The causes which produce the mephitic vapour that hovers around Rome, threatening to infect the immediate suburbs, and even the city itself, has been the theme of much learned and fruitless discussion; yet the operation of natural causes alone could not have occasioned the alteration in a region formerly so well peopled and cultivated, had not the Lombards, Franks, and their barbarous coopeers, first devastated the lovely land, and left it, waste and bare, to the attacks of an insidious enemy, which had hitherto lingered innocuous in its bosom; the houses, pavements, crope, plantations, and, above all, the drains, were destroyed at the fatal period of their invasions; agriculture was neglected, the earth was left untilld; no effort was made to counteract the impurity of the air, or the defects of a soil always favourable to the stagnation of water, till the evil attained a magnitude that now, perhaps, admits of no remedy. But the wilderness of the Campagna, still fair in its desolation, is not unapproachable during the winter and spring months. Pestilence is not always seated there, like Satan in the garden of Eden, 'devising death'; and at some seasons the traveller may pass with safety through a land that 'breathes of beauty.' There, amongst the ruins of ancient grandeur, the goatherds, in their rude and shaggy dress, may be seen guarding their flocks; but it is a sight that affords little pleasure, for the dejected and unhealthy countenances of these poor men too frequently tell the tale of their sufferings; and many of them, and of others, whose employments induce them to drag on a miserable existence in the fatal precincts, return, after some few years of painful martyrdom, to die, and only to die, in a purer atmosphere. Yet an Italian flock of goats is an object pleasing and picturesque; nothing can exceed the grace and agility of their bounding movements, or the bright glistening whiteness of their long hairy coats. They are faithful, tractable, and affectionate; the goatherd has no difficulty in the management of his charge; the oldest of the flock is usually a very efficient aide-de-camp; he leads his companions in the track of their master's footsteps, and it is singular to observe his perfect understanding of, and ready obedience to, the slightest signal of the goatherd, whom he never attempts to forsake: on the road he follows him, and, should he pause to rest or sleep, the docile animal will lie down by his side, and nestle in his master's bosom.

"The game of Mora—or, as it was generally termed, *Midiare Digtis*, or *Midiare*, from whence came *Micatura*, and, by corruption, *Mourre* (the French word for it) and *Mora*—is of great antiquity; its invention was ascribed to Helen, who, it is said, was accustomed to play with Paris, the son of Priam. The game may be played by two or four persons, as in billiards, and usually consists of six points; but this is arbitrary, and left to the arrangement of the players, who then present as many fingers as they choose, calling aloud some particular number; and if either of the numbers thus mentioned agree with the amount of fingers presented, he who named it counts one towards his game, by holding up a finger of the left hand, or, sometimes, a fist or elbow. But neither player is permitted to count, if, on the contrary, both numbers are incorrect. When a player exclaims *tutta* (all), he must display his open

hand, and the point is won, if his rival at the same time exhibit all his fingers. *Mora Mutola*, or *Dumb Mora*, is played in like manner, but with this exception, that instead of calling the numbers, the players, before they commence the game, agree by what mode they shall designate odd and even; after which, whoever utters a syllable incurs a forfeit. Should any difficulty arise during the progress of the game, no words are allowed, but the required explanation must be given and received by signs. The Spartan women were reputed very skilful at this game. Cicero had a saying concerning it, when remarking of a man whose honesty was unimpeachable, that grew into a proverb—*Dignus est quicum in tenebris Mores*.—'He is so honest, that you might play Mora with him in the dark;' as much as to say, He will honourably confess how many fingers he presented.

"Apart from the feeling of moral degradation which belongs to the idea of slavery, that unhappy state is more tolerable in Turkey than domestic servitude among many nations. The Turk treats his slave with invariable kindness, is gentle to his failings, attentive to his happiness; and there have not been wanting instances, when a reciprocal and faithful attachment has rendered the connexion almost like that of a father and his child; while, far from contemplating the expected change as a misfortune, unprovided youth of both sexes, from Georgia and Circassia, frequently entreat their parents to offer them for sale at Constantinople, as the best means of promoting their future advancement. The price of his labour is paid to the parent or friend who has the disposal of the slave; but he is well fed, and at certain periods, twice in the year, every member of the family in which he is domiciled presents him with a donation; this is called 'backshish,' and varies according to the pleasure of the bestower. Should slaves of either sex be dissatisfied with the conduct of their master or mistress, they are by no means under obligation to wear out a miserable existence in service that is repugnant to them; and upon signifying three several times their intention to change owners, the previous purchaser is compelled to submit. In many instances they have the power of choosing their own possessor, and can insist upon this privilege, although the original master is loser in consequence of a determination to serve some particular individual, who is perhaps unable or unwilling to pay an equivalent sum, or to outbid another of superior riches and liberality.

"Exclusive of the carnival and the principal festivals of the Romish church, there is not a saint in its numerous catalogue who has not his appropriate day of celebration in Italy, when his votaries meet to do him honour by a strange mingling of pleasure with religious ceremony; and so like are they in character to each other, that the description of a 'Festa at Sorrento' would apply with almost equal fidelity to that of any other Italian district. Sorrento is considered by some the most delicious spot on the southern coast of Naples, its climate contracts no insalubrious quality from the heats of summer, and is mild and pleasant during the winter season; the scenery is more beautiful than grand, the town clean and well built; and its environs are filled with luxuriant and well-cultivated gardens, that would give to the country the appearance of a paradise, but for surrounding walls, which obscure them from the view of the passenger. Sorrento is held in esteem for its antiquity, and as the poet Tasso's birthplace. Various remains of ancient sculp-

ture have been discovered on several occasions, and are collected and preserved beneath an arch in the town, where they are exposed to the gaze of the curious. But this sweet spot of sunny Italy is rendered still more interesting from the fact that the traveller is not compelled to turn from the contemplation of nature's beauties with a sickening feeling of regret, in order to behold the misery of a large number of the human species in degrading contrast. The inhabitants of Sorrento are remarkable for an amiable disposition, and for their honest and industrious habits: it is said that a stranger may pass through every part of it alone, and at midnight, in fearless security; the amusements of such people, though blended with ignorance and superstition, may escape the sneer of philosophy, for they confer enjoyment. At an early hour, on the day of the expected festa, the roads to the church whose saint is to be celebrated, are crowded with vehicles of every description; numbers of mules and asses; carts shaded with green boughs, drawn by oxen gaily adorned with garlands of wild flowers, laden chiefly with aged and infirm persons; while many of the younger and more active are seen thronging on foot, dancing their way for two or three miles perhaps, as if incapable of suffering fatigue. After the conclusion of divine service at the church, they congregate in some vineyard or other convenient place, and devote the remainder of the day to merriment. The Neapolitans are seldom quiet in their amusements; and—as decked with fillet, rosaries, and flowers, their temples encircled with vine-leaves, and their hands and faces stained with the ruddy juice, their wild shouts and clamorous songs mingle with the clatter of tambourines and the snapping of castanets, while with strange gesticulations they join in the mazes of the dance—a spectator might imagine that he was witnessing the vagaries of an assemblage of maniacs.

"The approach of an Italian vintage is always hailed as a season of universal festivity; and the country never presents an aspect of greater beauty than when the ripe grapes, decorating the numerous and fruitful vineyards, seem to invite the hand of the gatherer. At the appointed time the wealthy citizens repair to their country residences, the vintage begins, and all, without distinction of sex or age, are called upon to assist; even children are allowed to mingle in the mirthful employment, while the most perfect equality prevails among the labourers who have met together from the various classes of society. Every where is life and motion,—heavily laden wagons make their slow way through the usually quiet lanes and roads, reeling beneath the weight of their juicy burden; and, while the summer air is 'musical' with song, amusement is not allowed to interrupt the progress of labour. The time exclusively devoted to enjoyment does not arrive till the vintage is ended, when a liberal feast is spread for the gatherers in the spacious kitchen of the master's house. The arrangement of this supper resembles that of the ancient Saturnalia of the Romans—gradations of rank are disregarded, and masters for the occasion serve at the table of their domestics. After supper they return to the open air; the whole party mingle in the dancing that commences; and the most refined lady in the company would not, for that evening, refuse the honour of her hand to the meanest peasant who requested her for his partner. Yet, notwithstanding the latitude that is permitted, and the quantity of wine the

plebeian guests are encouraged to take, which produces an immoderate gaiety rather than intoxication, not an expression calculated to offend the most 'polite ears' is ever heard to escape from their lips, and the unrestrained moments of the revel are invariably guarded by the strictest propriety. On this gay night, that none should be without a share in the festivities, the peasants who have not been employed in the preceding work, assemble in the different public-houses in the village, where they order a supper, at which the new wine is not forgotten, and, following the example of the legitimate gatherers, spend the succeeding night in dancing and amusement beneath the open sky: not a sound save of mirth and laughter is heard in the noisy village, till the cool air of morning breathes upon the heated parties, and the sun rises over the scene of merriment—then, and not till then, the company separate for their different homes, and cease to celebrate the gathering-in of the vintage."

We shall advert to the pictorial part of the volume elsewhere.

The Duke. By Mrs. Grey. 3 vols. 12mo.

London, 1839. Bentley.

A NOVEL of the higher circles of society, in which there are many scenes of considerable interest, and others displaying a conversancy with life and character. The hero, the Duke, is too distinctly drawn in his prominent features from an illustrious living personage, to allow of his fictitious ramifications, or the notice of his relatives, being either agreeable or proper; for the general reader cannot be aware where the line between truth and invention should be interposed. The original ground of the story is not very probable; and some of the incidents in working it out are not more likely. Still, as more strange things daily occur in actual existence, we may agree to receive these as it has pleased the authoress to give them to us. Taken separately, the death of the child Rose, the disappointment of Lord Fitz-Henry, the birth of the youngest Cecil, the death of the imbecile Lord Clairville, and several others, deserve much praise, either for their nature, humour, pathos, or force; though, as a whole, we do not feel much for the noble-minded and beautiful youths, nor the unparalleled and angelic damsels, with mouths of exquisite sweetness, lofty brows of marble polish, Hyperion curls or clustering ringlets, eyes of liquid loveliness or lightning, as the case may be, and form and expression, all of which belong to the school of romantic description. In conclusion, we shall only say that these three volumes are pleasant to read, and that the leading moral they would inculcate—a lesson to hard-heartedness—is tolerably well carried out; but, from all kinds of morality, Lady Florence's episode must be deducted. One of the few passages in which an attempt at the comic is made (the better parts of a touching order being too long for extract) will serve as an example of the writer's talents:—

"With the usual recklessness of consequences, where a woman was concerned, Lord Fitz-Henry was now bent on seeing and knowing more of our heroine. No sense of propriety interfered to withhold him, or the fear of giving pain and alarm to a virtuous girl. *Côûte qui côûte*; he must again behold her, and he trusted to his own perfections and adroitness to smooth all other difficulties. Although very young, Lord Fitz-Henry had already spent a life of pleasure and indulgence, and, at the age of twenty-four, was almost

satiated with unrestrained gratification. The sole and darling child of a young and disappointed mother, deprived of a father's wholesome restrictions from the nature of his profession and long military career, he had been his own master from his earliest boyhood;—the use he had made of the mastery was to make himself the slave of every dangerous and debasing passion. Until his mother's death, the tenour of his pursuits and occupations had been well concealed by her from the duke, his father: in this deceit she had been assisted by his tutor, who had found very soon that his greatest merit in the mother's eyes consisted in leaving the young man to perfect freedom, so that, until that moment, the duke had been the only one in a certain set, ignorant of the profligacy of his son. It was discovered too late. Even Fitz-Henry pleaded the utter impossibility of changing old habits, and the duke was forced to consign him to his fate, trusting that time might effect the reform which he found his best endeavours fail to achieve. Handsome, agreeable, rich, and powerful, the whole world appeared to be at his feet, so rarely had his desires ever been opposed. Inheriting much wealth from his mother, whose fortune had been the acting influence on the relations of the young Walter Fitz-Henry, when prevailing on him to make so early a marriage, he was perfectly independent of his father, and found that money was a powerful agent to his pleasures and vices. It is sad to think of the fearful ordeal which man in the season of youth is obliged to pass. Pleasure seems to put forth its blossoms on every side; passion urges him to pluck them while yet he may; and rushing forward with inconsiderate ardour, the enjoyments are secured, while too often every better principle is lost. Lord Fitz-Henry felt, for the first time, some misgivings as to the ultimate success which might crown his present pursuit. There was something even in the brief glimpse which he had caught of his thickly veiled divinity, that had stamped her as a being very different from the usual inhabitants of a suburb, who wear straw bonnets and dark shawls. Perhaps this feeling heightened the excitement of his fancy; and without excitement he could not exist. It had become as necessary to him as opium to the Turk, or tobacco to the American; and have it he must, in some form or other. After lounging about for some time, and yet seeing nothing but the same dingy-looking house, which was rendered still more dismal in appearance, from the upper windows being closely curtained, Fitz-Henry went to the extremity of peeping over the green canvases blinds into the parlour. His inspection offered very little to interest him, merely enabling him to see three young children sitting at the table in the centre of the apartment, busily conning their books. All this was very tiresome, and so potentially *ennuyeux*, that he was half resolved to set off instantly for Norwood, and see what Jennie and her friend, the fair Aspasie, were about. But just as he was wearied to the utmost, at the dull aspect of affairs, it came into his head to go into a shop exactly opposite to the house. He thought that there, at least, he might gain some information with regard to its inhabitants. It was a kind of general grocer's; and who sells all sorts of commodities, and whose heterogeneous stock in trade consists usually of cheeses, bacon, eggs, letter-paper, and sealing-wax, tallow candles and mops, patterns and sugar-candy. In he went, hardly knowing what he was going to say or do, and found himself in the midst of various customers. One

buying an ounce of tea, a second two rushlights, and so forth. The smell which issued from this comprehensive magazine was not very agreeable to the fastidious nerves of the exquisite Fitz-Henry; however, he bore it with manly fortitude, and stood at the door with his arms folded, and his eyes fixed upon the opposite house, waiting until he could command the attention of the mistress of the shop. One by one the customers departed. Some elbowing our delicate lordling, as he stood taking up the entrance of the doorway; others courtesying respectfully, and eying him with looks of scrutiny and surprise. At length they were all gone, and the shop-keeper, a fat good-tempered looking woman, with the blandest tone of voice to which a chandler's shop ever resounded, ventured to ask, 'Can I serve you now, sir?' 'Oh! yes, certainly, by all means,' said Fitz-Henry, starting, and remembering, for the first time, that it was doubtless expected he should make some purchase. 'If you please, ma'am, and his eye glanced inquiringly round the shop,—'if you please, I want some Spanish liquorice and a mop.' 'How much, sir?' said the good woman, enchanted by his courteous bearing. And on his begging for half-a-crown's worth in his simplicity, he saw a piece, at least half a yard long, wrapped up in brown paper for his use. 'Any thing more, sir?' was then asked. 'Why yes, ma'am,' replied Fitz-Henry, beginning to be amused at his present predicament, and determined upon doing the thing handsomely. 'Suppose you put me up half-a-dozen of those mops.' 'Half-a-dozen, sir?' she said, looking incredulous. 'Yes, why not? And one of those magnificent-looking cheeses,' Fitz-Henry said, looking learnedly at the shelf on which they stood. Refusing with unfeigned horror to taste a bit of the 'prime Cheshire' which was handed over the counter to him in a dirty-looking iron implement, he said, taking some sovereigns from his purse, 'And now, ma'am, if you please I will pay you, and will send for these things by and by,' an expression very often used by his lordship for 'never.' He paid the money, however, to the delighted shopkeeper, who never in her life had served so good-looking and affable a customer; and he began in an opportune moment the interrogatories he wished to make. 'And now, my good lady, that I have transacted my little business, I just want to ask you a question or two. Can you tell me who lives in the house opposite? The one with the upper windows closed.' 'Yes, sir, I can certainly tell you all I know on the subject, and that's a very little.' 'But their names,' impatiently repeated Lord Fitz-Henry. 'Why sir,' she replied, looking mysterious, 'they goes by the name of Norton. But my son, who is a bit of a scholar, says he is certain that they are incog—incog—no, incognatus,—that's what he says they are. And I have my reasons for being sure that Norton is not their real and true name.' 'Do tell me all about it, my dear madam,' said Fitz-Henry anxiously. 'By the way, you may put me up two of those fine-looking hams, he added, pointing to some huge dried legs of pork which graced the ceiling. He then paid some more money, and said,—'Now tell me your reasons for thinking their name is not Norton.' 'I must tell you, sir, that Mrs. Jackson, what takes in washing, buys all her things at my shop, and sometimes I have a little chat with her when I am serving her. Says I, "Mrs. Jackson, the new folks at No. 5 can't give you much trouble in getting up their clothes. I never saw much plainer dressing. I beg

your pardon, Mrs. Brown,' says she, 'I never set eyes on more beautiful linen.' 'Bless us,' says I, 'how odd!' Says she, 'If you will just step over to my house on Saturday, afore I sends home the clothes, I'll just shew you some of it. Such shimmies! all trimmed with wollonseens, and the finest Irish! Then the pocket hanketchers! all cambric, and some with needle-work, so pretty and ladylike; and indeed every thing to match. But what strikes me odd,' says she to me, 'is that all the hanketches is marked with C, and not one with N.' Now, sir,' continued Mrs. Brown, 'I always goes a great deal by the under clothes, and that is a proof positer to me that they are something higher than they seems. You often see your flourishing would-be grandees, with a gown and bonnet on fit for a queen; and then if you could only catch a look at the shimmy, you would be surprised.' Lord Fitz-Henry coughed away a laugh, not to offend the narrator; and to end the dissertation asked if she had ever seen any of the family. 'See them! why bless you, Miss Norton, as they calls her, comes here very often to pay the bill, sweet pretty creature! Would you believe it, sir?' continued Mrs. Brown, 'my son Jeemes has quite lost his heart to her. "Jeemes," says I, when he is going on about her, "what a fool you are!" "Mother," says he, "a cat may look at a king!" And then he runs on about her being like an angel. And the other day, when she took off her glove to take some money out of her purse, he really looked as if he could have eaten her little lily-white hand.' 'The audacious monster!' muttered Fitz-Henry between his teeth; and then inquired, in a tone of affected carelessness, if there was no gentleman belonging to the family. 'Lord bless you! yes, sir; there's the brother, a fine-looking young gentleman, but very proudlike, not condescending like Miss Norton; but they are both good young people, to think of all they have gone through with that sick mother! The poor soul was brought to bed last night, and then the trouble they had with the dear baby that died. They are for all the world, young as they are, like father and mother to the little children.' 'Have they a father?' inquired Fitz-Henry. 'That's what I can't exactly make out,' replied the verbose grocer. 'I have tried to get something out of the nurse, but I might as well look for blood in a stone. Howsomdever, I went over this morning to ask if I could be of use, now the poor lady is put to bed, and I see Miss Norton herself.' 'How does she look without her bonnet?' was the next question put. 'I warrant you she looks like an angel, nothing else in life. Though I must say, sir, that her hair is done funnily; not a curl, or a bow, or a plait, as I have seen on the beautiful ladies' heads in the hair-dressers' shops. Still she looked sweetly pretty, though it was done so meanlike.' 'You are really a charming woman, Mrs. Brown,' said Fitz-Henry, fancying that he detected beauties through Mrs. Brown's graphic description. 'Lor, sir! you are very good,' she said, courtesying and smirking; 'and if you say so of me, who have had a family of nine, and brought up seven, what would you say of Miss Norton? You should have heard her thanking me, and saying she would take my kind offer, if so be that they wanted hands. It was so prettily said, and so like a real lady. I warrant me there is more there than meets the eye.' It appeared as if Mrs. Brown's words were prophetic; for at this moment Lord Fitz-Henry, whose eyes were constantly fixed upon

Evalyn's house, turned very red and then quite pale; while a low-murmured oath, which being in Spanish did not scandalise Mrs. Brown, betrayed considerable inward emotion. An apparition had met his eyes which had a most stunning effect upon his senses. It was nothing less than the form of his own father, walking quietly up to the very door that he had so watched! He rang gently, and in an instant the door was opened by the fair creature for whose sake the gallant Fitz-Henry was now suffocating in the grocer's shop! She at first started in surprise; but the next moment, as if in a transport of joy and pleasure, she placed both her hands in the extended one of the Duke of Strathaven. Fitz-Henry saw him enter, and the door was shut. It was then that the disappointed innamorato, stunned, bewildered, and annoyed beyond the power of description, rushed out of the shop; and hastily seeking his horse, which he had left at a neighbouring livery-stable, he mounted it, and galloped furiously away."

A Summer's Day at Hampton Court; being a Guide to the Palace and Gardens: with an Illustrative Catalogue of the Pictures according to the new Arrangement, including those in the Apartments recently opened to the Public. By Edward Jesse, Esq., Surveyor of Her Majesty's Parks and Palaces, author of "Gleanings in Natural History." 12mo. pp. 135. London, 1839. Murray.

A SUMMER'S DAY, and a more pleasant way to spend it, the great metropolis of England does not afford, than that to which we are so agreeably guided by this small, but neatly embellished, useful, and instructive companion. It opens with an account of Cardinal Wolsey, the builder of Hampton Court Palace, full of interesting historical and antiquarian matter. The remaining portions of his magnificent abode are then described in the anecdotal and entertaining manner which characterises Mr. Jesse's pen. Thus, after giving us the number of his retinue and attendants, and the details of their daily services, Mr. Jesse says:—

"From the above list, which it is hoped will not be found uninteresting, the visitor will be able to form an idea of the use made of Wolsey's hall, and of the persons who filled it. On entering it, it is impossible not to be struck with its fine proportions, and the beauty of the roof, the workmanship of which is most elaborate, consisting of carvings in wood. The hall of Christchurch, Oxford, built also by Wolsey, is said to be more chaste and impressive, although many persons give the preference to that of Hampton Court. This hall is one hundred and six feet in length, and forty in breadth; and the east and west ends have each a gable window, more remarkable for purity of taste than for richness. The sides are lighted by seven lofty, well-proportioned windows, placed at a considerable height from the floor, as was usual formerly in all great halls, in order that the walls might be hung with tapestry on festive occasions. There is a dais, or platform, at the upper end of the hall, and one side of it is a window, the ceiling of which is one of the most beautiful of the kind in this country, and perhaps unique with respect to the taste and richness of its workmanship. It was upon one of the panes of glass of this window that Henry Howard, earl of Surrey, so famous for the tenderness and elegance of his poetry, and for his martial exploits, wrote some lines with a diamond on the fair Geraldine," which

"The fair Geraldine, it is now known, was Elinbeth,

excited the jealousy of Henry VIII., and perhaps assisted in bringing the high-souled and hot-tempered Surrey to the block in 1547. It is a curious fact, if it can be depended on, that the first play acted in the hall was that of 'Henry VIII., or the fall of Wolsey,' it being represented on the very spot which had been the scene of the cardinal's greatest splendour. Shakspeare is said to have been one of the actors in this play."

Another passage, relating to the surveillance of Charles I. at Hampton Court, affords a fair example of our author:—

"It may not be uninteresting in this place to relate an anecdote connected with the residence of Charles I. at Hampton Court, especially as it has become a sort of tradition still occasionally mentioned in the neighbourhood. It is said that the king was one day standing at one of the windows of the palace, surrounded by his children, when a gipsy or beggar-woman came up to it, and asked for charity. Her appearance excited ridicule, and probably threats, which so enraged the gipsy that she took out of her basket a looking-glass, and presented it to the king: he saw in it his own head decoliated. Probably with a natural wish to conciliate so prophetic a beggar, or for some other reason, money was given to her. She then said that the death of a dog in the room the king was then in would precede the restoration of the kingdom to his family, which the king was then about to lose. It is supposed that Oliver Cromwell afterwards slept in the room referred to. He was constantly attended by a faithful dog, who guarded his bedroom door. On awakening one morning he found the dog dead, on which he exclaimed, in allusion to the gipsy's prophecy which he had previously heard, 'The kingdom is departed from me.' Cromwell died soon after, and the subsequent events are sufficiently known. The rooms in which Charles I. was confined, and the little chapel adjoining them, are perhaps more interesting on that account than any thing in the palace. The chapel, in particular, in which Charles offered up his prayers to that Being who supported him through so many troubles, and enabled him to meet death with firmness and resignation, is curious from its architecture, and full of interest from the circumstances connected with it. The ceiling is beautifully worked, and the walls are nearly covered with paintings in fresco taken from Scripture subjects. There is a little oratory in the corner of the chapel, in which we may suppose the king's devotions were offered up. It is now too probably the receptacle of pickles and preserves. One must regret that this chapel cannot be seen either by the historian or the antiquary, or indeed by the public generally, which certainly ought to be the case. I also regret that I have not been enabled to give an engraving of it for this work. After the death of Charles I., Hampton Court became the occasional residence of Oliver Cromwell, who used frequently to hunt in the neighbourhood, and a part of Bushy Park was formed by him into a preserve for hares. His third daughter, the Lady Mary Cromwell, was married at Hampton Court to Lord Falkenbridge in 1657, and his favourite daughter, Mrs. Claypole, died there. In her delirium she is said to have taxed her father with his crimes, and that this hastened his death. It was at this place he was attacked with his last illness."

second daughter of Gerald Fitzgerald, earl of Kildare, by Margaret, daughter of Thomas Grey, marquess of Dorset, and the third wife of Edward Clinton, earl of Lincoln."

But the most novel portion of the volume, and that which will place it in the hands of every visitor, is a *catalogue raisonné* of the splendid gallery of pictures, now exhibited in the fine suite of rooms which run round the edifice. These are now thrown open to the public, without let, hindrance, or charge; and have, by the addition of several hundred pictures, hitherto unseen in the royal repositories, become infinitely more important to art and interesting to the curious. They have been especially enriched in early portraiture, so as to form, indeed, a school of the Art; and being arranged with far better taste, and a due regard to the time to which they belong, they will also be found to be admirable illustrations of our history, and of the eminent persons who acted prominent parts in its national movements.

We merely add a page to shew in what manner this task has been executed:—

"*The Queen's Gallery.*—This gallery is eighty feet long and twenty-five feet wide, and was sometimes called the Tapestry Gallery, from seven pieces of tapestry, taken from the history of Alexander the Great from paintings by Le Brun. These tapestries were much faded, and lost much of their interest. They have now given place to the present interesting and well-arranged collection of pictures. Portraits of William III. and Queen Mary over the doors—William Wissing. Died, 1687. He was principal painter to James II., and sent by him to the Hague to paint William and Mary, by which performances he gained great reputation. Henry VIII. and his family—Hans Holbein. Born in 1498; died, 1554. This great painter was admired by all Europe for his forcible colouring and his exquisite finishing. His paintings in this gallery are perhaps unequalled for their historical interest and their fine execution. The Elizabethan group immediately under the picture just mentioned, cannot fail of interesting the spectator. We have, first, a portrait of Queen Elizabeth when a child—Holbein. Queen Elizabeth when about twelve years of age—Holbein. This is a most interesting picture, and perhaps one of the most curious in the collection. The young princess has an agreeable, childish expression of countenance, and at the same time much sense. The mouth is pretty, and the hair reddish. Over a white petticoat, richly embroidered with gold, she has a crimson dress, adorned at the waist and neck with jewels and pearls, and a cap of the same colour. In her long, thin hands, she holds a prayer-book. The picture is most elaborately finished throughout. Queen Elizabeth, an allegorical picture—Lucas de Heere. Queen Elizabeth—Zuccherro. Queen Elizabeth—Marc Guérardo or Garrard. Died in 1635. His portraits are generally neat, the ruffs and habits stiff, and rich with pearls and jewels. This is said to be the last portrait painted of the Queen. The pictures which surround this Elizabethan group, are portraits of some of the great and wise men of her court, such as Nottingham, Walsingham, Bacon, &c. They are copies. King and Queen of Bohemia dining in Public—Van Bessan. Charles I. and his Queen dining in Public—Van Bessan. This and its companion are curious historical pictures. Lady Vaux—Holbein. Probably the wife of Nicholas, lov. Vaux, a great ornament to the courts of Henry VII. and VIII. Portrait—Gonzales. Queen Mary when a Child—Holbein. Portrait—Ant. More. Portrait of a Young Man—Albert Durer. Born, 1471; died, 1528. This memorable artist was a universal genius. His imagination was lively, his compositions grand, and the finishing of his pictures

remarkably neat. The one before us is admirably and carefully painted. The date 1506 is upon it, and the initials. Sir Theodore Mayerne—Rubens.* The two large pictures above the smaller ones represent the embarkation of Henry VIII. at Dover, and the meeting of that king and Francis I. of France in the field called the Cloth of Gold, near Calais. These pictures are not only historically very interesting, but a curious fact is connected with one of them. After the death of Charles I., the Commonwealth were in treaty with a French agent, who had expressed his desire of purchasing these pictures for the king of France. Philip, earl of Pembroke, who was a great admirer, and an excellent judge, of painting, and considered these valuable pictures an honour to an English palace, came privately into the royal apartments, cut out that part of the picture where King Henry's head was painted, and, putting it into his pocket-book, retired unnoticed. The French agent, finding the picture mutilated, declined purchasing it. After the Restoration, the then Earl of Pembroke delivered the mutilated piece to Charles II., who ordered it to be replaced. On looking at the picture in a side light, the insertion of the head is very visible. It may fairly be doubted whether Holbein painted these pictures. They are too coarse; besides, he did not arrive in England till six years after the interview depicted, and therefore could not have taken the many excellent English portraits which are introduced into the pictures at that time. It is, however, immaterial, as their intrinsic merit and historical interest will always demand attention."

Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia. Vols. 113, 115, 116. London, 1839. Longman and Co.

VARIOUS circumstances have combined to postpone our reviews of these volumes, beyond the period that our attention should have been devoted to them. The first, a continuation of Sir James Mackintosh's "History of England," is from the pen of Mr. Wallace, whose sudden and premature death it was, perhaps, which averted our minds from the consideration of the work. It was our wish to have published a memoir of the author, whom we have long known and esteemed, throughout a life sedulously devoted to literary pursuits; but being unable to procure such a memorial of him, we could not bring ourselves to a critical examination of his last production. Wallace was a native of Ireland, and a man of sterling abilities. He was long connected with the periodical press, and particularly with the "Morning Herald" newspaper. As a critic, generally, he possessed a sound judgment, and a fund of needful information; but on dramatic writings and performances, he was pre-eminently gifted with talents to enable him to sit as censor. He had been to Covent Garden on a Thursday evening, to witness one of the masterly efforts of Macready, whose art he greatly admired, and to whom he was individually much attached; and on the Saturday he was a corpse.

The next volume on our list is the sequel to Mr. Forster's "Life of Cromwell," in the series of "Lives of Eminent Statesmen." Here, as in the former portion, Mr. Forster has diligently sought out for new matter to illustrate the biography of one of the most extraordinary men that ever acted a striking part in the history of

* Mayerne was a native of Geneva, and was physician to four kings; namely, Henry IV. of France, James I. of England, and the two Charleses. He had a great reputation."

England; and has succeeded so well as to bestow much original interest upon his work.

The last is a volume of Mr. Swainson's "Natural History," and appropriated to fishes, amphibians, and reptiles. It is, as might be anticipated from the writer, a very able performance, though somewhat fine and metaphysical. The technicalities are severe, and we confess that, even with our dictionary, we could not always get on to the right understanding of the text. For popular reading, six dictionaries would not suffice. The circular arrangement, of course, is a prominent feature. For example, speaking of amphibia:—

"Passing over the various artificial arrangements of this class, as unimportant to the paramount object of our volume, we rejoice in being able to avail ourselves, in this part of our undertaking, of the labours of one of the most eminent erpetologists in Europe; who, thoroughly impressed with the truth of that circular arrangement, which, if it pervades one class of animals, must necessarily pervade all, has distributed the *Amphibia* in accordance with such a series; and we deem his labours so successful, that we shall not venture to hazard the least alteration of our own. In a valuable work, not particularly devoted to zoology,* Professor Bell has arranged all the amphibians yet known under the following orders:—1. *Amphispneuria* contains the sirens and proteans; 2. *Aouora* comprehends the frogs and toads; 3. *Urodela* includes the salamanders; 4. *Abranchia* has the genera *Menopoma* and *Amphiuma*; while 5. contains the singular genus *Cacilia*. It is easy to perceive that this last passes into the first by means of the dipod sirens, and thus the whole form a circular group more or less perfect in its connecting links."

Another passage deserves quotation, as a fair specimen of the author:—

"We shall now conclude this rapid survey of the amphibians by some remarks upon the sirens. It has been said that these animals, uniting in themselves so many opposite affinities, 'are of the number of those beings which seem peculiarly formed to set classification at defiance, and which are distinguished in the animal kingdom for the anomalies of their organisation.' This sentence, however, betrays but a very partial acquaintance with the subject. In the first place, we deny that there are any anomalies in nature, although there appear to be many when we attempt to work out her natural groups. Anomalies imply contradictions to established laws; let us ask, therefore, upon what grounds we can term the structure of any being anomalous, before we are acquainted with those laws which it contradicts? If we invent systems of supposed affinities, without any regard to those beautiful harmonies of representation which nature almost forces upon our notice, not only the sirens, but innumerable other animals, will appear altogether anomalous. The contradictions, however, which they present must be laid at the right door; that is, to the errors of our own systems, and not to the departure of nature from those laws of which we have but an imperfect knowledge. But let us look to the sirens, or, indeed, to the whole of the amphibious class, in another point of view. All writers agree that they exhibit as many affinities to fish as they do to true reptiles; nay, no less a name than that of Camper can be cited for considering the siren as a true fish, belonging to the apodal order of

Linnaeus! If then—as nature every where proceeds by 'measured steps and slow' in leaving one group and entering upon another—if then, she has given to a group of animals a peculiar organisation intermediate between reptiles and fish, it becomes absolutely necessary that such animals should exhibit differences from both the classes they are intended to connect; that they should be, in fact, the graduating links—the narrow but well-proportioned passage—which is to lead us from one vestibule of nature's temple to another; and so, accordingly, do we find them. So far, then, is the siren from being peculiarly formed, so to speak, for setting natural classification at defiance, that it offers one of the most beautiful and most essential links in the chain of nature. The anomaly would be, if such animals had never been created. Without them there would be a gap, 'which nature's self would rue,' as destroying, in the most perfectly organised kingdom of the animal world, that particular race of beings which demonstrates the union of the whole of the vertebrated animals into one vast circle."

Whatever are its difficulties and imperfections, it must be owned that this is a valuable work for the science of which it treats; and having allowed it thus its just merit, we shall leave it with a smile at two of its statements. Speaking of the true *Chatodonidae*, Mr. Swainson gravely tells us, that it has "a small head and a much smaller mouth," and we should have wondered if it had been larger: and the following will speak for its own amusing conclusion:—

"Analogies of the Zeida and the Scomberidae.

Sub-families of the Scomberidae.	Analogies.	Sub-families of the Zeida.
Scomberinae.	Dorsal fins distinct.	Centrolophinae.
Thynninae.	Dorsal fins united.	Zeinae.
Alepocephalinae.	Body long, subanguliform cylindrical; mouth and teeth large; lower jaw long-set and pointed.	Sphyraplinae.
Fistularinae.	Back armed with many naked spines before the dorsal fin; snout sometimes lengthened.	Gasterostinae.
Xiphiinae.	Lower jaw short, the upper prolonged and pointed.	Notosanthinae.

These analogies are so conclusive, that we apprehend they need no amplification."

IRELAND.

[Third notice: continued from page 553.]

THE mellow style of Mr. Otway throughout his *Tour in Connaught* is delightful. Description, legend, adventure, succeed and relieve each other. The tone of the brogue is in our ears, the smell of the peat in our nostrils, and the humour of Pat is before our eyes, as we accompany our agreeable tourist

"westward, where Dick Martin ruled
The houseless wilds of Connaught."

Without further observations, we will commence with a picture of Irish life at Kinnegad; which town, Mr. Otway informs us, "is, like most towns in East and West Meath, 'a lean place amidst fat lands.' What a sleepy spot! few up and doing, but the cur dogs and beggars. The bugle of the passing coach sends its clangor along the quiet street, it reverberates amongst the mud walls and dunghills—the lazy cobbler lifts his head from his last, and scratches, significantly, beneath his woollen nightcap—the tailor lays down his goose, scratches also, ruminatingly, at the organ of destructiveness, and stares at the passing vehicle—the tinker's ass brays responsively as the guard blows—the sow rises from her wallowing in the green puddle that bubbles and foeters before the huxter's

door, to grunt in unison—mendicants and cur dogs rush forth and surround us, the one barking, the other begging. Oh, why have we not the pencil of a Wilkie or an Ostade, a Callot or a Della Bella, to picture the grouping of a coach changing horses at an Irish village! Here I challenge all the mendicant countries in Christendom to match me Ireland in the trade, or costume, or aptitude for begging—France, Italy, ay, even Spain itself, must yield the palm. Where, under the sun, could you find such eloquence of complaint—such versatility of supplication—such aptitude of humour—suing, with felicitous tact, the appeal to the well-guessed character of the applicant? Observe, there is always a leader of the begging band, who controls the rest, and asserts a manifest superiority in striking the key-note of supplication. Take, for instance, the quenn-bee, or rather wasp, of the Kinnegad swarm that surrounded us: what a tall, sturdy, sinewy virago! her dark, unquiet eye, bespeaking her quick spirit—her powerful form, the danger of disputing with her—her sallow skin and sharp features, that the pabulum of her existence was drawn more from whisky than from wholesome eatables: alas, for the body, soul, and spirit of that being whose existence depends on whisky and potatoes! Look at her, with her filthy, faltering hand fixed now on the coach-door, in the attitude of threatening requisition, and almost intentionally frightening a delicate female within into the reluctant bestowment of sixpence. Again, see with what a leer of cunning she addresses herself, in flattering guise, to an outside passenger; and how knowingly she smokes a youth with a cigar in his mouth; and while coaxing him out of a penny, which he flung at her head, she played upon the puffer, offered to lend him her duceen, quizzed him for his parsimony, in attempting to smoke and chew at the same time from the same tobacco twist, and exhibited him off in the truth of his nature—as a jackanapes. Then she moved off to the rear of the coach, and commenced flattering a farming sort of a young man, large, rude, and ruddy. 'Och! then is that yourself, Master Tom? I hope your honour's heifers sold well last market—maybe it's yourself that hasn't the pocketful o' money coming out of Smithfield: and long may your father and your mother's son reign, for it's he that's the good warrant to give to the poor—my blessing, and the blessing of poor Judy's children, light upon him every day he gets up, for it's he that never passes through Kinnegad without throwing me a silver shilling. Do, Master Tom—and the heavens be your bed—throw us a half-a-crown now, and we'll divide decently. Yes, your honour, I know you'll be after putting your hand in your pocket. Molly, aggr,' turning to another beggar-woman, 'what a sweet smile Master Tom carries! Isn't he as like the dear man his father, as if he was spit out of his mouth?—But why shouldn't he be good, seeing as how he's the *rale* could sort—none of your upstart Jackeens?' Here a sixpence, thrown at her head, rewarded her pains, and immediately she turned to a respectable-looking man, with broad-brimmed hat and sad-coloured attire, who stood on the other side of the vehicle preparing to mount. 'Do, your reverence, throw us a taster before you go, and soon and safe may you return, for the prayer of the fatherless and widow will be along wid yees—blessing on his sweet, charitable face! Wouldn't ye see, Honor,' addressing herself to another beggar-woman, with the wink of an eye, 'that there was a heart within him for the poor?' Here Honor interposed: 'Judy Mulcahey, and had

* "The Encyclopedia of Anatomy and Physiology, part i. p. 91."

luck to yees, why call the gentleman 'his riverence,' when you know no more than my sucking child whether he be a *clergy* at all, at all?' 'Yes, but I do know; and for why shouldn't I? Don't I see his galligaskins covering so tight and *nate* his comfortable legs?—blessings on his riverence every day he rises!' And then, in an under voice, and turning to a beggar-man behind her, 'Jack, what matters it to the likes of us, whether he be the right sort or no—what *concerns* it is to Judy and the childer, whether he be priest, parson, or methody preacher, so as I slawder him out of sixpence? Do, your riverence, do—and the poor widow's blessing attend ye—throw something before yees go amongst us.' Thus she carried on her attacks, praised and joked, prayed and imprecated, now a blessing, now a blasphemy; and when the guard sang out 'All's right,' and the coach drove off, she heaped curses, for sheer fun sake, upon all those whom, for herself and fellows, she failed to put under contribution—and then for the whisky-shop, to dissolve, with all rapidity, the proceeds of her morning's occupation. But, 'adieu to the village delights.'"

This faithful and vivid sketch is curious for future reference as one, taken immediately previous to the introduction of the poor-laws.

Arrived at Kilbeggan, Mr. Otway observes:—

"The inn of the town I must remember as long as I live; its titled landlady I well recollect—the Lady Cuffe; never did the fountain of honour play off such a ludicrous prank, as when it showered its spray on the head of an innkeeper; yet so it was, when about seventy years ago the Viceroy of Ireland dubbed mine host of Kilbeggan a knight. Lord Townshend, the then lord lieutenant, a man addicted to the most dissolute habits; and who, by the satirical writers of that day, was represented as one perfectly regardless of pomp, dignity, or parade—one who, as he walked the streets, used to scatter his ribald jests among the common passengers—whose festivities were often degraded down to disorder, and his recreations to indelicacy,—he, on occasion of a journey to Connaught, was, by some accident that occurred to his equipment, obliged to stop at Kilbeggan for the night, and partake of such accommodation as Mr. Cuffe, the innkeeper, could afford. In those days good claret was not an unusual thing to be had, even in small country inns; and so it happened that Mr. Cuffe was able to send up some fowl and fish, well cooked and well served, and that the claret was in its *bouquet* and flavour, adapted to his excellency's taste. Accordingly the great man unbent himself amongst his boon companions, and so, while losing sobriety, he forgot decorum; and as he, on another occasion, introduced his fox-hounds into the council-chamber, now, as a hair-brained Bacchanalian, he ordered the host to make his appearance, and when he came into the *presence*, the viceroy, in an affectedly grave speech, returned him thanks for his excellent cheer, and announced that he would not repay the *obligation* in any other manner but in conferring on him the honour of knighthood: and, accordingly, in spite of some of the more sober of the party, who remonstrated against this act of whimsical licentiousness, he actually forced mine host to kneel down, and duly dubbing him in set phrase and form, said, 'Rise up, thou mirror of innkeepers, and be from henceforth Sir Thomas Cuffe.' The astonishment of the innkeeper may be well supposed, as he returned to his wife to inform her of her new honours. The vice-regal visitor, as usual, retired to rest, utterly reck-

less of what he had done, and rose in the morning, altogether forgetful, until reminded of the transaction; at which, when informed, he was not a little annoyed, but plucking up courage, he said to his aid-de-camp: 'It certainly was carrying the joke too far, but curse the fellow, sure he will not take any advantage of it? Call him before me, and I'll persuade him to hush up the matter.' Accordingly, the man was introduced. 'Mr. Cuffe,' says his excellency, 'a circumstance occurred last night which I am sure you understood in the proper light: it was, it is true, carrying the *joke* too far; I hope, sir, you feel as becomes you, and that you will say no more about it, nor let the thing get wind.' 'Oh! indeed, my lord, the honour you have conferred on me, though I am right sensible of its importance, is still what I, for one, would have no objection to forego, under a proper *consideration*; but, please your excellency, what will my Lady Cuffe say?' The innkeeper and his wife were Sir and my Lady all their lives. The man died long before I ever passed through Kilbeggan, but I perfectly remember my Lady Cuffe. The remembrance of an ennobled hotel-keeper, however, is not what has fastened the inn so much on my memory, as a still more *personal* occurrence; for, be it known—and the part most concerned tingle while I tell it—I got the greatest kicking ever man got in Lady Cuffe's yard. The lamentable event was on this wise:—I, in the summer of 1799, the year after the rebellion, was travelling from the county of Westmeath to that of Tipperary, and on my way rode into my Lady Cuffe's inn at Kilbeggan; there I saw, sauntering about the house, and smoking as they reclined here and there, a set of outlandish-looking soldiers, gigantic fellows, with terrible *moustaches* and other accoutrements, denoting them to be foreigners. I was a young, spare, lathy lad at that time, much under twenty, and, like a gaping green-horn, I must needs proceed to the stables to inspect the horses and appointments of these much-dreaded men, who I was told were Hessians. Suppose me then standing in the stables, '*sicut mos est Milesianorum*,' as is the custom of Irishmen, with my mouth open, admiring all the stirrups, saddles, and bridles, &c. &c., of the Germans; moreover, be it recollected, that it was a token of loyalty in those days to carry a queue, or tail pendant from the back of your neck, and that those who neglected or lost such an accompaniment were counted disaffected,—they were Croppies. Poor innocent Croppy then as I was, there I stood unconscious of coming evil, when I all at once found myself seized as from behind, by the grasp, as it were, of a giant, my arms pinioned with one hand, the poll of my neck searched for the deficient tail with the other, and my seat of honour assailed with an immense jack-boot, whose toe did horrible execution, such as a battering-ram would inflict on a very weak postern, and then a terrible cry was shouted close to my ears, 'You be one Croppie rascal, vat te devil bring te yong rebill here? Take *dat*—and *dat*—and *dat*.' So he kicked me in the stable, and he kicked me in the street, and he kicked me up the front steps of the inn, and there the cruel monster, who was at least six feet four inches in height, then left me, as a bound would let drop a hare out of his mouth, pounded in body, and wounded in mind. Oh! the toe of that horrible jack-boot, never can I forget the infliction—what was I to do? take vengeance of course. Vengeance on whom? a common soldier—have the fellow punished—stay in the town until you lodge the com-

plaint before his officer—have him tried, flogged, and what not—oh! but that would have taken time—I should stop with my Lady Cuffe; that would take money, with which I was not over-burdened, so I thought it better to take patience, call for a chaise, and, putting plenty of straw under me, for air-cushions were not then invented, proceed in a very delicate state to the end of my journey; my only consolation being, that though a kicked man, the disgrace and pain were not inflicted by a countryman,—by a *rule* O, or a true Mac, but by a brutal Hessian."

Mr. Otway goes on to Athlone, that town in the history of William's Irish wars, so famous for

"roaring cannon,
Where men, like otters, crossed the Shannon;"

from whence he visited Clonmacnoise, a very remarkable place, from its "seven churches, round towers, and other tokens of cenobitish holiness;" and at present, according to Mr. Otway's account, a hotbed of Irish superstition.

We find that the limits which restrict us prevent our entering Connaught, with the prospect of being able to do Mr. Otway's most agreeable excursion through that province any thing like justice, in the way of illustrative extracts; and we must therefore content ourselves with his graphic account of the memorable battle of Aughrim, which presents itself to us at the threshold of his tour:—

"About three miles south-west of Ballinasloe rise the high grounds, of which the hill of Aughrim stands most prominent. It may be supposed that I would not pass near the memorable battle-field without walking over it, which I accordingly did. Even were it not the scene of one of the most important events in European history, it is a beautiful eminence to look from—a fine farm of grass land, and near it is rather a pretty village. The hill which St. Ruth, the general commanding the united French and Irish forces, chose as the ground where he would make the last great struggle for the house of Stuart, is called Killoomedan. The Frenchman, surprised as he was at Athlone, and brought to shame and confusion in the midst of his boasting, determined to shew here that he knew how to choose a good defensive battle-field; and certainly (speaking, as I confess I do, as a mere civilian) I may say, that not in Ireland could a better position be selected. I have been at Waterloo, at Culloden, at Oldbridge,—those great fields where the fate of religions, empires, and dynasties, were decided, and none of them can at all be compared to Killoomedan. The hill rises, a fine green eminence, to the height of about four hundred feet. The ascent is so gradual, that both cavalry and artillery can easily manœuvre. Along the north-eastern side, upon which the Irish army was drawn up, there were parallel rows of lofty whitethorn hedges, which partly remain to this very day. On either flank were red bogs; in front, a morass, only passable, and that with great difficulty, in two places. The only approach for cavalry or artillery was by a narrow causeway that passed under the castle of Aughrim, a stronghold of the O'Kellys, and along which but two or three could ride abreast. It was no wonder, then, that St. Ruth, with his usual complacency, felt satisfied that his position could not be forced: it was no wonder that De Ginkle, the British commander, summoned a council of war to discuss whether it were possible to beat the enemy from this position. The fog that covered the whole country during the early part of the day, and the irresolution of the British officers, did not

allow the attack, which was now resolved on, to begin till about two o'clock; and St. Ruth, observing that the assault was to be made, addressed a speech to his army, in which he took great merit to himself for the wars he had waged, and the desolations he had been so successful in perpetrating on Protestants in France and Germany. He stated, that now or never was it for the Irish to stand by their religion and country, and he closed his harangue as follows:—"Stand to it, therefore, my dears, and be assured that King James will love and reward you; Louis the Great will protect you; all good Catholics will applaud you; I, myself, will lead you to victory; the church will pray for you; posterity will bless you; angels will caress you; God will make you all saints; and His holy Mother will lay you in her bosom." This speech, of course, could be heard but partially by the officers and men; but a priest of great eminence, Dr. Stafford, crucifix in hand, went along the lines, and, with astonishing eloquence, brought all the inducements of time and eternity to bear upon the feelings of the soldiery. There can be no doubt but this man was sincere, and his devotions had a wonderful effect; he stood to his work the whole day, from the beginning to the end of the fight: there he was, passing from line to line, animating the men, and, when all was over, amidst the thickest heaps of slain he was found, cut down while exhorting the Irish to fight for God and their country. The Irish were superior to the British in numbers, especially in cavalry, but much inferior in artillery; they mustered about twenty-five thousand men. As I said, the battle began about two o'clock: the English attempted to turn the Irish right, near the house and high grounds of Urrachree; but they were repulsed with so much loss, that about four o'clock a council of war was again held, to consult whether it would not be better to draw off the troops, at least for that night; but, by General Mackey's advice (one of the best men and bravest officers in William's service), it was determined to persevere, and to send forward the centre to pass the marsh in front. That which was then a morass, requiring caution, even in those who knew it well, to pass over without sinking up to the middle, or being swallowed up altogether, is now a fine tract of meadow and pasture ground. Across the firmest, most practicable parts, the English now ventured to make their way, protected by their well-served artillery, which fired over their heads, and played upon the Irish who lay along the hedges that just commenced where the hill rose from the morass. The English, having passed the marsh, found themselves in face of the enemy, who had lined all the hedges, and had also made open and convenient places through which cavalry and artillery might manoeuvre. Here the Irish fought most heroically; and the push of pike and bayonet through the hedges reminds us of the same kind of desperate struggle that took place at La Haye Saint, on the field of Waterloo. The Irish regiments even drove back their opponents; who, told by their commanders that they must force the Irish from the hedges, or fall back on the morass and be swallowed up, fought like tigers; yet they were driven back, and were, while swamping in the bog, either killed or taken prisoners. Beaten thus, on their left and centre, the evening was closing, and the Irish had all the advantage. St. Ruth was heard to say, "Now I shall beat back the English to the walls of Dublin." Nothing could retrieve the battle but a charge of the English cavalry from the left, to try and take the Irish

in flank, and this charge must be made along a narrow causeway under the guns of the castle of Anghrim. They did attempt it, led on by Talmash, a man of ready enterprise, and of the most undaunted courage; and, like most valorous attempts, it succeeded. But while in the act, while struggling with their great difficulty, while scrambling over the torn-up causeway, and plunging on, St. Ruth was heard to cry, "What are these fellows about?" "Why they are about to turn you left," was the reply. "Then they are brave fellows," said the Frenchman, "but every man of them will be cut to pieces." It was not so—they passed on like a hurricane—they took the Irish centre in flank, and were doing horrible execution, when St. Ruth, seeing that, against all military calculation, the English horse had forced the pass and were doing valiantly, rode down the hill with a view of directing a battery that was raised to flank the pass, to play on the successful enemy. When in full career he was shot by a cannon-ball. The place where he fell is marked by a small whitethorn bush; an aid-de-camp threw his cloak over him, but not before it was known to the Irish cavalry who swept by, and subsequently it ran along all the Irish line, that their commander was no more. The Irish are subject (more especially in their own country) to sudden panics. On this occasion, though they had, decidedly, the best of the day, though they had fought with a courage and discipline such as in their own island they had never shewn before, though they had fresh troops in abundance, yet all seemed paralysed, the battery ceased to fire, the Irish horse halted and delayed to charge. Talmash, who at once saw that something was gone wrong with the enemy, took instant advantage of the delay, he called on the English, both horse and foot to advance, the columns that were unbroken at the edge of the bog moved forward, those that had been dispersed returned to their ranks, and the whole centre charged up the hill. In the meantime, no one stood forward to command the Irish—not one direction was given—those who commanded the cavalry rode off the field in despair and indignation, the foot seeing themselves abandoned by the horse, fled and dispersed over the bogs, and all was cutting down, and remorseless slaughter, until night put an end to the pursuit. Sarsfield, who had the character of an active officer, and had proved himself able to act wisely in an extremity, should have taken the command on the fall of St. Ruth. It does not appear, however, he did; it is therefore doubted by some, whether he was in the battle; at all events, there was evidently a want of confidence and counsel between the French commander and the Irish officers; the presumptuous and ill-conceived contempt for the Irish, which possessed the boastful Gaul, was exceedingly offensive, and, it would appear, that he did not communicate his plans to any one: the result was as we have seen. Providence, in the midst of almost certain success, confounded the allied arms; and the death of St. Ruth sealed the destiny of the house of Stuart. The Irish left one-third of their army on the field. The dead lay, day after day, exposed; there were none to bury them—the country people had all fled—and the carrion birds came and banqueted, and wild dogs in packs frequented the field, and became so fierce, feeding on man's flesh, that no one might pass that way; and amidst this scene of pestilence and horror, there was one dog, a wolf-hound belonging to an Irish colonel that fell, and lay upon the hill-side; on this body the attached creature remained day and night;

with the rest of the prowling animals, dogs, foxes and wolves, he fed upon the corpses that lay around, but would not allow any thing, either bird of the air, or beast of the field, to touch his master; and when the bodies were all reduced to skeletons, when he was obliged to go far away, and prowling by night through the neighbouring villages, yet he came back presently to the place where his master's bones lay festering in slow process of corruption, there to keep watch and ward. A soldier quartered in Anghrim, six months afterwards passing by chance that way, saw the dog seated by the skeleton, and drawing near out of curiosity, the animal, fearing he came to disturb his master, flew at him, and the man surprised at the suddenness of the assault, levelled his musket and shot him dead. I shall conclude my sketch of this important battle," says Mr. Otway, "by noticing a prophecy which was prevalent among the Irish respecting it. A year before it took place, a Protestant gentleman living near Anghrim met a number of that nomadic race that existed in Ireland during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, called Ulster Creaghts, who roamed the country, desolated as it was by the wars of Elizabeth, Charles, and William, from north to south, and drove their herds before them, pasturing on the devastated lands wherever they chose. Meeting this gentleman just near the castle of Anghrim, they demanded of him what castle that was, and upon his telling them its name, they pointed to the hill of Kilcomedan, that rose to the south of the castle, and declared that before long a great battle would be fought there between the English and the Irish, and that the English would find their coats too heavy in climbing up the eminence. This prophecy was two-handed, and was interpreted by the Irish to mean their foes casting off their coats while running away from them. Colonel Gordon O'Neill, who lay wounded on the hill, and was (before he was trampled to death) taken prisoner and brought off the field, when he saw the British casting off their coats, in order that they might more lustily pursue and overtake the Irish before they got to the bogs, called to mind, with no small grief, the prediction of the Ulster Creaghts. The green hill of Anghrim is not alone memorable for the conflict that confirmed the dominion of England over Ireland, but like every other fine green eminence, it is the domain of the fairies. One rich in reminiscences of the 'good people' told me the following 'fact.'"

Here, we must conclude for the present, notwithstanding Mr. Otway's Will-o'-the-Wisp lantern is so temptingly displayed before us to allure our unguarded footsteps into the land of fairy, "situate," according to auctioneer phrase, in the marsh of the green and pleasant hill of Anghrim; about which, in rivalry of the Ulster Creaghts, we prophesy, that many will be the English visitors thereof, as well as of Connaught, this very autumn, in consequence of his agreeable volume: indeed we certainly perceived a movement among our assembled friends at Birmingham, for the purpose of viewing the Green Isle, not through the books of others, but with their own philosophical eyes.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Narrative of the Discoveries of Sir Charles Bell in the Nervous System. By Alexander Shaw, Assistant-Surgeon to the Middlesex Hospital. 8vo. pp. 232. London, 1839. Longman and Co. *Palnan qui meruit ferat* is an honest motto;

and this is an honest book, being a fair and straightforward account of the progress of discovery in regard to the Nervous System; and, consequently, to use another saying, to clap the saddle on the right horse. From 1811 Sir Charles Bell laboured with most philosophical acuteness and energy in this investigation. By his experiments he demonstrated that the anterior roots of the spinal nerves bestowed motion, and the posterior roots sensation. His experiments on the fifth pair and on the portio dura were equally original, ingenious, and conclusive; and Mr. Shaw shews that the results were published by him, in a paper 'On Partial Paralysis,' before M. Magendie or Mr. Mayo appeared on the stage: the latter being a pupil of Sir Charles Bell. These are the leading points which this volume seems to us to establish. In the course of his remarks, Mr. Shaw animadvertes on the errors of Professor Whewell on the subject, to whom he suggests the *ne sutor ultra crepidam*; and on the mistake of M. Müller in ascribing to M. Magendie Sir C. Bell's discovery, that the retina possesses an appropriate sense distinct from that of a nerve of touch. He also severely reprehends the useless barbarity of many of M. Magendie's experiments.

Blindness; or, the Second Sight Restored and Lost. A Poem in Three Parts, with Descriptive and Physiological Notes. By Andrew Park. Pp. 259. London, 1839. Smith, Elder, and Co.; Glasgow, Robertson; Edinburgh, Fraser and Crauford; Liverpool, Grapel; Dublin, Cumming.

THE object of this volume would recommend any literary production in verse or prose,—it is to enforce the claims of the blind to the benevolence of their fellow-creatures who enjoy the blessing of sight. In furtherance of this holy cause, the author has described almost every species of blindness, and dwelt upon the privations to which the sufferers are exposed. Some interesting matters appear both in the poem and in the notes; but as the former does not demand a critical review, we shall content ourselves with bestowing our hearty praise upon the laudable design.

A Modern Pyramid to commemorate a Septuagint of Worthies, by M. Ransmahar Tupper, Esq., M.A., and Author of "Proverbial Philosophy," &c. Pp. 328. (London, Rickerby.)—A fanciful vision, with certain not visionary discrepancies, introduces this Septuagint; for it tells us, in the first page, that the vision "was only a face," and then that a glorious living creature was growing to his knowledge, for "she wore the garb of woman." In the body of the work, we are made acquainted with seventy remarkable personages, from Abel to Felix Neef; and when they are poets, Mr. Tupper has given us examples of their writings, translated syllable for syllable, in their own rhymes. There is a good deal of imagination, and a good deal of talent; and a fair display of reading, in this volume, which we can truly say is a miscellany, whence both pleasure and information may be extracted.

Sketches of Married Life, by Mrs. Follen. Pp. 331. (London, J. Green.)—Inculcating evangelical religious principles as the only true sources of happiness in married life.

Maxims, Morals, and Golden Rules. Pp. 96. (London, J. Madden and Co.)—A hive of good selections from many excellent writers.

An Etymological and Explanatory Dictionary of the Terms and Language of Geology, by G. Roberts, author of "The History of Lyme Regis," &c. Pp. 183. (Longman and Co.)—A very much needed, a very useful, and a very excellently planned and executed little dictionary. In every science where technical terms are being perpetually coined, such aids are necessary to the learned as well as to the novice; and we deem that Mr. Roberts has conferred a great obligation on geology by producing the present volume.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

NINTH MEETING: BIRMINGHAM.
[Fifth notice.]
FRIDAY.

THE Sectional business of this day was principally conducted in Section A, Mathematics and Physics. The communication most in-

teresting, which we subjoin, was that from Sir John Herschel, respecting the action of the dissipated rays of light on the solar spectrum. Those papers relating to the effects of lightning on three of H.M. ships, by Mr. Snow Harris; to the determination of the arc of longitude between the observatories of Armagh and Dublin, by Dr. Robinson; and to the determination of the differences of longitude, by means of chronometers, by Mr. Dent, were also important; but as these subjects have been much before the public, and as the latter are still *in transitu*, we avail ourselves of the present opportunity to give a lengthened Statistical paper, reserving those read on Saturday for a future concluding notice.

STATISTICS.

Agreeably to our proposed mode of reporting the proceedings of this meeting, so fully as to embrace every topic of scientific importance, and every matter of practical utility,—in short, every novelty of interest, without lending our columns, which might be more generally and advantageously occupied, to efforts for notoriety, which it is impossible altogether to avert on such occasions, we now revert to such papers in the Statistical Section as seem to us to be susceptible of beneficial application. All that we hope for in this rather recent branch of pursuit and inquiry is, that its active and zealous friends will not overlay us with imperfect and unconnected masses of data; but will adopt some system, and reduce their facts and observations to order as they go on, so that the cause of religion and morality, the blessings of a sound education, and the enactment of good laws, may be promoted by their labours.

Among the communications made, we met with none that seemed to square more completely with this view than one by Mr. M. R. Rawson, 'On the Criminal Statistics of England and Wales,' of which the following abstract appeared:—

"One of the most important branches of moral statistics is that which relates to the commission of crime; and it is one of those which is most easily susceptible of numerical computation. The nature of the act is generally sufficient to indicate the object aimed at; the sex, age, civil and social condition of the offender, point out the principal circumstances which influence the method of the act; the degree of instruction which the party has received, and the religious knowledge of which he is possessed, for both of which adequate tests may be prepared, shew the degree of moral restraint to which he is subject, and the intensity of the passion which bursts through that restraint; while the immediate motives, when not inferable from the visible circumstances of the case, will be found, upon investigation, to be few in number, simple in character, and easy of detection and classification. A committee of the Statistical Society of London, which numbered among its members several persons who have devoted much consideration to this subject, found that almost all crimes could be referred to one of four motives, viz. desire of gain, indulgence of sexual desire, malice, and wantonness. Of the above particulars, the criminal returns of this country exhibit only a part, viz. the nature of the act, the sex, age, and degree of instruction of the party committed for trial; and even upon these points there exists, in these tables, several sources of imperfection. The nature of the act is defined according to the technical phraseology of the law, neglecting the many important distinctions in the character and moral turpitude of

the offences. The degree of instruction, also, is not shewn in connexion with the age of the offenders; so that the influence of the former at various ages, and the progress of instruction at intervals of years, cannot be ascertained. Still it would be well if the deficiencies of these returns extended no further. But, with regard to the amount, and even the character of crime in this country, they are still more imperfect; and, if taken by themselves as the index of either, would lead to the gravest error. They exhibit only the persons committed for trial before the courts of quarter sessions and circuit assizes, or in local courts; and do not include those summarily convicted, or discharged by magistrates, or petty sessions. It will scarcely be believed, that of these last no general record exists: the only information that is complete for the whole of England and Wales, is the number of persons sentenced to imprisonment upon summary convictions, which has been collected and published by the inspectors of prisons, in their report for 1838. But this is only for one year; and the number of offenders tried and acquitted, or sentenced to fines, or other punishments, has never been ascertained. The average annual number of convictions before the quarter sessions, circuit assizes, and the local courts, during the five years from 1834 to 1838, was 15,874; the number of persons sentenced by summary conviction to imprisonment, during the year ended Michaelmas, 1837, was 59,364. If, therefore, the proportion of acquittals to convictions, by magistrates, be not less than that occurring before the higher courts, and there is every reason to believe that it is greater, the number of cases summarily dealt with by the former is at least four times as great as the number brought before the higher courts. But the returns made by the commissioners of metropolitan police enable us to form a more exact idea of the number of summary convictions. In 1837, the number of persons convicted by magistrates, within the metropolitan districts, for offences, exclusive of drunkenness, and other mere infractions of police, was three times as great as the number committed for trial; and the number acquitted was four times the number of commitments; so that the number charged was, altogether, eight times as great as the number brought before the higher courts. It is probable, that the proportion of summary convictions to commitments is higher in the rural districts, where the person charged must generally suffer a long imprisonment before he can be brought to the assize, than in London, where he may be tried almost immediately before the Central Criminal Court. On the other hand, the existence and continual presence of an efficient police force in London causes a greater number of persons to be arrested on justifiable suspicion, against whom the legal evidence is insufficient to ensure a conviction. With regard to the character of the offences for which persons are summarily convicted, although it is true that a considerable portion of these are of a trifling nature; yet a large number of serious cases of the same description, and equal gravity with those tried at the assizes, are adjudicated by magistrates. It is obvious, therefore, that the criminal returns, in their present form neither indicate the whole number of persons apprehended or punished for serious offences, nor afford any information whatsoever with regard to petty offences, which form by far the most numerous class. There are, also, further difficulties in the way of inquiry into this subject. If the administration of the law remained stationary, the pre-

portion of offences annually determined before the higher and inferior courts, would continue relatively the same; but the criminal law of England is at present in a state of transition, and is every year undergoing great changes; local courts and petty sessions are increasing in number; capital punishments are being gradually abolished; large classes of offences are newly brought within the jurisdiction of magistrates; and thus the means of comparison from year to year are wholly destroyed. It must also be borne in mind, that the most complete record of the number of criminals arrested does not exhibit the amount of crime committed, as the former depends, in a great measure, upon the disposition of the parties injured, and the efficiency of the system of police. There is not in England, as in Scotland and France, a public officer in each county, whose duty it is to ascertain and record every offence which is committed; nor a public prosecutor, who is bound to exert himself to bring all offenders to justice, without reference to the feelings or desires of the persons who have been injured. Hence, crime may abound most where arrests are least numerous, and the very freedom from molestation tends to encourage and embolden the criminal. The average annual number of persons committed or bailed to take their trial before the quarter sessions, assizes, and local courts, held in England and Wales, during the last five years, was 22,174. The difference between the highest and lowest annual number during the period was 14 per cent. For the reasons previously stated, the annual increase or decrease is no index of the prevalence of crime, but it may be taken as evidence of the operation of the laws. In this point of view, there was a considerable decrease in the number of commitments in 1835 and 1836, compared with 1834, amounting, on an average of these two years, to 8 per cent; while in 1837 and 1838, there was an average increase of 4 per cent, compared with 1834, and of 12 per cent, compared with the two intermediate years. But it is worthy of remark, that this variation was very different in the two sexes. The decrease during 1835 and 1836 occurred entirely among the male sex, for the number of female commitments slightly increased; and the increase in 1837 and 1838 was more than four times as great among the females as among the males. The average increase of males during the last two years of the quinquennial period, compared with the average of the first two, was 5.9 per cent, while among the females it was 19.2 per cent. In consequence of this, the relative proportion of female to male offenders has increased 2 per cent during the five years. In 1834, it was 15.9 to 84.1; and in 1838, it was 18.1 to 81.9. The average of the whole period was 17.2 females to 82.8 males. The variation has also been very different in the several classes of offences. In the present tables the offences are divided into six classes, which have reference exclusively to the acts of parliament under which the offenders were tried. These consist of,—1st. Offences against the person. 2d. Offences against property, committed with violence. 3d. Offences against property, committed without violence. 4th. Malicious offences against property. 5th. Forgery, and offences against the currency. 6th. Other offences, not included in the above classes. A slight examination of these divisions will shew that the principle upon which they are founded is highly defective; and this has been ably demonstrated by Mr. Symonds, in a paper read before the Statistical Society of London, and published in its proceedings. Another paper upon the

same subject, by Mr. Henry Romilly, of Manchester, appeared in the last miscellaneous publication of the Statistical Society of that town. That gentleman's views, however, do not accord with those of Mr. Symonds. The first defect of the present classification consists in the definition of the offences, which is legal, and consequently, technical. The same category, and sometimes the same term, embraces all qualities and degrees of criminality. An assault may mean either a violent attack, by which the life of an individual is sensibly endangered, or the mere act of laying a whip on a person's shoulder, without the infliction of a blow. Attempts to injure or murder, by stabbing, shooting, and poisoning, are all classed together, although they severally indicate very different offences, both in mode and in degree of criminality. But the classification of the offences is still more defective for the purposes of moral investigation. It is based indiscriminately upon the two double-test principles of the effects produced, and the means used, adopting sometimes the one, and sometimes the other; and not upon that of the motives which induce the commission of the crime, or the tendencies of which the act is the evidence. Mr. Symonds has suggested a new principle of classification, which we have adopted, and which we shall have occasion presently to explain. For our present object of shewing the relative increase of different kinds of offences, during the five years in question, the classes used in the official tables will be sufficient. It appears, then, that the number of offenders against the person committed for trial, has gradually decreased to the extent of 19 per cent on the average of the last two, compared with that of the first two years of the period. Malicious offences against property, compared in the same manner, have decreased 36 per cent; while offences against property, with violence, have increased 70 per cent, and offences against property, without violence, together with forgery, and offences against the currency, have each increased 19 per cent. The latter two classes are those in which the proportion of female offenders is greatest, and the former of the two includes more than three-fourths of the whole number of offences; hence the proportionally greater increase, already noticed, in the number of female commitments. But this comparison must not be used as testimony, with regard to the general increase or decrease of particular classes of crime, for it is precisely that upon which the recent changes in the criminal law has had most influence. Many grave offences have lately been brought within the jurisdiction of magistrates, and the establishment or remodelling of local courts, and petty sessions, has afforded increased facilities for the speedy trial of less serious cases, which magistrates were formerly unwilling to send to the assizes or quarter sessions. In order to afford a fair average for statistical deductions, the returns for England and Wales of as many years as the official tables have been prepared with uniformity upon the present system, have been thrown together. In most of the particulars this has been done for five years; but, with respect to the degree of instruction, the necessary information has only been obtained during four years; and some difference in the headings during the first year of that period renders it impossible to amalgamate the return with those of the subsequent years. The remaining number, however, is fully sufficient to form an average for the purposes of the present inquiry. The total number of offenders annually committed for trial, on the average of the whole period, is 22,174.

Of these, only a small portion, amounting to 537, 2.4 per cent, were sexual offences, belonging to the first class. All the crimes contained in this class, with one exception, have been already enumerated. The second class, consisting of malicious offences, is divided into acts against property, and acts against the person. The former subdivision is identical with the fourth class, having the same title in the official tables. The chief offences included in it are arson and wilful fire-raising, injuries to cattle, and destruction of buildings, machinery, trees, and other articles. The number of offenders in this class was very small, not exceeding 158, or less than 1 per cent (0.64) of the total number. The average annual number in the second subdivision, which consists of assaults, attempts to maim and murder, manslaughter and murder, was 1174, or somewhat more than 5 per cent (5.3). This class exhibits a striking instance of the defectiveness of official tables, in not separating attempts to maim from attempts at murder, the objects and qualities of which offences are wholly different. If universality gave a right of priority in the classification of crimes, as contended by Mr. Symonds, theft ought indeed to be placed at the head of the table. It forms 17.20ths (84.5 per cent) of the whole number of offences. This class contains three subdivisions. The first includes all kinds of theft without violence, such as simple larceny, stealing from houses or from the person; thefts and embezzlements by servants; stealing of animals of all descriptions; and receiving stolen goods; and is by far the most numerous, having contributed 16,663 cases, or exactly three-fourths (75.14 per cent) of the whole number of offences. The second subdivision, which consists of thefts by fraud, viz. simple frauds; forgery of deeds and other instruments, with the exception of bank-notes; and conspiracy to raise the rate of wages, contained 497 cases, or 2½ per cent (2.24) of the whole number. The remaining subdivision contains thefts by force, of which the chief are burglary and house-breaking, robbery and poaching. The total number of offenders in this section was 1579; and the proportion to the total was 7 per cent (7.12), of which burglars and housebreakers continued two-thirds (4.54 per cent). The fourth class, composed of offences against the state, furnished 1506 cases, amounting to 6½ (6.77) of the whole number. This class includes coining and forgery of bank-notes, of which there were 855 cases, or 1½ per cent; a few cases of aiding smugglers; riots and breaches of the peace; resisting, assaulting, or refusing to aid peace-officers; prison-breaking, and returning from transportation; perjury, and administering unlawful oaths. The remaining class contains only 86 offences, or less than ½ per cent (0.39) of the whole number. To recapitulate—the proportion of thefts was 84.5 per cent; of offences against the state, 6.77 per cent; of malicious offences, 5.92 per cent; of sexual offences, 2.42 per cent; and of unenumerated offences, 0.39. Taking the twenty principal offences in their relative order, according to the number of persons annually committed for each, they will stand thus:—

1. Simple larceny	12,308
2. Stealing from the person	1,839
3. Housebreaking and burglary united	1,007
4. Stealing, by servants	955
5. Assaults	758
6. Receiving stolen goods	683
7. Riot and breach of the peace	607
8. Resisting, or refusing to aid, peace-officers	579
9. Frauds and attempts to defraud	425
10. Robbery, and attempts at robbery	392

11. Uttering counterfeit coin	318
12. Sheep-stealing	292
13. Embezzlement	309
14. Manslaughter	209
15. Rape, and attempts to ravish	188
16. Stealing from houses to the value of £1	178
17. Stealing of fixtures, trees, and shrubs	163
18. Horse-stealing	155
19. Poaching	133
20. Keeping disorderly houses	145.

The nature of the inquiries deemed requisite for information in Statistics, and of the method in which they are sought, may be gathered from the following, among other papers distributed, in illustration of the proceedings of the Section on Thursday:—

"At the meeting of the British Association in Newcastle, the sum of 50*l.* was placed at the disposal of Mr. Cargill, Mr. Wharton, Mr. Buddie, Mr. Forster, Mr. Wilson, of Glasgow, and Mr. Johnston, for the purpose of making inquiries into the Statistics of the Mining Districts of Northumberland, Durham, and Yorkshire.

"In order to render the information collected on this subject more complete, and to give it, however imperfect it may for some time be, the character of at least a part of a whole, it is proposed to arrange the inquiries under the three heads of *Mining, Manufacturing, and Moral.*

"1. *Mining.*—Comprehending the geographical extent, relative geological position; number of seams or veins; average thickness; quality (if coal, whether fire coal, steam coal, lime coal, gas coal, &c.); variations in the thickness and quality in different localities; nature of roof and floor, or of the walls of the vein; absolute contents; probable duration; of deposits of coal, iron-stone, lead, &c. Localities of mines; when commenced; most ancient workings in the neighbourhood; date and mode of working, and quantity then raised; absolute quantities of mineral now raised. Cost of raising the mineral; loss of, or on the surface, or in the mine; proportion of the mineral left in the mine; peculiarities in situation; mode of working; different qualities how disposed of; home consumption; coast; London; export (foreign); distance from port of shipment; conveyed by canal or railway; the latter worked by inclined planes or locomotives. Does the railway belong to the proprietors of the mine; is it carried by way-leaves; average cost of way-leaves per mile, or per ton transported. Number of workmen (men, women, and boys) above and below ground; average earnings. Upper classes of workmen—overmen, superintendents, under-viewers, &c.; how trained and selected. Safety of the mines; local difficulties in working; ordinary temperature of, evolutions of gas; kind and quantity of; number of accidents, &c. &c. *Results.*—Number and general direction; effects on the position and quality of the coal; deteriorated or the contrary; to what extent; converted into canal coal?—See Murchison's 'Silurian System,' v. i. p. 117; and 'Report of the British Association,' v. i. p. 84. *Water.*—Feeders at different depths; quantity and quality of water; how removed, by engines or levels; effects of the workings on the general drainage or springs on the surface. *Machinery.*—Engines employed in pumping and winding; construction; power; work done; fuel consumed; consumption of iron, wood, oil, leather, ropes, kind of ropes, &c. &c.—See De la Beche's 'Geology of Cornwall,' p. 550. *Capital Invested.*—In the mine; in machinery; in means of transport; number of horses employed by the mine; tons of shipping, &c. &c.

"2. *Manufacturing.*—Return of works immediately dependent on the mineral riches of the district; smelt mills; iron furnaces; glass works; alkali works; of chemical works in general; gas works, distinguishing those which work up the raw minerals of the district from such as depend on their locality for a supply of fuel only; quantity and quality of imported articles, and of the raw produce of the district consumed at each; approximate value of these; nature and value of manufactured products; where consumed; numbers of workmen; average earnings, &c.; healthiness of their employment; prevailing diseases; comparative longevity, &c. State of any of these manufactures, as of those of iron, soda, and glass, at different distant periods. Ancient bloomeries, sites, extent, mode of smelting; date, owners, &c. &c.—See Murchison's 'Silurian System,' v. i. p. 122.

"N.B.—A distinct set of queries must be drawn up for each class of works.

"3. *Moral.*—Including the statistics chiefly of the mining population; its amount in general and in certain limited districts; in certain pitmen's villages; for example, on the Tyne and Wear, the Ayre, the Calder, the Don, &c., in the mining dales of the Tees, the Allan, the Wear, the Swale. Actual and average ages of the working population; number of children; state of education; general desire and facilities for; religious persuasion and means of religious instruction; general morality; state of crime against property, against person; habits as to sobriety, &c.; rise and general cleanliness of their houses; salubrity of the village; medical statistics in general; proportion of disabled workmen; benefit and aid societies (statistics of). *General Industry.*—Age at which work is commenced; average period of cessation of labour; number of hours employed; actual and average rates of wages at different ages; strikes and combinations.—See 'Statistical Society's Queries.' *Females.*—Occupation of; do any work about the mines; kind of education they receive; skill in sewing, knitting, cooking, &c. On all these, and other topics not touched upon in this sketch,

separate sheets of queries must be drawn up, adapted, as far as may be, to the localities for which they are intended.

"It is of importance that these topics and queries should be properly digested, and put in as complete a form as possible, before they are sent out; and that the co-operation of many parties should be secured before any attempt is made to collect information. Prejudices must, if possible, be overcome; and by convincing parties that we have no private object to gain, we must endeavour to persuade them to lend their aid in securing the collection of this mass of information, not merely because it is likely to prove interesting to individuals, or to lead to important improvements within the mining districts themselves, but because it will be of great value also in a national point of view. Will you favour me with your opinion of this outline at your earliest convenience, and say if there be any of the departments or subdivisions on which, as a member of the committee, you would engage to draw up a list of queries; or in regard to which you would assist me with your suggestions? It appears advisable to adopt the present method of communication before calling a meeting of the committee, in order that when the meeting does take place, we may be prepared to adopt some previously concerted measure.

"Durham, April 1839. JAMES F. W. JOHNSTON."

Among the queries alluded to in the foregoing "N.B." we find these applied to a Mining, or Pit Village:—

What is the population—is it entirely a mining population?

In how many instances does more than one family inhabit the same house?

What is the size of the rooms in general?

Are there any instances in which brothers and sisters sleep in the same bed? How many? Of what ages?

Are there any instances in which a whole family, or more families than one, sleep in the same room? How many?

What is the general condition of the houses for cleanliness and order?

Have they generally pictures on the walls—of what kind?

How many houses have gardens attached to them?

Are they ornamental gardens, or otherwise—of what size?

Are pigs, poultry, &c., generally kept?

What increase or decrease has taken place in the population of the village during the last ten years?

An extract from the parish register of the births and deaths during the last two years, giving the ages.

The proportion of marriages annually to the population.

The proportion of legitimate to illegitimate births.

Is the employment of females in the mines supposed to influence the number of illegitimate births?

What number of children between the ages of four and fifteen are there in the village?

What number are receiving instruction in schools?

How many schools are there in the village?

By whom are they supported, or superintended?

Are they conducted on any particular system?

Are boys and girls educated together—and how many of each?

How many children above five years of age are able to read and write?

How many adults out of one hundred, taken at random, are able to read or write?

What is the average sum paid weekly for the education of each child?

How many attend Sunday schools—how many attend Sunday schools, and no other?

Do boys, after beginning to work, attend any other but the Sunday schools?

How many places of worship are there in the village, and of what sects?

What may the average attendance at each be estimated at?

Are the schools attached to the places of worship—and what average number of scholars attend each?

Do the female children generally learn knitting, sewing, singing, &c.—are they taught to make their own clothes, or domestic economy in general?

Do the boys learn the use of carpenter's tools, so as to be able to make or mend their own furniture?

General remarks on the description of education received, and whether any attention is bestowed on the cultivation of the moral qualities. What process of training is adopted?

Is there much desire for education evinced by the parents of children in general?

Are they given to reading—have they generally many books—of what kind?

Are the teachers regularly trained, or do they teach because they are disqualified for any thing else?

What branches are they qualified to teach?

What are the terms for tuition?

Is there any salary in addition to the fees?

In what estimation is the office of a schoolmaster held?

What is the average rate of wages earned by the able-bodied workmen, specifying the different classes—hewers, putters, bankmen, masons, miners, washers, smelters, &c.

What are the average earnings of boys?—of girls?

What is the average age at which boys and girls go to work above and under ground?

At what age do females generally cease to work in the mines?

At what age do men usually become disabled from work?

Are they paid by the day or by the piece?

Are the average earnings more or less now than formerly?

Are the occupiers of houses liable to be ejected at the will of the proprietor?

Average number of removals per annum?

Does the truck system prevail?

What shops exist in the village? Are they kept by persons engaged in any other calling or connected with the colliery?

Do the pitmen generally purchase their food, clothing, &c., in the village?

Do they pay ready money or take credit?

What is their usual food—how is it generally cooked—and is there any thing remarkable in their clothing?

What is the usual occupation of the women?

Do they generally keep the purse?

What number and proportion of the population are unable to support themselves by their labour?—from old age, from sickness, or from infirmities occasioned by accident?

How are these persons supported—by relations, by the owners of the mines, or from the poor-rates?

How many persons in the village receive relief from the poor-rates?

Is the proportion of such on the increase or the decline?

Are there any benefit societies established? If so, what are their nature and constitution?

State of Crime.—Annual number of criminals for the last five years. Proportion of male to female criminals. Of adult to juvenile delinquents.

What number of crimes against property—what number against person?

Age at which crimes against property prevail—age at which those against person?

How many public-houses are there in the village?

Are they much frequented; and if on some days more than on others?

Is drunkenness prevalent, and to what extent does it appear to conduce to crime?

What strikes have occurred during the last ten years?

What has been the duration of each?

How did the men live in the interval? On their savings, or on credit?

If on credit, did they buy their goods in the village?

Were their payments faithfully performed, or did the shopkeepers lose by the men proving faithless to their engagements?

Are accidents diminishing or increasing in number? If less in number, does this arise from improvements in machinery, or from greater caution in the miners?

In what way is medical and surgical assistance supplied to the village, and what do the miners usually pay for such assistance?

As a specimen of the answers, those from the village of Hetton were given, and they are satisfactory as regards that locality. *Ex. gr.:*

How many rooms does each house usually contain?

In how many instances does more than one family inhabit the same house?—The rooms of the pitmen's houses are some 15, and others 16 feet square.

There are instances in which brothers and sisters sleep in the same bed whilst under 9 years of age, but not of older.

In about six instances a whole family sleep in the same room, but in no instances does more than one family. Personal cleanliness is attended to. The pictures on the walls are scriptural. All the houses have gardens attached to them; many ornamental; others vegetable; about 240 square yards. Pigs, poultry, &c., are generally kept.

The proportion of legitimate to illegitimate births is about 30 to 1, rather less than among the agricultural and manufacturing population around. 1281 children in a population of 5367 (in 1831) receive instruction in schools; of which there are fifteen in the village supported partly by the Hetton Coal Company (to the amount of 35*l.* per annum), and partly by payments made by parties receiving instruction; superintended by masters, &c., on their own risk, except in the case of the national school. There are 785 boys and 496 girls at school; and the average sum paid weekly for the education of each child is fourpence. 837 attend Sunday schools; 408 Sunday schools and no other. Many attend night schools. There are ten places of worship, Established Church, Wesleyans, Primitive Methodists, Baptists, and Wesleyan Seceders, and the attendance estimated—Church, 380; Wesleyans, 496; Primitive Methodists, 370; Baptists, 150; Wesleyan Seceders, 14. Sunday schools are—Church (National), 136; Wesleyans, 308; Primitive Methodists, 280; Baptists, 60; Wesleyan Seceders, no school. The children are taught reading, writing, arithmetic, and the girls sewing in addition, with due attention to moral and religious instruction, particularly in Sabbath schools; they learn a catechism, read the Bible and New Testament daily, and commit to memory portions of Scripture as taught. Hevers have of wages, 3*l.* 6*s.*, putters, 3*l.* 6*s.*, bankmen, 4*l.* 7*s.*, wagonmen, 3*l.* 6*s.*, enginemen, 3*l.* 4*s.*, masons, 3*l.* 5*s.*, smiths, 3*l.* 2*s.*, per day, with house, firing, and garden in addition the hewers for six, and all the others for twelve hours per day. Boys about 16 years of age 3*l.* 3*s.* per day; no girls employed. Boys, 9 years old; no girls employed. Men usually become disabled from work at about 66 years of age. Men usually work underground from six to eight hours; boys, twelve hours. The swe-

rage number of removals per annum is about one in ten of the people employed. The truck system does not prevail at all. The shops are all kept by people unconnected with the colliery. In the village the workmen generally take a fortnight's credit, but if they go to towns they generally pay ready money. Their usual diet is a due proportion of animal food, roast and boiled, with wheaten bread; their clothing is good; and the women generally keep the purse. The paupers are about one in thirty. The effects of the strikes were such as to throw many out of employment, and to increase the poor's rate for a time.

SECTION A.—Mathematical and Physical Sciences.

Theory of Light and the Photogenic Process.

A letter from Sir J. Herschel was read, in which he described a remarkable property in the extreme red rays of the prismatic spectrum, which had occurred to him in his experiments on Mr. Talbot's photogenic paper. It thence appeared, "that the extreme red rays (such as are insulated from the rest of the spectrum by a dark blue glass coloured by cobalt, and which are not seen in the spectrum, unless the eye be defended by such a glass from the glare of the other colours,) not only have no tendency to darken the prepared paper, but actually exert a contrary influence, and preserve the whiteness of paper on which they are received, when exposed, at the same time, to the action of a dispersed light sufficient of itself to produce a considerable impression. When a slip of sensitive paper is exposed to a highly concentrated spectrum, a picture of it is rapidly impressed on the paper—not merely in black, but in colours, of which the red is tolerably vivid, but is rather of a brick colour than a pure prismatic red. What is remarkable is, that its termination falls materially short of the visible termination of the spectrum. The green is of a sombre, metallic hue; the blue still more so, and rapidly passing into blackness. The yellow is deficient. The whole length of the chemical spectrum is not far short of double that of the luminous one, and at its more refrangible end a slight ruddy or pinkish hue begins to appear. The place of the extreme red, however, is marked by no colour."

[The letter alluded to M. Arago's rather equivocal allusion to this fact in his account of M. Daguerre's process, and concluded as follows:—]

"It is impossible in this climate to form a brilliant and condensed spectrum without a good deal of dispersed light in its confines; and this light, if the exposure of the paper be prolonged, acts, of course, upon every part of its surface. The coloured picture is formed, therefore, on a ground not purely white, but rendered dusky over its whole extent, with one remarkable exception,—viz. in that spot where the extreme red rays fall, the whiteness of which is preserved, and becomes gradually more and more strikingly apparent, the longer the exposure and the greater the consequent general darkening of the paper. The above is not the only singular property possessed by the extreme red rays. Their action on paper, already discoloured by the other rays, is still more curious and extraordinary. When the spectrum is received on paper already discoloured slightly by the violet and blue rays only, they produce, not a white, but a red impression, which, however, I am disposed to regard as only the commencement of a process of discoloration, which would be complete if prolonged sufficiently. For I have found that if, instead of using a prism, a strong sunshine is transmitted through a combination of glasses, carefully prepared, so as to transmit absolutely no ray but that definite red at the extreme of refrangibility, a paper previously darkened by exposure under a green glass has its colour lightened from a sombre neutral tint to a bright red; and a specimen of paper,

rendered almost completely black by exposure to daylight, when exposed for some time under the same glass, assumed a rich purple hue: the rationale of which effect, I am disposed to believe, consists in a very slow and gradual destruction, or stripping off as it were, of layers of colour, deposited or generated by the other rays, the action being quicker on the tints produced by the more refrangible rays, in proportion to their refrangibilities. It seems to me evident that a vast field is thus opened to further inquiries. A decolorizing power has been attributed to the red rays of the spectrum, on the strength of the curious experiments of Wollaston, on the discoloration of tincture of guaiacum, which ought to be repeated; but in the sensitive papers, and still more in Daguerre's marvellous ioduretted silver, we have re-agents so delicate and manageable, that every thing may be expected from their application."

A picture of the spectrum thus formed, by lamp or candle light, not being fixed, was exhibited.

The President remarked on the importance of the discovery, that the actions of certain rays interfered with the action of others, so that instead of one series of discoloration, for all the rays, as hitherto supposed, each was liable to be affected and modified by the rest.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

WE devote our poetic corner this week to two productions which we found devoted to the Antarctic Expedition, and forwarded to the Erebus. The poetic spirit of the first, and the genuine, home, natural, and female feeling of the last (for it is in a neat lady's hand), would recommend them, had they no other merit with a public so much interested on the occasion.

ON A FLAG PRESENTED TO CAPTAIN ROSS,
By a Lady, to be planted on the South Magnetic Pole.

FOLDED and quiet, like a snake asleep,
Yet beauteous in repose this flag shall be,
While the Adventurer ploughs the Southern Sea,

And fearless roams o'er the Antarctic deep,
Threading with untamed patience every steep,
And rock, and isle, and gazing wistfully
At every wild bird whose expansive wing
May tell him of some further shore, where sing
The halcyons on their storm-nests round the pole;
Then, beauteous banner—then shalt thou
And start into new life, and vigour give,
And like a spirit animate the soul,
Until the about triumphant tell the tale,
That Man's proud foot o'er Nature doth prevail.
September 20th, 1839. P. G.

TO THE OFFICERS OF THE ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION.

Go forth, adventurers on the ocean,
Go from your own, your fatherland,
We hail you with a strong emotion—
A brave—a noble-hearted band!
Ye carry not the cannon's roar
To echo o'er the silent seas;
Ye bid not on the peaceful shore
Loud wallings rise before the breeze:
Not yours the sounds of war and strife,
Ye go to bless our social life.

Your perils rough—your dwelling dreary,
We may not brave—we cannot share;
Yet when your frames with toil are weary
And when your hearts are filled with care,
Oh! think ye then, that many a sigh
Shall follow you to regions drear;
And oft in woman's gentle eye
For you shall gleam the kindly tear:

And better, too, than tears or cares,
For you shall rise our frequent prayers.

And when the Christmas fire is blazing
Upon the cheerful English hearth,
And happy families are gazing

On many a countenance of mirth;
We'll pause amid the social glee,
Or 'mid the solemn anthem old,
To think of those who on the sea
Are bearing anows, and frosts, and cold,
And pray that God will bless ye then,—
Our noble-hearted countrymen!

God speed ye, mariners, and guide
Your gallant vessels safe from ill.
But e'en if sorrows should betide
May He be near to cheer ye still,
And bring you to your country back,
Your nation's pride, your nation's glory,
To tell of all your wondrous track—
To have your names renowned in story,
And all the happiness to know,
Which home and country can bestow.
Chatham, September 17th, 1839.

PINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Character and Costume in Turkey and Italy.
Designed and Drawn from Nature, by Thomas Allom, Esq. With descriptive Letter-press, by Emma Reeve. Fisher, Son, and Co.

"THE following studies from character, in Turkey and Italy," says the preface to this interesting publication, "were taken by Mr. Allom, during a residence of some months in those delightful regions, while the brightest skies of the east and the west looked down upon the work of the painter, and imparted a portion of their own life and beauty to the efforts of his pencil: they are portraits of things and individuals as they exist, and claim at least the merit of fidelity. The series consists of twelve Italian subjects, and eight of Turkey; embodying many peculiarities of custom, manners, and dress, which have been seldom referred to by travellers, and never given to the public in a form like the present."

In a recent notice of "Constantinople and the Scenery of the Seven Churches of Asia Minor illustrated," we adverted to the frequent occasions which we had had to speak of Mr. Allom's talents as an artist. Another opportunity is here afforded us of doing so. Hitherto, the figures introduced by Mr. Allom into his views, although very appropriate, have been subordinate to the buildings and the landscape; but in the beautiful work before us, the figures are principal. They bear the stamp of truth, and are full of character and expression. Among the most striking are, "The Favourite Story-teller—Constantinople," "Peasant of Sora at the Shrine of the Virgin," "Goatherds in the Campagna di Roma," "The Brigand Family—Sonina," "The Fishermen of Naples," "The Slave-Merchant—Constantinople," "Festa at Sorrento," "The Halt of a Caravan—Sardis," "Vintage of the Abruzzi—Naples," "Monks of the Trinity—Rome," &c. We have expressed our opinion of the literary portion of the volume elsewhere.

VARIETIES.

Antarctic Expedition: Terrestrial Magnetism.—A letter, signed "Cui Bono?" in "The Times" of Thursday, expresses an opinion that all the experiments on terrestrial magnetism, made during the expedition in the Erebus and Terror, will be rendered nugatory, in consequence of the method adopted (by a voltaic

magnet) to magnetise the steel bars or needles. This, it is stated, instead of a direct north and south pole, creates a consecutive series of poles all along the bar, which must destroy all dependence upon it as a true indicator of polarity. We regret to read this, but trust that the writer is either misinformed or erroneous in his conclusions. He thinks, that the artist "in this city" (London, we presume,) who performed this operation, may have destroyed all that the patient research and ingenuity of Dr. Lloyd had accomplished in the construction of this complicated and delicate apparatus: but surely this cannot be so, since Dr. Lloyd himself not only superintended the magnetising, but visited the expedition vessels, and taught the exact manner of using it to such of the officers as were unacquainted with the process. Had the apparatus been imperfect, he must have seen and rectified the error. But, beyond this, Captain James Ross, on Friday, in last week, devoted nearly the whole day to a complete series of observations on board the Erebus, off Gillingham, to ascertain the accuracy of the instruments and the magnetic influences in the ship. These observations we witnessed, Captain Crozier being on shore verifying them by similar contemporaneous observations; and we can state, of our own knowledge, that they were most satisfactory. Knowing the scientific attainments of those officers, and especially Captain Ross's great experience in reference to terrestrial magnetism, we cannot but feel satisfied that the doubts of "Cui Bono" are unfounded. — *Ed. L. G.*

Colour.—In a note to his translation of M. Arago's report to the French Chamber of Deputies, respecting the Daguerreotype, Dr. Memes observes that he is at a loss exactly to comprehend what M. Arago means by the expression *couleur locale*, for that photographic designs have no local colour. The word "colour," however, is in familiar use with engravers, who have nothing to do but with black and white, and their intermediate gradations, to describe what might with greater propriety be called "tone."

The New Art.—Unscientific persons making experiments with iodine ought to be very cautious, for it is a deadly poison.

It is in contemplation to make a very singular use of the Daguerreotype, at the inauguration of the iron railway at Courtray, if the weather should be favourable. The camera obscura, placed on an eminence commanding a view of the royal gallery, the locomotive engines, the carriages adorned with flags, and the greater part of the procession, will be open during the delivery of the inauguratory speech; a cannon-shot will be the signal for the whole assembly to remain perfectly motionless, for the seven minutes which will be necessary to obtain the resemblance of all the persons present. This picture will be put into a leaden box, to be deposited under the first stone of the foundation of the station at Courtray, in order to give to our posterity an exact idea of this grand ceremony. It is not said how many hundred years hence posterity is to dig it up to look at it.

A Company has been formed under the name of "Société Belge du Daguerreotype." It consists, says the prospectus, of artists who are accustomed to choose the most picturesque views of public edifices, &c. They will go wherever the admirers of public monuments and the owners of country-seats shall invite them. The society has raised funds to procure successively a great number of instruments. Those persons who desire to obtain photogenic

drawings may enter their names at the office of the "Courrier Belge," stating the views which they desire to have. They will be served in the order in which their names are inscribed.

The Earl of Lauderdale.—The death of this aged nobleman has been announced in the newspapers, and ought to be repeated by us, in consequence of his lordship's political and financial authorship. The pamphlets from his pen had considerable weight attached to them at the time that bullion and other questions occupied the public attention. In politics, Lord Lauderdale's opinions were, for that period, considered to be extreme; and his appearance in the House of Lords in the rough costume of Jacobinism made quite a sensation when the principles of the French Revolution were in vogue with the democratic party in this country. His lordship possessed much influence in many ways, and was often consulted on important occasions. During the latter years of his life, he passed his time rationally and quietly at his seat, Thirlestane Castle, near Lauder; and it is not very long since we met him taking his pony-ride in that neighbourhood, and apparently enjoying a green old age.

Uses of Beet-root.—The French manufacturers of sugar from beet-root, finding it an unprofitable competition against colonial produce, have, it is said, discovered that the article makes a very superior wine, and are all agog for this new superabundance of the grape.

A Property of Stone.—A Mr. John Malkott, in a letter to "The Times" newspaper respecting stone for public buildings, mentions a property which we do not remember to have seen noticed before; viz. "that all stone made use of in the immediate neighbourhood of its own quarries is more likely to endure that atmosphere than if it be removed therefrom, though only thirty or forty miles."

Earthquake in Ava.—A dreadful earthquake visited Ava on the 23d of March last, and the shocks continued to be felt to the period of the latest accounts (April 8). The vibrations were from north to south, and every brick building in Amersapora and the surrounding district was thrown down, burying hundreds of their inhabitants in the ruins; the earth was rent into wide chasms in many places, and torrents of water issued from them charged with a gray earth, and emitting a strong sulphurous smell. The bamboo and lighter dwellings escaped.

A series of earthquakes also shook the city of Messina during the 27th, 28th, 29th, and 31st of August. Those of the 28th were the most severe, and attended by a rumbling noise.

Hydrography.—A hydrographical survey of the Gulf of Corinth, and its surrounding coasts, is at present carrying on by two British vessels.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Announcement.—In tenderness to the acknowledged sensitiveness of the author of the following letter, Messrs. Baily and Co. earnestly request that their friends, correspondents, and agents, will not allow its contents to transpire beyond their own immediate circle and connections:—

"Strictly Confidential."

"To Messrs. Baily and Co. 83 Cornhill, London."

"Dear Gentlemen,—A writer in the 'Westminster Review' (No. —), at the end of a too-favourable notice of my humble productions, has thought proper to allude to certain *private* letters of mine, sent under the seal of secrecy from Germany; and, moreover, has ventured to promise, on my behalf, a new version of the 'Pilgrims of the Rhine.' To say nothing of the presumption of entering for a race with the Bibles—especially when he had enjoyed a start of some years, before I was thus announced as saddled—when, had he been a common hack instead of a slier, there had been time enough for him to have walked over the course backwards, besides going on the wrong side of the post, and yet to have come in a

winner, as the kangaroo said after its flight with the long-armed baboon, by 'all sorts of lengths,' to say nothing of such a handicap as to weights, with that fastest of false starts, an Anachronism—there were moral, physical, constitutional, and personal reasons against such a publication. As publishers, you are no doubt aware that there is, or was, such a book as the 'Universal Letter Writer,' professing, like the 'Ready Reckoner,' and others of the same tribe, to furnish forms or figures for all the ordinary purposes of life. Now, even in the most ordinary occasions, I have never yet found that either my feelings, or intentions, or the circumstances, would adapt themselves to the printed pattern. As a natural consequence, I was invariably compelled to write my letters, as it is called, out of my own head; but, as a good deal of my own heart somehow always entered into such epistles, it has always seemed to me that parting with them for profit would be next to, or rather worse than, selling my body. Some persons have undoubtedly intended their letters to come to light. Pope, for instance, wrote his celebrated epistles expressly for the press. The same may be said of Swift, and others of literary renown, who, evidently, contemplated not a two-penny, or a general, but a universal delivery. But such, on the contrary, is my own horror of seeing my correspondence in print, that, as my friends, male and female, are well aware, I never answer even an invitation or a billet-doux except in person. Thus, the reader who has taken the trouble to peruse my works, must have observed, that, however apt to put the communications of others into type, I have been singularly shy of setting up any letters of my own. It is, perhaps, an excess of modesty on my part, but I cannot consider myself as a corresponding member of all societies. In the meantime, my peculiar delicacy, as before hinted, does not forbid my editing any private papers which may fall into my hands; and, accordingly, in that fashionable capacity, you may announce me as the patron, or foster-parent, or what you please, save author, of a collection of letters, indited by a family party, on a tour up a very popular foreign river. I propose, as godfather, to christen the work, 'Up the Rhine;' and, as one of the company draws a little, you may as well add, with original embellishments, 'In the words of Beau Brummel, I beg leave to introduce to you a 'damp stranger,' i.e., a copy wet from the press; and a single sentence with a few figures, will secure to you the whole edition, from,

"Dear Gentlemen, yours very truly,

"THOMAS HOOD."

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

A Letter on National Education to the Duke of Bedford, from Lord Brougham, 8vo. 1s. 6d.—Historical Record of the British Army, Fourth Regiment of Foot, 8vo. 8s.—A. Ronald's Fly-Fisher's Entomology, 2d edition, 8vo. 14s.—Mylins's History of England, 4th edition, 18mo. 6s. 6d.—Treatise on the Theory of Equations, by the Rev. R. Murphy (Library of Useful Knowledge), 8vo. 4s.—Select Poetry for Children, by J. Payne, 18mo. 3s.—Murray's Memoir on the Diamond, 2d edition, 18mo. 5s.—T. Kentish's Treatise on a Box of Instruments, and the Slide Rule, 18mo. 3s.—Architectura Domestica von a de Chateaufort, imp. 4to. 35s.—Dictionary of Materia Medica and Pharmacy, by W. T. Brande, 8vo. 15s.—Xenophon's Anabasis of Cyrus, Books I. and II., with English Notes, by D. B. Hickie, 18mo. 3s. 6d.—The New Excitement for 1840, 18mo. 3s. 6d.—Tables for Calculating the Value of Estates, by J. Bright, post 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Le Page's French Master for the Nursery, 18mo. 3s. 6d.—Essays on Government, 8vo. 4s.—A Challenge to Physiologists, 1cap. 5s.—F. Minuter's Advice to Deaf Persons, 1cap. 5s. 6d.—Deschamps' Treatise on Whist, Part II., 1cap. post 8vo. 8s.—Rumance of Private Life, 3 vols. 18mo. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.—Archæologia Boreana's History of the Prayer-Book of the Church of England, 18mo. 5s.—Memoirs of Charles Mathews, Vols. III. and IV. 8vo. 32s.—Ellis's British Tariff for 1840, 18mo. 6s. 6d.—Sermons on Important Subjects, by the Rev. C. G. Finney, 18mo. 3s. 6d.—Family Library, Vol. LXIX.: Life of Cicero, 1cap. 5s.—Chambers's Educational Course, Moral Class Book, 18mo. 1s. 6d.—The Ladies' Knitting and Netting Book, 2d series, 1cap. 4s. 6d.—Ruth and her Kindred, by the Rev. John Hughes, 18mo. 3s. 6d.—Robinson's Magistrate's Pocket-Book, by Archbold, 3d edition, post 8vo. 26s.

METHEOLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1839.

September.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday ... 19	From 48 to 59	29.47 to 29.49
Friday ... 20	... 47 ... 61	29.53 .. 29.55
Saturday ... 21	... 40 ... 68	29.51 .. 29.53
Sunday ... 22	... 40 ... 58	29.52 .. 29.58
Monday ... 23	... 37 ... 50	29.66 .. 29.75
Tuesday ... 24	... 40 ... 56	29.60 .. 29.73
Wednesday 25	... 53 ... 67	29.70 .. 29.78

Prevailing wind, S.W.

Except the 23d and 25th, generally cloudy, with frequent and heavy showers of rain. A lunar rainbow about eleven o'clock, on the night of the 19th.

Rain fallen, 25 of an inch.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"C. S." and other correspondents, will be attended to as soon as possible.

ERRATUM.—In our last Number, page 685, col. 3, line 57, for "man," read "name."

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

ELECTRICAL SOCIETY.—Notice is hereby given, that the Meeting of the Electrical Society will be resumed on Tuesday Evening, October 1st, 1880, in the Theatre of the Gallery of Practical Science, No. 7 Adelaide Street, (West Strand); and that they will be continued on the Evenings of the First and Third Tuesdays in every Month; the Chair will be taken at 8 o'clock precisely. By order of the Committee, E. W. BRAVLEY, jun., Secretary.

Sept. 14, 1880.

MARYLEBONE LITERARY and SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION, 12, Edwards Street, Portman Square.—The delivery of Lectures at the above Institution will commence on Monday, Sept. 30th. Terms of Subscription for the Lectures, Reading Room, Library, and Literary Meetings, Two Guineas per annum, or 30s. the Half Year; each Member is allowed to introduce a Lady to the Lectures. Classes for Instruction in French, German, Music, and Chemistry. G. B. GARNETT, Hon. Secretary.

ROYAL DISPENSARY FOR DISEASES

of the EAR, No. 10 Dean Street.
Mr. Curtis will commence a Course of Lectures on the Anatomy, Physiology, and Pathology of the Ear, on Tuesday, October 1st. For particulars apply to Mr. Curtis, at his house, 2 Soho Square. Mr. C.'s Map of the Anatomy of the Ear, and Charts of its various Diseases, with the Modes of Treatment, for the use of Students and Practitioners, may be had of all Medical Booksellers.

PICKWICK ABROAD.

A new edition.

COUNTRY BOOKSELLERS and the Public are respectfully informed, that Mr. Tegg, of Chesham, has purchased the entire Stock and Copyright of "Pickwick Abroad; or, a Tour in France." A new edition of this popular Work is in the Press, and will be ready for delivery in a few days, in One large Volume, octavo, embellished with Forty-one fine spirited Engravings, by Crowquill, &c.; also Thirty-three Cuts by Bonner. London: Printed for Thomas Tegg, 78 Chesham; and may be had, by order, of all other Booksellers in the Kingdom.

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On Sept. 30th will be published, in 8vo. price half-a-crown, with Lithographic Plate and Woodcuts, No. II. of the
JOURNAL of the AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

Contents:—
Colonel Le Contour's Prize Essay on Pure and Improved Varieties of Wheat lately introduced into England.
Mr. Stanley Carr's Prize Essay on Rural Economy Abroad.
Mr. Dixon's Prize Essay on making Compost-Heaps.
Mr. Handley's Prize Essay on Wheel and Swing Ploughs.
Mr. Cathbert Johnson's Prize Essay on Liquid Manure.
Mr. Hepper's Prize Essay on drawing Turnips.
Earl Spencer, on the Diseases of Cows.
Mr. Walbank Children, on Mbed-fording.
Mr. Youatt, on the Detection of Pregnancy in the Mare and the Cow.
Mr. Main, on Plants Injurious to Clover.
Professor Schubert, on the Physical Properties of Soil.
Report of the General Annual Meeting in May and the Oxford Meeting (with awards of Premiums) in July—Prize Essays and Premiums for Stock in 1880 and 1881—Rules and Regulations—Donations to the Library—List of Governors and Members to September 4th.
John Murray, Albemarle Street.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Memoirs of Charles Mathews, Comedian. By Mrs. Mathews. Vols. III. and IV. 8vo. London, 1839. Bentley.

THE continuation of the biography of our most popular and versatile friend requires no comment, as it is in manner and in matter precisely like the preceding portion, of which the public has a perfect appreciation. The admixture of grave and gay, of the serious business of life with the mimic business of the stage, and of important realities with affairs hardly less important to the party, though of infinitely less intrinsic consequence, renders the whole as interesting as entertaining. In his own native character of a fond husband and affectionate father, a generous and feeling friend, these pages present Mr. Mathews to the admiration of the world; and have we even to set against them any frailties or follies of an injurious kind? Alas! no; for even his famed irritability and extreme sensitiveness, whilst they hurt no one, and were as harmless as the summer lightning as it gleams along the placid sky, had but too justifiable a cause in exertions made with pain and suffering, and the disturbances of disease, which might have excused the ebullitions of bad temper and angry passions. If apparently small troubles were occasionally magnified into great ones by his peculiar temperament, it ought never to be forgotten that they were as evanescent as meteors, and often so comical in themselves that they dispersed in amusing sparkles, and all was calm again. And then the hilarity and fun that succeeded; the genuine abandonment to be pleased he knew not why, and cared not wherefore—what a treat was in the light and sunshine after the momentary storm!

A portrait of Mr. Theodore Hook gives value to the third volume, as that gentleman has not hitherto favoured the arts by lending them his countenance. The narration commences in 1818, embraces many of his "At Homes" and visit to America; and this volume (to which we this week confine ourselves) brings us to 1828, when he opened the Adelphi in conjunction with Mr. Yates. We pass over the accounts of curious *contretems*, journeys, inn adventures, hoaxes, &c. &c., in some of which the fair biographer herself figures whimsically enough; and come at once to such selections as we think will best illustrate the work and prove acceptable to our readers. We commence with a long but particularly descriptive and characteristic letter:—

"To James Smith, Esq.

"Philadelphia, Feb. 23d, 1832.

"My dear Smith,—I imagine by this time you begin to be a little impatient, and perhaps anxious to hear from me, though I must suppose you have made every allowance for my apparent neglect. You have doubtless heard of the calamitous circumstances under which I landed in this country; and you will readily believe that it was a most unpropitious time to extract any thing like fun or humour from the natives, even had they possessed as much as the Irish. America was, at the time of my arrival, a huge hospital, and conversation a mere medical report. My 'commercial specu-

lations' have been completely deranged, and though not destroyed, very materially injured. It was not till the frost set in that I could discover even a smile on any of the naturally saturnine, grave visages of the natives. You may suppose that I was not much disposed to mirth myself, or to draw it from others, during such a visitation. This has naturally tended to delay me in those observations which I should otherwise have immediately commenced, on the habits and peculiarities of the Americans. At the same time it is my belief, that had I arrived after a successful war, and during rejoicings for peace, instead of days of mourning and sickness, I should not have discovered much more of merriment of character, humour, or any one ingredient of which I was in search, and which is now, in fact, the chief motive of my longer stay in the country. It will require all your ingenuity, all your fancy (and more than ever I possessed), to find real materials in this country for a humorous entertainment. There is such a universal sameness of manner and character, so uniform a style of walking and looking, of dressing and thinking, that I really think I knew as much of them in October as I know of them now in February. The real, unadulterated natives, are only one remove from the Quakers: they never joke themselves, and they cannot see it in others. They would stare at you as a white wonder; and be perfectly amazed how any man under a hundred years of age, could possibly have collected so many good jokes, for they would be utterly incredulous that a man could utter his own wit. As they have never seen such people, they are not obliged to believe that they exist. If I excelled in narrative, and were a lecturer, allowed to be occasionally grave, I could find infinite variety of materials to dwell upon, and rather amusing too; but as I feel perfect conviction that I am never amusing without I assume the manner of another, I know not how to suggest matter for comic effects out of mere observations. I should be very much inclined to remove many prejudices that exist between the two countries, and most anxious to do justice to the upper orders of people. They are well informed, polite, hospitable, unaffected. I can truly say that I have never experienced more attentions in my own country. I do not believe, at least I cannot discover, that they differ at all from the polished people of the same rank in England. They do not certainly approach to the ease and finish of our upper ranks. I should feel equally disposed to scourge, to flagellate, to score to the back-bone, all the middling and lower orders. They are as infinitely beneath the notions that Europeans entertain of them, as their superiors are above them. Not merely sullen and cold, but studiously rude. This I have no hesitation in saying. The stage-driver says, 'Yes, sir,' and 'No, sir,' to the ostler: but to a question from a person who has a clean neck-cloth, he instantly draws up, and, in the most repulsive manner, answers, 'No,' 'Ay,' or 'Very well.' The upper orders are literally slaves to the lower. The poorest people in the country will submit to exist in the most miserable manner, with their families, rather than

any one of them should be degraded by servitude. The consequence is, that all the menial situations are filled by negroes (niggers), and Irish and Scotch. This constitutes the great difficulty in picking up anecdote, character, or any thing that would be called peculiarity, in Ireland or Scotland; even in dialect, the same disappointment follows the attempt. All that is attributed by foreigners to the English appears to belong to the Americans, but with exaggerations—reserve, coldness, monotony, &c. The gravity of the upper orders, which is by no means displeasing, becomes perfect unkindness (to make use of no stronger expression) in the middling orders; for though I have used the term lower, I hardly know who they are, where they are, or how they exist. They appear to me to be too proud even to be seen. Not one American have I yet seen waiting at table, or in any situation where he might run the risk of being called servant. This is commonplace to you, I am aware, but I mean to assure you that the tourists have not exaggerated it; they are all within the mark. You will from this perceive what difficulty I have to discover character or peculiarities. If I enter into conversation with a coachman, he is Irish; if a fellow brings me a note, he is Scotch. If I call a porter, he is a negro. I can't come at the American without I go to porter-houses, and that I cannot condescend to do. There are no phrases, no intonations, and no instances of bad pronunciation, false grammar, or incorrect English, that I cannot trace to be of English origin. Yorkshire, Somersetshire, and, above all, London, have applied them most copiously. Here arises another difficulty. The impression would be, that there is no novelty in this—this has been done before—these are English characters. A week in Ireland would supply more drollery than twelve months here. Then again, all persons are dressed alike; nobody well-dressed, no one shabby. The judge, the barrister, the shopkeeper, the president, the member of Congress, the mechanic, the servant, without the slightest variation. Even in the courts of justice there is no distinction of ranks. The judge in the shabby blue coat and striped waistcoat, that the tipstaff wears. Now, I feel perfectly satisfied that my audience would yawn at this description of the people, even if it could boast of the recommendation of novelty. The Yankee is a term given by all the inhabitants of other parts of the United States to those of the east exclusively. The larger cities boast of superiority in every respect, and speak of the Rhode Islander, and the Massachusetts-man, exactly as the English speak of all Americans, and have a contempt for a Yankee. I have just come from Boston in the latter state, and certainly I have discovered more of character there than in the cities of New York, Baltimore, or Philadelphia, where the language, generally, is better spoken than in London, or any part of England. I quite agree with you in your remarks, that a journal is necessary on a tour, but I doubt its use in America. 'The court of justice' is dulness itself. The Quakers' meeting would be a better subject, if

the Quakers talked as much as the counsellors; and this again would be Westminster Hall on an uninteresting day, without wigs. The 'travellers' I have acted upon. But there is no 'travellers' room' at an inn. All travellers of every description are shewn into the same room, and silence reigns amidst the smoke of cigars. The only notions I have had (droll to say) is a coach scene, *'à la diligence'*. Some of the summer dresses would be new to the English. Negro women dressed like Quakers—very common here. A very fat negro, with whom I met, driving a stage-coach (which are almost as peculiar as the French), and urging his horses by different tunes on a fiddle, while he ingeniously fastened the reins round his neck. This would give an opportunity for the only costume which differs from that of our own country, the summer dress. With respect to songs, I really fear that I shall hardly be able to suggest subjects. The only striking subject for a pater-song is the inordinate love of title; a remarkable instance of the weakness and inconsistency of these simple republicans. Though the honour of knighthood bestowed on their president, even if he were a Washington, would rouse the country into a civil war, they are more ridiculously ostentatious of the petty titles that are recognised than any people under the sun. There is not any regular military establishment; a militia is kept up by occasional drillings, &c.; and, in case of war, this is their only effective force. The officers, therefore, are composed of all ranks of persons; and whether they have actually served or not, whether retired or in present exercise, they tenaciously exact their titles. On every road, even at the meanest pothouse, it is common to call out, 'Major, bring me a glass of toddy!' 'Captain Obis, three cigars, and change for a dollar!' 'Why are we so long changing horses, colonel?' This was addressed to our coachman—A fact! 'Why, Achilles is gone to get one of the horses shod, but the major is a good hand, he'll soon clap four shoes on.' 'Othello, run to Captain Smith's for a pound of cheese.' I heard at New York—'Colonel Hunter, your bread is by no means so good as that you baked at the beginning of the year.' 'Sheriff, your health.'—'Judge, a glass of wine.'—'Counsellor, allow me to send you some beef.' They are chiefly remarkable for accenting the wrong syllable, in engine, genuine, enquiry. Located is in general use; *approved*, *ultimated*, &c. 'Admire,' is to have an inclination to do any thing, as, 'I should *admire* to skate to-day.' 'Ugly' means *ill-tempered*;—'It is a pity such a pretty woman should be so *ugly*.' If they speak of a 'plain woman' they say she is *awful*. 'Clever' is *good-natured*; as 'He's a *clever* fellow, but a damned fool.' 'Considerable,' in the general sense, but as an adverb; as, 'He is *considerable* rich.' 'Guess' is always used in cases where no doubt exists:—'I *guess* I have a headache.' 'Servants' are called *helps*. 'Slick' is *nice*. 'A *slick* potato.' 'He did it *slicker*.' (cleverly); and, '*slick* right away.' 'My wife died *slick* right away'; that is, she went off pleasantly, but suddenly. 'That is a little too damned bad'; 'a little grain of water.' 'Progress,' used as a verb; as, 'I *guess* our western States *progress* very fast; i.e. improve. 'Admirable' is generally said. The participle *to* is very generally used (not by learned persons) after a verb; as, 'I *guess* it's a fine day. Will you take a walk?'—'I should *admire* to,' or, 'I have no occasion to.' 'When were you to Boston?' 'Have you been out in the rain?'—'Yes, but I had not ought to.' The following dialogue

was furnished me by an ear-witness, who knew my desire to collect:—'Any thing new to-day, Mr. B.?'—'I *guess* I have not heard any thing.' 'How's your lady?'—'Nicely. She *progresses* fast under Doctor A. She comes on *slick*, and grows quite *fleshy*.' 'How's Miss Sabrina?'—'She's quite *good* (well).—She's a *foine* girl.' 'I think she is, though she's rather awful.'—'I never saw her ugly in my life; and if she had but a pretty face, she'd be complete! Real!' 'Have you taken her to the theatre yet?'—'I hadn't ought to.' 'Why?'—'I *guess* I can't afford it.' 'Is not Mathews a favorite of yours?'—'Not by no manner of means. I wish he'd take himself off.' 'I reckon he'll take us off when he's at home in his own country again.'—'He won't dare to. We would not suffer that there.' 'He's a smart fellow' (applied to any talent); 'but I like a steady actor, as gives us time to admire him, and find out his beauties.' They use the word *raised* for *born*; or erecting a building: 'Where were you *raised*?'—'In Virginia.' 'I *guess* you have considerable hogs and niggers?'—'Yes, we have plenty of them black cattle.' 'Will you come and take a little grain of brandy, or whisky?'—'I should admire to, for I'm considerable thirsty; but I must first go and speak to the *gentleman* as looks after my nags.' 'Where does your horse keep?'—'At Colonel Crupper's livery-stables.' 'I *guess* the colonel has pretty damned bad help?'—'The ostler as tends the stable is a spry likely lad?'—'Yes, he's spry and well-looking, but pretty ugly.' 'I don't mind his ugliness. If he shewed me any of it, I'd make him clear out pretty damned quick.' 'You'll find me at Sampson's grog-shop, I *guess*. You won't be long?'—'I'm coming right back. Tell Sampson to put a little grain of bitters in my brandy.' The strongest character is the *landlord* of an inn. He is the most independent person in America. You must be impressed with the idea that he confers a favour upon you, or it is in vain to expect any accommodation. He can't be caricatured; I won't spare him an inch. He is, too, the most insolent rascal I ever encountered; he is the double-distilled of those qualities I described as appertaining to the middling orders. Here I can *personate* to advantage. It will be my main stay, my sheet-anchor. I have already three or four distinct specimens of the same species. The effect will depend more on manner than matter. *Par exemple*. If you arrive at the inn, the regular system of inattention and freezing indifference is instantly apparent. No one appears. You enter the house, and search about for a landlord or waiter. Probably you pass the former, but, fearing he may be the judge or the governor of the state, you are afraid to address him. You find a *nigger*—no mistaking him. 'Where's your master?' (a black look).—'*Dat* Missa Rivers.' The following little dialogue took place with me. I respectfully solicited a room for myself and friend (an Englishman, who, like myself, was aware of the manners and customs, and hoped to be annoyed, for the sake of others (At Home). 'Can we have a private room?'—'I *guess* you can, if there isn't nobody in it.' Mathews. 'Can we have some dinner?'—'Landlord. 'Dinner? why, we've dined these two hours! It's four o'clock!' (All ranks dine at a *table d'hôte*). Mathews. 'Still, we have had no dinner; perhaps, sir, you would oblige us?'—'Landlord. 'I suspect, rather, we've something left as we had for our dinner. But you should have come sooner if

you wanted to dine; this is no time for dinner, after every body's done. It puts one's *helps* out of the way.' Mathews. 'Well, sir, the help will be paid for his trouble; therefore try your best for us.' A Hottentot Adonis appeared, with his sleeves tucked up to his shoulders (thermometer 90°), an effluvia arising from his ebony skin that he ingeniously overpowered by one of greater power from a leg of lamb. Mathews. 'Any port-wine?'—'Yes, massa, berry good a wine.' Mathews. 'Bring a bottle.' A bottle of mulled Day and Martin was brought. 'Any ice?'—'Not to-day, massa; none in Elizabeth Town; a can't get a any *Sudday*' (Sunday). At this moment enters mine host, who takes a chair, and sits down with his hat on, and a cigar in his mouth, and inquires, who we are?—where we are going? &c. 'Colonel Gymptenike and Major Foose, going to Bristol.' Mathews. 'Your wine is very hot.'—'Landlord. 'Why I don't know for that; it *keeps* in the bar.' Mathews. 'Have you no cellar?'—'Landlord. 'I suppose I have, but not for that. It's always in the bar right an end.' Mathews. 'It's rather thick; have you had it long?'—'Landlord. 'Three weeks and a bit. I fetched it in my chay myself from Philadelphia, a little while back.' At four in the morning a messenger arrived in the mail, who inquired for me, having a letter for me from a friend, advising me to fly, as the fever he knew, was in Elizabeth Town. Mine host *guessed* I was the man, and entered my room with a candle. Landlord. 'A letter for you, I reckon.' Mathews. 'Did the messenger tell you to give it me in the middle of the night?'—'Landlord. 'I *guess* he did not. It was my own contrivance.' Mathews. 'It is an odd hour to wake a man.'—'Landlord. 'I *guess* I did the right thing, and that there is always propriety. Whatever you perform, fulfil *that* right away.' I was so tickled that I said: 'You're a pleasant man; how's your wife?'—'Landlord. 'Why, she's tolerable well, but *pretty poor*' (very thin). Mathews. 'Well, I shall not get up until eight or nine, therefore adieu! thou lovely youth. I must still think it was very extraordinary to disturb me.'—'Landlord. 'Ah, I don't mind remarks when I fulfil propriety. I'm an honest man, and I presume I have done the right thing, and then remarks is equal. I am a *doile* man in church and state.'—*Exit with candle*. Another instance, lately in my journey from Boston to New York; nearly the same dialogue; but a different-looking being; a dear little punchy fellow, with a hat as large as a tea-board, and *such* a tail! He was just going to bed; and when we asked for supper, he said, 'Why, we have supped these three hours; what made you come to-night?' But this interview requires personation, and is one of the few instances of originality. I shall be rich in black fun. I have studied their broken English carefully. It is pronounced the real thing, even by the Yankees. It is a pity that I dare not touch upon a preacher. I know its danger, but perhaps the absurdity might give a colour to it—*a black* Methodist! I have a specimen from life, which is relished highly in private. A *leelle* bit you shall have. By the by, they call the *nigger* meetings '*Black Brimstone Churches*.' My wordy bredren, it is a no use to come to de meetum-house to ear de most hellygunt orashions if a no put a de cent into de plate: de spiritable man cannot get a on widout de temporalities; twelve 'poestes must hab de candle to burn. You dress a self up in de fine blue a cot, and a bandalore breechum,

and tink a look like a gemman, but no more like a gemman dan put a finger in a de fire, and take him out again, widout you put a de money in a de plate. He lend a to de poor, lend to de Law (Lord), if you like a de security drop a de cents in to de box. My sister n a de gallery too dress em up wid de poke i de bounet, and de furbelow-tippet, and look n de glass and say, 'Pretty Miss Phyllis, how bell I look!' but no pretty in de eye f de Law (Lord) widout a drop a cent i de plate. My friend and bredren, in ty endeavour to save you, I come across de ay in de stim a boat. I never was more shock an when I see de race a horrie a rubbin down. fo fear o' de Law afore dere eye on de Sabbat day, ben I was tinkin of de great enjawnment my friend at a Baltimore was to have dis light, dey rub a down de horse for de use of de bhil. Twix you and I, no see what de white ik make so much fun of us, for when dey act i foolish demselve, dey tink dey know ebervyng, and dat we poor brack people know noting all amosee (almost). Den shew dem how nch more dollars you can put in de plate dan white meestum-houses. But, am sorry to y, some of you put three cent in a plate, and ke out a quarter a dollar. What de say ven u go to hebben? Dey ask you what you do de twenty-two cent you take out of de ute when you put in the tree cent? what you do den?' I have several specimens of these ick gentry that I can bring into play, and cticularly scraps of songs, and malaprops, h as Mahometan below Cesar (thermo- ter below zero), &c.

"Song.
'Oh! love is like the pepper-corn;
It make me act so cute.

It make de bosoms feel so warm,
And eye shine like new boot!
I meet Miss Phyllis tudder day
In berry pensive mood;
She almost cry her eyes away
For Pomp's ingratitude.

'O lubby brushing maid,' said I,
'What makee look so sad?'
'Ah! Scip,' de broctuous virgin cry,
'I feel most debblish bad!

For Pomp he stole my heart away.
He taught him berry good;
But he no lub me now he say!
Chah! what ingratitude!

can no more; but you shall hear again
rtly from yours, most truly,

"C. MATHEWS."

another letter from Mr. R. Peake to Mr.
thews also affords us an excellent opportu-
of exhibiting him in his true colours, and
he same time the sound sense and sparkling
nt of his attached friend:—

"English Opera House, Dec. 10th, 1894.

My dear Mathews,—I received your
ghly epistle yesterday, and shall attend to
several requests. You need not apologise
ne; 'I see by my paper' (your favourite
se), that the entertainment has been as
easful in the country as in London. You
me, what is to be the subject for next
on? Careful bird, to be thus thinking of
nest into which your eggs are to be de-
tied. But I am sure it will be many seasons
re those eggs will be added. The extraor-
ary variety of your conceptions, and the
ne powers of conveying them to an au-
ce, would give ample employ to a dozen
ors. In regard to the subject—as the
uthful Days' succeeded so well, we might
a sort of continuation of them under the
of 'Mathews's Mems.' or, should you
it, to be a little more intelligible, 'Mr.
hews's Memorandum Book.' This would
e a good vehicle for all you have collected
ur tour, some of your untouched matter,

and the rest to be provided by your authors.
The 'Monopolylogue' is sure to spin out of my
brains when they are warmed up to a concert
pitch by one or two of your admirable readings.
They, and the pleasant hospitality of Ivy Cot-
tage, cannot fail to inspire your Monsieur
Scribe. I am just returned from my annual
trip to the sea-side. On the Parade, the first
day after our arrival, we met a family with
whom we had been formerly slightly acquainted
(I must tell you that this family had risen from
humble origin to large fortune by means of an
extensive manufacture of cordage). Here, wo
to us! our bow of recognition was not returned.
My wife was nettled (for she had gentle blood
in her veins). 'Don't be uneasy,' said I, loud
enough to be heard by the party; 'they are on
the high ropes; don't cut them!' I also met
that cantankerous quondam friend of mine,
—, on the beach, trying to get his bile blown
out of him; but all the gales that Boreas
could produce from his elemental emporium
could not effect that. He was in his accus-
tomed mood, and asked me where was *old*
Irritable? the name by which he designated
your worship. *He does not know you*—how
few do! I was aware, that while you were
giving gratification to thousands by your un-
rivalled talent, though excited by the cheerful
roars of laughter, and the loud applause of
crowded audiences, you were writhing at the
same moment with pain so severe as almost to
amount to continued torture. How you have
been able to bear up against it for so many ses-
sons has proved to me a matter of surprise!
Since your first appearance at the Lyceum, in
1818, I have been constantly with you, and
may be able to form a just conclusion. You
ask me for news. Am I to skim the papers?
You see them all. But if you require a little
extra intelligence, it is at your service. There
has been a great flood in Northamptonshire,
which has, of course, immersed in water vast
numbers of unfortunate sheep. I'll venture
to say, that more mutton broth has been made
in that county than in any other. I saw Tom
Hill yesterday; and I am happy to say that he
looks one year younger than when he had the
interview with Sir Robert Walpole, to give his
advice as regarded the rudiments of the educa-
tion of the hopeful Horatio. I must tell you
a good little bit which occurred a few days
since. The excellent, kind-hearted Dr. Kitch-
iner, in his extreme *bonhomie*, thought that
he had hit on the means to reconcile the con-
flicting interests of the Theatres Royal—Drury
Lane, Covent Garden, Haymarket, and En-
glish Opera House (no easy task). To accom-
plish this desirable object, he invited Messrs.
Henry Harris, Elliston, Arnold, and Morris,
to dine with him; the latter did not accept the
invite. But the doctor never recollected how
seriously the respective managers were at
'daggers drawn.' When they met in the
doctor's library (the only guests) it was a scene
of inconceivable surprise. Harris was per-
plexed; Elliston assumed an air of infinite
grandeur; Arnold had the tact to see the
doctor's well-meant intention, and contrived to
meet his powerful opponents with pleasantry.
Dinner was served, the doctor's best, for a
small party. Of course, there was some em-
barassment with the high contending powers,
until Mr. Arnold, breaking the ice, proposed,
that the very best thing the rival managers
could do, would be to avoid all conversation on
theatrical affairs. This was agreed to by all
but Kitchiner, who wanted their dramatic differ-
ences settled that night at his table; and with
this feeling the doctor continually interlarded

the discourse, in spite of the efforts of his
visitors to refrain from attacking each other.
The wine circulated (the doctor's wine, as he
gave away much of it, always wanted *keep-
ing*); Harris and Arnold joked, and avoided
all hostile allusions; but Elliston was unable
to conceal his patent dignity, and had become
rather tipsy. He rose, and placing his hand
on Arnold's head, he exclaimed, in a pompous
manner, '*Minor manager, I will lay my hand
on you and crush you!*' This prodigious
threat, of course, produced hearty laughter. I
have met, at the house of the father of my worthy
colleague, John Hamilton Reynolds, an odd,
quaint being, by name Thomas Hood. He
appears to be too modest to let a pun; but
when it is effected, it is capital. On better ac-
quaintance (though he is the most shy cock I
ever encountered) I think I perceive under his
disguise one of the shrewdest wags of this age.
I predict, that before your present authors are
worn threadbare he will be your man. I inclose
you two songs, complete, for the forthcoming
entertainment. I like them; I hope you will;
if not, there's more of the raw material in the
warehouse over my eyebrows. My letter al-
most assumes the form of a despatch, but will,
I trust, reach you in a franked cover from the
Home Secretary's office. If his lordship had
never to sign his noble name to any thing less
disagreeable than to 'this present writing,' be-
ing that which has sent (as delivered by you),
and will again send home thousands laughing
to their pillows, his lordship would be an envied
man. To your paragraph of 'particularly private'
I reply, that I effected your purpose, and
I trust to your wishes. On handing over old
R—the 20l. I told him it had been raised by
a subscription of his well-wishers, and lied ac-
cording to your directions, in the most discreet
manner. What could make the surly fellow
imagine that you were his bitterest enemy I
cannot divine; perhaps in early days he thought
that he was the best comedian of the two, and
was savage that he never found his way to a
London audience. I think it will give you
gratification to ascertain that this act of yours
is a much greater charity than you could have
apprehended. The misery of the lodging, the
squalid state of the family; and yet the old boy,
with the same cynical turn of the nose, asked
me rather peremptorily, the names of the per-
sons who had subscribed for him. What made
you fall in love with such a specimen? As the
money was in his hands, I had effected my part
of the affair, and left him with a divided feeling
of pity and contempt. The wife and daughters
exhibited quite a distinct appreciation of the
gift. He has, however, since addressed a well-
worded letter of thanks to his 'unknown friends,'
which you shall have when you come to town.
Turn we to another subject, as my double sheet
is not yet full. I once in a booth saw the con-
jurer Gyngell performing his various tricks:
but he contrived to divide his entertainment
into several parts; coming forward before the
curtain, bowing to his audience, with this elu-
cidatory address, 'Ladies and gentlemen, the
next will be something else!' so I perforce must
go (though no conjurer) to my something else.
John Hardwick has composed an elaborate epi-
taph for his friend Benzley:—

"Here lies Samuel Benzley;
He lived hard, but died easily."

"This epitaph is as concise and pithy as that of Mr.
T. Dibdin's upon a celebrated book-room, whose injunc-
tion to his tombstone was facetiously supposed to be as
follows:—

"Reader of these four lines take heed,
And mend your life for my sake,
For you must die, like Isaac Reed,
Though you read till your eyes are dead."—A. M.

By the way, when last we met I omitted to relate to you the joke on Sir George Smart. Sir George was dining at Bartley's, and during dinner a most tremendous storm of thunder and lightning came on. It was terrific, and Sir George is reported to have laid down his knife and fork in serious alarm. We were not surprised at this, because Sir George (a sensible man) was fully aware that he was a *conductor*! If this letter should be received since you have heard from home, all are well at Kentish Town, and Miss Sophia Laforest is on a visit with Mrs. Mathews. They are never melancholy when together. Your favourite white pony, I am sorry to inform you (I know not how offended), has kicked your coachman David, who, I'll be bound to say, returned the compliment; though they are both very fond of each other; but this is in accordance with the way of the world. Have you not acted *Jonathan in England*? Great difficulty must lie in the effective representation of the other parts; Bartley, Keeley, Sloman, Salter, even Minton, were capital with us. My paper bids me cry 'Hold! enough!' but I have still space to tell you, that Wrench has not improved in the only bit of mimicry he attempts, the imitation of the 'Baa of a sick lamb.' Gods! how we fools laughed at it! But laughter is very wholesome, and always a delight. I laugh as much as I can. Small room to say, thanks for the cheque on Rowland Stephenson for my (your) book-keeping for last season. That the same success may ever continue to attend you is, of course, the ardent wish of, my dear Mathews, your sincere and faithful friend,

"R. B. PEAKE."

To these long extracts we will now take the liberty to append a collection of *facets*, without being very minute in affiliating them upon their parents.

In Verse, by Mathews, on the effect the death of the Queen had on theatrical affairs:—

"The death of the Queen has caused great perturbation;
We must *mourn* by command, and throughout the whole nation,

The theatres closed, the poor actors forlorn,
Must starve. Other subjects can eat while they mourn.
What follows is plain: 't is believed in all corners,
The mourners are actors—the actors are mourners."

"Extempore on rising from my seat at the close of 'At Home,' on Saturday night:—

"If, in whatever docks this earthly ball,
'Tis still great Mother Nature—one in all!
Hence Mathews needs must be her genuine son,
A second Nature, that acts all in one."

"S. T. COLERIDGE."

"I ruralised yesterday for a chop dinner; and, as I have nothing of my own to say, I will just give you a specimen of an epitaph that I think good. The mourning husband puts his initials at the bottom of the lines:—

"Hannah, wife of George Onions,
She was—
But words are wanting to say what.
Look what a wife should be,
And she was that.
GO."

"Affectionately yours,

"C. MATHEWS."

In press (when Mr. C. J. Mathews had been some time in Paris, he returned with the following laughable *jeu d'esprit* to his mother):—

"To Mrs. Mathews.

"(Will be presented by Master C. J. Mathews.)

"Paris, Sept. 3d. 1819.

"My dear Friend,—This letter will be delivered to you by a young gentleman for whom I have a considerable regard; and, as it is likely he will reside some time in England, you will much oblige me by shewing him any little attention in your power. I do not wish that you should put yourself to the slightest in-

convenience on his account; but merely allow him to make your house his home, and supply him with every necessary of life. That you will allow him bed and board in your house, is a thing of course; and the only little extra civility I request of you, is that you will furnish him with clothes and linen, and just be at the trouble of seeing from time to time that they are in good order, and of providing him with the necessary changes and repairs when they are not. I need not request you to pay for his teaching—your good nature and politeness will naturally prompt you to do this; and as to the allowance of a certain sum weekly or monthly, as pocket money, I must remain entirely silent, convinced as I am that your consideration for me will be your best guide as to what is proper in this latter respect. I must, however, observe that he is a young gentleman of sober and discreet habits; and that a hundred or so a-year will be nearly as much as he can have occasion for, during the first two or three years of his visit to you. If, however, you are of a different opinion, and think this insufficient, I trust to the friendship that exists between us, that you will not use the least ceremony, and increase it according to your own notions of what is best. He is intended to pursue the profession of an architect, and is for that purpose placed under the guidance of a gentleman eminent in the art. My friend Mathews, who has now and then a leisure half-hour at his disposal, will do me the favour to devote it to the examination of my young friend's progress; and I am sure he will be but too happy to defray any little expense that may be incurred in the course of his studies. Need I hint how much I shall feel obliged if he will also just pay the premium requisite for his introduction into the profession? I trust he will not be offended with my mentioning a point so sure of being suggested by its own sense of what is due to a person thus introduced to him. I would not for the world be troublesome to you; and, though I am anxious this young gentleman should meet with a favourable reception at your hands, I do not require more than that you should treat him in all respects as if he were your own son.—Believe me ever, very sincerely yours.

T. POOLX.

P.S.—By the by, he is very fond of riding; and I know he would be delighted if you were to make him a present of a horse. At the same time you would be much obliging me by keeping it for him in your stable; you know we are *sans façon*, therefore I should be much offended if you were even to think of keeping a groom to wait entirely on him. He is a young man of the world, and will be perfectly satisfied with the attendance of Mathews's, whenever he may have occasion for him."

"I saw our witty friend Dubois in London, who told me an anecdote in which you figured. W— (so said the wag) pressed you to act for his benefit in the after-piece at Covent-Garden, which you said you would willingly have done, but that you were engaged that night to perform in the after-piece at the English Opera House, and could not cut yourself in half. 'I don't know that,' replied W—, 'for I have often seen you act in two pieces.' Is this true? or is it one of Dubois's own children?"

At an interview with George IVth., "the king talked of Mr. Kemble, and said, 'Your Kemble is excellent, whether on or off the stage. I used to fancy my own imitation of him very true. I had a great regard for Kemble: he was my very good friend. I'll suffer no one to speak a word against Kemble.' The king then remarked upon Mr. Kemble's

correct pronunciation of the English language, and the natural horror he felt at any distortion of it. This led to my husband's relating a story of the tragedian's correcting a servant, one night, at Lord North's. The gentlemen staying later over their wine than usual, a footman informed Mr. Kemble that 'the carriage was waiting, and that Mrs. Kemble desired him to say *she had got the rheumatism*.' After a minute's pause, Kemble turned to the man, and, deliberately taking a pinch of snuff, said, 'Tell Mrs. Kemble that I'll come: and another time, sir, do you say *tism*.' The king laughed loudly at this anecdote, and observed, 'Oh, it is so like him! I can relate a story of the same kind, which will prove that he could not abstain from such corrections, whether it was a servant or a prince who offended his nice ear. One evening, after he had dined with me, perceiving, in the course of conversation, that Kemble carried his finger round his snuff-box, evidently in distress at its emptiness, I held out my own, silently inviting him to partake of its contents, when he exclaimed, 'Is it possible! Does a prince offer his box to a poor player?' I replied, 'Yes; and if you will take a pinch from it you will much oblige me.' Kemble paused for a moment, then bowed stiffly, and, dipping his finger and thumb into the box, replied, 'I accept your Royal Highness's offer with gratitude; but—if you can extend your royal jaws so wide, pray, another time, say *oblige*.' And I did so ever after, I assure you. Oh, I'm under vast obligations to my friend Kemble!"

"At the back of a printed copy of the prospectus of the design for the erection of the Shakespeare monument, appears the following pithy communication from Mr. Bunn, the late lessee of Drury Lane Theatre, addressed to Mr. Mathews:—

"Dear Mat,—Mr. Kean, on declining to become one of the committee for the landable undertaking described at the back hereof, made the following remark to me:—'I will build him a monument myself, by acting his characters.'—Yours,
A. BUNN."

"I must give you a little anecdote, in general circulation here, which is rather amusing, more as a picture for the fancy to realise than a story of point. It is told as an instance of my 'wonderful powers.' There is a physician here of the name of Chapman, to whom I had a letter from Washington Irving. I saw him in September last, and had him instantly, and indulged in imitating him. When I went through in October, I gave this imitation at a party here; for like P—s at Liverpool, every body knew him, and it was equally droll. A gentleman present not only laughed then, but when he went home he laughed again at the recollection so immoderately that his wife really thought he had a hysteric fit. In perfect alarm, she sent the servant off for their physician. He was from home; and the servant thinking his master dying, did not stop till he found a doctor. Just as the patient was recovering from the effects of the counterfeit doctor, in came the real Dr. Chapman; and when the patient heard the sound of his voice,

"I remember another instance of the same kind. When Mr. Kemble acted in York as 'a star,' staying in the house of Tate Wilkinson, Mr. Mathews called there on some pretence, for the sake of being near the great actor. On entering the room, Mr. Kemble was sitting at the further end of it, seemingly absorbed in reading. Mrs. Wilkinson, a broad Yorkshire woman, inquired of Mr. Mathews as he entered, whether he did not find the streets bad to walk in; telling him that Mr. Kemble had been out, and had assured her they were very *slippy*. Mr. Kemble, evidently ear-wounded by the word, slightly shook his head, without any other movement, and, as if unconscious that his correction was audible, muttered, '*slippy—slippy—slippy*.'—A. M."

he was off again, and was actually very near being bled while in his second fit.—A fact!

“C. MATHEWS.”

“An Irishman at the house of a friend of mine, the author of ‘The Spy,’ and ‘The Pioneers,’ discovered a part of the wood-work of a chimneypiece on fire, that endangered the whole house. He rushed up to his master and announced the alarming intelligence. Down he rushed with him; a large kettle of boiling water was on the fire. ‘Well, why don’t you put out the fire?’—‘I can’t, surr.’ ‘Why, you fool! pour the water upon it.’—‘Sure, it’s hot water, surr.’—Fact!”

“A lady here has a *Dow Buckinghamish* sort of beard. A gentleman to-day said, ‘It would be indicative to mention it, though somebody ought to tell her of it. I think I’ll send her an anonymous razor.’ The same lady was rather gummy about the ankles. The man observed, ‘She has patent heels, to keep the dust out of her shoes,’ &c.”

“I made an angry reply to a beggar-woman to-day:—‘I have no money.’—‘Good luck to you, leave us a lock of your hair.’ Adieu!”

“The following is a fact:—The present sheriff, at his dinner, when somebody proposed the Duke of Wellington’s health.—‘The first captain of the age,’—actually gave out ‘The first chaplain of the age!’ He is a cutler, and, when his health was proposed, a wag whispered to the band, who had played appropriate tunes to the other toasts, to play ‘Terry, helgho, the *Grinder!*’ which was done! The king shook hands with a peasant, when he was here, who said, ‘I’ll not wash that hand for a twelvemonth.’ One little bit at parting:—A drunken fellow, taken home by his friend, was challenged by another: ‘Who is that?’ ‘Where are you going?’ &c. ‘Why, I think your friend has had too much?’—‘Why, I think he had better have divided it fairly, half to-day and half to-morrow.’ A watchman came up. ‘How much has he drunk?’ said a by-stander.—‘A gallon at last!’ ‘Then I take him into custody for carrying off a gallon of liquor without a permit!’”

“I give a specimen of the style in which Mr. Bannister generally wrote to my husband:—

“‘To C. Mathews, Esq.

“‘May 30th, 1834.

“‘Incomparable Mathews,—Although I have left off acting, I shall have great pleasure in performing (my promise to dine with you) on the 28th. Ever yours, truly,

“‘JNO. BANNISTER.

“‘65 Gower Street.”

Ireland, Past and Present.—“I have nothing to say and no time to say it in. By the time you receive this I shall have arrived, please God, and have performed in Liverpool. ‘This country never was and never will be, what it was before the union.’ (!) ‘Good! now that I heard.’”

“The circumstance of Mr. Mathews’s dwelling in this letter so emphatically upon the superiority of the Scottish character, reminds me of several anecdotes related by him in reference to the lower orders of that country, who partook of the respect which the higher ranks excited in him at all times. I remember his telling me a story of his having dined a short distance from Edinburgh, accompanied by an old laird, much in the habit of exceeding discreet limits, when he found himself induced by good wine and good company to take more of the former than he was justified in doing. On the occasion in question, he had taken

Mr. Mathews in his carriage to the house where they dined on a Saturday evening. On their return to Edinburgh after midnight, when they reached the toll-bar through which they had passed on the evening of the day before, the usual demand was made by the pretty daughter of the toll-keeper, which the laird resisted on the plea that he had paid on first passing through, and should not pay again. The young girl reminded the laird that it was now another day; that the Sabbath morn had broken upon his return; and, therefore, she expected a fresh payment. But the impracticable laird persisted in his wrong-headed determination not to pay a second toll on one day. In vain his friends expostulated and endeavoured to discharge the claim, in order to get home. The unreasonable laird would not permit his friends or his servants to satisfy the demand, and he applied the most violent and unbecoming language and epithets to the girl; all which she received with great meekness, nevertheless with unflinching determination not to unlock the gate without the toll being first paid. The fury of the laird, and the continuation of the noise, at length induced an old woman in her night-dress to peer out of an upper window, with the question of, ‘Eh! Maggy, what’s the gentleman saying?’ when the girl replied, ‘Ah, mither; it’s no the gentleman, it’s the wine that speaks!’ Strange to say, this observation sobered the laird, who demurely ordered his servant to ‘git the lassie her will for once, though ‘twas hard to pay twice in one day.’ As a pendant to the preceding picture of native good sense and moderation, I add the following anecdote:—During some severe weather, Mr. Mathews had hired a hackney coach to take him to the theatre where he had to act. Something had happened several times to derange the harness, and the driver, a steady old Scotchman, had been obliged to descend from his box to put it in order; but a third occasion put an end to my husband’s patience, besides giving him some alarm lest he should not arrive in time to dress. He looked out of the coach-window, and perceiving the man very deliberately tying some rope together, to effect the necessary repair, somewhat angrily called out that such delays were very provoking; and being unable to induce the man to hasten his operations, he exclaimed, in a sharp tone, ‘Be pleased to remember how much time I am losing.’—‘Vary weel, sir,’ answered the man, quietly and slowly, ‘and you will be pleased to remember that I’m losing just as much time as yourself!’”

With this we must shut up Vol. III. There is some hard hitting at poor Benson Hill, and it is melancholy after reading the accounts of such sums of money as Mr. Mathews earned by his profession, to think that he did not die in more abundant circumstances.

Historical and Descriptive Notices of the City of Cork and its Vicinity; Gougoun Barra, Glengariff, and Killarney. By J. Windele. Cork, 1839. Bolster.

THIS volume appears to us an excellent guide for the south-west of Ireland, full of new and curious matter, put together in a quaint and agreeable manner. Some amusing anecdotes and many notices of interesting persons are interspersed throughout, which give Mr. Windele’s work claims on the attention of general as well as local readers. We make a few extracts, completely at random:—

“In 1850, Cromwell sojourned in Cork a few days, and whilst there converted the

church-bells into cannon; observing in reply to a remonstrance, that since gun-powder was invented by a priest, he thought the best use for bells would be to convert them into *canons*. The jests of the Protector not having been either very numerous or brilliant, it is as well to preserve the only one, it is believed, perpetrated by him in Cork.”

In the burial-ground of the Cathedral of Cork, we are told that there are few old monuments.—“On one stone is inscribed,

‘Here lies a branch, of DESMOND’S race,
In THOMAS HOLLAND’S burial-place.’

The Geraldine alluded to, was, I believe, a knight of Glen, interred here in the last century. Beneath the shade of one of the old elms lies, without stone or memorial, the unfortunate J. B. Trotter, author of ‘Walks through Ireland,’ and some other works. He was a man of high connexions and early hopes, but closed a chequered life in poverty and sorrow. In his outset he had been the companion, and afterwards the private secretary, of Charles James Fox; after the death of that statesman, however, all his prospects darkened, and in 1818 he died in great wretchedness, in very humble lodgings, on Hammond’s Marsh. • •

“The bishops [of Cork] have at all times been extremely jealous of the privileges of their manor; a curious instance of this was given in 1721, by the celebrated Dr. Peter Brown, then bishop. The wife of an Alderman French having died, the bereaved husband addressed to his lordship the following letter, still preserved.

“‘To the Rt. Rev. Father in God, Peter, Lord Bishop of Cork and Rosse.

“‘My Lord,—Since it has pleased Almighty God to take to himself my companion, and having a desire to do her the last office as decently as I could so, I would beg leave of your L^{ship} that the May^r. with his sword and maces, may accompany the funeral to the grave, and you’ll very much oblige, my Lord, yr. L^{ship}’s most dutiful servant,
W. FRENCH.’

“The bishop’s note upon this, strongly recording his stern sense of duty to himself and successors, is appended, in his own handwriting, at foot, and runs thus:—

“‘This letter was delivered to me by Mr. Woodroff, from Alderman French. I positively refused to suffer the Mayor to come within y^e liberties of my manor wth his sword and maces, adding that such leave would be in effect giving up y^e privileges of y^e manor, upon w^{ch} y^e Mayor and Aldermen came to the burial at St. Fin Barrie’s without sword or maces.—This I certify, April 11, 1721.’

“‘PETER CORKE AND ROSSE.’”

A new cemetery, which has been recently formed a short distance from the city of Cork, is thus noticed by Mr. Windele:—

“An object of increasing interest, is, what may be denominated the *Père la Chaise* of Cork—the new cemetery established by the Capuchin Friars, a few years since, where was formerly a botanic garden. It lies to the south-east of ‘Evergreen.’ The situation is beautiful, and the utility of the object above all praise. It has already obtained a deserved preference over the old narrow crowded burial-grounds within the city; whilst the receipts, over and above the

“Archbishop Gilbert, when bishop of Salisbury, stood upon his rights respecting a similar jurisdiction of the city and cathedral, refusing to let the mace be carried before the mayor in the church precincts, and once having a kind of scuffle with the mace-bearer upon the subject. Soon after, the judge of assize being applied to by the cook, at a circuit dinner, to know if his lordship chose any particular dish, replied, ‘No!’ but as he heard the bishop was to dine with him, he desired, if there was any soup, that there might be no mace in it, as the bishop did not love mace.”

necessary expenditure, are applied to benevolent purposes: in this way, from the year 1827 to 1834, a sum of 1529*l.* has been applied amongst the poor of the city. Besides, it has become an auxiliary in the cause of art in Cork, as testified by the improved taste displayed on several of the monuments, some of them of great beauty. That of Mr. Murphy, designed and executed by Hogan, and another by Pain, to the memory of the late T. Sheehan, may safely be singled out, amongst the most favourable specimens. The Gothic altar-tombs, in the lower parts of the grounds, are also works highly creditable to the taste and talent of Pain, and of his former pupil, the late George Buckley. The career of the last-named gentleman, unhappily too brief, was one full of the greatest promise. He had scarcely entered upon the practice of his profession, when he was snatched away; but he has left enduring indications after him of the highest order. 'Si monumenta quis, circumspecte': these grounds contain many of them, and may hardly be seen and examined, without admiration of his genius, and regret for his too premature loss. Nothing can be better kept than this cemetery; trees and shrubs of rarity and beauty are profusely scattered about; every grave possesses its yew, willow, or cypress, and many are carefully decked with flowers. But even here, as elsewhere, the ridiculous lurks—the ass's ear may be detected; some of the inscriptions are in the worst taste, redolent of the blindest folly, vanity, and absurdity."

After reading Mr. Windle's account of Cork, no one can doubt its Irish location; as although no less than four squares are enumerated, he actually tells us that Cork has none!

"Of squares, Cork possesses none; although the word, strangely enough, occurs as a name to several places: thus, we have Buckingham Square, Knapp's Square, Jones's Square, and Daunt's Square, to which a stranger would find it rather difficult to apply the term. In the latter square, is the domicile of that ingenious citizen, renowned in lathering metres,

"ONE ROBERT OLDEN,
Inventor sole of H'Eukerigenolence,
Soother of beads."

Life of James Watt. By M. Arago. *Memoir on Machinery, considered in relation to the Prosperity of the Working Classes.* By the same. *Historical Account of the Discovery of the Composition of Water.* By Lord Brougham. 8vo. pp. 142. 1839. Edinburgh, A. and C. Black; London, Longman and Co.

To persons interested in matters of Science this volume will be acceptable. M. Arago's biographical sketch of our illustrious countryman James Watt (with its sequel paper) is, on the whole, an honourable and appropriate tribute, though Solomon de Caus, and Denis Papin, being Frenchmen, flourish quite as much in the foreground as facts can justify; and a laudation of Buonaparte, and a slap at William Pitt, are lugged in without any very strong reason or apparent necessity. The few anecdotes with which the narrative is relieved tell well; as, for example, the following:—

"I shall (says M. Arago) probably have occasion, in the sequel, to return to some of the other properties of steam. If I do not insist upon them at present, it assuredly is not because I attribute to this assembly the state of mind of certain students, who one day observed to their mathematical professor, 'Why are you taking all this trouble to demonstrate these theorems? We repose entire confidence in you; give us only your word of honour, and

that will suffice.' But I feel anxious not to abuse your patience; and I ought also to remember that, by referring to particular treatises, you will readily supply the omissions which I shall find it impossible to avoid."

The progress of the steam-engine from crude ideas to the prodigious applicability of motive power combined with machinery, effected by Watt, is a history of curious and useful character; shewing where almost accident, and slight observations, and acute deductions, and enlightened inventions, contributed in turn to bring on the whole to perfection. A boy wishing to play supplies one important link; a philosopher, of the deepest thought, another. So are all great discoveries made: it was only once that a Minerva was produced complete, even from the head of a Jove, and that not without the mechanical aid of a Vulcan!

The name of the translator of this Memoir is not mentioned, but we quote from one of his notes an extract, to prove that many other important designs occupied the mind of Watt. He observes:—

"At a time when so many people are occupied with projects of rotatory steam-engines, it would be unpardonable were I not to state that Watt had not only thought of them (of which we find proof in his patents), but had actually constructed them. Mr. Watt subsequently abandoned them, not because they did not work, but because they appeared to him decidedly inferior in an economical point of view to machines of double powers and rectilinear oscillations. There are, in fact, few inventions, great or small, among those so admirably combined in our present steam-engines, which are not the development of some of the original ideas of Watt. Examine his labours, and, in addition to the principal points minutely enumerated in the text, you will find he proposed machines without condensation; in which, after having acted, the steam is dispersed in the air, and which were intended for localities where large quantities of cold water could not readily be procured. The operation of the principle of expansion in machines with several cylinders, was also one of the projects of the Soho engineer. He suggested the idea of pistons, which should be perfectly steam-tight, although composed exclusively of metal. It was Watt, also, who first had recourse to mercurial manometers for measuring the elasticity of the steam in the boiler and the condenser; who conceived the idea of a simple and permanent gage, by whose assistance might always be ascertained, with a glance of the eye, the level of the water in the boiler; and who, to prevent this level ever varying injuriously, connected the movements of the feeding-pump with those of a float; and who, when required, placed in an opening in the cover of the principal cylinder of the machine the indicator—a small apparatus, so constructed that it accurately exhibits the state of the steam, in relation to the position of the piston, &c. &c. Did time permit, I could shew that Watt was not less skillful and happy in his attempts to improve the boilers, to diminish the loss of heat, and to consume those torrents of black smoke which issue from common chimneys, however elevated they may be."

That he was also the first to discover the

* There is another note of the translator's which we do not comprehend, and which he had been more explicit on so interesting a subject. M. Arago, in his able demonstration that the improvement of machinery does and must add to the prosperity of the working classes, says: "There is one principle which has remained unconverted, amidst the animated controversies to which the science of political economy has given birth, viz. that

composition of water, previously held to be a simple body, is pretty clearly established by M. Arago, the essay of Lord Brougham, and the notes of the present Mr. James Watt; though the nearly contemporaneous claims of Mr. Wankire (who certainly originated the inquiry in 1781), Priestley, Cavendish, and Lavoisier, through the years 1782, 3, and 4, have puzzled the question. Other singular improvements can also be traced to this extraordinary individual, who so highly merited the eulogium of Jeffrey:—

"We have said that Mr. Watt was the great improver of the steam-engine; but, in truth, as to all that is admirable in its structure, or vast in its utility, he should rather be described as its inventor. It was by his inventions that its action was so regulated as to make it capable of being applied to the finest and most delicate manufactures, and its power so increased as to set weight and solidity at defiance. By his admirable contrivances, it has become a thing stupendous alike for its force and its flexibility,—for the prodigious power which it can exert, and the ease, and precision, and ductility, with which it can be varied, distributed, and applied. The trunk of an elephant that can pick up a pin or rend an oak is as nothing to it. It can engrave a seal, and crush masses of obdurate metal like wax before it,—draw out, without breaking, a thread as fine as gas-samer, and lift a ship of war like a bauble in the air. It can embroider muslin and forge anchors,—cut steel into ribands, and impel loaded vessels against the fury of the winds and waves."

Even to the end he was a benefactor to his species: his jointed waterworks at Glasgow, his hydraulic ram at Manchester, his copying machine, were but scintillations of his wonderful genius; and M. Arago, towards the close of his discourse, tells us,—

"The health of Mr. Watt had improved with his years; and his intellectual faculties retained all their vigour to the last. At one time our associate imagined that they were declining, and, in keeping with the seal he had adopted (an eye surrounded with the word *observe*), he determined to satisfy his doubts by making observations on himself; and, accordingly, when upwards of seventy years of age, he determined to select some kind of study on which he might try his powers, and for a time was in despair, because he could find no subject that was new to him. At length he thought upon the Anglo-Saxon tongue, which is a difficult language; and immediately it became the subject of the desired experiment, when the facility with which he mastered it, soon convinced him there was no ground for his apprehensions. During the last few months of his life, Mr. Watt was engaged in the construction of a machine intended to copy rapidly, and with mathematical precision, pieces of statuary and sculpture of all dimensions. This machine, of which it is to be hoped that the arts will not be deprived, must be nearly completed. Many of its productions, upon the whole very satisfactory, are now to be seen in various private collections, both of Scotland and England. The illustrious engineer presented them to amateurs somewhat facetiously, as the first attempts of a young artist entering upon the eighty-third year of his age. Of that eighty-third year, our associate was not permitted to see the end."

population increases with general prosperity, and rapidly diminishes in times of wretchedness." Upon which our annotator observes, "To this general rule Ireland is an exception; the cause of this, however, is well known." We want the Q.E.D. to this?—Ed. L. G.

He died as he had lived,—a death which every good man might pray to die, full of years and honour,—respected, beloved, pious, and resigned; and a memory to bequeath to the latest posterity, of a life not surpassed in human usefulness and greatness of results by that of any individual who had ever existed.

The Triumph of Drake; or, the Dawn of England's Naval Power. A Poem. By R. Grymbald Bigsby, D.C.L., F.R.S., F.S.A., &c. 8vo. pp. 80. London, 1839. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.; Orr and Co.; Tilt. Nottingham, Allen.

In the *Literary Gazette* of the 10th of June, 1837, we gave an account of the Astrolabe of the gallant Sir Francis Drake deposited in Greenwich Hospital by the writer of this poem, into whose family the interesting relic had passed by intermarriage with the noble house of Stanhope (Chesterfield). To this account, which was widely copied into the public journals of the time, we beg to refer our readers for the subject of this poetical effusion. In it the descriptions of Drake and his voyages, and of his mistress Queen Elizabeth, with the pagantry and splendours of her court, are vividly painted. We quote a passage in proof of this, and as a fair example of the whole. It paints Drake's triumphant return and reception by his sovereign:—

"Dark was the warrior's veteran cheek,—his stern, majestic eye
Of many a stormy fight discoursed—of many a tempest
Yet in his lofty mien ye read a frank and generous mood,
A love of danger more than strife—of mercy more than blood!
A doublet of pale yellow silk, with pearl-white satin
slashed,
O'er which bright gems and silver lace their mingled
radiance flashed,
With trunk and hose of like fair hues, his manly figure
graced
A diamond-hilted dagger gleamed resplendent in his
Of azure velvet laid with gold, his cloak superbly shone,
And dazzling plumes of snowy light adorned his hat's
dark dome;
His ample beard swept o'er a ruff which princely taste
might choose;
Each glove was brodered o'er with pearls,—gemmed roses
deck'd his shoes.
From a broad chain, that round his neck its massive links
entwined,
His astrolabe, of peerless worth, with conscious pride re-
clined;—
Of ruddy gold, with sculptures quaint, by Collet's rare
burin wrought,
Presenting hieroglyphic signs, with mystic counsel fraught,
It seemed some potent talisman, by favouring gunt placed,
To guard that hero's sacred form on the ocean's storm-
cloud waste!
And oft, indeed, its warning voice had bid rude danger
flee;
And guided his adventurous path o'er many a trackless
sea."

MISCELLANEOUS.

Little Annie and her Sisters. By E. W. H. 32mo. pp. 98. London, 1839. Masters.

THE production of a pure-minded and accomplished woman, this sweet little tome is a fit offering for the young. The narrative respecting Viscountess Cremorne, the granddaughter of William Penn, and that referring to Penn himself, are fine specimens of simple yet elegant diction. The account of Windsor Castle, too, is very pretty. The work is quite a *bijou*, and is dedicated to the Honourable Georgiana Gore—a lady worthy of the tribute.

The Collected Works of Sir Humphry Davy, Bart. Edited by his Brother. 8vo. pp. 466. Vol. II. London, 1839. Smith, Elder, and Co.

THIS work is carried on with great spirit; the present volume contains the whole of Sir Humphry's miscellaneous papers between the years 1789 and 1805, as well as an introductory lecture on chemistry, and skeletons of two lectures on chemical philosophy. The editor's

annotations are few in number, but generally very interesting.

A Practical Treatise on Accounts. By Isaac Preston Cory. Second Edition. 8vo. pp. 370. London, 1839. Pickering.

THAT Mr. Cory's valuable essays are justly appreciated, is proved by the short period that has elapsed since the publication of the first edition of this able work.

The Faust of Goethe. Part the First. Translated into English Rhyme, by the Hon. Robert Talbot. Second Edition, revised and much corrected, with the German Text on alternate pages, and additional Notes. 8vo. pp. 569. London, 1839. Wacey.

MR. TALBOT has, in the contest for best translation, taken the bull by the horns;—on one side is the German, on the other the English, so that every page offers the *experimentum crucis* to the linguist and the poet. So much has been said and written about Goethe, that we confess we are tired of it. Not only have his excellences been dwelt upon to a most fatiguing extent, but his extravagances, his faults, and his very nonsense and trash, have been commented upon till we are sick of seeing how much folly can be wasted on foolishness. Mr. Talbot has judiciously saved us from the drivel; and if we express our opinion that the present translation of *Faust* is the most correct and satisfactory that has yet appeared, we shall have done enough to refer the admirers of that extraordinary and unequalled production to a volume which contains so capital an English version of it.

The Life-Book of a Labourer. By a Working Clergyman. 16mo. pp. 350. London, 1839. Smith, Elder, and Co.

A SERIES of simple and impressive sketches, written by a country clergyman in his leisure hours; and, if it be indeed his life-book, his leisure hours have been very few. The sketches number but twenty-two.

Lewis Glyn Cothi's Works. Part II. 8vo. London, 1839.

THIS publication proceeds under the auspices of the London Cymmrodorion, or Royal Cambrian Institution, and gives us the poems of Lewis Glyn Cothi, a Welsh bard, and strongly attached to the house of Tudor, who flourished in the fifteenth century. They are enriched with historical and biographical annotations, and prefaced by a sketch of the wars of the rival roses. A glossary adds to the intelligibility and value of these compositions, which afford curious instances of the arts of versification and construction in the poetry of that period, as well as some interesting local information respecting the family and its connexions that so long thereafter illustrated the throne and nobility of England.

The Pulpit. Vol. XXXV. (London, Sherwood and Co.)—The sermons published in this volume are selected with the same judgment and good taste which have characterized the previous portions of this well-conducted periodical.

The History of Rome, by the Rev. W. M. Hetherington, M.A., from the "Encyclopædia Britannica." (Edinburgh, Black.)—A reprint, in a cheap form, of Mr. Hetherington's abridgement; for that can hardly be dignified by the name of history which is contained in an essay in an encyclopædia.

Essays on Government. 8vo. pp. 246. (London, Edinham Wilson.)—Very Radical, and too political for our pages.

Economical Cookery for Young Housekeepers, &c. &c., by a Lady, fourth edition, 18mo. pp. 136. (London, Harvey and Darton.)—The fourth edition! These words prove the utility of this little cookery-book.

The Student's Manual, &c., second thousand, 12mo. pp. 221. (London, Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.; Lancaster, L. and R. Willan.)—A reprint of Mr. Todd's popular American work, which has reached a seventh edition across the Atlantic, and will be a standard work with us.

The Theory, Practice, and Architecture of Bridges. Parts III. and IV. (London, Weale.)—We spoke in high terms of the first two parts of this useful work; it is continued in the same commendable spirit in which it was commenced. *New Pocket Dictionary of the Italian, French, and English Languages,* by S. E. Petroni and J. Davenport. 2 vols. 18mo. (London, Daltou and Co.)—This is one of, if not the very best arranged dictionary, we have met with for some time. It is highly creditable to the abilities and perseverance of Messrs. Petroni and Davenport; and we cordially recommend it.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*.

Motagua, 9th March, 1839.

DEAR SIR,—It being through the medium of your valuable periodical that I first communicated to the world my observations on the ruined cities of Palenque and Copan (see *Literary Gazette*, Nos. 769 and 965), I have the pleasure of addressing you the following few remarks on these remarkable remains.

By a rather extraordinary coincidence I received, last Monday, No. 35 of the "Foreign Quarterly Review," in which I see both you and I are attacked in a silly manner by the editor, from he himself having imagined that I had assumed to be the first discoverer of Palenque.* The fact is, that when I examined those ruins I had no knowledge of the publications of my predecessors, whom I now find to have been Captains Del Rio and Dupailx. With respect to Copan, the only account of the place published before mine is that by the Rev. Domingo Juarros, who never visited the spot, and whose description is moreover entirely fabulous. With respect to these ruins, I verily believe myself to be the first white man that has ever visited them, since the commencement of the preceding century, and they certainly never yet have been noticed by any writer.

Reverting to the learned reviewer of the "Foreign Quarterly," casting aside facts and discarding common sense, he erects an hypothesis that our Tulecas were descended from the Canaanites; and in the face of my assertion, written on the spot, that the Tulecas were not physically dissimilar from the present Indians of Central America, whose physiognomy is identical with that sculptured on the monuments of Palenque; he avers them to be a people as extraordinary as if they appertained to another planet. I will agree with him so far, as that neither the colour of their skin, their hair, features, nor form, at all resemble the inhabitants of the remote Levant: and what a truly ridiculous idea, *primâ facie*, that of tracing an American people from the bottom of the Mediterranean!

The reviewer has not formed to himself any correct notion of the architecture of Palenque, and his assertion that the tower in the court of the palace may have been employed as a place of sepulture is preposterous. He quotes my facts, almost my words, and distorts them to his own purposes.

Again, page 251, the reviewer contradicts all his own previous theories, and even asserts that Palenque was not Tuleca, but its inhabitants consisted generally of Hindoos!! His account of Mr. Waldeck's travels is really laughable, stating that that gentleman was

* As a proof of my never pretending to be the original discoverer, I cite the following passages of my letter from the ruins of Palenque (of nearly the same date as that to the *Literary Gazette*), addressed to the Société de Géographie de Paris, and published in the bulletin of that Society. "Les Espagnols fondèrent premièrement le village moderne de Palenque parmi ces ruines, mais ils changèrent l'emplacement, il y a à peu près d'un siècle, a deux lieues d'ici dans la plaine." "Le peu de curiosité des habitants de l'entour fait que ces ruines sont peu explorées." I must, however, remark, that as the ruins of Palenque are buried in a thick forest, the explorer has to search for the edifice with difficulty, and each monument he finds is a discovery, as far as regards himself.

obliged to leave the ruins of Palenque from hunger, though known to be but six miles from the modern village of the same name; and from whence the investigator's breakfast and dinner can be brought almost hot, and at the hour desired. He adds a description of Mr. Waldeck's travels in the mountains of Yucatan, when every geographical tyro knows that peninsula to have neither hill nor river.

Mr. Waldeck, a gentleman of splendid talents, and who was the preceptor of my childhood, must have been much annoyed at the ignorance of his reviewer.

Further investigations still more strongly impress me with the general correctness of my system, in relation to the ancient population and civilisation of America, as developed in my last letter to you, of 19th June, 1834, from Copan.

The city of Motagua, as well as that of Copan, was within the territory of the Chorti kingdom: it stands in latitude 15° 17' N., and longitude 88° 57' W. from Greenwich; within a mile of the left bank of the river of the same name, and about 25 leagues below the junction of the Copan.

Motagua, like Palenque, is not mentioned by the historians of the Spanish conquest. I cannot, at present, determine whether it was destroyed previous to the arrival of the Europeans, but I should rather surmise not: its obelisks and altars, being superior and more remarkable than those of Copan, seem to indicate it as the capital of the Chortis; and yet, if it had been such at the period of the conquest, assuredly its capture would have been noticed by the Spanish writers. Perhaps Motagua was the first capital founded by the Tultecas on their establishment of the Chorti state, and the seat of government was subsequently removed to Copan, on account of the latter's less warm and more salubrious climate.

The architecture of Motagua is very similar to that of Copan, except being on a more gigantic scale. The identity of the hieroglyphics of Palenque, Copan, and Motagua, lead me to suppose that the inscriptions were entirely in one language (the Tulteca), already become dead at the time of cutting, and superseded at the former place by the Maya, and at the two latter by the Chorti. I transcribe a few words of these two tongues:—

Maya.	Chorti.	English.
Chup	irik	woman
Xib	unlik	man
Na	tu	mother
Lium	taia	father
Vixnehen	unen	daughter
Mehen	unen	son
Sucin	uainin	elder brother
Visin	tigere	younger brother
Zimlache	chal	tapir
Cai	alique	fish
Hanal	unehi	to eat
Ukul	inchamai	to drink
Cimil	te	to die
Che	otot	tree
Na	tokar	house
Mullal		cloud
Hol		hole
	copante	bridge.

In the orthography of the indigenous languages of Central America, *x* has the sound of the English *sh*.

The principal building of Motagua, now fallen, and merely a colossal mound of stone, is of a rectangular form, and covers an immense space of ground: some of the blocks, of a brick shape, are a yard long, and so in proportion. This edifice, however, never rose to the height of the temple of Copan.

Close to the bottom steps of this principal building, and on the side furthest from the river, are two stone altars, each of a single piece; the largest measures two yards and a

half every way. On the side of the altar facing the building, and near its top, a cross is worked in basso-relievo; on the opposite side of the stone is a small face; the rest of the altar is covered with hieroglyphics; and, in one spot, eight small tablets of phonetic characters are enclosed in an oval.

The smaller and more eastern altar bears on its face, fronting the edifice, a gigantic head, the temples of which are bound by four fillets, divided into small compartments of hieroglyphics; the rest of the stone is crumbling to bits, and a gigantic masica, or bread-nut tree, grows on its top, encircling the altar with its powerful roots. Near here I observed an immense stone turtle.

The whole of the ruins are now enclosed in a lofty and thick wood, the most remarkable trees of which are mahogany, cedar, bread-nut (on the leaves and berries of which horses, cattle, and hogs, are commonly fed), anona, and cacao, or chocolate trees. Amidst the labyrinth of the forest, and taking the direction of the various mounds of stone, both squared and in a rough state, which indicate the position of these ancient buildings, I conceive I can trace the streets, though no such regular communications existed in Palenque or Copan. The site of this city was on a perfect level, as was the greater part of Copan.

The chief square of Motagua is situated at some distance towards the east of the principal building already mentioned, and is surrounded by six handsome obelisks still standing, the loftiest of which is nearly seven yards high; the taller obelisks are smaller at the top than at the bottom; they all bear in basso-relievo a gigantic figure on two opposite fronts; and the other two sides contain squares of hieroglyphics, the whole very neatly worked: the figures stand square to the front, their ears monstrously large, great beads hang from some of the noses, one arm generally hid by the drapery, and a fan or flapper in the hand; the clothing is highly ornamented, and long trousers are distinguishable on many figures. The whole square was nearly surrounded by edifices; towards its centre, and opposite one of the obelisks, is an immense circular stone, containing a front face and numerous hieroglyphics in basso-relievo.

Many other obelisks are found fallen throughout the ruins; they all still bear evidence of having been painted red.

Stone, similar to that used in these works, is not to be found at a nearer distance than the Palmilla, more than three leagues higher up the Motagua; the river not having a sufficient body of water to support the larger masses brought here, they must have been rolled to this spot with prodigious labour. Possibly the Tultecas used the tapir as a beast of draught and burden. Though the squared and wrought stone in this city, like that of Copan, is of a soft species, yet there is a great difficulty in ascertaining with what instruments it was worked: might it have been with chaya or other harder stone, or implements of copper or other metal? certainly the Tultecas had not the use of iron. Hard stones, such as are found in or near the river, and in an unworked state, were abundantly employed in these buildings.

Scattered ruins are found along the banks of the Motagua, and its affluents, below this spot. From hence to the sea, the Motagua flows through an uninhabited forest, strikingly contrasted with the evidences of its former crowded population. I have calculated, on various data, that at the period of Columbus's visit to Central America, the country contained from

ten to fifteen millions of Indians, whose numbers have been rapidly decreasing to the present day, that we have not fully two millions of inhabitants of all classes; nor do I believe that the white, black, or mixed population, have increased within the last two hundred years.

Such facts, in a country so fertile and salubrious as Central America, and where the springs of life are never checked by Winter, oblige me to adopt a system completely opposed to Malthus; and incline me to believe that in the greater number of cases population rather increases in the ratio of the difficulty of existence, than the reverse. This remarkable contrast in the progress of population between us and our neighbours of the northern parts of America, does not depend on the difference of our races: the English themselves, who were formerly settled in considerable numbers along our northern continental shores, from Becaroto to Belize (Honduras), are now reduced to 300 white persons at the latter place; while the British settlements in the bay of Campechy have entirely disappeared.

I have taken upon myself to call this ruined city "Motagua," as most probably it bore that denomination, and gave it to the neighbouring river. Except towards some of their sources, the affluents and main canal of the Motagua flow within the modern state of Guatemala, one of the six members of the federation of Central America.—Dear Sir, your obedient, humble servant,
JUAN GALINDO.

ARTS AND SCIENCES. THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

[Sixth notice.]
SATURDAY.

FOUR Sections met at an early hour this day, to read and discuss the papers which had passed the Committees, in order to complete the sectional business, previously to the assembling of the General Committee and the general closing Meeting. The proceedings of the two latter we have anticipated in our former Numbers (1181 and 1183).

The Sections and papers announced were:—

SECTION B.—Chemistry and Mineralogy.

Professor Reich, 'Researches on the Electrical Currents in Metalliferous Veins, made in the Mine Himmelsfurt near Freiberg.'

Mr. Kexley, 'On the Relation of Atoms in Organic Compounds.'

Dr. Schaffhausen, of Munich, 'On the Relative Combinations of the Constituents of Cast Iron, Steel, and Malleable Iron.'

SECTION C.—Geology. At 10 A.M. Professor Owen's 'Report on Enaliosauria.'

SECTION D.—Zoology and Botany.

Mr. Babington, 'On some New British Plants.'

Mr. Dawson, 'On Alpaca Wool.'

Mr. Lancaster, 'On White Bees.'

Mr. Clarke, 'On the Structure of Insects.'

SECTION E.—Medical Science.

Mr. Namyth, 'On the Epithelium of the Mouth.'

Mr. Hodgson, 'On Calculus in the Female.'

Dr. Logan, 'On the Nerves of Sense.'

Mr. Jeffreys, 'On the Philosophical Principles and Medical Action of the Respirator.'

Professor Reich's experiments were similar to those of Mr. Fox and Mr. Hewwood in Cornwall (from the latter of whom we look for the most important information on the subject, at the Glasgow Meeting next year); and the electrical current in mines of copper or lead was subjected to tests at Himmelsfurt. The two points to be connected were wrought to a fresh surface, and a copper disc, three inches wide, pressed tightly upon them by means of a wooden block. Upon this plate the bare end of a copper wire, the rest being spun over with silk, was held by a clamp, and a long wire was reeled off, till it came into contact with the

second point, where Schweigger's delicate multiplier ascertained the effect of the current as follows:—"Two ore points, separated by a non-metalliferous mass, a cross vein, or a vein wrought out, give rise to an electric current in the metallic wire connecting them. Two ore points, in uninterrupted metallic connexion with each other, induce no electrical current through a wire connecting them. If only one disc be connected with an ore point, and the other with the timbering, or be held in the hand, there is no effect produced on the multiplier. If an ore point be connected with masses of ore already won, a current sometimes manifests itself, and sometimes there is none. When an ore point is connected with non-metalliferous rock, frequently no current takes place; frequently, however, a feeble current occurs in the connecting wire. (This result does not agree with that of Fox and Henwood, who never detected current, but Professor Reich performed the experiment eighteen times, and always obtained the same result.) With respect to the cause of the electrical currents, observed in metalliferous veins, three different opinions have been reached. They have been ascribed, 1. To general electric currents at the earth's surface, produced either entirely, or in part, by the earth's magnetism; 2. To hydro-electric, and 3. To thermo-electric, actions of the various metallic components of the vein. The first hypothesis, according to Reich, is refuted by the independence of the direction of the currents on their position relatively to the earth's axis. Thermo-magnetism he holds to be incapable of producing such strong currents: as the strongest currents he observed exactly where the two points were separated by a non-metallic conductor; and he concludes, that there remains only the hydro-electric action of the metallic components of the vein to account for the phenomena."

Mr. Exley's paper gave an account of his continued experiments to determine the truth of his theory of organic compounds. He holds that there are three kinds of atoms—viz. tenacious atoms of common matter, of which fifty-five different sorts have been chemically ascertained; electrical atoms, observed in electrical phenomena, with less absolute forces, but larger forces of repulsion than the tenacious atoms; and ethereal atoms, with forces still more diminished, and with spheres of repulsion still more enlarged.

Dr. Schaufaentli's experiments on iron went to prove that the purest carbon, at the highest temperature, retained hydrogen and occasionally oxygen, and that what was considered to be pure iron was, in reality, approaching to a carburet. He described a method of obtaining graphite by running puddling slag in a fluid state, or cakes of iron and manganese, over fragments of pit coal, which, on being cooled, left the graphite in thin layers on the surface of the slag. The molecules of iron, according to these experiments, are arranged in the gray cast-iron the most regular form, having all their surfaces in one plane; the most equal distribution of molecules appeared in hardened steel; cooling in fascicular aggregation in soft steel, being loose and longitudinally arranged in wrought iron. Pure iron could not be welded; welding power depends on its alloy with the purest of silicon, and the good and various qualities of all the wrought irons depended on alloys of pure iron with other metallic elements, and the presence of most of the electro-negative metals had been generally overlooked in the existing analysis of iron. The presence of arsenic in Swedish steel, when forged red hot, could be ascertained by its smell, as well as in

the Low Moor iron. The usual solution of iron under analysis, in order to separate those metals from the iron, must be, for the necessary correction, divided into two parts—one to be treated with a current of sulphuretted hydrogen, the other part dropped into sulphurate of ammonia, and carefully digested. A small quantity of silica was more difficult to separate from a large quantity of iron than generally seemed to be believed; and the real amount of carbon could only be ascertained by Berzelius's method of burning iron in a current of oxygen, or mixed with chlorate of potash and chromate of lead in a glass tube, used first by Berzelius for analysis of organic bodies. The author maintained that steel was an entirely mechanical production of the forge hammer, which tore the molecules of certain species of white cast-iron out of their original position, into which the forces of attraction, in respect to the centres, as well as to the position of the molecules, had arranged those molecules by the slow action of heat. Steel, as it came out of the converting furnace or the crucible, was nothing more or less than white cast-iron, of which Indian steel, called Wootz, was the fairest specimen. The author finally gave an analysis of two specimens of cast-iron and one of steel. The first specimen was French gray iron, from Vienne, department de l'Aisne, obtained from a mixture of pea-iron-ore with red hematite, by means of coal from Rive de Gier and heated air, specific gravity, 6.898. The second iron was Welsh iron, from the tin-plate manufactory of the Maesteg Iron-works, near Neath, in South Wales, obtained from a mixture of clay iron-stone and Cumberland red ore, by means of coke and heated air. It was silvery white, without signs of crystallisation: specific gravity, 7.467. The third specimen was a fragment of a razor forged in the author's presence, in the workshop of Mr. Rodgers, of Sheffield, of the specific gravity of 7.92.

	Gray French Iron.	White Welsh Iron.	Steel.
Silicon	4.96430	1.00867	0.62043
Aluminum	1.00738	0.08371	0.00000
Manganese	0.78130	traces.	1.22000
Arsenic	0.00000	0.00000	0.23400
Antimony	0.00000	1.59710	0.12100
Tin	0.00000	0.00000	traces.
Phosphorus	0.24000	0.08353	0.00000
Sulphur	0.17740	0.23018	1.00300
Azote	0.00000	0.76371	0.18310
Carbon	3.38000	4.30000	1.42800
Iron	89.00740	91.52283	93.79765
Loss	00.27232	00.31428	0.06882
	100.00000	100.00000	100.00000

Several gentlemen, among whom were some connected with the iron trade, expressed a high sense of the value of this communication; from which it appeared that the peculiarities of Swedish iron, in a great degree, depended on the presence of arsenic, and those of Russian iron on the presence of phosphorus.

Of Professor Owen's interesting paper in Section C, we have been unable to procure a satisfactory analysis; but as the results of his elaborate investigations are, we believe, about to be published in a detailed form, we shall then have it in our power to give them our more clear attention.

In Section D, Mr. Babington's communication related to a score of new additions to our native flora, chiefly in Cornwall; Mr. Lankester described specimens of white beetle, differing from the fish figured by Mr. Yarrell; and a letter from Mr. Garner described the luminosity of the *beroe pileus* as being produced by the *oilia* under peculiar circumstances.

Mr. Danson exhibited samples of Alpaca wool, woven into stuff resembling silk, and of a beautiful black colour; and strongly recommended the introduction of the animal into this country for the sake of its fleece. There are five species of the llama in Peru, among which the Alpaca bears this fine wool of from six to twelve inches in length; others have short, coarse hair, and the Vienna a fine short wool. That they would flourish in England is not to be doubted, for Lord Derby has bred them at Knowsley; and even so far north as Oban, in Argyshire, they are to be seen browsing on the hills in a perfect condition of health and activity. (We have ourselves seen them there, and noble looking creatures they are.) Of the value of their fleece in manufactures there can be no question, as more than a million of pounds, at from 2s. to 2s. 6d. per pound, has been already imported for that purpose; and the yarn spun from it is sold in France, where it enters into competition with silk, at from 6s. to 12s. 6d. per pound. Mr. Vigors stated that the animals had been domesticated in the Zoological Gardens; and though they were subject to disease and brought forth their young at a bad season, Christmas, they might be advantageously acclimated in this country.

Professor Jones, as one of the committee appointed to observe the habits of salmon, exhibited an ingenious apparatus constructed for that purpose; and expressed a hope that, by attending to this inquiry, means might be devised to restore our fisheries to their former abundance. A letter from Mr. Relph, a salmon-fisher of fifty years' experience, stated the following fact. In May 1819, seventeen hundred fry were marked, by cutting off the dead fin above the tail, at Kingsgate, near Carlisle, and in the July and August ensuing a number of whittings or herlings, thus marked, were taken on their passage from the sea. In September 1821, a grilse was caught, seven pounds six ounces in weight; and also several salmon, weighing from ten to sixteen pounds. The grilse had grown at the rate of an ounce per week.

STATISTICS.

We annex a statement relating to the 'Statistics of the Mining Districts of the North of England,' from which a general idea may be formed respecting their condition and working.

"*Queries relative to the Ventilation, to the Quantity of Water in the Mines, and to the Steam Engines employed in them.—Answers from the Hetton Colliery.*"

Ventilation, &c.—How is the mine ventilated?—By coursing the air, and by rarefaction by furnaces.

Length of air-courses?—From 3 to 112 miles.

Average velocity of air in the courses, and how estimated?—41 feet per second, taken by exploding a small quantity of gunpowder and timing the smoke. In the main roads is 12 feet per second.

Average cost of maintaining the air-courses per mile?—10l. 10s. per mile per annum.

Average temperature of the air at the bottom of the shaft, and in the furthest workings?—Bottom of shaft, 65°; furthest workings, 70°.

Quantity of fire or choke damp?—Considerable.

Kind of lamp in use—why this lamp?—Davy's lamp—preferred, being considered perfectly safe.

Are you aware, from personal observation, of any circumstances in which a Davy lamp, in good order, has proved dangerous in the hands of a careful miner?—No—if properly used.

Average original cost of lamps, and expense of upholding them—expense of oil (to the workman)?—Original cost 7s. 6d. each lamp—expense of upholding 1s. 9d. per hundred per day, or for 800 lamps about 300l. per annum.

—The Colliery owners find the oil for the workmen.

Capital invested in lamps?—3032.

Springs and Feeders of Water.—In sinking, were feeders met with at different depths—were they copious or otherwise—and what was the quality of the water? (Impregnated with salt, soda, iron, alum, &c.)—Yes; in the first sinking the principal feeder was 2000 gallons—in the second, 1000 gallons—and in the third, 1800 gallons per minute—mostly fresh water; when impregnated at all it is with iron.

Is the water applied to any economical purpose—in salt

works, in feeding canals, driving machinery, &c. &c.—In driving machinery.

Does the occurrence of such springs render any special precautions necessary?—Tubbing; all the shaft feeders are tubbed off.

Is tubbing in use; if not, why?—Yes.

Is the supply of water in the mine constant or periodical—does it vary at different times of the day, or at different seasons of the year? Does it appear on the whole to increase, or the contrary?—Constant—stationary.

Do the workings appear to affect the general drainage of the springs on the surface?—Not at this colliery.

Is the mine drained by engines or levels, or both?—By engines only.

If any accidents have happened from inundations, can you give the particulars?—None have happened.

Depth from which the water is raised?—160 fathoms.

Forcing or lifting pumps?—Lifting.

Average quantity of water delivered per minute?—294 gallons.

Pounds lifted one foot high per ton of coal?—109,515,010 lbs.

Winning Engineer.—Depth from which the coal is raised?—175 fathoms.

Weight of the corf, loaded and empty?—Least corf and load, 153 cwt.—3 corves, 31—greatest, 3 loaded. Tub and load, 251 cwt.—tub alone, 74 cwt.

Time of drawing?—Least weight, 1 minute—greatest weight, 90 seconds.

Velocity?—1080 feet (one-fifth of a mile) and 700 feet per minute.

Average number of corves raised 100 fathoms in 24 hours?—5040.

Pounds lifted one foot high per ton of coal?—40,642,500 lbs.

Cooling from radiation—how prevented—and with what?—Not provided against.

Boilers.—Steam pressure in the boilers—least per square inch on the safety valve?—Condensing engine boilers 10 lbs. per square inch, and non-condensing 35.

'Returns of the Educational Statistics of Birmingham, by a Local Committee,' were read by Mr. Clarke. 1. King Edward's School.—The number of boys educated is 444. Branch schools are fast coming into operation in various parts of the borough, for giving the children in the lower grades of the middle class a sound English education. The present income is about 4500*l.*; but in three years it will be doubled by the falling in of leases. The Blue Coat School, for the education of children belonging to the Established Church.—Income, 2715*l.* annually. Boys educated, 143; girls, 63; total, 206. Protestant Dissenting School, in Park Street, for girls only.—Income, 615*l.* 6*s.* 9*d.* Girls educated, 46. Products of labour, 7*l.* 5*s.* 1*d.* School for the Deaf and Dumb.—The present numbers are, boys, 22; girls, 25; total, 47: of these 37 were born deaf and dumb, 10 became so at a very early age from illness. In five cases, other members of the same family were similarly afflicted. To this report were appended some pathological and physiological remarks, from which it appeared that the imperfection of the senses most frequently occurs in the offspring of marriages between first cousins and other near relations. Literary and Scientific Institutions.—The Philosophical contains about 400; the Mechanics, 450; and the Athenaeum, 300 members. To this paper were added an account of Lynch's Trust, a charity for aged females; and an account of the number of inquests held during fourteen years. The average of inquests during the first seven years is 115, and during the last, only 170; though the population has nearly doubled, and the use of dangerous machinery has increased in a still greater proportion. The average of accidents from machinery, in the first period, was 26; and in the second, 37.

'Suggestions in favour of the Systematic Collection of the Statistics of Agriculture,' by G. R. Porter, Esq. If there be any subject of greater importance than another, that subject is the adequate supply of food for the people; and yet this is a subject that, in England,

which prides itself on being the country of practical men, has never hitherto been considered to any useful or practical end. The amount of ignorance is so great, that to this day the public does not possess any authentic document, from which to learn even the quantity of land under cultivation in any county of England. To obtain the requisite data, it would be necessary to know, not only the extent of cultivated and improvable land within the kingdom, but also the various uses to which it is applied, and the proportion allotted to each branch of cultivation. We should have then to inform ourselves concerning the productiveness of the soil; the proportion of its produce required for reproduction; the number of each of the various kinds of animals reared and maintained; the rate of their increase; the proportion of each required for the adequate reproduction of its own kind; the number applicable to the sustenance of the people; the number of skins furnished for purposes of manufacture; the number of fleeces shorn; with various other particulars not necessary to enumerate. Neither would it be sufficient that these points should be ascertained once for all. We require to know, not only whether the land is capable, under ordinary circumstances, of supplying the absolute wants of the population, but also whether or not the actual produce of each year, as it occurs, is sufficient to that end; and if it be not sufficient, then to ascertain the proportion in which it falls short of sufficiency. For these purposes, it is indispensable to have an organised machinery in constant action. The importance of accurately knowing the provision available for the sustenance of the people, is not less than that of knowing the yearly produce of various articles of commerce which are used as accessories in manufacturing processes. The condition of the crop of indigo in Bengal is accurately communicated to the merchants of London at the earliest moment; and the information thus given has, through its influence upon the market price, an immediate effect in checking or promoting consumption. The like result attends on the collection of information concerning the growth of hops in this country; the extent of land devoted to the cultivation of that article being known through the records of the Excise Office, the department which is intrusted with the collection of the hop duty. In Belgium and Holland, every kind of information connected with agriculture is obtained with the nicest accuracy. This duty is performed under the superintendence of a body of gentlemen, usually proprietors of estates, residing in different places, and who are elected in the respective provinces for purposes of local government, by the same persons who elect the members of the representative chambers. Having the requisite amount of local knowledge bearing upon the condition and circumstances of the several communes in their respective districts, they are able to prevent or to detect errors in the returns, which are made at certain periods according to forms prescribed for the purpose, by the farmers or occupiers of land. The result is every year the subject of a detailed report, which is printed under the authority of the governor of the province. A considerable amount of information on the subject of agricultural statistics is also collected in different parts of France. In the department of the Eure, a complete account of its cultivation had been published by the prefect; from which it appeared that the produce of wheat throughout the department is not equal, on the average, to quite 18½ bushels to the English acre, and that the return obtained from the

seed sown is not greater than sevenfold: results which may be pronounced by no means equal to those obtained by English farmers. The produce of barley, not much of which is grown in the department, does not exceed 17 bushels per acre; of oats, not quite 30½ bushels per acre are obtained. The employment of the machinery necessary for the effective performance of the labour suggested must, in this kingdom, be attended by considerable expense. It cannot be expected that qualified persons would be willing to quit, or to neglect, other and perhaps gainful employments, for this purpose, except on the condition of being paid. It is probable that, in all parts of the country, gentlemen might be found, every way qualified, who would be willing to examine and control the returns when obtained; but those to whom the first task of collection is assigned must be paid. The number of parishes in the United Kingdom exceeds 14,000, and for each one of these, with the exception of town parishes, a paid agent must be employed. Then, too, the whole body of information, when collected, must be put into form by some competent person, who would also require payment for his service. To provide for the complete and correct performance of the work, might thus require an annual outlay of from 20,000*l.* to 30,000*l.*—a large sum, unquestionably; and it is necessary, therefore, to mention some of the benefits which would flow from the possession of accurate information upon this subject. It is now well known, that the harvest of 1837 was deficient to so great a degree, that before the produce of 1838 was harvested, the great superabundance of the two preceding years was all consumed, and the stock of grain throughout the kingdom, whether in the hands of farmers or dealers, was more nearly exhausted than at any other period in modern times; so that if we could not have had recourse to foreign wheat then warehoused in our ports, we must have suffered most severely before the produce of 1838 could have been brought to market. So entirely, however, was the public misinformed on the subject, that instead of a reasonable advance in price sufficient to give warning of the fact, and so to check the consumption, which, as regards the most costly grain (wheat), had, it is well known, long been going on with unwearied profusion, the markets fell progressively during the months of August, September, and October, 1837, from 6*s.* 1*d.* to 5*s.* 1*d.* per quarter; and it was not until the middle of the following May that the weekly average was again as high as it had been immediately before the harvest of 1837. By the third week in August 1838, the weekly average price had advanced beyond the rate at which foreign wheat is admitted to consumption, on payment of the nominal duty of one shilling per quarter. It would not be possible to calculate, with any tolerable accuracy, the loss which this country sustained through the want of information thus shown to have prevailed with regard to only one year's operations; but we can have no hesitation in believing that its amount must have been at least sufficient, if employed at interest, to provide in perpetuity for every expense that could accompany the most completely organised machinery for collecting agricultural statistics throughout the United Kingdom. If the very considerable purchases of foreign wheat which were suddenly made during the autumn of 1838, in almost every market of Europe, occasioning the prices to be driven up to an exorbitant height, had been made progressively and quietly, without exciting a spirit of speculation, no one

* This unit is large, the Cornish reports have for the unit an imperial bushel averaging 94 lbs. of Welsh coal. Captain Teague reported his engines with 112 lbs. or 1 cwt. for the unit.—This latter unit may be adopted instead of the ton, if preferred.

can doubt that the saving would have been sufficiently great to have borne out the assertion just hazarded. Whether the quality of suddenness given to the purchases made by us in foreign corn markets in the autumn of 1838, may not have occasioned an aggravation of the evil under which the money dealings of the country have since been suffering, is a question as to which different opinions may be entertained. It does not appear unreasonable to conceive that, in proportion as those purchases could have been made to approximate to the conditions of ordinary commercial dealings, so would the derangements which they were calculated to occasion have been diminished; or, to speak more correctly, they would not have been experienced. The gold which has left our shores, in payment for corn, will doubtless find its way back in exchange for goods, when time shall have admitted of the requisite adjustment. If time—that important ingredient in most human transactions—had been allowed to enter more largely at first into the conditions of our recent corn-trade, that adjustment would, to some extent at least, have accompanied its progress. Our corn-laws were intended, not as a mode of acquiring revenue, but wholly for regulation and protection. It may not, therefore, be right to insist very strongly on the sums which, under the circumstances just supposed, might have found their way to the Exchequer from this source in 1838, beyond what were actually collected. It may, however, be interesting to state, that if the average rate of duty received on the foreign wheat and wheat-flour brought into consumption in 1838, had been the same as was received on that admitted in 1837, the Exchequer would have benefited by no less a sum than 2,156,596*l.* beyond the money actually received; and one-fourth part of this sum, if employed at interest, would yield a revenue sufficient for making the requisite statistical inquiries concerning agriculture throughout the kingdom. It would be taking a very narrow view of the subject, to limit the advantage of knowledge concerning it to the amount of saving that might be effected under a recurrence of such circumstances as have attended the deficient harvests of 1837 and 1838. The natural, the necessary tendency of any systematic and comprehensive inquiry, such as might be made by public agents, acting under legislative sanction, would be to place the nation as far as possible, and for a long series of years, beyond the probability of scarcity. It is well known by every body who has made any extensive inquiries concerning the state of agriculture as a science, in various parts of the kingdom, that the improvements made in some countries have not been hitherto followed in others; and it has been stated, in illustration of this fact, “that if all England were cultivated as well as the counties of Northumberland and Lincoln, it would produce more than double the quantity of food that is now obtained.” To what can this be attributed, unless it be to the want of information, such as the public agents would collect in every county, and which could not fail to interest deeply every cultivator? Farmers have often been accused of an unwise preference for the plans and processes employed by their ancestors; and their pertinacity in this respect has been contrasted with the rapidity which accompanies the march of improvement in mechanical and manufacturing processes. The reason for such difference is obvious. Manufacturers residing in towns are brought necessarily and constantly into collision; new inventions are continually

brought under their notice, so that their results can be tested and judged with the greatest facility and accuracy. Practical agriculturists, on the contrary, live apart; they come together but rarely, and have not that degree of acquaintanceship, the one with the other, which leads them, even when they meet, to the interchange of professional experience; and if the result of a successful agricultural experiment should at any time reach their ears, they cannot be certain that all the circumstances connected with its prosecution have been faithfully detailed. The tendency of statistical inquiries, such as would be carried out by the means already described, would be in a great degree to remove the disadvantage under which the farmer now suffers. Authority, resting not upon a single experiment only, but upon the successful practice of hundreds of men placed in similar circumstances with himself, must have the authority of undoubted facts; and the farmer would be compelled to adopt whatever should come thus recommended, with an alacrity equal to that which we see exhibited by the manufacturer. It may, perhaps, be feared, that if the public should acquire a knowledge of any peculiar advantages, those by whom they are enjoyed would be exposed to have them invaded. The agriculturalist, in this country, what is called, a protected interest. Our cultivators, consequently, appear desirous of excluding inquiries which they think might have the effect of weakening their claim to the continuance of that protection. This fear is altogether chimerical. In Belgium, where the utmost publicity is given to every fact connected with the agriculture of the country, it has never been pretended that any improper advantage has been taken of that publicity. The knowledge which it appears to be so desirable to obtain with reference to the whole kingdom, is already easily procurable with regard to every individual farm, by any person whose interest may induce him to the task. The landlord, who is interested in extracting a due proportion of the produce of the farm under the name of rent, cannot find much difficulty in correctly estimating that produce. A like facility attends the operations of the tithing-proctor and of the parochial tax-gatherer. The knowledge is, in fact, already procurable by every one who can turn it to the disadvantage of the farmer; all that is wanted is to extend the information, so that the farmer himself may be placed in a condition to profit from its possession, and thus to add to the sum of the general prosperity.

Mr. W. R. Gregg read a paper ‘On the State of Education in Rutlandshire,’ from which it appeared, that in that country there is a church for every 400 inhabitants. There is no Roman Catholic population in the district; no place of worship or Sunday school connected with that class having been erected. It appeared that 2-7ths of the population belonged to various sects of Protestant Dissenters, the Wesleyans predominating; while the remaining 5-7ths belong to the Church. In Lancashire, the Dissenting schools predominated over those of the Church. The following is a comparison between the state of education in Rutlandshire and other districts:—

Sunday Schools.		Per cent.
Manchester and Salford	17	
Rutlandshire	16	
York	12	
Liverpool	6	
Day and Evening Schools.		
Manchester and Salford	10	
Rutlandshire	15	
York	17	
Liverpool	13	

A paper ‘On the Libraries of Hull,’ was also read.

Mr. Clarke read a paper ‘On the Commercial Statistics of Birmingham,’ prepared by a Local Committee. The Savings’ Bank report shewed the satisfactory progress of this institution. It was established in 1827, and at the close of that year 980 accounts had been opened, and 33 closed; 2337 deposits were made, to the amount of 10,612*l.*; the average of each deposit was 4*l.* 10*s.* 9*d.*, and of each account, 10*l.* 16*s.* 9*d.*, and the number of depositors, 935. At the close of 1838, 1897 accounts had been opened during that year, and 454 closed; 9136 deposits entered on the books, amounting to 47,362*l.*; the average of each deposit was 4*l.* 17*s.* 4*d.*, and of each account, 17*l.* 17*s.*, and the total number of depositors, 7446. The amount of silver marked at the Assay Office, from its establishment in 1774, has been 4,011,997 ounces; and the weight of gold marked from the year 1825, when an act was passed authorising the assaying of gold manufactures, has been 27,167 ounces. The total amount of duty received is 105,851*l.* A curious fact was mentioned in this return; 25,000 gold wedding rings were assayed and marked at this office in last year. The workhouse return was complete for nineteen years, and exhibited a classified report of the expenditure, with the average number of paupers, the proceeds of their labour, &c. The return of assessed taxes shewed the amount collected in each year from 1817, and exhibited a very satisfactory improvement in the state of the town. The total amount of taxes collected in 1816 was about 36,000*l.*; and the sum paid in 1838, if calculated at the same rate, would have been considerably more than 50,000*l.* The steam power employed in Birmingham is at the present time 3436 horses’ power, of which 2155 horses’ power is employed in the metal trades of the town. The number of steam-engines is 240, of which 65 are high pressure, and the remainder condensing engines. In the first thirty-five years after the introduction of steam power, only 42 engines were set to work; in the next fifteen years, 78 were erected; and in the last eight years, 120 have been established. The consumption of coal is estimated at 240 tons per day, and the number of persons employed at 5200 males, and 1762 females. The return of occupations comprised 791 members of a Providence Institution, who were divided among no less than 110 different branches of trade; thus demonstrating the division of labour to an extent far beyond the calculation of political economists. Of the whole number, 56 per cent were workers in the metals. The table of weekly wages shewed the result of an inquiry into 662 cases, of which 479 were taken without choice from the members of the Provident Institution mentioned in the last return. The averages were as follow:—For boys, 7 to 13 years of age, 3*s.* 1*d.*, and for girls, 2*s.* 4*d.* per week; from 14 to 20 years, 5*s.* 9*d.* for males, and 5*s.* 2*d.* for females; for men and women, 24*s.* 3*d.* and 8*s.* per week. Reasons were assigned for the belief that these averages might be taken as a near approximation to the average wages of Birmingham mechanics.

Professor Powell read a paper ‘On Academic Statistics, shewing the Proportion of Students in the University of Oxford who proceed on to Degrees.’

Mr. Tripp then read the ‘Report of the Committee appointed to inquire into the Condition of the Working Classes in the City of Bristol.’

“3028 houses were examined, containing 5961 families,

consisting of 30,717 persons; 5363 were boys, and 5493 girls. English, 5290; Irish, 501; Welsh, 170; Scotch, 15; French, 5; Italian, 6; Dutch, 5; German, 5; Prussian, 2; Swiss, 1; East and West Indian, 2; and American, 1; not ascertained, 48. Families having sufficient cupboards or shelves, 3658; having some, but deficient, 1421; without any, 679. Families having religious books (Bible and Prayer-Book only, or both), 3439; having other books or tracts, or parts of some, 947; not having any books or tracts (including two not ascertained), 1804. Families having prints of some kind on the walls, 3080; not having any, 2938; not ascertained, 13. Families clean and respectable, 3610; dirty and disreputable, 1095; in considerable distress, 690; condition not ascertained, 616. Heads of families depositors in savings' banks, or members of benefit societies or trade clubs, 940; not depositors, nor belonging to any benefit society, &c., 4073; not ascertained, 68. Heads of families who can read and write (more or less), 5122; who can only read, 2523. Total who can read, 7645; unable to read or write, 3204; not ascertained, 12. (Men, 4583; women, 5278.) Average rent paid by 1799 families, for one room unfurnished, 1s. 3d. per week; 4 families, for 1 room unfurnished, free; 342 families, for 2 rooms unfurnished, 1s. 11s. 4d. per week; 790 families, for 3 rooms unfurnished, 2s. 5s. 4d. per week; 639 families, for 1 room furnished, 2s. 10s. 4d. per week; 1156 families, for 2 rooms furnished, 3s. 10s. 4d. per week; 156 families, for houses (under 30s.), 9s. 9d. per annum; 59 families, for houses (30s. and above), 5s. 8d. per annum. Of the houses, the lowest rent was, per annum, 3s. Of the children, are healthy, 10,085; unhealthy (1-14th), 771. Children at school, not above 3 years of age, 180; from 3 to 14 years old, 3384; above 14 years old, 222. Children not at school, not above 3 years of age, 2294; from 3 to 14 years old, 2535; above 14 years old, 2391. Children stated by their parents to be able to read and write, 2010; able to read only, 3034; unable to read or write, under 7 years of age, 3603; above 7 years of age, 1308. Children able to repeat the Lord's Prayer, 6504; not able, or too young, 4352.

Religious Professions.—Church of England, 4547; Roman Catholics, 499; Methodists, 223; Dissenters (other), 560; Jews, 5; without any profession, 81; not ascertained, 47; heads of families, 5981.

Bodily Complaints.—Cripples, 1; spinal deformities and accidents, 24; paralytic, 81s. Vitus's dance, &c., 48; dumb, 6; blind, 13; idiots and insane, 91.

Small-Pox.—Natural pox, 1633; vaccinated, 3535; inoculated, 93; neither, 1102; caught small-pox after vaccination, 17.

Mr. Clark next read 'Contributions to the Medical Statistics of Birmingham, by a Local Committee.'

ELECTRICAL SOCIETY.

TUESDAY, Oct. 1.—The first meeting of the season.—Read, a communication from Mr. Gassiot, 'On the Attractive Force manifested by the Electricity of the Gymnotus Electricus.' In a former paper, Mr. Gassiot had submitted to the Society experiments of which with the aid of Mr. Snow Harris's beautiful apparatus, the thermo-electrometer, heating effects had been obtained from the electric action of the gymnotus. The present one describes experiments by which attractions of gold leaves were manifested; it being, Mr. Gassiot believed, the first instance on record of such an effect from animal electricity, and consequently enabling the electrician to fill up that blank in Faraday's celebrated table of identity in the different descriptions of electrical action. Attraction was evidenced with Bohnenberger's single leaf electroscope; and also, but much more satisfactorily, with an electroscope made of a common glass tumbler, placed in an inverted position, having two small holes drilled in the opposite sides, through which passed two wires with brass balls attached: to each ball a gold leaf was fixed, about 1 inch long and one-eighth of an inch wide, the leaves being placed parallel to each other. The leaves were approximated as close as the eye could observe, without contact, or about $\frac{1}{16}$ to $\frac{1}{8}$ of an inch apart, and on contact with the eel being made, they were not only attracted with considerable force, but were actually fused scintillating in the most beautiful manner. Read, also, a paper by Mr. Pollock, 'On the Connexion between the Electric Phenomena of the Striking Distance and Latent Heat.'—The phenomena of the electric machine, and of the secondary wire, the striking distance being manifest in each, agree, and are,

Mr. Pollock considers, dependent upon the excess of latent heat. But they differ from those of the primary wire before contact; because, as he explained, these are dependent upon deficiency of latent heat. After contact, however, these three classes agree, being all consequent to the conditions of excess. The inferences deduced were, that the twofold view of voltaic action (see Report of Electric Society, Mr. Pollock's paper, in *Literary Gazette*, Nos. 1085, 1086) is correct, that the terms quality and intensity are unnecessary, and that the latent heat of bodies and their electric fluid are identical. This latter result, Mr. Pollock observes, naturally flows from the investigation of the phenomena attendant upon the production of the spark, according to the acknowledged laws of latent heat, and its changes of capacity. Thus, in the voltaic battery the zinc is oxidised; it undergoes expansion; its capacity for heat is increased; it is disposed rather to absorb heat from surrounding bodies than to impart it to them; hence there can be no spark previous to contact: when contact has been made in the primary wire, and the circuit completed, vibration is set up, heat is generated beyond the power or capacity of the wire to retain, and, on breaking contact, this heat is liberated, producing the spark. Again, if the secondary wire be subjected to the influence of the primary wire, on making contact in the latter, the latent heat passes to the secondary wire, and there produces the spark. In common electricity, by compression of the rubber, there is a diminished capacity, and heat is liberated. Hence results the common electric spark, either taken immediately from the conductor, or by discharge of the Leyden jar. Thus all the above effects are the natural results of the laws of latent heat, and we are wandering unnecessarily when we assume the existence of any separate or distinct action, or fluid, called electric. Professor Schönbein expressed his surprise at the boldness of Mr. Pollock's conclusion. This appeared to be the feeling of most present. Several phenomena were stated to the author of the paper, which were considered subversive of his views. These he reduced or approximated to the laws of latent heat; although, as far as we could judge, not to the satisfaction of the querists. Mr. Brayley, the secretary, then exhibited and illustrated the arrangement of Mr. Grove's battery; and Professor Schönbein explained the theory of its transcendent power. It is only necessary, however, for us to state that, by subsequent experiment, the action of the battery has been found to have been considerably underrated in the paper read by Mr. Grove before the Chemical Section of the British Association. (See *Literary Gazette*, No. 1180.) He has since corrected the error, and described other improvements of the arrangement in the last number of the "Philosophical Magazine."

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Heroic Action of Grace Darling and her Father, who, at the Imminent Peril of their Lives, rescued the Survivors of the Wreck of the Forfarshire Steam-packet from perishing on the Rocks of the Fern Islands, on the 7th of September, 1838. Engraved by David Lucas, from a Picture painted on the spot by H. P. Parker and J. W. Carmichael, containing Portraits of the Heroine and her Father. Moon.

"THE act of noble daring and generous self-devotion which this picture commemorates," it

has been justly observed, "created a sensation throughout the country almost unparalleled;—all England rang with the praises of the dauntless girl and her brave father." Many circumstances contributed to swell the national feeling on the occasion. The extraordinary danger of the act; its humane purpose; its triumphant result; the sex of the chief actor; her age; nay, her very name (for we own we doubt whether, had that name been Molly Clutterbuck, so much romance would have been shed over the whole incident as was communicated to it by the happy and euphonious appellation of Grace Darling); all combined to excite public admiration to a degree which must at length have become almost painful to its highly deserving object. It was to be expected, and was, indeed, most fitting, that the memory of such an event should be perpetuated by the pencil, as it has been in various ways by the pen; and, in the fine print before us, we have a skilful and vivid representation of the awful, yet inspiring scene.

"The point of time chosen for the picture is that when the little boat is nearing the rock: in the fore-ground are seen William Darling and his daughter, toiling through a sea that would have daunted the bravest heart that ever beat beneath a sailor's jacket; the old man is steadily plying his oars, and Grace, who manages the aft-oar, is trying to avoid a huge fragment of the wreck that seems about to be dashed by the fury of the waves against the boat, threatening to destroy it. In the middle distance are the remains of the wreck; the vessel had broke in two, and the after-part had been carried away; but the fore-part, with the disabled paddle-wheels, lies on the rocks, the sea beating over her, so that no one could be on board and live; near it, on a fragment of rock, to which they managed to get from the vessel, are the few half-clad sufferers, whose gestures express their transports of joy and gratitude at the prospect of speedy deliverance, mingled with prayers for the safety of their preservers, and thanksgiving to the Divine Providence that has spared their lives. In the further distance is Longstone Lighthouse, its light dimly shining through the gray of the morning, whose first ruddy streaks illumine the wild watery horizon, and reveal the whole expanse of the tempestuous ocean. Over head two or three screaming sea-gulls, buffeting with their native element, seem almost beaten down by the hurricane that drives on the rack of storm-clouds, mixing the clouds and spray; the crests of the leaping surges are seen relieved against the sky on every side."

The talents of the three artists who have united in the production of this powerful and interesting work are too well known to the public, and have too frequently been the theme of praise in our columns, to render it necessary for us to say more than that they have evidently exerted themselves in the present instance to do their best.

Medal, struck by the Corporation of London to record the Visit of Her Majesty Queen Victoria to the City to Dinner, on Lord Mayor's Day, November 9, 1837. Engraved by William Wyon, Esq., Chief Engraver of Her Majesty's Mint.

THIS medal has on the obverse Her Majesty's bust, and title in Latin; reverse, the Guildhall of the city, with an inscription in English, recording Her Majesty's visit. We venture to doubt the classical propriety of using two languages on the same medal. But we give the civic authorities great credit for the idea of

thus transmitting to posterity the knowledge of a social event, which, unlike so many of those that burden history, was one unalloyed by grief or crime; and was, we may hope, purely of satisfaction on one side, and certainly of joy and gladness on the other. The idea of striking the medal, therefore, has our warmest approval, while the execution of it calls for our unqualified admiration; and we trust that, when all the civic authorities have been supplied with medals, the public will be allowed to purchase this splendid specimen of loyalty, enshrined by art, worthy of the occasion which has called it forth, and honourable to the taste that selected it. On the obverse is Her Majesty's bust, with the tiara worn at the city dinner; her flowing, wavy locks, gathered in a graceful knot at the back of her head. The likeness is most accurate, and to those who have not been so fortunate as to have seen the original, it presents a characteristic individuality, a mild dignity, a placid, happy, contented expression of countenance, which will induce a conviction that they really behold the faithful portrait of our youthful virgin queen; conscious of the high situation which she has been at so early a period of life called upon to fill, but sustained in her great charge by her full reliance on the affection and loyalty of her people.

To represent faithfully the youth and loveliness of our queen, in this the spring days of her existence, we think is one of the severest tests of an artist's ability; and the more we dwell on Mr. Wyon's work, the more we are astonished and gratified with his surprising success. The graceful arrangement, character, and expression of the whole bust, its breadth and softness, the perfect youth, yet sweetly defined womanhood, of the features; the exquisite delicacy of the line connecting the cheek and neck, and the surpassing beauty of the lower part of the face and lip, strike us as a combination of excellences where all the truth of nature is displayed in all the perfection of art. And we also feel proud that this record of a people's love to their sovereign will be also an honourable testimony of the high state to which the Fine Arts had attained in England, and by which that record will be so splendidly transmitted to future ages.

Portrait of the Queen. Painted by H. E. Dawe; Engraved by J. Possewhite. Brighton, Mason.

If the cap, roses, bonnet, feathers, and laced frill, could be removed, this would be a very pleasing portrait of her Majesty.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

LAYS OF A DREAMER.—NO. I.

THERE is a star—a beaming star,
Which, 'mid the sky's ethereal blue,
In smiling radiance sheds afar
A modest light I love to woo;
And, though each other eye might gaze,
Nor like that glist'ning beam the best
Of all the rival sister-rays
Bedecking Night's cerulean vest,
Yet still to me it seems to glow
With light all other light above,—
Star of my soul! full well I know
Why thy soft trembling gleam I love,—
In mystic lore thou'rt said to be
The Star of my Nativity.

The turmoils of the day were past—
Its sorrows and its joys were o'er—
Like wrecks, its sun-born hours were cast
On dread Eternity's dark shore.

Earth saw, nor mourned; a moonless sky
Still brightly sparkled heaven's dome,
In all the varied radiance
That ever guided voyager home,
Or lit the wearied wanderer's way,
Like beams from out the Mercy-seat
Telling of realms of endless day—
Homes where the earth-worn homeless meet:
Each star shone forth its own fair light—
A congress of the gems of night.

I looked around the shining heaven
With anxious gaze, and as the youth
To whom the throb of love is given
In life's first glow of early truth,
Would seek amid a crowd, where shone
The rays that beautiful eyes impart,
For her alone—the chosen one—
The idol of his doating heart;
So did I seek amid the throng
Of heavenly beauties that soft beam
My star-love wore: nor sought I long,
For soon there came a lambent stream
Of light, in softened brilliancy,
As though alone it shone for me.

Intent, I watched its glories shine,
And mused in half-bewildered thought,
Wishing that from its fire divine,
In inspiration, could be caught
The history of a realm so fair—
A glimpse of the creative plan
That hung yon orb of glory there,
A wonder to the creature Man.
My prayer seemed heard, deep slumber stole
O'er every sense, and, as I slept,
A dream passed o'er my ravished soul,
Bright and most strange, for I had leapt
With heavenward spring, and sped my
flight,
A pilgrim to an Isle of Light.

As the first Eden met the eye
Of new-born man, and Nature spread
Her all of earth, and sea, and sky,
In guise most sweet,—so when I fled
A world of night, and hovered o'er
This seeming spark of heavenly fire,
A paradise was spread before
My ardent view: could charm inspire
The heart with love for Nature's hand
That did not deck this happy land?

The verdant mead, the forest's shade,
The purling stream, the ocean wide,
The spreading plain, the sylvan glade,
The mountain tow'ring in its pride,
The lowly vale, the mossy dell,
The sea-beat shore, the rocky height,
The cave where echoing murmurs dwell,—
All burst in beauty on my sight;
And all—all fair, and not a blight
Was there on shrub, or flower, or tree,—
Each bloomed in sweet fertility.

There was a voice of gladness round,
Each bird was carolling its joy;
On every side was heard the sound
Of beasts, not seeking to destroy
In quest of blood, but loving still
"Green herbs for meat," as first 't was given
By the Almighty sovereign will,
Ruling the realms of space and heaven—
Strength giving, not desire to kill;
While every creature seemed to shew
That peace our earth no more can know.

But where was Man?—was he not lord
Of Nature's fair and bounteous feast;
Or did she spread her festive board
To feed alone the bird and beast?
Yes! Nature's every child was here,
Save Man, the vaunting lord of all!

That creature of our grosser sphere,
Who taught a beautiful world to fall.
Blest scene of peace! and doubly blest
Since Man might not disturb its rest.

And thus methought earth's secrets, bared
To philosophic eye, have shewn
Was once our world, yet Nature cared
For all her creatures; Man alone,
Last of creation, had no lot
Then in Life's heritage—behold
Existence rife, while Man "was not,"
Till mighty works of life grew old!
The meanest thing had crawled ere man,—
the elect,
The Earth-god, and the Desolator, walked
ereot.

Such was my dream—the vision fled—
Yes, dreaming from the first I'd been,
Not amid stars, but snug in bed,
And wrapt in slumbers most serene:
But though my supper had been light—
Ay, light enough for any Brahmin—
It happened that but yesternight
From Doctor Buckland I'd been cramming.
And still one moral we may draw
Out of this wilderness of rhyme,
That Man, though now to life a law,
Being yet the youngest boon of time,
In mercy might such fact confess—
And this is all my vision's worth—
By using with all gentleness
His elder brethren of the earth. R. J.

THE DRAMA.

Covent Garden.—The dramatic season has recommenced, and the first great move has been the opening of Covent Garden under the management of Mr. and Mrs. C. Mathews. On Monday evening a crush-house assembled to witness *Love's Labour's Lost*, and a new farce by Mr. C. Dance. The impulse given to the stage by the noble effort of Mr. Macready was evident in the care and beauty with which the play was got up in scenery and costume. Nothing could be more correct and splendid. The play itself is certainly one of the least attractive which could be selected from the glorious storehouse of the Bard of Avon; and, with the exception of a bevy of charms in the female characters, and the excellent Shaksperian acting of Keeley and Meadows, there is nothing to recommend it to a popular run. It comes off weakly and heavily. A good deal of confusion took place at the commencement of the entertainments, owing, as it appeared to us, chiefly to the excessive crowding of every part of the theatre. The address, by Mrs. C. Mathews, was unheard; and appeals to the audience, by Mr. C. Mathews, only so far as he announced that the single gallery left for the public would be opened at a shilling instead of eighteen-pence. This prudent concession will not, we should think, be eventually any loss; since, if the large space assigned to this portion of play-goers, and commanding a good view of the stage, should be constantly and respectably filled, it will produce as high a revenue as the two galleries have hitherto done. The other changes in arrangement are a 7s. dress circle, in which places may be taken and kept for the whole night. This is almost equivalent to having the same number of private boxes, and, however convenient to a class of play-goers, will not, we think, be very palatable to the generality, especially on nights when the other parts of the theatre may be crowded. One night a week is to be assigned to Olympic pieces, to which we can see no objection; but

we would advise that any night would be preferable to Saturday for that purpose. The new farce is hardly so humorous and pointed as others from the same successful pen; but it is cleverly acted by Mr. Farren, Mr. C. Mathews, &c., and goes off, on the whole, satisfactorily.

Haymarket.—At this house the performance of *Shylock* by Macready, and the return of the richly comic Power, are the principal matters to be recorded. In the first, there is a striking improvement upon the earlier efforts of the same admirable artist; he seems to have carefully re-studied the character, and perfected it. There is not a single exaggeration or clap-trap to move the multitude; but the whole is addressed to "the judicious," and in a style of the purest conception and execution. Let who wants a dramatic treat hasten to witness the *Merchant of Venice*. Of Power we may say nothing, except that he also appears, like all excellent actors, to acquire fresh vigour and raciness every year. The cheering applause which rewards such performers gives them a confidence in themselves, and leads to exertions inspired by that favour which they would otherwise have been incapable of making. This is the secret of first-rate acting.

Adelphi opened on Monday, with Hackett and Rice in two Yankee characters, and a new piece called *Mount St. Bernard*, full of romantic adventure and terrible incidents. The former was received with great applause; and the latter, with the capital acting of Mrs. Keeley, Miss Allison, Mr. Lyon, and Mr. P. Bedford, went off with *éclat*. The scenery is really wonderful when we consider the size of the theatre.

English Opera House.—A promising *début* was made on the closing night of the season, in the character of *Rosina* in the opera of *The Barber of Seville*, and in the person of Miss A. Corra, a pupil of the Royal Academy. We believe this to be an assumed name; and have heard that, to contribute to the support of a numerous family, her good and praiseworthy feelings have prompted this young lady thus to apply the talents nature and education have given her. Whether or not this be true, her powers, natural and attained, exhibited on Saturday evening, are of a high order. Her voice, a soprano, sweet, clear, and flexible, cultivated with great care, and of considerable compass, only requires the strength which confidence will produce. Miss Corra evidently felt the novelty of her situation, and timidity marred her efforts. Parts of her acting, however, led us to conclude that with care, study, and practice, her place will be high in the class of actresses in opera and musical pieces. She appears very young, her person is ladylike and interesting, her manner playful and pleasing, and her speaking-voice truly feminine.

VARIETIES.

Zoological Society.—At the monthly meeting held on Thursday afternoon the usual reports were read. Balance in favour of the Society at the end of September, 289l. 19s. 4d.; visitors to the gardens and museum during that month, 12,204. 750l. had been added to the funds, being the price of 7½ acres of farmland at Kingston.

Aérolite.—Professor Shephard, of Carolina, had found chlorine and silicon in the analysis of an aérolite.—*Birmingham Meeting.*

Poussin.—A masterpiece by Poussin, called

the *Vierge aux Roses*, is said to have been discovered in Paris, under the daub of an armed knight. Poussin, it seems, in one of his letters, mentions such a picture having been taken away from him by the Marquis de Pardailhans.

Fine Arts.—The Duke of Sutherland has assigned a fine subject to the pencil of Martin, and one which seems well suited to his genius, viz. "The Assuaging of the Waters after the Deluge." Our native school has not of late been so much encouraged as we could wish, especially in its higher efforts, and we rejoice in being able to state an instance of such judicious and liberal patronage.

Bull.—"The late Mr. Justice Vaughan was next brother to Sir Henry Halford and to Sir Charles Vaughan," &c.—See all the newspapers.

Extraordinary Tide.—On Saturday night between eleven and twelve o'clock, at the turn of the tide, the sea rolled in with a tremendous force at Weymouth, and was attended by a roaring noise like thunder. The cause of this phenomenon has not been ascertained.

M. Michaud, the author of the "History of the Crusades," and other esteemed works, died a few days ago at Passy, in his seventy-second year.

Nicholas Nickleby has finished his career in a double number, and with a portrait of the author by Maclise. Mr. Dickens has, we think, wound up this story with greater skill and effect than any of his preceding productions. It is most effective, and must add even to his reputation.

The Harmonicon.—A musical instrument, lately invented by M. Paris of Dijon, has attracted much notice in France. It resembles the instrument called the Concertina, well known in London from the very clever performance of young Regondi; but it seems to be superior, in some respects, to the Concertina. The sound is produced by the vibration of thin metallic plates, and it is played by keys like those of the pianoforte; but the air which acts upon the vibrating substances, instead of proceeding from bellows within the instrument, is blown by the mouth through an elastic tube. The excellence of the instrument, accordingly, consists in this, that while the fingers on the keys merely mark the different notes of the scale, the expression lies in the mouth. It is the living breath of the performer which gives accent, articulation, and emphasis to the notes, as in the oboe or clarinet, and enables the performer to "discourse most eloquent music," in a manner which the production of sound by the mechanical contrivance of a bellows does not admit of. The Harmonicon is made in three varieties; the first is of the compass of the oboe, the second of the *Coruo Inglese*, and the third (of a larger size than the others) combines both these instruments, and has a compass of three octaves. This instrument is highly approved by the French composers; and one of them, M. Adolphe Adam, has given an account of it in the "Monde Dramatique," in which its capabilities are pointed out. It is calculated, in particular, to be of great utility in provincial orchestras, where it is an excellent substitute for the oboe—an instrument as disagreeable in the hands of an ordinary performer as it is delightful in those of a Grattan Cooke. Accordingly we are informed, the Harmonicon has already been adopted in the orchestras of many provincial theatres and musical societies.—*The Polytechnic Journal.*

Daguerriotype Portraits.—M. Jobard, at Brussels, announces that portraits taken by M.M. Daguerre and Niepce's patent will be forthcoming in a few months, and have every requisite of portraiture but colour.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR,—I shall feel greatly obliged by your favouring me with any information it may be in your power to afford, in reference to the following subjects:—

1. *Coder Vaticanus*. (1908.)—Signor Mai, prefect of the Vatican Library, it is supposed, has, for some time past, been engaged in preparing for publication an edition of this celebrated manuscript, a considerable portion of which (it is understood) has already been printed.

2. What portion has been so printed? and when may a completion of it be looked for?

I believe it will not be a *facsimile* edition (like Mr. Baber's of the Alexandrian MS. in the British Museum), but merely an exact transcript of the text contained in the MS. It is presumed that Monsignor Mai will enrich it with notes, but not, it is hoped, attempt to make corrections, as Grabe injudiciously did in his edition of the *Alexandrian*.

3. *Copto-Sahidic MSS.* In Oct. 1836, Rev. Mr. Tattam, author of an Egyptian Grammar, and editor of the new edition of Woid's "Coptic Lexicon," and of the "Minor Prophets in Coptic," set out for Egypt in search of MSS. He was to leave Cairo for Upper Egypt in November, and, on his way home, he was to examine the different libraries in Italy for Coptic and Sahidic MSS., in order to publishing editions of the whole Bible in those versions.

Have any tidings reached this country of that rev. gentleman (who is patronised by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and other high dignitaries of the Church)? and if so, what success has attended his laudable endeavours in the service of biblical literature?

I may just here mention that M. Quatremère, in his "Researches into the Language and Literature of Egypt," published at Paris in 1806, mentions, that the only complete copy of the Coptic Bible was in the possession of M. Marsel, director of the Imperial (now royal) press. That gentleman's MSS. (that is, most of the Coptic MSS.) have since become the property of Dr. John Lee, of Doctors' Commons, and of Hartwell House, near Aylesbury, Bucks. (See Mr. Tattam's preface to Woid's "Lexicon.") Is the said Bible included among the number? I presume not. Otherwise there would hardly have been necessity for Mr. Tattam's travelling abroad. Requesting the favour of a communication upon these points, I remain, yours, &c. C. S.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Compendium of Dr. Brown's Philosophy of the Human Mind, by J. P. Boyle, 12mo. 6s. 6d.—Literal Translation of the Three Books "De Officiis" of Cicero, with Notes, 12mo. 4s.—Colburn's Modern Novelist, Vol. XVIII.: Zillah, by H. Smith, fcap. 6s.—Rollin's Ancient History, 6 vols. 8vo., new edition, 2l. 2s.—The Fatalist; or, the Fortunes of Godolphin, 3 vols. post 8vo. 12. 11s. 6d.—Fifty Illustrations of the Gospel Narrative, new edition, in a case, 12s.—Pickwick Abroad, by G. M. W. Reynolds, 8vo. 21s.—The Autobiography of Archbishop Laud, 18mo. 5s.—Keeble's Psalter, second edition, 24mo. 1s. 6d.—Sparrow's Rationale of the Book of Common Prayer, 18mo. 5s.—Taylor's Golden Grove, new edition, 18mo. 3s. 6d.—Yes and No; a Tale for the Young, 18mo. 2s.—Life and Times of Archbishop Sumner, 24mo. 1s. 6d.—Autobiography of T. Platter, a Schoolmaster of the Sixteenth Century, 18mo. 2s.—Practical Treatise on Drawing, and on Painting in Water-Colours, by G. F. Phillips, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—T. Leach's Historical Statement of the Steam-engine in Cornwall, royal 8vo. 10s.—The History of Rome, by the Rev. W. M. Heston (from the "Encyclopædia Britannica"), post 8vo. 6s.—The Greenland Minister; a Poem, by the Rev. F. R. Blackley, 12mo. 5s. 6d.—Jardine's Naturalist's Library, Vol. XXIV., British Birds, Vol. II., fcap. 6s.—Dr. Varty on Civilization, 3d edition, 8vo. 6s.—Dr. Gregory's Elements of the Practice of Medicine, 5th edition, 8vo. 16s.—Rev. W. M. Hart's Practical Sermons, 12mo. 6s.—Retzsch's Outlines to Burger's "Lectiones," 4to. 18s.—Short Sermons for Little Children, by an Elder Sister, 18mo. 3s.—The Wife and Mother's Book, 32mo. 3s.—J. Taylor's Sermons for Sundays, Part I., 3s.—The Young Artist's Guide, by F. Greenwood, 8vo. 6s.—The Organs of the Senses described by C. A. Bell, fcap. 6s.—Chemistry no Mystery, by J. Seaford, fcap. 6s.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1839.

September.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday ... 26	From 50 to 68	29.77 to 29.80
Friday ... 27	... 44 to 59	29.63 to 29.70
Saturday ... 28	... 50 to 59	29.50 to 29.58
Sunday ... 29	... 36 to 59	29.65 to 29.68
Monday ... 30	... 35.5 to 59	29.73 to 29.68
October.		
Tuesday 1	... 40 to 61	29.88 to 29.64
Wednesday 2	... 42 to 63	29.64 to 29.70

Wind, S.W.

Except the 2d, generally clear; a little rain fell on the 26th and 28th ult. and 2d inst.

Edmonton: digitized by CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

An Elementary Course will also be given in May 1840.

King's College, London, Sept. 28, 1859.

Abstract

Journal of Management Education 30(6)

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Aristocracy in America. From the Sketch-book of a German Nobleman. Edited by F. J. Grund, author of "The Americans in their Moral, Social, and Political Relations." 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1839. Bentley.

MR. GRUND'S own publication was one which merited and received so much public attention, that his name ought to be a passport to any succeeding work. Of the present we shall, however, only say that, whether it be from the pen of a German nobleman, as it purports; or, whether the title be a mere author's *incognito*, the substance is sketchy, and the view it gives of American society, especially of such as assumes to walk in the upper circles, rather of the caricature and ironical order. A portrait of General Jackson, prefixed to the first volume, does not prepare us for this; but such is the fact—witness the following specimens. Description of the author, &c. —

"It was in the month of August last year, that, early in the morning of a sultry day, while sauntering along the wide and dirty streets of New York, I was, just at the corner of Chamber Street and Broadway, struck by the singular appearance of a male figure, which I at once recognised as European, though the individual in question had apparently taken the most studied pains to disguise his origin. His statue was straight and erect; his neck, already thin and stiff, was, by the aid of a black cravat, reduced to a still narrower compass; and his hat was sunk down his neck so as to expose half his forehead. His frock-coat, despite the heat of the day, was buttoned up to the chin, and yet of such diminutive dimensions as scarcely to cover any one part of his body. His trousers were of the same tight fit as his coat, and the heels of his boots added at least an inch and a half to his natural height. His steps were short and quick, deviating neither to the right nor left from a straight line; and his head, which was thrown back, seemed to act as a rudder in directing his motion. Thus far, his appearance differed in nothing from a genuine New-Yorker, except that his shoulders were very much broader, and his legs much more stout, than one generally meets with on the borders of the Atlantic. I seldom saw an European imitate exactly the particular business-dress and gait of an American; and in this instance the copy appeared to me so burlesque, that I felt curious to see the full face of a man whose body bore such evident imprints of two worlds. I therefore stepped quickly forward a few paces, and, leaning against the window of a print-shop, endeavoured to take a front view of my hero. He seemed to guess my intention, and, desirous of avoiding observation, turned his head towards the opposite side; which, however, did not prevent me from recognising at once my friend the author, with a large roll of paper in his hand. 'Ah!' exclaimed he, grasping my arm, 'I am glad to meet you,—the very man I wanted to see. Whither are you now going?' 'To breakfast.' 'Are you invited?' 'Not that I know of.' Then I shall accompany you. I have to speak to you on a very important

subject.' 'I am going to the Turkish divan.' 'The very place I like,—it's private, snug, genteel; one can be there without meeting a reporter.'

"We stretched ourselves each on an ottoman (chairs being entirely banished from the establishment), and 'the author' at once came to the point. 'I wanted to hand you my sketch-book,' said he, after heaving a deep sigh, 'containing the journal of a tour through the principal Atlantic cities, and a few memorandums of my stay in Washington.' 'Ah! have you finally resolved to publish it?' 'Not I. I am a married man, related to one of the most aristocratic families in town, with the prospect of inheriting a fortune. I must not quarrel with my bread and butter.' 'Oh! I understand you; you wish me to publish it for you; that's more than I can promise to do without seeing the manuscript.' 'But you may omit what you do not like, or soften down what is likely to give offence.' 'That you know is useless. The Americans do not like to be spoken of in any way. They are so thin-skinned as not even to bear praise; they take it for irony.' 'I know it. Our first people are like the Venetian senators, who would not allow the government to be praised; because, if one man bestowed praise, another might be guilty of censure. There is no knowing where matters will end when once in the mouth of the people.' 'All this ought to put me the more on my guard; yet, out of friendship for you, I will make myself a martyr. If you had the courage to write the truth, I will have the boldness to publish it.' 'Bravo!' cried my friend, embracing me in a continental manner, 'I see you are a real German; and, if ever I inherit —' 'Pray don't mention it. It will be as much as you can do to pay your wife's mantua-maker. You cannot count your father-in-law's money until after his death. There are bank liabilities, insurance liabilities, and Heaven knows what other mercantile and private liabilities! Just give me the manuscript, and trust the rest to my affection.' 'You are too kind—too generous!' cried he; 'but I must, nevertheless, give you a few hints. I think you had better omit the account of my flirtations entirely. It is not in good taste. All such things are necessarily insipid; and if Mrs. K—psch—rtz should by accident learn —' 'She would never forgive you.' 'It is not that I am most afraid of; but my father-in-law, and the public —. Besides, my flirtations, as is always the case in the United States, ended in a most sensible manner, and on that account are not likely to interest an European reader. The first lady sent me word by her servant not to trouble myself with writing her any more letters, as she was determined to send them back unopened. The second gave me a verbal warning in these terms:—'I am sorry you should be in love with me, because papa and mamma think it all nonsense; I do not say this to hurt your feelings, but merely to prevent you from taking any unnecessary steps in the matter. I shall, nevertheless, be always happy to see you as a friend.' And the third ended in the most legitimate manner,—in my marriage. I think my

sketches of fashionable parties, and in general of the character and principles of our 'first society,' are much more likely to give satisfaction: only soften them down a little for the sake of Judge Lynch; it would break my heart to see you tarred and feathered. As regards my account of American statesmen and politicians, you must calculate your chances of a duel. A Southerner will fight three times as quick as a Northerner; but the Northerner will never forgive you. Be careful how you repeat what I have said about *parsons*; they have more power in the United States than in any other country. They have the power of breaking any man they please; for they possess the most complete control over the women. I have, in this respect, always been of Jean Paul Richter's opinion, who despised 'the *pater-noster* globe of piety,' as much as 'the empty bubbles of worldly prudence.' But you know my religious sentiments, and are best able to judge whether I deserve the name of a Christian. If I have sometimes been severe upon Unitarianism and Dr. Channing, it is because I hate cant in any shape, and would oppose any man that would constitute himself moral pope of the community. The Bostonians, who, according to their own confession, are a 'people full of notions,' are always ready to deify a man that 'captivates their fancy;' and accordingly have within the narrow confines of their city a whole Olympus of gods and goddesses, of which the reverend Socinian is the *Jupiter tonans*. But you will best know how to manage these matters: only one thing,—forgive the vanity of an author!—you must promise me as a *conditio sine qua non*. 'And what is that?' 'Not to make such a thing of it as Fanny Kemble's 'Journal';—that is, not to strike out three-fourths of the book, and then publish the rest all dashes and stars.' I gave him my word to leave as few stories untold as possible, and, in general, to stick to my text as far as was consistent with prudence; after which he quietly sneaked off to his office, leaving me to do the best with the manuscript."

Here is part of a general conversation at a public breakfast:—

"Our people are altogether too prosaic.' 'They are too much occupied with politics,' observed another gentleman. 'Altogether too much, sir,' repeated the admirer of Germany. 'But they say it is all for their own good; it improves their condition.' 'I don't want to know their condition. Heaven save me from politics!' 'It is certainly not a flourishing trade in this country,' said I. 'Not only that, sir, but it is not a respectable one.' 'And why not?' 'Because every blackguard meddles with it.' 'But not every blackguard is successful in it.' 'Quite the reverse; it is only the blackguard who is successful.' 'That's an old one,' cried an elderly-looking gentleman. 'But who will talk politics on a hot day without taking a julep? Holla, John! a dozen fresh juleps, with plenty of ice,—and rather stiff, mind ye.' 'It's no use to talk politics to us, sir,' observed a Mr. * * * of Baltimore, addressing me in a calm, tranquil voice, which had something of the tone of advice and condescension in it; 'we are no longer green.'

'What do you mean by that?' 'I mean precisely what I say,' replied he. 'We have all more or less passed the age in which respectable Americans take an interest in politics; and are, thank God! not yet sufficiently old and decrepit to recur to it once more because we are unfit for every thing else.' 'Yea, yea!' interrupted a highly respectable gentleman, whom I had known in Boston, and who had a high reputation for being fond of cards; 'a man never takes to politics in this country unless he is ruined in business. I have seen a hundred instances of it in my own city. Let a man have a falling-out with work, and he is sure to turn patriot.' 'Because patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel,' as Johnson said, remarked a young barrister, visibly contented with having had an opportunity of exhibiting his erudition. 'Happy country this!' observed one of my companions, 'in which every scoundrel turns patriot!' 'Say, rather, in which every patriot is a scoundrel,' rejoined the lawyer.

Our author paints the upper classes in America as being most abject tuft-hunters, and apt to undervalue all their home productions when compared with those of Europe; but we copy a more national picture, at a dinner-party:—

"The ladies were all *en grande toilette*, though among the gentlemen not one appeared to be dressed for dinner. The conversation was very loud; but, notwithstanding, completely drowned in the clatter of knives and forks. I perceived that the women talked, not only much more, but also much louder, than the men; American gentlemen of the higher classes being indeed, the most bashful creatures in the presence of ladies of fashion I ever saw. They approach women with the most indubitable consciousness of their own inferiority, and, either from modesty or prudence, seldom open their lips, except to affirm what has been said by the ladies. One is always reminded of poor Candide's honest prayer,—'*Hélas! madame; je répondrai comme vous voudrez.*' I have seen one of the most distinguished old gentlemen in the United States,—one who held the highest rank in the gift of the American people, and whose learning and knowledge on most subjects rendered him a most pleasing and entertaining companion of men,—betray as little self-possession in the presence of women as if he had been making his *début* in society; and this, too, in the house of one of his most intimate friends. This excessive awkwardness in the men, to which even the most distinguished of their race make no exception, must be owing to something radically wrong in the composition of American society, which places men as well as women in a false position. The conviction of this fact must force itself on the mind of every impartial observer who has had an opportunity of making himself familiar with the customs and manners of the higher classes. There appears to be a singular mixture of respect and want of sincerity on the part of the men with regard to the women; produced, I believe, by the unnatural position which the latter hold wherever they are brought into contact with the former. In the first place, American ladies occupy, from mere courtesy, a rank in society which is not only opposed to that which they hold in private life, and in their own families, but which is actually incompatible with the exercise of discretion on the part of the gentlemen. 'The ladies must be waited upon;' 'the ladies must be helped;' 'the ladies must be put into the carriage;' 'the ladies must be taken out of the carriage;' 'the ladies must have their shoe-strings tied;' 'the ladies must have their India-rubber shoes put on;'

'the ladies must be wrapped up in shawls;' 'the ladies must be led up stairs and down stairs;' 'the ladies must have their candles lit for them when they go to bed.' On every occasion they are treated as poor, helpless creatures, who rather excite the pity than the admiration of men; and as the services they require are numerous, just in proportion to the scarcity of hired servants, the gentlemen are obliged to officiate in their stead. These continual exigencies cannot but render the society of women often irksome to men who are daily engaged from ten to twelve hours in active business, before they dress to do the agreeable at a party; and hence the retiring of the ladies is but too frequently hailed as the signal for throwing off restraint, or, as I once heard it called, 'for letting off the steam,' and being again natural and easy. If, in any of these matters, the men were allowed to use their own discretion in bestowing attention on those only whom they like, all would be well enough. The ladies would receive a great deal of voluntary tribute; and the gentlemen, delighted with the privilege of a choice, would be more prodigal of their *petits soins* to those who would have a smile in return for their devotion. But, instead of this, a fashionable American is harassed by an uninterrupted series of exactions, made for no other purpose than for gratifying 'the ladies;' while the rules of society are such, that he can scarcely ever find a chance of making himself agreeable to a particular individual. Hence an American *salon* exhibits nothing but generalities of men and women, in which no other merit is recognised but that which belongs to the sex. In this manner American ladies are worshipped; but the adoration consists in a species of polythelam, in which no particular goddess has a temple or an altar dedicated to herself. Whenever an American gentleman meets a lady, he looks upon her as the representative of her sex; and it is to her sex, not to her peculiar amiable qualities, that she is indebted for his attentions. But look upon the same lady when she returns home from a party, or after the company has been dismissed at her own house! She is indeed honoured and respected, a happy mother, a silent, contented wife, and complete mistress at home; but how seldom is she the intimate friend of her husband, the repository of his secrets, his true and faithful counsellor,—in one word, the better half of his existence! And yet what woman would not rather be that than an idol, placed on an artificial elevation in society, in order to be deprived of her true influence on the deliberations and actions of men? I have undoubtedly seen American ladies who were all a woman could wish to be to their husbands; but I scarcely remember one, especially in fashionable life, who was not quoted to me as an exception to the rule."

We conclude with a few extracts relating to a literary party at Boston, and the state of the American press; as these, with what we have already extracted, will sufficiently shew the varied matter and tone of the work:—

"What was most interesting to me was the little ease which prevailed amongst them; none seeming to know his true position. They approached each other with great caution, as if they dreaded each other's malice. I am sure they did not venture a single expression which they would not have liked to see in print. In addition to this, they watched each other's motions, and the greater or less degree of intimacy which existed between their entertainer and his invited colleagues; in short, they wanted nothing but tact and manners to pass

for a tolerable body of diplomatists at a provincial court in Germany.

"There is scarcely a paper in any of the large cities of the United States which has a decided political character—advocating some great historical principle, and employing in its warfare other weapons than common-place dialectics, and constant appeals to the passions of its subscribers. The effect produced by the American papers is due to their number; there being not one of them which can boast of a subscription sufficiently large to make it a true representative of public opinion. Their power is owing to combination. No great central institution has as yet taken the lead, but they have a wonderful faculty in communicating each other's ideas, either by direct quotations, or by dressing up the same thought in a variety of manners. An American paper, in fact, is said to be edited with great talent when it contains in each number from half a column to a column of original matter: the rest consists of extracts and advertisements. The latter constitute the pecuniary resources of an editor; the subscriptions being so low that, unless a 'fair advertising patronage' can be obtained, little profit or absolute loss must necessarily attend the publication. From this single circumstance the leading character of American newspapers may at once be inferred. The commercial part of the community advertise the most; their interests, therefore, are sure to be advocated, while those principles which refer to the higher branches of statesmanship or political economy are rarely made the subjects of newspaper controversy, except perhaps the Southern States. The Southerners are the only people in the Union who study politics as a science, having both the education and leisure for that purpose. The southern papers, therefore, are, on an average, much better edited than those of the north; though from their higher standard, and the peculiar composition of southern society, they have comparatively a small number of readers. The practical men at the north call the Southerners, and especially the Virginians, 'metaphysical politicians,' in contradistinction to those whose immediate object is the increase of trade and traffic. The northern papers advocate each only a particular part of a political system: one, a bank of fifty millions; another, one of forty millions; one, a bank in New York; another, one in Philadelphia, &c., just as it suits the convenience of their subscribers. It is not the press which leads the public,—it is the public which leads the press.

The editors "once armed with a quill, they care not whom they meet in the arena. Fortunately it is their practice to praise indiscriminately every book, pamphlet, or poem, of which a copy is sent them 'for notice;' except when the author attacks their favourite doctrines, or pretends to be wiser than themselves. In such cases they exhibit an *esprit du corps*, and woe to the unfortunate offender that provokes a power so formidable! Not only will judgment be pronounced on him editorially, but also in an infinite number of anonymous articles, furnished by the legion of literary twaddlers which surround our 'independent press,' and claim the occasional insertion of a squib as a bonus for the amount of their annual subscription. This species of assassination is considered perfectly lawful, and is practised by lawyers, physicians, clergymen, merchants, manufacturers, and tradespeople of all sorts. Whoever subscribes to a paper considers himself the editor's patron, and obliges the latter to give publicity to his dull lucubrations.

"You may always doubt a democratic editor's sincerity when his advertisements begin to increase. He is then sure of making himself agreeable to a certain portion of the commercial community, and to meet soon with the proper reward of his new political faith. You may then expect to see him promoted in society and on 'Change; and ten chances to one, he will be able to settle with his creditors. After that, he begins to differ in one or the other point from the leading principle of the democratic party (for it is seldom that a man changes at once from a Democrat to a Whig), until, by degrees, he renounces the whole doctrine as unworthy 'of a gentleman and a scholar.' Then he begins his abuse against the mob, declaiming loudly against anarchy and usurpation; because new converts to a doctrine must show more zeal than those who have been brought up in it, and in order to exhibit their contempt for the class of society from which they themselves have sprung. These abuses are afterwards returned with interest by those who have remained faithful to their cause, or who have not yet had a chance of promotion. Hence arises a newspaper controversy, which is neither calculated to elevate the style of our writers, nor to throw much light on the great principles for which they are contending. After subtracting the personal abuse and common party along of our papers, there remains scarcely enough matter to elicit one generous thought, or a single truth capable of adding to our political knowledge."

The Philosophy of the Mind. By James Douglas, Esq., of Cavers. 8vo. pp. 387. Edinburgh, 1839. A. and C. Black; London, Longman and Co.

THE turn of the age towards metaphysical inquiry, is one of the best signs of its intellectual spirit. "The noblest study of mankind is man;" and though it may lead to a thousand mistaken notions and erroneous pursuits, yet is it a study which cannot be followed, even in mistake and error, without producing instruction and improvement. As the wild labours of astrologers led to the sublime knowledge of astronomy; and as the darkling toils of alchemists opened the secrets of chemistry to view; so the investigation of mind must conduce to that superior understanding, which teaches us our duty to God, to our neighbours, and to ourselves.

Among the most zealous and rational of those engaged in this manner we ought, before now, to have brought forward the name of Mr. Douglas; but the bustle and turmoil of the busy London season, of temporary publication and many meetings, leave but too little time for philosophy: and his volume has, like others, lain by for a fitter opportunity.

In order to clear his way, the author casts a rapid glance over the history of by-gone "Speculative Opinions;" points out the fallacies which he considers to have prevailed in them, and not only marred their own value, but caused a stream of misconception to run through theories founded upon them, or partially adopting them as dogmata demonstrated beyond the inquisition of question. He then addresses his own acute and logical powers to the various subjects of "Perception," "Memory and Suggestion," "The Train of Thought," "Reasoning and Logic," "Emotions," "Taste," "Freedom of the Will," "Morals," and finally "Religion." Upon each his observations are well worthy of attention; though, when we have reflected to the utmost upon them, we must confess, that

we have only endeavoured to make some progress: for it is most true that

"The elementary acts of mind escape our notice as much as the elementary atoms of matter escape our view. The Philosophy of the Mind, if it ever reached perfection, will consist in the complete history of all the acts of the mind, the enumeration of each of its feelings and powers, with all the combinations into which they enter. This is a labour at which, perhaps, no discoverer can ever arrive. At all events, one inquirer after another must be contented to proceed but a step or two on the way."

We differ, however, from Mr. Douglas in his opinion that

"It is only in Greece that we can obtain authentic records of the many, but vain, efforts of the human mind to arrive at speculative truth."

Surely the East—Persia, Hindostan, and even China, would refute this notion. But to leave minute points, we may state, that the first chapter is full of interest. The summaries of the systems of Thales, Pythagoras, Empedocles, Zeno, Heraclitus, Leucippus, Democritus, Protagoras, Socrates, Plato, Arceilaus, Aristotle, Epicurus, and other great men of the Grecian schools, convey very accurate views of their several and conflicting doctrines; and the sequel in which the Alexandrian teacher, Plotinus, and later philosophers down to our own time, are briefly represented and canvassed, completes the important *coup d'œil* over former "speculative opinions." We know no better test of the author's own ideas, or fitter specimens to offer as examples of his volume, than to quote what he says of some of his immediate predecessors:—

"Locke is most indebted to his own thoughts for the materials of his works; but if indebted to other writers, he is more so to Hobbes than to any one else. His first book against innate ideas is, by consent of the best authorities, considered the weakest portion of his works,—rambling, equivocal, immoral (without being intentionally so), and credulous of the foolish stories related by rash and ignorant travellers. In adopting the opinion of the atomists, which considers the mind as a mere *tabula rasa*, in opposition to the innate ideas of Plato, and the transcendental philosophers, he appears totally unaware of the third and the true system, already indicated, though imperfectly, by the Stoics; those 'notions' which spring up in the mind with, and are involved in, the very exercises of our intellectual powers. Locke, after Hobbes, states the mind to be white paper, and the two inlets of knowledge to be sensation and reflection. In sensation, the soul is 'merely passive.' Then occurs the confusion, from which Locke never fairly extricated himself, with respect to ideas. 'Whatever the mind perceives in itself, that I call idea;'—'which ideas, if I speak of sometimes as in the things themselves, I would be understood to mean those qualities in the objects which produce them.' Locke, after Descartes and Epicurus, laid great stress upon clearness. Unfortunately the style may be clear, while the thoughts may be indeterminate, and utterly confused. The Epicureans were almost always clear; but in their thoughts, how shallow, perplexed, and contradictory! The same contrast occurs in Locke,—how confused and contradictory are his notions, while his style remains popular and transparent! His notions alone respecting space and time, if notions they may be called, sufficiently exemplify this. A train of thoughts continually passes through the mind—reflection upon this train furnishes us

with the idea of succession—and the distance between any parts of that succession is that which we call duration; hence time, according to Locke, might be defined the distance between two thoughts. As this train has a variable swiftness, we should be possessed of a quick time and a slow time, were we not able to strike the average, and to obtain a medium measure of time in the ordinary swiftness of our ideas. Endless addition, in Locke's estimation, gives us the clearest idea of infinity. A strange definition of the infinite, that which may continually be added to. Locke evidently mistakes the indefinite for the infinite; that which approximates to the infinite, or, correctly speaking, continually tends towards it, without ever reaching it; he confounds the subjective infinite, that to which the mind of man can assign no term, with the objective infinite, which has no term in itself, by its own nature excluding every limitation. According to Locke, the mind, from contemplating changes either in itself, or in the external world, acquires the idea of power. Agreeably to this view, the idea of power would merely be the perception of change; and if the mind were thus constituted, as Locke describes it, the mind would be unable to discriminate between cause and effect. We remark these blemishes in an author, to whom not only the study of the mind, but what is of more importance, the cause of civil and religious liberty, is so much indebted, not with any view of detracting from his great merits, but in order to point out that sensation and reflection are inadequate to account for the origin of all our notions."

Of Hume:—

"Hume has a precious argument for the disbelief of the Deity:—'In a word, I much doubt whether it be possible for a cause to be known only by its effect (as you have all along supposed), or to be of so singular and particular a nature as to have no parallel and no similarity with any other cause or object that has ever fallen under our observation. It is only when two species of objects are found to be constantly conjoined, that we can infer the one from the other; and were an effect presented which was entirely singular, and could not be comprehended under any one known species, I do not see that we could form any conjecture at all concerning its cause.' In order, therefore, to believe in God, it is a prerequisite that there should be two gods, the least number that can form a species, and two universes. Nor would this probably be sufficient, unless this double pair of infinities should become the objects of our senses, and thus be classed among our impressions. But, according to Hume's philosophy, there would be little use for a Deity—nothing to create, and nothing to govern. Our impressions present us with nothing but themselves—no world without us, no soul within us—nothing but their own shadowy and deceptive appearances. If Hume has curtailed the sum of existence, he has added considerably to the list of virtues, holding that utility is the criterion of merit, and that whatever is useful is virtuous. And, having given a new apotheosis to wit, cleanliness, and even to vanity, he adds what the French call a *je ne sais quoi* in manner, which, he asserts, 'must be considered as a part of ethics, left by Nature to baffle all the pride of philosophy, and make her sensible of her narrow boundaries and slender acquisitions.' We can scarcely conceive a more striking commentary on the words of St. Paul, how sense forsakes those that forsake God—how vain become their imaginations, and how deeply and hopelessly

the foolish heart of the atheist is darkened. Hume, at one moment, seemed on the brink of a better philosophy. In his treatise of 'Human Nature,' speaking of cause and effect, he says, 'When I consider their relations, I can find none but those of contiguity and succession, which I have already regarded as imperfect and unsatisfactory. Shall the despair of success make me assert that I am here possessed of an idea which is not preceded by any similar impression? This would be too strong a proof of levity and inconstancy: since the contrary principle has been already so firmly established as to admit of no further doubt.' This pretended proof is merely the assertion of Locke. Thus Hume believed where he ought to have doubted, and hence he doubted where he ought to have believed."

Of Kant:—

"Kant carried his idealism too far, and left too narrow a basis for the material world. This was the first weak point of his system, where it speedily gave way; but it is a weakness still more manifest in subsequent systems, and which exposes them all to the inroads of scepticism, in the same manner that the idealism of Berkeley, delivered over the philosophy of Locke to the doubts of Hume. A second of Kant's consisted in pushing too far the consideration that the nature of the mind gives its form to all our thoughts; and therefore asserting that space is the form of sensation, and time the form of our thoughts in general. This is an error not original, but an adaptation of Leibnitz's hypothesis. It is an error, also, which may be brought immediately to the test of facts. If it were not false, all our sensations would be localised; but of five senses, only two—touch and sight—spread their sensations over extension, and each of these over a different extension. It has justly been said by the admirers of Kant, that the whole of his theory hangs together, and that if one link fails, the whole falls to the ground. His doctrine of space alone furnishes a refutation of his opinions; but even previous to this, the very outset of his inquiry labours under an irretrievable error. The transcendental philosophy involves a fatal absurdity. If we must inquire whether knowledge is possible, before we can ascertain it to be certain, we are entangled in a series of previous inquiries that have no end, for we have stronger ground to inquire whether the possibility is possible, and whether the transcendental philosophy can itself have any existence, than Kant can have for demanding that the transcendental philosophy should stand as a porch, through which alone we can enter the temple of knowledge. Understand, and make others understand, the operations of the mind, and there is no need to prove that such knowledge is possible; but Kant, like the German metaphysicians in general, has a horror of experience, and too much resembles the dove to which he with less justice compares Plato, which thinks its flight would be swifter beyond the resistance of the lower air, not knowing that that very resistance impels it forward. Kant and the other German writers have been accused of intentional obscurity; if it were so, they have an excuse in that weakness of their countrymen which leads them chiefly to admire what they do not understand. Obscurity and perplexity, however, seem but too natural to the mind of Kant. On the most common subjects, and uttering the truest observations, his meaning is hard to be spelled, partly because he fails to interest the attention, and partly because, like the scholastics, he reduces every subject to its most abstracted form, till it

reaches the verge of nonentity—a failing still more conspicuous in his followers than in himself."

Of Reid, Mr. Douglas is, as every intelligent being must be, a warm admirer, and almost a disciple; but without going further into any of the other topics which he so ably investigates, we must be contented with affording his work one other quotation upon a general inquiry.

Thus, upon *Morals*, he observes:—

"If the moral faculty is weak in most men, it is owing to want of culture. There is ample provision in the mind for its complete development; no other power is aided by so many concurrent faculties, or derives accession from so many different sources. We have only to attend to the dictates of conscience, to render its oracles more frequent and more distinct, and those parts of the human frame which are most apt to resist its authority, when once brought into subjection, would augment its power, and aid in enforcing its dictates. There is no need of dreaming, with the Stoics, of extirpating the passions: if duly regulated, they become the ministers, not the opponents, of Duty; and Pleasure herself, though considered the chief foe of Virtue, is ready to act as her handmaid. Mistaken notions of Christianity have discouraged the culture of Moral Philosophy in latter days, and the moderns have not effected so much as the ancients, with all their disadvantages, in this branch of the study of the mind. Christianity was not intended to supersede the exercise of our powers, but rather to invigorate their exertions, by giving them the right direction, and supplying them with the true data on which to proceed. Instead of furnishing a system of morals, Christianity has afforded a new fountain of spiritual existence, from which that system may be deduced, by implanting a new and stronger principle of virtue, by conferring upon its disciples a renovated and godlike nature, and by exchanging that external law, which only enforces an outward compliance, for that inward law which is written on the fleshly tables of the heart. Where our faculties cannot penetrate into the invisible world, and into the secrets of futurity, Christianity affords us the light and information of a supernatural revelation; but where our native faculties are commensurate with the attainment of truth, we are called to press forward in the pursuit of excellence and of knowledge, and to advance in moral science, as in natural, by the sincere and diligent exercise of our faculties. 'Whatever things are true, whatever things are honest, whatever things are just, whatever things are pure, whatever things are lovely, whatever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.'"

The Romance of Private Life. By Miss Burney. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1839. Colburn.

THESE volumes contain two tales; the first, "The Renunciation," occupying two of them, and the last, "The Hermitage," the third.

"The Renunciation" is founded on the adventures of a twice-concealed female child, who is stolen the second time in order to pass her off for a wealthy heiress, and so secure her fortune for the abductor's natural son. The incidents, which happen chiefly in France and Italy among English travellers and their foreign acquaintances, are developed in a ready manner; and the characters in general are distinctly and cleverly drawn. As we do not, however, like to delve into the secret mysteries of inventions of this sort, we must be content

to give a single extract as a specimen of the writer's sense and style:—

"The conversation now changed; Monsieur de Verneuil came in from an exploring ramble, delighted with what he had seen and with the beauty of the weather; and whilst he and Mr. St. Hubert were engaged in an animated discussion on the subject of some antiquities he had been looking at, Isabel suddenly said, 'Pray, my dear Agnes, do you know a Mrs. William Stratton who is here?' Agnes answered in the affirmative. 'Have you ever been to any of her parties?' 'I have been to several.' 'Are you going to her this evening?' 'I am invited, but, meaning to spend the evening with you, I sent an excuse.' 'Oh the pity! Had you been going, I would have gone too. I had a letter of introduction to her from a lady in London, who told me that she was here at the pinnacle of all *ton*; visits have been paid and mutually returned by us; and I have now received an invitation from her for to-night to a concert, and I cannot tell what besides. Let me hear a little about her; we have never met, and I have not the least idea what she is like.' Mr. St. Hubert catching these last words, anticipated Agnes's answer. 'She is like,' he said, 'one of the many minor queens of fashion that abound in foreign countries, and do very little honour to their own. The native inhabitants are so much divided in opinion concerning them, that by some they are laughed at; and, what is worse, are regarded by others as real specimens of English refinement and elegance. She is a lady who dashes at every thing;—who writes dramas, paints pictures, models busts, composes music, recites her own verses, and sings her own bravuras. Furthermore, she gives balls, concerts, dinners, and masquerades;—she is never tired, never quiet, and would think an evening thrown away that was not spent in a crowd.' 'And are any of the Romans such barbarians as to be insensible to all this extraordinary variety of merit?' 'The Romans have not the least objection to her parties,—for, besides being sure of good refreshments, they often meet with good company, and seldom fail to see or hear something to gratify their sarcastic propensities: but do not imagine that, generally speaking, they are for one moment duped by her pretensions; they would see through them even in a compatriot; how much more in an *ultramontane bel-esprit*?' 'Yet,' said Agnes, 'if a foreigner is unaffected, and shows a disposition to be grateful for civilities received, there are no people kinder than the Romans.' 'I beg, my dear Agnes, you will ascribe to them no particular merit for that!' cried Isabel with vivacity. 'The same may surely be said of the French, and not seldom even of the English, though their greater reserve of character may make their kindness more tardily apparent.' 'Well argued, Isabel!' said her husband; 'Mr. St. Hubert, I am sure will not hesitate to acknowledge, that in all civilised countries real genius, accompanied by simplicity of manners, is an assured immunity from ridicule, whilst the *charlatanerie* of affected pretenders provokes (and justly) the whole force of its artillery.' 'True;—genius may be cavilled at by envy; but it can with difficulty be rendered ludicrous.' 'There is no degree of malice or detraction,' cried Isabel, 'I would not heroically submit to, for the glory of being envied! But to excite derision, would, I think, drive me mad!' 'You would not know any thing of the matter, my dear madam; no one laughs at another to his face; and were that even to happen, as excessive vanity is the chief

aliment of ridicule, it is also the surest preservative from mortification. A vain man is the most unsuspicious creature in the world, and will innocently join in the laugh against himself, and then look round to discover the jest. 'Probably,' said Agnes, 'that is what makes vain people so good-humoured?' 'You may be assured it contributes to do so in no small degree. I might not be able to feel much respect or friendship for a vain man, but I would rather have him for an inmate than a very proud one.'

"The Hermitage" gives its name to another mystery of stabbing, self-accusation, ignominy, distress, despair; all terminating as they ought to do, but seldom, we imagine, as they really do—in *Private Life*.

The Zoology of Captain Beechey's Voyage; compiled from the Collections and Notes made by Captain Beechey, the Officers and Naturalist of the Expedition, during a Voyage to the Pacific and Behring's Straits, performed in H.M.S. Blossom in 1825, 6, 7, and 8. By J. Richardson, M.D., F.R.S., &c.; N. A. Vigors, Esq., A.M., F.R.S., &c.; G. T. Lay, Esq.; E. T. Bennett, Esq., F.L.S.; R. Owen, Esq.; J. E. Gray, Esq., F.R.S.; the Rev. Dr. Buckland, F.R.S., &c.; and G. B. Sowerby, Esq. 4to. pp. 180. London, 1839. Bohn.

ILLUSTRATED with upwards of fifty finely coloured plates by Sowerby, and published under the authority of the Admiralty, this volume does honour to the press and fine arts of England. The great talent employed upon every branch of science which it embraces—in natural history, including mammalia, birds, fishes, crustacea, reptiles, and molluscan animals and their shells,—has made it as perfect as a work of the kind can be; and the beauty of the colouring in all these cases represents them to the very life. The rarity of many of the specimens adds much to the importance of these remarkable illustrations; and when we observe that the whole has received the supervision of the highly gifted commander of the expedition, Capt. F. W. Beechey, we have said enough to testify to the merits of the publication.

The mammalia are few in number, consisting of bats, mice, rats, moles, weasels, squirrels, bears, racoons, badgers, martins, ermines, skunks, otters, wolves, wolverenes, dogs, foxes, lynxes, opossums, seals, beavers, sea-horses, deer, hares, goats, sheep, antelopes, porcupines, puma or cougar, &c., all briefly described by Dr. Richardson. Then follows the ornithology by Mr. Vigors; and many of the birds are entirely new to science, whilst other species are rare in European museums: from which we copy only one curious note about the sooty albatross:—

* Of this gentleman, however, Captain Beechey complains in his Introduction; and says, after complimenting other scientific friends and contributors, "I wish I could with sincerity have included with the above-mentioned names that of Mr. J. E. Gray, who undertook to describe the shells; but the publication has suffered so much by delay, in consequence of his having been connected with it, that it is a matter of the greatest regret to me that I ever acceded to his offer to engage in it. This delay has, from various causes, been extended over a period of eight years; and I cannot, with justice or propriety, conceal from the government, the collectors, and especially from the contributors to the work, whose MSS. have been so long printed, that it has been occasioned entirely by Mr. Gray's failing to furnish his part in spite of every intimation from myself and others: promising us MSS. from time to time, and thereby keeping the department in his own hands, yet always disappointing the writer, until at length, from other causes, the publisher (Mr. Richter) fell into difficulties, and all the plates and stereotypes were sold by the assignees, and lost to the government."

"Mr. Collie informs us that a good many of these birds flew about the ship when off the coast of South America, from two hundred to five hundred miles from land, between the 40th and 50th degrees of south latitude. A specimen, from which the following description was taken, being hung by the bill before it was dead, had a small drop of tears collected in each eye."

The fishes have been assigned to Messrs. Lay and Bennett, and many of them are singular-looking monsters. Mr. Owen has undertaken the Crustacea, and no abler pen could be devoted to the subject. The Reptiles are by Mr. Gray, and occupy but a few pages; and the Mollusca by the same, lead to the conclusion, in which Dr. Buckland presents us with some geological details selected from the notes of Lieut. Belcher and Mr. Collie.

Altogether, we have to repeat that this is a rich and elegant contribution to science.

An Encyclopædia of Rural Sports. By D. P. Blaine. Part I. 8vo. pp. 128. London, 1839. Longman and Co.

FROM the first part, now before us, we should be inclined to say that this will be a very complete work of its class; and no class can be more popular. The compiler possesses great experience, and he has (as the address informs us) devoted more than seven years of assiduous labours to his task:—

"In tracing (he adds) rural sports to their origin, he has carried his researches back to the infancy of society, when man was compelled in self-defence to make war upon the wild animals by which he was surrounded; and he has described the simple methods, first in use, by which they were ensnared or overcome. Descending with the stream of time, he has developed the gradual progress of improvement in the construction of implements, and in the adoption of aggressive and defensive plans, until they have reached their present state of comparative excellence, bringing down the history of rural sports to the period when those pursuits, which were originally embraced for purposes of personal security, were converted into a means of recreation and amusement. In reference to modern times, the reader will find in the work a detailed description of the rural sports of Great Britain and Ireland, as well as of all foreign countries, comprehending those of racing, coursing, shooting, hunting, hawking, fishing, &c.: nor have the athletic exercises of the British Isles been omitted. It may be added, that the foreign sports, hitherto in a great measure untroubled ground, form a new and important feature of this work. A succinct but accurate sketch of the natural history, anatomical structure, physiological peculiarities, and geographical distribution of the chief animals of the chase, has been given. The natural history of the horse, also, embracing every variety in use among sportsmen."

This is a wide field, and will surely require the ten parts promised to embrace it all. The embellishments are nearly as numerous as the pages; this part contains no fewer than eighty-six clever wood-engravings, by Branstons, from drawings by Alken, T. Landseer, Dickes, and other able artists.

Beginning at the beginning, our author tells us all that is known touching the capture of animals for their flesh and skins, by the earliest Habitants of the earth. The sports of Asia and Africa are then rehearsed, and also those which assail the bison, bear, &c., in the new continent. In short, there are 430 notices

of as many varieties of sports and sporting, drawn from writings of all ages, and accompanied by judicious and interesting observations, historical, humorous, moral, and anecdotal.

Having spoken in the terms of high praise they deserve of the illustrations, we would observe that the artists must never sacrifice truth to art: as for example in "Curling," (No. 81, p. 118), the attitude of the curler is altogether wrong; no man could heave the heavy stone from the position in which it is here held, if indeed he could lift it to the point with his arm so extended. And again in a winter sport, and in the severest cold, why dress the sportsman in the costume of a summer wrestler or tumbler? The draughtsman never saw a bevy of curlers with their dreads, great-coats, thick shoes and crampers, glowing cheeks and blue noses, worsted mits and besoms; bawling, and shouting, and sweeping, and averring, and crackling along the ice. No Dutch painter could desire a finer group or subject for his pencil. Neither is the "Golf-scene" (No. 80, p. 117) quite to our mind, either in the attitude of the striker, or the parties running in the distance,—there is no running in the game, which is its great beauty as a healthful exercise;—and we notice these slight imperfections in the onset, because nothing can contribute more to the value of this work than to have the pictorial accessories accurate. Even in trifles the eye must not deceive the mind.

We hope, however, in alluding to such specks, to do nothing to derogate from the great merit of the work, which is full of information and amusement. No stories are more generally acceptable than the incidents and adventures connected with the chase; no reading more pleasing than well-digested descriptions in natural history. And Mr. Blaine has collected these in abundance from every quarter, so that his judgment, and diligence, and extensive research, are alike conspicuous throughout; whilst his original remarks rivet the whole together in a very compact and excellent form.

Memoirs of Charles Mathews.

[Second notice.]

THE fourth and concluding volume of Mr. Mathews's biography, will have its variety and interest best illustrated by a few further selections from its miscellaneous contents. It commences with the opening of the Adelphi, in concert with Mr. Yates, A.D. 1828, and concludes with the last sad act of all which ends man's eventful history—the death of poor Mathews at Plymouth, on his fifty-ninth birthday. We might have had him some years longer, even though the mind was of a nature to wear out and throw off its mortal coil; but he was strangely the sport of accidents throughout his life, and the effects of these upon his otherwise robust constitution hastened that period which is appointed to drop the curtain alike upon actor and spectator:—

"There seems (says his biographer) a fatality attending all my husband's movements from home. How many severe and dangerous accidents did he encounter in the course of his life! First in Ireland, in 1794, he was almost drowned (I might almost say *actually*, for he suffered all the pains of such a death), and was taken out of the water in a state of total insensibility. In 1801, a heavy platform fell upon him while acting, and he was taken off the stage as dead. In 1803, he was violently thrown from his horse at a review, and was

threatened with dangerous consequences ever after. In 1807, on a shooting party, his gun burst and shattered his hand, and he was many weeks after under a surgeon's care. In 1814, he was thrown out of his tilbury, and became lame for life! In 1817, another horse fell going down a steep hill in a tilbury, and Mr. Mathews was thrown over the animal's head, and severely cut and bruised. In 1827, while in a floating-bath at Brighton, the 'life-preserver' turned round and forced him upon his face, in which position he must have been suffocated, had not a gentleman witnessed the accident, and rescued him from his danger. In the year 1829, the roller of the drop-scene, on the Plymouth stage, fell upon his head while 'At Home' there, and he was taken up to all appearance dead, and remained many minutes in a state of insensibility. Four years after this, *precisely the same accident occurred in the Devonport theatre, and with the same results!* In 1833, while returning from an evening walk, a large dog ran between his legs and knocked him down with a violent shock. This accident again placed him under a surgeon's hands. A few weeks after, while recovering from this hurt, another dog threw him off a garden seat, and painfully injured his hand and wrist. But the last trial was the most severe since that of 1814."

The fatality here alluded to was his being exposed almost to death on Salisbury Plain.

A story, in which John Kemble acts a whimsical part, will now serve our purpose. He and Mathews had met on a visit to see the Hottentot Venus, and soon after "these friends had been dining together at Mr. Charles Kemble's house. Mr. John Kemble had taken much wine, and when the party broke up, Mr. Mathews determined to accompany the tragedian to his own door. Giving him his arm, therefore, they proceeded slowly to Mr. Kemble's house in Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury. The tragedian was full of talk, and 'very happy,' as it is called; and although the hour was late, his pressing invitation to his friend to enter the house with him, induced my husband to obey. It was evident that the man who opened the door was the only person who remained up in the establishment. Mr. Kemble went into his library, accompanied by Mr. Mathews, and desired the attendant to bring a tray; at the same time, with great formality, introducing him to the notice of his guest as the 'gentleman who did him the honour to take care of his wine,' &c. It was in vain that Mr. Mathews protested against further hospitality. Mr. Kemble was too much excited to have his spirit easily laid; and, surrounded as he was with books, he began a disquisition upon their authors, above all, his '*belov'd Shakespeare!*' on whom he discoursed most eloquently, after taking a volume from the shelf, and devoutly kissing the binding. At length the tray was brought in with wine and water, &c., and with it entered an enormous cat, decorated with a red collar and a bell. The appearance of his favourite cat called forth its master's most affectionate notice, and many relations of its extraordinary power of understanding, its devoted attachment to its master's person, &c., were detailed to Mr. Mathews. *Mustapha*, Mr. Kemble declared, had much of human feeling of the best kind in his composition; he described how he watched his return home, mourned his absence, &c., and grew maudlin in its praise. The animal seemed, indeed, happy in its master's presence; and it looked up in his face as it composedly lay down before him. Mr. Mathews mewed: Mr.

Kemble, turning round at this sound, which he believed to proceed from the cat, observed, 'There, my dear Mathews, do you hear that? Now that creature knows all I say of him, and is replying to it.' This amused my husband, and he repeated the experiment in all the varieties of feline intonation, mewing, purring, &c. Mr. Kemble at last said to him, in his slow and measured tones: 'Now, you don't know what he means by *that*, but I do. Mus!—Mus!—(on every reiteration of this affectionate diminutive, raising his voice to its most tragic expression of tenderness)—*umph!* My dear sir, that creature *knows* that it is beyond my usual time of sitting up, and he's uneasy! Mus! Mus!—' But Mus was sleepy and inattentive, and his master resumed his criticisms upon the different readings of Shakespeare, talked also of *Lope de Vega*, and was again interrupted by a mew, as he believed, from the dissatisfied Mus. 'What,' asked his fond master, looking down upon him, 'what is it you desire, my good friend?' (Mus, alias Mathews, mewed once more, in a more supplicating and more touching tone.) 'Well, well! I understand you: you want to go to bed. Well, I suppose I must indulge you.' Here Mr. Kemble deliberately arose, put down his book upon the table, with its face open at the page to which he had referred, took a measured pinch of snuff, and somewhat tottered to the door, which he with difficulty opened. He then awaited *Mustapha's* exit; but *Mustapha*, having no voice in the affair, preferred remaining where he was; and his master kindly reproached him with being a '*little capricious*' in first asking to go, and then preferring to stay.' With a smile and look at my husband of the gentlest indulgence towards his favourite's humour, he tottered back again to his chair, resumed his declamatory observations upon the relative powers of dramatic writers, and their essential requisites, till the troublesome *Mustapha* again renewed his mewing solicitations. Mr. Kemble once more stopped, and, looking again at the imaginary cause of his interruption with philosophic patience, asked,—'Well, Mus, what would you have?' Then, after another pause, turning to his guest, said: 'Now, my dear Mathews, you are fond of animals, and ought to know this one; he's a perfect character for you to study. Now, sir, *that cat* knows that I shall be ill to-morrow, and he's uneasy at my sitting up.' Then, benevolently looking at the cat, added, 'Umph! my dear Mus. I must beg your indulgence, my good friend; I really can *not* go to bed yet.' Mus whined his reply, and his master declared that the cat asked to be allowed to go away. On the door being a second time opened, after similar exertion on Mr. Kemble's part to effect this courtesy, and several grave chirpings in order to entice Mus. from the fireplace, the animal at length left the room. Mr. Kemble then returned, as before, to his seat, drank another glass of wine and water, and, just as he was comfortably re-established, the incorrigible Mus was heard in the passage again, in loud lament, and importunate demand for readmittance. 'Umph!' said Mr. Kemble, with another pinch of snuff,—'now, *that* animal, sir, is not happy, after all, away from me.' (Mus was louder than ever at this moment.) 'Why, what ails the creature? Surely there is more in this than we dream of, Mathews. You, who have studied such beings, ought to be able to explain.' Poor Mus. made another pathetic appeal for readmittance, and his master's heart was not made of flint. Mr.

Kemble apologised to his guest for these repeated interruptions, and managed once more to make his way to the door. After opening it, and waiting a minute for the re-entrance of his favourite, but not seeing it, he smiled at my husband with the same indulgent expression as before, and remarked, 'Now, would you believe it, Mathews, that *extraordinary* animal was affronted at not being let in again on his first appeal?—and now it is his humour not to come at all! Mus!—Mus!—*Mustapha!*—Mus!' But as no Mus. appeared, the door was closed with the same deliberation, and Mr. Kemble once more contrived to regain his chair, and recommenced his comments, quite unobservant of the almost hysterical fit of laughter to which my husband was by this time reduced, at the imposition he had so successfully, though, in the first place, so unintentionally, practised upon the credulity of his grave and unsuspecting friend. But it did not end here; for Mr. Mathews reiterated his imitations, and Mr. Kemble again remarked upon his favourite's peculiarities of temper, &c.—again went to the door,—again returned,—till even 'Mr. Midnight' (as some friends of ours christened Mr. Mathews, from his love of late hours) felt it time to retire, and leave Mr. Kemble, which he did as he saw him fall asleep, in the act of representing his idea of the scene of the sick king in 'Henry IV.,' with his pocket handkerchief spread over his head as a substitute for the characteristic drapery of the dying monarch."

From among the correspondence we select a characteristic letter from Mr. Trelawney (Byron's associate, the "Younger Son"), with whom Mr. Mathews formed an acquaintance during his last trip to America:—

"To Charles Mathews, Esq.

"Boston, Philadelphia, Dec. 18, 1834.

"Dear Mathews,—A thousand thanks for your kind letter. Words of kindness are doubly welcome in this cold climate amongst these icy people. For eight days I was bed-ridden like an old croon, and then my lamp of life was replenished and trimmed, and is now burning brightly. I am glad you have come to like Boston, particularly so that Mrs. Mathews has found friends, and that you are decently housed. This is no country for our delicate lady-kind, or for 'those that single may' with the refined and noble-minded of the Old World. This is an itinerant nation of traffickers,—a paradise for your hardihoodsman,—your artisan and artificer; and I am glad there is such a place of refuge for the wretched. As to me, I like to go as far as 'God has any ground,' to see what stuff 'im made of. returns here. Poor fellow! it seems as if every man of genius must be wedded to some monstrous folly. Mediocrity alone has common sense, and keeps the high road like a respectable gentlemanly, damned bore! Fanny Kemble (that was) will write to you. The morning you called on her, she had gone to her farm. The thermometer is now twenty-two degrees below freezing: my hands are freezing, and my faculties are frozen; but my heart has still vital warmth enough to assure you and Mrs. Mathews that I am truly obliged for your friendly inquiries after my health, and that it will be a real pleasure to shake hands with you in England, or any where else. Yours truly,

"ED. TRELAWNEY."

A letter from Mathews himself, for the meeting of the Covent Garden Theatrical Fete (1835), which his bad fitness prevented his from attending, gives a fair and gratifying idea

of the generous interest he took in the welfare of his professional brethren, and of the general warmth of his heart:—

"The day before it took place, he felt able to write; and a copy of the following letter has been furnished me for insertion by my husband's old and esteemed friend, Mr. Farley:—

"To the Committee of the Covent Garden Theatrical Fund.

"Crick Rectory, Daventry, April 7th, 1836.

"My dear Brethren,—I need not say how much I regret I cannot be with you to-morrow. You all know my sincerity, when I say my heart will be there. I vainly flattered myself that I should take you all by surprise, and present myself last week, 'armed at all points'; but, alas! I knew not my own weakness. As I am now so near you, I could not endure the thought that you should remain in utter ignorance of my situation,—or imagine I was indifferent, or neglecting you without good reason. The newspapers, too, I understand, have announced my arrival in London, &c. Therefore, as I thought it probable that, on the day of the anniversary dinner, inquiries might be made by the visitors of the stewards, I felt some little anxiety that you might briefly inform them of the cause of my absence, and say the information came from myself. On the 2d of October last, I sickened at New York; I felt blighted—my energies withered, my appetite destroyed, my spirits broken. I was not confined to my bed one day; but I was never in health one hour from the time of my arrival until I quitted America. In December I announced to my wife my conviction that I must fly or die. I could not play out my engagement at Philadelphia. I performed one night at Boston to a great house; all the tickets were sold for the second. I could not appear, and was confined nine days. When I came out again the thermometer was at twenty-four degrees below zero. I stood at my table one hour and a half, and the bolt of ice that entered my head, and extended to my feet, has in fact remained in my lungs until this present moment unthawed! From my landing, 30th September, till I fled, 16th February, I performed in all thirty-two nights. I had the satisfaction of concluding as I commenced at New York, to one of the greatest, if not the best house of the season. The Americans and I parted friends on the night, I believe now to have been the last upon any stage, and my spirits were cheered,—but I landed, 'poor old Mathews' indeed, at Liverpool, broken down (very feeble for eighty) with inflammation of the lungs, asthma, swelled dropsical-looking legs; and, in fact, at one time was given over. These are the facts. I have raffled against the predictions of the Liverpool physicians, and to the amazement of all who surround me; but I am robed of all energy, I am weak as an infant, my stock in trade, my hitherto leathern lungs, give strong indications of being under the influence of the Bostonian shaft of ice with which I was stricken in January. Mrs. Mathews who was compelled to leave me when I was pronounced out of danger, has been exceedingly herself, since her arrival in London; and herack me to-day, that she might not have communicated my exact situation to any of my old fellow-labourers in our great cause. I have moved as far as this by easy stages, where I've excellent advice, and shall remain for a few days. God bless you, dear fellows! if I could wheeled into the room, I do think I could do one song to-morrow; but perhaps I had better not try. Do one of you, good boys, write six lines on Thursday, and say

how all went off; directed as above (saying also Northamptonshire). Success—success—huzza! I am doubly hipped. Let all the stewards sign it. Farewell. Remember

"POOR 'OLD MATHEWS.'"

To the very last the struggle of the spirit against the flesh was maintained with extraordinary vigour. Mathews had been so accustomed to force pain and suffering to yield to his exertions both on and off the stage, that it seemed as if by mere will he could resist the approaches of death itself. But alas!

Do all we can,
Death is a man,
That never spareth none.

"His medical attendants had left him one morning exceedingly ill, and without hope of his leaving his bed for the day. Such was their anxiety that they shortly repeated their visit, and proceeded immediately, as a matter of course, to his bedroom. There he was to all appearance lying as they left him, with little more than his nightcap visible above the clothes. In short, there was nothing beneath them more than a stuffed mockery; for the man himself had arisen, shaved, washed, neatly dressed himself, and walked unassisted down stairs into the sitting-room, where he received his surprised visitors with a significant 'Aha!' The dear invalid had not been seen to smile for many days,—nay, weeks. On this evening he was tranquil, and asked to hear Mr. Wightwick and Charles play and sing to the guitar, reminding Mr. Wightwick of several Italian airs he had formerly heard him sing, and pressing to hear them again, alternately requiring Charles to amuse him in like manner, by the airs he loved best, ending with his great favourite 'Jenny Jones.' As Charles finished singing it, he observed, 'Ah! I think if I were dead, that song would restore me to life!'—"June 26th, he took his pencil as soon as he awoke, and wrote as follows:—'*Bulletin*—Thursday,' (it was Friday), '28th, my birthday. Fifty-nine!!! Calm and beautiful night:' adding verbally, '*you always forget my birthday!*' I told him he was mistaken, that his birthday was not till Sunday: and that 'this was only the 26th.' He considered a little, and then moved his head in acknowledgment of his mistake. In this manner, without much variation, he went on till Saturday the 27th. He awoke on that morning with a placid countenance; and in answer to my usual inquiries, said, at intervals, (as he had recently felt obliged to speak), 'Oh! I have had such beautiful visions!—such lovely, heavenly visions! I wish some imaginative poet, like Coleridge or Shelley, could hear what I have seen; what a beautiful account he would give of it! O such heavenly visions!' (May this not have been a foretaste of what he was soon to enjoy for ever?—I am happy in so believing.) I observed to him, how well he looked,—(he had put on, with great difficulty, a change of linen),—nay, that his appearance was youthful; and so fresh!—his complexion was glowing, and his eyes bright. I placed it all to the account of his 'beautiful' night and sweet dreams. I told him playfully, 'that he looked quite handsome.' To my surprise and pleasure, he replied, with a smile, imitating the tones and manner of John Kemble, 'Go, go, you little flatterer!' I approached him with tears of joy at this unwonted rally, saying, how happy he had made me by this cheerfulness; but the very act of moving quickly towards

him,—the slight agitation of the air occasioned by it affected his breathing, and he looked alarmed. I kissed his head, instead of his cheek therefore; and afterwards placed a looking-glass upon the bed, in order to shew him his improvement. He deliberately looked into it, and with affected vanity held up his hands and eyes in pretended admiration of his own beauty, and I was all delight and hope."

The final close: the last evening:—

"He appeared, indeed, much better, and only complained of his legs being cold. In the course of the evening I found my spasmodic complaint increasing, and fearing it might be observed by him and distress him, or incapacitate me from attending him, about twelve o'clock I approached him, and kissing his head, said, 'I want you to go to bed now.' He closed the Bible which he had been reading; and, looking up at me, without his usual request to be allowed to remain up longer, replied meekly, '*I am ready.*' About a quarter past twelve I had completed all the customary arrangements in silence, and by the physician's order diluted his night draught with water, and seen him drink it, when he gave me the kiss which said '*good night!*' and I withdrew to the other part of the room, divided by folding-doors, which, left ajar, afforded me the means of hearing the slightest sound or intimation that he wished my presence. For though he was uneasy during the whole day, if I was not continually with him, he had latterly, doubtless from humane consideration for me, finding my eyes always upon him during the night, declared he could not sleep unless my sofa was away from his view. His little favourite, Pop, who could never be removed from the side of the bed, unless by force, was always carried with me, lest his breathing should disturb his master's rest. I listened, as I was in the habit of doing, for some time at the open part of the door, until I ascertained that the dear sufferer was asleep, and then threw myself upon my sofa. On this night 'tired Nature' must have sunk for some minutes into a half-unconsciousness, for a sudden spring of the little animal towards the folding-doors, fearfully roused me to the hearing of an unusual sound in the next room. I instantly rushed forward, and as I reached the foot of the bed I missed the form I sought; he had fallen from the bed-chair, which always supported him, on to the side of the bed. I endeavoured to lift his head, which hung down, and replace him; but he was too heavy for me, even in the energy of my despair, to raise. O my dear, dear husband! I knew not how they were summoned, but I found the bed soon surrounded by his physicians and other pitying spectators of my agony, as I held the dear inanimate remains in my arms, till I was at length conscious that all hope was vain, and that my best and dearest friend was gone for ever! I was then led away (O the separation!), upon being assured by the kind physicians that the pang had been momentary. I believed what I was told, for every thing near him was as I left it; the hand-bell (which he would have sounded had he been previously conscious of a change) was unmoved; his smelling-bottle, Bible, all, all as I had placed them: the only indication of voluntary action was the position of a shawl which he always spread over his bosom when he lay back to rest. This shawl was found thrust under his waistcoat in a heap, next to his heart."

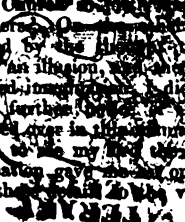
Again we repeat, "Ahs, poor Yorick!" He lies buried in St. Andrew's Church, Plymouth, where a suitable monument and inscription

* * * This ballad, first sung in public in 1837 by Charles, was written during a sojourn in Wales in 1836, when the prettiness of the air suggested the words."

point out the spot, and preserve his dying memory.

IRELAND.

[Fourth and concluding notice: continued from page 614.] WE must request our readers to turn to page 534, where we commenced our notice of several Irish works, and they will there find that Nos. 7, 8, and 9, still remain to be attended to by us. Nos. 7 and 8 relate to a miraculous medal, struck in honour of the immaculate conception of the Virgin.

The following is "An Historical Account of the Origin and Effects of the New Medal struck in honour of the Immaculate Conception of the ever Blessed Virgin, and generally known by the name of the Miraculous Medal."—"Towards the end of the year 1830, the Sister M——, novice in one of those communities at Paris which are devoted to the service of the poor, saw, whilst at prayer, a picture representing the Holy Virgin, such as she is usually represented under the title of the immaculate conception; that is, standing, and with hands outstretched. There issued from her hands, as if in bundles, rays of wonderful brightness; and among these rays she distinguished some more considerable than the rest, which fell upon a point of the globe that she saw also in the picture. At the same instant she heard a voice, saying, 'These rays are the symbol of the graces which Mary obtains for men, and that point of the globe upon which they flow more abundantly is France.' Around the picture she read the following invocation, written in characters of gold: 'O Mary, conceived without sin, pray for us, who have recourse to thee!' A few moments after this picture turned round, and upon the reverse she distinguished the letter M, surmounted by a small cross, and underneath the sacred hearts of Jesus and Mary. After the sister had attentively observed all this, the voice said to her, 'It is necessary to have a medal struck after this model, and the persons who shall wear it indulgenced [indulgencée], and who will make with piety that short prayer, shall enjoy the especial protection of the Mother of God.' She came on the next day to inform me of this vision, which I considered as the effect only of her imagination, and I remained satisfied with saying to her a few words on the true manner of honouring Mary; which is, by imitating her virtues as far as we are able, and that this is also the best means of securing her protection. She retired without disturbing herself, or occupying her mind further with the vision. Six or seven months after the same vision having returned, the sister thought that she ought again to inform me of it; but I did not attach more importance to it than at first, and I dismissed her as before. At length, after another interval of from six to seven months, she saw and heard the same things; but the voice added, that 'The Holy Virgin was not pleased that they were so neglectful of getting the medal struck.' On the last-mentioned occasion, without letting it appear, I did not fail to pay some attention to what I had heard, and particularly for fear of displeasing her whom the Catholic Church venerates as 'The refuge of sinners.' On the next day, always influenced by the Holy Spirit, it was, perhaps, only an illusion, and the effect of a de-


...thereupon take any further notice of it. Many weeks had passed away in the same manner, when I had occasion to see my friend the bishop; the conversation gave me an opportunity of relating all that had happened to the venerable prelate, who

said that he saw no inconvenience in having the medal struck, considering especially that it offered nothing opposed to the faith of the Church; but, on the contrary, that it was every way conformable to the piety of the faithful towards the Blessed Virgin: that it could not but contribute to make her honoured, and that he desired to have one of the first. From thenceforth I determined to get it struck. Some unexpected incidents, however, made me defer this project till the end of June 1832, at which time it was struck by Vachette (Quai des Orfèvres, No. 54 bis), according to the model above mentioned. We will here observe, that one day, as the sister was reflecting whether it would not be proper to put some words on the reverse of the medal, as there were on the other side, the voice said to her, that the two sacred hearts, the letter M, and the cross, spoke sufficiently to the Christian soul. As soon as the medal was struck, it was sought after and distributed, particularly among the religious Sisters of Charity, who had had some knowledge of its origin. In one of their houses at Paris, they gave a medal to each of the young females there brought up, and they inspired them with much confidence in the Holy Virgin. The cholera had just recommenced its ravages in the capital; the little sister of one of those children was attacked by it: diarrhoea, cramps, vomitings, &c., left no doubt of the danger of her illness. The superioress had so much confidence in the medal, that when they announced to her the state of this young girl, she suddenly exclaimed, 'Has not she a medal?' They hastened to inquire from her; she answered, that she had not: one was then given her, which she received with much piety, and in a very few moments afterwards she found herself cured. About the same time, there was written to us from the diocese of Meaux, that the application of the same medal had lately cured a woman, *enceinte*, and so dangerously attacked by the cholera, that there was no hope of saving her life. A few days after, she had a happy delivery, and the mother and her child are well. In the same place, there was also obtained by this medal the cure of a child, five years old, who had not been able to walk. After having consulted the most eminent physicians, and exhausted all human means, the disconsolate mother had recourse to the Holy Virgin. She put the medal on the child, and commenced a novena, and from the first day he was entirely cured of his infirmity. These facts being known in the environs, caused the medal to be more and more distributed. In many places the Sisters of Charity made use of it to obtain some sentiments of religion for poor sick persons who refused to confess themselves; several unexpected conversions were wrought, and caused a general desire and demand for the medal. It was soon spread through all the provinces, and even in several foreign kingdoms: in Switzerland, Piedmont, Spain, Belgium, England, in the Levant, and even in China. The number of these medals already distributed in different countries, amounts at present to above a million. Every one asks for them by the name of the 'Miraculous Medal,' or of the 'Medal that cures.' We have also learned with great edification, that this year (1835), particularly, a great number of Christian mothers have given it as a new-year's gift to their children; and the satisfaction with which they received them proves how precious and agreeable these pious gifts were to such young persons. In conclusion, we have letters about it from every quarter, and containing accounts the most consoling:

priests filled with the Spirit of God declare that they reanimate fervour in the towns as well as in the country; clergymen, held in the highest esteem for their learning and piety, and even prelates the most distinguished, say, 'That they have great confidence in the medal; that they consider it a means arranged by Providence to revive the faith, so sensibly weakened in our time.' Every where cures and conversions are obtained through them, which have all the appearance of miracles, as will be seen in this account. Among so many new and signal proofs of the special protection of the immaculate Mother of God, promised to those who will wear this medal, we have made choice of those instances only where the details have appeared the most certain, and the most calculated to edify."

We refrain from comment on the several statements with which we are furnished of the cures performed by this miraculous medal, and turn to No. 9, the last of the works on our list—a second edition of *Lady Chatterton's Rambles in the South of Ireland*. Having so recently welcomed the first edition of these pleasant volumes, we have now only to express our satisfaction at the convincing proof of the estimation in which they are held, by a reprint becoming so soon necessary.

We cannot, however, dismiss the subject of recent Irish works without commendation of Mrs. S. C. Hall's efforts to serve the sister tale by means of "Chambers's Journal," in which periodical a series of national tales have recently appeared from the pen of that amiable and accomplished lady, written in the best possible spirit. Religious topics have been carefully avoided, and the object Mrs. Hall appears to have had in view, is the praiseworthy one of infusing a better spirit, and a more active moral tone, among the peasantry of Ireland. Whatever may be the result of these cottage tales, we cannot too highly express our approbation of the spirit in which they are conceived, and we sincerely trust that they will forward the good work of producing what Lady Chatterton has discovered to be the mainspring of Ireland's unhappy state, namely, *common sense*, in that richly endowed island.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Practical Philosophy of the Muhammedan People, &c. A Translation of the Akhlāk-i-Jalālī, the most esteemed Ethical Work of Middle Asia, from the Persian of Fakir Jāny Muhammad Asiād. With References and Notes. By W. F. Thompson, Esq., B.C.S. Printed for the Oriental Translation Fund 8vo. pp. 496. London, 1839. Allen and Co.; Paris, Duprat.

FOR this valuable contribution to our knowledge of Asiatic religions, morals, opinions, feelings, legislation, and social and domestic manners, we are much indebted to the Oriental Translation Fund, and to the translator Mr. Thompson. It develops the principles of the Arabian Tales work out in practical life. The reverence for the Prophet, and the ceremonies with which it is demonstrated, the submission to rulers, and the fatalism attached to it; the various states of domesticity: with their duties to wives, concubines, sons, servants, and slaves; in short, every circumstance of individual life, from the highest to the commonest acts of politeness and decent behaviour, are laid down and described with singular precision. From such a work we can discern what the people must be in their relations. Nor are its philosophical positions

less worthy of our particular regard and consideration.

The Fatalist; or, the Fortunes of Godolphin. By an Essayist on the Passions. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1839. Edwards.

THE scene of this novel is laid in Cornwall, and some diversity is imparted to it by the introduction of miners and mining affairs. For the rest, a villain in possession of great estates, a wronged heir of opposite qualities, a puritanical and scoundrelly land agent, two heroines to match the heroes, an eccentric schemer, his troublesome wife, and her brother, a fierce navy captain, fill up the principal personages in the drama; which, with gipsies, almost supernatural appearances, descriptions of scenery, &c. &c. &c., are compounded altogether into a very readable story. The lower people speak dialects which we neither recognise as Cornish, Irish, Scottish, Yorkshire, nor Somerset; and this, with other points, induces us to suppose that the author is young in the trade. Not so young, however, as to be unable to coin words; as per example: "I would rather follow my daughter to the grave, than behold her so infamous herself!" We have only to repeat, that *The Fatalist* possesses merit enough for its class to induce novel-readers to allow it the usual quantity of their idle time.

Thoughts on what has been called the Sensibility of the Imagination, with Practical Illustrations from the Lives of Petrarch, Sterne, and Byron. And on other Subjects. Pp. 180. London, 1839. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

WE have read this volume with much interest, though there are many opinions maintained to which we cannot subscribe. Yet, as a whole, it treats of subjects in which the lovers of literature are deeply concerned; and often in an original and impressive manner.

The Carthusian. Nos. V. and VI. London, 1839. Walker.

THIS is the concluding part of the periodical under this title which has issued from the Charter-House School, and which, as our former notices testified, does no discredit to the taste, talents, and learning, of her *alumni*.

The New Navy List for the year 1839. (London, Smith, Elder, and Co.)—Arranged on the plan of the "New Army List" of the same publishers, which has met with such general approbation in the army; this list will probably be as serviceable to the navy.

General History of Civilization in Europe, by M. Guizot.—*The Conduct of the Understanding,* by John Locke.—In a cheap form and well printed, these works are a fair continuation of the "People's Editions."

A Guide down the Danube from Paris to Marseille, &c. &c. by R. J. Claridge, Esq. A new edition, pp. 292. (London, Westley; Madden and Co. Paris, Galligani.)—Most of our autumn tourists have long departed for their pleasant destinations. To those who are yet for a trip down the Danube, we recommend this useful companion.

Joseph Bentley's Plans Terrestrial Globe, &c. (Manchester, Banks and Co.)—For geographical learners, and for reference in geographical matters, this is a very useful publication. Two maps of the northern and southern hemispheres, moving round under brass meridians, are so disposed as to render all the common questions in geography easy to be ascertained and understood; and a copious definition of scientific terms, and the usual quantum of topographical, historical, commercial, &c. information (130 pages, 4to. double columns), render the plan conveniently equivalent to the use of the terrestrial globe with its appended volume of explanations.

Black's Economical Tourist:—Scotland. Pp. 40. (Edinburgh, A. and C. Black.)—Tourists' time is, we fear, over for this season: when the next arrives (and as time flies it will soon come), this little book, with its two maps, will be found a serviceable guide.

Manchester as it is. 12mo. pp. 244. (Manchester, Love and Barton; London, Orr and Co., Ball, Arnold, and Co.)—A concise and useful guide to the manufacturing metropolis.

Education for the People, by Mrs. Hippeley Tuckfield. Pp. 272. (London, Taylor and Walton.)—With a good many sound, practical hints, and a tolerable share of peculiarity and whimsiness, this volume impresses the writer's opinions and observations upon "pastoral teaching," "village teaching," "teaching teachers," and

"instruction of the deaf and dumb." The gist of the whole is to inculcate the acknowledged principle of making the pupils understand their lessons instead of repeating them by rote.

A Class-Book for Jewish Youth of both Sexes, &c., by H. A. Henry, Master of the Jews' Free School. Pp. 126.—It is stated that no elementary work of this sort has hitherto been prepared for the tuition of Jewish children. If so, the present school-book was a desideratum. It contains an abridged sketch of the Bible, notices of the patriarchs, prophets, and rulers of Israel; a detail of fasts, festivals, ceremonies, and customs (curious enough for the general reader); and some religious and moral inculcations deduced from Scripture, attention to which will not hurt any Hebrew, young or old, in London or elsewhere.

Life of Scott. Vol. VII. (Edinburgh, Cadell.)—A picturesque portrait of the poet's second daughter, Anne, his faithful companion and affectionate nurse, imparts an interest to this volume of Scott's interesting biography. A view of his strangely miscellaneous Study, whose walls are hung with all sorts of antiquities, from the Highlands to the South Seas, is the vignette.

Recreations on Geology, by Rosina M. Zornlin. Pp. 224. (London, J. W. Parker.)—As far as it goes, a pleasing and well-written little work, well deserving of the name of "Recreations" given to it. The young geologist will read it with instruction and advantage.

Petres Education, by S. G. Goodrich, author of "Peter Parley's Tales." 8vo. pp. 111. (London, W. Smith.)—An importation from America, and containing many sensible observations, but with nothing so peculiar to the great question which divides England, as to induce us to enter upon its details.

Essay on the Verification of Homer and his Dignities, &c., by James M'ivor Scholar of Trinity College. 8vo. pp. 135. (Dublin, W. Curry.)—Much classic diligence and very creditable erudition are displayed in this essay, which bravely stands up for the mysterious digamma, in opposition to Professor Dunbar and M. Spitzner; but we fear that nothing we could say on the subject would render it otherwise than dry to any portion of our readers. We shall, therefore, only refer to the work.

Documents and Dates of Modern Discoveries in the Nervous System. 8vo. pp. 172. (London, Churchill.) In our last Gazette we noticed Mr. Shaw's publication connected with this very important subject, and we have now much satisfaction in pointing attention to another volume, which presents us with a valuable and interesting précis of the various discoveries that have rewarded the labours of anatomists and physiologists in this vital branch of human inquiry.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Ship Hotel, Charing Cross, 4th October, 1839.

SIR,—In your paper of the 14th ultimo you noticed, in a very kind manner, the sailing of the Antarctic Expedition under Captain Ross, and also the names of the officers belonging to them. Amongst them was mine—Henry Mapleton, master of the *Erebus*; but as I have not gone out in her I shall feel obliged to you by stating in your widely spread journal the cause.

I received my flattering appointment to her while serving on board H. M. S. *Snake* in the West Indies, and unfortunately only two days previous we captured a slave vessel with the small-pox raging. We were placed in fifty days' quarantine. Immediately I could I left her and proceeded to England, where I arrived last Sunday evening, three days too late, the Terror having passed down the Channel on the Friday. My vacancy was not filled up until the day previous to her sailing. Having served many years in her majesty's service, and knowing most of my friends read your valuable paper, I shall feel much obliged by your noticing the cause of my not going out in her.

Even under these circumstances I have to apologise for the trouble I give you, and remain, yours, &c.,

HENRY MAPLETON, Master R.N.*

* We insert the whole of this letter, though marked "private," with some gratification, as affording a fine example of that emulous and intrepid spirit which animates the Britons engaged in such undertakings. The writer's regrets are very natural to such minds; and to this particular instance we may well apply the language of Maro:—

"In freta dum fluvii current, dum montibus umbrae
Lustrant convexa, potius dum sidera pascit,
Semper honos, nonneque tuum, laudesque manebunt!"
—M. L. G.

"ONE SHILLING" AND "SIXPENCE."

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR,—A young friend has just brought your paper of the 24th, containing the letter "I. S.," stating that it was considered necessary to place "one shilling" and "sixpence" on silver coinage, to counteract the evil of penny pieces being gilded, and passed as sovereigns.

If this really was the motive (I am not inclined to consider it a *reason*) for the government to ticket the coins with "one shilling" and "sixpence," it is a pity that they had called the attention of the suffering public to the change, and to the cause of the alteration, by awakening their vigilance to renounce the differences of the gold and silver types, rendered the attempt at deception more difficult; and thus, in the language of the *scholar* "to have taken the gold off the gingerbread."

As your correspondent does not state that speaks "from authority," I suppose him, myself, merely to argue from appearances; I am, therefore, the more sceptical as to motive for changing the type of the silver coin: I observe that the sovereign of Queen Victoria has the royal arms within two wreaths and the shield being surmounted with the crown; the general aspect of the coin becomes similar to the reverse of the shilling. Obliterate the words "one shilling," which is easily done, and, in the common course of currency, persons would notice the difference. To make a decided contrast in the size of coins, by extending the surface of the silver and contracting the size of the gold, and casting the bust of the sovereign altogether the silver, I would have suggested, as a chance of attaining the object stated by "I. S."

But, supposing (which I altogether doubt that this was the motive with government) where was its utility, unless they called in many millions of shillings and sixpences at the great recoinage of 1816, and the subsequent coinages down to 1830? While continue in circulation, will the gilders' materials for the villainous purposes state "I. S.?" Every person must regret the depreciation of the currency; but, whether metal or paper, it is an evil which has existed from the earliest periods of society. Previous coining, even in the days of barter, were false weights and false measures. See prophet Amos, chapter viii. verse 5; and the golden days of coining, we find false money. Mr. Miles shewed me a false tetradrachm Athens, contemporary probably with Pericles; I think it came out of the Earl of Aberdeen collection; and I have before me contemporary false Greek coins of Naples, Velia, and under the Great, as well as mint shillings, George I. and II., which are gilt, and had sceptres added between the shields, saying that they have been intended as forgeries of guineas; and by them lays a farthing William IV., 1833—which, remember, has tannia on the reverse, gilt—and which a friend of mine took in a payment of 8l. as a sovereign in London, last year. Possibly, Mr. Editor, you are old enough to remember gold and silver shilling pieces circulating in England, and the coiners (outside the Mint) imitated the inferior metal, without any assistance from legal currency? I sincerely wish that your correspondent, "I. S.," may, in his benevolent device, some plan to put down the falsification of the coinage, and he will deserve to have a statue erected in gold; waiting which, afraid, that it will only be plucked by our individual vigilance, and an earnest exercise of

yes and ears, by looking at the coin, and ringing it on our counters, and not by the real 'mon Pure Blason of "one shilling" and sixpence." R. S.
Cork, 26th August, 1836.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

EPT. 6th.—Mr. J. Reynolds in the chair. Read, a paper by Dr. Lhotsky, 'On a new method of introducing Palms of large Size into hothouses.' Several different species had been selected for the experiment, viz. *Cocos nucifera*, *Glauca guineensis* (Dende), *Attalea fontana* (Ficus), *Attalea* (Tato), &c. Some of the specimens were twenty feet in length, and 10 lbs. in weight. They were all dug up with considerable portion of the roots, from the roots of which the earth was not shaken. The stem full-grown leaves were chopped off, and only the recent ones preserved, the rudiments being seared with a red-hot iron and pressed with a compound of hot pitch and tar. Around the stem cotton was laid, and over this a thick layer of flax. The trees thus prepared were packed in boxes, the bottoms of which were perforated with large holes; were inspected occasionally, and their roots sprinkled with a little water once a week. By these means a degree of vegetation was kept up in them during the voyage from Bahia to Trieste, the root of which, in consequence of detention at Gibraltar, was extended to seven months. Notwithstanding this lengthened unnatural confinement, the trees when replanted put forth roots vigorously. After the reading of the paper, in the course of conversation, it was stated that the *Silpa pernata* had been found a year in a wild state on Rumbles Moor, near Ilkley, Yorkshire.

Oct. 4th. Dr. W. H. Willshire in the chair. Donations of plants from the Botanical Society of Edinburgh were announced. Read, a paper by Mr. Buckman, 'On the Geographical Distribution of the Plants of Cheltenham,' containing also a list of the plants to be found in its locality.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ASIATIC SOCIETY.

It is interesting to the philosopher, and useful to the statesman, to consider attentively the remarkable changes which are rapidly taking place in many parts of Asia, which must raise a powerful influence over the civilization and happiness of all the people in that quarter of the globe, and which must ultimately alter the relations which have hitherto existed between it and Europe. A society instituted as the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain is constituted, must be eminently fitted to investigate the causes, and to anticipate the probable effects, of such changes. As Alexander Johnston, the chairman of the Committee of Correspondence of this Society, in his report of the annual proceedings of the Committee, which he made to the Society at its anniversary meeting in 1836, pointed out to the members of the Society the different causes which were operating these changes, the sources from which the Society could derive such information as they may require on the subject, and the manner in which the British government in India may facilitate inquiries, we have pleasure in being enabled, by the recent publication of this report in the "Proceedings" of the Society, to lay before the public the following extracts from it: considering them to be of considerable interest to the public at the present moment, owing to the

very peculiar state of the relations of Great Britain with Turkey, Egypt, Arabia, Afghanistan, and China.

"It must be obvious to all who have observed with attention the events which have occurred within the last sixteen months, in five very large divisions of Asia, that important changes are about to take place in the situation, opinions, feelings, and manners, of the people of the different countries in each of those divisions. It has, therefore, been the duty of the Committee of Correspondence, during the last year, to collect such information relative to the ancient and present state of those countries, as may be useful in regulating the political and commercial relations between Great Britain and each of them in such a manner as to render the different changes, which are taking place in them, equally beneficial to Asia and to Europe. The countries to which the Committee have directed their attention, are, first, those which are situated to the north and south of a line drawn from the eastern shores of the Euxine to the mouth of the river Amur; second, those which are situated in Asia Minor; third, those which are situated in the peninsula of Arabia; fourth, those which are situated on the different parts of the coasts of Arabia, Persia, and India, into which slaves have been imported for many ages from the eastern coast of Africa; fifth, those which are situated along the different highlands which extend from the Himalaya Mountains north, to Cape Comorin south. The first division of Asia to which they have directed their inquiries comprehends the several countries situated between the Euxine and the Caspian, between the Caspian and the Lake Aral, on both sides of the river Oxus, and on both sides of the river Amur. The country situated between the Euxine and the Caspian, extending from north to south, about 400 miles, is bounded on the north by the plains of Cuban Tartary, on the south by the river Phasis and Cyrus, on the west by the Euxine, on the east by the Caspian, and is intersected from west to east by the different branches of the Caucasus, which form a natural bulwark between the countries on the north, and those on the south of that great range of mountains, through which there are two openings, celebrated in history by the names of the Iberian and Caspian passes; the peculiar position of this country has rendered it important at all times, and renders it particularly important at the present time, as well in a commercial as in a political point of view: in a commercial, because of the short distance, by the Euxine sea of its western ports from Odessa, the mouth of the Danube, Constantinople, and the Mediterranean, and of the still shorter distance by the Caspian sea of its eastern ports from Persia, and all the different provinces on the banks of the river Oxus; in a political, because of the influence which the possession of it must give Russia over the people of Asia Minor, Persia, and of both banks of the Euphrates and Tigris. The importance attached by the ancients to the success of the Argonautic expedition, however enveloped in fable, shews the anxiety which traders had, even in the most remote ages, to trade with this part of Asia; the traffic which, within the last few years, has been carried on between Great Britain and Persia, through Trebizond, and the efforts which are making by British merchants, notwithstanding the many obstacles which they have encountered, to open a regular trade with Circassia, shew the advantages which it now offers for trade. The sanguinary wars which were

waged between the northern barbarians and the Romans, in early ages, those which occurred between the Persians and the Greek empire, in the seventh and eighth centuries, and the contest which is now carrying on between the Russians and Circassians, prove the value which has always been and still is attached to it in a military point of view. The countries which extend from the eastern shores of the Caspian Sea to the Aral Lake, and those which lie along the banks of the Oxus, were formerly an object of interest to Europe, from their being the countries through which passed the trade which was carried on between Europe on the one side, and Central Asia, China, and India on the other; they are, at present, an object of equal interest to Europe, from their being the countries to which Russia will, probably, be led to extend her arms, and Great Britain her trade, by the common course of events, and from their also being the countries through which Russia is expected to threaten, if not to attack, the influence and the possessions of Great Britain in India. The embassy and military expedition, sent some years ago to the Khan of Khiva, and the naval port established on the south-eastern shore of the Caspian by Russia, the travels of Lieut. Burnes through many parts of Central Asia, the political and commercial relations established by Great Britain with Cabul, the countries on the Oxus, and the facilities which are afforded by the improvement in steam navigation to those who wish to navigate the Oxus, must daily increase the intercourse between Great Britain and Russia on the one side, and the inhabitants of both banks of the Oxus and all Central Asia on the other, and must gradually introduce amongst them the arts, science, and knowledge of Europe. The large tract of country which extends along both banks of the river Amur, from its source, till it empties itself into the sea of Okhotsk, that, on the north, belonging to the Russians, that on the south to the Chinese, though little known in ancient times, has been an object of interest to Russia ever since the reign of Catherine II., in consequence of the Amur being the only great river in the neighbourhood of Siberia, and the other possessions of Russia in the north-eastern part of Asia, which flows into the sea in a south-eastern direction, and consequently the only great river along which the produce of Russian Asia can be with any certainty conveyed to the sea. This circumstance led Catherine, in 1789, to fix on Oud, not far from the mouth of the Amur, and a port about two hundred versts to the south of Oud, as two places of trade, and to form the plan of sending six ships from the Baltic to Kamtschatka, to co-operate with a powerful expedition that was to go down the Amur, and take possession of both its banks to its mouth; of opening by this way a trade with Japan, China, and India; and of having in those cases a naval force sufficient to make her authority respected by the inhabitants of the neighbouring countries. Measures are said to have been recently adopted by the Russian government for carrying this plan into effect: if they succeed, they must produce a great and a favourable change; must facilitate the formation of commercial relations between Russia on the one side, and Japan and the northern parts of China on the other; must familiarise the people of Japan and China with European intercourse, and with European manufactures, arts, and science, and gradually alter their situation, opinions, feelings, and manners. From all these circumstances, the Committee conceive that Russia and Great Britain, each nation following up what it conceives to

be its own interest, must, either by extending their territories and political influence, by opening markets and outlets for their produce and manufacture, or by diffusing a knowledge of the Christian religion and European arts and sciences, rapidly produce a great and beneficial change in the situation, opinions, feelings, and manners, of the people of all the countries included in the first division of Asia, to which the Committee have directed their attention. The second division of Asia to which the Committee have directed their inquiries, is Asia Minor: the greatest part of this division is under the government and influence of the Turks, the descendants of a race of people who, in the early period of their history, inhabited the range of mountains called the Altay Mountains, which are equidistant from the Euxine and the Chinese Seas, the Polar and the Indian Ocean, and which were even then known to be rich in those metals that are equally useful in peace and war; this people occupied that particular portion of the mountains which produced iron in great abundance, and were themselves the principal collectors and forgers of that metal. It is necessary, in order to form some judgment of the nature of the changes which are likely to occur amongst the inhabitants of this division of Asia, to inquire into the history and character of the Turks, and into the nature of the moral and political changes which are daily occurring amongst them; the Committee have, therefore, considered the history of the Turks under four heads:—1st. That which relates to their original departure from the Altay Mountains, and their subsequent conquest of and settlement in Armenia, to which country they gave the name of Turkomania in the seventh century. 2d. That which relates to their conquest of Persia, and the extinction of the Caliph of Bagdad in the eighth century. 3d. That which relates to the reunion of their power, after it had been for some time divided into small states, under Othman, and the establishment of their empire at Bursa, in Carmania, in the thirteenth century. 4th. That which relates to their conquest of Constantinople about the middle of the fifteenth century, and their becoming a European as well as an Asiatic power, by acquiring an interest, and taking a prominent part, in the politics of Europe. In all the different periods of their history, their courage, their activity, their temperance, and their religious enthusiasm, shewed the energy of their character, and enabled them to produce a material change in the internal situation, and in the circumstances, of the different people over whom they from time to time established their authority. The Turks, from being masters of Constantinople and the Hellespont, of the sea of Marmora, of the Bosphorus, and of the countries extending along the southern shore of the Black Sea, from the entrance of the Bosphorus to Trebizond, of the whole of Asia Minor, and of Mosul, Bagdad, and Busora, must have a great influence over all the different classes of people in Asia Minor. Any moral and political change in the opinions, feelings, manners, and usages, of the Turks, must be followed by a change in the opinions, feelings, manners, and usages, of those people. The constant intercourse between the Turks and the English on the one side, and between the Turks and the Russians on the other; the knowledge and observance of the European system of military discipline which the present Sultan Mahmoud has introduced into his army and navy; the improved education which he has given to his military and naval officers; the scientific

machinery which he has adopted in his arsenals; the advantage and the power which he derives from the application of steam, both at sea and on land; the use which he makes of printing and lithography; the change which he is preparing in the minds of his people, through the influence of the press; the plan which he has adopted of having resident ambassadors with numerous suites at the courts of England and France; the encouragement which he holds out to the members of these embassies to acquire a knowledge of the nature, object, and effects of the different free institutions which prevail amongst the English and the French, and of the liberal and enlightened opinions upon which their political and commercial systems are founded; the steps which he has taken to abolish monopolies throughout his country; the regulations which he has made for protecting his subjects from the ravages of the plague; the reforms by which he is eradicating the corruption which had got into the different departments of his government; the treaty of commerce which he has concluded with Great Britain; the pains which were taken by his ambassador, Redschid Pasha,* when he was on his former embassy in England, to become acquainted with every institution which could be useful to his countrymen; the manner in which the pasha was elected a member of the Mechanics' Institution in London; the circumstance which led the members of the Royal Asiatic Society to propose Sultan Mahmoud to be an honorary member of their Society; all prove the enlightened principles by which he regulates his conduct,—the change which has already taken place in the opinions, feelings, manners, and usages of the Turks, and that which may soon be expected to take place in the opinions, feelings, manners, and usages of all the people of Asia, who are under the authority, or within the influence, of the Turkish government. The third division of Asia to which the Committee have directed their inquiries is Arabia, a country which extends north and south, from Belis on the Euphrates, to the Straits of Babel-Mandeb, a distance of 1500 miles. The breadth of this country, taking it from Mocha on the Arabian, to Muscat on the Persian Gulf, may be estimated at 1000 miles. The interior is described as high land, a space between the high land and the Arabian and Persian Gulfs, and Indian Ocean, as comparatively flat. Arabia is generally divided into six great provinces:—those of Bassein and Oman, on the Persian Gulf, those of Hadramant and Yemen on the Indian Sea, that of Hejaz on the Arabian Gulf, and that of Nejd, which contains all the high land in the interior. The extent in geographical miles is considered to be about four times that of either France or Germany; the population is often estimated at between eight and nine millions of people. By the history of this people, from the time of Abraham to the present period, it appears that their general habits, when not excited by any particular religious, moral, or political motive, have always been the same as those exhibited in the present day by the Bedouin Arabs. These habits, however, seem always to have been liable to be rapidly changed by different events. The Arabs, under Mahomed, excited by a desire of being admitted into his paradise,

and by a conviction that their lives depended upon fate, became great warriors, and extended their conquests in a little more than sixty years, from the confines of China, east, to Cordova and Seville, west; and from Teakoue, north, to Abyssinia, south. When their power of conquest was checked, the same people who had been the greatest of conquerors became the most distinguished and zealous patrons of every branch of literature and science, under the kalifs of Bagdad, in Asia; under those of Fes of Morocco, in Africa; and under those of Cordova and Seville, in Spain. After their love of science and literature was extinct, they distinguished themselves as enterprising navigators and traders in the Indian sea; and still continue to carry on a very considerable portion of trade in those seas. The Committee, considering the influence which the Turks must have upon those who inhabit the north part of Arabia, that which the Pasha of Egypt must have upon those who inhabit the eastern shores of the Arabian Gulf and the whole southern coast of Arabia, and that which the constant communication between Europe and India, through the Arabian and Persian Gulfs, must have upon the people in the neighbourhood of those seas, feel themselves authorised to conclude that a great change must soon take place in the opinions, manners, and feelings, of all the people of Arabia."*

(To be continued.)

FINE ARTS.

On Academies of Art (more particularly the Royal Academy), and their Pernicious Effect on the Genius of Europe. By B. R. Haydon, Historical Painter. Pp. 44. London, 1839. Hooper.

MR. HAYDON'S hostility to academies has long been well known. Schools of art he strongly recommends; but he maintains that academies have at all times and in all countries been highly pernicious. The pamphlet under our notice appears to have been one of a series of lectures delivered at Manchester.

"In Greece," Mr. Haydon observes, "there were no academies of art, in the modern sense; all knowledge was imparted in schools, of which some great master was the director and head, as the great Italian masters were. A royal academy of art, composed of a limited number, electing each other, responsible to no one, unacknowledged by the laws, yet claiming their protection, and based on a constitution purely despotic in principle, in a country boasting of its constitutional rights—asserting itself to be a private body when just reform is asked, and claiming the right of a public body when there is an opportunity to share in public advantages!—affecting a paternal love for genius, and taking advantage of its rank in the state to impede the progress of talent by every ramification of artifice—making tools of the body of artists to increase the splendour of their annual display, which adds to their fund to pension their own members; and yet refusing the men who thus contribute to their influence, without any of their profits, the simple favour of fitting their works to be properly seen in one light by the public, after having been painted in another,—is a species of institution to advance high art, sound taste, or general knowledge of design, which the Marathonian Greeks would have considered most

* Sir Alexander Johnston stated to the Society, that in the frequent communications which he had with Redschid Pasha, while he was in England, respecting the history of the Turks, his excellency had, with the most enlightened views, promised to procure for the Society every description of information which they may require; and to advise the sultan to send the Society copies of the different works upon the subject in the Libraries of Constantinople, Adrianople, and Bursa."

* Sir Alexander has stated to the Society, that the result, when published, of the very able and scientific survey which has been made by Commodore Haines and his officers, will afford the public very late and very interesting information relative to the different places on the southern coast of Arabia."

certainly unqualified for such purposes; nor would the democracies of antiquity have endured it for a day."

It was not until after the death of the great masters — of Raphael, of Titian, of Giorgioni, of Buonarroti — that academies were established in any part of Europe, and by those academies no distinguished artist has ever been produced. Mr. Haydon proceeds to describe the personal intrigues by which he contends that the Royal Academy of this country has, at various periods, been disgraced; and concludes by expressing his confident hope that that body will be either abolished or reformed, and that "a feeling is generating, a taste spreading, which in the end must beat down all opposition, and render doubts of our genius in 'high art' absurd." In this last point, at least, we perfectly concur with him.

NEW VEHICLE FOR COLOURS.

A VEHICLE or medium for painting, which will render the colours permanent, has long been a desideratum in the arts. The "Polytechnic Journal" announces the recent discovery of a medium, "which will mix readily with the colours, flow freely in the pencil, dry firmly in a few hours, and preserve its character after being exposed to the most intense heat, or subjected to the action of the strongest acid: it is of itself perfectly transparent and inodorous, and in using it the painter has no need of varnish, oil, or any other fluid, which can possibly affect the beauty of the tints, or endanger the durability of the work." It appears that some further improvements have been suggested in the mode of preparing this vehicle. The inventor very liberally intimates his intention of publishing his process as soon as those improvements are completed.

D. Roberts, Esq. — Laden with artistical spoils of the East, Mr. Roberts has returned to his native land after an absence of nearly a year, spent in travelling through Egypt and Syria, &c. We have been indulged and gratified by a view of his numerous drawings; and may truly say, that such a treat is not often enjoyed. Of his talents and power we need not speak; for the public, and especially the best judges, have long appreciated their eminent value. It is only needful, therefore, in order to afford some idea of the effect of their application in this instance, to notice that they have been employed upon the most remarkable objects and interesting scenery of these ancient and sacred countries. Not to mention the glorious antiquities of Egypt, her no less glorious river, and her splendid mosques;* we may tell of pictures of the Holy Land, of the wild and picturesque Mount Sinai, of Horeb, of Jerusalem, of many spots to which the Christian and Jewish world turn with the deepest affection and veneration; and when we add to these the majestic ruins of Baalbec, the almost unapproachable and dangerous remains of Petra, the desert, the vast Christian convent with its small train of monks, the daring Arab, the caravan, the caravanserai, we have merely hinted at a noble series of subjects never before so beautifully and accurately represented by the skill of the pencil. In one of the Syrian ruins we were surprised to find Egyptian hiero-

glyphs, presenting the names of very early kings! Will this connect with the exode of the Israelites; or throw a light upon the Shepherd rule? We know not; but we state the fact as a proof of the artist's attention to the details, as well as to the grand and general features of the subjects, of which he has made so delightful a collection.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Duke of Wellington writing his Despatches: a Scene in the Peninsular War. Painted and Engraved by John Burnet, F.R.S. Hodgson and Graves.

It is certainly a very extraordinary fact, when the long, and eventful, and glorious military career of the Duke of Wellington, and the innumerable subjects of graphic illustration which that career must have furnished, are considered, that to mere portrait have the efforts of our artists with reference to that illustrious individual been hitherto limited. To the best of our recollection, Mr. Burnet is entitled to the praise of being the first who, retaining all the peculiar qualities of portrait, has nevertheless represented the hero in a situation, and under circumstances, which forcibly exhibit his character and habits. In the middle of the night, when all his gallant comrades in arms are sunk in slumber, the ever vigilant Duke has ascended, without any attendants but his orderlies, to an elevated spot, where he may at the break of day reconnoitre the position of the enemy. At the moment chosen by Mr. Burnet, he is writing, by the light of a fire of fagots, a despatch, which a Spanish messenger is waiting to convey on his mule to some distant post. The abstraction of the great warrior's countenance is finely expressed, and the way in which the light shoots from below, beades its novelty, is admirably suited to shew his manly and intellectual features to advantage. Mr. Burnet has very judiciously represented His Grace in the prime of life, with form erect, with unbleached locks, in every way gratified and prepared to execute the mighty task intrusted to him. In the distance is a convent in flames, which, while it indicates one of the horrors of war, contributes to the singular but powerful and masterly effect of light thrown over the whole composition. Did Mr. Burnet possess the divided merit of being either the painter or the engraver, it would be great; how much more so, when he unites both characters in his own person!

Lady Seymour, Queen of Beauty, as she appeared at the Tournament. Bouvier del. M^rLean.

A LOVELY being! Well worth breaking a real lance for! We will venture to say, that by far the most dangerous wounds that occurred during the whole of the chivalrous festival at Eglintoun were inflicted by the bright eyes of the ladies. But then, again, they are skilful leeches.

A Practical Treatise on Drawing, and on Painting in Water-Colours. By G. F. Phillips. London, 1839. Baily and Co.

In our notices of works of art we have frequently spoken of Mr. Phillips's water-colour drawings with the praise which they deserve. It is no fault of his that he has been unable to add much to the information already in possession of the public, with respect to the subject on which he here treats. But his principal object, as stated in his preface, is to furnish that information "at a price within the reach of all classes of society."

Architectura Domestica. Von A. de Chateauf. Ackermann and Co.

EIGHTEEN plates, beautifully engraved in outline by T. T. Burry, of the exteriors and interiors of private residences, either erected or about to be erected, at Hamburg and Lubeck, and in the neighbourhood. With the letter-press descriptions, which are in German and English, they form a very handsome quarto volume.

BIOGRAPHY.

ROBERT GEORGE CLARKE, ESQ.

THIS estimable gentleman died at Brighton on Saturday, in his sixty-ninth or seventieth year. He was for many years printer of the Royal or Government Gazette,* and both in that situation and in his previous occupations largely enjoyed the confidence and regard of many persons of the highest rank in the state. Mr. Clarke was editor of the "Sun" newspaper up to the year 1811, in which capacity his great intelligence, soundness of judgment, and firm integrity, justly entitled him to that trust which was reposed in him by men of all classes in official employment, during a period of unexampled interest and difficulty in national policy. In private life he was no less valued, nor, by those who enjoyed his intimacy, beloved. His conversational powers were of a superior order, and whether for terseness of repartee, or clearness of observation from a mind well stored with historical and useful information, we have rarely met with an individual who contributed more largely to the pleasures of social and intellectual intercourse. About two years ago Mr. Clarke had the misfortune to lose his wife, which so deeply affected him that we may say, in the common language, he has never since held up his head. The friends who were wont to delight in his company, saw that the spring of their gratification was dried up for ever; and to them the event of his death was indeed the certain issue of a fine sensibility wounded beyond human cure. In respect to his memory they may well be consoled, that if there ever breathed a good, amiable, and worthy man, that man was Robert George Clarke.

HARRY PHILLIPS, ESQ.

In Mr. Phillips, the celebrated auctioneer of New Bond Street, we have this week to regret the loss of another well-known and much-esteemed character, who has filled a large space in the public eye for many years. He died at Worthing on the 3d, at the age of seventy-two; but to a very recent period enjoyed excellent health, and the healthy spirits of a green old age. Used during a long life to the transaction of very important business, intrusted with secret concerns of a nature out of which romances and novels more curious than invention might readily have been constructed, and accustomed to mix in the best society, Mr. Phillips's manners and conversation were peculiarly pleasing and instructive. His acquaintance with the men and things of the day might truly be described as universal; and thus, without telling aught which ought not to be told, his anecdotes were most entertaining, and illustrative of circumstances which

* In the early days of the *Literary Gazette*, there often occurred amusing mistakes between our publication and that of our late friend. At one time we would be threatened with a prosecution for damages, for not inserting a notice of dissolution of partnership, sent a late hour on Friday night; at another, he would receive a letter, requesting the insertion, among the bulletins of the day, of an account of a *humble notary*, such as the child of a labourer in Yorkshire being born with six fingers and two thumbs on each hand, and six or seven toes on each foot!!

* A curious prohibition was annexed to the leave most liberally given to Mr. Roberts by Mehmet Pasha, to enter all the mosques, and make drawings of their interiors. He was accompanied by a janissary (being also himself in the Arab dress), and forbidden to use pencils of the bristles of the unclean beasts. They must be of camel's hair; nothing pig-like being admissible in Mahomedanism. — *Ed. L. G.*

strongly marked the character of the age in which we have lived. His knowledge of the Fine Arts, and judgment in articles of *certa*, were, we presume, equal to any, the best informed, of his contemporaries, no matter in what sphere they moved. Millions of property changed owners under his hammer; and though no doubt perfectly independent and easy in his fortune, we might take upon ourselves to affirm that its extent affords the best proof of the honest principle with which he discharged his duties to his employers. In his family Mr. Phillips was happy, one son now representing him in his business, and others having been or being in India, in eligible situations; and as a just tribute to his dust we can add, that many acts of consideration, humanity, kindness, and generosity, might, with more than the tombstone's usual truth, be inscribed on the monument of Harry Phillips.

JOSEPH GOODYEAR, ESQ.

WE regret also to announce the death of Joseph Goodyear, Esq., historical engraver, on Tuesday, the 1st instant, at the early age of forty-one. He was a native of Birmingham, whence so many of our engravers who have distinguished themselves have come—the practice as *bright* engravers, which the manufactures of Birmingham afford to boys and young men there, may account for this: the engraving upon silver and steel, in which they are thus early practised, gives them great facility in the use of the burin; and when this practice is united with a fine taste and a study of higher art, eminence in engraving history and landscape has so often been the consequence, that a large proportion of our present eminent engravers have learned the rudiments of their art in Birmingham. Mr. Goodyear died after a lingering illness of two years, in comfortable circumstances, the result of his own industry and talent. His last work was the beautiful plate engraved from Eastlake's "Greek Fugitives," in the first number of Findens' splendid work, now in the course of publication, "The Royal Gallery of British Art." His long illness prevented his completing any subsequent undertaking. He died, sincerely regretted by his friends, among whom he was enabled to reckon his brother-artists: these were the readiest and the warmest to bear testimony to his kind-hearted and excellent character.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

LAYS OF A DREAMER.—NO. II.

The Author's Head-piece.

I DREAM! I dream! for I hear the songs
Of the wild ideas of some luckless wight:
He, like myself, to a class belongs,

Who curse the art, yet still must write.

I seem in the orb of an author's skull—

'Tis a dream,—'tis a dream, and I'll revel
my full.

Grand Chorus of Ideas.

Here we dwell, each in his cell,

On the shores of our milky sea;

'Tis ours to reign o'er the realm of brain,

And long that reign shall be.

Solo.

I am a spirit of history,
And "historical novels" I write;
Distilling facts from mystery,
And gilding oblivion with light:
Blending the false with the true,
Till no one can tell what the fact is,
And history my sport to run through—
No wonder 'tis hurt by the practice.

Grand Chorus of Ideas.

Here we dwell, &c. &c.

Solo.

I am of doggerel a doer,
Nor care I a fig for the Muse;
'Tis nowadays folly to woo her—
Tact—tact is the talent I use.
As to wit, it must give place to punning—
Terms used on fallacious pretences—
Since he is esteemed mighty cunning,
Who drives the words out of their senses.

Grand Chorus of Ideas.

Here we dwell, &c. &c.

Solo.

I am inventor of twaddle,
And writer of annual tales;
Any trash that comes into my noddle,
When smoothly related, avails;
Beside, I cull flowers long forgotten
By readers of modern taste;
And I glean from the musty and rotten
Of that valuable paper called *waite*.

Grand Chorus of Ideas.

Here we dwell, &c. &c.

Solo.

I am a cobbler of drama,
And snatch from old Shakspeare the bays;
I now and then meet with a *damner*,
But who really cares for his plays?
No; plots from the French and the German,
And jokes from each friend I have stole,
Mixed with dialogue dull as a sermon,
Makes a very good "*his*" on the whole.

Grand Chorus of Ideas.

Here we dwell, &c. &c.

Solo.

A writer of novels of fashion,
Behold an adept at the trade!
No lady's a victim of passion,
No *roué* seduces a maid,
No crim. con.'s hushed up and forgiven,
No minor gets cleaned out at dice,
But I, for a bargain well driven,
The scandal will *book* in a trice.

Grand Chorus of Ideas.

Here we dwell, &c. &c.

Solo.

I'll "build" you a nautical story,
To make all the landmen stare;
I'll tell of Trafalgar's glory
Quite as glibly as if I'd been there;—
I'll "tack," "reef," "make sail," in such
lingo

That none but a tar understands;
And I'll swear by my "eyes," "limbs,"—by
jingo!

Of readers I'll "pipe up all hands."

Grand Chorus of Ideas.

Here we dwell, &c. &c.

Solo.

I write for each month's periodical,
Nothing passes around but I note;
And then, by an art quite methodical,
Embellish the matter I *quote*.
I'll spare neither sister nor brother,
If their follies will serve me a particle;
I'd shew up the faults of my mother,
If they'd help me to make out "an article."

Grand Chorus of Ideas.

Here we dwell, &c. &c.

Thus sung the Ideas in their tiny halls
—Self-love makes singing rare—
Prebends or cobblers in their stalls
Could not have less of care.
But, oh dear! what is here?

* Cockney.

The master of this most elegant choir
Has "too many irons in the fire:"
A dozen blues devils are come with their revels,
The pen is not always a good "bread winner,"
The author has made but a scanty dinner.
He's been warming his nose by taking "a
whiff."

He's been drinking his grog remarkably stiff;
And by thus indulging his palate and nose
The poet is getting quite lachrymose.
There's not an Idea but is shedding a tear,
Yet what they are crying for does not seem
clear;

And I try to cry, too, but awake with a scream—
'Tis a dream,—a dream,—'tis nought but a
dream! R. J.

THE DRAMA.

Covent Garden.—The Olympic night, as it is called, on Saturday brought together the best audience of the week, after the opening Monday; and went off with great spirit. The mercurialism of Mr. C. Mathews lost none of its effect by being transferred to the larger stage; and Vestris, seconded by Farren, Mrs. Orger, and the rest of the well-combined company, filled the series of light pieces in so agreeable a manner, that we may pronounce the experiment to have fully succeeded with the public. It offers, indeed, a pleasing and entertaining variety in dramatic representations. On Thursday, the *School for Scandal* was produced, admirably dressed, and, on the whole, exceedingly well played. It was a good house, and at the fall of the curtain the applause was loud and unanimous. We have not time to speak in detail of the performances; but can assure our readers of an excellent evening's amusement if they choose to visit "the Garden" on Thursday next, when "this comedy will be repeated."

Druvy Lane is in the perspective, and we hear that Mr. Hammond is actively and liberally employed in restoring the stage, re-decorating the house, and doing every thing necessary for a brilliant opening.

Haymarket.—At this theatre, in addition to the increasing attractions of Macready's fine delineation of *Shylock*, Power's *Married Lovers* has been successfully revived; and with Mrs. Lacy (the original heroine at Covent Garden) to play up to his own character, the entertainment forms a popular change in the run of very popular pieces here, in which alone the representative system for Ireland is administered to the perfect satisfaction of all parties, Tory, Whig, or Radical.

Adelphi.—*Rip Van Winkle*, with the Adelphi-American actors, and *Mount St. Bernard*, with its picturesque scenery, have done their duty here during the week; and striking novelties are announced, among which we think we recognise *Jack Sheppard*.

Astley's.—On Thursday there was a private rehearsal of a new Andronicus, (not Titus, but) one Mr. Carter, who has assumed the title and dignity of "the Lion King," (not the Heraldic of Scotland, but) a real Van Amburgh lion and tiger tamer. The lion consents to be his pony in a triumphal car, and instead of the usual tiger behind there is an elephant of a more docile quality. The feats exhibited were much applauded by the company.

English Opera House.—The Musard Concerts are again succeeding wonderfully, and filling the house every night.

VARIETIES.

Daguerreotype Exhibitions.—M. St. Croix has resumed these exhibitions at the Adelaide

Gallery, where they excited considerable interest; but were stopped for a while by an injunction in Chancery, said to have been obtained, *sub roâs*, by M. Daguerre, who did not like his apparatus to be explained, and the profits pocketed, by any other person. The operation, as we have observed, occupies more time than we expected; so that unless you return in an hour or two to witness the result, you can only see portions of the process; which are, however, clearly stated, and the anticipated effects, in our wintry and uncertain climate, declared. A view of Regent Street, another of St. Martin's Church, a third of household furniture, with a Daguerreotype picture reflected, are shown; but the most striking production is a picture of a section of the lecture-room itself, with a bust of Faraday on the bench, which is quite delightful. We understand that the machinery costs some 20*l.*, and at that expense anybody may set up Daguerreotyping. We also observe, that Mr. Cooper has announced lectures thrice a-week at the Polytechnicon, to illustrate the same process, and under a license from Daguerre; who thus evidently claims a right to control all public exhibitions of his process, although sold, as we say, out and out, to the French government!

Typoface.—Under this title a M. Pellet, of Bordeaux, has, it is said, formed a material with which he can take perfect casts of the human face divine, without inducing that rigidity and contortion which are caused by the application of plaster.

Volcanoes.—The great volcano in Ternate became very active on the 25th of March, and had continued to throw off streams of lava, attended by terrific eruptions during forty-eight hours, when the latest accounts came away.

Lightning-Travelling.—Mr. Brunel, it is reported, has succeeded in obtaining a railway speed equal to two hundred miles an hour!!! The story of the American milestones will be realised.

French Statistics of Crime, &c.—During the year 1837, crime was considerably on the increase in France. In the course of the year, the number of criminal cases brought before the court of assizes amounted to 5873, thus exceeding by 573 that of 1836: in 1830 of these, full conviction followed; in 1516 cases, modified verdicts were returned; in 1737, the accused were acquitted. The number of crimes against the person remained stationary in 1837; having amounted to 1555, or three cases less than in 1836; but the crimes against property had increased 15 per cent. There was a falling off, we are told, in the crimes of "murder" and "assassination," of 21 and 11 per cent, respectively; but "poisonings" increased 42 per cent. The number of prisoners tried by the courts of assize was 8094, which gives one accused for every 4638 inhabitants; of these, 1425 were females: 4601 of those 8094 accused could neither read nor write; 2530 read, but wrote imperfectly; 709 could read and write; and 254 had received education. 33 were capitally convicted; 177 were sentenced to hard labour for life; 782 to the same penalty for limited periods, and the remainder to various terms of imprisonment. Had not the jury brought in a verdict of "attenuating circumstances" in 150 cases, 183 would have been condemned to death. 25 were executed. The tribunals of correctional police tried, in 1837, 140,247 affairs, comprehending 193,065 individuals, or 11,758 affairs more than in the preceding year. The courts

of simple police decided, in 1837, in 137,737 cases, or 9455 more than in 1836. There were 206,993 citizens inscribed on the jury list in 1837. The number of suicides committed in the whole kingdom, in 1837, amounted to 2443—viz. 1811 men, and 632 women; the single department of the Seine offered 457. The greatest number of suicides occurred in the spring and summer months, as will be seen by the annexed table:—

In December, January, and February	490
In September, October, and November	514
In March, April, and May	683
In June, July, and August	756

New Balloon.—M. Garnerin is reported to have made some progress in the direction of balloons through the air, by supplying them with sails somewhat in the form of those of windmills.

Copenhagen, 26th August.

The Aurora Islands.—In consequence of the statement given in several journals, that the Aurora Islands, which were discovered in 1769, have been again seen, or, if you will, again discovered, we have received from a respectable quarter (says the Danish "Ove T. Avis") the information that they were seen in November 1825, by Captain Thayer, four in number, a little to the east of the mouth of Rio de Janeiro; viz. in 43° 30' long., and 53° lat.

St. Petersburg, 2nd July.

The Aurora Islands and their first Discovery.—Don José Espinosa, the companion of Malaspina, in his excellent, but not generally known, "Memorias Sobre las Observaciones Astronomicas de los Navegantes Españoles," gives us a note which deserves attention, on the occasion of the re-discovery, which has at length been made, of the Aurora Islands. This note is in the following terms:—"The Spanish frigate, Aurora, discovered the islands in 1762, and gave them the names which they now bear. In 1790, they were again seen by La Princesa frigate, which belonged to the Philippine Company. Don Martin de Oyarvide, captain of that frigate, shewed to us (the officers of Malaspina's expedition), when we were at Lima, his journal and the situation of those islands, from his own observations. In 1794, the Atrevida, corvette, was sent from the Malouines (Falkland Islands) to determine, by astronomical observations, the position of the coasts. The corvette lay off the islands from the 21st to the 27th of January, and determined, by the chronometer, the difference of longitude between them and the harbour of Soledad, in the Falkland Islands. There are three islands, all nearly in the same meridian. The middle island is rather low; the two others may be seen at the distance of nine leagues. Here follow the astronomical determinations:—Southernmost island, lat. 53° 18' 22", long. 41° 40'; middle island, La Rasa (i.e. the low), lat. 53° 9' 10", long. 41° 38'; northernmost island (*Isla Nueva*), which was not known before 1794, lat. 52° 27' 34", long. 41° 26'. The latitude is south, the longitude west, of Cadix. (According to the recent statements of the Americans, in the Mary Jane, there are six Aurora Islands, one of which is in lat. 53° 22'.) The captain of La Princesa affirmed that, in 1790, he had found a shoal eleven miles N.E. of the southernmost of the Aurora Islands. The Atrevida looked in vain for this shoal, and saw only some small icefields, which might have been taken, at a distance, for cliffs or sand-banks." All this was published in Madrid in 1809, in the first part of the "Memorias." How many shipwrecks would have been avoided, if navigators had not

been so bold as to disregard such detailed accounts and astronomical observations! Nay more, Purdy, in the sea map of the world, 1823, marked the course of the Atrevida, 1790, as "in vain, and finding nothing." Krusenstern, Duparrey, and Brûé, who accompanied Freycinet, and carefully studied the more doubtful reefs and islands, have marked the Aurora Islands in their charts of the world: nay, Brûé (and this fact is worthy of attention) added in the map of South America, 1826, the following note: "*Isles de l'Aurore vues en Décembre 1825, par le Capitaine Thayer.*"—*Petersburg Gazette.*

Rain-Gauges.—It was acknowledged at the Birmingham meeting that small reliance could be placed on rain-gauges in elevated situations, where they were exposed to winds and storms. Unless something of a superior construction can be devised, we must be content with the average accuracy of the present instruments, though precision is so important to all meteorological observations.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Hermes, or Classical and Antiquarian Researches, by H. F. Talbot, Esq., Part II., 8vo. 4*s.* 6*d.*—Smith's Brochure, or the Power of Numbers, new edition, 8vo. 3*s.*—Discourses in Behalf of the Jews, extracted from the works of the Rev. C. Simoes, 32mo. 2*s.*—A. A. Rochem's Meditations on Hosea, translated by the Rev. W. Hare, 18mo. 4*s.*—Statutes, royal 8vo. Vol. IX., 1837, 10*s.*—Fables, Original and Selected, illustrated by Grandville, royal 8vo. 14*s.*—Freeling's London, Liverpool, and Manchester Railway Companion, 18mo. 5*s.*—Collier's Companion to the Pharmacopoeia, Theoretical and Practical, royal 8vo. 9*s.*—Dr. J. Muller on the Secreting Glands, by S. Solly, 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*—Chemical Diagrams of the London Pharmacopoeia, by T. H. Whitaker, 8vo. 4*s.* 6*d.*—Oriental Outlines, by W. Knight, Esq., fcap. 7*s.* 6*d.*—Huseth's Guide to the Wine Cellar, post 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.*—Lothian's New Edinburgh General Atlas, folio, 1*l.* 1*l.* 6*d.*—Aristocracy in America, from the Sketch-Book of a German Nobleman, edited by F. J. Grund, 8 vols. post 8vo. 2*l.*—H. H. Bernard's Guide to the Hebrew Student, octavo 8vo. 1*l.* 6*d.*—Explanatory Notes on the Psalter, Book Version of the Psalms, by W. E. Clay, 12mo. 7*s.* 6*d.*—Walks and Wanderings in the World of Literature, 3 vols. post 8vo. 3*l.*—The Psalmist: a Domestic Story of the Nineteenth Century, post 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*—Real Parls in a False Setting, by the Count de la Pasture, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 1*l.* 6*d.*—Farewell Tales, by Mrs. Hoffman, fcap. 5*s.*—Fragments from the Study of a Pastor, by Dr. G. Spring, 18mo. 1*s.* 6*d.*—Memoir of Mrs. S. L. Taylor, of New York, by J. Jones, 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*—The Forget-me-not, 1840, 12*s.*—The Colony of Western Australia, by N. Ogilby, 8vo. 14*s.*—Jack Sheppard, a Romance, by W. H. Alworth, with illustrations by George Cruikshank, 3 vols. post 8vo. 3*l.*

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1839.

October.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday .. 3	From 35 to 52	29.49 to 29.71
Friday .. 4	47 .. 54	29.44 .. 29.63
Saturday .. 5	47 .. 54	29.44 .. 29.63
Sunday .. 6	40 .. 47	30.19 .. 30.25
Monday .. 7	44 .. 50	30.19 .. 30.13
Tuesday .. 8	44 .. 50	30.15 .. 30.21
Wednesday 9	50 .. 58	30.00 .. 30.72

Winds, S.E. and N.E.

Except the afternoon of the 8th, and following day, cloudy; rain fell on the morning of the 4th, and evening of the 8th.

Rain fallen, 4 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Headman.—Mr. Bentley has obtained an injunction from the Master of the Rolls, compelling Messrs. Foster and Hextall to suspend their edition of Cooper's popular novel, "The Headman."

We have received a set of small plates, very sweetly executed, and apparently intended as the embellishments of some forthcoming Annual; but as there are no indications, either of the title of the work, or of the name of the publisher, or of the title of the subjects, or (with a few exceptions) of the names of the artists, we are unable to notice them. One minute's use of the black-lead pencil would have obviated this difficulty.

The Oxford contributions are welcome, and shall appear. The additions also will be acceptable, though perhaps the title of the whole might be expanded to, and writs of *habeas corpus* inquiring moved for.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

THE MODEL of the BATTLE of WATERLOO is now EXHIBITED at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, to the highest Antiquarian. Constantly illuminated from 4 o'clock in the Afternoon, and throughout the Day in dark or unfavourable weather.
Open from Ten in the Morning until Nine in the Evening.
Admission, One Shilling each.

PULPIT ELOQUENCE.

MR. RICHARD JONES is returned to Town for the Season, and may be consulted as usual, at his own House only, 14 Chapel Street, Grosvenor Place, Belgrave Square.

ISLINGTON LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY, Established 1833.

This Institution offers the following advantages to Subscribers:—

The Library consists of a valuable collection of upwards of 4000 volumes of Standard Works, for circulation and reference. The Reading Room is supplied with 15 newspapers, 30 periodicals, and 300 volumes of books of reference, and is open from eight in the morning till one o'clock in the afternoon. The Museum contains many valuable specimens, and is lighted for the reception of members every evening. Lectures by eminent professors are delivered every Thursday evening during the season.

Meetings for the discussion of literary or scientific subjects, and also

Conversations, are held monthly. A French Class, under the superintendence of Professor Lambert, meets weekly, and the evening is concluded with Conversations in that Language.

A Literary Class has been formed to facilitate the progress of literary composition and discussion among the junior members of the Society, and meets once in each fortnight.

A Music Class meets for practice every Monday, and Concerts are given at stated periods.

A General Public Class assembles on Saturday evening, and enjoys the use of a considerable collection of apparatus, the property of the Society.

Applications to become Proprietary or Ordinary Members, may be made to the Librarian at the Institution.

JOBAN WILKINSON, Hon. Sec.

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WRITING HIS DESPATCHES IN THE PENINSULA. Painted and beautifully Engraved by JOHN BURNET, Reg. F.R.S.

First Proof, now ready..... 4s 6d

Second Class Proofs..... 4s 6d

Prints..... 4s 6d

"The effect of it as a work of art is of the highest order; and, as a whole, it forms not only an object of worth, as a portrait, but also as a picture."—*Argus*, Sept. 20.

London: Published by Hodgson and Graves, Printers to the Queen, 5 Pall Mall; and may be had of every respectable Printer in Europe.

TO ADVERTISERS.—ANTI-CORN

LAW CIRCULAR.—Arrangements have been made for making this paper (which is a stamped periodical) a medium for advertisements; to commence with the 15th number, to be published on the 15th October. Orders will be received for the publisher at the office of the Anti-Corn Law Association, Newall's Buildings, Market Street, Manchester. Of the first thirteen numbers, upwards of one hundred thousand copies have been circulated in all parts of the Kingdom. Its Subscribers include the most eminent Merchants and Manufacturers in the Kingdom, the Peerage, and Members of the House of Commons. It is supplied to all the principal Reading-rooms, Club-houses, Hotels, &c. &c. in Great Britain. Advertisements must be sent on or before the Friday preceding publication.

TO PUBLISHERS AND MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISERS.

THE SCOTTISH CHRISTIAN HERALD.—Monthly Circulation, 12,000.

Publishers and Miscellaneous Advertisers are respectfully informed that in future an Advertising Sheet will be attached to this highly esteemed and widely extended periodical, its circulation being 12,000 monthly, and decidedly the most extensive Scottish Advertising medium extant; more especially for works of a religious and moral tendency, school-books, and works of an elementary nature, the Magazine being used by all the most respectable magazines in Scotland, &c. &c.

To Miscellaneous Advertisers desiring of making known their articles in Scotland and its metropolis, this periodical will be found the most desirable channel, affording the greatest publicity among the respectable and intelligent classes of the community upon all matters connected with art, manufactures, and science. Advertisements received at the Office of the Publisher, R. Greenbridge, Finnerley Alley, Paternoster Row, not later than the 15th inst.

BOOKS IN THE PRESS.

In a few days, a new Novel by the Author of "Tales of an Arcle Voyager,"

PALMARIO; or, the Merchant of Genoa.
3 vols. post 8vo.
T. and W. Boone, 20 New Bond Street; Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh.

MISS BURDON'S NEW NOVEL.

Nearly ready, in 3 vols.

THE FRIENDS OF FONTAINEBLEAU.

By HANNAH D. BURDON.
Author of "Reynolds of Sudley," and "The Lost Evidence,"
Saunders and Otley, Publishers, Conduit Street.

On Monday next, in 3 vols.

MAX WENTWORTH;

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Jack Sheppard; a Romance. By W. Harrison Ainsworth, Esq., author of "Rookwood" and "Crichton." With Illustrations by George Cruikshank. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1839. Bentley.

Or *Jack Sheppard*, which has just issued from the press, complete in three volumes, with extraordinary engravings by George Cruikshank (whether we consider them as performances of art or illustrations of men and manners), we spoke when its first sheets appeared as a contribution in "Bentley's Miscellany;" and we reprinted an example of the force, spirit, and interest which the writer had contrived to communicate to the history of a notorious criminal. Upon looking at the whole, several questions suggest themselves before pronouncing critical sentence upon the work. First, Is it necessary that every publication should be framed for the express purpose of pointing a moral? Secondly, Does *Jack Sheppard* succeed or fail in this object? And, thirdly, Do such subjects offer fair materials to exercise the talent of authors, and afford public gratification, without injury, to the public mind? To the first inquiry we think we are bound to concede, that, much as we value moral inculcation, to adhere to it as a *sine quâ non* would be to exclude a multitude of amusing, playful, imaginative, and innocent productions, which have ever been the enjoyment of cultivated society. To the second the reply would be, that, so long as human nature is human nature, and there is guilt as well as virtue, it may be as expedient to explore the lower and darker recesses of villany as to develop the stilted crimes of tragedy in high places. Nay, as the former immediately affect and come in contact with the vast majority of our fellow-creatures, it is the more expedient to put the ignorant many on their guard against the seductions of common vice and the invasions of bold brutality. The main point, therefore, comes, after all, to be the treatment of the theme. Are we made to feel a deeper concern for the scoundrel and murderer than for the wronged and good?—is criminality made prosperous, and honour and honesty (alas! too often suffering in the real world) held up to disregard and odium?—is there no justice manifested in apportioning punishment and misery to the evil-doer, as the consequence of evil deeds, and awarding consolation, if not happiness, to the virtuous? If such were the gist of any plot and narrative, however striking for the talent with which they were contrived and wrought, we should at once condemn the book, and lament that an author capable of such things should have betrayed the cause, for the promotion of which Providence had gifted him with superior intelligence and endowments. But we find none of these offences in *Jack Sheppard*; and as Fielding has chosen "Jonathan Wild" as his "great man," to barb the keenest shafts of irony against crime, so do we think Mr. Ainsworth has, in an entirely different and more popular manner, elected his ruffian victim, *Jack Sheppard*, to demonstrate that there is no mortal *nulla virtute reductum*; that depravity, however covered by bravado, is sure to entail

compunction and punishment; and that unequal as are the fates of the bad and the good, the preponderance of suffering rests with the former, and the balance of even earthly comfort with the latter class. Our author has curiously, though incidentally, supported this view, by supposing that Hogarth took the hint of his vigorous and impressive lesson of Industry and Idleness (in the two apprentices) from seeing *Jack Sheppard* previous to his execution, when his portrait was painted by Sir James Thornhill: may not we also guess that something of Mr. Ainsworth's story might have been suggested by Hogarth's pictures?

Gaolbirds and their associates are not, it is true, pleasant companions to contemplate; but had not a Howard and others undergone that task, where would have been the reforms in our prison-discipline and criminal jurisprudence? What a contrast do Mr. Ainsworth's vivid scenes present to the actual state of things in our day! See Cruikshank's inimitable procession of *Sheppard* to Tyburn; the buffoonery, the riot, the orgies, the triumph of Sin, the incitement to rapine and bloodshed; and compare them with the sad and solemn administration of the law, the change effected within a century; and say whether the upholding of the past to censure is not calculated to expedite the further improvement of the future! In fine, *Jack Sheppard* is

To all an example,
To no one a pattern,

and an ignominious death is the just reward of an atrocious life. The touches of remorse and repentance with which it has pleased Mr. Ainsworth to invest his closing career, are worthy of much commendation, not only as finishing the humanity of his conception, but as doing homage to the invincible principles of conscience and retribution. Of the literary ability with which he has executed his design, we need say nothing, as it has been every where acknowledged; and for intense description and fearful interest, there are portions of this production which it would not be easy to surpass in our own or any other language. We shall only make one quotation as an example of the writer's power, though such proof is unnecessary for those who remember his description of Turpin's famous ride to York. It relates the destruction of Jonathan Wild's house:—

"The day appointed for the execution was now close at hand, and the prisoner, who seemed to have abandoned all hopes of escape, turned his thoughts entirely from worldly considerations. On Sunday he was conveyed to the chapel, through which he had passed on the occasion of his great escape, and once more took his seat in the condemned pew. The Rev. Mr. Furney, the ordinary, who had latterly conceived a great regard for Jack, addressed him in a discourse which, while it tended to keep alive his feelings of penitence, was calculated to afford him much consolation. The chapel was crowded to excess. But here—even here, the demon was suffered to intrude, and Jack's thoughts were distracted by Jonathan Wild, who stood at a little distance from him, and kept his bloodthirsty eyes fixed on him during the whole of the service. On

that night an extraordinary event occurred, which convinced the authorities that every precaution must be taken in conducting Jack to Tyburn,—a fact of which they had been previously made aware, though scarcely to the same extent, by the riotous proceedings near Westminster Hall. About nine o'clock an immense mob collected before the lodge at Newgate. It was quite dark; but, as some of the assemblage carried links, it was soon ascertained to be headed by the same party who had mainly incited the former disturbance. Amongst the ringleaders was Blueekin, whose swarthy features and athletic figure were easily distinguished. Another was Baptist Kettleby, and a third, in a Dutch dress, was recognised by his grizzled beard as the skipper, Van Galgebroek. Before an hour had elapsed, the concourse was fearfully increased. The area in front of the gaol was completely filled. Attempts were made upon the door of the lodge; but it was too strong to be forced. A cry was then raised by the leaders to attack Wild's house, and the fury of the mob was instantly directed to that quarter. Wrenched from their holds, the iron palisades in front of the thief-taker's dwelling were used as weapons to burst open the door. While this was passing, Jonathan opened one of the upper windows, and fired several shots upon the assailants. But, though he made Blueekin and Kettleby his chief marks, he missed both. The sight of the thief-taker increased the fury of the mob to a fearful degree. Terrific yells rent the air. The heavy weapons thundered against the door; and it speedily yielded to their efforts. 'Come on, my lads!' vociferated Blueekin, 'we'll unkenel the old fox.' As he spoke, several shots were fired from the upper part of the house, and two men fell mortally wounded. But this only incensed the assailing party the more. With a drawn cutlass in one hand, and a cocked pistol in the other, Blueekin rushed up-stairs. The landing was defended by Quilt Arnold and the Jew. The former was shot by Blueekin through the head, and his body fell over the banisters. The Jew, who was paralysed by his companion's fate, offered no resistance, and was instantly seized. 'Where is your accursed master?' demanded Blueekin, holding the sword to his throat. The Jew did not speak but pointed to the audience-chamber. Committing him to the custody of the others Blueekin, followed by a numerous band, darted in that direction. The door was locked; but with the bars of iron, it was speedily burst open. Several of the assailants carried links, so that the room was a blaze of light. Jonathan, however, was nowhere to be seen. Rushing to wards the entrance of the well-hole, Blueekin touched the secret-spring. He was not there. Opening the trap-door, he then descended to the vaults—searched each cell, and every nook and corner separately. Wild had escaped. Robbed of their prey, the fury of the mob became ungovernable. At length, at the end of a passage, next to the cell where Mrs. Sheppard had been confined, Blueekin discovered trap-door which he had not previously noticed. It was instantly burst open, when the horrid

stench that issued from it convinced them that it must be a receptacle for the murdered victims of the thief-taker. Holding a lamp into the place, which had the appearance of a deep pit, Bluekin noticed a body richly dressed. He dragged it out, and perceiving, in spite of the decayed frame, that it was the body of Sir Rowland Trenchard, commanded his attendants to convey it up-stairs—an order which was promptly obeyed. Returning to the audience-chamber, Bluekin had the Jew brought before him. The body of Sir Rowland was then laid on the large table. Opposite to it was placed the Jew. Seeing from the threatening looks of his captors, that they were about to wreak their vengeance upon him, the miserable wretch besought mercy in abject terms, and charged his master with the most atrocious crimes. His relation of the murder of Sir Rowland petrified even his fierce auditors. One of the cases in Jonathan's museum was now burst open, and a rope taken from it. In spite of his shrieks, the miserable Jew was then dragged into the well-hole, and the rope being tied round his neck, he was launched from the bridge. The vengeance of the assailants did not stop here. They broke open the entrance into Jonathan's store-room, plundered it of every thing valuable, ransacked every closet, drawer, and secret hiding-place, and stripped them of their contents. Large hoards of money were discovered, gold and silver plate, cases of watches, and various precious articles. Nothing, in short, portable or valuable was left. Old implements of housebreaking were discovered; and the thief-taker's most hidden depositories were laid bare. The work of plunder over, that of destruction commenced. Straw and other combustibles being collected, were placed in the middle of the audience-chamber. On these were thrown all the horrible contents of Jonathan's museum, together with the body of Sir Rowland Trenchard. The whole was then fired, and in a few minutes the room was in a blaze. Not content with this, the assailants set fire to the house in half-a-dozen other places; and the progress of the flames was rapid and destructive. Meanwhile, the object of all this fearful disturbance had made his escape to Newgate, from the roof of which he witnessed the destruction of his premises. He saw the flames burst from the windows, and, perhaps, in that maddening spectacle suffered torture equivalent to some of the crimes he had committed. While he was thus standing, the flames of his house, which made the whole street light as day, and ruddily illumined the faces of the mob below, betrayed him to them, and he was speedily driven from his position by a shower of stones and other missiles. The mob now directed their attention to Newgate; and, from their threats, appeared determined to fire it. Ladders, pavers' rams, sledge-hammers, and other destructive implements, were procured; and, in all probability, their purpose would have been effected, but for the opportune arrival of a detachment of the guards, who dispersed them, not without some loss of life. Several prisoners were taken, but the ring-leaders escaped. Engines were brought to play upon Wild's premises, and upon the adjoining houses. The latter were saved; but of the former nothing but the blackened stone walls were found standing on the morrow.

We had almost forgotten to mention one species of composition which animates these volumes, and in which Mr. Ainsworth is not surpassed: we allude to the jovial chant or ballad. These are, as heretofore, instinct with

life and humour, and most characteristic. An excellent likeness of the author, engraved by G. F. Bach, after a drawing by R. I. Lane, embellishes the work, giving us his true lineaments in a style so graceful, as to reflect credit even on the skill and talent of this admired artist.

The Antiquity of the Book of Genesis, illustrated by some new Arguments. By H. Fox Talbot. 8vo. pp. 76. London, 1839. Longman and Co.

Hermes, or Classical and Antiquarian Researches. By the Same. 8vo. pp. 191. London, 1839. Longman and Co.

WHEN the 1st No. of *Hermes* appeared, we had great pleasure in pointing out some of the very curious results at which the author had arrived, and paying the compliments due to his extensive critical research, ingenious philological conjectures, and abundant references to ancient writers (some of them seldom referred to), in support of the various interesting hypotheses which he had undertaken to maintain. Both the publications above indicated merit similar praise; and even where they fail to bring perfect conviction, they are sustained by so many remarkable illustrations, drawn from obscure, remote, and difficult authorities, as well as from more familiar classics, that it is impossible to peruse them without feeling, with great satisfaction, that we are receiving immediate instruction, and being led, at the same time, to further reflection and investigation, which will reward our thoughts and repay our labour.

Mr. Talbot has let a new and memorable light in upon our physical world, furnishing us with fair and accurate transcripts of its component parts; but much as we have prized his success in this way, we are not sure that we value less the *Photogenic light*, which, from the Sun of his Mind, he has darted upon so many points of antiquarian inquiry, hitherto vaguely seen and erroneously guessed at.

In proof of the great antiquity of the Book of Genesis, he says:—

"I think it can be shewn, by solid arguments:—That there remained a memory in heathen lands of some mysterious book having been known to their ancestors, though lost long since, and the greater part of its contents forgotten. But that, nevertheless, a recollection had been preserved of the subject of the Book: That it related to the Creation. And that the very words of the book, by which it commenced, had, by a remarkable chance, been retained in memory; and that the first words were the following ones:—'In the Beginning.' From which I argue—supposing these facts to be supported by a chain of evidence sufficiently strong—that these mysteries were no other than the Hebrew Scriptures, and that this book was the Book of Genesis."

He proceeds to shew that the most ancient recorded idol worship of Nature, under all her names in Greece, Phrygia, Egypt, Rome, Asia Minor, &c. &c., had reference to the history of Eve in Paradise. The fable of Pandora* is particularly demonstrated to be nearly allied to the Scripture account.

She is "the wife of the first-created man, upon

whom the gods had showered every blessing which it is possible to imagine; but had laid upon her one injunction, that she should keep her one secret which she was never to attempt to discover. But, alas! her curiosity tempts her to violate this fatal command! Immediately all happiness flies away from earth; and in its place sorrow, misery, and all manner of evils, invade the abode, and embitter the existence, of mankind. Can it be said that the author of this fable had never heard of the temptation of Eve? That he drew the allegory from his own imagination? That the resemblance is casual, and nothing more? I hold, on the contrary (and the same has often been maintained before), that the first author of this beautiful tale, whoever he was, and wherever he lived, must either have had access to the sacred books of the Jews, or at any rate to some Eastern writings, which had immediately or remotely been drawn from the same source. Now, then, I argue thus:—Since this tale is related by Hesiod, one of the most ancient of profane authors, the biblical history of our first parents must be more ancient than him. I have introduced this argument so very briefly, merely to illustrate the nature of the proof which I think may be derived from every coincidence of this sort, which can be satisfactorily pointed out. Such coincidences clearly prove the prior existence of those writings, from which they can be shewn to have been in part or wholly borrowed."

reconcilable to common sense? I cannot help thinking, that this extraordinary line,

Ζηνι, ἐνὶ φωνῇ ἐξέλιτο μένιστος Ζηνι,
is a fragment of some much earlier poet, who had sung the tale

"Of Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our wo,"

in an age that long preceded the bard of Aëra; and that, among the living evils which approached mankind (Λογισματα φειραται) he had enumerated the serpent tribe: who once (to our calamity) had the gift of speech, but now approach and wound us in silence:—

Ζηνι, ἐνὶ φωνῇ ἐξέλιτο μένιστος Ζηνι,
because Zeus had deprived them of the power of speech, which they had made so ill a use of. Such I think a probable solution of this otherwise inexplicable passage.† A fragment of the old poem I think I see in the words in which Hesiod describes the catastrophe:—

Ἀλλὰ γυνὴ χερσὶν ἔπειθε μῦθον ἄφρονα.
The woman stretched forth her hands, and took off a μῦθον ἄφρονα. I cannot help thinking that we have here a word of the archaic Greek language, which, like so many others, was afterwards lost in the Greek, but preserved in the Latin language—the word *mutum*. Observe, also, the epithet *μῦθος*, so entirely useless, so *plum* *obscure*, as the critics have it, if applied to the cover of the jar. For what signifies the idea of the cover? The mischief was, the lifting it at all, whether it were great or small. But, in the ancient poem, "a large fruit" would have been an appropriate expression—*ἀφρονα*—tempting to the eye. I have shown that Pandora may easily be identified with the goddess of fertility, the giver of the fruits of the earth, the *Πανδώρα*. Now one of the names of that goddess, and a very celebrated one in Italy, was *Pomona*, the goddess of fruit; or, as we may venture to translate it, the goddess with the apple, since she is represented with a large apple in her hand on many ancient monuments. And this remarkable circumstance is also found in the bronze Etruscan statues of the most ancient period: on some of which the Etruscan name of the goddess—*Fierse*—is inscribed: that is (I do not hesitate to say), the *Flores* of the *Pomona*, who presided over the vegetable world. The golden apple who sowed Ceres and Proserpine, and in the history of the latter, the apple plays a prominent part. I shall content myself with quoting a passage from *Vicini's* description of an antique statue, which says much to the imagination in a few words:—"Elle tient dans sa main le pomme fatale qui l'empêcha de s'éloigner continuellement d'elle!"

† "The ancients themselves seem to have been much puzzled with this line: and as the simplest mode of surmounting the difficulty, they proposed to scratch it out as spurious. Scholiast.—*Ἀφροναὶ δὲ στήθεος ἢ λήγοντες ἀφροναὶ αἱ γυναῖκες.*"

* "What can possibly be more strange than what Hesiod says respecting the evils which flowed from Pandora's fatal curiosity in the opening of the jar? [Egy. v. 100.] 'Ten thousand sorrows went abroad among mankind. The earth is full of evils. The sea is full of them. By night and by day, sickness and diseases approach the dwelling of man;—approach him now in silence: because Zeus has taken from them the power of speech.' What is this? How is this passage of the poet

The Demeter of Greece, the Cybele of Phrygia, the Artemis of the Ephesians, in short, the Rhea, Ceres, Ops, Flora, Pomona, Isis, were all, more or less, congenial to the Mosaic record. Mr. Talbot also leans much on the story of the Sibyls and the Sibylline leaves, or books, which he conceives to have been the Hebrew writings. Among other suggestions we find the following :—

"It is a very remarkable circumstance, that one of them was called the Jewish Sibyl. Pausanias says ('Phœd.' cap. 12): 'After the Cuman Sibyl, there is related to have been a Hebrew prophetess, whose name was Sabbe; she was the daughter of Eereus and Erymanthe: some call her the Babykonian, others the Egyptian Sibyl.' Now as it is perfectly clear that no true daughter of Israel could have gone forth into pagan lands uttering pretended oracles among idolaters, it follows, that this prophetess could only have been held to be from Judæa, because her prophecies and her doctrines resembled those of the genuine Jewish Scriptures. If she were in reality a native of Judæa, and if she brought with her some parts of the genuine Scriptures, in that case she practised no other imposition than in assuming the prophetic character herself, without any authority. But this would be too strong a supposition to be made without necessity. It is quite sufficient, if it should be admitted to be possible (and the mention of a Jewish Sibyl renders it probable), that there were occasionally brought into Italy from the East imperfect copies of the Hebrew Scriptures, bearing some general and distant resemblance to the genuine ones; from which they had been altered and interpolated to serve the purposes of pagan imposture. Such a volume, I think, may have been in reality offered to the Roman king (Tarquin), and that the tale may thus have had a real foundation."

Again :—

"I come now to a point which appears, to me at least, to be of the highest importance; and shall submit it to the candid judgment of the reader. Among the various titles of the Phrygian goddess, which antiquity has handed down to us, none is more celebrated, and few are more obscure, than that of Berecynthia. To explain it, learned men have had recourse to an expedient which they generally adopt, as I find, when all other resources fail them. Mount Berecynthus, they say, gave its name to the goddess, or else, the goddess Berecynthia gave her name to the mountain. But two assertions of this sort will not support each other, except after the unsatisfactory fashion of the tortoises in the Indian mythology, of whom each upholds the other, and both together the world. Dismissing, therefore, this explanation of the name, I will propose another, which I believe to be the true one. The volume which the Greeks call *Genesis*, the Hebrews themselves call *Bereshith*: naming it so from the two first words with which it commences: *בראשית*. In the beginning.' And it is my belief, that in like manner as Cybele was called *Magna Mater*, *Deus*, *Genetrix*, 'Creation,' so she was also called by her semi-Judaizing worshippers in Phrygia by the well-known and celebrated Jewish name of the creation, *Bereshith*,—a title which the more polished tongues of the Greeks converted into *Berecynthia*. From which (if admitted) it follows, of necessity, and with the clearest evidence, that the book of *Genesis* commenced then, as it commences now, with the same identical two words. I conceive that this is no small point to have rendered probable, on mere pagan testimony, in the general wreck of all

the very ancient literature of the Gentiles. And I should therefore be much gratified to find that the opinion of others respecting it concurred with my own."

As we are unable to go into the whole reasoning, connected as it is in such a way that separation must injure it, we must be content with the foregoing examples of Mr. Talbot's general mode of treating his interesting subjects. The observations upon the worship of *Atin* by the Phrygians are also well worthy of particular attention; but we must conclude by earnestly recommending the entire essay.

No. 2 of *Hermes* is quite equal to its precursor, and that is saying much. We have always entertained the belief that more of the earliest histories of mankind could be learned by the investigation of the remains of the most ancient languages than from any other source; and, though perfectly aware of the thousand phantasies which may beset and bewilder philology, we are nevertheless convinced that the certain establishment of a very few etymologies must be of prodigious importance in detecting the origin and relations of nations, the extent of intercourse among the first communities of man, and the truth of mysteries wrapt in darkness for thousands of years. It is worthy of the enlightened human mind, ambitious of all knowledge, and of maintaining its place in the highest scale of creation, to seek such intelligence with all the energy of an exalted nature. We take the very first word with which this No. begins, as a specimen of the writer's acuteness and learning:—

"Discordia."—All etymologists derive this word from *cor*, the heart. And, no doubt, this explanation is plausible, and has ancient authority in its favour. Yet how awkward a turn it gives to such phrases as the following:—

'Animus secum discordans.'—Cic.

* *Membris humanis adversus ventrem discordantibus.*

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Where the learned are unanimous, it may appear rash to differ from them; yet I cannot help thinking that the origin of the word is totally different, and that it comes from *Xαρδν*—a musical string.—Homer (*Od.* *φ.* 406).

Ὁς ἐστὶν αὐτῆς φερμαγγος πιστάριμος καὶ αὐδῆς

Ρηϊδίως ικανύσσει νηφίφιν πολλοσι χορδήν

Ἄψαξ ἀμφοτέρωθεν ὑστρίθις ὑπέρκειναι αὐτοῦ.

Μεταφωρίσε. Χωδαι. Φειων.

Καὶ οὕτως γὰρ ἐπεὶ οὐκ ἔστιν ἄλλος θεὸς ὡς οὗτος, οὐκ ἔστιν ἄλλος ἄνθρωπος ὡς οὗτος.

ous *Opis*.
 (Erich and Plutarch)

This etymology explains in the most satisfactory manner why *concordare* and *discordare* are so particularly applied to music. They are probably two words borrowed from that dialect of Greek which was spoken in South Italy—*συγχορδία* and *ἀσυγχορδία*. Suidas has a nearly related verb—*ψαλλεσθαι*, to play a false note; to touch the wrong string."

If we had not so much to undo in pursuits of this kind, how much more should we do! Our next example is the common word minister:—

"Minister, a servant.—This is the Masso-Gothic Minnistā, *minimus*. The evident contrast in form between *magister* and *minister* (master and servant), renders it probable that those words mean great and small people. This is the same phrase which occurs so continually

* "When it is said (see Pausanias, quoted at page 37) that the Jewish Story was the daughter of Berous, this again seems allusive to the same name; for the feminine form of Beros will be Bereith. With regard to the introduction of the letter θ in Koesevithia, it was habitual to the Greeks, *Βερεος* ν , δ , and θ , *εὐρησθῆναι* caused. As, *μαλιν, μαλιναν; λαλιν, λαλιναν*, &c."

in the Bible. 'Ahasuerus made a feast unto all the people, both great and small.'—(*Eth. i. 5.*) 'There the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary be at rest: the small and the great are there, and the servant is free from his master.'—(*Job, iii. 19.*) (The latter part of the verse explains the former part.) 'Praise our God, all ye his servants, and ye that fear him, both small and great.'—(*Rev. xix. 5.*) The same contrast is seen in:—'Whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister. And whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant.'—(*Math. xx. 26.*) The Greek word *δουλος*, a servant, hitherto I believe unexplained, is nothing else than a relic of the Latin term *minister*.

Again :—

"*Fanum*, a temple.—From *Fan*, the name of the Supreme Being, in the Mæso-Gothic language. This name has left many deep traces in both the Greek and Roman mythology."

Illustrations of Homer form a distinguished feature in this treatise; and the verbal corrections and restorations are (to us) quite delightful. For instance, the unintelligible phrase *αἰνὰ ποταῖο*—"sea resembling wine," which no sea does resemble, is excellent, as the *αἰνὰ ποταῖο*—the calm uniform sea, "whose face or countenance is one." Also the application to the two Ajaxes, where the same word *αἰνὰ*, held to be an ancient archaic form of the Iath *αἰν*, has in this sense a similar effect in giving great force to the comparison. Mr. Talbot has beautifully illustrated, and, as we think, for the first time rationally explained, the legend of Hercules and Eurytheus, by supposing that Hercules is the purifier of the earth; and the boar of Erymanthus, which he is represented, on ancient vases, as throwing into the *πίθος*, or pit, to Eurytheus, is the impure being, which he is consigning to its judge in Hades, not to a terrified king.

All the other subjects, the Danaïdes, passages in Aristophanes and Callimachus, the war with Veii (an imitation of the Trojan), Avernus, Abaddon, Cenopion, &c. &c., are treated with like ability, but we can only refer to them, and conclude with a few words from our author:—

"I have already said several things in this volume, which I am afraid may not meet with the approval of those who think that what we at present know of antiquity is all that can be known : or who believe that nothing preceded the classic times of Greece, except a period of comparative barbarism. To those, however, who think with me that the Grecian power rose on the ruins of a preceding great and civilised community, no excuse need be offered for pursuing that idea into its natural consequences. Now, I am prepared to shew by a variety of evidence, that the ancient tribes who inhabited the Peloponnesus spoke a dialect resembling the Latin. If then there are many obscurities in the Greek language and mythology, which are capable of being removed by reference to the Latin, no valid objection can be raised against such an explanation, especially when supported by any collateral evidence. With respect to the present point, I think it probable that the notion of the abyss, or bottomless deep, was common to all the mythologies of antiquity ; and that it was supposed to be the dwelling of impious spirits, in which they were tormented. These souls of the wicked were, I think, known in the Pelasgian or old Italian mythology, by the name of the *Dannate* [*antima*] ; and this word I consider to have been the sole origin of the fable of the *Danæides*."

Fisher's Drawing Room Scrap-Book. 1840.
With Poetical Illustrations by L.E.L. and
Mary Howitt. 4to. pp. 68. London,
Fisher, Son, and Co.

THE favourite task of One, whose work on earth is done—the latest strains of L.E.L. enrich and sanctify these pages. They possess an interest too painful for us to dwell upon; and the mingled voices of the living and the dead strike upon us with so agonising a thrill, that they conjure up thoughts all ghastly in image and unnatural in tone, instead of those which might enable us to judge and speak of the volume before us. There is her likeness, simply and exquisitely expressed by the genius of MacIise; pensive, reflective, an alternation of that gay and sprightly mood which equally became her. Alas, alas, we may not trust ourselves with retrospect. A brief essay by William Howitt glances fairly at her writings, and breathes a prayer over her mysterious fate. It is enough for the world.

No fewer than thirty-six plates adorn this year's publication, which in binding and tasteful embellishment forms a casquet worthy to contain these productions of art. Turner, Lealie, Parris, W. L. Leitch, J. Jenkins, E. Corbould, A. Chisholme, H. Room, and J. Hollins, contribute various subjects and portraits; whilst Allom and Bartlett are profuse in Oriental scenes, and Rouillard has given a fine soldier-looking head of Marshal Soult. Others are of Lord Holland, Sir B. Brodie, Lord Byron, and Thomas Clarkson; the last a very characteristic picture, by S. Lane.

The first eight poems are by L.E.L., and the first of them, on "the Interior of a Moorish Palace,"* may be copied as a relic of her brilliant fancy:—

"Hamooda holds a feast to-night—
Fill ye the lamps with fragrant light;
Burn, in the twilight's dewy time;
The mastic, rosemary, and thyme;
And scatter round the festal chamber
Oils from the rose, the musk, the amber.

And bind ye wreaths to hang the room.
The red pomegranate just in bloom,
The tulip, with the purple glow;
That hides the burning heart below:
The crimson rose beside the pale,
And the white jasmine, faint and frail.

Fling ye the silken curtains wide,
With gold restrained—with scarlet dyed,
And let the colours wander o'er
The polished walls—the mowry floor.
The painted glass has hues to vie
With morning's dew or evening's sky.

White are the walls, but o'er them wind
Rich patterns curiously designed.
The Koran's sentences of light,
Where azure, gold, and red unite;
And like their mirrors, fountains play
To lull and cool the burning day.

See the sherbets be cool with mows,
Flavoured with lemon and with rose;
High in pearl baskets pile the grape
So that no purple bloom escape;
Bring ye the sweetmeats, and serve up
The coffee in a golden cup;

Call in the music, hours are long
Unsped by the dance and song;
Prepare the fairest slaves, whose eyes
Are stars to light our human skies;
Gather scents, songs, tales, smiles, and light—
The Bey Hamooda feasts to-night. L.E.L."

From the lines on "Byron at Newstead Abbey," we select only a few stanzas:—

"The youthful poet! here his mind
Was in its boyhood nurtured;
All that impatient soul enshrined
Was here developed first.
What feelings and what thoughts have grown
Amid those cloisters, deep and lone!
Life's best, and yet its worst:
For fiery elements are they,
That mould and make such dangerous clay.

* "The palace, built by Hamooda Pasha, is a magnificent specimen of Moorish architecture."

A thousand gifts the poet hath
Of beauty and delight:
He flingeth round a common path
A glory never common sight
Would find in common hours.
And yet such visionary powers
Are kin to strife and wrath.
The very light with which they glow
But talloth of the fire below.

It is the curse of such a mind
That it can never rest,
Ever its wings upon the wind
In some pursuit are preest:
And either the pursuit is vain,
Or, if its object it attain,
It was not worth the quest:
Yet from the search it cannot cease,
And fold its plumes, and be at peace."

The "Shrine and Grotto of Santa Rosalia," the niece of William the Good, who, at the age of fifteen, retired from the court of Palermo to a life of seclusion and solitude among the mountains, offers us the following just reflections:—

"Hers must have been a life of dreams,
Exalted and sustained,
By that enthusiastic faith
Which such a victory gained.
Yet hold I not such sacrifice
Is for the Christian's creed:
I question of its happiness—
I question of its need.
God never made a world so fair,
To leave that world a void,
Nor scattered blessings o'er our path,
Unless to be enjoyed.
Look round—the vales are sweet with flowers,
The woods are sweet with song:
The soul, uplifted with their joy,
Says, such joy is not wrong.
Divine its origin—divine
The faith it keeps alive:
Not with the beautiful and true
Should human nature strive.
Each fine sense gifted with delight,
Was to the spirit given,
That, conscious of a better state,
It might believe in heaven."

Of Mary Howitt's contributions we may state that they do not detract from her well-earned fame. The difference between writing on themes suggested by your own mind and to illustrate subjects given by others, on which you are called to exercise your talents, has, in some cases, and especially where the lively has been attempted, diminished her success; but the whole does honour to her muse. No one ever overcame these difficulties like L.E.L.; she adopted the hint as if it had originated with herself, and lavished upon it, no matter what the splendours of poetical imagining, or the deep gushes of natural feeling. But we ought not to institute comparisons. On the contrary, we would select Mary Howitt's lines on "The Burial-ground at Sidon" to shew how worthy she is of the association of this Book:—

"The dead are every where!
The mountain-side; the plain; the woods profound;
All the wide earth—the fertile and the fair,
Is one vast burial-ground!

Within the populous street;
In solitary homes; in places high;
In pleasure-domes where pomp and luxury meet,
Men bow themselves to die.

The old man at his door;
The unweaned child murmuring its wordless song;
The bondman and the free; the rich, the poor;
All, all to death belong!

The sunlight glides the walls
Of kindly sepulchres enwrought with brass;
And the long shadow of the cypress falls
Athwart the common grass.

The living of gone time
Builded their glorious cities by the sea,
And awful in their greatness sat sublime,
As if no change could be.

There was the eloquent tongue;
The poet's heart; the age's soul was there;
And loving women with their children young,
The faithful and the fair.

They were, but they are not;
Suns rose and set, and earth put on her bloom,
Whilst man, submitting to the common lot,
Went down into the tomb.

And still amid the wrecks
Of mighty generations passed away,
Earth's boomest growth, the fragrant wild-flower, decks
The tombs of yesterday.

And in the twilight deep,
Go veiled women forth, like her who went,
Sister of Lazarus, to the grave to weep,
To breathe the low lament.

The dead are every where!
Where'er is love, or tenderness, or faith;
Where'er is power, pomp, pleasure, pride; where'er
Life is or was, is death!"

As another example of her talent we will conclude by adding the piece on so unpromising a matter for the "poet's dream" as a view of Newcastle, and entitled by her "A City Street."

"I love the fields, the woods, the streams,
The wild-flowers fresh and sweet,
And yet I love no less than these,
The crowded city-street;
For haunts of man, where'er they be,
Awake my deepest sympathy.

I see within the city-street
Life's most extreme estates,
The gorgeous domes of palaces;
The prison's doleful grates;
The hearths by household virtues blest,
The dens that are the serpent's nest.

I see the rich man, proudly fed,
And richly clothed, pass by;
I see the shivering, homeless wretch,
With hunger in his eye;
For life's severest contrasts meet
For ever in the city-street!

And lofty, princely palaces—
What dreary deeds of woe,
What untold, mortal agonies
Their arras chambers know!
Yet is without all smooth and fair,
As heaven's blue dome of summer air!

And even the portliest citizen,
Within his doors doth hide
Some household grief, some secret care,
From all the world beside:
It ever was—it must be so,
For human heritage is woe!

Hence is it that a city-street
Can deepest thought impart,
For all its people, high and low,
Are kindred to my heart;
And with a yearning love I share
In all their joy, their pain, their care!"

We shall now only repeat that the embellishments are numerous, beautifully executed, various, and interesting.

Memoirs of His Own Time; including the Revolution, the Empire, and the Restoration.
By Lieut.-General Count Mathieu Dumas.
2 vols. 8vo. London, 1839. Bentley.

Two generations are included in the *Memoirs* of General Dumas; and events, almost unexampled in the history of mankind from the earliest records to his own times. Much he witnessed, much he experienced, and much he has preserved for our information and edification. That the tone and manner are those which smack a little of garrulity and age, while they do not detract from the value of the facts, they unquestionably enhance the entertaining quality of the narrative. The spice of egotism seasons the description of historical events, and the *quorum pars magna fui* is quite a treat throughout the Buonaparte period. To Segur and Thiers, General Dumas accords the praises due for their substantial and valuable contributions to the history of a considerable portion of the time which he occupies; and he also points out to contempt the multitude of trashy contemporaneous memoirs which have been hack jobs and inventions to perplex and mystify the truth. Born about 1755, at Montpelier, M. Dumas was old enough to join the army in 1773, and to accompany the French expedition to America in 1780. The opening of this Pandora box, fraught with such terrible retribution to France, is noticed in a manner singularly interesting:—

"The French government (says M. Dumas), which, ever since the peace of 1763, and the

loss of the fine colony of Canada, bore with impatience the humiliating conditions which it had been compelled to accept, after a war which was equally disastrous and ill-conducted, saw with secret joy the flourishing colonies of England ready to emancipate themselves; it desired their success, and favoured their efforts. Its assistance, though not yet avowed, had excited the warmest remonstrances on the part of England. Louis XVI., since his accession to the throne, had devoted all his care to the re-establishment of the navy. Great armaments were prepared in the arsenals of Brest and Toulon. French officers, whose ardour had become impatient of a long peace, went to America, where they were received in the ranks of the insurgents. The young Marquis de la Fayette was one of the first to give an example of the most generous attachment to the cause of American independence, as soon as it had been proclaimed. He had fitted out a man-of-war at his own expense, and gone as a volunteer to join the army of General Washington, if not with the permission, at least with the approbation, of the king and his ministers, who could not be ignorant of so decisive a step. The Marshal de Castries caused a proposal to be made to me, to accompany M. de la Fayette, with some other officers. I eagerly accepted the proposal, but it was too late. The government, whose interest it was still to dissemble the succour it afforded, stopped for some time this kind of emigration. The war between the two rival maritime powers was imminent, but the preparations were still covered with a mysterious veil. A train of field artillery intended for the insurgents had been prepared at the arsenal of Douay, and was to pass through Dunkirk to be embarked at Ostende. It is well known that there was at that time an English commissioner at Dunkirk, whose business it was to see that the works and fortifications of that port, which were destroyed according to the most shameful article of the peace of 1763, were not restored. We had been and were still obliged to endure this disgrace, and to conceal from Mr. Frazer the arrival and departure of this artillery. The remonstrances of that officer, if he had been immediately informed of the passage of this train and the place to which it had been sent, would have embarrassed the commander-in-chief. The Count de Puysegur, in order to prevent difficulties, which at least would have been unreasonable, invited Mr. Frazer to dine with him, to meet the principal officers of the garrison. I was deputed to take care that no message should reach the English commissioner, and to detain him as long as possible, by spinning out the conversation on professional subjects. I acted this mortifying part as well as I could, but with secret vexation. The convoy passed through the town at the beginning of the night and was sent to Ostende. The English commissioner was, or pretended to be, ignorant of it."

But the remote epoch of the American war is not so much calculated to interest our readers as some of the later revelations respecting the consequent infection of France and the progress of her bloody revolution. We pass, therefore, for our illustrations of this valuable work to the time when the various castes of revolutionists strove for the mastery in Paris to overthrow rival factions, and, according to their peculiar views, to modify the government of the country with the power in their own hands. The king's ministry had given in their famous report of the state of the nation, and resigned; and General Dumas, who was a prominent member of the National Assembly, tells us:—

"The Assembly, being sufficiently informed by the speeches of the members, and the reports of the ministers, closed the debate on the question itself, and turned its attention merely to the form of the declaration of the danger of the country; it was decided on the motion of Hérault de Séchelles, that this spontaneous act of the legislative body should not be subject to the king's sanction; therefore, after having decreed that no time was to be lost, the president put on his hat and pronounced these words:—*Citizens! the country is in danger!*" Yes, doubtless, the danger was imminent for all Frenchmen, but too certain for the unhappy prince, whose ruin, which was resolved upon, would lead to that of the constitution. The danger, however, was not yet inevitable, at least as respected the personal safety of the king and his family. Louis XVI. had full time, and the hour was come for him, to abandon the capital, governed by a faction, which had just disclosed its fatal projects, and to leave that palace where the royal majesty had been already profaned with impunity, and which was guarded by only a small number of troops, brave and faithful soldiers it is true, but foreigners, whom the factions had easily rendered suspected in the eyes of the deluded people. In these awful circumstances, the true friends of liberty and of the monarchical constitution wished that the king should, in concert with them, put himself in a situation to be sheltered from the storm which they had not been able to avert. The Duke de la Rochefoucauld Liancourt proposed to transfer the royal residence to Rouen, and to take advantage of the good spirit manifested by all the inhabitants of Normandy as well as by those of the northern provinces. General Lafayette offered the king a still safer asylum, more worthy of the royal dignity, by urging him to repair to the army, to take the command of it in person, and to lead it against the enemy, while the constituted authorities should gradually deliver themselves from the yoke of the Jacobins, and restore order and confidence, dispelling the delusion of the people by this unanimous proof of the king's intentions. Every thing was prepared for the execution of this project, the secret of which had been intrusted to me, as well as to several of my friends. A great number of the members of our side, about sixty, were ready to concur in it, and the majority of the Assembly would have soon followed us. General Lafayette, under the pretext of a reinforcement of cavalry to the army of the Moselle, had sent to Compiègne two regiments of chasseurs, commanded by Alexander Lameth. The king, without passing the limits prescribed by the constitution, might have, in a few hours, reached Compiègne. He could not be followed by any organised force; all the rest out of the walls of Paris was but a contemptible band. Thus the royal family would be safe from any attempt, under the protection of the army; the king might have convoked the assembly in his new place of residence, he would have made known his just motives, he would have rallied all good citizens round him; lastly, his most devoted friends would have been obliged to come to him, and to seek in the French camp an asylum against persecution. This at least was, under the circumstances, the only means of saving the constitutional monarchy; and, whatever events might have succeeded, was it not saving the country and liberty, which were on the brink of a precipice? We flattered ourselves in vain with attempting this perilous but only means of safety: nothing could overcome the repugnance of the king, and still more of the queen, to trust themselves

to Lafayette. Nothing could change their resolution, not to venture on any extraordinary measure, and to resign themselves to the decrees of Providence. The memory of Louis XVI. has been calumniated, by supposing that that unfortunate prince reckoned on the assistance of foreigners, and that he expected his deliverance from the probable success of an invasion: this is an absurdity. The affair of the 20th of June could not leave him any doubt of the fatal issue of such an event, the bare threat of which sufficed to ruin him. Inoffensive, mild, and religious, Louis XVI. felt a horror of civil war. He thought that it was his duty to oppose to the enemies of the crown only passive courage. I have said elsewhere, and I am convinced, after all the testimony which I have been able to collect, that he had been obliged to fly with his family at the time of his journey to Varennes, only by being persuaded that when he had retired to a frontier town, without any connivance with foreigners, or with an armed party in the interior, he would be in an independent position, and free to accept and to refuse such or such an article of the constitution. It was a false calculation, and at all events an act of great imprudence, but it was also the error of a pure conscience. The same motives, the same prejudices, influenced the king on this occasion, and unhappily he was confirmed in his determination by his most intimate counsellors. The latter saw with satisfaction the weakness of the constitutional party, and wished for its defeat; this party was in their eyes the true obstacle to the restoration of the royal authority; it was the enemy with which no compact should be ever made; their inconsiderate zeal despised every other danger, the most violent provoked an explosion. Though we were well acquainted with these dispositions of the court, and the weak means of intrigue, corruption, and police which were employed to support them, we still flattered ourselves that we should be able to prevail over infatuated courtiers, who could not judge so well as ourselves of the extent and imminence of the danger. I hoped that the king would yield at length to the new entreaties of General Lafayette, but I was completely undeceived by the Count de Puysegur, formerly minister of war, one of the most faithful and enlightened friends of Louis XVI. I had necessarily confided to his honourable friendship the secret, which was still profoundly kept, of the enterprise which we contemplated. He thought with me that it was the only remaining chance of saving the king; but he took from me all hope of success. 'Never,' said he, 'will you induce the royal family to confide to Lafayette a power resembling that of the ancient constables of the kingdom, and thus place their own fate and that of France in his hands. The queen opposes it absolutely; Madame Elizabeth objects from religious motives; Baron de Vioménil, whose presumption and intrepidity you well know, undertakes with the Swiss guards alone, not only to defend the palace, but also to drive into the suburb all the insurgent mob, which, he says, might easily have been dispersed, if once vigorous measures had been adopted.' While the terrified court neglected our advice, rejected our aid, and gave itself up to rash counsels, the Jacobins were swelling their ranks with a great number of federalists, whom the popular societies had sent to Paris to be present at the fête of the 14th of July, and who were afterwards to go to the camp of Soissons. Their presence excited terror in the families of the citizens, and even in the assembly. The con-

spirators shewed more insolence. The attempt of the 20th of June was celebrated by them as a first victory. They prepared a scandalous triumph for the faithless magistrate who had been the hero of it. The suspension of the mayor, Pétion, which the directory of the department had so justly pronounced on the 6th of July, and which the king had confirmed on the 11th, was revoked on the 13th by a decree of the Legislative Assembly. We were compelled to endure this manifest violation of the constitution. The impunity of this great crime was illegally proclaimed in the name of the law, and the judges who had prosecuted the investigation into it were accused of having neglected their duty. The last mask was now thrown aside; the petitioners contended with each other in audacity and insolence, being encouraged by the applause of the galleries, which were chiefly filled by the federalists. The fermentation was extreme, and we had reason to fear that the 14th of July was the day intended for a great catastrophe."

The results are well known; and soon after we read:

"The Place Vendôme was filled with the crowd which followed the wretches who carried heads on the ends of their pikes. Above all I beheld, with horror, very young men, even children, playing with heads, throwing them into the air, and receiving them on the ends of their sticks. This passed but a short time before the discharge of fire-arms in the attack and the assault of the palace of the Tuileries. At the first cannon-shot, the crowd which filled the Place Vendôme and choked up the Rue Saint-Honoré dispersed and fled in all directions. Soon afterwards cries of victory were heard, and the mass of people flowed back with the same precipitation, pressing about the environs of the hall. A little later, in the midst of this tumult, we saw the famous Téroigne, on horseback, in a scarlet riding habit, followed by a great number of workmen, carrying ropes and all sorts of tools. She rode round the statue of Louis XIV., insulting the great monarch, and crying, 'Fall, tyrant!'

The inviolability of the persons of the deputies, though it had already been infringed, was a matter in which all the members of the Assembly had a common interest, however unable it had been to maintain this constitutional privilege. In the midst of this confusion, notwithstanding the dispersion of a great number of our friends, we had still the right, and perhaps also the duty, of completing the fulfilment of our trust, in concurring by our counsels in the defence of the territory. Theodore Lameth and myself entered the hall on the side of the Jacobins, since called the Mountain; on that side the benches were closely filled; those on which we usually sat were, on the contrary, very empty.* As we crossed the hall, we met and almost ran against Robespierre, who, coming out of the bar with some petitioners, was passing in a contrary direction, to enjoy the honours of the sitting at the summit of the Mountain. We had scarcely taken our usual places, when Merlin de Thionville, with whom, notwithstanding the extravagance of his opinions, I have never ceased to be connected by mutual esteem, gave me a proof of probity, which I take pleasure in recording here. He ventured to come and seat himself between us. 'Why are you come here?' said he; 'do you

* After all that had passed during the preceding days, the reproach directed by some prejudiced writers against the constitutional party, which was attacked, pursued, and dispersed by the assassins of the faction, is unquestionably a manifest injustice." The author belonged to this party.

know to what you expose yourselves? Look at those demagogues.' 'We come to do our duty; to take the new oath which is required, and to sit till the close of the session.' 'Well, then, wait only a quarter of an hour; you will ascend the tribune; and when you have taken the oath, do not stay a moment in your seats, and then endeavour to slip away.' We followed his advice, and retired by the passages behind the bureau of the president. If I were writing the history of the Revolution, I should here have to draw the dark picture of the ruins of the social fabric, and of the greatest disorder into which any nation has ever fallen. I should have to shew, first, the national representation usurping all the powers constituted by the fundamental law, and abdicating the exercise of them by the illegal convocation of a Convention. I should then have to analyse the acts of this Assembly during the forty days in which it survived itself; acts by which, borne down as it was under the ruins of the constitution which it had overthrown, it proved that it was now but the instrument of the sanguinary faction which domineered over it, and dictated its decrees. The Girondins endeavoured, in vain, to seem to direct, in the storm, the dismantled vessel of the state. Their tardy moderation rendered them suspected by the new power which rose above them. The constitutional party was proscribed and disdained; the Girondins were attacked; domiciliary visits were made in the houses of some of them, and especially in that of Brissot. The hall of the Assembly and the bureaux were an asylum for them also. I remember that, having come one morning, very early, to the place where the united legislative and military committees held their sittings, I was very much astonished at finding Condorcet lying under the table. It was, I believe, on the 13th of August, the very day on which he proposed the famous address to the French people, which was a historical and philosophical review of all the late events, and all the acts of the Legislative Assembly, from the commencement of the session to the 10th of August inclusive—a memoir in justification of the policy of the Girondins, and of all the violations which they had proposed or tolerated to attain the object which escaped them.

"The first news of the taking of Longwy and Verdun had excited the greatest exasperation. We learnt every day the arrest, the condemnation, the execution of persons, whom the search made in the palace and in private houses had implicated, or even rendered suspected. I was informed by a member of the committee of surveillance of the Assembly that I had been again denounced to that of the commune. D'Espinassy, whom I had consulted, urged me to quit the Assembly before the end of August, because the inflammatory speeches in the clubs, and in the sections, and especially in the public and numerous meetings of the commune of Paris, left no doubt that a great insurrection was at hand. I did not see any necessity for making any change in my usual way of life. I had, however, taken the precaution to send out of my house a very intelligent postilion, in whom I could place entire confidence. I had given him a cabriolet and two good horses, permitting him to go on the stand, and to let them for his own profit, promising to give him the two horses as a reward, if he would take me out of Paris when I should give him notice. I advised him to attend his section, to get acquainted with the most ardent patriots, to provide himself with all the certificates which might be useful to him, and to come sometimes during the night, to give me an account of what

he had seen and heard. I have already said that I had left the house of my father-in-law, M. Delarue, because the famous Hebert, member of the commune of Paris, who governed my section, was one of those who had denounced me."

[To be continued.]

Fruits of Reflection. A Discursive Poem.
8vo. pp. 67. London, 1839. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

THERE is no name upon the title-page of this volume; but its purpose is so excellent, its im-
culcations so benevolent, and its poetic feeling so laudable, that we should consider it an act of injustice in a literary journalist to aid in concealing the author.—Mr. Webb Hall, whose agricultural paper at the British Association has so recently demanded the public acknowledgment. Mr. Hall's active philanthropy upon these and other occasions deserves our warm praise; and gratified should we be, if we could believe that the praise so bestowed might lead others to imitate his useful and humane example, whether in the cultivation of the field or the cultivation of the muse. But our business here is not panegyric, but criticism; and we turn to the *Fruits of Reflection*, truly designated as "a discursive poem." It is discursive, yet the same amiability and love of kind inspirits every part: it is altogether consistent in discountenancing evil, and enforcing good. Peace, and harmony, and good-will, are opposed to war, and discord, and animosity. It is shewn how much more blessed the condition of mankind would be, if a stoke of the pains were taken to diffuse happiness around the sphere of each individual which are taken to plunder, to annoy, and to oppress. The golden rule is indeed expanded in every precept; and joyful would it be, even in this vale of tears, were that rule in its integrity, the inculcations of Mr. Hall, or the concordant principles of the Christian religion, more thought of and practised than they unfortunately are among the pretenders to humanity and the professors of Christianity.

The prominent quality of the poem is not imagination, but, as we have intimated, natural feeling: of which the following may be selected as a pleasing specimen:—

"Oh! were it mine, with sky-lark melody,
Upward to soar, and on as strong a wing,
To rise as high in the blue vault of heaven's
To sing as sweetly as the ascending bird;
To praise as fervently its great First Cause,
And to attract, in the same heavenly course,
The uplifted eye fatigued by following;
Thence to return to an undecorated home,
Pursue the duties of appointed lot,
And rise again at the approach of morn.
To sound the notes of cheerfulness and praise:
Then would I scan with strictest scrutiny
Th' effects of evil in the world below,
And trace the causes upward to their source,
And strive again to root the noxious weed,
And deeply mark its broad deformity
Both far and wide for public infamy.
Oh! I would then pursue with eager step
The various causes of the maladies,
Daily and nightly, which afflict mankind;
And make the habitation of the world
Of such fair form, so beautifully made,
Disturb'd 'tis true by elemental strife,
Prolific source of sin's deformity."

On Education (next to the absolute supply of physical wants), that most momentous of all subjects, propounded for the future improvement of our social state, Mr. Webb Hall utters only a few, but they are sound, notes:—

"Oh, then, my country—what remains to pass
Thy faithfulness to rectitude and God?
—Much still; but what no governments can give,
Subjects must earn the happiness they know.
Thy youthful trains must educated be,
The diff'rence great, 'twixt right and wrong must learn,
Employment still and industry, must show

The happiness which these alone can give.
The doom divine which man must ever feel,
By labour still to eat his daily bread,
Beneficent, in anger though it fell,
The sentence of our God and Father provid.

"Our bliss is ever of the social kind;
Man leaves on man: 'tis a divine decree;
From earliest infancy the debt begins;
Hark—to the infant's cries the mother wakes;
—The mother—who the precious gift forgets?
Who can forget her long continuous toil?
Which foster'd all our infancy and youth,
If pass'd not over to a ruder hand:
The various kindness which her hand convey'd,
Full well I trace in vivid memory's store;
Full well I recollect her constant care:
Oh, may it ne'er be lost while life-blood warms!
Brothers and sisters too, a common tie,
Foster the feeling which mankind should know;
Birds of one nest, unlike the feather'd tribe,
Expanded ether should not part the claim."

Against War our poet breathes his abhorrence:—

"But to describe the various stains of war,
Except to blot them, pains the memory;
And to become familiar with the scenes
Lessens the horror which the mind should feel.
A glory false has long conspired to save
The subject terrible from dire disgrace,
And cast a halo round the forms engadg'd,
Worthy,—of a nobler work.
To dissipate th' inveterate prejudice;
To shew unmask'd the noxious hateful course;
To paint the cruelty which flows from war,
And all the aggravations it records,
Would well reward and dignify a mind,
The best and noblest which the world contains.
To advocate humanity—the cause
In which the best of men have spent their lives,
Is admirable, wise, and truly great.
To stem the torrent of opposing throings,
By means still pure—still capable to stand,
A scrutiny, ev'n in the last dread hour,
Is surely brave—is surely honourable!
Let it not be thought, that the true courage
Of the exalted mind is lost in him
Who advocates the soul, calmly possess'd;
Proof against sneer or cutting ridicule:
That fears to give offence against his God,
'T is true: but fears not still the consequence
Which man can shew: O! surely this is brave!!"

And after all—the life spent well or ill—how true the following:—

"O death! destroyer of the human frame,
And its refiner: how dost thou advance,
Even to mortal eyes, thy choicest sons,
And lower sink thy sons degenerate."

And with this we close the volume. The style bears some resemblance to Akenside, but we will not say that its beauties of composition are at all equal to its beauties in sentiment and principle.

The Book of the Thousand Nights and One Night; from the Arabic of the Egyptian MS. as edited by W. Hay Macnaghen, Esq., B.C.S. Done into English by Henry Torrens, B.C.S., B.A., and of the Inner Temple. Vol. I. 8vo. pp. 540. 1838. (Calcutta, Thacker and Co.; London, Allen and Co.)

WHILE we are delighting in the Noe. of Mr. Lane's excellent version of these immortal tales, we are not sorry to see a *curiosum* edition. Any thing that will induce us to renew, as far as they can be renewed, the pleasurable feelings of our youth, when first the "Thousand and One Nights" made a garden at eve, in which the Greek and Latin lessons for the morning were forgotten, or postponed to the latest moment, to be learned in time for the watchful master; any thing to steal us from the wearisome business and matter-of-fact of every-day life, and convince us that fancy though dulled, and imagination though withered, have still an existence within our bosoms; any thing to withdraw us from steam, and bores, and railroads, and chattering, and hurry, and jostling, to repose on the Oriental luxuries of humour, adventure, beauty, poetry, magic, and supernatural creations, is welcome as water to the thirsty traveller in the desert. To be always strung with

usefulness is enough to bend men double to the very earth: let us, therefore, be happy in every opportunity to relax the bow, and stand upright, with our faces enjoying the heavens.

The MS. whence this translation is "done"—and very well done it is, with few errors to call for critical notice—"was brought to this country by the late Major Turner Macan, the editor of the 'Shah Namuh,' who purchased it from the heirs of Mr. Salt, long British consul in Egypt. After Major Macan's death, it became the property of the publishers of this volume, and the printing an edition from it was undertaken by that firm, the work being edited by Mr. Macnaghten of the Bengal Civil Service. This MS. contains the full number of the 1001 Nights, with many tales entirely new to European readers. It is interspersed with poetry, which possesses in the original much merit, and the style in which it is written has been considered, by the best Arabic scholars in this country, to be singularly pure and excellent."

Mr. Torrens determined on translating it, keeping as literally as he could to the Arabic, and versifying as correctly as he could all the poetry of the original. In these features consist the claims of his work to interest the public; and the vast difference between it and M. Galland's free imitation, is very striking. In retaining the poetry another novelty deserves our praise, for we find it throughout extremely characteristic, and often extremely beautiful, in thought and imagery. In other respects, Mr. T. observes:—

"The admiration of beauty inherent in the Arab, his innate voluptuousness, and his license of expression, have obliged me to omit portions of these tales, in which the style of description is more accurate than delicate; while the habit of devotional feeling common to the Moslems at large, and exhibiting itself in pious ejaculations and prayer on every possible occasion, rendered it needful to dispense with a translation of certain words, the constant use of which would appear to European readers rather irreverent than devout."

"Considerable progress had been made with this volume, before it came to my knowledge that Mr. Lane himself meditated a translation of the 'One Thousand and One Nights' from a MS. said to be not inferior to that from which this version is rendered. I need hardly say that had I, at an earlier date, been aware of this intention, I might have hesitated before I undertook the work in open rivalry to so competent a translator. But having, when this reached me, done so much that little remained to do, and observing that Mr. Lane announced, as part of his design, the omission of the greater portion of the poetry of the original, I did not oppose the desire of the spirited publishers of this volume that I should complete it."

In the tales new to us are some relating to the crusades, which fixes a date to at least a portion of these compositions. In the spelling we have again corrections, which the writer defends as necessary, but which continue the trouble and uncertainty which has too long prevailed in this respect, and considerably affected the taste for Eastern literature. Thus the Koran is Qoran; the caliph, khuleef; the vizier, vuzeer; the three kalendars, three qurundeels; Bagdad, Bhugdad; Harem, Hureem, &c. &c. Fifty of the nights are contained in the first volume; according to which proportion, there should be twenty volumes in all.

As a specimen of the style we select the following part, relating to "Ubdool Mulik Bin Murwan" who (we are told in a note) was "the fifth khuleef of the race of Omueeyah, and who

commenced his reign A.H. 65 (A.D. 685), and extended the Mooslim power to Spain, and to the confines of Hindostan. The monarch in the tale is, of course, an imaginary personage, but the story itself, now for the first time translated, is curious, as entering upon details of the wars between the Mooslims and the Christians. The author has jumbled together the exploits of the early Mooslims against the Syrian Christians, with the wars of the crusades, and has bestowed upon the Emperor of Constantinople the name of an ancient Persian monarch, Fureedoon, the conqueror of Zohak. The detail of the peculiar armour of the Christians, with the surcoat over it, and the mention of 'Frankish pirates,' a probable allusion to the Normans, give some clue to the period about which the tale was written."

The story itself commences thus:—

"This is not more wondrous than the tale of the King 'Oomr Bin Na'man, and his son Shurkun, and his son Zool'ul Mukap, and what came to pass to them of things wondrous and strange.' Said the king, 'And what was their story?' She replied, 'They relate, oh, mighty king! that there was in the city of safety, Bughdad, before the khuleefut of U'bdool Mulik Bin Murwan, a king who was called 'Oomr Bin Na'man, and he was of the tyrants, the mighty ones, and he had subdued the kings of the Kosroos, and the Kaisars, and, so he was, that there was no bringing fire near him—his heart extinguished it, nor could any one surpass him in the battle-field: and when he was angered there came forth from his nostrils sparks of fire, and he had made himself king over all quarters, and the Lord had given him all his servants, and his command had penetrated into all cities, and his armies had reached the most distant lands, and the east and the west had entered into his rule, and whatsoever was comprised in India, and Sind, and China, and the land of Hijaz, and the country of Tumun, and the islands of India, and China, and the country of the north, and Diyar Bukr, and the land of the Negroes, and the islands of the seas, and whatso is in the earth from the rising of the day like as Sihoon, and Jihoon, and Nile, and Euphrates, and he sent his messengers to cities most remote to bring him the truth of men's report and condition. Then returned they to him, and told him of justice, and obedience, and honesty, and of prayers for the Sultan 'Oomr Bin Na'man. This was so, and 'Oomr Bin Na'man, oh, king of the age! of noble race was he! they used to bear him presents, and rarities, and sums to expend from every place. Now, he had a son whose name was Shurkun, and he was likest of men to him, and had arisen a misfortune among the calamities of the time, and subdued the brave, and excelled his contemporaries. So his father loved him with exceeding love—there could no greater be, and destined him heir to the kingdom after himself. Now Shurkun grew until he reached to man's estate, and his age became twenty years: then God gave him all his servants as a possession, for the excess of boldness was his, and cruelty. Now his father, 'Oomr Bin Na'man, had four wives by contract, and by law, but he was not enriched by them with a son save Shurkun, and he was by one of them, and the rest were childless; he got not a son by one of them. And with these had he three hundred and sixty concubines for the number of the days of the year of the Copts, and these concubines were of all nations, and he had built for every one of them a private chamber, and these chambers were within the palace, for he had built twelve mansions to the number of the months of the year,

and made in every mansion thirty private chambers; thus the sum of the private chambers was three hundred and sixty, and he lodged these handmaids in them, and appointed a night for each damsel, and came not again to her for a full year, and he abode thus a long period of time. Now his son Shurkun was renowned in all quarters, and his father rejoiced in him, and his might increased; so he grew violent and masterful, and conquered fortresses and towns. Now so it was by order of that was decreed that a damsel among the handmaids of 'Oomr Bin Na'man became pregnant, and her pregnancy was announced, and the king was informed of that; so he rejoiced with exceeding joy, and said, 'Perchance my offspring and my generation may be all of them males!' So he dated the day of her pregnancy, and kept treating her with distinction. Now Shurkun learned that, and the matter seemed to him a heavy one and a mighty one, and he said, 'One hath come to tear the sovereignty from me.' And he said in his soul, 'If this damsel bear a male child I will slay him!' And he concealed that intention in his heart. This now was what was in the matter of Shurkun, but for what happened in the matter of the damsel, truly she was a Roumish girl, and the king of Roum, and lord of Caesarea, had sent her as a present, and despatched with her great store of rarities; and her name was Sufeeh; and she was loveliest of the damsels, and she was the handsomest salaried, and the most esteemed, and she was mistress of sense, and wisdom, and loveliness even most excellent. Now she had waited on the king the night he rested with her, and said to him, 'Oh, king! I desire of Heaven this night that truly he enrich thee with a male child by me, that I may bring him up fairly, and bring him to man's estate in knowledge of Him, and in His keeping.' And the king was pleased, and marvelled at that speech. Now it ceased not to be after that fashion, till her months were completed, and she sat upon the chair of child-birth; and she, in the time of her pregnancy, at prayers would arise and make fair orisons, and pray the Almighty that he would grant her a perfect male child, and make her child-birth easy to her, and the Almighty acceded to her prayers. Now the king had deputed an eunuch with her to bring him tidings of what she should bring forth, whether a male infant or a female; and in like way did also his son Shurkun send one to let him know that. Now when Sufeeh brought forth that which was born, the wise women examined it, and they found it a daughter with face more beautiful than the moon. So they informed those that were present of it, and the messenger of the king returned, and gave him the tidings, and in like manner did the messenger of Shurkun take him that same news; and he rejoiced with exceeding joy. Now when the eunuch departed, said Sufeeh to the wise women, 'Wait awhile for me, for truly 'tis as if there were somewhat else yet.' And she cried out, and the pains of child-birth came upon her, and the Lord made it easy to her, and she bore a second birth. So the wise women looked at it, and found it a male child, even like the full moon, with forehead flowery white, and cheek ruddy, rose-tinted; and the damsel was glad by reason of him, and the eunuch, and the whole train of servants, and every one that was present. So Sufeeh was freed of her burden, and they sent forth the cry of joy in the palace, and the rest of the damsels heard that, and they envied her; and the tidings reached 'Oomr Bin Na'man.

Now he rejoiced, and asked for gratulation, and arose, and went forth, and kissed her head, and looked at the child that was born: then bent he over him, and kissed him, and the damsels struck the tabors, and played on the instruments of music, and the king gave order that they should name the child that was born Zoo'ool Mukân, and his sister Nuzhut Ul Zumân. Now they did like as the king ordered, and answered, 'To hear is to obey.' And the king set apart for them those that should serve them, and eunuchs, and a train of domestics, and nurses; and assigned allowances for them of sugar, and diet drinks, and oils, and else beside of whatsoever is eatable beyond the power of tongue to rehearse it. Now the people of Baghdâd heard of how the Almighty had enriched the king with offspring, and they decked out the city, and the bearers of glad tidings knocked at the doors; and the great men, and the ministers, and the lords of the state, came forward and gave the king joy, even 'Oomr Bin Na'man, of his son Zoo'ool Mukân, and his daughter Nuzhut Ul Zumân. So the king thanked them for that and gave them dresses of honour, and shewed much kindness to them in gifts, and treated all that were present fairly, both private men and public, and gave not over after this fashion till four days were passed. Now after every little space of the year, would he ask after Sufeeh and her children; and at the end of four years, he gave order to take to her jewels, and robes, and raiments, and money, even a very great matter, and he intrusted her with their education and their good instruction. All this was so, and the son of the king, even Shurkun, knew not that his father 'Oomr Bin Na'man had got a male child, and knew not that he had got any save Nuzhut Ul Zumân; and they concealed from him the tidings of Zoo'ool Mukân until days and years were passed, and he was occupied in engaging the bold, and sallying against the horsemen. Now, meanwhile, as the king 'Oomr Bin Na'man was sitting on a day among days, lo! the chamberlains came in to him, and kissed the earth before him, and said, 'Oh, king! there hath reached us messengers from the King of Roum, Lord of Constantinople, the Great, and they desire entry to thee, and to take orders before thee: so even as the king shall order for their entry, either we will let them in, or not, for there is no disputing his command.' Now, upon that he allowed them to enter, and when they came in, he stepped to them, and embraced them, and asked them of their condition, and what was the cause of their coming. So they kissed the earth before him, and said, 'Oh, king! the glorious lord of lofty honour, know that he that sent us to thee is the King Fureedoon, Lord of the cities of Greece and the armies of Christendom, he that is established in the sovereignty of Constantinople, to let thee know that he is indeed now waging fierce war with an obstinate tyrant, and he is Lord of Caesarea: and the reason for that is, that it fell out one of the Arab kings, in ancient time, met with, in one of his conquests, a hoard of the age of Alexander. So he removed therefrom wealth past computing, and in the mass of that he found in it were three jewels of rounded shape of the size of ostrich eggs, and they are from a mine of jewels unullied, such as one could not find the like to look on, and each pearl is graven in the Greek character with matters that are mysteries, and they have virtues and properties even in great number. Now, among their properties is that whatsoever child that is born that shall have one of these jewels hung upon

him, then shall no evil befall him so long as the jewel remain attached to him, and he shall not cry, nor shall fever ail him. Now when he laid hands upon them, and fell in with them, and knew what were their mysteries, he sent an offering to the King Fureedoon of certain rarities and money, and among the sum of them the three jewels; and he equipped two vessels, the one had in it valuables, and the other even to guard that present from whosever should interrupt it on the sea. Now the king was well assured in his soul that there was not one able to detain his vessel, especially as he was king of the Arabs, and the course of the ship in which were the presents was in the sea which was under the sovereignty of the King of Constantinople, and she was bound to him: and there were on the shores of that sea none save the subjects of the king that is greatest, Fureedoon. Now, when the two ships were equipped, they voyaged until they neared our cities; then came forth upon them certain pirate-ships from that land, and in them troops from about the Lord of Caesarea. So he, the pirate, took and got together whatsoever was in the two ships of rarities, and money, and the stores, and the three jewels, and they slew the men. Now that news came up to the king, and he sent against them an army, and they routed it; and he sent against them a second army, stronger than the first, and they put it to flight also. So upon that the king was angered, and swore that he would not go forth against them save in his own person and the whole of his army, and that he would surely not turn from them, till he should leave Caesarea of Armenia ruined, and leave her land and all the towns over which her king ruled wasted; and his desire of the Lord of the Age, and of these times, 'Oomr Bin Na'man, king of Baghdâd and of Khorassan, is that he should aid with an army from about him, that glory may become his. And he, our king, hath sent to thee with us something in the sort of presents, and he requests of the king's grace their acceptance, and the kindly grant to him of aid.' Then the messengers kissed the earth before him."

The sequel of the tale is too long for us to tell, but one quotation will suffice to shew the character of this new translation; and we will only add a few snatches of the verses as examples of the poetry:—

"Man in his prosperous days is like a tree,
Round which men stand while fruit thereon there be,
Until, its bearing o'er, away they hie,
And leave it in sand and sludge to wither dry."

"Stay, grant me but one look before we part,
And though 'tis like to burst, I'll nerve my heart
This trial to sustain:
But yet if this should make you feel distress,
Leave me to perish here of love's excess,
Rather than give you pain."

"Morn heralds her coming!
Then give me to drink.
Wine shall make the grave gamesome,
Nor let him once think:
Sure so clear is the liquor,
The goblet so fine,
Who can tell which holds which—
Is 't the glass? Is 't the wine?"

"How many of God's mercies be hid from us,
Though slight the veil that hides them from the

Of the intelligent! How many matters
Seem fraught with sorrow in the morning tide,
Which ere 'tis even make us sing with joy!
Much ease hath often come after much ill,
And from the labouring and o'er-burdened heart
Hath cleared away all sorrow."

"The tracks that they have left I trace,
And pine for those are far away,
And water with my tears the place,
Where late they made their stay,
And to that power, whose mandate stern
Has doomed their absence hence, I pray,

To make me blessed in their return
An't were but for a day."

"The rich grows poor! his glory fades away,
As pale 's the bright sun at the close of day;
If distant, all unmarked men let him be,
If present, in the tribe no part hath he.
He, sinking through the streets, by stealth appears,
Or sheds, in desert haunts, his gushing tears:
God knows! a man at his own kinsman's door
Is but a stranger, if he be but poor!"

We conclude with a sample of the low and ludicrous; and a descriptive quotation in prose most poetical.

"I am so mad in love with the dungdrawer,
That for him I'd give my life away;
The gait is so sweet of the dungdrawer,
It talks of the dancing spray.
One night it fell out that chance, or fate,
Presented him mine eyes before,
Quoth I, 'Love makes me grow less and less,
Just as it gets more and more.
With the fire of love inspired by you,
This heart of mine you've set in a flame.'
'T is no wonder, quoth he, 'if a dungdrawer
A lamplighter becomes."

A Garden.—"It was arched over as it
were a portico; in it were vines, and its grapes
opposed in colour the red as it were a ruby,
and the black as it were ebony; then entered
they beneath a trellised bower, and found in it
fruits cultivated and uncultivated, and the
birds upon the bough singing in melodious
tones, and the thousand-noted nightingale
reiterating the various modes of song, and the
turtle-dove had filled the place with her voice,
and the greeble in its utterance as it were a
human being, and the ring-dove as if one
drinking, intoxicated with wine. The trees
had given, in perfection, produce of all edible
sorts, and of all kinds of fruits in pairs; the
apricot partaking of the camphor-tree, and the
almond, and the plum of Khorassan; and the
red plum as it were the colour of the fair, and
the cherry that humbles the brilliancy of gold,
and the fig that parts its red and its white,
making two colours; and the birds as 'twere
pearl and coral, and the rose that opens with
its redness like the cheeks of the lovely ones;
and the violet as 'twere a sulphur-match to
which fire is applied at night, and the myrtle
and the gillyflower, and the peony with the
anemonies, and these leaflets were gleaming
with the copious weepings of the clouds, and
the white teeth of the camomile laughed gaily,
and the narcissus kept gazing on the rose with
its black eyes, and the oranges as 'twere round
goblets, and the lemon like rounded balls of
gold. The earth was carpeted with flowers of
all colours, and the spring advanced and
brightened this place with its gladness; the
stream in murmuring ripple, and the bird con-
fusedly warbling, and the wind with rustling
gush tempering the world to quiet."

We have not taken pains to enter upon the
details in which this version of these famous
tales differs from others. Upon the question of
their origin and antiquity as a same and entire
work, opinions vary; but the probability ap-
pears to us to be, that as they were transplanted
into various countries, alterations, adaptations,
and additions, were made, which constitute all
the differences that occur in Persian, Egyptian,
Middle Asian, and East Indian copies.

Soldanella, a Fragment; and other Poems. By
George Lloyd. 8vo. pp. 65. London, 1839.
Madden; Wrexham, Painter.

We have often said, that so long as there were
youth and passion, there would be poetry
written and poetry read. This slight volume
is one of the proofs thereof. The story of
Soldanella is one of scenic description, legend-
ary apparition, and unfortunate love.

We quote a passage as a sample of the feeling
and spirit of the composition:—

"Bedabbled, torn,
Poor Soldanella sat forlorn.
Pale her cheek, as the primrose sweet,
That rises early Spring to greet,
Her eyes, their gladsome lustre past,
Around a haggard look scarce cast;
Beneath whose fringe of darkest silk
Lurked purple streaks, like early dawn:
As if with violet steeped in mill-drawn
Death there her fatal doom had drawn.
Changed was her form, no more that grace
Of life and love, but waning trace
Of misery and madness there:
Disastrous change, from one so fair!
At length she rose, and wildly spoke,
Like dreamer from some strange dream woke;
'I've come to seek thee among the slain,
Dear Giallo, upon Morgarten's plain.
There, there shall thy Soldanella die:
Where the bridegroom lies, the bride should lie."

A song, complementary to the valour and inde-
pendence of Wales, will afford a fair idea of
the merits of the minor poems:—

"*Song of the Cymry.*
Ye sons of the heroes, whose bravery tamed
The proud-soaring eagles of Rome;
Ye sons of the patriots, whose ready swords shamed
The Season that threatened your home:
Say, what is your watchword? 'It is, and shall be,
We are sons of the Cymry, we are sons of the free!'
When the Norman, by treachery, entered your land,
Your ancestors rushed from their hills;
Repulsed the invader—then abated the red-brand;
'The mountain-air freedom instils!
What then was your watchword? 'It was, and shall be,
We are sons of the Cymry, we are sons of the free!'
The leek is your emblem, and bravely your sires
That emblem have borne in each clime;
The thought that inspired them your hearts yet
Inspires,
And will to the end of all time!
For what is your watchword? 'It is, and shall be,
We are sons of the Cymry, we are sons of the free!'
Oh! cherish the language your ancestors spoke,—
Religion, and Liberty's tongue!
'Tis upright and honest, ungalled by a yoke,—
The language the Cymry bards sung!
To you then how sacred that language should be,
The language of Cymry, the word of the free!
And never let Discord or Cowardice come,
In the seats where your fathers have dwelt:
Oh! never let Fashion, that new-fangled drum,
Be heard where the bard's strains were felt!
Beware of the Season; our watchword must be,
'We are sons of the Cymry, we are sons of the free!'"

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Juvenile Scrap-Book. By Mrs. Ellis,
author of "The Women of England."
12mo. pp. 105. London, 1839. Fisher and
Co.

SIXTEEN varied and very pretty engravings
illustrated by Mrs. Ellis, in tales of prose and
verse, recommend the "Juvenile Scrap" of this
season. The writer herself seems to indicate
that she has been perhaps too grave in her
inculcations, and some relief might have been
acceptable. The stories are however attractive
as well as instructive; and the youthful reader
will, we think, feel a sufficient interest in these
pages, to make them at the same time a
pleasant and a beneficial study—by many, chivalry,
old customs and sports, moral lessons
enforced by living examples, foreign scenery,
&c. &c., are the chief subjects, and altogether
form a very agreeable as well as useful
miscellany.

*Walks and Wanderings in the World of
Literature.* By the Author of "Random
Recollections," "The Great Metropolis,"
&c. 2 vols. 12mo. London 1839. Saun-
ders and Otley.

OUR indefatigable author is at all events
happy in the names and titles of his pro-
ductions: though in the present instance we
do not catch the particular connexion between
the contents of his volumes and the "World of
Literature." Scottish tales and descriptions of
no great interest or power, and reminiscences
of boyhood and country manners, in which
there is more of the craft of authorship than

the spirit of originality, are the staple of a
publication which nowhere rises above medi-
ocrity.

*Antiproprietarian; or, an Attempt to Liberate
and Purify Christianity from Popery, Politick-
kirkality, and Priestcraft.* By John Rogers.
12mo. pp. 362. London, 1839. Simpkin,
Marshall, and Co.

THE above title might prepare readers for a
literary curiosity, and such is this volume; the
first of three, in each of which Mr. Rogers
proposes *seriatim* to discuss one of his subjects,
viz. 1st. Popery, 2d. Politickkirkality, and 3d.
Priestcraft. It is well for us that the nature of
the subject takes it out of the purview of the
Literary Gazette; for sure we are we should
not know how to deal even with this third part
of it, further than to say, that it is in form and
substance, the coinage of words, the style, and
the ideas, about as singular a work as we ever
saw.

ARTS AND SCIENCES. ELECTRICAL SOCIETY.

TUESDAY, 15th October. Read, the first part
of a paper by Mr. C. Griffin, 'On the question,
Why do electrified bodies recede from each
other?' Also a paper by Mr. C. V. Walker,
describing 'some Effects of Voltaic Electricity
on Vegetation.' The battery employed was
one of the ordinary troughs of twelve cells, in
which ten pairs were excited. It was con-
verted into a constant battery by covering the
zinc plates with writing paper, and filling the
cells with solution of sulphate of copper. Nine
days were allotted for the duration, and mus-
tard seed employed as the subject of each ex-
periment. Under certain circumstances, voltaic
electricity appeared to aid, and, under others,
retard, the progress of vegetation. Photo-
graphs exhibited to the Society the respective
conditions of the plants after the nine days'
natural and artificial growth. Copper and plat-
inum electrodes were severally used. The
copper positive electrode seemed to impregnate
the plants with oxide of copper, and so poison
them. Mr. Walker has preserved a specimen
of these which he intends to submit to chemical
test. The next paper read was by Mr. G.
Mackrell, 'On the Lamination of Clay by
Voltaic Action.' One of four simple arrange-
ments of a single pair of copper and zinc plates,
with solutions of sulphate of copper and impure
sulphate of zinc, presented a slight appearance
of lamination on the copper side of the clay;
and on the zinc side there was a thin layer of
copper some distance across, and the fracture
throughout assumed a perpendicular direction.
In one of the others also, there was a trace
of lamination on the zinc side. In the other
two there was not the least appearance of
lamination. From the respective positions
of the four arrangements, it would seem
that a certain relation of the voltaic current
to the magnetic meridian was necessary to
the success of this experiment, known as that
of Mr. R. Were Fox. The position of the
first above described was copper east and zinc
west, of the second the reverse, and of the third
and fourth, north and south, and south and
north. The copper plates used by Mr. Mack-
rell were engraved plates for cards broken into
two parts, and on the surfaces opposite to the
zinc plates a considerable thickness of metallic
copper was deposited from the sulphate of cop-
per, bearing the reversed impression of the let-
ters of the engraved plate in bas-relief; thus
accidentally confirming the experiments of Pro-
fessor Jacobi as described in his letter to Fara-
day, dated the 21st June last, and inserted in

the September number of the "London and Edinburgh Philosophical Journal." Previously to the separation of the meeting, Mr. Henley exhibited and described an electro-magnetic machine, the chief improvement in which was stated to consist in breaking contact by means of the magnetism induced in the wires which are placed in the axis of the coil.

ROYAL GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF CORNWALL.

Twenty-sixth Annual Report of the Council.

In presenting their Twenty-sixth Report, the Council have again to express their regret that the fifth volume of the Society's "Transactions," which was promised at the last meeting, has not yet been completed. The delay is principally owing to the editor, and to circumstances over which he had no control. They, however, believe that it will be published early in the next year. They have recently had to deplore the loss of two of the founders, and most munificent members, of the Society, in the death of the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe and Sir John St. Aubyn, Bart., who had frequently filled the offices of vice-presidents. During the past year the additions to the museum have been very considerable; among the most important contributions they participate a series of specimens, principally from the neighbourhood of Hull, which contains also many from other localities, both British and foreign, from John Edward Lee, Esq., corresponding member of the Society; a collection of shells from the tertiary formations on the skirts of the Alps, from the Chevalier Michelotti, of Turin; and a series of rock specimens and organic remains from Pembrokeshire, from Henry Mac Lauchlan, Esq., F.G.S.; which affords an instructive and admirable illustration of that region, and shows the intimate connexion between it and the fossiliferous rocks of Cornwall. The library has been enriched by the "Transactions" of the American Philosophical Society from its commencement, obtained in exchange for a set of the Society's "Transactions;" and by the purchase of Goldfuss, Dehayes, and Brongniat's admirable works on fossil geology. The Council have, therefore, great pleasure in congratulating the Society on the flourishing state of its collections. As a large proportion of them are deposited in drawers, they consider that additional space ought, if possible, to be obtained for their display, and in order to render them more generally available and useful. In consequence of this augmented and rapidly increasing value of the Society's property, they advise that, for the future, it should be insured in the sum of 1000*l.* instead of 400*l.*, as heretofore. The establishment of an academy for instruction in the collateral branches of the science of mining is an object which has occupied the attention of the Society from its foundation, and its necessity and importance have been often the theme of its reports. The Council congratulate the Society on the accomplishment of this most useful and desirable object by the munificence of Sir Charles Lemon, Bart., and on the ability and reputation of the gentlemen who have been selected to carry it into operation. Its establishment is, however, too recent to admit of an opinion as to its adaptation to the wants of our labouring population; still the Society cannot allow the completion of one of the earliest wishes of its founders to pass without an expression of their most ardent hope for its success.

Signed, by order, W. J. MEADOWOOD,
4th October, 1839. Secretary and Curator.

The following papers have been read since

the last report:—1. 'On a Formation of Bog-Iron Ore at Perran Convals Mine,' by W. Mansel Tweedy, Esq., F.R.S., member of the Society. 2. 'Notes accompanying a Series of Specimens from some Parts of Pembrokeshire,' by Henry Mac Lauchlan, Esq., F.G.S., corresponding member of the Society. 3. 'Notice of the Discovery of Organic Remains in the Quarzose Slate of Gerraus Bay,' by Charles W. Peach, Esq., associate of the Society. 4. 'On the Mineral Composition and Mechanical Structure of the Metalliferous Veins of Cornwall, and their Relations to the Rocks they traverse,' by W. J. Meadowood, F.G.S., London and Paris, Hon. M.Y.P.S., secretary of the Society, and curator of the museum. 5. 'An Account of the Quantity of Copper produced in the United Kingdom, in the year ending 30th June, 1839,' by Alfred Jenkin, Esq. From the curator's report, it appears that donations to the museum and library have been numerous and increasing; and, from the treasurer's report, that this excellent Society continues to flourish as all the friends of useful science could wish.

STATISTICS OF ENGLAND.

Marriages, Births, Deaths, and Diseases, June 30th, 1837-38.—It appears from a report recently presented to Parliament, that 111,481 marriages were registered during the year ending June 30th, 1838: 24,030 during the first quarter; 24,449 during the second; 23,201 during the third; and 29,801 during the fourth quarter, ending June 30th, 1838. Matrimony was at a maximum in the Christmas quarter, at a minimum in the quarter ending March 31st. 1075 males and 16,420 females were not of full age. 167,301 marriages were performed according to the rites of the established church; and of these it is stated, that nine were by special license, 13,677 by license, 66,410 by banns, 493 by superintendent registrars' certificates. The number of marriages solemnised not according to the rites of the established church, was 4380; namely, 2976 in registered places of worship, 1093 in superintendent registrars' offices, 76 between Quakers, and 135 between Jews. The births of 204,983 males, and 194,845 females, were registered; 74,586 in the first quarter, 89,598 in the second quarter, 113,815 in the third quarter, and 121,781 in the fourth quarter. The register of births is imperfect, as the parties are only compelled to give information when applied to by the registrars; hence a great number of the children of the poor escaped registration in the first year. It appears, however, that the numbers registered were on the increase; but it can never be complete until the registration of births is rendered compulsory, as it is in other countries. The total number of deaths registered in the first year was 335,936; namely, 170,985 males, and 164,951 females. The mortality of males is higher than that of females. After a correction for the increase of population, &c., the mortality was nearly 1 in 45. The registration of deaths has therefore been successful beyond all expectation. The probable number of burials registered in the parochial registers is estimable at 281,715; while the number of deaths registered under the new system was 335,936; or adding 5764 that occurred in the first year, and were registered in the beginning of the second, 338,600; thus exceeding the estimated number in the parochial registers of burials by 46,945. The imperfection of the old system deprived a great proportion of the population of the civil advantages of registration; and rendered all attempts at calculating the mortality of the English population futile. Accurate tables of mortality, and just rates of life assurance, &c., largely supplied by different parts of the population, could not be calculated from the registers of burials. Of the 935,385 males, 131,034 were children under 5 years of age; 39,590 males, 31,898 females, died in the first year of life. The deaths are stated at each year of life in 25 different divisions. The deaths in the metropolis were 55,597; in the district of Manchester and Salford, 3573; in Liverpool and West Derby, 2,048; in Leeds, 3573; in Birmingham, 3317. From the appendix containing an abstract of the fatal diseases, it appears that the mortality in the first half-year was 3 per cent; while the mortality in the second half-year (January 1 to June 30, 1838), including the season of excessive cold, was 2-4 per cent. In the half-year measles destroyed 4739 lives; scarlatina, 2580; whooping-cough, 3044; diarrhoea, 2755; but neither influenza nor cholera was extensively epidemic in this period; and small-pox and typhus were the reigning maladies. Small-pox destroyed 5611 lives in the half-year; 219 in Exeter, 172 in Bath, 634 in Liverpool and West Derby. 6047 persons died of typhus. 35,522 deaths were attributed to diseases of the respiratory organs; and of these 77,754 to consumption—20 per cent of the total deaths. Nearly 4 die of consumption annually out of 1000 living; and 4-2 out of 1000 females, 3-4 out of 1000 males. 1385 persons died in childbirth; 4845 violent deaths—3965 of males, 1240 of females, were registered. The excess of males was 2965, and it more

than counterbalanced the mortality of childbirth. The diseases of different parts of the kingdom differ very much in intensity. Two comparative tables of the diseases that exist in the open country are given. It appears that in 1831, the population of the metropolitan division, including Greenwich, was 1,404,800; and the population of five counties—Cornwall, Somersetshire, Wiltshire, Dorsetshire, and Devonshire—was nearly the same, or 1,409,024. The total deaths in the metropolis amounted to 34,060, in the counties only to 16,216. The deaths in 34 city districts, including Manchester, Liverpool, &c., were 22,994; in seven counties, with nearly the same population, the deaths only amounted to 14,478. The following table shows the classes of diseases by which the mortality was occasioned; and the remarks explain the cause of the increased mortality in cities:—

Deaths by Twelve Classes of Fatal Diseases in City and in County Districts.

Estimated population, Oct. 1. 1837	Cities. 3,538,161	Counties. 3,500,730
Epidemic, endemic, and contagious diseases	12,905	6,045
Sporadic diseases—		
Of the nervous system	7,705	3,607
respiratory organs	16,610	7,847
organs of circulation	500	300
digestive organs	6,476	1,622
urinary organs	215	161
organs of generation	420	353
organs of locomotion	322	154
lymphatic system	62	45
Of uncertain seat	4,305	3,720
Age	7,994	3,182
Violent deaths	1,270	980
Not specified	1,104	1,607
Total	47,958	22,893

The concentration of the population in cities doubles the deaths; from the two first classes of diseases: the ratio of deaths having been as 1 to 3-11, and 1 to 3-13; and the augmentation in the latter class occurs principally in convulsions and hydrocephalus:—Deaths by convulsions, counties, 1347; cities, 3293; ratio, 1: 2-76; by hydrocephalus, counties, 530; cities, 1540; ratio, 1: 2-75. The three following diseases, which principally affect adults between the ages of 15 and 65, show that unhealthy places augment the fatality of diseases in different degrees:—

	Counties. 1837	Cities. 2135	In Cities. 20
Deaths by consumption	1087	2135	20
childbirth	217	372	71
typhus	1804	5456	221

The occupations in cities are not more laborious than agriculture, and the great mass of the town population have constant exercise and employment; their wages are higher, their dwellings as good, their clothing as warm, and their food certainly as substantial, as that of the agricultural labourer. The Poor Law Inquiry, and successive parliamentary committees, have shown that the families of agricultural labourers subsist upon the minimum of animal food, and an inadequate supply of bread and potatoes. The source of the higher mortality in cities is, therefore, in the insalubrity of the atmosphere. Every human being expires about 636 cubic feet of gas daily, which, if collected in a receiver, would destroy other animals; and is constantly producing, in a variety of ways, the decomposition of animal and vegetable matter, yielding poisonous emanations in houses, workshops, dirty streets, and bad sewers. The smoke of fires and the products of combustion are also poisonous. All gases and effluvia, like odours, are diffusible; they have a certain force of diffusion, which Professor Graham has expressed numerically; and all emanations from human habitations in the open country mingle, almost as soon as they escape, in the currents of the atmosphere: but locate, instead of one individual to a square mile of land (the supposed density of population in the uncultivated forests of America, and the stanzas of Valerius), 600,000 individuals upon a square mile, as soldiers in a camp, and the poison will be concentrated 600,000 fold; intercept the space in every direction by 10,000 high walls, which overhang the narrow streets, shut out the sunlight, and intercept the movement of the atmosphere; let the rejected vegetables, the offal of slaughtered animals, the filth produced in every way decay in the houses and courts, or stagnate in the wet streets; bury the dead in the midst of the living; and the atmosphere will be an active poison, which will destroy, as it did in London formerly, and as it does in Constantinople now, 5-7 per cent of the inhabitants annually, and generate, when the temperature is high, recurring plagues, in which a fourth part of the entire population will perish. But the health will be little more impaired by residence upon 1 than upon 100 square miles, if means can be devised for supplying the 300,000 individuals with 300,000,000 cubic feet of pure air daily, and for removing the principal sources of poisonous exhalations. The latter object is partly accomplished by paved, open streets, by the scavenger, by an abundant supply of water, by large, well-constructed sewers, and by constant removal of dirt and cleanliness; but it is difficult to positive have impurities can be removed, and how a stream of uncontaminated air can be supplied where the sun cannot heat the earth and air, where there are no open squares, or the streets are narrow, or the houses are only separated by courts, or built in cul de sac. It will be found, therefore, that the mortality increases as the density of the

population increases; and where the density and the affluence are the same, that the rate of mortality depends upon the efficiency of the ventilation, and of the means which are employed for the removal of impurities. It is stated that the general average throughout the country of sanatory measures, which are in actual but partial operation, would probably reduce the annual number of deaths in England and Wales by 30,000, and diminish the numbers constantly disabled by sickness in the same proportion.—*The Times*.

LITERARY AND LEARNED. UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, October 12.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Doctor in Divinity, Grand Compendium.—R. W. Jeff, Canon of Christ Church.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. T. Watson, St. Edmund Hall; Rev. H. P. Dunster, Magdalen Hall; W. H. Le Marchant, Exeter College.

Bachelors of Arts.—Rev. J. T. Barclay, St. Edmund Hall; W. F. Sims, Magdalen Hall; G. F. Goddard, Denny of Magdalen College; J. Innes, Trinity College; A. L. Bean, Pembroke College.

CAMBRIDGE, October 10.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Doctor in Divinity.—Rev. J. Morton, Trinity College, incumbent of Chorlton-cum-Hardy, near Manchester.

Bachelor in Divinity.—Rev. G. Langhew, St. John's College.

Masters of Arts.—L. C. Booth; W. Oliver, St. Peter's College; J. Pullin, Clare Hall.

Bachelor of Arts.—T. R. Drake, Corpus Christi College. A grace also passed to confer the degree of M.A. upon J. P. Gall, B.A., of Trinity College, by Royal Mandate.

ASIATIC SOCIETY.

[Concluded from page 651.]

"THE fourth division of Asia to which the Committee have directed their inquiries, is that which contains those countries in Arabia, Persia, India, and the Eastern Isles, the natives of which have been from time immemorial in the habit of purchasing slaves from the eastern coast of Africa. The friends of the abolition of slavery having attained the object which they had in view in the West Indies, and having succeeded in getting slavery abolished in that part of the world, seem determined to direct their attention to getting slavery and the slave-trade abolished in the Eastern part of the world. As there is every reason to believe that they will succeed in accomplishing that object in the East which they have already accomplished in the West, and that the people of Arabia, Persia, India, and the Eastern Islands, will no longer be able to get slaves from the eastern coast of Africa; it is probable that slavery will, ere long, be abolished in those parts of Asia, and that a change must take place, in consequence of this event, in the manners, usages, and feelings of themselves, and of their descendants." The fifth

* "As many persons have, in consequence of the discussions which have recently taken place in both houses of parliament, relative to the state of slavery in India, and of the slave-trade in the Indian seas, expressed a wish to know what has hitherto been done in India upon these questions, the following note is added:—From 1803 to 1808 the attention, as well of the people who inhabit the western coast of India, and southern coast of Arabia, as of those who inhabit the coasts of the Arabian and Persian Gulfs, and the eastern coast of Africa, was frequently called to the subject of slavery, and to that of the slave-trade, by various measures which Sir Alexander Johnston carried into effect during that period on the island of Ceylon. In 1800, Sir Alexander having been sent to England by the government of that island, for the express purpose of proposing and explaining to his majesty's ministers a variety of different measures which he thought necessary to be adopted for the improvement of the island, and of the situation of the natives, proposed to them, amongst other, the necessary measures for attaining the following objects:—1st. For putting an end to the slave-trade in the Indian seas. 2d. For putting an end to the state of domestic slavery on the island of Ceylon. 3d. For putting an end to the state of slavery which prevailed amongst all the people who belong to the three castes, called the Coria, the Nellus, and Palla castes, on that island. 4th. For putting an end to the right of forced labour, which, as well the government of the island as certain privileged persons, claimed by ancient usage from very numerous classes of inhabitants on the island. 5th. For inducing the Imam of Muscat to make over the island of Zanzibar, on the east coast of Africa, to the British government; and to co-operate

division of Asia to which the Committee have directed their inquiries, is that which contains the people who inhabit the high lands in the different ranges of mountains which run from the Himalaya mountains, north, to Cape Comorin, south; who, from being of a more robust make, and less peevish about caste, are supposed to be better adapted than the other people of India, to labour for hire in the West Indies, at the Cape of Good Hope, and in Australia. The Committee, judging from the want of labourers, which is now experienced by the proprietors in the West Indies, in the settlements at the Cape of Good Hope, and in Australia, conceive that those proprietors will naturally endeavour to induce the inhabitants of the high lands of India to emigrate from their own country to those different countries in which their labour is required; and should they succeed, which is not improbable, in doing so, it is obvious that a very great change must take place in the feelings, manners, and opinions, not only of those who emigrate from India, but also of those who live in their neighbourhood." Con-

with them in preventing the exportation of slaves from that coast to the Mauritius, and different parts of Asia. His majesty's ministers, having fully approved of these measures, appointed Sir Alexander Chief Justice, and President of His Majesty's Council on the island of Ceylon, and instructed him with such powers as were requisite for enabling him to carry them into effect. In 1811, on his return to Ceylon, he took out with him a commission for trying and punishing all such persons as might be guilty of the offence of trading in slaves, contrary to the act which had been recently passed, declaring that offence to be felony; and, on his arrival there, he immediately caused the commission and that act to be proclaimed and published throughout Asia and the Indian seas. In the year 1813 (see 9th Report of the African Institution), some men of importance and influence in Africa, Arabia, India, and the Eastern Islands, having been guilty of trading in slaves on Ceylon, were tried, convicted, and punished, at Colombo, under the above act; a circumstance which excited great interest in the several countries to which the prisoners respectively belonged. On the 12th of August, 1816, Sir Alexander having previously brought out with him from England a charter under the great seal, granting to the native inhabitants of Ceylon the right of sitting upon juries, and being tried by juries of their own countrymen for any offences with which they might be charged, and also many other rights and privileges of British subjects, all the proprietors of domestic slaves on the island, 763 in number, came to a resolution, out of gratitude to the British government, for having granted to them those privileges, declaring free all children born of their slaves after the 18th of August, 1816, and thereby put an end to the state of domestic slavery which had prevailed on Ceylon for 300 years (see 11th Report of the African Institution). In 1817, measures were taken by the Ceylon government for carrying into effect a plan proposed by Sir Alexander Johnston to his majesty's ministers some years before, for gradually emancipating all the people of the Coria, Nellus, and Palla castes, from the particular description of slavery to which they were subject; and in 1834, an order was passed by his majesty in council, in England, for carrying into effect a plan which had also some years before been proposed by Sir Alexander to his majesty's ministers for abolishing the right of the government on Ceylon, and certain privileged individuals, to exact forced labour from numerous classes of the inhabitants of the island. Shortly after the trial which has been mentioned as having taken place in 1813, Sir Alexander having had frequent communications with various subjects of the Imam of Muscat, for the purpose of inducing the Imam to co-operate with the British government in preventing the exportation of slaves from the eastern coast of Africa; and having imparted his views upon the subject of the island of Zanzibar to the Marquess of Hastings, then governor-general of India, his lordship, sometime afterwards, succeeded in getting the Imam of Muscat to offer to surrender the island of Zanzibar to the British government, upon certain conditions; of which offer his lordship informed Sir Alexander, who, however, on stating the circumstance to the African Institution, found that some obstacles had occurred to prevent the British government from accepting this offer. Sir Alexander, about three years ago, availing himself of the friendly relations which subsisted between Captain Cogan and the Imam, who is now honorary member of this Society, wrote a letter through Captain Cogan to the Imam, and a short time afterwards received an answer from the Imam, declaring that he was anxious to co-operate in every way in his power with the British government in preventing the exportation of slaves from the eastern coast of Africa."

* "Sir Alexander Johnston called the attention of the Society to the very curious and interesting papers upon the history and manners of the different people of this

considering the importance which must be attached at the present moment by Great Britain to every description of information relative to British India, the Committee feel it to be their duty to seize the opportunity of expressing their hope that the British government of India will exert their power, patronage, and influence, both with the natives of the country and with their civil and military servants, in encouraging them to collect, arrange, and publish detailed observations, relative as well to the agriculture, manufactures, productions, botany, and natural history of British India, as to the manners, laws, customs, usages, history, and religion, of all the different classes of people who inhabit that vast empire; and thereby emulate the bright examples which have been set them in ancient and modern times, by distinguished sovereigns and governments, who have at different times presided over the destinies of all those nations which can in any way be compared, either for extent of dominion, or for numbers and variety of people and productions, with that extraordinary empire which is now possessed in India by Great Britain. Alexander the Great afforded Aristotle the most ample means for making the collection of facts in natural history, and in every branch of science and literature, from which he prepared those numerous works that still continue, after the lapse of 2000 years, to exercise their influence upon the present age. The republic of Rome assisted Pliny with all their power, in obtaining materials for his work on natural history. The kaliphs of Bagdad in Asia, those of Fez and Morocco in Africa, and those of Seville and Cordova in Europe, patronised the ablest and most learned men in their dominions, in rescuing from oblivion the science and literature of the Greeks and Romans, and in adding by their own inquiries, studies, and observations, to the knowledge of previous ages in arithmetic, geometry, mechanics, astronomy, medicine, and every department of natural history. The kings of Spain, as soon as they had conquered Mexico and Peru, employed several of their officers in preserving those materials which have enabled many distinguished writers of the present day to illustrate the history of those interesting nations. The late Empress of Russia, Catherine II., devoted large sums of money, and employed all her influence, in assisting Pallas to collect local information in every part of her Asiatic provinces, and in writing a detailed account of whatever was remarkable in those provinces; and the republic of France, even in the midst of foreign wars and internal confusion, when they sent Bonaparte to make the conquest of Egypt, sent along with him a commission composed of some of the ablest men in France, in every branch of science and literature, to procure on the spot a thorough knowledge of the country and of the people, and have, thereby, enabled the French nation to lay before Europe such a history of Egypt and the Egyptians as reflects the highest honour upon the men who composed the commission, and upon the nation which enabled them to prosecute their inquiries. No nation in the world ever possessed so extensive a field and such efficient means as Great Britain now possesses, for collecting every description of valuable information relative to India. She has territories extending from the Himalaya mountains, north, to Point de Galle, south,

description, in different parts of India, by Captain A. Mackintosh, of the Madras Military Service, particularly to his valuable account of the Mahader Colles, and of the tribe of Ramooodees; and expressed his hope that Captain Mackintosh will continue his very useful inquiries into that subject."

through upwards of thirty degrees of latitude; and from the Gulf of Cambay, west, to the frontiers of China; east, through upwards of forty degrees of longitude. Some of them not more than a few inches, others not less than 26,000 feet, above the level of the sea, exhibiting the effects of every variety of climate, having in them almost every modification of mineral, vegetable, and animal production; containing, in different parts of their population, human beings influenced by every variety of religious opinion, and by every description of laws, manners, and usages; intersected by, or lying contiguous to, some of the largest rivers in Asia,—the Brahmaputra, Ganges, Indus, Nerbudda, Tapti, Kistnah, Coleroon, and Cavery; and having a sea-coast of nearly 5000 miles in extent, for the most part open to the Indian Ocean. She has a standing army of upwards of 250,000 men, commanded by well-educated and enterprising men, having under their control and direction a body of engineers and medical officers, who have had the most scientific education which can be given to men in their respective professions, and which peculiarly fits them for every description of scientific research. She has establishments upon the most extensive scale for making surveys of the country; she has numbers of draughtsmen, printing-presses, and lithographic transferring machines, for the purposes of recording and illustrating all the information which may be collected; she has a post, which travels night and day, at the rate of four miles an hour, from the banks of Sutledge, north, to Dewander Head, or Ceylon, south; and from Surat, west, to Sylhet, east; and which can convey information from Calcutta, the capital of British India, to every part of her dominions in the east, within sixteen or seventeen days. An annual revenue of upwards of twenty millions sterling, and a local government, unchecked in its scientific or literary projects by any local control. With these advantages, the people of India, on the one hand, may be enabled to communicate to the people of England a thorough knowledge of the productions of their country, and of the nature of their wants; while the people of England, on the other, may be enabled to communicate to the people of India a knowledge of the latest improvements in the arts and sciences of Europe; and by raising their moral and political situation in their own country, enable them to enjoy and exercise, with honour to themselves, and with advantage to their country, all the rights and privileges of freemen and of British subjects. Under these circumstances, the people of India, the people of Great Britain, and the people of Europe, have each a right to expect from the British government in India, that they will enable them respectively to avail themselves of the opportunity which is afforded them by the position in which India now stands with respect to Great Britain, of becoming thoroughly acquainted with every fact which may render this position a benefit, as well to India, and Great Britain in particular, as to Europe in general.”*

* “Sir Alexander Johnston stated to the Society that Lord Auckland, ever since he has been governor-general of British India, has taken the most efficient measures for attaining the literary and scientific objects which the Society have in view; that he has already sent to England some very useful and interesting communications, relative to different parts of the country; and that he has made arrangements for collecting such information as may be wanted relative to all those countries through which the British armies are about to march, on their way to Candahar, Ghazni, and Cabul.”

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Sketches of Poets who have been afflicted by Aberration of Mind.

NO. I. COWPER.

In pensive mood along the winding Ouse
Who yonder strays to woo the evening Muse?
'Tis Olney's bard that, 'neath the poplars'
shade,
Seeks with his Mary the "cool colonnade;"
While happy *Beau* runs barking by their side,
And eyes the lilies glittering in the tide.
Unhappy Cowper! Fancy's darling child,
Whose strains my youthful morn so oft beguiled,
How hath my heart with deep compassion bled,
When of thy woes and sufferings I have read!
For ah! 'twas thine to pass long years of woe,
A wretched pilgrim in the vale below:
The fibres of thy gentle soul were torn
By all the pangs of "moody madness" born;
And even Religion, Misery's common friend,
To thee alone her balm refused to send.
Ah! how could he that taught the way on high,
E'er deem himself an outcast from the sky;
Or think the bard inspired by heavenly love
Should be excluded from the realms above?
But now, meek sufferer, all thy pangs are o'er,
Thy bark at length hath reach'd the sunlit shore,
Where no wild billows beat, no raging tempests
Then rest in peace within thy tranquil shrine,
Till angels breathe around thee strains like thine:
And then, admitted to the realms on high,
That bliss thou'lt share which Earth did still deny.
There Theodora shall thy presence greet;
And there again thy Mary thou shalt meet;
Kind Hezekiah, too, shall join the friendly choir;
There ardent Newton glow with milder fire:
With seraph-hymns thy palm-wreathed lyre shall sound,
While blessed spirits stand entranced around;
And angel harps the music shall prolong,
And to Jehovah swell the glorious song.

R. B. S.

Translation of Victor Hugo's "La Tombe d'il," &c., Les Vois Intérieures, XXXI.

THE grave said to the rose—

"O flower of love,

Where go the tears that dewy morn on thee
Sheds from above?"

The rose said to the grave—

"Grave, tell me this—

Where go the souls that daily disappear
In thine abyss?"

The rose replied—"O sad

And dismal tomb,

Out of those tears do I distil
A sweet perfume."

The grave replied—"O flower,

Blushing and bright,

Out of the souls that come to me I make
Angels of light."

J. H. M.

BIOGRAPHY.

SIR ANDREW HALLIDAY.

WE copy the following obituary of an individual whom we knew and esteemed, from a Dumfries journal, "The Courier" we believe, and edited by one of our most popular writers—Mr. John McDiarmid:—"Sir Andrew Halliday died at Dumfries on the 7th day of September last; he has not long survived the wasting climate of the West Indies, where he was inspector of hospitals. He retired to the air of his native country; but it

was only to droop and die. His life from his youth up was one of action. He served on the staff of the army both in Portugal and Spain; was at the assault of Bergen-op-Zoom, and at the battle of Waterloo; and accompanied William IV., when Duke of Clarence, in his journeys abroad in quest of health. He was a good scholar as well as a skilful physician, and his varied and almost general intelligence obtained him high esteem with princes abroad as well as at home. Like his daleman, Telford the engineer, whom he knew and loved, he was of humble parentage, though of good and ancient blood, for he came from that brave 'Thom Halliday, my sister's son so dear,' as he was called by the renowned Sir William Wallace. He knew most of the epicopical history of Scotland, and was familiar with his country's antiquities; he knew as much of the poetry and traditions of the land as if they had been the study of his life. He had skill as well as taste in literature and in natural philosophy, as his 'History of the House of Hanover,' and his 'West Indies' sufficiently prove. He had collected materials for writing an account of the chief campaigns of Wellington, which he had witnessed. He loved ingenious men; he was ever ready to do a good deed or speak a kind word; and such was his generous nature, that though he met with a base return to-day, he was ready to befriend the meritorious to-morrow. He took so much care in helping others on in their fortune, that we fear he neglected his own; his half-pay at home was not large, and Portugal, we have heard, stopped his well-merited annuity, serving him as she served her other benefactors. We hope this country will remember that his lady survives him. We knew him, and loved him with the love that is due to the generous and good, and say of him, without a chance of contradiction,—"A warmer heart death ne'er made cold."

THE DRAMA.

CONSIDERABLE activity has prevailed in the drama since our last, and a number of novelties have been produced at the various theatres.

Covent Garden took the lead on Monday with Beaumont and Fletcher's fine acting play of *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife*, for the sake of introducing to the stage Mr. G. Vandenhoff, a son of the popular tragedian, and who appeared in the character of *Leon*. The choice was judicious, for the part is in itself effective, and requires little more than person, voice, manner, and the usual dramatic attributes for the personation of genteel comedy, to ensure success; and all these, except, perhaps, ease and usage in treading the boards, the *débutant* possesses in a palpable degree. The defects, therefore, are those incident to inexperience; the merits, of a permanent order. Still, we must speak of the *début* as one more of promise than of actual performance; for, whether proceeding from nervousness or some other cause, the stronger portions of the cast were not given with the force of which they are susceptible, and the situations were accordingly not made the most of. Judgment, and a freedom from exaggeration or overdoing the part, being the foundations, we may look for the qualities now wanting to be supplied as Mr. Vandenhoff becomes more and more practised in his profession. Mrs. Nisbett's *Estifania* was capital, though more subdued than we expected from her buoyancy—a buoyance which could not be better bestowed in abundance than upon this character. Mr. C. Mathews has not the stamina to which we have been accustomed in *Peres*, but made a lively swagger go as far as it could, and was

altogether very amusing. The other parts were well sustained by Selby, Fitzjames, Mrs. Brougham, Miss A. Taylor, &c.; and we must make a special exception in the way of much higher praise in favour of Bartley's *Cafégo*, F. Mathews's old woman, and her daughter, Mr. Meadows.

On Wednesday, the opera of *Artaxerxes* was produced: *Artaxerxes*, Vestris; *Arbaces*, W. Harrison; *Semira*, Miss A. Taylor; *Artabanes*, Mr. Borroni (first appearance on the English stage) and *Mandane*, Miss Austin (a pupil of Mr. Welsh, and her first appearance), respecting whose musical endowments report had been previously busy and loud, so that the house boasted of a full and fashionable audience at the rising of the curtain. There are two modes of judging of such appeals; either by comparison with the past, or by pushing that aside and looking only at the effort *per se* in reference to the existing condition of the art. If we apply the first of these tests, and consider, also, the great advance which has taken place in the public taste, we should only be able to compliment Miss Austin on a moderate degree of triumph. We should say that she was a sweet and elegant little *Mandane*, very highly accomplished in the music, with a fine rather than a rich organ, and well taught to look, gesticulate, and act the part. But, alas! how tame and inefficient when contrasted with the glorious *Mandanes* of former years! With reference to the present state of the stage, Miss Austin's claims come more prominently and advantageously forward, and she may justly be welcomed to it as a charming acquisition. The great trial song, "The Soldier Tired," was expressly given, but wanted power, and when encoored, the repetition exhibited this want more obviously. Vestris was not quite at home in *Artaxerxes*, but sung "In Infancy our Hopes and Fears" so sweetly as to merit a universal encore. In *Arbaces*, Mr. Harrison was eminently successful, and also fairly won an encore to "Water parted from the Sea," which he gave in almost a perfect style. The two or three notes in which he partially failed in both occasions, hardly detracted from the execution and finish of the whole. Miss A. Taylor did the little *Semira* has to do in a very pleasing manner; and Mr. Borroni was all alive in *Artabanes*, which he acted rather too much and sung very well. At the end the applause was general, and Miss Austin was called forward to receive it in person; after which a cry was raised for Mr. Borroni (pronounced "Brawny, Brawny!") in pit and gallery, so that it was some time before it was ascertained what was wanted. At last, however, Mr. B. appeared and made his bow, and whimsically remained behind Mr. Harrison whilst he was giving out the opera for repetition on Friday. Mr. Welsh presided admirably in the orchestra, and the scenery and dresses were most appropriate and beautiful. It affords a pleasing anticipation to find *opera* so ably done here, as to afford great variety with the comedy and lighter pieces of the season.

At *The Haymarket* we have a new farce entitled *His Last Legs*, from the popular pen of Mr. Bernard. When we mention that it is Power who is on his last legs, and that the character fits his foot to a T, we have said enough to account for a good hour's continual laughter every night, and the entire success of the entertainment. The plot has some resemblance to the *Irish Tutor*, but the difference in the chief character (O'Callaghan being a reduced Irish gentleman), would make the variety sufficient, were it not made so by new situations and the diversity of other parts. Among these,

Charles Rivers, very cleverly and amusingly played by Mr. Walter Lacy, and *Mrs. Montague*, a widow and former flame of O'Callaghan's, as ably performed by Mrs. Clifford, are the most prominent. The whim of the farce turns mainly upon the ridicule of animal magnetism; and to see Power manipulate his patients, and explain the process by which cures are effected, is quite irresistible. He certainly contrives to mesmerize and convulse the audience at the same time; and if he wants any talent, it would be that of composing them again, which we defy him to do.

The Adelphi has brought out a great, an enormous performer,—an Elephant, superior in wisdom to Ganeel or Mille d'Jeck. The only part of his performance which is lame, is a mere and well-acted pretence of lameness from his journey; he dances like Taglioni, drinks like Drunken Barnaby, feeds like Alderman —; and, what is wonderful, walks over his prostrate master without hurting him, which is more than any nobleman, steward, or gentleman's agent, could do. But he is a surprising beast, and worth his weight in ivory.

Asiety's.—The *Lion King*, though only a *Cartier*, has been riding his triumphal chariot triumphantly throughout the week; and seems to have got his menagerie into such subjection that we do not think he will be eaten for a month to come. It is only the gallery doorkeepers who are torn to pieces from four to six o'clock daily, which may be seen for nothing in the Westminster Road.

Of *The Strand Theatre*, Mr. Hammond took his leave on Saturday, when it closed its season. He spoke as mysteriously as the Delphic oracle of the projects at Drury Lane, but as it opens on the 26th, we shall then get into these Sibyl secrets.

VARIETIES.

Improvements.—Among new improvements we see announced the formation of a company entitled "The Common Road Steam Conveyance Company," whose object is to expedite travelling by means of Colonel Macaroni's steam-carriages, which are affirmed to ascend steep hills at the rate of six or seven miles an hour. Another proposition proposes to establish a Life Insurance Company, but with the novel feature of also making a provision for invalids and aged insurers. The Prospectus is sustained by names of rank, weight, and character; and if the calculations hold good, assuredly no objects can be more worthy of public consideration. To aid sickness and infirmity, and to create funds for loans and endowments of children, deserve the attention of every father of a family.

Poisons.—In a communication from M. Orfila to the Paris Academy of Medicine, he has, it is stated, shown that the arsenic obtained by his boiling process, as a test of poisoning, cannot be mistaken for arsenic introduced, either by the chemical tests applied to detect it, or by communication from the earth in which a corpse is interred, or existent in the body itself; and has laid down precise rules for making the distinction. This must be of great service to the study of forensic medicine, and tend much to the elucidation of crime.

New York Theatre.—The national theatre at New York (Mr. Wallack's) has been burnt down; and the flames from it have caused a far-extended conflagration, in which several churches have been destroyed. Mr. Kean having recovered from a fit of sickness, was to have played on the night after the accident;

and Mr. Vandenhoff, we regret to hear, has suffered much loss in his stage wardrobe, &c. by the calamity. We fear, however, that Mr. Wallack must be the most unfortunate loser.

The newspapers state that her majesty has commissioned Mr. C. R. Stanley to make a series of drawings from views of the beautiful scenery in Windsor Park, as now seen, and of her majesty's own selection.

Rigular Far-Westerns.—Talk of bulls! I knew an ox so fat that his shadow stuck to the ground for an hour after he was gone!

Talk of spirits! I had a cask of whisky and gin, that, after drinking a glass of it, you spoke broad Scotch perfectly; and after three tumblers, pure Gaelic!

Sunset and Acrostic.—*Paternoster Row*.
P AUSE, stranger, gaze on Paternoster Row,
A place coeval with our Christian claim!—
T he noisy world's great publishing depot;
E ver o'erflowing with new-minted fame,
R eflected bright from many an honoured name,
N o end to fancy in that voiceless tomb;
O what a world of spirits now lie tame!
S o lion-like when life was in its bloom!
T here live the dead, there read their varied doom,
E ach calmly sleeping in his foeman's arms,
R eflection lighting up the boards of gloom,
R epected most by those who feel their charms.
O ur Father's Row, thou hast the world's regard,
W hile but a lane obscure, near thee, St. Paul's Churchyard!
ANDREW PARK.

A Natural Doubt.
Thus lately preached good B—N—,
Taking his text from prophet Joel:
"Would you have all your sins forgiven,
Let every thought be fixed on heaven."
So far so good: yet, teacher say,
To which bright world you point the way—
The one within you assure skies?
Or that which beams in Anna's eyes?
For if you mean her eyes' dark apple,
I'm the best Christian in your chapel.

OSTROGOTH.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Scholar's tiny Elbow Almanack has this year been con signed to the poetical taste of Lover, and could no have been in better hands. The six portraits are of the Duchess of Sutherland, Mrs. S. C. Hall, Persiani, Moore Macready, and Sir Martin Shee—one half of them, at least Irish subjects "in little," and, therefore, most fit to be treated by a true-hearted Irishman, an admirable Irish miniature painter, and an Irish bard of whose genius "Rory O'More" is only one bright national scintillation. As the larger Annuals are now coming into bloom, we must not forget our own sweet and cherished floweret among their gay and gaudier blossoms.

We rejoice to learn that a new work by Sam Slick has been struck off the anvil of the Great Western, and may soon be looked for among our new publications.

In the Press.
A second series of Enlarged Gleanings, Historical and Literary, including an Essay on Emulations.—*Bibliotheca Scholastica*; or, a Classical and Archaeological Dictionary of the Manners, Customs, Laws, Institutions, Arts, Literature, &c., of all the most celebrated Nations of Antiquity; by P. Austin Nuttall, LL.D.

CONJECTURAL PHILOLOGY.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

October 1st, 1839.

SIR,—I have this instant read in "The Times" of to-day two lines of South Australian, with their translation. Knowing nothing of the language, it strikes me never theless at the moment, that it is nearly all pure Tatar, in an astonishing degree. I am not aware of any grammar or vocabulary being in England, but am tempted, in utter darkness, to essay at a conjectural etymology; and will cheerfully bear the ridicule of error, if wrong, for the sake of a very curious philological analogy, if the deductions are correct.—I am, &c. B. E. POKK.

Turkese ninka nokion burk onno mayoo waadpen tonghe: Constantly you see white men make clothes.

Arache ningo booly onna mayoo boora waanqan: Plenty you black men by and by speak English.

1. *Turkese* and *arache*, containing same roots, assimilate in sense.

2. *Ninka*, is clearly *you*,—*ing-en-ang*, existing person or things.

3. *Burk(onno)* is the Hebrew, *בָּרַךְ* {White, boora of second line. {Indian, *burrah*, {great, {Caribbean, *bukra*.

consequently referring to English as whites.

4. *Onno* is one of second line (Asiatic and Europ., of Persian, Arabic, English, &c.), *een*, *an*; man; as belonging to—possession.

5. *Mayoo*, in first line, probably verb *make*; for in second line, the verb *make* requires a representative; and *mayoo* is found there—both third persons plural.

6. *Booby*, of second line, by juxtaposition with one (see first line too), must be black (Indian, pale, wild, dark).
 7. *Nobles*, by relative position, must be *see*, second person singular.
 8. *Wangon* (Anglo), by relative position, must be *clothes*.
 9. *Wangon*, by relative position, must be *by and by*-English.
 Such are my philological conjectures.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Transactions of the Medico-Chirurgical Society of London, Vol. IV., new series, 8vo. 14s.—Crutwell's Original Housekeepers' Account-Book, 1840, 4to. 2s.—Life and Services of Nelson, by Clarke and McArthur, Vol. I., 8vo. 5s. 6d.—Character and Costume of Turkey, Italy, &c., by T. Allom, folio, 3l. 3s.—Food for Babes; or, First Sermons, 18mo. 3s.—Buddicom's Christian Exodus, 2d edition, 2 vols. fcap. 14s.—The Minister's Manual for Visiting the Sick, by the Rev. H. H. Victor, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—Wright's Life and Campaigns of the Duke of Wellington, Vol. I., 8vo. 14s.—Vegetable Organography, by M. Aug. P. De Candolle, translated by R. Kingdon, Vol. I., 8vo. 14s.—Meyen's Report on Vegetative Physiology, translated by W. Francis, 8vo. 7s. 6d.—Bell's Elements of Algebra (Chambers's Educational Course), 18mo. 4s. 6d.—Cyclopedia of Anatomy, &c., edited by R. B. Todd, Vol. II., royal 8vo. 2l. 10s.—The Anatomist's Manual, by J. P. Maygrier, fcap. 7s.—J. Ray on the Medical Jurisprudence of Insanity, with Essay by Dr. Spillan, 12mo. 6s.—The Modern Literature of France, by G. W. M. Reynolds, 2 vols. post 8vo. 16s.—Frey's Hebrew Grammar, 10th edition, 8vo. 8s. 6d.—Martin's Conveyancing, by C. Davidson, Vol. III., Part II., royal 8vo. 15s.—The Agricultural Calculator, by R. Solomon, 24mo. 3s.—Manual of the Law of Scotland, by J. H. Burton, 12mo. 9s. 6d.—Max Wentworth, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.—Lizars' Text-Book of Anatomy, Part I., 12mo. 6s.—What is an Egg worth? or, the Blessings of Providence, square, 2s.—Mrs. Barron's Course of Reading and Instruction, 18mo. 2s.—Affection's Keepsake, 1840, 2s. 6d.—Pictorial Keepsake, 1840, fcap. 10s. 6d.—Friendship's Offering, 1840, fcap. 12s.—Researches, Physiological and Anatomical, by J. Davy, M.D., 3 vols. 8vo. 30s.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1839.

October.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 10	From 50 to 62	30.47 to 30.69
Friday... 11	40 to 60	30.56 to 30.55
Saturday... 12	48 to 60	30.74 to 30.60
Sunday... 13	43 to 57	30.94 to 30.92
Monday... 14	36 to 58	30.85 to 30.80
Tuesday... 15	39 to 55	30.74 to 30.84
Wednesday 16	39 to 50	30.94 to 30.97

Prevailing wind, S.W.
 Except the morning of the 10th and 11th, generally clear; rain fell on the 10th, 11th, 12th, and 13th. Lightning during the evening of the 11th.
 Aurora borealis very brilliant, with coruscations of a deep crimson colour, extending from north to west, on the evening of the 13th, from 8 till half-past.
 Rain fallen, .975 of an inch.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Cure of Stammering.—It will save trouble to ourselves and to our correspondents, who, either personally or by writing, have sought information from us on this subject, to state that Mr. Hunt, to whose wonderfully easy, immediate, and efficacious cure of stammering, this Journal has borne testimony, has resumed his residence in London. Not having made memoranda of some of these occasions, and having had the particulars driven from our memory by various matters since, we have no other way of equipping ourselves to those friends and readers whom it is always our wish to oblige.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR,—I saw to-day an assertion in your paper of Saturday last, that Mrs. Charles Mathews (senior), in the *Life* of her late husband, has "some hard hitting at poor Hunt on 111;" the lady does not mention my name, but, since you have done so, I beg that you will refer your readers to "The Atlas" and "Observer" of the 6th inst. wherein they will find letters on the subject, proving that the "hitting" was not aimed with truth, and is likelier to rebound against the lady than to hurt me or mine. *Fido*, too, "Home Service." We should pride in any honest man's sympathy, under poverty, not induced by idleness or extravagance of our own; but we shall not require *any pity*, until we take some dishonouring road to ices—which, spite numerous examples of the kind, we ever will do, let our enemies insinuate what they like. (You, Sir, I regard as our friend; if you are, as I believe you, a friend to justice. In which belief I am respectfully ours, and resigned to avow that I remain—poor
 Brompton, October 11th, 1839. BARNUM HILL.

Mr. Taitan.—We had intended to add a note to our own correspondence (see p. 669, No. 1185), but omitted it through an oversight. Mr. Taitan, whose Eastern travel and search for Coptic MSS. are there referred to, has been, I believe, most successful in collecting ancient records of great interest and value, and is now in Italy on his return home, laden with these literary and Scriptural treasures. *Ed. L. G.*

"Geotome" will find a letter at our office.

ERASTUS.—In our last No., page 662, col. 2, line 45, "gratified" read "qualified."

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

TO ADVERTISERS.—ANTI-CORN

LAW CIRCULAR.—Arrangements have been made for making this paper (which is a stamped periodical) a medium for advertisements; to commence with the 15th number, to be published on the 29th October. Orders will be received for the publication of the Anti-Corn Law Association, 10, Pall Mall, Buildings, Martin Street, Manchester. Of the first thirteen numbers, upwards of one hundred thousand copies have been circulated in all parts of the kingdom. Its subscribers include the most eminent Merchants and Manufacturers in the kingdom, the Peers, and Members of the House of Commons. It is supplied to all the principal Reading-rooms, Club-houses, Hotels, &c. &c. in Great Britain.—Advertisements must be sent on or before the Friday preceding publication.

WESTMINSTER MEDICAL SOCIETY.

THE first General Meeting of this Society will be held on Saturday Evening next (Oct. 15th), at the Society's Rooms, Master Hall, Strand, upon which occasion Mr. Marson will read a paper upon Variolæ Ophthalmica. The chair will be taken at Eight o'clock.

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THIS is a startling title-page! And the work itself throws quite into the back-ground the Socialism of "Mrs. Chappelsmith, late Miss Reynolds." The pseudo-son of Louis XVI. has become the founder of a new religion; having been, instigated thereto by three Angels, with whom he has had the long conversations which chiefly fill up these 350 pages. Thom, alias Sir William Courtenay, was but a type, or fore-runner, of this greater prophet; and as for the Roman Catholic Church, if it can survive this attack, all we shall say is, that we wish Dan the luck to be Pope as soon as there is a vacancy in the immortal chair of the Vatican.

It is a very curious book, however, and seems already to have found disciples and apostles in the Church of Rome: for its canons are thus subscribed, page 343:—

"In the name of the Catholic and Evangelical Church, (Signed) Jean Baptiste La Prade, President of the Council, formerly a Roman Catholic priest. Ange Francois Alexandre Appert, Titular Curate of St. Arnoult, formerly a Roman Catholic priest. Modeste Gruau, Ancien Procureur du Roi de France, and formerly a Roman Catholic. Charles Louis, Duke of Normandy, Protector of the Catholic and Evangelical Church, formerly a Roman Catholic."

To these canons we shall come by and by; but, in the meantime, must give some account of the volume. It sets out, like a fine epic, *in medias res*, though, unlike an epic, it never reverts to the beginning, but only promises it hereafter, and in this manner:—

"The preliminary part of the *Heavenly Doctrine*, containing the narration of some extraordinary and miraculous incidents which preceded the new revelation of the true Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, is now in the press, and will shortly be published."

As this might stagger sceptical people, the Duke of Normandy thus adjures them, under date of London, May 1839:—

"*Princes and Nations of the Earth*,—it is not to be doubted but that many persons will disbelieve that angels from the Almighty have prescribed to me what my pen has written in this book. I shall feel no surprise at such incredulity, since there are many who do not even believe in the existence of God: how, then, can they believe in his angels? Moreover, there are some who own Jesus Christ merely with their lips, but faith does not exist in their heart. It is not on my own authority that I speak thus, for the Angel of the Eternal, our God, rarely leaves me; and he makes me write, besides, many other things. However, the

time is not yet come to publish them,—nor, especially, to put them into practice, although it is nigh; and no mortal will be able to arrest the arm of the Almighty. Let it not be imagined that, in setting to work, I have been influenced by the idea of recovering my sacred rights, and repelling the attacks of my enemies, and of my political adversaries, to pretend that Divine power interfered in my cause. I take the just God—the Almighty, who knows my heart—to witness, that I have renounced, from the bottom of my soul, the crown of France, which belongs to me by right; and wo to the senseless being who could falsely invoke the name of the Eternal, to deceive men! If the Almighty, in his infinite wisdom, has decreed that I am one day to re-ascend the throne of my fathers, may his holy will be accomplished, and not mine. Nevertheless, I have not renounced my name nor my country, and no one in the universe can take from me this right; for truth is stronger than falsehood, and makes the shame of my persecutors' calumnies recoil upon them. God Almighty, who knows that I am the truth, and who has preserved me to be the instrument of his impenetrable designs, will know well how to grant me justice upon the earth, if such be his unchangeable and irresistible will. But I will put aside all question of temporal interest, for my aim here is not to convince of my identity; and, besides, I have received from above the mission to make evident the error of them who have fallen into the snares of the evil spirit, through the imposture of those Italians who call themselves the apostles of our Lord Jesus Christ. I formerly believed for a time, like many others, that they were really so; and truly it is neither my knowledge nor my merit which has opened my eyes; I have seen the truth by the sole power of the Eternal, my God and your God; for he is such, in spite of you, and there is no other. It is he who has sent angels unto me, in whom it has been impossible for me not to believe; although, on the first apparitions of these heavenly messengers, I was fully persuaded that I was the object of some political intrigue: the first part of this work, and witnesses of unquestionable veracity, exist, to attest that I speak the truth."

Our readers will remember the assassination story at Camberwell; upon which these revelations may throw a light, withheld from our obtuse police magistrates. But the Duke proceeds to inform us:—

"Some apostolic and Romish priests, at the same time that they boast of being of the true Church of our Lord Jesus Christ, have employed, by infamous means, the influence of their high consideration, and still daily make an abuse of that invention of the Romish priesthood—confession, to deprive me of the pecuniary resources which Frenchmen, having faith in my identity, have shown themselves disposed to procure for me. They have but too cruelly obtained their impious end, for, under pretext of taking from me the possibility of having this work of God himself printed, and spread abroad among the people, since more than two years they have left both me and my family in a most grievous state of privation, having only God for support,

and a few friends for consolation. However, notwithstanding this state of distress, which enters into the views of Providence, to manifest to the world the almighty power of God, the *Heavenly Doctrine*, printed in thousands of copies, is diffused every where, in French and in English. Why, then, this frantic opposition on their part against the truth of the Gospel, which God in his mercy, and for the happiness of the present and future generations, has vouchsafed to reveal a second time by his angels, whom he has sent to visit the earth?"

The Translator* also vouches for the angelic origin of the publication; and who can doubt what both author and translator, two credible witnesses, prove? The latter says:—

"It is stated in the title-page of the present work, that the *Heavenly Doctrine*, or true Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, has been newly revealed by three angels to the much-persecuted son of the unfortunate Louis XVI. Such an extraordinary assertion cannot be expected to meet with implicit credence, without additional evidence of its truth. This evidence, it is presumed, will be furnished by the perusal of the following pages to the end; and the translator can venture to say on authority, that forthcoming events will fully confirm it."

"The translator thinks it right to make known, that there exist revelations anterior to that of the *Heavenly Doctrine*, which explain many important points relating to the future state of our souls, &c., as well as to the anomalies we may continually observe existing in the world around us. But for important reasons, which will be manifest hereafter, the *Heavenly Doctrine* has been published first."

Our readers, perhaps, would not wish us to enter into the reasoning, either *pro* or *con*, on so important a subject, so early as it now appears armed for the field of controversy. We have lived to see even greater follies adopted by multitudes of persons in our enlightened age, not only in France and Germany, but in Great Britain, so famed for its wisdom, and so boasted of for its rationality. We have seen Joanna, and (no, we have not seen) Shiloh. Brothers the prophet had his day: and so had the Kentish impostor, only a few months ago. Why, then, should we deny the chance of proselytism to the pretender of a higher destiny, Charles Louis, duke of Normandy? We are not aware of any cause of impediment; and, like the old Pagans and Christians, who, when they vowed offerings to the Supreme Power, did not consider it bad policy to light a candle to the devil, or ahirman, for fear of the worst that might happen; so do we, therefore, hasten forward thus early to shew that the new *Doctrine Catholique (et Angélique)*, it ought to be) has met with due attention at our hands. And, as Master Elbow says, "here be proofs:—"

"Why," asked I (saith the Duke) of the angel, "does the merciful God make choice of me?—Of me, who am the poorest in spirit?—Of me, who know nothing, and who am persecuted by enemies powerful on earth, and who certainly, on account of my misfortunes, will not

* Charles de Comon, Disciple de la Doctrine Catholique et Evangelique. London, August 1839.

believe that which thou and the other angel have said to me hitherto? "It is exactly by thy misfortune," answered the angel to me, "that thou hast found grace before the Almighty: it is on account of thy unheard-of sufferings, that thou hast been chosen by the wisdom of God for the instrument of his justice. * * * He who opposes legitimate power, opposes the command of God; and those who do so procure for themselves their condemnation. I told you to go and preach my Gospel, to do the greatest good unto men—and thus, by doing good, you have nothing to fear from princes; but by meddling with political affairs, you will do harm, for you cannot serve two masters. Therefore, do you wish to have nothing to fear from him who has power in hand? only busy yourselves with your ministry, with which I have commissioned you. It is in this manner you shall do real good, and you shall even receive the praises which you deserve on account of the good you do, by preaching peace, justice, obedience, and submission to the masters of this world; for they are, even with regard to you, and for your good, the ministers of God. If, on the contrary, you do harm, by meddling with their ministry, of which God will require from them an account, you will also be hated by their people. Fear them, then, since it is not uselessly that they have the executive power in hand—being the ministers of God, to punish severely him (no matter who he be) that does evil. I am myself come into the world for submission; this is why I have said to you: I am not come to abolish the laws, but to accomplish them. Therefore, whosoever wishes to be my disciple, and as such the true shepherd of my flock, which my heavenly Father has given me, ought to follow my example."

The mass of the volume is a new reading or version of the New Testament; of which an idea may be formed from the subjoined extracts:—

"'Why,' said I to the angel of the Lord, 'dost thou make me write what is already written; for persons object to me on every side—We know all this, and you say nothing new?' The angel answered me: 'So much the worse for those who know the heavenly truth, and who hide it, on account of their impotence and of their iniquity. The justice of God Almighty shall come unto them, for he has said by the mouth of his servant Isaiah (ch. xlv. v. 11): 'It is I who call from the east a bird of prey—and from a distant land, a man who shall accomplish what I have resolved. I have said it, and I will make the thing come to pass. I have formed the design of it, and I will execute it.' And this man (said the angel of the Lord to me) is thou. And it is not in vain that the Eternal said (v. 12): 'Hearken unto me, you who have stubborn hearts, and who are far from righteousness. I have made my justice approach, and it shall not remove.' * * *

For God said, by the mouth of his servant Zechariah (ch. vi. v. 12): 'Thus has the Eternal spoken—behold a man whose name is bud; who shall shoot up from under him, and shall rebuild the temple of the Eternal.' V. 13.—'It shall be himself who shall rebuild the temple of the Eternal, and it shall be himself who shall be filled with majesty; and he shall sit and rule upon his throne; and he shall be a sacrificer, being upon his throne; and there shall be a council of peace between the two.' And this bud, which shall shoot up from under him, is the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, of which the Eternal spoke when he said, by the mouth of his servant Isaiah (ch. xli. v. 27): 'It is I,

the first, who have said to Sion—Behold, behold them; and who shall send to Jerusalem a messenger of good tidings.' And these good tidings are the works of God Almighty, of whom Jesus Christ said (according to John, ch. viii. v. 26): 'He who sent me always speaks the truth; and it is what I have learnt from him that I publish in the world.' 'All this is very pure truth,' said I to the angel of the Lord."

He (the angel) goes, *inter alia*, refuting Romish doctrines, to inveigh against the adoration of the Virgin, whom he declares to have been an unbelieving Jew, and not a Christian:—

"Does not the evangelist Mark (ch. vi. v. 3) bear the same testimony? 'And I, John the Baptist—the angel of the Lord, I bear the same testimony, in the name of the Eternal, the God of Israel, the Creator and the heavenly Father of all men, and of all the angels in the heavens and on the earth; and I declare unto you, that the mother of the body of our Lord Jesus Christ, as well as of all his brothers and sisters, and Joseph himself, were very far from believing in the Heavenly Doctrine, which the angel of God's presence preached upon the earth, and that they all remained Jews, during the whole time of their life upon the earth.' This is why our Lord Jesus Christ said (according to the evangelist Luke, ch. viii. v. 19), when his mother, according to his earthly body, and his brethren came to find him, and when it was said to him 'your mother and your brethren are without,' he answered, as may be read at v. 21: 'My mother and my brethren are they who listen to the word of God, and who put it into practice.' Thus Mary, the wife of Joseph, did not believe, since she did not follow the word of God. And does not the evangelist Mark (ch. iii. v. 35), bear the same testimony, as well as the evangelist Matthew (ch. xii. v. 50), where the Lord Jesus Christ says: 'For whosoever shall do the will of my Father who is in heaven, the same is my brother, my sister, and my mother;' and I, the angel of the Lord—I bear you testimony, that these are the true words of our Lord Jesus Christ."

The Lord's Prayer, according to this new order, ought to run thus:—

"Our Father, who art in heaven, may thy name be hallowed; may thy reign come upon earth; may thy will be done here below, as it is in heaven; give what is necessary for our subsistence, and forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors; do not allow us to expose ourselves to temptation; but make us be protected against it by thy grace. Amen."

And to conclude this strange exposition, we select the following from among the "Prescriptions" for the "Pastors of this Church," derived from the three angels by the Duke of Normandy, as aforesaid:—

"3. In the case where he who, through vocation of the Eternal our God, wishes to become a pastor, is still young, he must promise, upon his word, to take a virgin to wife before the completion of his twenty-fifth year, to the end that he may learn how to govern properly his own family, keeping his children in submission, and in an entire purity of morals. For if a preacher of the Gospel does not know how to govern his own family, how would he take care of the Church of the Eternal our God?"

"4. Nevertheless, it may happen that persons of more than forty years of age, of the self-styled Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman Church, would wish to attach themselves to the true Church of our Lord Jesus Christ, who only is

the chief, according to the command of the Eternal, our Almighty God. These persons shall be at liberty to marry or not; but those who are not yet thirty years old shall also, without exception, be bound to take a virgin to wife; who must, however, be of a family which, although it may be poor, enjoys an unsullied reputation.

"5. Each commune of two thousand souls shall have a married pastor, and another young preacher unmarried, so that mutually in their ministry, the second may support the first, and the first the second, like brothers, according to Jesus Christ, who is the chief, and who has said that every workman deserves his bread. However, to avoid all scandal, the commune shall pay to the first pastor, at least four thousand French francs; and, to the second, two thousand francs, if he be not married, and, if he be married, the same sum as to the first.

"6. Every commune shall furnish each of its pastors with an appropriate house for their dwelling, which shall be kept in good repair at the expense of the commune, according to its wealth and its situation. The dwellings of the pastors must be near the edifice called a church, if it be possible: and if the commune of a town, or of a village, contain more than two thousand souls—and even if the population should amount to four thousand, it shall be in their power to fix the number of pastors that they wish to accept: and that this may not give rise to any scandal, they shall address themselves to the council of the church on this subject. Those who shall teach the children in the schools, and who are called schoolmasters, shall enjoy the same consideration as the catholic and evangelical pastors. And, since they shall subject themselves, as pastors, to the same evangelical law, according to our Lord Jesus Christ, the same rights belong to them.

"7. As regards the council of the church, there shall be in every country, under the protection of the sovereign, a ministry entirely composed of pastors, with the title of 'Ministry of Ecclesiastical Affairs,' which shall be solely employed upon the affairs of the church of their chief, our Lord Jesus Christ, without interfering in any way with political affairs, or in any affair of state.

"9. All the members of this council must be married men, except those who have become widowers during their ministry, and who do not wish to marry a second time; which, according to the holy will of the Eternal our God, is allowed to all pastors, without exception for any one. It is also allowed to all the pastors of the catholic and evangelical church, to marry the widow of one of their fraternity."

The rest of the constitution is fully detailed. The marriages in form are to be public,* and the divorces almost as easy as in Socialism:—

"The persons who are to serve as witnesses to the newly married couple, shall sign the register with all their names, and no one who-soever can annul such a marriage, unless it be by the free will of both parties. The husband cannot send away his wife without her consent

* "This is the formula according to which marriages are to be solemnised before the altar of the Eternal our God. The pastor of the place, first addressing himself to the man, shall say to him: 'Son of the Church of the Almighty, is it thy free will to marry —, whom thou presentest here, before the eyes of the Eternal thy God, who sees thee, and who knows what passes in thy heart?' If the man answers 'Yes,' then the pastor shall address the woman, saying: 'Daughter of the Church of the Almighty, is it thy free will to marry —, whom thou presentest here, before the eyes of the Eternal thy God, who sees thee, and who knows what passes in thy heart?' If the woman answers 'Yes,' then the pastor of the place shall ask the man for a silk ribbon, of a sky-blue colour, with which he shall tie the woman to the right

thereto; nor the woman her husband, unless he agree to it. Now if, in an unfortunate case, the married couple should wish to separate willingly, their separation must not be effected by the ministers of the Eternal, our God; and under no pretext whatever, ought any pastor of the place to meddle therewith: but let this separation be effected before the temporal magistracy according to the laws of the government of each country."

We hope the time-honoured customs of countries will also be admitted, and then the selling of wives with halters round their necks will be gospelised and legalised. But we come to a doubtful point:—

"Let no pastor prevent a Christian from marrying a woman, whether she be a Jewess, a Turk, a Roman Catholic, or a *Tartar*."

Having caught which, we take our leave of the new faith, assuredly not desiring to avail ourselves of this last privilege of its Institutions.

The Epicurean; a Tale. With Vignette Illustrations, by J. M. W. Turner Esq. R.A.: and *Alciphron; a Poem.* By Thomas Moore, Esq. 12mo. pp. 405. London, 1839. Macrone; Simpkin and Marshall; Jennings.

THIS publication was arranged with poor Macrone, whose premature death threw it, we suppose, into the hands of creditors or assignees, under whose auspices it is now given to the world. When the *Epicurean* first appeared, our review of it, we have reason to believe, obtained pretty general approbation; and therefore we will not tread over the same ground again, except to notice that Mr. Turner's illustrations are full of his genius and beauty. Nor shall we deem it necessary to say much of *Alciphron*, seeing that this poem was only the first form in which Mr. Moore endeavoured to cast his ideas; and, finding it insufficient or inconvenient for their development, adopted the poetical prose relation which superseded it. There are nevertheless many sweet passages* in the original design; though we agree entirely with the author that "the great difficulty of managing, in rhyme, the minor details of a story, so as to be clear without becoming prosaic, and, still more, the diffuse length to which narration in verse

would be likely to run," afforded ample grounds for the change so judiciously made.

What, therefore, should we do by way of illustrating this volume? We are led by the author, who concludes his preliminary notice thus:—

"But the letter of the hypocritical high-priest, whatever else may be its claim to attention, will be found, both in matter and form, new to the reader."

We insert it without comment, as it is precisely one of those effusions which is likely to provoke much:—

"Letter V.—From Orcus, High-Priest of Memphis, to Decius, the Praetorian Prefect.

"Rejoice, my friend, rejoice!—the youthful chief Of that light sect which mocks at all belief, And, gay and godless, makes the present hour Its only heaven, is now within our power. Smooth, impious school!—not all the weapons aimed At priestly creed, since first a creed was framed, E'er struck so deep as that sly dart they wield. The Bacchant's pointed spear in laughing flowers conceal'd.

And oh, 'twere victory to this heart, as sweet As any thou canst boast,—e'en when the feet Of thy proud war-steed wade through Christian blood, To wrap this scoffier in Faith's blinding hood. And bring him, tamed and prostrate, to implore The vilest gods e'er Egypt's saints adore.

What!—do these sages think, to them alone The key of this world's happiness is known? That none but they, who make such pseud parade Of Pleasure's smiling fairs and win the maid, Or that Religion keeps no secret place,

No niche, in her dark fane, for Love to grace? Fools!—did they know how keen the seat that's given To earthly joy, when season'd well with heaven; How Piety's grave mask improves the hue Of Pleasure's laughing features, half seen through, And how the priest, set aptly within reach Of two rich worlds, trafficks for bills with each, Would they not, Decius,—thou, whom th' ancient tie

'Twixt Sword and Altar makes our best ally,— Would they not change their creed, their craft, for ours? Leave the gross daylight joys that, in their bowers, Languish with too much sun, like o'er-blown flowers, For the veild loves, the blisses undisplay'd? That slyly lurk within the temple's shade? And, 'stead of haunting the trim garden's school,— Where cold Philosophy usurps a rule,

Like the pale moon's, o'er Passion's heaving tide; Where Pleasure, cramped and chill'd by Wisdom's pride, Counts her own pulse's regulated play, And in dull dreams dismisses her life away,— Be taught by us, quit shadows for the true, Substantial joys we sager priests pursue,— Who, far too wise to theorise on bliss, Or pleasure's substance for its shade to miss, Preach other worlds, but live for only this:— Thanks to the well-paid mystery round us flung, Which, like its type, the golden cloud that hung O'er Jupiter's love-couch its shade benign, Round human frailty wraps a veil divine.

Still less should they presume, weak wits, that they Alone despise the craft of us who pray;— Still less their credulous vanity decay.

With the fond thought, that they who pray believe. Believe!—Aps! forbid—!—forbid it, all Ye monster gods, before whose shrines we fall,— Deities, framed in jest, as if to try

How far gross man can vulgarise the sky: How far the same low fancy that combines Into a drove of brutes yon sodic's signs, And turns that Heaven itself into a place Of sainted sin and defiled disgrace, Can bring Olympus e'er to shame more deep, Stock it with things that earth itself holds cheap, Fish, flesh, and fowl, the kitchen's sacred brood, Which Egypt keeps for worship, not for food,— All, worthy idols of a faith that sees In dogs, cats, owls, and apes, divinities!

Believe!—oh, Decius, thou who hast no care Of things divine, beyond the soldier's share, Who takes on trust the faith for which he bleeds, A good, fierce god to swear by, all he needs,— Little canst thou, whose creed around thee hangs Loose as thy summer war-cloak, guess the pangs Of loathing and self-scorn with which a heart, Stubborn as mine is, acts the zealot's part,— The deep and dire disgust with which I wade Through the foul juggling of this holy trade,— This mud profound of mystery, where the feet, At every step, sink deeper in deceit.

Oh! many a time, when, mid the temple's blaze, O'er prostrate foot the sacred clasp I raise, Did I not keep still proudly in my mind The power this priestcraft gives me o'er mankind,— A lever, of more might, in skillful hand, To move this world, than Archimede e'er plann'd,— I should, in vengeance of the shame I feel At my own mockery, crush the slaves that kneel

Besotted round; and,—like that kindred breed Of reverend, well-drest crocodiles they feed, At famed Arsinoë,—make my keepers bleed, With their last throb, my sharp-fang'd holiness.

Say, is it to be borne, that scoffers, vain Of their own freedom from the altar's chain, Should mock thus all that thou thy blood hast sold, And I my truth, pride, freedom, to uphold? It must not be:—think'st thou that Christian sect, Whose followers, quick as broken waves, erect Their crests anew, and swell into a tide, That threatens to sweep away our shrines of pride— Think'st thou, with all their wondrous spells, even they Would triumph thus, had not the constant play Of Wit's resistless archery clear'd their way?— That mocking spirit, worst of all the foes Our solemn fraud, our mystic mummery know, Whose wounding flash thus ever 'mong the signs Of a fast-falling creed, prelusive shines, Threatening such change as do the awful freaks Of summer lightning, ere the tempest breaks.

But, to my point,—a youth of this vain school, But one, whom Doubt itself hath failed to cool Down to that freezing point, where priests despair Of any spark from th' altar catching there,— Hath, come nigh since,—it was, methinks, the night That followed the full moon's great annual rise,— Through the dark winding ducts, that downward stray To the earth-hidden temples, track'd his way, Just at that hour when, round the shrine, and me, The choir of blooming nymphs thou long'st to see, Sing their last night-hymn in the sanctuary. The clangour of the marvellous gate, that stands At the well's lowest depth,—which none but hands Of new, untaught adventurers, from above, Who know not the safe path, e'er dare to move,— Gave signal that a foot profane was nigh:— 'Twas the Greek youth, who, by that morning's sky, Had been observed, curiously wandering round The mighty fane of our sepulchral ground.

Instant, th' Initiate's trials were prepared,— The fire, air, water; all that Orpheus dared, That Plato, that the bright-haired Samian peer'd With trembling hope, to come to,—what, at last? Go, ask the dupes of Myst'ry: question him Who, mid terrific sounds and spectres drive, Walks at Eleusis; ask of those who bave The dazling miracles of Mithra's cave, With its seven starry gates; ask all who keep Those terrible night-myst'ries where they weep, And howl and dirges to the answering breeze, O'er their dead gods, their mortal deities,— Amphibious, hybrid things, that died as men, Drown'd, hang'd, empal'd, to rise, as gods again;— Ask them what mighty secret lurks below This sev'n-fold mystery—can they tell thee? No; Gravely they keep that only secret, well And fairly kept,—that they have none to tell; And, duped themselves, console their humbled pride By duping themselves all mankind beside.

And such th' advance in fraud since Orpheus' time— That earliest master of our craft sublime,— So many minor mysteries, imps of fraud, From the great Orphic egg have wing'd abroad, That, still 't' uphold our temple's ancient boast, And seem most holy, we must cheat the most; Work the best miracles, wrap nonsense round In pomp and darkness, till it seems profound; Play on the hopes, the terrors of mankind, With careful skill; and make the human mind Like our own sanctuary, where no ray, But by the priest's permission, wins its way,— Where, through the gloom as wave our wizard rods, Monsters, at will, are conjured into gods; While Reason, like a grave-faced mummy, stands, With her arms swathed in hieroglyphic bands.

But chiefly in the skill with which we use Man's wildest passions for Religion's views, Yoking them to her car like fiery steeds, Lies the main art in which our craft succeeds. And, oh, be blast, ye men of yore, whose toil Hath, for our use, scoop'd out of Egypt's soil This hidden paradise, this mine of fane, Gardens, and palaces, where Pleasure reigns In a rich, sunless empire of her own, With all earth's luxuries lighting up her throne:— A realm for mystery made, which undermines The Nile itself, and, 'neath the twelve great shrines That keep Initiation's holy rite, Spreads its long labyrinths of unearthly light, A light that knows no change,—its brooks that run Too deep for day, its gardens without sun, Where soul and sense, by turns, are charmed, surprised.

And all that bard or prophet e'er devised For man's Elysium, priests have realised. Here, at this moment,—all his trials past, And heart and nerve unshrinking to the last,— The young Initiate roves,—as yet left free To wander through this realm of myst'ry, Feeding on such illusions as prepare The soul, like mist o'er waterfalls, to wear All shapes and hues, at Fancy's varying will, Through every shifting aspect, never still;— Vague glimpses of the future, vistas shewn, By scenic skill, into that world unknown, Which saints and sages claim alike their own;

side of the man; and, thus tied, the betrothed shall remain standing before the altar.

Then the pastor of the place shall change the rings, and he shall put that of the man on the right hand of the woman, and that of the woman on the right hand of the man.

It is but just that the newly married couple shall pay one shilling to the person who keeps the register of the church, and as much for the certificate of the marriage, if the newly married couple ask for one." Funerals are also provided for: "the pastors of the Catholic and Evangelical Church must render all kinds of services that may be required of them, according to the custom of the country, without any payment. And as for the poor, the Church must be bound to give them ever a place in the burial-ground, and to bury the sepulchres of the rich, for nothing—that is to say, gratis."

We append one Moore-ish example:—

"Who would have thought that he, who rovd
Like the first bees of summer then,
Rifling each sweet, nor ever lov'd
But the fat hearts, that lov'd again,
Readily as the red replies
To the least breath that round it sighs—
Is the same dreamer, who, last night,
Stood awed and breathless at the sight
Of one Egyptian girl; and now
Wanders among these tombs, with brow
Pale, watchful, sad, as tho' he just,
Himself, had ris'n from her dust?

Yet, so it is—and the same thirst

For something high and pure, above
This withering world, which, from the first,
Made me drink deep of woman's love,—
As the one joy, to heaven most near
Of all our hearts can meet with here,—
Still burns me up, still keeps awake
A fever nought but death can slake.
Farewell; whatever may befall,—
Or bright, or dark,—thou'lt know it all."

And all those other witching, wildering arts,
 Illusions, terrors, that make human hearts,
 Ay, ev'n the wisest and the hardest, quail
 To any goblin throned behind a veil.
 Yes,—such the spells shall haunt his eye, his ear,
 Mix with his night-dreams, form his atmosphere;
 Till, if our sage be not tamed down, at length,
 His wit, his wisdom, thorn of all their strength,
 Like Phrygian priests, in honour of the shrine,—
 If he become not absolutely mine,
 Body and soul, and, like the tame decoy
 Which wary hunters of wild doves employ,
 Draw converts also, lure his brother wits
 To the dark cage where his own spirit flits.
 And give us, if not saints, good hypocrites,—
 If I effect not this, then be it said
 The ancient spirit of our craft hath fled,
 Gone with that serpent-god the Cross hath chased
 To his soul out in the Theban waste."

The Mabinogion: from the Llyfr Coch o Hergest, and other Ancient Welsh Manuscripts; with an English Translation and Notes. By Lady Charlotte Guest. Part. II. Containing *Peredur, the Son of Evrawc.* London, 1839. Longman and Co. Illustrated by Rees.

IN a former Number of the *Literary Gazette* (No. 1144, for December 22, 1838), we gave some account of the curious collection of ancient Welsh romances, bearing the title of *Mabinogion*; reviewing, at the same time, the first part of a translation of them into English by Lady Charlotte Guest. It afforded us very sincere gratification to announce the appearance from the press of these long-expected literary treasures,—the curious relics of by-gone times; and to express our cordial approbation of the manner in which the fair editor had, in the published part, executed the laborious task which she had so honourably undertaken of giving them to the public in an English dress.

The pleasing duty now devolves upon us of recording the appearance of the second part of the work; which, we will venture to predict, will be received, by the admirers of its precursor, with equal interest and delight; as well for the singular incidents of the tale, as for the taste and ability displayed by the translator in the literary execution.

The earlier pages of the present part are devoted to the concluding portion of the ancient Breton romance of the "Chevalier au Lion," from a manuscript in the French King's Library, with illustrated notes, which could not be brought into the former part; and there is appended a short account of the versions of the same romance in the languages of Germany, Scandinavia, Sweden, and Iceland; the last of which is accompanied by a beautiful facsimile of the original manuscript.

Having thus brought to a satisfactory close the pleasing romance of "The Lady of the Fountain," Lady Charlotte Guest presents to her readers a second tale, selected, like the first, from the Arthurian Cycle of the *Mabinogion*, intitled *Peredur ab Evrawc*; or *Peredur, the Son of Evrawc*.

To the true lovers of the marvellous, who follow with eager, breathless, and soul-absorbing interest the narrative of the extraordinary adventures, the daring exploits, and the astounding supernatural agencies and transformations, which impart so powerful and fascinating a charm to the earlier romances of all nations, the perusal of the work before us will be sure to furnish a rich and delightful treat. For no hero in the long and brilliant catalogue of Arthur's knights, how greatly soever renowned for personal valour and prowess, was ever impelled by his high chivalric spirit to encounter more redoubtable adversaries, to expose himself to more numerous or appalling supernatural foes armed with unknown and inappreciable power, and to

achieve over the force and machinations of the whole a more complete and decisive conquest, than *Peredur*, the son of *Evrawc*, "the Earl of the North."

To the literary antiquary, on the other hand, whose sensibilities, though different in kind, are not less ardent in degree, this romance will be equally agreeable and welcome. Apart from the interest of the story itself, he will behold displayed in its incidents and machinery, striking illustrations of the singular superstitions, the feelings, the manners, and the habits of certain classes of mankind, at the very dawn of civilisation; and will see exhibited in the same mirror, in colours equally vivid, the strange notions of the courtesies of civil and social life, the extravagant sentiments of honour, and the odd principles of moral duty and obligation, which were very generally prevalent at a period greatly advanced, when the "age of chivalry" may be said to have reached its meridian splendour. For it is to be remarked, that it is among the distinguishing characteristics of these romances, and of others of the same class, that they incorporate in the same tale the incidents and agencies, the trains of thought, the costume, the manners, and the habits, which properly belong to periods of time far removed from one another, and to very different states of society. The former of these periods comprehends the age in which the scene and action of the romance are laid; and from the traditional history, the real or imaginary events of which the original authors of the tales, in their ruder form, drew the materials of their narratives. The latter embraces the era when they underwent literary correction and polish, and were committed to writing.

Looking at the story of *Peredur ab Evrawc* in its whole construction, its characters, events, and machinery, we feel quite certain that the expectations awakened by the perusal of "The Lady of the Fountain," with respect to the intrinsic value of these early British romances, as additions to our standard literature, and as adapted to furnish to the reader a large fund of amusement and gratification, will be rather strengthened than diminished by the publication now before us.

Of the labours of Lady Charlotte Guest, both as translator and commentator, it is impossible to speak in terms of too high commendation. Her version of the romances proceed with unabated spirit, and with the same fidelity and good taste as were displayed in her former tale; while the illustrations manifest the same unwearied research, and the same anxiety to enable her readers clearly to understand the meaning, and fully to relish the beauties, of her authors.

The Shores and Islands of the Mediterranean; Drawn from Nature by Sir Grenville Temple, Bart., W. L. Leitch, Esq., Major Irton, and Lieut. Allen, R.E.; with an Analysis of the Mediterranean, and Description of the Plates. By the Rev. G. N. Wright, M.A. 4to. Vol. I. Pp. 96. London, 1839. Fisher, Son, and Co.

THIS is the season for beautifully embellished publications, and few can be more beautiful either in subject or execution than this series of plates representing the picturesque scenery and interesting objects which adorn the shores of the lovely Mediterranean. To these views, the Barbary States, visited by Sir G. Temple, Sicily with its Norman and Saracenic remains, Malta, Italy, and Greece, have all contributed their quota; and the whole is a collection of above thirty as charming engravings as can

well be imagined. Some are rich in architecture, some lively in figures and costume; and others sweet in the landscapes of Nature, and others curious in ancient ruins: the whole, certainly, one of the most engaging publications of this brilliant class which we have seen. The letterpress is brief but sufficient; and, drawn from the best sources, conveys a variety of pleasing information to the reader whose eye has been already delighted with the embellishments. We may safely predict great popularity for this volume.

Findens' Tableaux: the Iris of Prose, Poetry, and Art, for MDCCCXL. Illustrated with Engravings by W. and E. Finden, from Paintings by J. Browne. Edited by Miss Mitford. Folio, pp. 70. C. Tilt.

"THE DREAM," which graces the title-page of this elegant volume, is a beautiful specimen of the whole plan, which consists of twelve plates of human groups, by Mr. Browne. It represents a lovely boy sleeping, and his dream shews many small groups of figures (such as surround the other engravings), invented with great taste, and drawn with infinite grace and spirit. All these bear reference to the principal, and serve as a framework commentary on the subject. We have not seen more appropriate and characteristic accompaniments. With regard to the principal designs, they are generally well conceived; but, perhaps, upon the whole, too smooth and pretty. The young men (such as the Woodcutter) are peculiarly liable to the remark of being effeminate, and like handsome girls in male attire. The females are much better—we except the Roundhead's daughter with her round shoulders, and almost the beacon, with its indifferent foreshortening. Wherever there are children introduced, they are deliciously painted; and most of the subjects are of a touching nature. Of the letterpress, we cannot say much: "Venice," a poem, by Barry Cornwall; and "The Bride," and "The Woodcutter," two of the editor's neat little prose narratives, being the only essays to be noticed, with praise as literary productions. But, after all, such publications must rely chiefly on the Arts; and in this respect the *Tableaux* are worthy of the high names of the Findens.

A Six Years' Residence in Algiers. By Mrs. Broughton. 12mo. pp. 452. London, 1839. Saunders and Oiley.

MRS. BROUGHTON is the daughter of Mr. Blanckley, who was British consul at Algiers during the period to which this entertaining and interesting volume belongs. By some fatality, intending to take a very early notice of it, our purpose was lost sight of, and we are indeed a day after the fair in paying the authoress that tribute which the merits of her production deserve. The only fault to find is not with the book, but with the time the writer has permitted to elapse before she favoured the world with so pleasant a description of Algiers and the Algerines. A mighty change has since come over the spirit of their dream; and it is very agreeable to be thus enabled to throw a retrospect on the times that have passed away for ever.

The matter consists of extracts from Mrs. Blanckley's diary, and the reminiscences of Mrs. Broughton; and we begin with a characteristic trait:—

"I understand our dragoman, Rais Ah, was married last night, although he says that he had no intention of the kind two or three days ago. He is a strange being. He served several years in our navy, where he acquired

his present refined knowledge of the English language. The name he bore was Tom Lee. He professes himself to be a most devoted admirer of the English, more especially of the ladies of that country. . . . This morning, I remarked that Rais Ali had a large key stuck in his sash, and inquired what it belonged to. He said it was the key of his house. 'What! have you locked up your wife?' 'Yea.' 'And who with her?' 'Oh! nobody but the cat. I go to-day to buy her a slave.' I pitied the poor bride so much, that I offered to pay her a visit, at which the Rais appeared much pleased."

A remarkable gipsy prophecy will serve us here for a variety. A Mrs. Farara (an Englishwoman) "accompanied her husband to Algiers, where the general impression was, that he was not always so kind to his gentle wife as he ought to have been; but alas! ere long, besides such secret grief, she had other and more poignant sorrows to endure. A son was born to her,—a lovely boy; so lovely, indeed, was he, that he excited the admiration of all who beheld him. He had just completed his second year, and was one evening at the open door of their house, held in the arms of a Christian slave, who was a hired servant of Signor Farara's (no Christian being permitted to have slaves of their own), looking at the passers-by, who failed not to pay some compliment, or express some kind wish, as they gazed on the beautiful child. At length came a *gitan* (a gipsy); she stopped, and looking earnestly at the boy, she said, 'It will be well for you if you pass your fourth year.' Scarcely had she said these words, when the slaves who held the child, and one or two other servants that were standing by him, drove the luckless creature from before them, and entering the house, closed the door. As may be supposed, the circumstance failed not to make considerable impression on their minds; and, in their indignation at the ill-omened predictor, they told the circumstance to the parents, who were so much affected at it, although poor Mrs. Farara said she tried to drive away the superstition as sinful, that they scarcely allowed their darling to leave their sight for an instant. This is not an imaginary tale; and however futile it may appear, I can only relate it as it was. The fair child continued to increase in beauty and intelligence, and his doting parents in their pride and joy in beholding him, although their hearts failed not to quail whenever the dire prediction shot across their anxious minds. Mrs. Farara constantly declined the invitations she received from the different consular families, although her doing so was the cause of much regret; so much was she esteemed and respected, especially by the lady of the American consul, between whom and Mrs. Farara there existed, of course, a more than common sympathy of habits and tastes, so that it was with no ordinary self-denial that she returned a refusal to the many friendly invitations from the American Garden; but one day the hospitable owner called upon Mrs. Farara, with a positive determination to make her and Signor Farara return with her. All excuses were negatived, her husband joined in expressing his desire that they should comply with the flattering invitation; therefore, after giving the most earnest and particular injunctions to every member of their household, to surround the beloved object of their solicitude with every caution and care, the anxious parents mounted their mules, and accompanied their kind hostess to the American Garden; but ere they had reached it, what were the poor

mother's feelings of self-reproach and regret, when she recollected that this was the birth-day of her precious child; that this day completed his fourth year. Oh! why then had she been induced to leave him? the gipsy's prediction was not yet fulfilled, and surely will not be now, added she, as she strove to smile, in answer to some remark of one of her companions. Again, let me repeat, this is not an imaginary story, but one which I have often heard repeated by more than one witness of this sad, but alas! true event; and need I add, that the sorrowful impression with which I heard the circumstances related, has not ceased to keep alive in my recollection all the affecting details. So careful was every individual of the family, in sympathising with the strict orders of the absent parents, that they each strove who could best watch over the precious child; and the most confidential persons of the household, the two *servantes*, or clerks, had desired that the *Carissimo Piccolo* might play about the counting-house, that they might be enabled faithfully to fulfil their promise of watching over his safety. The playful boy scrambled up the back of their chairs, pinched their hair, then tried to snatch the paper they were writing upon from beneath their pens; their desks were placed parallel to each other; they ceased from writing and gazed, admiring his playfulness; instinctively they both took up their penknives to mend their quills, when, strange, awful fatality! the devoted child, in playful defiance, attacked one of them, who in return pretended to stab him with his penknife; he turned to his other guardian, who as thoughtlessly did the same, and the blooming boy fell upon its blade,—it pierced his little heart.—The dire forebodings of the *gitan* were realised, and the disconsolate parents were for ever bereft of their only child."

The following is a good picture of national manners:—

"This evening I went to the wedding of the daughter of the *cadi*, or chief judge. The bride is a very lovely creature, a widow of nineteen, and has two beautiful children. Her first husband was strangled, and it has been since proved that he was perfectly innocent of the offence of which he had been accused. But whatever her feelings of regret may have been, she could not avoid entering again into the conjugal state, as singleness or widowhood is considered alike sinful and discreditable. Her family, therefore, have lost no time in finding her another husband. I found her surrounded by a crowd of most brilliantly dressed ladies; indeed, my eyes were perfectly dazzled by the splendour of the jewels by which their *salmas* (i.e. golden caps) and persons were covered; whole bouquets of roses, jessamines, peacocks' feathers, and butterflies, were completely formed of diamonds. In short, my powers of description are baffled, for it would be useless to attempt to give an account of all the wonders on which I gazed. Nor was I less struck with the number of beautiful women amongst them. They are quite as fair as Europeans, and their eyes far surpassed in brilliancy and beauty any I had ever beheld. Nothing could exceed their courtesy, and the politeness of their reception. I was placed on the same low sofa with the bride, but would willingly have exchanged my seat for a higher one, had there been such in the room, for I could not attempt imitating my fair hostesses in their tailor manner of sitting, and the sofa was merely a brocade covered mattress placed upon the floor. The gratification of my curiosity compensated for such trifling inconvenience. Shortly after our en-

trance, we were served with coffee and sweetmeats. The coffee was served in the most delicately beautiful porcelain cups, about the size of dolls' tea-cups; and, in lieu of saucers, they were inserted in golden chased cups, which enabled one to hold it without burning one's fingers, the coffee being quite boiling, but disagreeably thick, and, to my taste, oversweetened. After we had partaken of these refreshments, a band of female musicians, playing upon a kind of guitar, and a curiously shaped drum, made of earthenware, and covered at one end with parchment, called a *tambouca*, and several *tambourines*, began their strange music; and at the same time a hired dancer stood up in the centre of the apartment, holding an embroidered handkerchief in each hand, which she waved and twisted about, and, scarcely moving her feet, she threw herself into various attitudes. After a time, another dancer stood up, performing in the same manner, and both sang a plaintive song, to the apparent satisfaction of the assembly; for it is inconsistent with their ideas of propriety and decorum for ladies of rank and respectability to dance. And those who do so are inferior persons, whose trade and profession it is to exhibit themselves for the amusement of those who pay them for such performances. After this exhibition had continued some time, the bride, conducted by some of the principal ladies, ascended a few steps to one of the shelves, or bed-places, which invariably occupy each end of all Algerine rooms; and, having seated herself upon cushions, her companions proceeded to make great changes in her toilet and appearance, some of them adding ornaments to her already highly-adorned *salma*; whilst others occupied themselves in actually plastering her lovely face with a profuse quantity of red paint, to which they added patches of gold leaf, so as effectually to mask and disfigure her. I was then invited, through the interpretation of the Italian lady who accompanied me, to pay a visit to the bridegroom, which I very willingly agreed to, and was conducted to a room on the opposite side of the gallery. After having passed under several tiers of brocade, silk, and muslin curtains, we found ourselves in the presence of the bridegroom. He was an elderly Turk, with but one eye; and equally great as was the contrast between his appearance and that of his lovely bride, was the change from the noise, show, and company in her apartment, to the quiet and sombre appearance of his, although both were handsomely hung with crimson silk damask. He had only one companion, a middle-aged Turk, and they both looked very dull and stupid, until, on his asking me if I thought his wife (whom he had never seen) handsome, and, on hearing my agreeable answer, he stroked his beard with great satisfaction, and said, 'Star buono, signora, star buono.' While we sat with him, his friend took his leave; and as the time for the introduction of the bride approached, we also returned to her apartment, and found her additional toilet quite completed. Indeed, with so many additional jewels had she been decorated, that she was quite unable to bear the weight of her *salma* without the support of two of her attendants, who walked on each side of her, and held her head. At the moment of her leaving the room, a veil of purple crape, splendidly embroidered in gold, small pearls, and precious stones, was thrown over her head. In this array she was conducted to the door of the bridegroom's chamber, amidst the universal cry from each individual present, of *Lai, lai, lai, lella*,—a sound of great joy always raised at marriages by the

assembled guests. The curtains were raised, but only a certain number of the company, probably the nearest relatives, entered, and conducted the veiled bride to a seat on the left of the bridegroom, who continued seated. Her veil was then removed by one of the ladies, and for the first time the old Turk beheld his wife, or rather her masked countenance. An old woman, who had taken an active part in the whole ceremony, took from the hands of a black woman a small silver ewer containing rose-water, and approached the bride, whom she addressed. The bride then raised her two hands, and extending their hollowed palms, the officiating lady filled them with rose-water out of the ewer. The bridegroom then, turning round, drank it out of the bride's hands. He then underwent a similar ceremony, the bride drinking out of his hands. During all this time the shouts of '*Lai, lai, lai,*' continued unceasingly, both from those within and those on the outside of the chamber. This ending the marriage ceremony, we and the rest of the company took our leave of this paired, not matched couple."

We now pass on a long way through government disputes and dangers of the most imminent kind to which the ministers of European powers were exposed in this den of savage tyranny. To put an end to their persecutions, Mr. Blanckley was called upon, and behaved with great prudence and gallantry; the account of which we will pass for the present.

The following are curious particulars:—

"I understand that a cup of coffee, containing the powder of ground diamonds, a most effectual poison, was offered to the late unfortunate pacha, out of respect, as they said; but he refused to drink it, saying that he did not choose to be accessory to his own death. He, therefore, politely declined the honour which the Turks intended him, preferring rather to be led out by the chausses, like a culprit, to the usual place of execution, where he was strangled. A distinction was, however, made in his case, as he was strangled at once, instead of undergoing the usual refinement of cruelty, in being twice revived by a glass of water, and only effectually executed the third time that the bowstring is applied. It is said that one of the Grecian women whom he married is in the family way. Poor unfortunates!"

The next are youthful anecdotes of the now famous French *espan*, M. Arago:—

"The Swedish consul came out with a Monsieur Arago, to introduce him to Mr. B., and to solicit my husband's aid and assistance in getting the latter away from this country with all his astronomical instruments. M. Arago had a British passport, on account of having been sent by the Institute of Paris to Yarmouth, to find the longitude. He went afterwards to Spain in the pursuit of some object connected with science, and was in that country when Ferdinand the VIIIth was decoyed into France; in consequence of which, the junta having ordered all Frenchmen to be banished from Spain, this clever young man took refuge in this country, the very moral antipodes to the encouragement of the arts and sciences."

Mr. B. went to town to solicit the dey to allow M. Arago to quit this country, and endeavoured to make him understand that his researches were for the benefit of mankind in general; and as a proof of the interest felt in his behalf by the English government, he shewed him King George's seal on Mr. A.'s passport. But the dey answered, that if he were of any other nation, he might listen to such arguments, but that no Frenchman should

leave this kingdom; and that if he wished to find the longitude, &c., he might take his spy-glass, and go up one of the mountains in this vicinity, which would answer his purpose quite as well as in any other part of the world. And thus terminated the audience with this enlightened prince."

[To be continued.]

DUMAS' MEMOIRS. [Second Notice: conclusion.]

THE Count's escapes and exiles resemble many with the particulars of which we are familiar; but they will be read with much personal interest, for they are, indeed, bitter romances of real life, and exhibit the dreadful condition of a country reduced to anarchy by civil war and savage misrule. We will, however, close the first volume with an extract for which we know not whether the advocates for the *ballot* will thank us or not:—

"It is (says our author) remarkable that at this time, when the anarchists had already obtained so many advantages that there was scarcely any room to doubt of their dreadful triumph, Lafont Ladébat, one of our most faithful friends, should have been appointed president. It is because the majority of this Assembly was still sound, but it did not shew itself, except by the ballot on the choice of individuals; and the same men, who from a sentiment of justice and shame, obeyed the voice of conscience, could not bear the trial of the personal dangers to which they were exposed by the menaces of the factions, when it was necessary to vote openly."

The following are remarkable statements, and shews the dangerous and uncertain condition of public men and parties during the revolutionary struggle:—

"With my thoughts wholly taken up with fatal presages, I felt that I had need of passing some hours in the country in the bosom of my family. I could no longer reside in my house at Paris, in a remote quarter, Rue des Fossés du Temple, without running the risk of being attacked by the assassins of the Directory, who loudly proclaimed in the clubs that the people should be avenged of its enemies in their own houses. Returning to Paris towards evening, some days before the 18th of Fructidor, I met M. T., a sensible man, and one of those who with good sentiments at the bottom, a sound judgment, but little firmness of character, yield to circumstances, mix in all societies, and desire to perform no other part than that of spectators. I had often met with him, and he had been employed in the offices of the general police; was well acquainted with Barras, and still more with some women who were intimate with him. 'I am glad to meet with you,' said he; 'I passed yesterday evening and part of the night at the house of Barras; it was very seriously debated at this meeting, whether it would be best to cut the throats of about forty members of the two councils, or only to transport you to Cayenne. Many maintained the famous maxim that the dead alone never returned. In the end, the resolution to transport you seemed to prevail. You may depend upon this as certain; all is ready—make your arrangements accordingly.' I thanked him, and proceeded to the Pavilion Marazan, where my colleagues had already assembled, and were engaged in discussing reports which were more and more alarming, and endeavouring to appreciate the degree of credit to which they were entitled. It was the 15th of Fructidor. About ten o'clock at night the porter came and told me that somebody inquired for me, and

requested me to go out, on very important business. I found in the ante-chamber Colonel R., commander of the battalion of the National Guard of the 'Butte des Moulins,' a man of a very ardent character, who was wholly devoted to our cause. 'I have something very important to communicate to you,' said he, 'but we must be alone. Have you sufficient confidence in me to accompany me to the garden.' I followed him. He took me under the trees in the most solitary part below the terrace, towards the Seine, and addressed me in the following terms: 'You have but one moment left; you cannot doubt of the crime which is meditated against your persons. I propose to rid you this very night of the two directors, Rewbell and Barras. I am certain of having them put to death, and am not uneasy for the result, if you engage, on your word of honour, to declare in the tribune of the Council of Ancients, that, to save the republic, you have commanded this attack. You will nominate two new directors, and all will submit.' 'You propose to me to order an assassination?' I exclaimed. 'You call that an attack; but suppose that civil war is declared, what means would you have to execute such an attack?' 'I have,' said he, 'at my disposal a hundred brave men, as resolute as myself. The attack is easy, and we incur but little danger. The Directory has taken no other precaution than to have a guard of twenty-five men at the gate of the palace of the Luxembourg. You know that the arcades on the right and left of the gate are open, and are only four or five feet above the level of the street. We shall scale these arcades, and attack the guard in the rear, by the two sides of the gate. The picket will be surprised and dispersed in the court-yard, or in the street. During this skirmish, some of us will enter by the portico, on the right, seize and stab Rewbell in his apartment on the ground-floor, while some others will ascend by the portico on the left to the apartment of Barras on the first floor. I promise you that, before the alarm can be given at the Little Luxembourg and the barracks of the guard of the Directory, Rewbell and Barras will no longer exist; we cannot so easily get to the apartment of Larevellière, who lodges in the Little Luxembourg, above Carnot, on account of the vicinity of the barracks.' 'God forbid,' said I, 'that I should authorise or suffer the assassination even of the most guilty man; besides, your project is a mad one. Do I not know that it is impossible in the circumstances in which we are placed, to collect such a number of men, resolved to attempt so rash an undertaking?' 'Since you doubt,' said he, 'pronounce in a loud voice this watchword, '*Famille!*' I did so, and we were instantly surrounded by men, who till that moment had concealed themselves each behind a tree. The darkness prevented my judging of their numbers. They observed the most profound silence. 'It is enough,' said I to Colonel R.; 'I am satisfied—let us retire.' While we were returning to the Pavilion Marazan, I thanked him for his zeal, and dissuaded him from his horrible undertaking, refusing to take the criminal responsibility of it in any manner, either on myself or in the name of my friends. I must here add that the Emperor Napoleon having heard of this adventure, through what channel I know not, made me tell him all the particulars, and said, 'You were a fool; you don't understand revolutions.' ••• After the arrest of those members of the Committee who were assembled in the Pavilion Marazan, the officer to whom this expedition had been confided was going to take them away. They

refused, declaring that they would not quit their post, unless they were torn from it by violence. It was necessary to ask for new orders; directions were soon received to convey them, dead or alive, to the prison of the Temple. One of them, Bourdon de l'Oise, formerly a member of the Convention, was called out of the room, and told that he might escape; he returned into the room, informed his colleagues of the proposal that had just been made to him, declared that he should blush at having merited it, and swore to die with them. While they were dragging Pichegru to the staircase, an officer said to him, 'There you are, then, general of banditti?' 'Yes, when I commanded you,' replied he coolly."

General Dumas returned to his native country under Napoleon, was reinstated in his rank, and appointed to attend King Joseph to Naples in a high official capacity. Of this period we select two brief illustrations, as anecdotal specimens of the work:—

"An untoward event disturbed the fête of the king's entry: on the same night, while the city was illuminated, the English attacked and took the Isle of Capri, at the opening of the Bay of Naples. I devoted myself with all the zeal in my power to the organisation of the war department. The hatred and activity of Queen Caroline continued to increase; she strengthened the bands of brigands: the life of King Joseph was several times threatened; his confidence and his desire to obtain popularity frequently exposed him to the risk of falling into the snares that were laid for him. The activity and ability of the minister of police, Salicetti, preserved him from these dangers; several conspiracies were discovered; one of the most active agents of these machinations was the same Sir Hudson Lowe who afterwards became so famous by his unworthy conduct towards the illustrious prisoner of St. Helena. At that time he commanded the island of Capri, which had become the focus of this kind of dishonourable warfare. The condemnation of several chiefs who were seized in Naples or the environs, among others of the Marquis de Palmieri, and of Fra Diavolo, checked the audacity of these brigands; several laid down their arms and obtained pardon. Salicetti became the object of the hatred and vengeance of our enemies. They succeeded in making in the hotel in which he resided a real mine, a hollow globe loaded with a great quantity of powder, and fixed to the ceiling of a shop under a drawing-room which the minister had to pass through to go to his bed-chamber. A match was put to it at the moment that he was retiring to rest; above two-thirds of the house were blown up by this explosion. His daughter and his son-in-law, the Marquis de Torella were buried under the ruins, but were happily saved by a portion of the flooring remaining in an inclined position over their bed. Salicetti escaped, because instead of stopping in the drawing-room to give orders, as he generally did, he passed rapidly through it."

The General accompanied Joseph to Spain; and we have some account of events there till Napoleon determined on the invasion of Russia. Here begins a tale of fear, to illustrate which we shall continue to select a few quotations:—

"Since Napoleon had sent above the half of his best troops to Spain and Portugal, he had been constantly labouring to organise a grand army in Germany, more numerous than any he had yet commanded in person. The corps of Marshal Davoust alone, which was cantoned in the departments of the Elbe, had been increased to eighty thousand men. I had received orders

to send the flower of the last conscription to the corps which composed this army. The search for refractory conscripts, after the expiration of the amnesty which was granted on occasion of the emperor's marriage, had produced an addition of about fifty thousand men, all belonging to the preceding levies, and from twenty-three to twenty-five years of age. Subaltern officers had been taken from the army in Spain, both for the infantry and the cavalry, and considerable purchases of horses had been made in the kingdom of Westphalia and the departments of the Rhine. This organisation, these immense preparations, were terminated about the month of February 1812. I had several times written from the dictation of the emperor, and I had occasion to admire his inconceivable memory, and the precision with which, without having recourse to the lists, he bore in mind the effective force of the several corps, in order to determine the means of raising them to the complete war establishment, according to their wants. One day, having laid before him a general table which he had desired me to give him, and which he ran through very rapidly, he dictated a distribution of conscripts, founded on this statement of the effective force of all the corps of the army, without once hesitating, and stated the actual force of each of the corps and their position. He walked rapidly up and down, or stood still before the window of his cabinet. He dictated with such rapidity that I had scarcely time to set down the figures clearly, and to indicate, by abbreviations, the notes which he added. For full half an hour I had not been able to take my eyes from the paper on which I wrote. I had no doubt but that he had before him the general table which I had given him, and when he paused a moment, and I was able to look at him, he perceived and laughed at my surprise. 'You thought,' said he, 'that I was reading your table. I don't want it; I know it all by heart. Let us go on.'"

During my stay at Berlin, General Guilleminot, aid-major-general of the grand army, arrived in that city. He was engaged in drawing up a report on the itineraries which he had been instructed to make; one in the direction of Petersburg, the other in the direction of Moscow. He communicated this report to me. It contained much valuable information respecting the two roads, and we reasoned, on these two suppositions, on the difficulties of such an invasion. About the same time I had been informed that the counsellor of state, Niebuhr, son of the celebrated Danish traveller, with whom I had been much acquainted during my residence in Holstein, was then in Berlin. I hastened to call upon him, and as we were conversing on the approaching war with Russia, and of the conjectures that might be made of the offensive plans of the Emperor Napoleon, he told me that since he had known that General Barclay de Tolly was commander-in-chief of the Russian armies, he had no doubt that he would carry into effect the plan for a defensive campaign, which he had presented at the time of the treaty of Tilsit, when, with some other Russian generals, he had opposed making peace. Niebuhr had passed three months at Memel, in constant intercourse with Barclay de Tolly, who, having been severely wounded at Eylau, had been conveyed to Memel, to which the court of Prussia had retired. Niebuhr had perfectly recollected all the details of this plan of combined retreats, by which the Russian general hoped to draw this formidable French army into the heart of Russia, even beyond Moscow, to wear it out; to remove it from the basis of its operations; to make it consume all its resources, sparing those

of the Russians, till, aided by the rigour of the climate, he should be able to resume offensive operations, and prepare for Napoleon on the banks of the Wolga a second Pultawa. It was a fearful and too just prophecy. It appeared to me so positive and so important, that, on rejoining the imperial head-quarters, I did not fail to communicate it to the Prince of Wagram. I cannot doubt that he related it to the emperor, but I heard nothing of it, and I took good care not to repeat these gloomy forebodings."

Much as we have read of the devoted configuration of Moscow, the following is so graphic, and yet so near the sublime, that we must give it place:—

"When we arrived before Moscow, we found the mountain called the Sparrow's Hill covered with unfinished entrenchments, which the Russian generals had, doubtless, intended to defend; but this position, as well as the capital, had been abandoned, and the hopes of a battle, to which the emperor had looked forward as a second victory, vanished. The emperor stopped in the suburb of Moscow, on the bank of the Moskwa; the king of Naples penetrated to the Kremlin, of which he took possession, after expelling several thousands of armed peasants who had taken refuge in it. The emperor then ordered Count Dars and me to go into the city after the vanguard, in order to ascertain the state of things, and to make a report to him on the following day. He prohibited every other person from entering the city. Night drew near: when we penetrated into that vast and magnificent solitude, scarcely did a few individuals of the lower class shew themselves here and there, as the troops of the king of Naples passed. We crossed the Kremlin, the square of the bazaar, and the street leading to the square of the palace of the government. The advanced posts of the light cavalry of the king of Naples had pushed some hundred paces further to the boulevard; a numerous post of infantry was stationed in the square before the palace of the government. The last rear-guard of the Russians still held the northern suburb. The night was fine; the unclouded beams of the moon illuminated those fine edifices, those vast palaces, those desert streets, in which reigned the silence of the tomb. We sought long for some person of whom we might make some inquiries, and at length we met with a professor of the academy, and some Frenchmen who had concealed themselves during the confusion attending the evacuation of the city. These individuals related to us all that had passed during the last few days, and could not make us comprehend this sudden disappearance of a population of three hundred thousand souls. We entered some palaces, all the doors of which were open. Towards midnight we chose our night's lodging in this same quarter of the government, which appeared to be the central part of this immense city. I took up my abode in a palace at one of the corners of the square, which I was told belonged to the Countess of Mockanow. It was a large house, built of hewn stone; the style of the architecture was indifferent, but the internal arrangement was very convenient, and it was very well fitted up. In the kitchens underground I found two moidjicks, or slaves, who shewed me the apartments. Every thing was in as good order as if the family had been expected; in the drawing-room, which was

"In a conversation with a foreign minister at Hamburg while the French army was still in the Prussian territory, we were discussing the probable result of this great expedition, he said: 'I ask only one thing, and that is, that whatever happens the Emperor Alexander may hold out till November.'—Zr."

preceded by two others, there was a round table, on which the ladies' embroidery-work was still lying; not the most trifling piece of furniture was out of its place; the keys were still in the drawers, in a very handsome bed-chamber. I learned afterwards that all the linen and the most valuable effects had been deposited in a cellar: among other valuables, there were two busts of the emperor and empress concealed in casks of honey. I took the keys of this cellar into my own possession, that nothing might be taken away. In the coach-houses there were five or six new carriages, in very good condition. I had scarcely thrown myself on my bed, when I heard the post in the square cry 'Alert! to arms! fire!' I learnt that a fire had just broken out at the exchange, near the Kremlin, behind the bazar; I immediately repaired to the spot, and saw that very little could be done to check the progress of the flames, which were already extending to the galleries, or colonnades round the bazar. There can be no doubt that hired incendiaries had begun at that moment to execute the order which had been given them by the governor, Count Rostopchin, to set fire to this noble capital. The Emperor Napoleon arrived on the following day, and fixed his head-quarters in the imperial palace of the Kremlin; the imperial guard was lodged in the vast palaces of the senate, and in the other buildings contained in the Kremlin. My first care was to ascertain what provisions for the subsistence of the army might be found in the public magazines and in private houses. I caused the magazines which line the quay between the Kremlin and the foundling-hospital to be opened in my presence; the barrels and sacks of flour and groats in these magazines were estimated at about forty thousand hundred weight—a valuable resource, which might have sufficed for a short stay. I hastened to visit the hospitals, which were already crowded with the sick and wounded of the Russian army. The most considerable of these establishments, situated at the extremity of the city near the summer-palace, appeared to me to be in a dreadful state of neglect; every thing was wanting, and death made horrible ravages; the dead bodies cast into the street lay round the walls, objects of horror and compassion. Other hospitals, such as those of Gallitzin and Scheremetow, were in a better condition; several Russian officers had been received into them, and room was reserved for ours. The fitting up of hospitals was my principal occupation, as well to find suitable buildings as to collect, as far as possible, every thing necessary for those establishments. I was well seconded by the zeal and activity of our boards and their agents, but our efforts were too often insufficient, and too often vain. The number of the sick and wounded brought from the field of battle amounted to nearly six thousand. The fire at the Exchange had consumed all the buildings round the bazar; every moment we received information of some new fire; it was not possible to doubt that the entire destruction of the capital had been contemplated and prepared. No exertions, however prompt and active, could stop in the several quarters of the city the progress of the fire. Some incendiaries, men who had escaped from the prisons, were pursued and arrested, and speedy justice was done on them; but on the following day the fire was seen to break out on all sides, and principally in those parts where the wind might cause it to spread with the greatest rapidity. On the third day, the fire-brands, borne by a violent north-west wind, set fire to one of the towers or pavilions of the Kremlin adjoining

the arsenal, where General Lariboisière, commander-in-chief of the artillery, had caused the ammunition of the artillery of the guard to be deposited. The emperor ordered his guard to be employed in checking the progress of the fire. He persisted, however, in remaining in the Kremlin, which was already surrounded with flames, and where the dense smoke made it almost impossible to breathe; it was not till the evening of the third day that he resolved to leave Moscow, and transfer his head-quarters to the imperial palace of Petershoff, about a league from the outer circuit of the city, or the wooden town (*Ville de bois*). He then gave orders for the city to be evacuated. Count Daru and myself, on being informed of this order, and not knowing that the emperor was gone, went to the Kremlin, which we did not reach without considerable difficulty. We there found Marshal Duroc, who had stayed till the last, and was mounting his horse to follow the emperor. It was with much trouble that we returned to our quarters. As we proceeded along the quay, our horses could scarcely bear the heat produced by the fire; that of Count Daru, who followed me, hesitated to pass the only issue that was left us between two houses which were burning furiously.

It was night before I was able to quit the house which I occupied. We left Moscow under a real rain of fire. The wind was so violent, that it carried to a great distance the iron-plates, which were torn from the roofs and made red-hot by the flames. The feet of our horses were burnt. It is impossible to form an idea of the confusion which prevailed in this precipitate evacuation. The noise of the fire resembled the roaring of the waves; it was truly a tempest in an ocean of fire. The whole road to Petershoff was covered with fragments of different kinds, especially with broken bottles, which our soldiers had thrown about. We bivouacked on the skirts of a little wood, from which we could behold this frightful spectacle—the image of hell. That immense city was nothing but a plain of fire; the heavens and the entire horizon appeared to be in flames, and I was able at the distance of three-quarters of a league to read the orders which were brought me from the major-general."

The fatal retreat is well described, but we must come to a conclusion, which we do with a notice of the battle of Bautzen in the ensuing campaign:—

"Kirgenor was killed, and Duroc mortally wounded. This was the second most grievous loss that Napoleon had suffered since the opening of the campaign among his most faithful followers. Two days before the battle of Lützen, Marshal Bessières, while directing in person a strong reconnoissance of cavalry, was killed by a cannon-ball. The glorious death of Duroc deprived him of his surest friend, to whom he was the most attached, whose probity, noble independence, and enlightened counsels, were so useful to him. The losses of the French army on this day were very considerable; more than six thousand wounded, the greater part but slightly, were conveyed to Dresden, or went thither on foot and in great disorder. The hospitals were already full; I had much difficulty in fitting up new ones, and in providing the first indispensable necessities. I observed, with great regret, several of these men who were slightly wounded; most of them young conscripts who had but lately joined the army, had not been wounded by the enemy's fire, but had mutilated each other in the hands and feet. Such accidents, which were so bad an omen, had already been observed during

the campaign of 1809. The various reports which reached the emperor roused his indignation. He questioned me respecting the reports which I had received, and the examinations which I had caused to be made in my presence by the surgeons. I did not seek to dissemble so melancholy a truth. He ordered an inquiry, and the special report that was made to him was contrary to my too well-founded observations. He preferred believing those, who, to make their court, dissembled a truth, which was indeed very afflicting, but very important in such circumstances."

How our author acted in after time, during the restoration, the hundred days, &c. &c., we leave to the readers of his work to discover. Suffice it to say, that he reconciles himself to the *gironettery* which these eventful changes induced, and might take as his motto,

"Tempora mutantur, et nos
Mutamur in illis."

A Memoir of the Life, Travels, and Gospel Labours of George Fox, an Eminent Minister of the Society of Friends. Post 8vo. pp. 323. London, 1839. Harvey and Darton.

WRITTEN with all the excusable partiality of a partisan and professor of the same creed—hating steeple-houses, organs, liturgies, and "priestcraft"—this memoir, nevertheless, possesses considerable interest in our times. George Fox was an enthusiast, but no great end was ever accomplished without enthusiasm. His career, sufferings, and triumphs, afford a remarkable picture of the age in which he lived—an age of cant, puritanism, laxity, fanaticism, persecution, bigotry, hypocrisy, cruelty; and all flourishing under the sacred names of Christianity and religion! But the principal attraction of the volume is to remark how many of the matters for which George Fox was persecuted almost to the death, have since been adopted as the greatest social and moral improvements of the country. His objection to capital punishments and oaths, his views of prison discipline and mendicity, his reformation of public-houses, and other exemplary points, are no longer theories, but represent the actual position of the English world in which we live. Take an instance or two:—

"Let none (he says) be gaolers that are drunkards, swearers, or oppressors of the people; but such as may be good examples to the prisoners. And let none lie long in gaol, for that is the way to spoil people, and to make more thieves; for there they learn wickedness together." Again he says, 'Let all gaols be in wholesome places, that the prisoners may not lie in the filth, and straw like chaff, &c.:' and after mentioning some of the nuisances then existing in prisons, he adds, 'Let these things be mended.'

"Let no man keep an alehouse or tavern, that keeps bowls, shuffle-boards, or fiddlers, or dice, or cards. Let neither beggar, nor blind people, nor fatherless, nor widows, nor cripples, go begging up and down the streets; but that a house may be provided for them all, and also meat, that there may be never a beggar among you."

"Let no man be put to death for [stealing] cattle, or money, or any outward thing—but let them restore; and mind the law of God, which is equity and measurable, agreeably to the offence."

And this was nearly 200 years ago. Need we state more to shew that George Fox ought to be remembered among the remarkable men whom England has witnessed? We do not

know whether the Society of Friends is increasing or falling off in numbers; though we observe that some of their peculiarities in dress, stiffness, and extreme opinions, are wearing away. Soon after their institution, it is evident, from what the author tells us, that their sectarianism turned out profitably in a worldly sense, for he writes, quoting Fox:—

“At the first conviction, as Friends could not put off their hats to people, nor say ‘you’ to a single person, nor bow, nor use flattering words in salutations, nor go into the fashions and customs of the world, many Friends who were tradesmen lost their customers; for the people were shy of them and would not trade with them, so that for a time they could hardly get money enough to buy bread. But afterward when they came to have experience of Friends’ honesty and faithfulness, and found their yea to be yea indeed, and their nay, nay; that they kept to their word in dealing and would not deceive any, but that if a child was sent to their shops they were as well served as though they came themselves; the lives and conversation of Friends did preach loudly, and reached the Divine Witness in the hearts of the people. Then things were altered, so that the inquiry was, ‘Where was a draper, or tailor, or shopkeeper, that was a Quaker?’ inasmuch that Friends had more business than many of their neighbours; and if there was any trading, they had a great part of it. Then the envious professors altered their note, and began to cry out, ‘If we let these Quakers alone, they will take the trade of the nation out of our hands.’ This hath been the Lord’s doing for his people, and my desire is that all who profess his holy truth may be kept sensible hereof.”

George Fox’s interviews with Cromwell are very characteristic of both; but we must now leave this little volume to the curiosity of readers.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Manual of Christian Antiquities; or, an Account of the Constitution, Ministers, Worship, Discipline, and Customs, of the Ancient Church, particularly during the Third, Fourth, and Fifth Centuries: to which is prefixed an Analysis of the Writings of the Anti-Nicene Fathers. Compiled from the Works of Augusti and other Sources. By the Rev. J. E. Riddle, M.A., author of several Works. 8vo. pp. 830. London, 1839. Parker.

THIS valuable compilation is well calculated to save years of reading and study. It fulfils what is stated in the title-page, and contains vast masses of information on every point which affects the history of the early Christian Church, and every opinion which to this day forms the leading controversies among Roman Catholics, Protestants, and sectarians of all kinds. The author’s views are those of the Church of England; but, without approaching any question of doctrine, we can truly say that, as a work of great information on the very important subjects which it embraces, Mr. Riddle’s volume well deserves a place in every good library in the empire.

Phonography; or, Writing of Sounds. V.D.S. London, 1839. Effingham Wilson.

THIS little treatise is divided into two parts; viz. Logography, or writing of speech, and Musicography, or writing of music; and is the result of an attempt—which, however, the author states he found too arduous for him—“to trace the first outlines of an algebraical

language, which would have laid before the eyes the operations of the mind, freed from the incumbrances of the grammar.” The subject is one of great curiosity and importance; but it appears to us to be utterly impossible to render it generally intelligible in twenty duodecimo pages.

Chemistry no Mystery; or, a Lecturer’s Bequest. Pp. 310. London, 1839. Harvey and Darton.

AN amusing illustration of many chemical facts and experiments. As far as it goes, philosophy in sport; and not undeserving of notice where it is desired to attract young minds to chemistry, and afford information in that delightful and important science.

The Oracle of Rural Life, and Sportsman’s Almanack for 1840. London, 1839. A. H. Baily and Co.

WITH fourteen sporting prints, and many clever head-pieces, this nice little Almanack is full of the usual useful information, and is particularly instructive in horticulture. It is amusing, good for reference, and very pretty to look upon.

Max Wentworth. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1839. Saunders and Otley.

THIS is one of the novels about which we wonder by whom it could be written, and wherefore it was published.

Real Pearls in a False Setting. By the Count de la Pasture, late 18th Hussars. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1839. Saunders and Otley.

A FILTHY abomination; in which, if there is a commonplace talent, it is far more than counteracted by dirty allusions and low attempts at humour.

The Redeemer: a Poem. By W. Howorth, author of “The Cry of the Poor.” 8vo. pp. 306. London, 1839. Tilt.

A RELIGIOUS poem of considerable merit, and breathing the genuine spirit of Christianity.

The Hebrew Grammar in the English Language. By the Rev. J. S. C. F. Key. 8vo. pp. 172. London, 1839. Craddock.

A TENTH edition, revised, enlarged, and improved; so no more need be said.

The Natural History of the Birds of Great Britain and Ireland. Part II. Incessors, by Sir William Jardine, Bart. F.R.S.E. F.L.S. &c. &c. 12mo. pp. 408. (Edinburgh: Lizarra; London, Higley; Dublin, Curry, Jun. and Co.)—This forms the eleventh volume of the ornithological series of the “Naturalist’s Library,” and is from the pen of its accomplished editor. It is beautifully illustrated with coloured plates of favourite and well-known songsters and others belonging to our islands; and is further enriched with a portrait and memoir of William Smellie. The plates are thirty-two in number.

The Penny Cyclopædia of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. (London, Knight.)—Continued in the same style as heretofore: the present volume extends from Massagetta to Muridae, and contains the usual number of illustrations, which, however, are in many instances sadly worn, in consequence of the multitude of impressions that are necessarily taken.

A Treatise on the Culture of Corn, Potatoes, and Peas (pp. 31), by Luke Pigott,—and a very useful advice.

A Mother’s Reminiscences (pp. 79), by Mrs. Borron, containing a variety of instructive information for youth.

The Rose Unique. Pp. 238. (London, Hatchard and Son.)—A tale of religious inculcation.

The Report of the Section of the Liverpool Medical and Surgical Association (25th July, pp. 98), gives a just and gratifying account of the success of vaccination.

Mr. Eagle’s Remarks on Modern Astronomy. Pp. 35. (London, Renshaw.)—A queer little book, in which Mr. Eagle denies every thing but the Mosaic account of the universe. In other matters the writer is a great theorist; in this he takes an Eagle flight the other way.

Domestic Breeding. Pp. 60. (London, Britton and Reid.)—One of the many manuals compounded from larger publications, and useful in their way.

The Literary World, Vol. I, by J. Timbs. (London, G. Benger.)—The first twenty-seven numbers of this periodical collected together, and doing great credit to the editor’s judgment and industry. Like “The Mirror,” of which he was long the editor, it is pleasantly embellished with interesting wood engravings.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Observations on the Chemical Modifications which the Nitric Acid, Alcohol, and Ether undergo, when subjected to the double Influence of the Voltaic Current and Platina. By C. F. Schönbein.*—From the “Bibliothèque Universelle de Genève.”

IT has long been known, that the manner in which the decomposition of nitric acid placed in the voltaic circuit occurs, depends on the degree of concentration of that liquid. If very much concentrated, it cannot disengage hydrogen on the negative polar wire plunged into it, because that gas combines with a portion of the oxygen in the nitric acid, and transforms it into nitrous acid; while diluted acid disengages without difficulty oxygen and hydrogen. But it appears not to have been hitherto remarked, that even when the most concentrated acid is used, it occasions for several moments disengagement of gas at the negative pole; and it is precisely that phenomenon, which I had repeatedly observed, that induced me to submit to a more attentive examination nitric acid in its relations with the voltaic current, and to ascertain the circumstances on which the variations in the chemical effect exercised by the pile on that liquid depend. The results to which my experiments have led are of a nature so peculiar, that I think it my duty to make them known.

Before stating them, I must remark that the apparatus which I have used in my researches is a pile *en couronne de tasses*, formed of sixteen small elements, disposed in such a manner as to allow the pairs to be more or less sunk in the exciting liquid, and, consequently, to obtain at pleasure weak or strong currents.

If nitric acid of $\frac{1}{2}$ be put in communication, by means of a platina wire, with the positive pole of the above-mentioned pile, and there be plunged into the acid a wire of the same metal communicating with the negative pole, there is disengaged at the latter, as I have already observed, at the moment of immersion in the liquid, a gaseous substance, which is apparently hydrogen: but this phenomenon lasts at most only a second.

If the liquid which I have mentioned be diluted with half its volume of water, the disengagement of gas at the negative pole, under the preceding circumstances, takes place during several seconds. In a mixture of equal parts of water and acid, this disengagement of gas lasts at least half a minute; and if the mixture be made of two parts of water, and one of acid, the disengagement of hydrogen at the negative pole never stops of itself, but continues uninterruptedly as long as a current passes through the liquid. I ought here to remark, that the thickness of the negative polar wire exercises a sensible influence on the duration of the disengagement of gas which takes place at its surface, in such a manner, that that duration is shorter as the diameter of the platina wire is greater. Other facts, hereafter stated, will shew that the density of the platina used for the negative electrode has also a great influence on the result, as well as the force of the current used for the experiment.

If the acid which is used be of such a degree of concentration, that the disengagement of gas

* The great value of the experimental data afforded to Electric and Chemical Science by the researches of so able an Electrician, and close observer, as Professor Schönbein, and involving, in the present case, the application of the Voltaic pile to Organic Chemistry, has induced us to transfer the “Observations” to our columns. We trust to be example here has set will be more followed, and the subject receive the attention it so well deserves among the chemists and philosophers of England.—*Ed. L. G.*

at the negative electrode (consisting of a platinum wire about half a line in thickness) ceases sooner or later to take place, it is by various means practicable to put the platinum wire destined to serve as the negative pole in such a state that no gas shall be disengaged at it. I call this peculiar disposition of the wire its "extraordinary state." The means which may place it in such a state are the following:—

1. Communication between the polar wires themselves before immersion in the acid.—If, before plunging the negative polar wire into the liquid, it be brought into contact with the positive polar wire, which is there already, let it be then introduced in that state, and, as soon as it has entered, be separated from the positive electrode; no gas is disengaged at this negative pole: I ought, however, to observe, that this effect does not take place if the liquid used be formed of one volume of nitric acid of 1.49, and one volume of water.

2. Bringing to a red heat, or merely to a high temperature, the extremity of the negative electrode intended to be plunged into the acid.—If the positive polar wire be already plunged into the liquid, let the free extremity of the negative polar wire be brought to a red heat, and no gas will be disengaged at the latter on its entrance into the acid.

3. Transport.—The most remarkable and the most singular mode of depriving platinum wire, in its quality of a negative electrode, of the property of causing the disengagement of hydrogen on its surface in the nitric acid, is incontestably that which appears to consist in making the extraordinary state pass from one wire to another. If the two polar wires be plunged into the liquid, and if the negative electrode be in the extraordinary state, a second common wire of platinum, which communicates by one of its extremities with the negative pole of the pile, may be introduced into the acid, without the latter's causing any disengagement of gas at its surface. The extraordinary state of this second wire lasts not only as long as the first negative polar wire remains in communication with the pile, but still continues after the latter has been withdrawn from the voltaic circuit. It is hardly necessary to say that the extraordinary state may be transferred from the second wire to a third, from that to a fourth, &c.; at least, provided the experiment be made under the circumstances previously described. Nor is it more necessary that I should expressly observe that the result takes place in whatever manner the extraordinary state may have been produced in the primary negative polar wire.

If, however, a platinum wire has lost, by any of the means indicated above, the property which belongs to an electrode of causing the disengagement of hydrogen at its surface, that power may be restored to it in different ways.

The best mode of obtaining this object consists in withdrawing the wire from the liquid, and leaving it for some time exposed to the air. The stronger the acid in which the wire acquired the extraordinary state, the longer time this wire should be kept in the air; in order that it may again disengage hydrogen at its surface when replunged into the acid, and again put in communication with the pile. If a mixture of one volume of nitric acid of 1.49 and one volume of water be used for the experiment, it will be sufficient for the purpose of depriving the wire of its extraordinary state, to withdraw it for an instant only from the acid. With the mixture I have mentioned, it is not even necessary to withdraw the wire from the liquid; it will be sufficient

in some manner to intercept, for a few instants only, the circulation of the current along the wire. In certain cases (see further on), the extraordinary state may be made to cease by a simple shock upon the wire, while it serves as a negative electrode, and is immersed in the liquid.

After this exposition of the general results which I have obtained, I proceed now to describe more in detail some experiments I have made with nitric acid of 1.35, and with acid solutions of greater or less strength.

First Experiment.—The liquid employed is nitric acid of 1.35. A platinum wire, half a line in thickness, passes usually into the extraordinary state after having officiated for five seconds as a negative electrode. The same state may be produced in the same platinum wire, by the means indicated above—1, 2, and 3. When the wire has served some time as a negative electrode, in its extraordinary state, several bubbles appear on its surface; which, however, seem to proceed, not from hydrogen, but solely from the decomposition of the nitrous acid which is there accumulated. If the extremity of the negative pole intended to be plunged into the acid be made of spongy platinum, there will not be disengaged the smallest trace of gas, neither at the moment of the immersion of this platinum in the acid, nor later.

Second Experiment.—The liquid employed is composed of three volumes of nitric acid, of 1.35, plus one volume of water. The negative polar wire of platinum passes no more by itself into the extraordinary state; may more, that state cannot be produced by the first of the means which I have indicated above, but easily by the red heat, and by transport. It is sufficient to strike or to agitate in the liquid the wire which is in the extraordinary state, in order that the disengagement of the hydrogen may be made at its surface in a durable manner. The same object may be obtained by removing the platinum for several instants out of the voltaic circuit.

Spongy platinum, which has been used as a negative electrode, prevents all disengagement of gas, without recourse be had to heat, or the other means by which the extraordinary state is developed in the metal in wire.

Third Experiment.—The liquid is formed of three volumes of nitric acid, of 1.35, plus two volumes of water. Every thing takes place in these circumstances as in the second experiment; with this difference only, that if it be desired to pass into the extraordinary state a compact platinum wire, by the red heat, or by transport, it must be rolled into a clew, or cluster, at that extremity which it is intended to plunge into the acid. It is also with that extremity thus rolled and heated, that the pile must be closed, to obtain the result in question. If it be first plunged into the acid, and afterwards a communication be made by another, left in its ordinary state, with the negative pole, it disengages gas like a common platinum wire.—Spongy platinum has no need either of heat or of any other means, immediately to prevent the disengagement of hydrogen.

Fourth Experiment.—The liquid is formed of one volume of nitric acid, of 1.35, plus one volume of water. Before making a negative electrode with the spongy platinum, that metal must be submitted to a powerful heat, in order to prevent the disengagement of hydrogen. If it be moistened with the acid of the experiment, it must be but moderately heated to make it pass into the extraordinary state. In any circumstance it is impracticable to give to a simple wire of platinum the faculty of preventing the hydrogen from becoming free. But if about

the half of a wire of platinum, ten inches long and half a line thick, be rolled into a cluster, nearly the size of a hazel-nut, and plunged into the acid while the other simple extremity of the wire be made to communicate with the negative pole of the pile, the cluster end will pass into the extraordinary state: but for that purpose, it is necessary that another platinum wire, equally in communication with the negative pole, and in the extraordinary state, be plunged into the acid by one of its extremities in the spongy state. This second wire may be removed from the voltaic circuit without its disengaging gas on that which is clustered. To produce the disengagement of gas on the latter, it is sufficient to give it a rather smart shock, or merely to remove it for a moment from the liquid.

Fifth Experiment.—The liquid is formed of three volumes of nitric acid, of 1.35, plus four volumes of water. The spongy platinum compares itself as in the preceding experiment; but neither the platinum wire rolled up, nor the simple wire, can be conducted into the extraordinary state. If the spongy platinum in its extraordinary state officiates in the quality of a negative electrode during a certain time, it may be brought back to its ordinary state by exposing it to the air for a few minutes. The same result is obtained in using this substance as a positive electrode, and long enough for oxygen bubbles to appear on its surface. If, however, the spongy platinum is used anew as a negative electrode, a very short time will elapse before hydrogen begins to disengage itself at its surface. It is worth while to cause it to be observed here, that even when it has again officiated for only a few minutes as a negative electrode, the spongy platinum does not disengage the oxygen as soon as it begins to officiate as a positive electrode: about twenty or thirty seconds elapse before the disengagement commences. If, on the contrary, the spongy platinum has served some time as a positive electrode, and is afterwards made to officiate as a negative electrode, rather a long interval elapses before the bubbles of hydrogen begin to appear. The last two facts have, doubtless, the most intimate connexion with the phenomena of which I have recently spoken in the "Bibl. Univ.," and to which the name of phenomena of polarization has been very improperly given.* I will return on another occasion to that interesting subject.

Sixth Experiment.—The liquid is formed of three volumes of nitric acid of 1.35, plus five volumes of water. Every thing takes place as in the preceding experiment. I ought, however, to point out, that it is with the spongy platinum, while it is plunged into the acid, that the circuit of the pile must be closed; in order that it may pass into the extraordinary state. If the circuit be closed in any other manner whatever, a disengagement of hydrogen will take place on the spongy platinum. This last observation is likewise applicable to the preceding experiment.

Seventh Experiment.—The liquid is formed of one volume of nitric acid of 1.35, plus two volumes of water. Every thing takes place as in the preceding experiment. The extraordinary state, however, developed by the red heat, is not so perfect as that produced by the heating of the spongy platinum moistened with water.

Eighth Experiment.—The liquid is formed of three volumes of nitric acid of 1.35, plus

* In a note, Professor Schiebelin observes, in reference to this: "I attribute it to the oxidation which the platinum undergoes when it is placed on the positive pole, and to the reduction which results when it is exposed as the negative pole."

seven volumes of water. In the greater number of cases it is impracticable to make the spongy platina pass into the extraordinary state by means of the red heat. Generally, a few seconds after the spongy platina has been plunged into the acid, the gas commences disengaging itself at its surface: nevertheless, the quantity of hydrogen disengaged does not appear nearly sufficient to form water with the oxygen become free at the positive pole. By heating the spongy platina moistened with the acid, the extraordinary state may be produced in the metal more easily and completely than by the red heat.

Ninth Experiment.—The liquid is formed of three volumes of nitric acid of 1.35, plus eight volumes of water. By strongly heating the spongy platina moistened with acid, the extraordinary state may be developed in it to such a degree, that it will disengage at its surface but a small proportion of hydrogen in relation to the oxygen. If the circuit be closed with the extremity in form of sponge, heated to the red heat, several seconds elapse before the disengagement of hydrogen begins to take place on the metal; and scarcely has it commenced until, after from five to six seconds, it ceases, to recommence at the end of several instants, and no more to receive any interruption.

Tenth Experiment.—The liquid is formed of one volume of nitric acid of 1.35, plus three volumes of water. If the circuit be closed with the spongy platina, heated to a red heat, about six seconds elapse before the disengagement of hydrogen commences on the metal. By heating the spongy platina moistened with acid, the vivacity of the disengagement of hydrogen may, it is true, be sensibly diminished, but it never can be completely stopped.

Eleventh Experiment.—The liquid is formed of one volume of nitric acid of 1.35, plus four volumes of water. With respect to the spongy platina heated to a red heat, the same occurs as in the preceding experiment. If the spongy platina moistened with acid be heated, and used to close the circuit, the gas disengages itself immediately at its surface; but this disengagement continues only for a few instants. However, at the end of a few seconds, it recommences, no more to stop.

I have not thought it necessary to make experiments with acid more diluted; the phenomena of decomposition at the negative electrode in the two last cases above, exhibiting themselves in a manner that may be called normal.

Before proceeding further, I ought to add a remark which is not entirely destitute of importance; that is to say, that the results reported above were obtained only when the current used in the experiments remained below a certain strength; or, which is the same thing, when the quantity of water electrolysed, in a given time, did not pass a certain limit. If that limit was passed, a disengagement of gas took place at the negative electrode. Thus, as I have elsewhere said, I have employed currents which decomposed water with only a feeble energy; and in order to be prepared always to modify, according to necessity, the strength of the currents, I used the voltaic apparatus formerly mentioned, which allowed the pairs to be more or less dipped into the excited liquor.

It still remains to examine, first, if, whatever may be the strength of the current, and whatever may be the degree to which the nitric acid has been diluted, it is practicable to stop the disengagement of hydrogen at the negative

electrode, when that electrode is of spongy platina, by giving it a suitably large volume; secondly, if, by employing a current of such a strength as to establish a disengagement of gas at the negative electrode of the platina, the quantity of hydrogen disengaged at the latter offers, with that of the oxygen become free at the positive pole, such a proportion, that water may be formed with it? It may also be asked, what becomes of the hydrogen when it does not appear under the form of gas, at the negative electrode? In the case in which concentrated nitric acid is submitted to the influence of a voltaic current, it is certain that that element is employed to deoxygenise a part of the nitric acid, for it forms nitrous acid. But when the liquid used is nitric acid, diluted several times its volume with water, does the hydrogen, separated from the water by the current, play the same part as in the preceding case? And, if so, ought it not to disengage a little gaseous oxide of azote at the negative electrode? If the hydrogen which appears at that electrode reduces the nitric acid to nitrous acid, the latter ought to deposit itself around the negative electrode, but immediately afterwards to be decomposed, the greatest part at least, into nitric acid, and gaseous oxide of azote, under the influence of the great quantity of water included in the liquid. If, then, all these suppositions were founded on experiment, the gaseous oxide of azote ought to shew itself at the negative pole; but, as I have already said, we see absolutely nothing like it occur in the diluted nitric acid. It is possible that, in the case in question, it forms itself into ammonia. In fact, the whole proportion of oxygen included in the nitric acid diluted to a certain point, being capable of being carried off from it by the hydrogen separated by electrolytical means, it may easily be supposed that the azote, thus become free and in a nascent state, would form ammonia with a portion of the hydrogen which is in the same state. I have not yet examined if this combination exists in the diluted nitric acid, after a current has for some time been passed through it by means of spongy platina electrodes. For the present, I will not attempt any explanation of the facts hitherto described. Many more experiments must be made before the subject can be fully comprehended. I cannot refrain, however, from throwing out the conjecture, that some of the phenomena in question may certainly be connected with the known faculty of platina to promote the chemical combination of hydrogen and oxygen. Several facts seem, in truth, to authorise this conjecture. They will be presently adverted to. Among the results I have mentioned, those which appear to me to be the most enigmatical are those which relate to the transport of the extraordinary state from one platina wire to another, and which have some resemblance to the phenomena of passivity exhibited by iron.

[Conclusion next week.]

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, October 17.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Divinity.—Rev. T. Byrth, Magdalen Hall.
Masters of Arts.—Rev. M. R. Southwell, Exeter College, Grand Compounder; H. L. Knight-Bruce, R. Alexander, J. R. Cornish, Student, W. C. F. Webber, Student, W. G. Penny, Student, Christ Church.
Bachelor of Arts.—J. Y. W. Hinde, Wadham College.

CAMBRIDGE, October 16.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—W. B. Clements, Trinity College;

J. E. Golding, Queen's College; J. R. Young, Caius College; H. Caddell, Corpus Christi College.
Bachelor of Arts.—E. Over, Catherine Hall.

To the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*.

SIR,—In April and May last, you did me the favour to insert in your *Gazette* two or three of my notes, and a very intelligent correspondent of yours, under the signature of "Ægyptiacus," commented upon the matter contained in them. I made no reply to the comments of "Ægyptiacus," because what I had originally designed was to leave every thing to time; I had proposed to myself merely to submit what appeared to me to be the case, namely, that we were not in possession of the names of the Egyptian monarchs who erected the pyramids; knew nothing about their order of position; that the ovals, usually considered as bearing their names, contained epithets applied to them with reference to a particular business, and nothing more. I am now enabled to place the truth beyond a doubt. Amunemeses



in the table of Abydos, is placed sixteenth ancestor of Sesotris. Χίμψης, or Χίμψης, Diódoros Siculus informs us, built the largest of the pyramids. In a tablet very recently acquired by the Museum, I have found the above royal oval in juxtaposition with



a name, which, if transcribed, produces either Χίμψης, or Χίμψης, according as the reader of the hieroglyphics may choose to add the definite article, or the contrary.

The reason why he was called Chembis, or Chemmis, the monarch himself, in the tablet, is made to tell us; at the same time that he gives us his own prenominal, and explains its meaning.

Chembis belonged to a party styled "the sacred family of Osiris;" and he was succeeded in the sovereignty of Egypt by several members of the same family, the last of whom was Timanus. The interval of time between Timanus and Amosis, the first of the eighteenth dynasty, constitutes the period of the foreign shepherd kings.

I have studied brevity as much as possible, because matter, touching the chronology and history of a period so remote, can be interesting only to a portion of your readers. I remain, Sir, faithfully yours,

C. S.

London, 14th October, 1839.

FINE ARTS.

THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

WE have paid an hour's visit to the designs for the Royal Exchange, now hung up in the Mercers' Hall; and though, *adhus sub judice lit est* (i. e. if judex and job are not synonymous in the city), as public opinion has been courted, we will venture a few observations.

The report of the honest and able architects, Messrs. Hardwick and Gwilt, and Sir R. Smirke, to whom the competition designs were referred, is, in our opinion, most honourable to their skill and judgment. On the other hand, the trammels and incumbrances of the plan are most disgraceful to London, the capital of England, and to the country. Once in five hundred years, there is such a building to be erected. To the time of the Greshams (father and son), the English were pedlars, not merchants; importers of a few necessities and luxuries, not manufacturers for the wide world. Their trade might well be managed in a street corner, their commerce in the vestibule of a modern gin-palace. With the ruin of the Low Countries, Plutus took up his high abode

amongst us, and has here been coining and minting millions ever since, for eight or ten generations. What a pitiable thing is it, then, when a temple is to be raised to the god, that the basest worship should be tendered to him! Do we misunderstand his character? He is sordid, but not shabby; avaricious, but not mean. His true disciples know that splendour and glory are but parts of his system, and that the rule of a poor-looking deity of riches would be as repulsive as Queen Poverty herself. Not to speak of comfort, accommodation, respectability, &c. &c., all words well weighed in the locality, we should inquire, What is due to the wealthiest community of the wealthiest nation on the face of the earth?

The answer ought to be, "The most convenient and noblest piece of architecture which money and art can supply!"

What it is to be, nobody knows,—not even the Committee, not the Aldermen, not the Common Council, not the tribes of Israel, not the Lord Mayor, not the Sheriffs—who, as they hang every offence, we presume hung the lots of paper in Mercers' Hall.

As in common cases of execution at the Old Bailey, we have never been very clear why some were publicly hanged, and some were not; so have we our doubts about this Mercers' Hall hanging, and can only reconcile it to our taste and mind by fancying that the sheriffs (as aforesaid) thought them all so bad that the most just way was to serve them all alike—one hanging, and nothing new in the drop.

To speak more gravely, though it may not be quite right in regard to designs so mixed up in all their details as these are, and forming a perfect wilderness of elevations, north fronts, west fronts, east fronts, south fronts, sections, transverse sections, ground-plans, second stories, perspective views, &c. &c. &c., we must say, that the general effect is most unsatisfactory. There is not one grand design to strike the beholder, and induce him to say, This would be worthy of London and England. If the architects are cramped in their means, and are told that this proud, wealthy nation cannot afford more than a plum or a plum and a half for such a building, it is their misfortune; and, like the good old tailor adage, they are to be commiserated for trying to cut their coat according to their cloth—to rubble their stone and mortar according to their pittance. But if the Exchange should be worthy of the arts, of the age, of the people, and of the immeasurable resources of the country, the booths of *Bartlemy Fair* might enter into the competition. In short, the modern architectural exploits of England, are, with very few exceptions, too *bizarre* for laughter, too absurd for ridicule.

In regard to the drawings we witnessed, we are free to say (not injuriously to some, it was impossible to examine sufficiently in such a situation) that the mass were gross abortions. Where there was novelty, it was ridiculous; but there was not much of it. Poor copies of Greek Temples, meagre imitations of the Paladium, grotesque jumbles of every style, a few fantastic wonders—designs, of which the best parts were already far better executed in London (see Inigo Jones, Wren, Adams, and others); or one or two pseudo morsels of Norman or Tudor, and things the most unsuitable for aught but prisons, tournaments, inquisitions, or theatres, distracted us on every wall and partition. We had not the fortunate Nos. with us, and could not tell which had won the prizes. We had not time to read the descriptions, and could not tell which deserved the

slightest attention. Dipping into one, we found a fine calculation of the time it would take a person to ascend and descend the stairs—no allowance for corpulence or aldermanishness! In another, it was signified, do not look at me till you have read my account of myself; for, if you do, you will "think me *absurd and useless*;" whereas, if you read, you will learn that I am somewhere about the best plan in this room! In others, the pictures of the folks adorning the views were quite captivating (whatever the designs were); and fine horses, dogs, pretty ladies, fat grocers, straddling brokers, pury merchants, Oriental traders, sailors, Jew orangers and clothesmen, and all the medley of London, were enough to d— the building that could be the resort of such a crew.

Let us hope, that if the quarter or half a million of pounds sterling can produce an edifice of which neither the capital nor the kingdom need be ashamed, all these designs will be burnt, and something done. Surely we do not want another National Gallery!

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Illustrations of Poems by Eliza Cook.

THE readers of the *Literary Gazette* are no strangers to the poetical genius of Miss Cook, many of whose most charming productions have graced our columns. We have before us proofs of a dozen plates, illustrative of a volume of poems by that highly gifted young lady, about to be published by Mr. Tilt. With the exception of a fine Metzu-like whole-length portrait of the fair authoress, from a drawing by T. Smart, they are in the vignette form, and are sweetly engraved by H. Adlard, from designs, full of grace and beauty, by J. Marchant.

Infant Prayer. Painted by E. Prentis;
Engraved by W. Bromley. M'Lean.

A PLEASING illustration of the lines:—

"Who taught my infant lips to pray,
And love God's holy book and day;
And walk in wisdom's pleasant way?
My Mother."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Sketches of Poets who have been afflicted by Aberration of Mind.

NO. II. SWIFT.

STRETCHED on yon couch, see! Wit and Genius lie,

Degraded now to helpless idiocy:

No more those eyes with heavenly fire shall glow,

No more those lips with sparkling wit o'erflow.

Can this be He that wielded with his pen

The destinies of empires and of men?

Whose flashing thoughts could make even St. John smile,

And courtly Harley of his cares beguile!

Haste hither, Pope, O leave thy Twick'nham bowers;

Leave for a time thy meads and laughing flowers;

And with thee bring the simple-minded Gay,

Whose heart to woe is open as the day:

Nor sure will Arbuthnot be last to fly

(Though vain his science now) where Swift doth lie.

Here, then, around yon couch in sorrow joined,

Weep o'er the ruins of a noble mind.

Ah! Stella, how thy gentle heart hath bled

(More blest thy fate, thou slumberest with the dead),

Hadst thou the loved one of thy soul but seen,

The shattered wreck of all he once had been;

Each past unkindness thou hadst then forgiven,
Thy gentle hand to soothe his pangs had striven!

Nay, even Vanessa had compassion shewn,
And in Cadmus' woes forgot her own.

R. B. S.

LAYS OF A DREAMER.—NO. III.

The Day-Dream. An October Reverie.

Oh! 't was a glorious vision! Yet the eye
Was not in slumber sealed. The fragrant heath

I made my bed, and gazed upon the sky;
While not a single care that sky beneath
Did break in on my solitude. The sun—
The bright October sun—that browns the corn,

The latest of the harvest, had not run
One half its journey from the gales of morn;
Yet did it light a pageant nobler far
Than emperor in coronation state,
Or emperor's "triumph of the Ivory car"

In old Rome's mightier days; or e'er did wait

On Roman pontiff 'neath the papal away,
Or banqueted the eye in Orient clime;—
Oh! nought could match the splendours of that day—

Imaged in clouds I saw the march of Time
Across the azure, ether realm of space!
The emblem of eternity—unchanged,
While mighty changes pass and leave no trace,
Moves on our pageant. Daintily arranged
Those silv'ry clouds, the sun hath kissed their brow,

And bid them speed their course: see on—
and on—

They smiling come; but murky clouds have now
Joined in their progress, and the sun is gone,—

Hidden as the face of angry Deity,
That hath no joy in darkness;—but a ray—
A light-redeeming ray—doth mount on high,
Gilding the tops of many a darksome pile,

Then streaming down in fire, the shadows roll
In light away,—again the heavens smile;—
A world hath been renewed, the wondrous soul
Of nature hath refashioned it. A plain

Of golden sands doth skirt a sea of blue,
And mountains rise around the waveless main;

But ah! a sky of dark portentous hue
O'er shadows it,—the sun, the sun is hid!—

Yes! but its throne is still behind yon cloud.

Now hath the breeze the snowy mountains
chid,—

They fall away; the sea of blue is ploughed
By many a mimic sail: thin mists descend

And melt away.—Where is the azure sea?
Engulfed in new creations, and we wend

With ravished eye 'mid Alpine scenery,
Each mountain castle-crowned, and new a hall

Of pillared clouds is peopled by strange shades;
White-bearded men who come at fancy's call,

And scarce are fashioned ere the vision fades.
Chariots, and horsemen, myriads in arms!

Phalanx on phalanx rush, and yet no sound
Doth speak the thunder of the war's alarms;

As though within that shadowy conflict's bound,
All things were voiceless. Giant forms are there—

The monsters of a world before the flood—
And while we gaze a different shape they wear,

And like traditions pass, not understood,
But too revered for doubt. The Behemoth*

Doth look upon the busy strife of war,

* The Hebrew word "Behemoth," the plural of "Baham," a beast, is used in the Book of Job, l. 15, in a singular sense, to signify an animal endowed with the magnitude and power of many. The ancient rabbins tell strange stories of its might and size; but without believing these fables, we are inclined to

And, 'mid the fight, a wood of mighty growth
Ariseth to receive him. From afar
Come earth's wild denizens to seek their king,
And horsemen, chariots, and armed bands,
Are trampled underneath their gathering.
The giant horde hath passed, a castle stands
Its fosse, and donjon-keep, and battlement,
Wrought in dun masses: see yon portal
dark,
Deep caverned in its walls!—The walls are
rent!—

The portals burst in vivid flames, and hark!
Heaven's loud artillery in lengthened roar,
Proclaim in thunder that our pageant's o'er.
R. J.

THE DRAMA.

The Surrey Theatre.—This week Jack Sheppard has begun his possession of the minor theatres, and the Surrey taken the lead in an elaborate representation of the novel. The playbill is a curiosity, and so is the piece. The succession of scenery and tableaux is too much, and abridgement (after the first night) the only thing necessary. A drama cannot do a whole three-volume work, and it would be a better plan to select only the most striking incidents. The characters are capitally supported, especially the *hero* by Saville; but Heaven keep us from all the murders and other trifling accidents being made visible in such a life and death as this. The theatre is crammed every night.

The Victoria has also got up an edition of this popular story; and it is announced at the Adelphi, Sadler's Wells, &c. &c. Tremble, ye Legitimates!

VARIETIES.

Lord Brougham and Count D'Orsay.—A great sensation has been created by a report of a fatal accident to Lord Brougham, which turned out to be a fabrication; but as if every sort of falsehood was to be combined with the rumour, it was insinuated that Count D'Orsay had announced the sad news in a jocular manner at White's Club. This misrepresentation has been flatly contradicted by the Count, and Lord Methuen, to whom he happened to communicate the intelligence, received by letter from the north; but such denial was most unnecessary for all those who know the habits of mutual regard and esteem in which the parties live. The feelings of Count D'Orsay are too good to allow of his making a jest upon any calamity (however fine and trenchant his wit is on other occasions); and, above all, he is about the last man in Europe who could joke on the misfortune of a friend.

The Archimedes.—Another experimental trip has been made in this vessel, propelled from the stern by machinery in the form of a screw, and acting in the manner of a scull, which seems to have succeeded on the river. From Gravesend to London, with wind and tide, the passage was made in two hours and three minutes. What the actual power is, it needs some mixed calculations to make out—certainly we should say under ten miles an hour; and the motion of the vessel is reported to be very uneasy: still in this, as in other cases, great improvements may be made.

Improvement in the Daguerriotype.—Amongst the numerous improvements proposed in the Daguerriotype is the following, by

adopt the opinion, that the Behemoth was an animal of a distinct species now unknown, rather than abide by the generally received derivation of the word, which would make Behemoth the same as the Egyptian Pehmont—the Hippopotamus.

M. Jobard, of Brussels, for taking portraits at *l'héliographe*:—"Paint in dead white the face of the patient; powder his hair, and fix the back of his head between two or three planks solidly attached to the back of an arm-chair, and wound up with screws! The colour of the flesh, not reflecting sufficiently the rays of light, would require a powerful sun, whereas a whitened face will be reproduced as well as plaster figures by diffused light."

Mediæval Grecian Antiquities.—M. Didron and his associates, now examining the mediæval antiquities of Greece, are stated to have found a magnificent church at the convent of St. Luke in Livadia, resembling that of St. Mark, Venice, but on a smaller scale; and other very interesting churches at Megaspelon, Mistra, Salamina, and Corinth.

March of Intellect.—The "rote system" in which charity children are educated, is admirably adapted for lads of obtuse intellect, as we will prove by an anecdote which occurred at a certain evangelical school. They are examined and questioned in a particular order, and, always standing in the same rank, have always the same reply, whatever may be the question. Three of these brilliants, whom we will call No. 1, No. 2, No. 3, were accustomed to reply to the question, "In whom do you believe?" Thus, No. 1, "In God the Father;" No. 2, "In God the Son," and No. 3, "In God the Holy Ghost." It so chanced, that by accident No. 2 placed himself after No. 3. The question was asked, "In whom do you believe?" No. 1, "In God the Father;" No. 3, "In God the Holy Ghost." "What?" said the examiner, "you should say, 'In God the Son.'" "No, sir," retorted the matter-of-fact No. 3, "I believe in God the Holy Ghost: that 'ere boy (pointing to the misplaced No. 2) believes in God the Son." "You are a bright particular star," said the examiner; "pray have you been confirmed?" "No," was the instant rejoinder, "but I've been vaccinated."

Steam Towing on Canals.—The experimental improvements in this branch of transit and navigation, which have for some time been making great progress in Scotland, under the direction of Mr. Macneil, civil engineer, were brought to a very satisfactory proof, a fortnight ago on the Forth and Clyde Canal. The locomotive, Victoria, was employed on this occasion, and some of the leading results were as follow:—With a passenger-boat laden with passengers (an average load), a rate of twenty miles per hour was attained; and it was evident that the only limit to the speed was that of the power of the engine. Eight trading vessels were ranged in a line attached to each other, and the first to the locomotive; they were, together, 317 tons register, 364 tons actual load, and the draught of water, severally, 8 ft. 8 in. 9 in., 8 ft. 6 in., 8 ft. 7 in., 8 ft. 10 in., 4 ft. 4 in., 4 ft. 6 in. For the haulage of this amount of tonnage, at the usual rate of 1½ mile per hour, about twenty horses are employed, under the most favourable circumstances. The Victoria towed it with about one-fourth only of her steam power, at a rate of 2½ miles per hour. The ease with which she did this justified the opinion of several spectators, qualified to judge, that double this amount of tonnage might have been mastered by her with very little or any diminution of her speed. The wave produced by the motion of the large vessels at the rate they were towed was of the ordinary size and character; that of the rapid boats, though large, was by no means so formidable as to create any fear that it would be any obstacle to the adoption of this mode of conveyance. In one of the latter experiments, four passenger-boats were towed in a line, and the volume of the waves was evidently broken up into numberless smaller waves, spreading over the whole surface of the canal, and resembling a great ripple. The reverse of this occurred when two passenger-boats were lashed together abreast, as a twin boat: the wave then extended in a fine regular glassy swell from the boats to the shores. These effects point out the fact, that the form, magnitude, position, &c., of the wave are all susceptible of modification, as little is to be apprehended from curves, of whatever character. In the railway upon which the engine travelled there was a curve of double flexure, the radius of part of which was less than a third of a mile. No sensible retardation in her speed was produced by it, nor was any disposition observed, even in the most rapid transits, to run off the rails. To prevent the latter effect occurring from the resistance of the vessels towed, the outer rail was laid a little lower in level than the inner one, so as to give the engine a slight

tendency to descend towards the outward rail. This also prevents, in a certain degree, the overturning of the engine by a strong pull. During the whole of the several series of experiments, not a single fact occurred to check the expectation that this union of the railway and the canal will, wherever practicable, take the precedence of every other in point of combined convenience, safety, rapidity, and economy. [Abridged from the *Glasgow Chronicle*.]

Encouragement of the Fine Arts.—We always rejoice to notice matters of this description, and are, therefore, glad to learn that the Duke of Wellington has given Mr. Haydon the needful sittings at Walmer Castle, to enable him to complete his great picture for Liverpool.

Lake of Haarlem.—The great lake of Haarlem is about to be drained.

Earthquakes.—The almost usual annual earthquakes in Perthshire recently visited the town of Crieff and Strathearn. Fortunately they were not so violent as to do mischief. On the 29th of August, Irkutsk, Siberia, suffered severely from a phenomenon of the same kind. Some houses were thrown down and several lives lost.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

In the Press.

A Life of the Rev. H. Meewes, of Altenhausen, Prussia, Author of "Der Pfarrer von Andouse," the Pastor of Andouse, translated from the German by a Lady.—Euclid's Elements of Plane Geometry, with Supplementary Propositions for Exercise; by W. D. Cooley, A.B.; and also, The Figures of Euclid, with the Enunciations, printed separately, &c., for use in the Classroom.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The Keepsake, 1840, edited by Lady E. S. Wortley, royal 8vo. in silk, 21s.; or India proof plates, 2s. 12s. 6d.—Heath's Picturesque Annual, 1840: Windsor Castle and its Environs, royal 8vo. in silk, 21s.; India proofs, 2s. 2s.—Book of Beauty, 1840, edited by the Countess of Blessington, royal 8vo. 21s.; or India proofs, 2s. 12s. 6d.—Gems of Beauty: displayed in a Series of Engravings, from Designs by E. Corbould, with Illustrations in Verse by the Countess of Blessington, 4to. 11. 11s. 6d.—Transactions of the Medico-Chirurgical Society, Vol. IV. new series, 8vo. 14s.—Gatherings, by the Author of "The Listener," fcap. 4s. 6d.—Agathos, and other Sunday Stories, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—The Miracles of our Lord Explained, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—De Porquet's Key to Secretaire Italien, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—Manual of Christian Antiquities, by the Rev. J. E. Riddle, 8vo. 18s.—The Acts of the Apostles, Greek text, with Notes, by H. Robinson, 8vo. 8s.—Nicholas Nickleby, by C. Dickens, 8vo. 21s.—Head of the People, 8vo. 14s.—S. Parker on the Treatment of Syphilis, 12mo. 5s.—Dr. P. J. Murphy's Observations on Mercury, 8vo. 5s.—Sweet's Hortus Britannicus, 3d edition, by G. Don, 8vo. 21s.—Dr. J. Story on the Law of Agency, royal 8vo. 14s.—W. N. Darnell's Arrangement and Classification of the Psalms, 18mo. 1s. 6d.—Rev. J. East's Songs of my Pilgrimage, 32mo. 2s. 6d.—T. Bowring's First Lessons in Natural Religion, 18mo. 1s. 6d.—Richards's Welsh and English Dictionary, 8vo. 13s.—McCrice's Life of Knox, new edition, 1 vol. 8vo. 12s.—Horncock on the Lord's Supper, new edition, 12mo. 6s. 6d.—Solitary Hours, new edition, fcap. 5s.—The Redeemer, a Poem, by W. Howorth, 8vo. 8s.—Marianne, the Last of the Asmonean Princesses, post 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Melania, and other Poems, by Eliza Cook, illustrated edition, 12 plates, post 8vo. 16s.—Local Legends and Rambling Rhymes, by J. Dix, fcap. 5s.—J. Taylor on National Establishments, 8vo. 6s.—Hyacinth O'Gara, Honor Delany, &c. new edition, fcap. 5s.—Killpack's History of the Collegiate Church of Southwell, royal 4to. 25s.—Christian Duties in the various Relations of Life, by T. Lewis, 18mo. 4s.—Fisher's Drawing-Room Scrap-Book, 1840, 4to. 21s.—Fisher's Juvenile Scrap-Book, 1840, 8s.—Findens' Tableaux, 1840, 2s. 2s.—Woodland Sketches, imp. 4to. 21s.; or coloured, 42s.—Oriental Annual, 1840, 21s.; India Proofs, 2s. 12s. 6d.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1839.

October.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 17	From 32 to 54	29.97 to 29.91
Friday... 18	... 47 ... 53	29.61 stationary
Saturday... 19	... 45 ... 55	29.91 ... 30.03
Sunday... 20	... 32 ... 57	30.00 ... 29.95
Monday... 21	... 49 ... 57	29.95 ... 30.12
Tuesday... 22	... 50 ... 55	30.05 ... 30.04
Wednesday 23	... 40 ... 55	30.01 ... 29.90

Winds, N.E. and N.W.
Except the 12th and 20th, generally cloudy; rain fell on the 18th, 22d, and following day.
Rain fallen, 15 of an inch.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Through an accident our review of the "Forget me Not" is unavoidably postponed till next week.
Emma B.'s natural lines cannot be inserted.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

FRENCH CONSPIRACIES.

Cour des Pairs. Affaire des 12 et 13 Mai, 1839. Rapport fait à la Cour. Par M. Mérielhou. *Faits Généraux et Première Série des Faits Particuliers.* Paris, 1839. Imprimerie Royale.

WE are rather surprised that this extraordinary revelation should not have attracted the especial notice of some of our able contemporaries who daily enlighten the public, or of the larger reviewers, who, four or five times a year, illuminate the world with their *Bude Ares-ups*. It is the most complete and curious exposition of the revolutionary spirit in France; remarkable as a picture of manners and illustration of personal adventures and conspiracies; important in a national point of view, not only to France, but to Europe, and especially to England, where similar antagonist principles are widely and seriously at work; and extremely interesting, were we only to consider it as a Tale of the Times in which we live. We know no romance more exciting, no popular story better wrought up, and, as it were, demanding the graphic accompaniments of a Cruikshank, Brown, or Forrester; and whether we look at it as a true account of real persons and actual circumstances, involving matter of great consequence to mankind, or merely as the development of a strange tragic-comic combination, which might be read with wonder even were it only invention, we think we cannot perform a more welcome task than by making a copious *précis* of this singular piece of 153 quarto pages.

On the 14th of May a commission was appointed to inquire into the "*Affaires*" of the two preceding days, and Baron Pasquier the chancellor of France, the Duke Decazes, Count de Bastard, Barthe, Mérielhou, and the Baron de Daunant, were named for the discharge of this high function. The present report by M. Mérielhou is the result of their investigation; and it sets out with a general retrospect which we must lay before our readers:—

"When the Court of Peers (says the reporter) was occupied with the process of April 1834, it thought it right to examine into the organisation of the vast plot which had burst forth at once in various parts of the kingdom. The long and profound investigation into which you entered at that epoch, taught you that the influence of secret societies had been one of the grand means of destruction employed by the conspirators against the government of July. The report of your commission, which will remain a valuable historical monument of our times, shewed you the dynasty and the revolution of 1830 attacked by turns, and sometimes simultaneously, by the factions of all colours; by those who laboured for the restoration of the fallen dynasty, and by those who would impose republican forms upon our country. You saw in that period of four years, from 1830 to 1834, anarchical factions borrowing every shape, adopting every language, employing every method of seduction, to obtain partisans, and to prepare the means of attack, in the order which the public authorities had

so laboriously established. You saw them deliberating, at first almost publicly, under the title of *Amis du Peuple*; then establishing secret societies, varied by their names, their principles, their composition, often agitated by the ambition of those who pretended to direct them, leading the way to general anarchy by their intestine dissensions; but, finally, nearly united under one sole direction, absorbed by the grand society of *Droits de l'Homme*, and producing the two famous insurrections of April 1834, which at the same moment deluged with blood Paris, Lyons, Saint Etienne, and violently agitated several other considerable cities. That vast and impotent attempt proved at once the desperate audacity of its authors, and their isolation and weakness. Five years have passed, and the city of Paris has just again been the theatre of a new armed attack—an attack vigorously stifled almost as soon as known—an attack which exhibited as assailants only a small number of individuals, but which, by the violence and unity of its execution, by the nature of the means employed, by the principles in the name of which it was made, is of a character to excite the highest degree of solicitude and indignation in all good citizens. In fact, it is impossible to see in the revolt which we have just witnessed, and which has left so many victims, a fortuitous and momentary union of some hundreds of evil doers, devoting themselves to acts of murder and pillage, only to satisfy the demands of vengeance and cupidity. Every thing repels such an explanation. The accused themselves, according in that respect with the *instruction*, attach the days of the 12th and 13th of May, 1839, to the still more mournful days of April, 1834, of which they claim to be the continuers. All the documents of judicial history of the five years which separate April 1834 from May 1839, unite in establishing this afflicting truth, that the anarchical passions vanquished in 1834 have not, for a single moment since that epoch, ceased their criminal hostility to the constitution and the repose of the country. It is not that we wish to establish an unjust identity between acts of unequal criminality; but, when a party has declared itself the enemy of the established government, when men agree in their wishes for its destruction, it is allowable for the country which defends itself to attribute to the same objects all acts which are to lead to the same results; and to regard with the same distrust those who have advised crime, and those who have justified it. To explain the secret motives of every one of the individuals who compose a party, to determine with precision the degree of violence and obstinacy of the passions of each of them, is impossible; but when that party has devoted itself to the destruction of established order, all the means of destruction employed successively or simultaneously by the men of that party, if not the work of all, are at least the produce of the same passions. Thus, in the interval between the plots of April 1834 and the revolt of May 1839, we behold the infernal attempt of Fieschi, which terrified the people at the very moment when you were occupied with trying the accused persons of April;

Alibaud's attempt in the following year, 1836; that of Meunier, in 1837; and the events at Strasburg, in 1838. Amidst these principal facts, the almost annual renewal of which deserves serious attention, the grand act of amnesty took place; a glorious act, which may have made a few ungrateful persons, but for which the authorities should not entertain any regret, since it has proved that the government of July was able to unite to the strength which could conquer the magnanimity which could pardon. The anarchical party, which it might have been thought would be discouraged by its defeat in April 1834, has not ceased for a single instant since that epoch in labouring at its work of destruction. The new law respecting associations (10th of April, 1834) made the factions feel the necessity of diminishing the number of adepts composing each aggregation, but the number of aggregations themselves has been augmented; the hierarchal relations which unite them to one another have been complicated; the veil which hides from the inferior agents the names of the supreme directors has become more difficult to raise; the vigilant eye of the law has met with more obstacles; the doctrines professed in these dark unions have redoubled in perversity; and the passions by which they are agitated have acquired more violence, in consequence even of the mystery in which it was supposed they remained enveloped. The records of the tribunals offer but too many proofs of this sad truth. Without adverting to all the processes which, since 1834, attest the existence of secret societies, and to their influence on our interior tranquillity, we will confine ourselves to citing three judicial facts, the intimate connexion of which with the present process will appear to you to be the more striking, as two of those facts, the two processes respecting gunpowder, relate even to the creation of the means of execution of the revolt which was projected; and as the other, the publication of the '*Moniteur Républicain*,' and '*l'Homme Libre*,' had for its object to induce persons to take up the arms which were preparing. If you see the reappearance in the process of the revolt of May, of several of the persons who figured in the anterior cases, you will easily conclude that those who have directed and executed the insurrection had prepared beforehand the means of executing it."

M. Mérielhou proceeds to point out the characteristics in which the last insurrection differed from the preceding attempts; being, in fact, a Republican rising, though the parties were by no means agreed as to what sort of a republic they wished to establish. They only agreed in aiming at a revolution, not merely political, but social, and carrying out the senseless project of Babeuf (condemned 7 Prairial, an. v.) by the most sanguinary means.

The recent arrest of Blanqui, and the new inquiry into the intended movement connected with his apparition in Paris, shew that though the revolt of 1839 was less mobbishly supported than that of 1834, and 1834 less dangerous than 1832, still the same motives continue to operate, and that conspiracy has become almost a profession with that class of the community to which the Report refers.

Beginning so long ago as 1835, the Secret Societies have been busily employed in manufacturing gunpowder; and considerable light was thrown upon their other machinations, first, by a letter seized at Ste. Pelagie, and, next, by the confessions of Pepin, the accomplice of Fieschi, on the eve of his execution.

"He intimated the existence of a new secret society, formed from the associations since the law of the 10th of April, 1834; he indicated the name of the individual who had himself initiated it, and the object of the association, which was the overturning of the government. 'It has sworn hatred,' said he, 'to royalty. I judge of the danger which it threatens by the important men who belong to it. I mean important from their talents. I have been told that Blanqui, jun., and Laponneraye, were members of this society; but I have not seen them.' He added, 'that he had been received by only two members—he who presented him, he who received him; and that he knew that the formation of a society which should take the name of 'The Revolutionary Battalion' had been previously agitated.'"

Spies were set upon persons implicated, and, in March 1836, a considerable powder manufactory was detected in the Rue d'Oursine, and five persons taken in the act; two of them old St. Simonites, and the other three pupils of l'Ecole de Droit. Blanqui and Barbès were arrested as accomplices, and as leaders in the New Secret Societies. Papers were found upon both, containing lists of names, and other memoranda, which further opened the eyes of the government. Some of them are quoted:—

"Cassius, one musket.
Such an one, four muskets, four lances, four pistols.
Such an one, from the gaming-table, won at trictrac by Barbès.
Palanchon by Barbès.
Mousse received by Palanchon.
Priot and his gunpowder; Lalot's gunpowder.
A pupil of l'Ecole d'Etat-major, by Palanchon.
Lisbonne, Albouy Street, No. 14, 500 cartridges.
Pallier.
Paquerot.
Would you see a lion?—a soldier of the 20th will bring his officer to be received."

Blanqui would not answer one syllable to the interrogatories put to him; but the lists shewed that individuals acted under assumed names, and were known by different numbers; such as No. 133, No. 126, &c. &c. Other difficulties presented themselves; and afford remarkable glimpses into the organisation of these plots:—

"The first law of this association is not to allow any writing to exist. This explains the rarity of proofs. Besides, those obtained are due only to chance."

The Report continues to disclose other particulars:—

"During the investigation of the process respecting the gunpowder in the street of Oursine, the administrative authority transmitted to the judicial authority a document which is no other than the formulary, by question and answer, of the reception of adepts in a secret society, which was that of families. Some time afterwards in the same year, 1836, this same piece was seized, printed at Fayard's, on the occasion of the process respecting the gunpowder in the street of the Dauphin. The same formulary was seized in Carcassonne, in 1836, at Albernay's, written in Barbès's hand; and again seized in June 1839, printed at Nougues's. The identity of these four documents, with the exception of some slight differences, is manifest. Their agreement with Lamieusens's portfolio, and with the papers seized at Blanqui's and at Barbès's, is striking. The following are the most prominent passages:—'The person re-

ceived is introduced blindfolded. The following oath is administered to him:—'I swear to observe the most profound silence with respect to whatever may pass in this place.' The president afterwards addresses to him the following questions, to which he is to make the answers quoted:—

- "1. What dost thou think of the present government?—That it is a traitor to the people and to the country.
- "2. In what interest does it officiate?—In that of a small number of privileged persons.
- "3. Who are at present the aristocrats?—Moneyed men, bankers, contractors, monopolists, large proprietors, loan-mongers; in one word, adventurers who fatten at the expense of the people.
- "4. By virtue of what right do they govern?—Force.
- "5. What is the predominating vice in society?—Selfishness.
- "6. What usurps the place of honour, integrity, and virtue?—Money.
- "7. Who is the man esteemed in the world?—The rich and the powerful.
- "8. Who is despised, persecuted, placed out of the pale of the law?—The poor and the weak.
- "9. What dost thou think of the *droit d'auteur*, and the taxes upon salt and liquors?—They are odious imposts, intended to press upon the people, by sparing the rich.
- "10. Who are the people?—The people are all the citizens who labour.
- "11. How are they treated by the laws?—They are treated like slaves.
- "12. What is the condition of the working man under the government of the rich?—The condition of the working man is like that of the serf and the negro;—his life is only a long tissue of misery, toil, and suffering.
- "13. What is the principle which ought to form the basis of regular society?—Equality.
- "14. What ought to be the rights of the citizen in a well-regulated country?—The right of existence, the right of gratuitous instruction, the right of participating in the government. His duties are, devotion towards society, and fraternity towards his fellow-citizens.
- "15. Must there be a political or a social revolution?—There must be a social revolution.

"Did the citizens who made overtures to thee speak to thee of the object of our labours? That object thou must already perceive by our questions; and we will proceed in a few words to explain it to thee still more clearly. We are associated, in order to struggle with more success against the tyranny of the oppressors of our country, whose policy it is to keep the people in ignorance and isolation; ours, consequently, ought to be to diffuse knowledge, and to rally the strength of the people into one single body. Our tyrants have proscribed the press and association. It is, therefore, our duty to associate with more perseverance than ever, and to supply the place of the press by verbal communication: for thou art well aware that the arms interdicted us by our oppressors are those of which they are the most apprehensive, and which we ought above all to employ. Every member is required to spread, by all possible means, republican doctrines; to make, in a word, active indefatigable communications. Dost thou promise to join thy efforts to ours in that respect? At a future period, when the proper time has arrived, we will take arms to overthrow a government which betrays the country. Wilt thou be with us on that day? Reflect well; it is a perilous enterprise; our enemies are powerful; they have an army, treasure, the support of foreign kings;—they reign by terror. We, poor working men, have only our courage and our rights. Dost thou feel strong enough to brave the danger? When the signal for combat shall sound, art thou prepared to die, with arms in thy hands, in the cause of humanity? Citizen, arise! This is the oath which thou must take:—'I swear not to reveal to any body, not even to my nearest relations, that which may be said or done amongst us. I swear to obey the laws of the association; to pursue, with my hate and vengeance, the traitors who may slip into our ranks; to love and succour

my brethren; and to sacrifice my liberty and my life for the triumph of our holy cause.'—Citizen, we proclaim thee a member of the association. Seat thyself. Hast thou arms? ammunition? Every member, on entering into the association, furnishes a quantity of gunpowder proportioned to his means;—a quarter of a pound at least. It is also necessary that thou shouldst provide two pounds for thyself. Nothing is written in the association. Thou wilt be known only by the *nom-de-guerre* which thou mayest choose. In case of arrest, no answer must ever be made to the judge. The committee are unknown; but at the moment of the combat they are pledged to make themselves known. It is expressly prohibited to invade the public streets, if the committee do not place themselves at the head of the association. During the combat the members are to obey their chiefs, with all the exactness of military discipline. If thou knowest any citizens prudent enough to be admitted among us, thou wilt present them to us. Every citizen, who unites prudence and goodwill, merits admission into our ranks, whatever may in other respects be the amount of his information. The society will finish his political education.' If any thing could increase the importance of such a document, it would be the seizure made of the papers of Barbès; not in the house where he was arrested with Blanqui, but in a secret residence which he occupied on the 28th of July, 1835, and in which he passed that same day of July. We must not fail at the same time to state that it was by no means political motives which made him, at that period, hide his place of abode. There, in the domicile in which he was on the 28th of July, 1835, was found the following document, proved to be entirely in his hand-writing. 'Citizens! The tyrant is no more. The popular thunder has struck him. Let us now exterminate tyranny. Citizens! the great day has arrived—the day of the vengeance—the day of the emancipation of the people. To realise this, we have only to will it. Shall we want courage? To arms! to arms! Let every child of the country feel that he must this day pay his debt to his country.' Is this, as Barbès has said, a dream thrown upon paper? Is it not rather a proof that Fieschi's accomplices were not all brought before the Court of Peers; and that the clues of that terrible event were not all detected by justice? Another document by the same person, written under the same inspiration, was found in the same place. It ends with the following sentence, which, it might be believed, was written during the most atrocious epochs of 1793:—'People! no pity! Bare thy arms, that thou mayest plunge them into the entrails of these butchers!!!' Finally, two other documents were found in Barbès's hands. The one is an order of the day, made in May 1835, in the secret societies, at the time when, after that year, they were dissolved by the law, and had for its object to restrain the ardour of the sectaries, at the epoch of the process of April, of which the Court of Peers was about to take cognisance: the other was the plan of the organisation of the Society of Families. In truth, at the head of the last article is the cipher of 1833, which would appear to give that date to the writing; but it will be seen, on reading it, if the rules which it establishes for such societies are not much more applicable to the actual societies than to the societies which existed in 1833, which were not prohibited by special legislation, appeared in broad day, and marched openly towards their

object. The following is the document:—
 'Every fraction of the society is called a family. The family is composed of five initiated persons, meeting twice a month, under the presidency of a chief appointed by the centre. To be admitted, it is necessary to be of age, to enjoy a good character, to lead a regular life, to have justifiable means of existence, to be gifted with the greatest prudence. Proposals are made at the meetings of the family, who discuss the merits of the candidate, and may refuse or accept him. The name, condition, and residence of the candidate, are immediately sent to the centre, in order that the most scrupulous inquiries may be made into the morality, sobriety, prudence, and energy of the proposed person. Before the result of these inquiries are communicated to the chief of the family, no overture is to be accepted. If the overtures are accepted, the presenter transmits to the candidate a series of questions, to which he is to reply before his reception. The receptions are, to be blindfolded, by the chief of the family, in the presence of the proposer only. They are to take place as frequently as possible, in the day-time, and always in light. The chief of the family must never forget to tell the person admitted that no trace of what he has done subsists; that it is impossible for the police to discover any thing; and, consequently, that no confession must be made to the magistrate, under the penalty of passing for a traitor, and of being punished as such. The person admitted ought to be rendered sensible of the importance of entering into the National Guard. Questions ought to be put respecting arms and ammunition. The proceedings are directed by the chief of the family, who, at the opening of the sittings, makes a report of that which took place at the preceding sitting. The proceedings are terminated by propositions, presentations, and the examination of accounts. On casting a glance over what has been hitherto reported, it cannot fail to be remarked how the conduct of the persons inculcated faithfully tallies with the system of organisation just cited, and with the rules described to the initiated on their admission. Thus, it is recommended to the associates to take false names; and at Lamieusens' all the surnames of the members were found, with their separations into sections, or families, of five or six members each; and at Blanqui's a great number of lists, of five or six names, were seized. Thus, the statutes require that members should furnish themselves with gunpowder and arms; and, at the houses of a great number, gunpowder and arms were seized. A quarter of a pound of powder was found at Barbès's, according to the statutes; and members of the society, who were preparing gunpowder, were arrested *in flagranti delicto*. Besides, the members are forbidden to answer the investigating magistrates; and the chiefs of the society, when they have been arrested, have cautiously conformed to that order."

Without writings, and an obstinate silence when apprehended, if the conspirators stuck fast by these rules, it would seem almost impossible to trace or detect them. But, fortunately for society, writings were retained; and some of the minor plotters could not hold their tongues. Bit by bit information was obtained; and the whole pieced together with admirable ingenuity. One fellow insisted on the destruction of Louis Philippe and the asses of his race, as the first duty of man. In one letter Fieschi is painted as a sordid coxcomb, Pepin as pusillanimous but dying game, Boireau as a poor

creature of passion, but old Morey as a hero every inch of him. The issue of the powder plot of the Rue de l'Oursine was the condemnation of twenty-four individuals to various sentences of fine and imprisonment, from 300 to 3000 francs, and from four months to two years. Among the rest, Blanqui, Beaufour, and Robier, figured as the highest mulcts, the longest terms, and each two years of surveillance at the expiration of their punishment.

In November 1838, another manufactory of cartridges was discovered, and Raban, an engraver in the Palais Royal, the principal, condemned to two years in prison, two of his associates to eighteen and three months. A very large quantity of ammunition was also seized; and every thing went to prove that the formation of secret societies to overturn the government had not ceased for an instant. The journals, "Moniteur Républicain" and "l'Homme Libre," laboured zealously in the same cause, till they were denounced, and the writers in them, with the exception of Corbière and Aubertin, tried and condemned to five years' imprisonment. The close resemblance of their articles to those in some of our English papers, only that they are much bolder, of the same kind, is very striking. Inflammatory placards were also largely posted upon the walls of Paris, and among other things we are informed, "in the course of the year a composition in verse was circulated, entitled 'Au Roi,' which had already appeared in Paris in the preceding months. It was addressed to M. le Procureur du Roi, thrown into the letter-box of 'La Presse' journal, and sent to an honourable citizen, who transmitted it M. le Préfet de Police. In atrocity and offence against the king, this ode surpasses every thing that the most delirious imagination could conceive. It has three epigraphs, one of which is,

"Recte occultus est. (Tacitus.)
 O Vertu, le poignard seul espoir de la terre,
 Est ton arme sacrée, alors que le tonnerre,
 Laisse régner le crime."

"It would be necessary to copy the whole of this impious production, if we wished to enumerate all the qualifications of which it is susceptible. We will limit ourselves to calling attention to the fourth strophe. In this strophe the author celebrates the grandeur of the people:—

"Quand, brisant sa chaîne,
 Au repaire des rois il court donner l'assaut,
 Qu'il aigle à leurs yeux la hache vengeresse;
 Que des débris du trône, on gronde, et l'on dresse
 Un marchepied à l'échafaud."

"The third, in which it is said that if the king did not fall under Fieschi's bullets, it was that he might become an example to the tyrants on the earth. . . . The fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth, deplore the effeminacy of the people, glorify Alibaud, boast his courage, and the holiness of his mission, and point out to the regicide the Pantheon in perspective:—

"Demain le régicide ira prendre sa place
 Au Panthéon avec les Dieux" (Ninth strophe.)
 "In the tenth, we read,—

"Où, quelque soit l'élu pour le saint homicide,
 De vols, d'assassinats eût-il sétri sa vie,
 Il redevient sans tache et vierge d'infamie
 Dès qu'il se lave au sang des rois."

"The eleventh returns to Alibaud:—

"D'énergiques adieux, saluant la guillotine
 Malgré l'arrêt de mort de juges fanatiques,
 Mêlé aux plus beaux rayons des âges héroïques
 Son rayon d'immortalité."

"The twelfth salutes the regicides Pepin, and Morey, 'sublime cul-de-jatte':—

"Champion qu'affranchit le nom de sa cravate,
 Pétiade d'assassin, fils de la liberté."

Finally, the last contains this horrible oath:—

"Et nous le jurons, en face de la France,
 Nous républicains purs, si malgré sa souffrance
 Le peuple trop longtemps marchanda ses trépas,
 Nous serons les bourreaux! nous avons de la poudre
 Et du plomb de Juillet assez pour nous aboudre;
 Louis-Philippe, tu mourras!"

After demonstrating the connexion between the journalists, pamphleteers, placardists, &c., and the persons who had figured in so many conspiracies, M. Mérihous observes:—

"If the periodical reappearance of so many individuals in plots whose object is the same, can leave any doubt of the systematic combination of all the means of destruction, the expectation of finding any thing certain in the motives of human actions must henceforth be renounced. It is but too evident, that all these paths, all these attacks, lead to a common centre, the form of which may vary, but the tendency of which is inflexible, and the modes of action of which remain the same. The association, at first, existed almost publicly, under the name of Société des Droits l'Homme, dissolved in 1834; it revived from its ashes under the new name of Société des Familles, which, in its turn, was put down by the law in 1837. At the moment of the insurrection of the 12th of May, it was the Société du Printemps, or des Saisons, which appeared to comprehend the greatest number of rebels."

The Society of the Seasons endeavoured to establish itself throughout the country, and here is a part of its oath at Carcassonne, one of its head-quarters:—

"In the name of the Republic, I swear eternal hatred to all kings, to all aristocrats, to all oppressors of humanity. I swear absolute devotion to the people; fraternity to all men but aristocrats. I swear to punish traitors. I promise to give my life, even to mount the scaffold, if that sacrifice be necessary to lead to the reign of the sovereignty of the people, and equality."

And the initiated is told:—

"Citizen, thy name will never be pronounced among us. Here is the number of thy inscription. Thou shouldst provide thyself with arms and ammunition. The committee which directs the society will remain unknown until the moment at which we take up arms."

All these doings paved the way for the insurrection of the 12th of May; previous to which, Barbès returns suddenly to Paris, from his provincial proselytizing, and other conspirators from various places. Letters were intercepted, and one traced to Auguste Blanqui, who fled. These gave clues to further discoveries:—

"Every thing was organised for the struggle. The executive committee frequently assembled, and always in different places, seeking thereby to conceal itself from the authority which watched its criminal proceedings. The first care was to draw up its plans of attack, to distribute the commissions, to institute a provisional government, to prepare for the combat an order of the day. By that order of the day, Auguste Blanqui was invested with the chief command; Barbès, Martin-Bernard, Meillard, Nêtré, were appointed commandants of the divisions of the republican army. As in the case of the 'Moniteur Républicain,' and 'l'Homme Libre,' a clandestine press served to print this proclamation, intended to double the energy of the strong, to put an end to the irresolution of the weak, to seduce the masses, by promising them success after the revolt. But the pro-

mixed success did not await such an enterprise. The proclamation was read to the band of insurgents on the steps of the Hôtel-de-Ville; but the country would have remained ignorant of it, had it not been for the chance which allowed justice to seize a copy, and to submit it to your attention. At the time of the pillage at the brothers Lepage, a copy was left in their warehouse. It was afterwards sent by them in support of their declaration. The perusal of it will enable you to judge how much perseverance and intensity there is in the incendiary ravings of these guilty persons: "To arms, citizens! The fatal hour for the oppressors has struck. The base tyrant of the Tuileries laughs at the hunger which tears the entrails of the people; but the measure of his crimes is full. They are about, at last, to receive their punishment. France betrayed, the blood of our murdered brethren, cry to you and demand vengeance; which should be terrible, for it has been too long delayed. Perish finally the *exploitation*, and may equality sit in triumph on the mingled ruins of royalty and aristocracy. The provisional government has chosen military chiefs to direct the combat. These chiefs are taken from your ranks; they will lead you to victory. Their names are,—Auguste Blanqui, commandant-in-chief; Barbès, Martin-Bernard, Quignot, Meillard, Nètré, commandants of the divisions of the republican army. People, arise! and thy enemies will disappear like dust before the hurricane. Strike! exterminate without pity the vile satellites,—voluntary accomplices of tyranny; but hold out thy hand to those soldiers—thy offspring, who will never turn against these parricidal arms. Forward! Long live the republic! The members of the provisional government:—Barbès, Voyer-d'Argenson, Aug. Blanqui, Lamennais, Martin-Bernard, Dubois, Laponneraye.

"Paris, May 12th, 1839.
"Proclamations to the people and to the army, and a decree by the provisional government, are in the press."

The day for the rising, Sunday, 12th May, is stated to have been most judiciously chosen; and the outbreak to have demonstrated the mysterious bonds of these associations:—

"About two o'clock, an unusual agitation was remarked in the streets of St. Martin, St. Denis, and the adjacent streets. A considerable number of young men, of different dress, manners, and conditions, met, talked to one another, and appeared to be connected by the bond of a secret communication."

The halls of the insurgents were of a particular form, proving a same origin; and of a size to go into any sort of gun or pistol. Their plan to seize on all the armories, gunsmiths' shops, plumbers' lead, &c., was laid down in detail in Blanqui's handwriting, and the plunder of some of them identified the document with the acts of the insurgents. The particulars of the struggle are too well known to detain us with its momentary success and speedy overthrow. One part of the plan was to seize the Palais Royal, and probably fortify it. Thirty soldiers and defenders of the laws were slain.

The Report concludes with notices of the insurgent prisoners, of whom Barbès figures in the front rank, a man of property, born at Guadaloupe, and twenty-nine years of age. Then follow Nougues, a printer in the "Moniteur," twenty-three years old; Bonnet, a Genevese engraver; Roudil, an umbrella-maker, &c. &c., in all twenty-one. To these are added four *contumaces*, Blanqui, Bernard, Meillard,

and Doy. Blanqui, Bernard, and Barbès, are marked as the three B.'s who planned and were the chiefs of the insurrection. It was Blanqui who called Barbès to Paris from Carcassonne, and the three were at the head of the armed bands. He was at the head of the Société des Familles, and, from the year 1830, had never stopped in his career of agitation. M. Mérlhou says of him—

"You also know that the proclamation of the insurgents designates Blanqui as commandant-in-chief, and as being a part of the provisional government."

Martin Bernard is a printer, and was one of the principals in the Société des Saisons. Nougues's confessions let out the secret of his activity and authority. Meillard and Doy are Genevese engravers, and companions of Bonnet, their countryman and fellow-workman.

We have now finished what we proposed to do in the way of exposition of this trade of treason, and strange condition of national society. Though much of it belongs to politics, yet it comes so fairly under the domain of history, that we cannot think it out of place in our columns; and, after the Thug combinations of India, there can be few more remarkable or useful objects of study than the long-continued proceedings of such associations, be they Secret Tribunaux, Carbonari, Phalanges, Republicans, Chartists, or any other name and description of revolutionists.

Memoirs of Harriot, Duchess of St. Albans.

By Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson, author of the "Life and Correspondence of M. G. Lewis." 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1839. Colburn.

If the true and genuine life, *all* the life, of the late Duchess of St. Albans could have been written, what a biography it would have been! But that which was never possible of any individual was still more impossible of a person who went through a course like hers; and rose from poverty, through a hard-beset female profession, and by strange circumstances, to a height of rank and prosperity, unequalled in the history of the stage. The outward and visible signs were all that industry could collect; the apparent all that the world could expect in the Memoirs of Harriot Mellon.

Yet there is sufficient interest left for the labours of the biographer; and it is but justice to Mrs. Baron Wilson to state that she has set herself to her task with an impartial spirit, and executed its literary portion in a manner that does honour to her talents. Neither she nor those she consulted could know the secrets which led to the advancement of Mrs. Coutts; they could only tell the movement what o'clock it was, but the springs and wheels were all hidden from the sight. Nor, indeed, supposing that there were, as there must have been in this instance, as in almost every other case of singular fortune, the most striking and important particulars known only to a very few; they were of a nature which none of the later living would communicate, and the grave had closed over their earliest depositories.

We must, therefore, take the work as the revelation of all that could be gathered by diligent research, and all that could be told; for we find, as at page 55, vol. ii., very notorious matters slurred over; and, in many other places, names concealed and affairs gently used, out of a delicacy which, though approvable, does not contribute to the effect of the history.

A preliminary sketch, on various grounds,

concludes that Miss Mellon's intercourse with Mr. Coutts was perfectly pure; and that before, as well as after marriage, she was the eccentric banker's "blessed Harriot." It represents her as being always of a religious turn (ever carrying Queen Catherine Parr's book of prayers in her pocket), and given to superstition. Her temper was hasty and uncontrollably violent, which she seems to have inherited from her mother; but she was joyous, munificent, just, and charitable.

Who her father was is not very clear: he passed at Cork for an officer of the name of Mellon from India, on a sick furlough, and either married or carried off her mother, the pretty assistant to a milliner there. Returning to India, he left his lady in the way to have a daughter; and was never satisfactorily heard of more. The widow, who had previously been stage-struck and accompanied an itinerant company on a Welsh circuit, rejoined them as dresser, and soon after married a young fiddler in Lancashire of the name of Entwisle. Between the orchestra and the dressing-room they picked up a scanty subsistence, but paid all the attention they could to little Harriot's upbringing and education; who, in good time, rewarded them by appearing successfully in small characters till she reached Little Pickle at Ulverstone, in 1787, when about ten years old. Before this we are told,—

"One great source of Harriot Mellon's influence over her fellow-pupils was, the wonderful fact that she had actually been a performer in a play with Manager Bibby's actors. The character, to be sure, was not a very arduous one, being that of one of four little mourners ranged round Juliet's bier. 'But then, as the smallest and prettiest of the little girls, she was placed in front nearest to the lamps, and was consequently the prima donna of the juvenile mutes; and she used to look forward to the giving out of that particular play (and the consequent white frock with its broad, black sash) as an event exceeding all others in importance. The future comic actress, therefore, decidedly came out first in tragedy. Although too young to appear in any character, except such as one of the little Princess in the Tower, she already could recite with considerable fluency, and she likewise could sing very prettily to the accompaniment of the violin. Those who remember her singing thus, state that she was always placed standing on a table, so that her sweet little silvery voice might be on a level with her audience.' Mr. Entwisle used to carry her to different houses, to dance hampipes to his playing; and after executing the dance on the same elevated stage, she used to run round its edge to levy contributions for her avaricious relatives."

A provincial career of eight years offers nothing for remark, except that she won very favourable opinions; and, in 1795, she came to London, to the management of Sheridan, who is reviled for his conduct in the most unmeasured terms. Only hear:—

"Convivial wit, however, genuine or borrowed, often dazzles the world into blindness towards defects; yet, when we consider that his character displayed, glaringly on its surface, a frequent habit of inebriety—a want of strict

"It is said that the sweetness of her voice remained unaltered to the close of her days. A few months before her decease she found, at Holly Lodge, an old collection of Scotch melodies, in which her benefactor formerly took great delight, and she sang a volume of all the collection, with considerable taste and animation. She was a great patroness of music in all degrees, from her own unvarnished concerts of opera singers, down to the provincial bands of the towns and villages she visited."

principle to defray just debts (and to escape which he would condescend to any paltry trick or subterfuge); a carelessness as to falsely making use of, or betraying, his best friends to serve the purpose of a moment—a continual habit of raising the hopes of others by hollow promises, without a power of fulfilling them—and an indifference for truth, which made him the selected secondary aid in an act which will go down a sad history to posterity; when we recollect these points in his character, our moral judgment must diminish the enthusiastic admiration our literary taste would entertain for the author of the 'School for Scandal'—the finest comedy in our language. Mr. Sheridan had not only forgotten his promise to Mr. Wright, but even Miss Mellon's name and appearance; nor was it until the production of his own letter to Mr. Wright (in which he had desired Miss Mellon to come to London), that he could recall any recollection of the circumstance. He then became prodigal of fine speeches to the mortified young creature, who was nearly fainting from this her first experience of worldly sincerity."

A rather silly coach story occurs at pages 154-5, and a single lover, a Mr. Barry, is assigned as the only one for whom Miss Mellon ever felt an attachment. Discovering that he had falsely represented himself, the offended heroine discarded him for ever, and never afterwards, we are told, shewed a preference for any of her admirers. But come we to the grand event of her life.

The Entwises were settled at Cheltenham, and Miss Mellon had a benefit there:—

"At that time there was, among the visitors at Cheltenham, an elderly invalid gentleman, who did not join in society, but passed many hours daily taking exercise in the Long Walk. Mrs. Entwisle soon discovered, from hints dropped by his servant to the lodging-people, who, however, did not know his name, that 'his master, notwithstanding his penurious appearance, was considered one of the richest people in London; but that he was very unhappy in consequence of thinking that his wife, also advanced in years, was going out of her mind, which preyed on his spirits so much, that he had been ill, and was now trying Cheltenham for a change.' Her immediate reflection was, that the richest gentleman in London might take a box at the theatre for the benefit night, though he were ever so sad; and this idea was communicated to her daughter. A respectful note of solicitation to that effect was given to the attendant at the pump-room a few days before the performance, to present to 'the remarkable-looking old gentleman;' but, as no answer was returned, the three females decided that 'the moping, thin, old creature was too full of his own troubles to care about those of other people.' On the day but one after sending their note, Miss Mellon and her friend were sauntering very early in the Long Walk, when they were overtaken by the old gentleman. He introduced himself to Miss Mellon, whom he said he knew by sight in Drury Lane green-room, to apologise for not having sooner answered the application, for which he accounted by a great pressure of London correspondence; but he trusted his silence had been considered an assent to patronising her laudable, filial efforts, of which he had heard admirable accounts at every turn in Cheltenham. The young ladies tendered their best thanks and brightest smiles; their new friend mentioned that he had had the pleasure that morning of sending to the post-office his answer respecting the box; and after a conversation of some

length they separated, mutually pleased. On hastening home, they found Mrs. Entwisle in ecstasies. There is no knowing what grand visions had been conjured up in her wild brain; but the tangible circumstance was, that she held in her hand an open letter from the old gentleman, 'the richest person in London,' who had enclosed five guineas for a box, which he desired should be kept for Mr. Coutts! Mr. Coutts!—the Mr. Coutts!—well might the servant hint that his master was 'the richest person in London;' a man whose name was a proverb of wealth even in country towns. Thus Mrs. Entwisle raved, wondering at her husband's stupidity, that when any one had called for letters for Mr. Coutts, he had not directly guessed he was the thin old gentleman, and told her so! But the young friends defended Mr. Entwisle, by exclaiming against the idea of any one supposing that the great Mr. Coutts, who managed the royal family, and commanded every thing he liked, could be an old, pallid, sickly, thin gentleman, in a shabby coat and brown scratch-wig. Peace was soon restored, as Mrs. Entwisle was in a sunny humour after the day's adventure. The new acquaintance met generally in their early promenade in the Long Walk; and when the day of the benefit performance arrived, Mr. Coutts paid Miss Mellon the compliment of promising to occupy the box, although he had only taken it to patronise her, without intending to go. As a mark of Miss Mellon's strong superstition regarding good luck, may be given the following pendant to the foregoing facts:—The money sent by Mr. Coutts for the box chanced to be the largest sum in gold she had ever yet received from any one individual. In the envelope which enclosed it he had commended her industry, good reputation, and perseverance, and concluded by saying, he trusted she would find that his trifling present would prove to be 'luck-money.' In her enthusiastic manner she instantly declared that nothing should ever tempt her to part with these her 'first five golden guineas,' which, sent with such kind wishes, were sure to bring her good fortune. They happened to be guineas just fresh from the mint; and she put the bright coins apart in a separate purse, often shewing them to those who knew the circumstances; and she frequently endured temporary privations rather than change any portion of her 'lucky money,' the only thing she was ever known to refuse to her mother's rapacity. On the day of her marriage with Mr. Coutts she produced the well-worn purse, with its glittering contents; and twelve years afterwards its faded glories were again shewn to a bridal party when she became a duchess."

All Mr. Coutts's family appear to have been somewhat crazily inclined; and Mrs. Entwisle and her daughter played their cards so well, that after their return to London the old banker became a daily visitor and luncheon at two o'clock. His daughter also used to visit his protégée, who was by many thought to be an illegitimate daughter; soon after this she drew a 5000*l.* in the lottery; and the world witnessed her great and rapid prosperity.

Having played twenty years in London, Mrs. Coutts died, and she married her friend and benefactor. Of this event the account is rather romantic. Mr. Coutts was so ill that his life was endangered, and he despatched Mr. Raymond to Holly Lodge, to entreat Miss Mellon to marry him.

"They were several hours together; and, from the angry bursts of voice, a friend who waited for Mr. Raymond thought some un-

pleasant dispute had arisen which his interference might quell; but on entering the room, he saw poor old Mr. Raymond, actually kneeling in entreaty before Miss Mellon, and the latter standing in such a state of excitement, that the unnoticed witness was glad to retire hastily from a scene which seemed past his influence. Mr. Raymond, skilled in human nature, allowed this violence to exhaust itself; and, when it changed to hysterical weeping, he taxed her with ingratitude to the only friend she ever possessed, in caring for the world's opinion of a delay more than for the chance of saving her benefactor's life; and he worked on her sympathies by every plea in the power of his eloquence to urge. He quoted the example of Miss Farren, whom she had admired so much; who, for a length of time, was publicly known to have been engaged to the Earl of Derby during even the lifetime of his first countess; after whose decease, Miss Farren was married to the widower within six weeks, without having a plea of his dangerous illness urged as the cause of such promptitude; and yet no one had been more respected or better received in society than the second Lady Derby. Why not the second Mrs. Coutts likewise? as the first Mrs. Coutts had been morally 'dead' to the world for years! At last, worn out, if not convinced, Miss Mellon agreed that, if her benefactor still continued dangerously ill, by a given time she would obtain, by a private marriage, the privilege of going to his house to nurse him, should an increase of danger require it.* While coolly recording this fact, without the excitement of the circumstances, it seems as if no human persuasion ought to have extorted a consent which her better judgment made her so decidedly and vehemently refuse. The dispassionate impulse of every mind will accord with her first resolute refusal; yet (while no palliation is here offered for her compliance) it would be arrogant in any to affirm they could not have been so persuaded, until after they had actually passed through a similar ordeal. Mr. Raymond having secured her reluctant promise through his powers of persuasion, did not wait for his influence to cool, but produced a written consent to their marriage (previously drawn up and signed by Mr. Coutts), which she signed, and he hastened to the good old gentleman in Stratton Street. Mr. Coutts was too seriously ill to be expected to recover permanently; but, his mind being easier at the thought of his ability to do Miss Mellon a pecuniary kindness without slander, he became rather better. At the expiration of a fortnight, Mr. Raymond summoned Miss Mellon to fulfil her promise. She insisted on the ceremony being kept perfectly secret, as, in the event of Mr. Coutts recovering, she would hereafter have a public and more joyful solemnisation than the present; therefore she went to St. Pancras church with Mr. Raymond and another person. Mr. Coutts arrived in an equally unostentatious manner, and they were married by the curate, the Rev. Mr. Champeneys. When the names were signed, they departed in the same way they came, Mr. Coutts having in the vestry-room presented Mr. Raymond with a snuff-box containing the promised thousand pounds; and

* "She had always the pardonable whim of a much flattered person; viz. that whatever came from her hand must be most acceptable to the invalid, and that her presence would bring comparative ease to those she loved. Thus, it is said, when the Duke of St. Albans took the small-pox, during its preliminary shiverings, the Duchess thought nothing could be so efficacious as a cashmere shawl from her neck; and one after another of those hundred-guinea articles was just worn by her for a few minutes and transferred to the chilled sufferer, although she knew her own dread of infection would never allow her to resume their use."

Miss Mellon returned alone to her own house, without mentioning the change in her name to the nearest friends in her confidence. Every day she drove as usual to his door, and sent up to know how he was; the physicians sometimes coming down with their verbal bulletin. Nothing indicated the marriage, unless, indeed, that Mr. Raymond called her the 'Lady of Woodham Walters,'* avoiding to say Miss Mellon. In about a month from the time of the marriage, she drove one morning to the door in Stratton Street, and one of the physicians came down with great concern, to tell her Mr. Coutts was considerably worse. Alarmed out of all her caution, she clasped her hands and cried, 'Good heavens, tell me all! I am his wife!' The astonished physician then very forcibly described the danger of Mr. Coutts; and it was resolved that she must at once assume her place in the house of her husband, the crisis of his illness requiring unremitting care. Such was, in reality, the 'gay honeymoon' of the poor dying old man of eighty-six, and the greatly afflicted object of his regard!

They lived luxuriously and affectionately together till Mr. Coutts's death; and the next marriage to the Duke of St. Albans is sufficiently familiar to absolve us from further notice. We will, therefore, conclude with three miscellaneous extracts:—

"Lord Erskine soon afterwards came to Brighton, and told Mrs. Coutts, if she would give him a dinner he would provide the fish from his own pond. She agreed; and his present proved to be an overgrown pike, weighing between thirty and forty pounds, and so hideous in its appearance that no guest touched it, the mere sight of it being perfectly disagreeable to many. It had been dressed with unusual care, and Mrs. Coutts, not wishing to pay Lord Erskine the bad compliment of sending away his fish as uneatable, said, 'I let you all look at it, but I intend it as a feast for the poor bathing women and their husbands, who are to dine below stairs, and then I shall send them to the play.' Twenty or thirty of the poor people, in their ordinary dress, were hastily summoned, and a repeat made for them graced by the gigantic pike, which they actually devoured. It being a benefit night, Mr. and Mrs. Coutts and their party went to the theatre, and, in a short time, they observed the entrance of a very merry party into the pit, who kept bowing and courtesying respectfully towards their box. 'Oh, I see who they are, Mrs. Coutts,' said Lord Erskine; 'they are our ragged staff.' 'Indeed they are not,' she answered; 'they are my pike-staff.'"

The duchess's opinions of society, of a portion of which (the superior) she had little opportunity to become a good judge:—

"From the crowd and heat of these festivities, both of which were very apt to be oppressive, her grace would sometimes seek a short respite, by taking me aside, and chatting about olden times, green-room jokes, popular actors, plays, and play-writers, her beaming features and melodious laugh attesting the delight she took in these reminiscences. Twice, in instances of this nature, and nearly in the same words, has her grace exclaimed: 'Ah,

those were pleasant days! those were pleasant days! Few persons have seen so much of the various aspects—I may say, of the two extremes of life—as myself; and few persons, therefore, can be better judges of the difference between great poverty and great wealth; but, after all, this does not, by any means, constitute the chief and most important distinction between the high and the low states. No, the signal—the striking contrast is not in the external circumstances, but in the totally opposite minds of the two classes as to their respective enjoyment of existence. The society in which I formerly moved was all cheerfulness—all high spirits—all fun, frolic, and vivacity; they cared for nothing, thought of nothing, beyond the pleasures of the present hour, and to those they gave themselves up with the keenest relish. Look at the circles in which I now move; can anything be more 'weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable,' than their whole course of life? Why, one might as well be in the treadmill, as toiling in the stupid, monotonous round of what they call pleasure, but which is, in fact, very cheerless and heavy work. Pleasure, indeed! when all merriment, all hilarity, all indulgence of our natural emotions, if they be of a joyous nature, is declared to be vulgar. I hate that horrid word—it is a perfect scarecrow to the fashionable world; but it never frightens me, for I had rather be deemed 'unfashionable' occasionally, than moping and melancholy at all times. There can be no cordiality where there is so much exclusiveness and primness,—no, all is coldness, reserve, and universal *ennui*, even where this starchiness of manner is unaccompanied by any very strict rigour in matters of conduct. I look out for cheerful people when I can find them—I do every thing in my power to make them happy—and yet, were it not for the merry and frequent laugh of dear old General Phipps, could you not swear that my dinner-parties were funeral feasts? Look, now, at those quadrille-dancers in the other room; they have been supping—they have been drinking as much champagne as they liked—the band is capital—the men are young, and the girls are pretty;—and yet did you ever see such crawling movements—such solemn looks—as if they were all dragging themselves through the most irksome task in the world! Oh, what a different thing was a country dance in my younger days! I suggested that this feeling was neither confined to herself, nor by any means consequent upon position in society, but rather a general law of nature, rendering us all less susceptible of pleasurable impressions as we advanced in life, so that the change was rather in ourselves than in our associates, or in our outward circumstance;—an opinion which I ventured to illustrate by the well-known anecdote of the old lady who complained that they did not make the looking-glasses half so well as when she was young. 'But, at all events,' said the duchess, 'the old lady had once been young; so have I, and I have enjoyed the light-heartedness and the gaiety of youth. But in high life there is no such thing as youth; people are old when they first come out; the men are all grave and reverend signors, and the girls are all prim duennas, even in their teens. They are too fine and too fastidious to enjoy anything. This world, it would appear, is not good enough for them, though I quite agree with the methodist parson, that 'they may go further and fare worse.'"

This is from one of two pleasant chapters on Brighton, evidently written by Mr. Horace

Smith: but we must end, and with the end of all:—

"She was removed again to London, there being still no visible change for the worse in her health, beyond the increasing weakness, and the continual pain of the right side. Up to this time (about a fortnight before her demise) she had retained a clear recollection of every one, and the perfect use of her faculties; but having been now upwards of two months without any sustenance, beyond a wine-glass full of ale twice in the twenty-four hours, the consequent exhaustion made her memory fail occasionally. Strange to say, this only regarded the place where she was staying; for she knew all the individuals around her; so that if she momentarily forgot exactly where she was residing, she would address the attendants by name accurately, and request them to 'take her to Stratton Street, to die on the bed where Tom Coutts had expired.' She conversed placidly with the duke and others around her; and instead of her usual impatience of contradiction, she would extend her hand and thank them for their kindness. One morning, in the last week of July, she perfectly recovered from the temporary forgetfulness of where she was living, and finding that her bed had been placed in the large drawing-room below stairs, for the advantage of the air, she gave orders to be removed instantly to Mr. Coutts's room. It was then mentioned that Lady Guilford was in town, and anxious to see her: the duchess replied, 'I will see her to-morrow, when they have laid me on her father's last bed.' That evening she was carried to the room on which her imagination had so long dwelt; and, whether from the motion of being removed, or from some internal change preparatory to her decease, all pain left her afflicted side—a relief which her superstitious fancy instantly ascribed to the influence of the room and its furniture. In the early part of the following day, Lady Guilford went through this trying scene, which no doubt tended to break up the remains of her own declining health; for her decease followed within six weeks of the demise of the duchess. She received Lady Guilford placidly, saying, 'I am so happy to-day, because your father's spirit is breathing upon me, as he promised; and also he has taken the shape of a little bird, singing at my window; just as he said he would come back if he could.' This singular belief in the realisation of Mr. Coutts's death-bed promise of revisiting her as a bird, or in the invisible influence of a soft breathing, was not an idea conceived on her death-bed only. Those who knew her intimately since 1822 can testify her reliance on this fanciful promise during her most healthful and joyous days. The boudoir in Stratton Street had three long windows towards the garden; the trees in the latter contained numerous birds, that enjoyed their good quarters undisturbed and well fed; these little creatures frequently pecked and fluttered near the windows; and whenever this occurred, it is said that the duchess would open the window, throw out food for the applicants, and leave the window open with the hope of one entering; while, for the remainder of the morning, she would be as happy as a child whose absent playmate had returned. To those who have no power of believing such matters, this weakness must have carried with it a certain degree of ridicule, although none would have been so cruel or insulting as to disturb her faith in what thus innocently gave much consolation and support to the believer. At first, while viewed under the prejudice which prevailed against her most trivial actions, this

* "She was lady of the manor of some small place bearing the name of Woodham Walters. Besides many very valuable proofs of Miss Mellon's solid regard for Mr. Raymond while living, she at his death (then Mrs. Coutts) took great interest in promoting the almost magnificence of his funeral, which was attended by more than fifty mourning coaches. When it passed from Piccadilly, through Piccadilly, to Covent Garden (where six theatrical managers supported the pall), she stood to view it, evidently in tears, in a window of her late residence at the corner of Stratton Street."

romantic superstition regarding one so advanced in life as Mr. Coutts, notwithstanding he had been her only benefactor, would seem so unusual, that it must have tempted the observation, 'this is all very well acted;' but a deeper insight into her character always brought the conviction that, at all times, there was not a sufficiency of 'acting' in her artless nature even to procure from the world common justice, much less a false reputation for sentiment. Among the anomalies in the character of Mr. Coutts was, that the rigid man of business had a fanciful superstition in some matters (which is not uncommon among his clever countrymen), and a pure appreciation of the poetry of existence. A beautiful prospect—a fine day in the country—a melancholy romance—a well-wrought poem, were enjoyed by him with the fervour of a youthful mind. Thus, the idea of revisiting the object of his solicitude in the form of a little bird, or of making known his proximity by a soft breathing near her, was exactly consistent with the mixture of superstition and romance which formed the unguessed portion of character in this highly-gifted but eccentric man. The duchess easily yielded credence to the opinion of those she considered sensible, and Mr. Coutts she looked up to and cited as one whose judgment no one was to be mad enough to question. In the same manner that others quote the philosophical remarks of Bacon, Newton, or Locke, she used, from the earliest time of knowing her benefactor, until her own last days, to say, 'Mr. Coutts said so!' which, in her mind, was a decision beyond appeal. He had solemnly promised this fantastic return after death, and, therefore, she implicitly believed that its accomplishment was unquestionable. Her reliance on it was unshaken while her faculties remained unimpaired; and when these were slightly dulled by approaching dissolution, her faith in the promise was 'strong in death.'

Forget-me-Not for 1840. Edited by F. Shoberl. 12mo. pp. 360. London. Ackermann and Co.

Our old friend holds on the even tenour of its way, and a feeling preface glances at the sorrowful changes that have taken place since this, the earliest of the *Annuaire*, first greeted the public with a class of literary and artistical production new to England. Mr. Charles Swain, whose writings are the most charming contributions to the present volume, says, "This is the eleventh year since my first appearance in your little register of sweet affections. Since then, how many are dead! Hemans, Landon, Jewsbury, Hogg, Neele, Macnish, Carrington, Scott, Mackay Wilson, Inglis; and how many more?" And he adopts the theme in a touching tone:—

"A Vision of Tombe.

Addressed to the 'Forget-me-Not.'

Forget them not! oh, all forget them not!
The Bards whose spirit hath inspired thy page;
Be not the memory of the dead forgot,
Whose genius is thy proudest heritage!
Alas for life! what bosom might preface
The shadow of the grave was with each name?
Some, gray and lonely at the door of age!
Some in the golden morning of their fame—
Yet on the path of death all stricken down the same!

A vision of far tombs oppressed my sight;
I saw Kilmory wandering down the glen
To seek her Shepherd by the hill's lone height,
Hear Ettrick Bards, she ne'er might find again!
And Scott—that ocean 'mid the stream of men!
That Alp, amidst all mental greatness reared!
He, too, bowed down to Death's recording pen:
And Neele, Galt, Inglis, Malcolm—names endeared—
Passed pale, as one by one their visioned tombs appeared!

The voice of Spring is breathing! where are thou,
Daughter of Genius, whose exalted mind

From Nature's noblest and sublimest brow
Snatched Inspiration? thou, whose heart combined
Passions most pure, affections most refined;
Whose Muse with silver clarion wakes the land,
Thrilling the finer feelings of mankind!
Thine is the song to arm a patriot hand,
Or start a thousand spears midst Freedom's mountain band!

Thine is the song to fill the mother's heart,
Whose children bless thee—Hemans—round her knee!
Thine is the gifted page that can impart
A beauty born of immortality!
The temple—shrine—and trophied urn—to thee
Were themes enduring! where'er Grief had trod,
Or Hope fled tired from human misery,

Thou stood'st with Song uplifted to thy God,
Thou soothed the mourner's tears 'e'en by the burial sod!
The beautiful spirit of the minstrel dead
Comes with the harmonies and hues of morn;
Sits with my sorrowing heart when day hath fled,
And folds her glorious wings—Elysian born!
A broken rose and violet dim adorn

With their expressive grace her silent lyre:
But, oh! the wreath by that immortal worn!
The inspiration and the seraph fire,
Which light those pleasing eyes that unto heaven aspire!

Still mourns Erin—ever by that coast,
Whose dismal winds shriek to each weeping cloud,
Whose waves sweep solemn as a funeral host,
Still mourns she Love's own Minstrel, in her shroud;
The Sappho of that isle, in genius proud;
The Improvisatrice of our land;
The daughter of our soil—our fame-endowed!
For her Erin seeks the fatal strand,
And lifts to distant shores her wo-prophetic hand!

The blighted one! the breast, whose sister-tend
Sprang to each touch of feeling, heaves no more!
Our London, silent on her funeral bier,
Far from our heart, sleeps on a foreign shore;
The voice of her—the song-inspired—is o'er!
Oh, she who wept for others found no tone
To soothe the many parting griefs she bore;
None had a tear for that sweet spirit lone—
All sorrows found a balm save that far Minstrel's own!

Thou, who receivedest her rose-encircled head,
Our Minstrel in the bloom of her young fame,
Glye back our lost and loved! Restore our dead!
Return once more her first and dearest name!
We claim her ashes! 'tis a Nation's claim!
Her—in her wealth of mind—to thee we gave;
Yet—glad we for the dust of that dear frame:
Oh, bear our world-lamented o'er the wave!
Let England hold at last—'tis all she asks—her grave!"

Of the other contributions, we shall content ourselves with saying that Douglas Jerrold gives us the sad tale of the Princes in the Tower, in an old ballad form; Miss M. A. Brown, "The Captive Princess" in verse, and a good prose story; the Old Sailor, one of his interesting yarns; James Montgomery some brief pieces; Miss Lawrance (the author of that very excellent production "London in the olden Times"), "The Dappled Doe;" and that, besides other varieties, we have selections and translations from the American and French presses, all of which combine naturally with the plates (eleven in number, and beginning with the Queen), and with each other; so that we may truly say the *Forget-me-Not* is as pleasing as usual.

STANZAS.*

Sent with a sprig of "Forget-me-Not" to C. B. A**.

THIS emblem of thy soft blue eye
That stole its hue from Arno's sky,
Dear maid, I send thee ere I fly;
It says—"Forget me not."

Soon will the bark forsake the strand,
That bears me from my native land:
I leave this floweret in thy hand;
It says—"Forget me not."

When cruel seas between us foam,
And far, my love, from thee and home,
A lonely wanderer I roam,
'T will say—"Forget me not."

Farewell! Farewell! our sails are set,
Perhaps on earth our last we've met;
Believe me, *thee* I'll ne'er forget:—
Oh, then, "Forget me not!"

R. B. S.

* This would have been a little gem for Ackermann!

Heath's Picturesque Annual for 1840: Windsor Castle and its Environs. By L. Ritchie, Esq. Pp. 274. London, Longman and Co.; Paris, Fisher and Co.

The choice of subject for the *Picturesque* this year is good in every respect. The residence of our young queen, the scenery around various and beautiful, the historical, poetical, literary, and other recollections full of interest; it presents every thing to be wished for such a work by the artist and writer. We have accordingly fifteen engravings by eminent hands, after original drawings; commencing with her Majesty on horseback, by E. Corbould, and going through the Eagle Tower, vignette; Windsor Castle in two points of view, by J. D. Harding; St. George's Hall and the Waterloo Gallery, by Allom; Chapel, by Mackenzie; and others by Harding, till we end in the Fishing Temple, Virginia Water. They are all charming performances.

Mr. Ritchie's portion of the task has been executed in an able and popular manner, leaving us nothing to regret, but much to commend. There could, of course, be little new in such a composition; but it is a great deal to put what is tolerably well known together in an agreeable manner, and this Mr. Ritchie has perfectly accomplished. It is unnecessary to offer any extract from the volume; and all we shall add, therefore, is, that in the publishers' phrase, it is beautifully got up.

Gems of Beauty; displayed in a Series of Highly Finished Engravings of Various Subjects. From Designs by Edward Corbould, Esq. With Fanciful Illustrations in Verse by the Countess of Blessington. Folio. London, 1840. Longman and Co.

"HAWKING," "The Swing," "The Maid of Narni," "The Earthquake," "The Miniatures," "The Brigand," "The Lovers," "Retrospection," "The Railer," "The Bow-er," "The Flatterers," and "The Heiress," are the subjects of these charming groups; which embody an almost ideal female loveliness under the various aspects of hope, terror, affection, playfulness, sympathy, &c. &c. Of them all "The Brigand" is our favourite, both for originality and composition; but they are all very beautiful, and truly such gems as may well adorn a lady's drawing-room table, or boudoir.

The illustrations, like every thing from the writer's pen, are appropriate, and full of grace and feeling. We only regret they are so short. We select two examples. "The Railer" as sportive, and "Retrospection" as pensive:—

"The Railer.

'Oh, men are deceivers! they flatter, and sigh
To each beautiful maiden they chance to come nigh;
And silly are those who such pleadings believe,
Which never are uttered except to deceive.

They'll swear that they love, and the very next day,
The very same words to another they'll pay;
And their eyes, like their tongues, are so tutored to cheat,

That no wonder they often delude the discreet.

O Nature! I'm sure I could better thy plan,
And make earth an Eden untrodden by man;
Where women, from terror of treachery free,
Might live their best days, without loving—like me!"

'Forget ye, fair railer, from poor Adam's side
'T was the rib which was stolen that made him his
bride?
So without us false men (though to thwart you I
grieve),
There could be no woman—there had been no Eve!"

"Retrospection.

Records of hours, with joy inwrought;
Quick let the wretched flames efface
Each glowing word, each tender thought,
That once Affection loved to trace.

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Why should I board the faithless vow,
When Love (for Love is Truth) hath fled;
And he who wrote the lines is now,
To me, as numbered with the dead?
He's gone 'mid younger hearts to range,
While mine still broods on all it felt;
When, swearing he could never change,
Impassioned at my feet he knelt.
Tales of our favourite haunts—of books,
Chosen by me, they ne'er could tire!
Records of sighs, of answering looks,
Hide their keen mockery, circling fire!
O Love! and canst thou never bind
Proud Manhood in thy lasting way?
While Woman, helplessly entwined,
Lives thy sad captive, dies thy prey!"

The Oriental Annual, 1840: containing a Series of Tales, Legends, and Historical Romances.
By Thomas Bacon, Esq. F.S.A. author of
"First Impressions and Studies from Nature in Hindoetan," &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 244. London. Tilt.

THIS is a splendid volume, with eighteen engravings of the magnificent subjects which the East affords, from sketches by the author, Mr. Bacon, and Captain Meadows Taylor, engraved, in their happiest style, by W. and E. Finden, and others.

At a moment when our prodigious Indian Empire is acquiring still more extraordinary claims to national attention; when our victories are nearing us to Persia, and China, and Siam, and countries hardly known to modern geography; it is very pleasing to have our curiosity gratified by a production like this, pleasant to the eye and interesting to the mind. There is much useful information in Mr. Bacon's narrative; but for the sake of its brevity, being more suited to our limits, we select the following illustration of the whole:—

"Shri Gooroo and Gopa Shahir passed into a by-word, which remains to this day, denoting any fraudulent combination. One of the most daring and successful of their impositions was plotted against a wealthy raja, celebrated far and wide in India for his religious enthusiasm, and the unbounded liberality with which he entertained all those Brahminical devotees and pilgrims who claimed his charity. In relating the story it will be necessary to premise, that the romance of Hindoo chronology divides the history of the world into four eras. The first is the Satia Youg, or age of purity and truth, during which the life of man was extended to a period of a hundred thousand years. The second is called the Trita Youg, that is, the age wherein one-third part only of mankind had become reprobate, and the term of man's life was then ten thousand years. The third is the Dwapur Youg, in which one-half of the human race became depraved, and the length of life one thousand years. And the fourth is the present age, the Kali Youg (literally, evil age), in which mankind have become altogether vicious and impure, as well as short-lived. The fraud was thus effected:—Prior to the commencement of active operations, during a period of two or three years, Shri Gooroo and Gopa Shahir suffered their hair and beards, and their finger-nails, to grow to a prodigious length, in order that they might the better represent the extraordinary characters they were about to assume. Shri Gooroo undertook to act the part of an ancient ascetic of the Trita Youg, and upon Gopa Shahir devolved the character of the disciple of this wonderful relic of remote ages. They excavated a small tumulus in a remote and unfrequented quarter of the raja's dominions, wherein Shri Gooroo was to suffer a living burial; and having planted wild shrubs and jungul underwood around the entrance of the cave thus formed, they left their work for

a season, until the plantation had acquired the appearance of an untrodden wilderness. All preliminary matters being arranged, Gopa Shahir bedaubed himself with oil and ashes, and went to the palace of the raja, demanding an audience. Being admitted to the presence, he commenced a mournful complaint, crying out, —'O raja, my heart is breaking with bitter affliction. The venerable preceptor and guide of my childhood is, I fear, for ever lost to me;—give me immediately a host of your followers to seek for him.' 'Reverend father,' replied the raja, 'who art thou? Who is thy preceptor? How was he lost to you? How can he be recovered? Speak, and depend upon my assistance.' 'O raja, in the Trita Youg I and my revered instructor lived together in a subterranean cell; and, hearing of the great god Ram's projected voyage to Lanka (Ceylon) in search of his goddess Sita, we commenced the performance of very fearful austerities in aid of his adventure. Unwilling to afflict my beloved guide by my presence during the infliction of these severities, I retired to a neighbouring cavern, and in the anguish of what followed I fainted; nor did I recover from the deadly swoon until a year or two since, when, alas! I found myself in the course of the Kali Youg. Shortly after my resuscitation, the god Ram appeared to me in a vision, and informed me that the venerable sage, whom I revered almost as a divinity, was also in the land of the living,—having survived, like myself, in a trance caused by the severity of his religious exercises, and the profundity of his meditations; but that he had not yet been recalled to the presence of life. What I demand of you, O raja, is a large party of your subjects to search for his retreat, which I am aware is within the limit of your dominions. I am dying with anxiety once more to embrace him, and to give to this darkened age a light of intelligence and sanctity, which will obscure the sun at noon-day, and shed divine peace and happiness into the hearts of all degenerate mortals of the present race.' The righteous raja was greatly agitated with the excess of his religious zeal, on hearing this extraordinary relation; and, turning to his assembled chiefs, he said,—'Truly I am greatly astounded at this wonderful disclosure; but how fortunate, or rather how miraculously favoured, am I, that so holy a being should have rested in my territories; and that I or my subjects should endeavour to render him a service! Let us forthwith commence our search.' Hereupon the raja set out with a large body of labourers; and attended by all his retinue of state, determined to continue the pursuit until the holy devotee was brought back to life; doubtless anticipating no end of spiritual promotion and advantage in return for the good office he hoped to fulfil, as the deliverer of one so wonderfully influential with the divine Ram as this fakhir. Having collected his followers, he commenced in the neighbourhood of his capital, upturning every mound and hillock to be met with, and eagerly following in person the operations of the workmen; lest by absence he should be irrevocably deprived of the first glance of the recluse,—a glance which might be supposed to extend backward into thousands of years antecedent. Gopa Shahir, who directed the operations of the men, kept them three months employed at a distance from Shri Gooroo's retreat, encouraging the hopes of the credulous raja from time to time, by the relation of pretended visions and revelations; until, as he gradually approached the true position of his accomplice, he wound the whole multitude up to an extraordinary frenzy of superstitious

expectation. At last, after cutting through several feet of solid earth, they opened a small cavern, from which came a rush of fresh air; and wherein, after an aperture had been made sufficient to admit the daylight, they discovered the ancient ascetic, cross-legged, immovable, and with his eyes fixed as if in a profound trance. Gopa Shahir was the first to enter the cave, and by applying a small vial of consecrated extracts to the nose and eyes of his spiritual guardian, he restored him to consciousness. Gopa Shahir now exhibited every imaginable demonstration of ecstatic but reverential delight. 'O most holy servant of the great Ram,' said he, 'behold the raja of these dominions has approached to pay his reverence. Be pleased to extend to him some token of your favour, in return for the devotion with which he has sought your presence.' 'Has the divine Ram recovered the goddess Sita?' inquired the holy man, without deigning to notice the speech of his pupil. 'Yes,' replied Gopa Shahir, 'he recovered the goddess, after a desperate struggle with Ravana. But these things, most holy father, are of ancient date; for you have yet to learn that, during the period of your meditations, the Trita Youg and the Dwapur Youg have both passed away; and, alas! I have to disclose to you that it will now be our misfortune to terminate our pilgrimage in the fallen age of Kali.' 'Oh! horrible, horrible!' cried Shri Gooroo, covering his face with his hands, and exhibiting every indication of intense dismay. 'Impossible! I shall never be able to exist in this degenerate age! The Kali Youg! was it not a by-word of infamy? who can survive this fearful misfortune? Alas! alas! I can only renounce all contact with the world, and retire to Kasi, where the influence of depravity can never be felt.' On hearing these words, the devout raja became exceedingly distressed, and entreated that the holy man would condescend to consecrate his dominions, at least by a temporary residence in his capital; but Shri Gooroo remained inexorable, and declared that nothing would tempt him to exist in such a world of sin and misery. He then inquired, with great anxiety, if the goddess Gunga (the Ganges) still dwelt upon earth; and, being assured that she did, he demanded to be shewn some of the water of the sacred stream. When it was brought to him, he beheld it with the most ineffable contempt, and cried, 'O thou false and deceitful raja! callest thou this water from holy Gunga? Yet, why should it not be, after all? for undoubtedly all things are now deteriorated. Behold,' said he, 'what the goddess was in the days of the Trita Youg.' Hereupon he shewed them some of the milk which remained in his bowl. The veneration of the raja was greatly increased, on hearing the wonderful words of the fakhir; and, falling at his feet, he cried, 'O most illustrious of mortals, how miserable am I, that I should be thus deprived of the holy counsels and society of so sacred a being, the contemporary of the divine Ram, and of the blessed sages, at the very moment when I had thought my good fortune to be in the ascendant! If, however, you must, indeed, depart, condescend to receive from me some token of my devotion; of this small merit you must not deprive me. Gopa Shahir here joined in the entreaties of the raja; reminding Shri Gooroo that the Shastras had ordained that all dwellers upon the soil of a raja should yield of their increase a tenth, at least, whether of fruit or of cattle, of genius or of devotion; and, since the religious merit of the ascetic had so wonderfully increased, by his long meditation within the

raja's lands, he could not consistently refuse to impart to the raja a measure of his acquired excellence, by condescending to accept some small gift from his hands. Shri Gooroo, pretending to be satisfied by this argument, lifted up one of his fingers, which Gopa Shahir explained to the raja as signifying that the sage would do him the honour of receiving one rupee. The raja expressed some mortification that so small a gift only would be accepted, but immediately offered a rupee in a posture of profound reverence, and with his hands joined. Shri Gooroo took the coin, and, turning it from side to side, regarded it, for some moments, with looks of utter contempt. 'Call you this a rupee?' said he, angrily; 'then it is truly a rupee of the Kali Youg. A rupee in the Trita Youg was equal to, at least, ten thousand of these. How infallible were the predictions of the Shastras!' So saying, he dropped the coin, as if it were valueless. The raja felt that he was bound to fulfil the expectation which the Brahmin had formed on acceding to the receipt of the rupee; and, expecting that the favour of Heaven would repay him a hundred-fold, he ordered ten thousand rupees to be immediately counted out, as a more worthy offering. Then, on his knees, receiving a benediction, he returned to his palace; and the two impostors decamped with their booty."

MRS. BROUGHTON'S ALGIERS.

[Second notice: conclusion.]

"WHEN all the different consuls had assembled, they with one accord voted that my father should be the entire director of their movements, and that he should be their organ in declaring their sentiments to the dey. My father, then, turning to Monsieur de Thainville, said, 'I accept the post of honour you and these gentlemen have conferred upon me, upon condition that you, sir, will take my arm, and thus let us proceed through the town, and into the very presence of the dey; for let us shew these barbarians, that when all principles of justice and of the law of nations are violated, Christians will unite with one another to uphold and support them.' And in this order, the other consuls following them two and two, they, without going through the usual ceremony of requesting an audience, walked through the streets of Algiers, amidst the astonished and alarmed inhabitants whispering, 'Allah! the English and the French consuls walking together!'—nothing doubting that it would not be long ere the dreaded prophecy would be fulfilled, that when the Christians were all at peace among themselves, the downfall of Algiers was decreed (and so in fact it was). But the consternation of the populace and courtiers reached its height, when the cortege arrived at and entered the palace gates, and my father desired an officer to tell the dey that they requested to be at once admitted into his presence. An answer in the affirmative was immediately returned, and in the same order in which they had walked, they mounted the staircase, and entered the audience chamber. The dey inquired what might be the motive of their visit; upon which my father informed his highness of the determination he and all his colleagues had come to, and of which he and very other consul, respectfully but firmly, begged to apprise his highness,—that if the representative of his Danish majesty was not forthwith liberated, that from that moment they considered all their diplomatic functions to be virtually at an end, and that they would everally write to their sovereigns, to state what had taken place, and to demand ships to be sent

to convey them from a country where the law of nations had been so grossly violated, and where they could not for a moment consider their persons in safety. The dey had at first received them with a grave, although rather surprised manner; gradually, as my father spoke, anger lit up his eyes, and with marked impatience he listened to the frightened dragoman's translation; but ere he had pronounced its conclusion, declaring their intention to depart, his rage burst through all bounds; he literally bounced up from his seat and fell down again, his legs still retaining their tailor position, whilst he pulled his beard, the greatest sign of a Turk's indignation, and uttering words almost unintelligible in Turkish, literally foamed. When this storm had partially subsided, he asked how it was possible that my father could act as he was doing, when he thought he would be glad that he thus punished an enemy. 'Was not England at war with Denmark?' 'And that is the very reason,' replied my father, 'that the government of that country has not yet been able to send the tribute; and your highness, in defiance of his inviolable character, has, in consequence, subjected the unfortunate consul to the greatest ignominy;' and, repeating that they were unanimously determined to abide by what he at first had the honour of making known to his highness, my father said they only waited to know his pleasure. 'You may take him,' was the sullen reply, and he gave orders that the English consul was to do as he pleased. A profound salute from the consular body terminated the interview. They left the palace in the same manner as they had entered, and so continued their procession to the slaves' bagnio, at the Marina, where, it will be needless to say, that their feelings of indignation were greatly aggravated, on finding the brave and generous Ulrich heavily ironed, in the midst of slaves, with a chain round his leg, upwards of fifty pounds in weight; those who had the disgraceful office of his keeping, declaring that such was the violence of his rage, that they had been under the necessity of thus confining him; and with no little difficulty did his scarcely calmer friends prevent him from wreaking, with his once again free arms, his justly excited vengeance upon the slavish instruments of their barbarian master. Mr. Ulrich, at daylight that morning, had been obliged to march to the arsenal, to work with the rest of the slaves, saving that they were not loaded with the infamous badge of irons which the consul alone was obliged to sustain. The order of their march back to the Danish consulate, was only varied by Mr. de Thainville and papa, triumphantly placing the respected object of their anxiety between them, and they thus accompanied him to his expectant family. Mr. Ulrich's sufferings for his sovereign and country were fully estimated by the former, who conferred upon him, in consequence, the highest Danish order of knighthood; and, after his return to Copenhagen, he was nominated to a high official situation, either in the king's household or government. The same lawless scene in which my father acted a corresponding part, was twice afterwards witnessed during our residence at Algiers."

Of customs, &c., the following are examples:—

"I well remember having paid several very agreeable visits to Sidi Ali's family at their garden. One in particular is always brought to my recollection, whenever I read of our blessed Saviour after his glorious resurrection, having asked his disciples for a piece of fish and

some honeycomb, of which they had just partaken; and by eating thereof convincing them, to their great joy, of his personality and identity (Luke chap. xxiv. verse 22). For at a dinner at which I was present at the garden of Sidi Ali, a dish of fish was served and eaten with honey; but the taste did not please me, for however much I usually liked the excellent cookery of Algerine dishes, I ate it with repugnance. Many of the common usages of daily life in Algiers are related in the Holy Scriptures; and these familiar illustrations, of course, strike me probably with greater effect than they would have struck others, to whom they bring not back

'The thoughts, the hopes of childhood's years,
The words of love then spoken.'

"Our feelings have been dreadfully shocked by hearing that David Bacri, the king of the Jews, has been cruelly massacred at the palace, whither he had been sent for, and at first received with apparent courtesy;—indeed the dey was almost unusually gracious during the whole time of the audience, conversing on the most indifferent topics; and it was only on the unfortunate victim's leaving the barbarous presence, that he had even a suspicion of the dreadful fate to which the smiling tyrant had doomed him. As he descended into the skiff of the palace, two of the chaousses seized him, whilst a third, wielding a sabre, but too evidently informed him of the sentence that had been passed upon him. Vividly are the horrible details retained in my remembrance; for carefully as my beloved mother kept us, to the utmost of her ability, in ignorance of many of the barbarous scenes which passed around us, yet I did hear the shocking particulars of this poor man's fate. They are too dreadful to be traced by a woman's pen; for he was a powerful, athletic man, and he defied heaven's first, best gift (begging Milton and Eve's pardon), to the last mortal struggle. Long, long, by night and by day, did his handsome countenance and noble person haunt my sleeping and my waking dreams. I had not seen him very often; for as he was a devoted adherent and active partisan of France, he only called upon my father on stated seasons, when visits of ceremony were incumbent on certain people to pay to the representatives of the different powers; but his was not a face or figure to be forgotten, or classed with those of the common herd. You could not mistake his being a son of Israel, for the peculiar characteristics of his race were strongly engraved upon his handsome, noble features; but he fully realized one's personification of a descendant of the princes of the house of Judah, and his dignified and highly refined address was in perfect keeping with his appearance. However, I do not know to what tribe he claimed parentage; nor should I think that he had lineally inherited his good looks, as his brother Jacob was of a far less aristocratic aspect."

"The first news this morning was that our poor landlord, Sidi Cadus, had been sent for by a chaous to the palace, where, without any accusation, his turban and shereha were taken off; he was then dragged to Bab-el-zoon, and hanged like a dog. Thus died the head of the most noble and ancient Moorish family, at seventy years of age, whose only crime, it proves, was marrying yesterday his youngest daughter to a Turk, who was hogia at the palace in Achmet Pacha's reign."

We conclude with a strange romance of real biography:—

"Mr. Clark told me the following curious

story:—That when he was at Alicant a galley arrived, which had just escaped from Tangiers with the first or favourite wife of Muli Mahomed, the late emperor of Morocco, who had lately been assassinated by his rebellious son Muli Ismael. This lady, who, with her attendants, was seeking a refuge in Spain, was originally a Miss Thomson of Cork, and when on her passage from that city to Cadiz on a matrimonial expedition, she had been captured by a Moorish corsair, and made a slave. Her first intended bridegroom had been a Mr. Shae, an Irish merchant settled at Cadiz, who, during a visit which he had made to his native country, had become acquainted with and attached to Miss Thomson, who possessed great charms; but as some impediments existed to their immediate union, they parted, having first plighted their troth; and with the understanding that at some future period she should join him at Cadiz, as it would be injurious to his commercial interest for him to absent himself again from the field of his speculations. The lady, in fulfilment of her promise, sailed to join her future husband; but as just narrated, her destiny was changed by the capture of the vessel she was in, by a Marroquin corsair, which carried her into Fez. Here Miss Thomson was detained as a slave, and closely confined, until a report of her uncommon beauty having reached the emperor, Muli Mahomed, she was by his orders removed to the imperial palace, and every inducement was held out to her to embrace the Mahomedan faith, and to accede to the emperor's desire of making her his wife. Whether it was by persuasion, or from the conviction that her fate was irrevocably decided, her various scruples were overcome, and she became the wife of Muli Mahomed, and subsequently the mother of two sons, who bore the names, the eldest of Muli Ismael, and the younger of Muli Mahomed. She was ever the most favoured of her imperial husband's wives, for he had many besides; and the number must have been great, as I have heard both from Mr. Clark, and Mr. Romans, who was at one time established as a merchant in Morocco, that the Emperor Muli Mahomed actually formed a regiment, composed entirely of his own sons, to the number of five hundred and twenty-three, most of them being blacks. Mr. Clark says that this wonderfully fated lady, when he saw her in Spain, was dressed in the Moorish costume; and strange as it appears, she seemed in all respects to have adopted the tastes of her new country in preference to those of Christendom, for she afterwards returned to Morocco, and there ended her days."

There is another version of the story, but one is enough for us; as we hope these very miscellaneous extracts are, to shew our readers what an amusing work is here presented to them.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

SCHÖNBEIN'S CHEMICAL RESEARCHES.

[Concluded from p. 693.]

THE interesting researches of Döbereiner with reference to platinum have taught us that that metal, in a state of great division, determines alcohol to absorb oxygen pretty rapidly, and partly to dishydrogenise itself. This fact, and others mentioned above, induce me to think it probable that, in favourable circumstances, the oxygen produced by the electrolysis of water may be determined to act chemically on hydrogenous liquids,—for example, on alcohol; instead of disengaging itself in the state of gas at the positive electrode.

In fact, if oxygen in the nascent state were

mixed with alcohol, it would with more facility act chemically on the alcohol, than if the oxygen were in the state of gas. But if nascent oxygen were presented to alcohol, and if, still further, both substances were brought into contact with platinum in a state of great division, in such circumstances the chemical action of both substances ought to be more considerable than in the former case; and it may be supposed, that although nascent oxygen of itself exercises no chemical action on alcohol, it would exercise one if its affinity for hydrogen should acquire still more intensity from the presence of platinum. But by what means can we place the substances in question, one with respect to the others, in the relations which have been indicated? A perfectly simple mode of doing so is to be found in the voltaic pile, or rather in the electrolysis of water, in which the spongy platinum is made to officiate as a positive electrode. If, during the decomposition of the water, this electrode is surrounded with a solution of alcohol in water, all the circumstances enumerated above will be evidently united: for the oxygen withdrawn from the water by electrolytic means will be in the nascent state at the moment it becomes free, and in that state is conducted to the spongy platinum. The following details will shew if the conjectures which I have hazarded above are or are not confirmed by experience.

First Experiment.—In a mixture formed of one volume of water, and two volumes of common alcohol, a small quantity of hydrated phosphoric acid is dissolved, to render it a better conductor of the current. If this liquid be put in communication with the voltaic pile of which I have spoken, in which the spongy platinum serves as the positive electrode, and if the circuit be closed, not the smallest bubble of oxygen is disengaged at the electrode, provided always that the spongy platinum has been heated to a red heat immediately before putting it into communication with the pile and the liquid. If cold spongy platinum is plunged into the latter, a few bubbles are at first disengaged on the surface, but after a few instants' immersion of the positive electrode in the liquid, all disengagement of gas ceases entirely to take place on the metal, while the hydrogen becomes free at the negative electrode.

When the platinum in wire is used as a positive pole, it establishes at its surface a continued disengagement of oxygen, let the extremity of the polar wire be plunged into the liquid in its natural state or rolled into a cluster, let it be heated or not before the immersion. But I have not yet been able to ascertain if the oxygen disengaged under these last circumstances at the positive electrode amounts to one volume for two volumes of hydrogen disengaged at the same time as the negative electrode. To judge by appearances, it is by no means so; and that would be a proof, if things really thus occur, that even compact platinum may determine, in a part of the oxygen electrolytically disengaged at its surface, a chemical action on alcohol.

The question now is to know what becomes of the oxygen which is separated from the water, and which shews itself on the spongy platinum? In order to reply to that question it is, above all, necessary carefully to analyze the liquid after the current has been for some time passing through it; and to examine what new substances it contains. For want of time I have not yet been able to make this inquiry. Nevertheless, I have some reason to presume that in the given circumstances it forms the oxygenated ether of Döbereiner, or acetate of

Liebig. Already, *a priori*, the formation of that substance seems probable; but that which appears to convert that probability into certainty, is the fact that when the spongy platinum serves as a positive electrode in the alcoholic liquid, in a little time there is exhaled a very strong odour of that acetate when the electrode is withdrawn from the liquid. There can be no great doubt that, under the circumstances in question, it also forms, besides the acetate, acetic acid, aldehyde, formic ether, and acetic ether.

In terminating the description of the result of this experiment, I will add this remark: that if the liquid be diluted with one or several times its volume of water, phenomena of the same nature as those which have been described will be produced: the acetate odour, in particular, will render itself sensible on the spongy platinum.

Second Experiment.—With a mixture formed of equal volumes of water, alcohol, and common sulphuric acid, results are obtained perfectly agreeing with those which have just been mentioned. It is only when the spongy platinum serves as a positive electrode that the disengagement of oxygen on the latter can be entirely stopped, and that the acetate odour is sensible on the surface of the metal.

Third Experiment.—If the liquid used be a mixture containing one volume of nitric acid of 1.35, and one volume of alcohol, no oxygen will be disengaged on the positive electrode, nor hydrogen on the negative electrode; at least, provided those two electrodes are spongy platinum. However, in order that this result may take place at the negative pole, the platinum which forms that pole, before it is plunged into the liquid, must be red hot, or moistened with the liquid and then submitted to a gentle heat. When compact platinum is used for the negative electrode, there occurs on the latter a brisk disengagement of hydrogen. If the positive electrode be formed of a cluster, somewhat large, of platinum wire, no trace of oxygen appears on its surface. If the wire is not rolled, but has some thickness, a quantity of that gas scarcely sensible is disengaged. The odour of the acetate renders itself sensible on the spongy platinum, or on the platinum cluster, as in the preceding cases.

Fourth Experiment.—If the liquid be composed of equal volumes of nitric acid of 1.35, alcohol, and water, the disengagement of hydrogen on the spongy platinum electrode cannot meet with any further obstacle, while it does not take place on the positive electrode, whether formed of spongy platinum or of compact platinum.

Fifth Experiment.—In a liquid composed of one volume of common nitric acid, one volume of alcohol, and six volumes of water, the phenomena which take place on the electrodes are similar to those which the last case exhibits; always with this difference, that if the positive electrode be formed of compact platinum, traces of oxygen are there disengaged.

If iron be used for the positive electrode, and if the voltaic circuit be closed with that metal, it produces on the surface a pretty brisk disengagement of oxygen. This last gas is even obtained in so large a quantity, that it appears sufficient to furnish the means of forming water with the quantity of hydrogen disengaged at the negative electrode. The fact which I have just stated is important in this respect,—that to me it demonstrates that it is not the nascent state of the oxygen which is the principal cause, in virtue of which that element reacts chemically on alcohol; but that that action is essentially connected with the specific influence

which platina exercises on oxygen and hydrogen.

If gold wire be used for the positive electrode, a little oxygen is also disengaged at its surface; much less, however, than on iron. It seems to result from this that gold acts in a manner similar to platina, only in a feebler degree.

The preceding data ought, it appears to me, to induce philosophers who study electro-chemistry to submit to careful examination all the metals which disengage oxygen at their surface in their function of positive electrodes, in order to ascertain their action with regard to alcoholic liquids. It is very probable that such an examination would shew that it is according to the chemical nature, and the density of the metal which serves for the positive pole, that the relation in which oxygen and hydrogen in a free state shew themselves at the two electrodes is determined.

Sixth Experiment.—If the liquid contain, with two volumes of nitric acid, one volume of alcohol, results will be obtained in harmony with those described in the third experiment. There is, however, this difference, that some bubbles are disengaged on the negative electrode of the spongy platina. If the positive electrode be of iron wire, there will be a brisk disengagement of oxygen on its surface, while on a platina wire scarcely a bubble of gas shews itself.

Seventh Experiment.—In alcohol mixed with a large proportion of hydrate of potash, I have not been able by any method to succeed in preventing the disengagement of oxygen on the positive electrode. Considerations drawn from theory led me to expect another result. However, the small number of experiments that I have made with this liquid do not yet authorise me to admit that the presence of potash in alcohol entirely prevents the latter from exercising a chemical action on disengaged oxygen. The existence of such a reaction cannot assuredly be denied, except it be once demonstrated that under all circumstances it disengages, on the positive electrode, a quantity of oxygen sufficient to form water with the hydrogen become free at the same time at the negative electrode.

Eighth Experiment.—If ether, shaken up with nitric acid of 1.35 until it will absorb no more, be used as the liquid, no oxygen is disengaged at the positive electrode, whether it be formed of platina, compact, or in the spongy state. If platina wire be employed as the negative electrode, an extremely brisk disengagement of hydrogen takes place at its surface; while that disengagement may be prevented, if, instead of the platina wire, the same metal be used in the spongy state, and if it be made hot before it is plunged into the acidulated ether.

Ninth Experiment.—By mixing nitric acid of 1.35 with as large a quantity of ether as it will absorb, a mixture is obtained which does not allow oxygen to become free at the positive electrode. At the moment at which the pile is closed a brisk disengagement of gas takes place at the negative electrode, which stops at the end of a few seconds. This state of things once established, it may be made to pass on a second wire, by proceeding in the manner described above in No. 3.

I have not made any other experiments than the preceding, with alcohol and ethereal liquids; but they may suffice to put the fact out of doubt, that, in the given circumstances, the faculty of exercising a chemical action on ether and alcohol may be developed in oxygen rendered free by electrolytical means. I ought, however, here to repeat the observation which I have already made above on another occasion, that

the results obtained by the last series of experiments of which I have spoken, depend on a certain strength of current; and that they differ a little from those which I have described if the strength of the current made use of passes a certain limit. At the same time, as I have already intimated, it is very possible that, even when employing the strongest current, all disengagement of oxygen at the positive electrode may be prevented, provided the volume of spongy platina made use of be sufficiently considerable. There is no doubt that the quantity of oxygen absorbed by the alcohol in a given time, with the assistance of the platina, depends essentially on the number of points of contact which the metal presents to the two substances (oxygen and alcohol). But if, by means of the current, there should be disengaged at the positive electrode a quantity of oxygen, double, for example, that of which that electrode could determine the combination with the alcohol in the same interval of time, the half of the disengaged oxygen would become free; supposing at least that the current in no respect modifies the catalytic strength of the platina.

It is also possible that the proportion in which the mixture of alcohol, acid, and water is applied, exercises some influence on the result of the reciprocal action, which takes place between the platina, the oxygen, and the alcohol, whatever may be the nature of the acid in the liquid. It may also be, that the temperature of the latter is not wholly without influence on the result. New experiments are necessary to clear up that and several other points. But it is, above all, desirable to submit to exact analytical examination the spirituous liquids which have been exposed for some time to the double influence of the electricity of the current and the spongy platina, and which have absorbed either the oxygen or the hydrogen of the electrolysed water. It is the only practicable mode of studying the phenomena which take place in the given circumstances.

Permit me, before concluding, to make some general remarks on the facts mentioned in this memoir. For a considerable time, the philosophers who study electro-chemistry, particularly the ingenious Becquerel, have used weak voltaic currents, in order to produce, by their assistance, the most varied inorganic combinations, and to form composed bodies, the preparation of which, by the ordinary chemical means, is impossible. But, until the present moment, if I do not deceive myself, comparatively very few attempts have been made to enlist the electricity of the current in the service of organic chemistry. Now, although it is not probable that the voltaic agent holds, in that order of facts, the importance which it possesses in so high a degree, with reference to inorganic chemistry, I am, however, persuaded that we are yet far from having given to the employment of the pile, in the domain of organic chemistry, the extension of which it is susceptible. If we consider what an important part oxygen and hydrogen play in organic matter, and if we remark what facility those elements may be obtained in the nascent state, by means of the voltaic current, we may confidently hope to succeed, sooner or later, in determining, in a great number of cases, the circumstances in which oxygen and hydrogen, at the moment of their separation, exercise a chemical action on the organic matters presented to them. This result once obtained, we shall be able to produce, in organic substances, chemical modifications, which it would be as impossible to ob-

tain by our actual means, as it is to prepare, by the assistance of common chemistry, certain inorganic combinations, very easily obtained by means of voltaic currents.

The experiments and the facts reported above seem to me to point out the path which must be taken, if we wish to see realised the expectation I have just expressed.

It must be hoped that good chemists, especially devoted to that part of their science which relates to organic substances, will pay some attention to the objects of which this memoir treats; and that they will take the trouble of repeating my experiments, and making new ones of the same kind. They will then, perhaps, be convinced that the use of the voltaic pile is not only possible, but very advantageous, in many of the researches of organic chemistry.

Bordeaux, May 1839.

LITERARY AND LEARNED. UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, October 34.—The Rev. C. J. Daniel, M.A. of Trinity College, Dublin, was admitted *ad eundem*; and the following degrees were conferred:—

Master of Arts.—G. Mellish, Scholar of University College, Grand Compounder; Rev. F. Daubeny, Grand Compounder, Rev. H. Ethelston, Brasenose College; Rev. T. Yard, Exeter College; Rev. W. R. Tucker, Wadham College.

Bachelors of Arts.—W. G. S. Addison, Magdalen Hall; A. H. Anson, Balliol College.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—Entomological, 8 P.M.

Tuesday.—Linnæan, 8 P.M.; Horticultural, 3 P.M.; Electrical.

Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 7½ P.M.; Geological, 8½ P.M.

Thursday.—Royal Society of Literature, 4 P.M.; Zoological, 3 P.M.

Friday.—Astronomical, 8 P.M.

THE DRAMA.

Drury Lane.—This theatre opened on Saturday with the *Fairy Lake*, and two amusing farces. The house was well filled, but not crowded, and looked extremely well in every part. We cannot say we admire the new proscenium, though it is very cleverly executed. We deem it a mistake to make such things too gorgeous: like the pictures of wild beasts, &c. on the showbooths at fairs, they injure the effects within. The drop-scene is more to our taste. Of the *Fairy Lake* we need not say much, as it was previously performed at the Strand; but the music is much more *Auberian* in the new arrangement, and consequently much finer; the scenery is beautiful; and the singing very attractive. Mrs. Wylett, the most charming of ballad-singers, always delights us, and gives the sweetest airs in the sweetest style. Mr. Fraser has succeeded Mr. Collins (indisposed and apologised for on the first night), and affords every satisfaction. Among the fairies, our ear was struck by one particularly good contralto, which, on inquiry, we found to belong to Madame Pilati; and we mention this the more readily, because similar remarks were made to us, on issuing from our box, by several able musical critics. Upon the whole, the *Fairy Lake*, as an afterpiece, is one of uncommon grace and attraction.

The activity of the management has since been manifested by a continual variety of sterling revivals. The comedy of *Wild Oats*, which requires the strangest possible cast to make it succeed as a five-act farce, was not very successful; though Downton played Sir G. Thendery Compton, Ephraim Smooth capably; Bennett, John Dory in a fair style; and Vining, Rover with considerable spirit. *Much Ado*

about *Nothing* took a higher station on Wednesday. *Benedick*, Mr. Marston; *Beatrice*, Mrs. Stirling; *Leonato*, Mr. Archer; *Hero*, Miss Mordaunt; *Pedro*, Mr. G. Bennett; and *Dogberry* and *Verges*, Downton and Compton. Mr. Marston, on his *début*, met with great success. With a handsome face, good figure, graceful action, and a full possession of the boards, he reminded us somewhat of Charles Kemble, but was deficient in energy. With a little more earnestness and spirit, and a little less coxcombry and playing to the audience, he will be a valuable acquisition in genteel comedy; but his voice requires careful training, as it wants compass and modulation to hide its defects. Mrs. Stirling's *Beatrice* was very successful, and she has only to exert her physical powers to ensure still higher excellence and effect. Downton was a noble *Dogberry*, and Compton excellent as *Verges*. Mr. Marston and Mrs. Stirling were warmly applauded throughout the performance, and at its close.

Haymarket.—On Thursday, Sir Edward L. Bulwer's play of the *Sea Captain*; or, *The Birthright*, was produced here to an audience crowded in every part, and with the most unbounded and deserved success. "Most deserved," for both in action and poetry it is a noble dramatic production; the plot and leading characters possessing much originality, and the incidents and situations turning upon them being, consequently, novel and effective. The broad conception of the story (for we will not enter upon details) is that of a mother of high rank and power (*Lady Arundel*, Mrs. Warner) devotedly attached to her apparently only son (*Lord Ashdale*, Mr. J. Webster), but having, by a first secret marriage with a page of her House, another son (*Norman*, Mr. Macready), whose father has been murdered at the instigation of her enraged sire, and he, the son, brought up in ignorance of his parentage by a *Priest* (Mr. Phelps), from whose protection he has been taken in his youth, and carried to sea by pirates. His sentence has hung like a cloud over his mother's fate: she has never felt for him a mother's love and sympathies, and she dreads his reappearance as a spectre to blast all her ambitious hopes respecting her youngest and darling child. In *Arundel Castle* also reside *Violet*, an orphan relative of the family (Miss H. Faucit), and *Miss Prudence*, an old maiden attendant (Mrs. Clifford), which two had been rescued from worse than death by *Norman* in a peril at sea, and the youthful pair made ardent lovers; and *Sir Maurice Beever* (Mr. Strickland), a poor cousin of the haughty lady, a miserly crafty plotter, holding a rod of extortion over her as the depository of the murder secret, and heir to the great fortunes of the family, in the event of the deaths of *Lord Ashdale* and *Norman*. Such is the situation of affairs, when the piece opens with *Norman*, returned with his brave shipmates, from the Indian seas, and laden with wealth. His fond meetings with *Violet* lead to rivalry with the impetuous *Lord Ashdale*; and the terrified mother, to prevent a fatal collision, promotes the elopement of her ward with the gallant sailor, whom she has recognised as her first-born. These plans being detected by *Sir Maurice*, he counterplots to destroy both the sons who stand in his way; and, by means of *Gausson* (Mr. O. Smith), the pirate, who had actually committed the murder of *Norman's* father in a chapel on the shore (now in ruins), takes measures to effect that atrocious design on the same spot where it has been appointed for *Norman* and *Violet* to meet an hour before midnight, and take their departure

from England for ever. In the interim, an attempt of *Sir Maurice* to regain the papers proving *Norman's* legal birth and title from the priest, by the same agency, leads to his assassination by *Gausson*, and the recovery of these documents by *Norman*, who thus solves the mystery of his parentage. Here the third act closes; and the fourth is wrought into the most intense interest, by his openly declaring this truth to his agonised mother, whose sternness, though shaken, still prevails. She refuses him her blessing, even after he has surrendered the all-important papers to her; and he flies from her presence for ever. The fifth act brings on the dénouement at the place of tryst. Deceived by *Lord Ashdale* having assumed *Norman's* plumed hat, as a stratagem of love, *Gausson* rushes to murder him, but the assassin is slain by *Norman*; and, finally, the mother and brothers are reconciled by the filial piety and fraternal generosity of the heroic seaman; *Sir Maurice* is detected and disgraced, and a happy family compact concludes the stirring and delightful drama. Whilst *Lady Arundel* acts upon her unnatural resolution, there is more of curiosity to guess how events are likely to ensue, than any deep feeling attached to the persons involved; but the moment *Norman* becomes possessed of the more tragic lever to appeal to her heart, and it begins to stagger more and more under that touching force, nothing, as we have observed, can exceed the intense interest of the scene. The strife of passions is carried to the highest pitch; and the whole working out of the plot, which, of necessity, occupies considerable space, is borne through triumphantly by the strong current thus created, to the very end. Tumults of acclamation hailed the descent of the curtain. Wreaths and flowers were showered upon the stage, when Macready appeared to a boisterous call of the house; and almost all the performers were demanded in turn to receive their quota of *vivas*. The author was also obliged to make his bow from a private box: all which later innovations we hold to be more honoured in the breach than in the observance, however gratifying they must be to those who have so largely gratified the bestowers of such fame.

Having divided the play into two periods, we ought to state, that during the first phase there is much beautiful poetry to adorn its preparatory progress; and we must select a few brief examples.

Falkner, *Norman's* faithful lieutenant (Mr. Howe), asks him if he intends to forswear the sea for love of the fair *Violet*; and he replies in a glorious strain—

"The sea!
No—not for Beauty's self! the glorious sea—
Where England grapples the trident of a god,
And every breeze pays homage to her flag,
And every wave hears Neptune's choral nymphs
Hymn with immortal music England's name!—
Forswear the sea! My bark shall be our home:—
The stars that light our bridal melodies;—
The stars that light the arid palaces
Of air, our lamps;—our floors the crystal deep
Studded with sapphires sparkling as we pass;—
Our roof—all Heaven!—my Beautiful, my Own!
Never did sail more gladly glide to port
Than I to thee! my anchor in thy faith,
And in thine eyes my haven."

Violet's love is also sweetly expressed:—

"Oh, for some fairy talisman to conjure
Up to these longing eyes the form they pine for!
And yet in love there's no such word as absence!
The loved one, like our guardian spirit, walks
Beside us ever,—shines upon the beam—
Perfumes the flowers,—and sighs in every breeze!
His presence gave such beauty to the world
That all things beautiful its likeness are;
And aught in sound most sweet, to sight most fair,
Breathes with its voice, or like its aspect smiles."

Enter Norman.

There spoke my fancy, not my heart!—Where art thou,
My unforgotten Norman?"

And *Norman's* answer:—

"At thy feet!
Oh, have I lived to see thee once again?
Breathe the same air?—my own, my blessed one!
Look up—look up—these are the arms which shelter'd
When the storm howl'd around; and these the lips
Where, till this hour, the sad and holy kiss
Of parting linger'd—as the fragrance left
By angels when they touch the earth and vanish.
Look up—Night never panted for the sun,
As for thine eyes, my soul!"

Some single lines told with wonderful effect, and were much applauded. Thus, when *Norman* relates how the pirates maltreated him:—

"Then they gripp'd and bound me
To a slight plank: spread to the wind their sails;
And left me on the waves alone with God!"

I woke, and heard
My native tongue. Kind looks were bent upon me:
I lay on deck—escaped the ghastly death;
For God had watched the sleeper!"

'Twas a brave seaman, who with Raleigh served,
That own'd the ship. Beneath his fostering eyes
I fought and labour'd upward. At his death—
[A death, may such be mine!—a hero's death!—
The blue flag waving o'er the victory won.]
He left me the sole heir to all his wealth."

When money is added to the inducements to fly with *Violet*, hear the indignant Roamer of the Ocean:—

"Lady,
Ye who have dwelt upon the sordid land,
Amidst the everlasting gloomy war
Of Poverty with Wealth—ye cannot know
How we, the wild sons of the Ocean, mock
At men who fret out life with care for gold.
O! the fierce sickness of the soul—to see
Love bought and sold—and all the heaven-roof'd temple
Of God's great globe, the money-change of Mammon!
I dream of love, enduring faith, a heart
Mingled with mine—a deathless heritage
Which I can take unallied to the stars,
When the Great Father calls his children home;—
And in the midst of this Elysian dream,
Lo, Gold—the demon Gold!—als! the creeds
Of the false land!"

When his claims are rejected by his mother, the following were very fine:—

"Norman. Mother, mother!
I am thy son—thine Arthur—thine own child!
Do you deny your own?"

Lady Arundel. I have no son,
Save Percy Ashdale!

Norman. Do not—do not hear her,
Thou everlasting and all-righteous Judge!
Thou, who amidst the seraph hosts of heaven,
Dost take no hollier name than that of 'Father':
Hush, hush! Behold these proofs—of the deed of marriage!

The attesting oaths of them who witness'd, and
Of him who sanctified, thy nuptial vow!
Behold these fetters!—see, the words are still
By years unaltered!—to my sire, your loves!
Read how you loved him then. By all that love—
Yes, by himself, the wrong'd and murder'd one,
Who hears thee now above—by these, my mother,
Do not reject thy son!

Lady Arundel. Quit my presence!

Norman. I will not!

Lady Arundel. Will not? Ho, there!

Norman. Call your hirings;
And let them hear me! [Goes to the hearth.]

The sacred hearth-stone of my sire—beneath
Their knightly scutcheons—and before their forms,
Which, from the ghostly canvas, I invoke
To hail their son—I take my stand. I claim
My rights! They come—your menials! bid them thrust
From his own hearth the heir of Arundel!

Lady Arundel. So, my tale is done.
Reclaim thy rights—on me and on my son
Avenge thy father's wrongs and wrongs; I ask not
Mercy from thee—and from the hated earth
I pass for ever to the tomb, which hath
Even for shame a shelter!

Lady Arundel. Gone—gone!—and here he stood, and
blest'd the mother
Who did not bless her son!—Ah, Heaven forgive me!
These are the deeds in which I place my safety,
Now won and worthless!—Oh, how human hearts
Do feed on fire, till, when the flame is slaked,
Ashes alone are left!"

But the speech which told above all the rest was the following, delivered with an electrifying power:—

"Norman. Each to his element!—the land has form'd
Thy nature as the hardy ocean mine.
It is no sacrifice. By men and angels!
Better one laurel-leaf the brave hand gathers,
Than all the diadems pluck'd from dead men's brows—
So speaks my father's son!—Were there before us
All—who in this busy and vast mart
Of merchant traffickers—this land of England—
Worship the yellow god—how one great truth
Should shake the sceptred Mammon on his throne!
Here, in our souls, we treasure up the wealth
Fraud cannot filch, nor treasure up the wealth
'Tis spent, the more we have;—the sweet affections—
The heart's religion—the diviner instincts
Of what we shall be when the world is dust!
Is it so, Violet?
Violet. I never loved thee—
No, never—till this hour! A moment since,
When thou wert what the wrong world calls more great,
Methought thou wert less Norman!"

In quoting these passages we have much forestalled what we would say of the performances. Of Macready it is enough to mention that he was truly great throughout. Miss H. Faucit played the affectionate and confiding orphan very sweetly. On Mrs. Warner devolved a character which Mrs. Siddons might have wished to personate, and in many parts of it, especially towards the end, she acquitted herself to admiration. In the earlier scenes we thought her too cold; but her task is a very difficult one, and hardly any study could perfect it for a first representation. Mr. Strickland's *Poor Cousin* surprised us, much as we have always esteemed the talents of that actor,—more like the good old school than almost any one we know in the new. His sycophancy, his heartlessness, his miserly nature, and his ambition, were all depicted with infinite skill; and the laughable pettishness with which he conceals his aspiring schemes, often obtained the hearty acknowledgment of the theatre. As thus:—

"When Poverty begs, the dogs bark at it; and when Poverty is ill, the doctors mangle it; and when Poverty is dying, the priests scold at it; and when Poverty is dead, nobody weeps for it."

His airy ambitious hopes:—

"Ah, shall I
Then be a miser?—No, there! my lord's lackeys!—
Room for the Earl of Arundel! You dined
With the earl yesterday? A worthy lord!
I'll marry a young bride, get heirs, and keep
A lean poor cousin of my own to play
At leapfrog with the little Maureices."

Enter Lord Ashdale (in disorder).

Ashdale. By Heavens! this stranger's insolence would fire

An archbishop's patience. 'Sdeath! his hand press'd here,
His breathing fan'd her locks.

Sir Maurice. How now, my Hector,
My diamond, apple of my eye? How now?—
Chafed, vexed?

Ashdale. Home, home, Anatomy, and drive
The mice from thy ladder.

Sir Maurice. Mice!—Zounds, how can I
Keep mice?—I can't afford it—they were starved
To death an age ago!—the last was found,
Come Christmas three years, stretched beside a bone
In that same ladder—so consumed and worn
By pious fast—'twas awful to behold it!
I canonised it corpse in spirits of wine,
And set it in the porch—a solemn warning
To thieves and beggars."

Which bit of dialogue hints to us to note that Mr. J. Webster (except in his entrance scene, which is too light) performed *Lord Ashdale* excellently in bearing, delivery of the sentiments, and action. Of Mrs. Clifford we have also to speak in terms of much commendation; and to the general praise may justly add the names of Messrs. Phelps, Howe, O. Smith, and Gallot, his fellow-pirate. Nothing could exceed the success of the whole, and the management may put on its *nightcap* for the rest of the season, whilst the public crowd to have their every *night's* enjoyments of a splendid drama acted in

a masterly style. The period is the Elizabethan age, and the play is not unworthy of it.

Jack Sheppard.—We regret, for the sake of our distant and foreign readers, that we cannot copy the extraordinary letters in which this name placards every wall and empty space in London. Composed of all kinds of prison and punishment symbols, it meets the eye at every turn, and makes it evident that the public has gone quite *Wild after Jack*! At the *Adelphi* he is glorified by Mrs. Keeley, the inimitable in every thing she undertakes. Paul Bedford's *Blueskin* is also celestial; and Miss Allison is a *Winifred* worthy of the love either of the good or evil genius apprenticed to her father. The scenery here is even a triumph for the *Adelphi* stage, so extraordinary for its effects in this line. At *Sadler's Wells*, too, the piece is got up in a first rate manner; and, in short, *Jack Sheppard* is every where the rage. "The Times," we observe, has honoured the author of the novel with the title of *Captain Ainsworth*, which must be a misnomer, as he has never been in the army, the navy, the marines, the yeomanry, or the volunteers. Perhaps it was a misprint for *Colonel*; seeing "as how" he has so many *companies* under his command at this moment in all (theatrical) *quarters* of the metropolis.

VARIETIES.

Hogarth and an Old Silk-Handkerchief.—For a considerable time past, the keepers of the National Gallery have been in a state of much alarm and astonishment, with respect to the apparent decay of Hogarth's fine series of paintings, which have been for so many years one of the chief attractions of the Gallery. It appeared that while the pictures around the "Hogarth's" maintained their original brilliancy of colour, the pictures by our immortal satirist daily faded, becoming more and more dingy. They were strictly observed, the wall which they adorned was examined, yet no cause for the lamentable change was detected. After much anxiety it was discovered to arise from the breath of the numerous visitors to the Gallery, who, examining the pictures in question with microscopic eye, eager to catch the minutest detail of their truly English character, approached the canvass too nearly. The damp thus occasioned, attracted and retained the dust of the room on the surface of the pictures, until their wonted and well-known beauty gradually became obscured. What was to be done? the application of liquids to clean pictures is at all times hazardous; doubly so with the delicate and expressive touches of Hogarth's masterly pencil. The effect of an old silk-handkerchief was tried on a corner of one of the pictures,—the result was miraculous—a few more rubs and the picture appeared in all its pristine beauty of colour and expression. The rubbing process was extended to the series, and our old friends with "shining morning faces" can now scarcely be recognised.

City Antiquities.—The excavations in progress in the city for improvements, are continually affording new matters of interest to the antiquary. A few weeks since the labourers engaged in deepening a sewer in Thames Street, opposite Vintners' Hall, in the middle of the street, at the depth of ten feet from the surface, discovered the perfect remains of an old Roman wall, running parallel with the line of the river. The wall was formed of alternate layers of flint, chalk, and flat tiles, and offered considerable obstructions to the workmen, from the firmness with which the materials were fixed

together. About the middle of Queen Street, at a depth of nineteen feet below the surface, were found the remains of an elegant mosaic pavement, which belonged to a dwelling-house, and which indicated that the Roman roads ran in different directions to the present. The position of this pavement shewed that the earth had accumulated over the original surface to a height exceeding fifteen feet. During the late excavations in Moorfields, many rich and rare coins were found in fine preservation. In the immediate vicinity of the Roman Catholic chapel was discovered a beautiful sepulchral inscription, denoting the vicinity as a former place of sepulture, and also many sepulchral vases. In the excavations in Charterhouse Square, and those already commenced in the formation of the new street from Holborn to Islington, no antiquities have been discovered. The collections of the City Museum, at Guildhall, devoted to antiquities, and of Mr. Smith, of Lothbury, a distinguished city antiquarian, have received considerable additions from these recent discoveries.—*The Times*.

Of H.B.'s last Caricatures, no fewer than six launched at a time, the most humorous is the "Trip to Dover," in which Burdett is driving the Duke of Wellington, Lord Lyndhurst as valet, and Brougham as an idle boy hanging on behind. With the exception of Lord Lyndhurst, the characters are perfect in every point, and the whole exceedingly laughable.

Scottish Earthquakes.—We see from the Scottish newspapers that the shocks of earthquake have continued in Perthshire, and even extended to Fifeshire. These phenomena have occurred about Crieff and Comrie from time immemorial, but we do not remember to have heard of their lasting so long or being felt so far.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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October.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday.. 24	From 48 to 51	29.95 to 30.01
Friday.... 25	 42 .. 51	30.12 .. 30.22
Saturday.. 26	 40 .. 52	30.20 .. 30.21
Sunday.... 27	 35 .. 49	30.17 .. 30.13
Monday... 28	 36 .. 48	30.16 .. 30.14
Tuesday.. 29	 35 .. 46	30.22 .. 30.13
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Prevailing winds, N.E.

Except the mornings of the 26th and 27th, and afternoon of the 29th, cloudy, with frequent showers of rain. Rain fallen, .6625 of an inch.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Almanach des Chasseurs, pour l'Année de Chasse, 1839-1840. By E. Blaze. 1 vol. 18mo. Paris. Tresse, Palais Royal.

THE month of September has commenced most auspiciously for the French sporting world: the weather is delightful, the crops are all got in; there is abundance of game, and there are so many improvements recently made in guns, powder, and shot, and all kinds of shooting apparatus, that it will be the fault of a certain unmentionable old gentleman if Monsieur le Chasseur does not achieve some splendid feats this season. Accordingly the little work which we have prefixed to our article, makes its appearance this year for the first time; and, not to omit celebrating so important an event in the literary annals of the epoch, we propose to say a word or two upon the volume after sundry prolegomena upon French sporting in general.

In former days, when the old nobility were in their proper degree of splendour, when their estates were as ample as those of the aristocracy of Germany or Britain, and when they lived in their magnificent châteaux, keeping up a grand and generous system of hospitality for all comers, no country in the world was more given to hunting and shooting, no country pursued these sports on a wider and more noble scale, than France. Her ample plains, covered with corn or vines, produced not only the partridge and the hare, but also innumerable clouds of quails, bustards in abundance, and land-rails in plenty. There were then, as there are now, two kinds of partridges, the red and the gray; and in the parks and inclosed woods, pheasants were to be found in at least as large a proportion as they were in England. In her forests France had, as she still has, the red-deer in abundance, the chevreuil, or roebuck, the wild-boar, the wolf, the fox, and in the south and east the bear. In water-birds France was always exceedingly rich, for her rivers were much neglected, and indeed still are so; and along her coasts, and up her numerous creeks, as well as all along the lowlands of the west upon the Loire, and in the north-east upon the Meuse and Scheldt, wild-fowl of every species was and is to be met with in the greatest variety and abundance. Most of these *fera natura* remain to France still, but the wilder and nobler animals are greatly diminished in number. We believe that in former times the black-cock was to be found in considerable numbers among the Ardennes and the Vosges; it is now a scarce bird: but the birds of prey, no ignoble spoil when the difficulty of killing them is taken into account, are plenty as ever; and the oldest shot will still find enough to try his skill upon, of almost every European kind of the "winged inhabitants of air." Other wild animals, generally disdained by the British sportsman, probably because he has not often got them to shoot, are still common in France. Thus badgers, otters, all kinds of polecats and that family, are common objects of pursuit with the French farmer; of rabbits we say nothing, seeing that they swarm in every copse and wood.

The great Revolution, in striking a mortal

blow at the political existence of the nobility, destroyed at the same time the social system, founded on the feudal constitution of the country. It would have been well if it had done only this, but it also broke up all the social relations, and for a time annihilated all the enjoyments of French country life. Every body has heard of the grand hunting matches that used to take place at Versailles and Chantilly; every body knows that the French monarch's hunting train was like a little army; that the sports of the field were made a serious affair of state, and that they formed fully as much, if not more than in England, the main objects of a French nobleman's life in the country. Whoever has visited the two royal palaces mentioned above, or has seen some of the larger châteaux, in various parts of France, cannot but have observed the immense space afforded to the stabling, the kennels, &c.; and we have only to dip into contemporaneous memoirs, or to examine pictures painted at the time, to be convinced that France was once as decidedly sporting a nation as any in the world. But the levelling of ranks with all its pernicious consequences, the breaking up of landed property, and the fatal regulation for its indefinite subdivision, consequent upon the equal partition that takes place among the heirs of any proprietor,—these things have entirely destroyed the race of what we may call country nobility (*noblesse de province*), and country gentlemen; effecting at the same time, as a natural consequence, the ruin of the sporting system to which we have before alluded. This is no small injury to the country, for it has tended to foster that frivolity and want of independent, manly spirit of which the French upper classes may certainly be accused. It thereby acts detrimentally upon the political condition of the nation; and, what comes nearer to our subject, it has obliterated the charming *vie de château*, which our grandfathers can still tell us used to be so agreeable a feature of continental existence. Nothing can be more insipid than the manner in which a French fashionable spends his days in the country: a novel before breakfast; billiards till three or four; possibly a walk, or a ride (if he has got a horse), till dinner; *café*; and billiards till eleven;—such is the daily round in nine French châteaux out of ten. If there be any sporting at all, it amounts to a shot at some sparrows in the *basse-cour*; rarely to a blaze at a stray lark outside the garden-wall; seldom, we might almost say never, to a ride after a stag down the straight alley of a wood. The only persons in France who keep up sporting propensities on any thing like a systematic scale, are the larger farmers, the petty country gentlemen (what few there are), and the *gardes de chasse*! An exception—an honourable one—is to be made in favour of some of the higher nobility, the remnants of the great families of olden times, who live still in the same style as the nobles of England; but the generality of the upper classes of France are as we have described them in their amusements—degenerate and even effeminate; while all that swarm of *parvenus* with which the country is infested,

are as heteroclite in their pursuits as they are in their origin. The farmer and small land-owner (still a very honest and promising class in France) is the principal person for enjoying a country life, and sporting of various kinds as its natural concomitant. He is accordingly a pretty faithful votary of Diana, and during six months of the year may be seen with his gun on his shoulder, his game-bag at his side, and his short-tailed pointer, or long wiry-haired lurcher at his heels, walking up every corner of the country. Hunting with packs, and on horseback, is nearly entirely abandoned, some bastard attempts are made from time to time, by a few English residents, but they are very poor affairs, and it may be said generally that the gun and the net are the only sporting implements now in use in France. The main fault of the French chasseur, indeed, is that he is a pot-hunter: nothing comes amiss to his bag; and when he puts up a covey of birds, he thinks nearly as much of his dinner as he does of the honour of bringing a brace of them down.

This spirit shows itself rather ludicrously at times. A Frenchman, when his mind is really bent on "going a-gunning," has no notion of flaring away his powder and scattering his shot for nothing; hence he will not only fire at every bird or wild animal he meets with, but what is more, he will eat it, whatever it may be, when he once gets it home. A fine tough jay, or a lean old crow, a blackbird, a sparrow, or even a cock-robin,—every thing is game that comes to his bag. A stray duck has no chance of salvation within range of Monsieur's artillery; and should he by any chance succeed in sneaking within killing distance of a wood-pigeon, he sets it down as a *brillant fait d'armes*. What he does himself, he teaches his dog to do; and we recollect being out once in the field with a French sportsman, when "Médore," after making a dead point of near five minutes, sprung a lark, and our Gallic companion, after blazing away unsuccessfully, ran up in ecstasy to the dog, and patting it exclaimed, "*Voilà un bon chien de flaiwer un si petit oiseau!*"

However, we are inclined to think that the French are mending in this respect; we have great hopes of the rising generation; and if, as we have no doubt, another twenty years do not pass away without a stop being put to the equal division of property system, there will be, sooner or later, a return to the habits of country life for which the French of former days were celebrated. The sooner this comes the better, for they will then learn how to make the most of their magnificent country, and something will have been done towards repairing the damage occasioned by that great political curse, the Revolution. Unfortunately, the younger branch of the Bourbons do nothing to encourage country sports: they subscribe to races, and they keep up some stud establishments; but as for hunting and shooting, *c'est une autre affaire*,—they know as little of them as they do of music. Still, we repeat, we have hopes of better things for France.

That the French chasseur looks after the pot is undoubtedly true; and a happy thing it

is for the English visitor to Paris; for he finds an abundance and variety of game in that capital that suits his palate uncommonly well. *O mihi prateritis referat si Jupiter annos!*—and the many a good dinner at Vergy's, or the Trois Frères Provençaux, that we have oft enjoyed;—when the salmis de perdrix, and the bécasses aux olives, and the faisans en croquettes, and the cailles à la financière, and the pâtés de lièvre, and the filets de chevreuil sautés au vin de Champagne, smoked on the board, and regaled our indulging person. We protest that the very memory of such things makes us sad! There is not a finer night in Europe than Chevet's shop in the Palais Royal at Christmas;—such profusion! such variety!—whole bucks; wild boars at either door, duly supported by chevreuils, and flanked by coveys of partridges, broods of pheasants, and companies of quails; a whole mountain of pâtés de foie-gras, and about a ton weight of truffled turkeys; here and there a tunny or a sturgeon; salmon and turbot lying about as common as herrings; fruit!—oh, that fruit!—and the green peas, the asparagus, and the new potatoes! and the liqueurs, and the choice wines, and all the good things in the rear!—It is enough to turn one crazy to think of it! It is a positive fact:—Dom Miguel, when he was in Paris some ten years ago, used to spend a quarter of an hour every day looking into Chevet's shop; and we, gentle reader—even our own selves—we used to do the same! *Honneur au chasseur Français! immortalité à la cuisine Française!*

While the French have plenty of excellent game to pursue, they have not been dull in making considerable improvements in their fowling-pieces, and in all kinds of sporting apparatus. We do not say that they can produce any barrels like those of poor old Joe Manton, but they have made great strides of late in the art of forging good iron for their fowling-pieces, and for adapting them in most ingenious manners to their stocks. The art of highly sculpturing the stock is now nearly gone out of fashion, or at least is confined to the manufactures of Lyons and St. Etienne: inlaid work, on the other hand, is much used; and nearly every piece now sold is made to open with a hinge of some kind or other, and to receive its charge at the breast. New safety-locks of all kinds have been invented; and, in short, very great attention has been paid to the subject: the French arms being now in finish quite equal to those of the best London makers, though, we suspect, still a good deal behind them in temper and the capability of standing service. Lepage, in the Rue de Richelieu, is undoubtedly the first manufacturer of fowling-pieces; Lefauchaux is a good one; so is Robert, the no-hammer, no-nipple, fifteen times-in-a-minute man: in short, there is no scarcity of good makers, and at moderate prices (10*l.* to 20*l.*), in the French metropolis. As to shooting-belts, shooting-gaiters, game-bags, gun-cases, &c., the French, strange as it may seem, beat us all to nothing. There is a *savoir faire* about their articles of this kind that we certainly do not meet with on the British side of the Channel; and we are surprised that several valuable hints, in common application throughout France, have not been long ago imported into England. The fact is, that in all leathern goods there is an immense superiority in favour of France.—But to our book.

Monsieur Blaze is a droll dog, as will be seen from the following pithy introduction, under the head of *Seasons*:—

"The profane reckon four seasons in the

year; sportsmen know only of two: 1. that in which men hunt; 2. that in which men hunt not. The former begins on the 1st of September, and ends the 28th February; the latter begins the 1st March, and ends the 31st August. During leap-year the hunting season lasts one day more; and, in 1840, will not be closed till the 29th February."

We then find the following:—

"*Annual Festivals*.—20th September, St. Eustache; 3d November, St. Hubert; 11th November, St. Martin; 28th January, St. Charlemagne; 28th March, St. Gontran; 6th June, St. Norbert; 31st July, St. Germain l'Auxerrois; 25th August, St. Louis.—No doubt there exist in Paradise many other saints who were huntsmen: we will use our best endeavours to find them out from the ancient legends, and will point them out to the pious observations of our readers: you can never have too many protectors in Heaven."

If this is not the right Catholic doctrine of hunting, we do not know what is. The almanack-maker then points out to his fellow-sportsman the four solemn fasting seasons of the year, according to the doctrines of the Church; and afterwards, under guise of a preface, gives us a rather humorous dissertation on Matthew Lœnsbergh, the author, or supposed author, of the "Triple Liegeois Almanach," and the "Moore"—the "Almanack Moore" of France. After the regular astronomical part of the book comes a notice of each month of the year, beginning of course with September; and at the head of each division a proverb, in a verse *plus ou moins mauvais*. This part of the work he heads by the pompous words *Cynegetical Operations*; and then informs us of all the main facts relative to the treatment of dogs, the preserving of game, hunting of ditto; the arrival and departure of migratory birds, &c. Among other maxims not to be neglected is that of having puppies vaccinated, as an infallible prevention of the distemper. He is up to the crafty expedient of putting plenty of bushes about stubble-fields to keep off poachers with nets, and, indeed, shews a laudable disapprobation of all poaching practices whenever it falls in his way. [We may remind our readers, that the law is fully as severe in France against poachers, *quoad* trespassers, as ever it was in England.] M. Blaze tries his hand in another part of his book at some prognostications, but he is apparently not up to this part of his trade: as a compensation, he inserts a collection of old proverbs upon the weather, &c., which are worthy of extraction:—

"Rougé de sére,
Béou tèm espère;
Rougé de matin,
Baigne souu vesin."—*Provençal proverb.*

"Troupe d'oiseaux, lâchant les bois,
Cherchant tant villes que villages;
Nous a bien prédit plusieurs fois,
Forté pluie et grands orages."—*French proverb.*

"Si tu te sens piqué des mouches,
La pluie va tomber sur les souches."—*Do.*

"Temps pommelé, femme fardée,
Ne sont pas de longue durée."—*Do.*

"Tant vente qu'il pleut:
Cum bene spiravit, desuper unda fluit."—*Do.*

"Boire eau point ne devez
Aux mois où R trouvez."—*Do.*

"Aux mois qui sont escripts en R,
Eau fault mettre dedans son verre."—*Do.*

"Mensibus erratis purissima vina bibatis,
R quibus est nullum, diluat unda merum."—*Lat. prov.*

The *Almanach*, towards the end, contains a life of St. Hubert, the great patron of all hunters, and a cut of the miraculous stag with a crucifix between his horns, the sight of which in a forest led to the conversion of the huntsman Hubert, and ultimately opened for him the

gates of Paradise. The book is terminated by a very useful table, regularly scored and lined, for entering day by day, in every month of the year, each head of game killed by any individual; and as the list of names is curious we shall give it, as shewing what sort of game is to be met with in France at the present day:—

"Stags, wild-boars, wolves, chevreuils, foxes, badgers, hares, rabbits, polecats, weasels, pheasants, red partridges, gray ditto, quails, land-rails, water-rails, water-hens, wild ducks, black-cocks, woodcocks, snipes, red plovers, green ditto (lapwings), hawks, ring-doves, turtle-doves, magpies, and jays."

We shall only add, that it is well worth while for a British sportsman, tired of the monotonous routine of partridges and pheasants, hares and rabbits, of England, to go over to France for the shooting season, where the immense forests which abound are sure to afford him excellent diversion. A few five-franc pieces judiciously distributed among the *gardes de chasse* of the royal forests, or perhaps a napoleon or two upon occasion, with a couple of good dinners to the country gentlemen and landowners of any particular district, will open all the sporting riches of the land to any person, even a stranger, and particularly to a foreigner.

Heath's Book of Beauty, 1840: with beautifully finished Engravings. Edited by the Countess of Blessington. London, Longman and Co.; Paris, Fisher and Co.

LADY BLESSINGTON deserves an editorial palm, not only for her own writings, but for the taste and skill with which she musters her company of contributors. No Serjeant Plume ever recruited more successfully than the fair "White Serjeant" of the *Book of Beauty* has done; and filled up the rank and file from so many quarters, with so good-looking, though various, a poetical and literary squad. A glance over the contents of this year's volume will prove the case.

"The Valley of Thebes," by B. Disraeli, is a striking Egyptian sketch. "The Wife to the Wooer," by Sir E. L. Bulwer, a short poem containing the matter of a long tale, and in this respect, a very original ballad. "The Lottery of Life," by Mr. R. Bernal, is truthful and unadorned. Circumstances of a sorrowful character are related without an attempt to make them more impressive by high-wrought description. An "Imaginary Conversation" by Landor (Milton, Galileo, and a Dominican), is worthy of his fame in this species of composition. A Turkish Tale, by Miss Romer, deserves our praise; and "The Jilt," by Miss L. H. Sheridan, contains some fine reflective passages, but is wanting in point of interest: it is more of a lesson than an entertainment, "A Traveller's Story," by J. R. Chorley, possesses no peculiar feature; and "The Dream," by Lady Blessington, shews that when she pleases to enter the lists with our best Irish story-tellers, she may take her seat very high at the board. Mrs. S. C. Hall has a companion to this in "Take it Easy;" but we have seen superior productions of the same kind from the same pen. "The Improvident," by Captain Daniel, is the life and execution of a French *roué*, remarkable in incident, and well told. "The Maniac," by Miss C. Toulmin, is a forcible poetic picture; and "Love and Nature," by Mr. Milnes, a sweet little poem. "Titian's Dream," by Mr. Hume Plunkett, is an appropriate anecdote of the painter, and described with due enthusiasm. "Russian Sketches," by Lady Londonderry, as before, real and well chosen. "A Legend," by Lord

W. Lennox, is a simple tale of lowly condition, tragic in itself, but narrated with commendable simplicity. Mr. H. L. Bulwer gives us "A Strange Story," and, sooth to say, it is not only strange, but abrupt and broken enough to puzzle us. "The Fatal Hand," by Colonel Henry Webster, is a brief but stirring piece, not spun out, and concluding with effect. "El Noviazgo," by Mr. F. Cuthbert, a pleasant sketch of Spanish manners, especially as regards their early affiances and long courtships; and "An Arabian Tale," by Mr. Wilkinson, though founded on the use of familiar supernatural gifts, very consonantly finishes the text in this handsome specimen of binding, with, as it will after our catalogue be allowed, an inside to match. We have forborne to enumerate a number of slighter productions, the verses made to the portraits, and a few others. The portraits themselves are twelve in number, by Chalon (5), Boetock (3), Lucas, Robinson, Fisher, and Holmes (one each).

We have now only to select a few examples of the literary merits of this pictorial volume. First, from Lander:—

"*Galileo*.—Speak freely; and I will speak freely too. In no other man's presence, for these many years, indeed from my very childhood, have I done it. *Milton*.—Sad fate for any man! most sad for one like you! the follower of Truth, the companion of Reason in her wanderings on earth. *Galileo*.—We live among priests, and princes, and empoisoners. Your dog, by his growling, seems to be taking up the quarrel against them. *Milton*.—We think and feel alike in many things. I have observed that the horses and dogs, of every country, bear a resemblance in character to the men. We English have a wonderful variety of both creatures. To begin with the horses: some are remarkable for strength, others for spirit; while in France there is little diversity of race; all are noisy and windy, skittish and mordacious, prancing and libidinous, fit only for a rope, and fond only of a riband. Where the riband is not to be had, the jowl of a badger will do: any thing but what is native to the creature is a decoration. In Flanders you find them slow and safe, tractable and substantial. In Italy there are few good for work, none for battle; many for light carriages, for standing at doors, and for every kind of street-work. *Galileo*.—Do let us get among the dogs. *Milton*.—In France, they are finely combed, and pert, and pettish; ready to bite if hurt, and to fondle if caressed; without fear, without animosity, without affection. In Italy they creep and shiver and rub their skins against you, and insinuate their slender beaks into the patronage of your hand, and lick it, and look up modestly, and whine decorously, and supPLICATE with grace. The moment you give them any thing, they grow importunate; and the moment you refuse them, they bite. In Spain and England the races are similar; so indeed are those of the men. Spaniards are Englishmen in an ungrafted state, however with this great difference, that the English have ever been the least cruel of nations, excepting the Swedes; and the Spaniards the most cruel, excepting the French. Then they were under one and the same religion,—the most sanguinary and sordid of all the institutions that ever pressed upon mankind. *Galileo*.—To the dogs, to the dogs again, be they of what breed they may. *Milton*.—The worst of them could never have driven you up into this corner, merely because he had been dreaming, and you had disturbed his dream. How long had this endured? *Galileo*.—I sometimes ask

God how long. I should repine, and almost despair, in putting the question to myself or another. *Milton*.—Be strong in Him, through reason, his great gift. *Galileo*.—I fail not, and shall not fail! I can fancy that the heaviest link in my heavy chain has dropped off me since you entered. *Milton*.—Let me then praise our God for it! Those alone are not criminal who placed you here, but those no less who left unto them the power of doing it. If the learned and intelligent in all the regions of Europe would unite their learning and intellect, and would exert their energy in disseminating the truth throughout the countries they inhabit, soon must the ignorant and oppressive, now at the summit of power, resign their offices; and the most versatile nations, after this purifying and perfect revolution, rest for ages. But, bursting from their collegiate kennels, they range and hunt only for their masters; and are content at last to rear up and catch the offal thrown among them negligently, and often too with scourges on their cringing spines, as they scramble for it. Do they run through mire and thorns, do they sweat from their tongues' ends, do they breathe out blood for this? * * * *Galileo*.—

There are worse evils than blindness, and the best men suffer most by them. The spirit of liberty, now rising up in your country, will excite a blind enthusiasm, and leave behind a bitter disappointment. Vicious men will grow popular, and the interests of the nation will be intrusted to them, because they descend from their station, in order, as they say, to serve you. *Milton*.—Profligate impostors! We know there are such among us; but truth shall prevail against them. *Galileo*.—In argument, truth always prevails finally; in politics, falsehood always; else would never states fall into decay. Even good men, if indeed good men will ever mix with evil ones for any purpose, take up the trade of politics, at first intending to deal honestly; the calm bower of the conscience is soon converted into the booth of inebriating popularity; the shouts of the multitude then grow unexciting, then indifferent, then troublesome; lastly, the riotous supporters of the condescending falling half-asleep, he looks agape in their faces, springs upon his legs again, flings the door behind him, and escapes in the livery of Power. When Satan would have led our Saviour into temptation, he did not conduct him where the looser passions were wandering; he did not conduct him amid flowers and herbage, where a fall would have only been a soilage to our frail human nature; no, he led him up to an exceedingly high mountain, and shewed him palaces and towers and treasures, knowing that it was by those alone that he himself could have been so utterly lost to rectitude and benevolence. Our Saviour spurned the temptation, and the greatest of His miracles was accomplished. After which, even the father of lies never ventured to dispute His divine nature. * * *

Milton.—Suffer me still to bend in reverence and humility on this hand, now stricken with years and with captivity!—on this hand, which Science has followed, which God himself has guided, and before which all the worlds above us, in all their magnitudes and distances, have been thrown open. *Galileo*.—Ah my too-friendly enthusiast! may yours do more, and with impunity. *Milton*.—At least, be it instrumental in removing from the earth a few of her heaviest curses; a few of her oldest and worst impediments to liberty and wisdom—mitres, tiaras, crowns, and the trumpery whereon they rest. I know but two genera of men, the apical and

the perennial. Those who die down, and leave behind them no indication of the places whereon they grow, are cognate with the gross matter about them; those, on the contrary, who, ages after their departure, are able to sustain the lowliest, and to exalt the highest, those are surely the spirits of God, both when upon earth and when with Him."

We now turn to "The Dream," by Lady Blessington, which we cannot disturb by abbreviating or cutting down:—

"And ye love him still, Kathleen?" "Faith I do; and sore against my will, too, sometimes: but troth, mavourneen, for the life of me I can't help it." "Yet, sure, haven't ye told me, that he's as cross as may be when he hasn't the drop of drink, and as cross as can be when he has it, that he neglects the childer, and snaps his fingers in ye'r face, when you want to keep him from the Don Cow; and after all this ye love him? Well, for my part, I'm but a lone woman, to be sure, and never knew what it was—God be praised!—to have a man on my own floor, houlding out against me, ever since I lost my poor father—pace be to his soul!—last Christmas was eleven years; but I think I could no more bear with such treatment as you put up with, Kathleen, then I could fly." "Aragh cuishlamachree; it is because you've been a lone woman, and have not been used to have a man on your floor, houlding out against you, that it seems so hard to bear. One gets used to every thing in the course of time; and many is the thing that seemed disagreeable enough at first, that has come so pleasant at last, that sure one has got to like it." "That's what my poor ould granny used to say, in regard to the snuff." "When I began to take a snishen at first," said she, (may the heavens be her bed this blessed night!) "I didn't like it much; but after I had taken it for some time, faith I got used to it, and liked it; and many's the lonesome hour it has helped me over." "Well, thin, so it is with a husband's ways; one feels a sauncy word, or an impudent shake of the head, just ready to answer him: but if one has the luck to keep in both, sure 't will be a great blessing." "But how did ye find out the craft to keep 'em in, Kathleen? For, troth, they come so quick to me, whinever I'm vexed, that off they go, whether I will or no." "Well, then, Pegg asthore, I'll tell you how it all happened. Though, as 't was only a dream—a simple dream, mayhap you'll not think so seriously of it as I did. But dreams come direct from heaven; becase, as they appear to us when we are asleep, and can't help ourselves, it's clear that God, who always protects the helpless, sends 'em to us. Besides, sure, though the body is asleep, the soul is awake, and can better understand the thoughts that God sends when she is not bothered by the foolish rhaumeshe of the poor weak creature she is forced to lodge with for a time on this earth. Sure, Peggy, sleep is like death; it is a solemn and a holy thing, blessed be the Giver! And as in death the truth is shewn to us, so in sleep, the truth, or the shadow of truth, may be revealed, which, in our waking hours, we are too busy with bodily wants to listen to as we ought." "Then faith, Kathleen, it's yerself that's the quare woman to be believing in dreams! But tell me what it was you dreamt, avourneen." "'T was a fine summer evening, Peggy, as ever shone out of the heavens. The bees were flitting about from flower to flower, and saying, with their pleasant voices, 'What a sweet life we lade!' The birds were singing such music, that those

who have once listened to it with the ears of their hearts, want no better. And the red sun was going to bed, behind purple curtains, fringed with gold, richer than any king's, when I sat at the open window,—that same window, Peggy, that you now see. The sweet smell of the flowers came to me; the brown cuckoo hopped over the field, and repeated his cry as clear as could be; the cows lowed in the distance, and every bird and baste,—ay, and the little tiny crathurs, that are smaller than the birds, might be heard too—all was so still and calm. Oh! in such summer-nights one may hear the voice of God, if one keeps one's mind quiet, and looks up to heaven! But my mind—God forgive me!—wasn't quiet, for I was vexed and angry. 'Well,' says I to myself, 'here I am, this beautiful night, and Andy promised he would come home before the sun had gone to bed; and there, he has drawn his purple curtains, and put out his blessed light, and yet the man of the house does not come to me! Sure, 'tis to the Dun Cow he's gone, to drink with them limbs of the devil; and this is the way that a poor woman is kept, like a mhoonann,* watching the long hours, while he's spending the thrife he's airn'd!' With that, up gets the anger in my breast, and the heart of me began to bate, and my cheeks got as hot as a lime-kiln. 'I'll go afther him,' says I, 'to the Dun Cow, and give him a bit of my mind—that I will!' But then I began to remember that Biddy Phelan used to go afther Mick, her husband, until he got so used to it, that he would say he couldn't go till Biddy came for him; and I said to myself, 'It shall never be said that I, a dacent girl, wint afther my husband to a shibeen shop.' 'But, thin, 'twould sarve him right, and maybe taich him better,' whispered the Evil Spirit in my ears, 'if you were to spake to him afore the wild boys he's dhrinking with; and I up, and threw the tail of my gound over my shoulders, and crossed the threshold. 'If he should speak crossly to you, Kathleen, before all them chaps, wouldn't it be a terrible downfal to ye?' said a little voice in my heart, no louder than the humming of a bee. 'Faith, 'tis yerself that's right enough,' said I; and I let down the tail of my gound, and begun to cry like a child. Well, I cried till I fell fast asleep; for, though people say that sleep seldom comes to the eyes that have been shedding tears, I have always found the contrary; and I remember the last thought I had afore I slept was, 'What a baste my husband was to lave me alone, while he was spending his airnings at the Dun Cow! I slept, and I dhrreamt that I was so angry with him, that I prayed to God to take him to himself; for that I'd rather lose him intirely, than have him continually laving me to go to the Dun Cow to throw away his money. 'Well, you shall have your will, honest woman,' says Death to me; and mighty strange it was, Peggy, I did not feel in the laste afraid of Death then, though the thoughts of him ever makes me feel a could shiver when I am awake, and look at those I love. 'But remember,' says Death, 'that once I have granted your prayer, you'll never see your husband again, except a corpse.' With that I saw my poor boy laid in his bed—our bed, where I came to him a bride, and where my arm had supported his poor aching head through many a long weary hour when he had the typhus fever. His face was as pale as marble, Peggy, when the moon is shining on it in the churchyard. His hair was like the boughs of the willow, wet and drooping with

* A fool."

the heavy dews of night; and his lips were cold and silent as the grave. Oh, God! I shall never forget what I felt, when I looked at him in that moment. I threw my arms around him—my hot tears drenched his frozen face—I called him by every tender name—but he answered me not, he heeded me not. The memory of all our love—the happy hours of our courtship—and the more happy ones when I first stood on his floor as a wife, came back to me; and I thought I had never really truly loved him before, as I now did. And there he lay, with that beauty on his pale and lifeless face, that Death gives when he has struck the blow, just as if he wished to make us more sorrowful for what we have lost. I tried all I could to remember how often my poor boy had vexed me, in the hopes of its stopping my grief; but—would you believe it, Peggy?—I could call to mind nothing but all the fond words and the loving actions of him, until my very heart seemed breaking, and I prayed to God either to restore him to life or to take me with him. 'Remember, woman,' said a voice that sounded like the wind when it comes sighing through a wood, when first the leaves begin to fall, 'remember that I told you, if I granted your prayer for his death, you should never see him again but as a corpse.' Oh! how terrible did the words strike on my heart! and then I felt the fearful power of him the priest called the King of terrors. 'I'm thinking,' says he, 'tis yerself that's sorry enough for your wickedness in wishing for his death; but it's too late now. You couldn't bear to lose him for an hour or two at the Dun Cow, but now you must lose him for ever and a day. You'll see his playstant smile no more, nor hear his loving voice.' 'Andy, Andy, cuishlamachree, don't lave me! don't lave me!' cried I, like one that had lost all reason, and the big tears running down my cheeks! 'Faith, and I won't, my darlint,' said a voice, the sound of which I never expected to hear again in this world. 'Sure, here I am, my colleen dhas; and he hugged me against his warm heart, for it was no other than Andy himself that had come home from the Dun Cow, and all the trouble I was in about his death was a dhrream. From that night I have never scoulded him, nor said a cross word about his going to the Dun Cow; for, whenever an angry thought was coming into my head, I remembered my dhrream, and thanked God he wasn't dead. Oh, Peggy, dear! Such warnings as that are blessed things, and teach us to bare and forbare. Praise be to His holy name who sends 'em!'"

We give the two last stanzas of Miss Toulmin's "Maniac":—

"One eve I wandered to a rock which overhangs the sea,
And stands unshaken by the storm,—the dearest spot to me;
The sea-birds fled (all had their nests), for near the tempest's birth
Each mad wave kiss'd a lowering cloud, and all was noisy mirth.
I strove to mingle in the flood, but demons held me down,
And then, with regal pomp, they placed this heavy iron crown!
My throne an ebon cloud they made—I'd vassal subjects too;
The waves bowed in obeisance, and passed beneath my view;
And still uprose the hurricane, and heaved each snowy crest:
I thought the storm almost as wild as that within my breast!
And now it burns into my brain, and bows my spirit down;
Oh! Death will surely take away this heavy iron crown."

Of Mr. Milnes's poem our allotted space obliges us to make illiberal use:

The Scottish Highlands:—

"Our spirits followed every cloud
That o'er it, and within it, floated;
Our joy in all the scene was loud,
But one thing silently we noted:—
That though the glorious summer hue
That steep'd the heath and dale scarce be brighter,
The blue below was still more blue,
The very light itself was lighter."

A sweet train of thought:—

"There is a beechen tree,
To whose thick crown, a boy, I clomb,
And made me there a birdlike home,
To sing or ponder free.

There is a jasmine bower,
Whence you did see me, trembling, tear
One spray, to mingle with thine hair,
And loved me from that hour.

Nature has odours none
Like those in me: let some of each,
Of jasmine flowers and leaves of seech,
Adorn our house alone.

Where'er about the world we roam,
With heart on heart, and hand in hand,
Each dwelling has the face of home,
Each country is my native land.

With glad familiar looks, I greet
Places and sights unseen before;
And wandering brook, and winding street,
I follow as if past of yore.

But if some chance or duty calls
Thee from me, then how great the change!
I hardly know my father's halls,
My mother's very smile is strange.

Dead words become the books I read
With most delight while thou art near;
I seem thy present love to need,
My dearest friendships to endure."

For our finale we adopt Sir E. Bulwer's lines, entitled "The Wife to the Wooer":—

"Well, then, since scorn has failed to cure
The love you press so blindly,
For once your reasons I'll endure,
And answer follies kindly:

I'll grant that you, more fair and gay
Than Luke to some may be;
But light itself, when he's away,
Is never gay to me!
Then go—then go: for, whether or no
He's fair, he's so to me!

Its words your summer-love may wreath
In florid smiles and gladness,
His lips, more often, only breathe
The trouble and the sadness.

But, ah! so sweet a trust to truth,
That confidence of care!
More joy one grieve of his to soothe,
Than all your bliss to share.
Then go—then go: for, whether or no
He grieve, 'tis bliss to share!

You say that he can meet or leave
Unmoved—content without me;
Nor reck what maids Neglect may weave—
Too heedless ev'n to doubt me.

Ah, jealous cares are poor respect!
He knows my heart, my guide;
And what you deem is to neglect,
I feel is to confide!
Then go—then go: for, whether or no,
I'll think he does confide.

And Luke, you say, can sternly look,
And sometimes speak severely;
Your eyes, you vow, could ne'er rebuke—
Your whispers breathe austerely.

How know you of the coming cares
His anxious eyes foresee?
Perhaps the shade his temper wears
Is thought for mine and me!
Then go—then go: for, whether or no,
His frown has smiles for me!

But Luke, you hint, to others gives
The love that he denies me;
And hard, you say, in youth to live,
Without one heart to prize me!
Well, if the parent rose be shed,
The buds are on the stem;
My babes—his love can ne'er be dead,
Its soul has fled to them.
Then go—then go:—His rival? No:
His rival lives in them!"

Australiana: Thoughts on Convict Management, and other Subjects connected with the Australian Penal Colonies. By Captain Macnochie, R.N. K.H. 8vo. pp. 222. London, 1830. Parker. *Supplement to Thoughts on Convict Management.* Idem. Hobart Town. Pp. 16.

CAPTAIN MACNOCHIE'S position and intelligence render him an important authority

upon the great questions involved in this discussion; and it behoves all who are interested in them to afford this volume the attention its matter and observations so eminently claim. The almost single argument of the writer is "to urge the superiority of moral influence to physical coercion, where intelligent beings are to be controlled or guided; or, in other words, to recommend that it be sought to restrain men rather by making virtue easy and good conduct pleasant, than merely by making vice difficult and misconduct painful. To the error of reversing this process altogether,—making virtue almost impossible, vice easy, temptation irresistible, concealment consequently the chief object on one side, and mere detection and punishment on the other, I attribute almost exclusively the painful results of the existing system of convict management."

And the writer adds, "When a man breaks his leg, however rashly or carelessly, we have him into an hospital, and cure him as speedily as possible, without ever thinking of modifying his treatment so as to make his case a warning to others. We here think of the individual, not of society. But when a poor fellow-creature becomes morally dislocated, however imperious the circumstances to which he may have fallen a victim, we abandon all thought of his welfare, and seek only to make 'an example' of him. 'We think of society, not of the individual.' I am persuaded that the more closely and critically we examine this principle, and whether abstractly, analogically, or, above all, Christianly and politically, the more doubtful will it appear; yet it lies at the root of nearly all our penal institutions, and the reasoning on which they are founded. Moderate, certain, duly proportioned, and judicious punishment—enough, if accompanied by moral and religious instruction, to produce penitence, but not resistance—and especially if followed by circumstances moderately favourable to further improvement, not extravagantly opposed to them,—such a punishment must confer the greatest benefit on any criminal; and society will also derive benefit from it, in a small degree from the example which it will set of preliminary suffering consequent on crime, in a much greater degree from the example of its successful application, and directly also by the exchange of a bad citizen for a good one. And these are legitimate social benefits, because based on a benefit, not an injury, conferred on an individual member of the society obtaining them."

In these two short quotations we have exhibited the gist of Captain Maconochie's views; but, with our limited knowledge, we cannot take upon ourselves to decide upon their expediency and practicability. Of the first, however, we have little doubt: of the last, our information does not enable us to determine. One of the chief elements towards a right decision is adduced in the following:—

"On Degradation, as an element in Punishment.—There appears to me to be an essential, almost obvious, yet much overlooked error, in annexing unnecessary degradation to punishment, which cannot be too strongly pointed out and deprecated. It is Vice that degrades; and though punishment, as pre-supposing past vice and present subjection, is, by the prejudices rather than the reason of mankind, considered degrading also, yet, being of the nature of an atonement, it ought not, abstractly, to wear this aspect (any more than the payment of a just debt, or other compensation for wrong inflicted); and in the case of our children, and others in whom we are really interested, it does

not wear it, the natural impulse and principle of kind and judicious parents being not to aggravate the infliction of punishment by disdain, but, on the contrary, to prove, by concurring care and kindness, that it is awarded on principle, and not in passion. There is thus nothing in the theory of rightly understood punishment (viz. benevolent chastisement, to deter others, as well as the criminal himself, from a repetition of offence) which justifies the annexation of unnecessary degradation to it; and in its practice there is this unanswerable objection to such annexation, that it chiefly affects the best men, and has a direct tendency to reduce them to the level of the worst. It thus wants every quality which a good punishment ought to have, and seems to have every one which it ought not to have. It is unjust, unequal, oppressive in the inverse ratio of demerit, generally deteriorating, and productive of bad feeling both in the inflictor and sufferer. It creates and nourishes pride, self-righteousness, and supplies a field and occasion for the indulgence of arrogant and vindictive passions in the former: and, when felt at all, it bitterly wounds the latter, and gives every human sentiment within him a morbid and vindictive action. It is thus as opposed as possible to all that, in reverence, we can conceive of the moral government of the universe by its Great Creator; makes all parties worse; and, sowing the wind, we have only to look at the social condition of the penal colonies, in which it at present abounds, to see that it reaps the whirlwind."

Captain M. represents the punishments in the penal colonies to be very unequal, and the most severe falling upon the good instead of the bad; and he denounces domestic slavery as a certain means of demoralising both master and slave. He also points out the disadvantages arising from the numerous importation of free emigrant labourers, and mixing them up with thieves. The remedies suggested by Captain Maconochie are well sustained by his reasoning; but beyond that we can only conjecture the consequences. The difference of the sexes seems to offer some doubts of their applicability to both; but, again professing our incompetency to pronounce upon it, we can only earnestly repeat our recommendation of this volume to the consideration it so justly merits.

Palmario; or, the Merchant of Genoa. By the Author of "Tales of an Arctic Voyager," &c. &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1839. Boone.

THIS is a production almost *sui generis*. A tale intended to illustrate the state of society in the twelfth century, when, after darker ages, a portion of the light of civilisation began to illuminate different quarters of the earth, and nowhere so much as Italy. The author supports his narrative by notes of much interest and value as miscellaneous reading; and if he does not thereby entirely make out his assertion that his facts are reconcilable with history, he certainly goes far to shew that they might consist with the romances and ideas accredited at the time.

Thus his merchant, Palmario, upon whom, in early life, Fortune pours her whole cornucopia, and then leaves him to be blasted by every shape of calamity, may be restored to greater affluence than ever by a ship-load of gold and diamonds brought from America; for such were the dreams of the age: but the actual truth would not admit of such a possibility. But, after all, the object of the writer is attained if he creates an interest for his

hero, and we peruse his various adventures with an eagerness to learn how they terminate. In this we think he has fairly succeeded, and there are many parts of his relation written with force and feeling. His character of Pelasgo, an Italian Dominie Samson of 700 years ago, is also well drawn; and as much may be said for that of the Lombard Baron of Tarentum, Ghisolfi, in whom is represented the turbulent, armed leaders of very lawless military bands. The general tone of the observations is also sensible and pertinent; and with the information conveyed throughout by the picture of Europe incidental to the story we would recommend *Palmario*, both as an entertaining and instructive publication.

We will select a few specimens of its merits. Speaking of the rising wealth of Palmario we are reminded:—

"The earliest bankers in Europe were the Jews of Lombardy, who, from mere money-changers seated on a banco or bench in market-places, had become extensive lenders of and dealers in money, and had spread themselves into every town of consequence in the then civilised world; and from them, as is universally known, one of the streets in London long inhabited by bankers took its name. This trade in money was too lucrative to escape the Genoese; they soon adopted it, and their bank of Saint George became, in after-ages, so rich, that the monarchs of the continent often depended upon it more than upon their revenues for fitting out their expeditions."

The description of the heroine, the sister of Ghisolfi, offers another example:—

"The person of Rosamunda was noble, and perhaps shewed more of the Lombard descent of her family than all the actions of her brother; the pure blood of the north circulated in her cheeks, and her high polished brow, her brilliant complexion, her mild blue eye, and her long fair hair, all denoted her Scandinavian extraction. She possessed also, in a high degree, those lofty ideas of female modesty and decorum, which distinguished the daughters of the northern conquerors so advantageously from the women of the degraded Romans; the introduction of which into the world was, perhaps, more than an equivalent for the arts and knowledge that were lost by the triumph of the barbarians, and to which modern society owes all the elegance and polish that raises it above the sensuality of antiquity. This delicacy and refinement of mind shed a thousand nameless graces over every thought and every action of Rosamunda, and Palmario had not been many minutes in her company, when he began to draw comparisons between her and the dames of Genoa, very little to the advantage of the latter; for, whatever may be the benefits of commerce, it certainly does not tend to refine the female mind from the impurities of human nature,—a circumstance that arises, probably, from seeing every thing measured by the standard of profit and loss. Nor is this deficiency of delicacy recompensed by the extended knowledge of worldly matters, that is sometimes found in the females of commercial nations; modesty, elegance, and strict propriety of sentiment, being the only virtues that can render the sex lovely and attractive, and divide them from their coarser male companions. Though Rosamunda possessed all these qualifications in a high degree, she was not deficient in knowledge; she had even acquired more of that kind of information dearest to Palmario than any other woman he had hitherto seen. But a few years had elapsed since Naples had ceased to form part of the

Eastern Empire; the language, therefore, and the learning of Greece, were familiar to many of the Neapolitans, and in the nunnery where Rosamunda had been educated, Greek was spoken and Greek books were read. She had, in consequence, acquired both the language and the information of the politest nation of antiquity; but happily the purity of the nuns, and her absence from that iniquitous theatre Constantinople, had guaranteed her from the corruptions of the then modern Greek females—corruptions, of the existence of which she was totally ignorant: for as she only knew their character through the medium of books, she believed that it included all that the poets have imagined of feminine virtue and loveliness. This, however, did not form all the accomplishments of Rosamunda. From the vicinity of Naples to the seat of empire, it reflected strongly the light of the sciences which yet found an asylum in that capital; and innumerable little arts were consequently known and practised there of which the rest of Italy was ignorant, and in all these she was extremely skilful. Such was Rosamunda Ghisolfi."

On Palmario's being reduced to bankruptcy, the author says:—

"It is too much the custom of commercial countries to impute crime where there is only misfortune. Palmario was no sooner known to be a bankrupt than all those who had fawned upon him, and all who had attempted to imitate him, began to discover some gross error in his conduct, from which they thanked Heaven their own was totally exempt. One blessed the saints that he had never learned Greek; and that, although a Levant merchant, he had contented himself with the simple *Lingua Franca*. Another declared that, for his part, he was happy he had no love of literature, and that he thought the capacity of keeping his books and reading his misal learning enough for a trader; and a third observed satirically, as he thought, that none but a man of Palmario's powerful intellect could comprehend the pleasure of retaining about his house a stupid clerk, who could scarcely draw a bill or write an invoice without committing some gross and palpable mistake—for poor *Pelagoso* now came in for his share of blame. But 'as the ship so the boat,' added these sagacious observers; and, indeed, it seemed to be the general opinion, now that the merchant was ruined, that he knew nothing of business. Others there were, who remarked that wine tasted as pleasant to their ignorant palates out of a horn or a cup of simple earth as from an antique drinking vessel decorated with bas-relief, and cooled as effectually at the bottom of a well as in an Egyptian sarcophagus; and that they were just as well pleased to see their walls hung with common cloth as decorated with pictures; their windows stopped with oiled paper as glazed with painted glass; and their shelves ornamented with a few shells, as adorned with statues and all the other trash of antiquity. The Greek and Oriental manuscripts, still in the house of Palmario, afforded matter of infinite jest to the malignant Genoese; but the grand subject on which all exalted their voices to his debasement, was his marriage with Rosamunda; and every one, however he might differ from the rest in his sentiments of the faults of Palmario, agreed to blame him here, and to laud himself that his bride had not been either the fairest or the most noble woman in Genoa. No, they all affirmed that the females of their own country, with their homely qualifications and large portions, were

good enough for them, and that they had not, or would not, sacrifice fortune to the vanity of possessing a woman whose only merit was that she understood Greek, that her hand was whiter than that of any other, or that she was the descendant of a barbarous Lombard with a hard name. Poor Rosamunda seemed to have attracted the whole fury of this storm of animadversion, and to her was laid every crime with which the ingenuity of malice could charge her husband. It was universally declared, that she had ruined him; and, as detraction is not over-correct in its assertions, the most contradictory causes were assigned for her conduct. Her retired habits were said to have originated either in pride of knowledge or in ignorance of good manners; her charity and liberality were said to be ostentation or want of knowledge of the value of money; in fact, all her actions were accounted for upon motives on which they had never been founded. At length, the accounts of Palmario were made out, all that was owing to him were called in, and his property sold by auction—a proceeding long common in Italy—to cover his deficiencies; and even at this sale an event occurred, which, though it ought to have pleased the Genoese, only served to embitter them against the unfortunate merchant. Nothing had excited more contempt and merri-ment among the creditors, than the antiquities and manuscripts in the possession of the bankrupt. At the sale several strangers appeared, who obstinately bade for them against each other, and great was the astonishment of the Genoese, when they discovered that the despised antiquities had brought a larger sum than several other things which they considered valuable; and their anger was highly excited when they learned that the purchasers were envoys from the richest merchants and nobles of the rival republics of Venice and Florence. They consoled themselves, however, by assuring each other, that the manuscripts must contain either magical or alchemical receipts; yet there were many who, forgetting that it had been in their power to retain them, declared that Palmario had been the means of reflecting disgrace upon his country, by having brought books into it to be treasured up by the Florentines and Venetians."

This is a good extract, and sufficient to test the quality of the work; but we will add and conclude with another, which is of a more touching nature. Palmario has been robbed, nearly murdered, plundered, and finally discharged, in a state of partial derangement, from a Calabrian hospital:—

"Palmario, the once grand and magnificent Palmario, issued from the great gate of the hospital in a condition as deplorable as could belong to a human being free from crime, and unconscious of any guilt that could deserve the miseries which pressed upon him. Those who had seen him in his better days would not have recognised the handsome features of Aluigi in the pale, withered, and cadaverous countenance of the hopeless pauper; nor would they have thought that his well-made and finely proportioned figure was now represented by a shrunken, stooping, emaciated, and decrepid being, who tottered along as if his limbs had been disjoined on the rack, and his body doubled on the wheel. There was now no fire in his eye, no manhood on his brow, no smile was ready to play upon his lips, no wit impatient to dart from his tongue. He crept slowly along the streets, supported

on a rude staff, the gift of one of the patients at his departure, and the rough blasts that blew aside the tatters of his garments, caused him to shrink beneath the walls for protection. But cold was not the only feeling that his forlorn situation occasioned. As he was passed by the young and giddy of either sex, they avoided him with contempt, and the more advanced in life looked severe and forbidding, as if they thought he intended to petition them for alms. Those who exposed various wares for sale on stalls followed his motions with their eyes, and shewed that they feared he would purloin their goods, and the beggars and *lazzaroni* abused him and called him an impostor. The children mocked at him, and pelted him with stones and dirt, and the very dogs smelt to him and ran off barking and howling, as from one infected. No one said a word of consolation; nor gave a look of pity, as he proceeded towards the gate of the town, which he reached just as it was about to be closed for the night, and he was ushered out by the porter, who told him that he was glad to see that such a scurvy, downcast, ill-looking scoundrel was not going to sleep again within the walls. Insult from such a wretch was almost enough to rouse the broken spirit of the merchant; he turned and frowned, as if he would instantly chastise him, but the remains of better feelings intervened, and he only repaid his abuse with a look of contempt. The world—wide, cold, and desolate, was now before Palmario. None of those fascinations which are universally connected with the idea of home drew him towards any particular spot. His mind revolted at the idea of returning to Genoa or Tarentum; for, though apparently dead to the past and the future, he yet had glimmerings of memory, and a sense of the forlorn contrast he now exhibited to his former splendid condition, which made his feelings recoil at the thought of exposing himself to the scorn of Ghisolfi, or the derision of the proud merchants who had risen upon his ruin. Besides, impressed with the belief that Rosamunda and his offspring were for ever lost, he cared for no one, and, with some of that perversity which attends a wandering intellect, he felt as if all the world were at enmity with him. He forgot his few faithful friends, and only recollected that he had been injured; and he hurried away from the haunts of man, like a wild animal whose instinct teaches it that it can never be safe but in a wilderness."

The Keepsake for 1840. Edited by Lady E. Stuart Wortley. London, Longman and Co. Paris, Fisher and Co.

UPON a similar plan with the "*Book of Beauty*," and filled by many of the same contributors, we would make this our *weekly* sheet a sort of *Annual* repository were we to go as equal length into its various contents. We will therefore only mention that there are a set of prose narratives of the usual class: "*Veronica of Castille*," by Lady Blessington; "*Count Rudiger*" (German), by J. W. Donaldson; "*Somnambulist*," by Sir J. Dean Paul; "*Windsor Dell*," by Miss Louisa Sheridan; "*Alice Mansfield*," by Lord W. Lennox; "*Lady Viola*," by Miss Camilla Toulmin; "*A Father's Malediction*," (from an Italian MS., and apparently "an owre true tale," by the Hon. Miss P.; "*The Invalid*," by Mrs. Norton; "*Beatrice*," by the Marchioness of * * *; and "*Eva, or the Slave Girl*," a natural tale of Jamaica, by the Hon. C. B. Phipps.

These are generally longer than in the "Book of Beauty," and quite forbidding any thing like illustration by extract. Lady Londonderry offers "Descriptions of Russian Palaces;" there is a graphic sketch of three days' Chamois hunting, by Lord Maidstone, and an "Adventure in Spain," with similar truth in its particulars, but without any striking point of interest.

There are also a number of brief poetical pieces by Lady Emmeline herself, Lord Gardner, Lord John Manners, Miss L. B. Smith, Mr. G. F. Berkeley, Mr. Milnes, Mrs. Fairlie, Mrs. Blackwood, Prince Rodolph Liechtenstein (lines in German), Mrs. Abdy, Lady Charlotte St. Maur, and Miss A. Farrer; of which it is altogether enough to say that they indicate refined and refining pursuits, good taste, and good feelings.

But the first and two last papers in the volume are the most novel and ornamental. It opens with some "Original Letters of Lady Rachael Russell," from the rich muniment-room of Belvoir Castle (to which our own columns have been indebted for curious and valuable papers), and concludes with a "Character of the Earl of Scarborough, by his friend the celebrated Earl of Chesterfield," from a MS. in the same collection. "An Account of a Visit to Khosrew Pacha, at his palace on the Bosphorus, and a banquet given by him to Lady E. Wortley at Constantinople, last year," is the third paper to which we have alluded; and from two of these three, with one exception, we shall confine our illustrations.

Lady R. Russell's letters are on homely subjects, with a dash or two of news. Thus to her daughter Lady Roos, at Haddon Hall, in 1700, she writes:—

"I'm glad you have got y^e picture for tho' I believe it may not be valuable from y^e goodness of y^e work, yet I doubt not but you prize it, as being y^e Grandmother, I spose you want no more tea, but if you do I can supply, for I bought one pound of the City tea, y^e bitter sorte, and being one day at Lady Sunderlands we drank tea was good I thought and saying soe she commended it highly, and then I asked her where she had, she said of Mr. Segworth t'was the best Keper in towne and she believed she could help me to a pound, but I took no notice of her saying soe, but however the day after her Lad^d was gone, hur servant brought me a pound, I asked what it cost he said 30 shil: so I found t'was not a present, I keep it close and t'other also, and if want not perhaps they shal be unopened, or at least halfe pound pots, when you come up."

A dreadful storm is thus described:—

"I have bin under great ankietie til y^e post came yesterday, for tho' Belvoir is so strong a building and I feared accidents ther as little as any where, yet so many dismal ons have fallen upon so many y^e w^od justifie a mighty apprehension. I besee God we are al wel, but the chimney where my son and his wife lay fel, and y^e bricks and soot coming downe y^e chimney made them rise at six a clock and come in my drawingroome; y^e wal of y^e garden fel next y^e field, and al y^e trees bent one side to y^e very ground. But at Stratton my losse is worse in al respects, by farmes tore to pieces, corne and hay dispersed seen hanging on y^e trees, and amongs y^e trees near the house the fir grove, as richard writes, intirely broke and tore up by y^e roots; I send Spenser tomorrow to sie if tis in nature possible to get up but a row round y^e ground. hampshire is al desolation. devon-house scapet better than any house I heare of. Many killed in country as wel as in

towne. Lady penelope wicklesse killed in her bed at ther country house, and he in y^e sam bed saved, a peice of timber falling betweene his legs, and keept of y^e bricks, but 'tis innumerable y^e mischiefs and y^e preservations; sea matters yet too uncertaine, so certaine beaumont lost, and wonderfully lamented, and 5 ships upon y^e sands, no newes yet y^e to be relyed on of Sir Shovel; I'm sorry y^e lord lost his match, but realy the present calamity takes up al my thoughts. 'Tis time to dine, so must end y^e from y^e affect. mother, R. RUSSELL."

"Tuesday 30 Nov."

The whole visit to Khosrew Pacha is too long for our purposes, but well worthy of perusal, as one of the best and most genuine accounts we have seen of Turkish high life; we can only, however, copy a few passages:—

"We found Khosrew Pacha awaiting us in the corridor. He received us with the greatest kindness and distinction, and led us to a beautiful apartment, overlooking the Bosphorus. The seraskier's costume and figure were singular and striking; the former was certainly a strange contrast to the ancient, beautiful, and magnificent dress of the Turks; it was not, however, by any means Europeanized—at least, in our eyes it assuredly appeared not to be so: it consisted of a dark blue blouse, very similar in form to the frocks worn by carters in England, and fullish trousers, with slippers, the everlasting fez of course upon his head. Khosrew Pacha's figure is certainly neither symmetrical nor imposing in itself: he is of very short stature, and is considerably bent with age, yet altogether there is something exceedingly venerable and impressive in his aspect. However chary Nature may be of her outward marks of favour, how true it is that where the stamp of glorious, God-like intellect is discerned, we at once own the influence of its mystic presence, the spell-like sway of its sublimity, and confess the human form divine:—Yes, even though the exterior be deficient in every other attribute of grace, in every other character of beauty or grandeur.

I was invited by Khosrew Pacha to pay a visit to his harem, where he informed me I should find the wife of the Prussian nobleman I have already alluded to, whom I had a previous acquaintance with, and also a Greek lady, who had been asked to join us in the capacity of interpreters. I joyfully acceded to this proposal, and the pacha immediately rose from his seat, and insisted on conducting me himself to the apartments of the ladies. I accordingly followed his highness (by which title I found he was invariably addressed by Namik Pacha and the rest) through magnificent suites of rooms, to the harem, which is generally—indeed, I believe universally—at a considerable distance from the other apartments, often separated from the rest of the mansion by an ample court. The seraskier, as he led the way through the various beautiful corridors and chambers, constantly addressed conversation to me, which he essayed to render intelligible by different signs and animated gesticulations; but, alas! I comprehended but very little, here and there a word only; however, as it appeared to me, he was chiefly attempting to explain to me the various uses and destinations of the several rooms, I answered in the best manner I was able, and we proceeded together on the most amicable terms, till I was at length consigned to the care of an exceedingly frightful-looking black slave, who wonderfully heightened his natural hideousness by a gorgon-like grin, which slowly spread over his dusk and dismal

features, like the troubled smoke of a steam-engine over the sooty monster beneath. In a few minutes I found myself at the doors of the mysterious harem, under the guidance of my singularly unprepossessing escort. As soon as the doors were opened, I was met by the seraskier's wife, who advanced with much grace and dignity to greet me, accompanied by the Greek lady I mentioned before: the seraskier's wife welcomed me in the kindest and most courteous manner imaginable. She was no longer young, but possessed the remains of very great and resplendent beauty; her features were exquisitely modelled; her complexion and skin still very fine; her eyes of Eastern darkness, depth, and softness, and her hair silky and glossy, and of a beautiful auburn hue. Her picturesque and superb costume it would be difficult to describe, and to the uninitiated in the complicated details of a Turkish lady's toilette, such description would only present a series of confused names, and afford no correct or distinct idea. I will, therefore, avoid dilating upon all the multifarious mysteries of robes, anteries, girdles, turbans, &c., and merely state that the *tout ensemble* was the perfection of magnificence and splendour, and would put all the professors of mortal millinery in modern Europe to the blush. My courteous hostess conducted me to the top of the room, and placed me by her side on a luxuriously cushioned throne-like seat, reaching along the whole length of the windows, which entirely occupied the upper end of that princely apartment, spreading from side to side, ascending from the floor to the ceiling. The Prussian baroness was seated on a chair placed on the side, and the Greek lady and her two daughters nearly opposite. As soon as I had leisure to look around me, I was struck by the brilliant appearance presented by a large semicircle of sumptuously attired slaves, who stood before us in graceful attitudes, motionless as a group of beautiful statues; no train of duchesses, and high-born damsels at court, ever displayed such wealth of matchless jewellery, I verily believe, certainly never such splendid variety of apparel; they all wore long flowing trains of most resplendent colours, and exquisite materials, loading the floor with a weight of richness. Their loose, sweeping, immense outer sleeves, hung down to their feet, finely fringed, bordered, and flowered, or starred all over with sparkling gold and silver, or wrought silk of vivid and various dyes: but have I not vowed not to be verbose on the subject of dresses and draperies, silks and satins, gold and gear? Still I must be allowed for one moment to break through the rigid rules I had shackled myself with, and to luxuriate for a few, a very few minutes, in the description of the turbans which glittered before my astonished eyes upon this occasion. The turbans!—Oh! how miserably poor, how wretchedly *jeune*, trivial, and abject are our ideas upon this fertile and fascinating subject,—the things, the petty, paltry, prosaic, flat, stale, unimaginative things we are accustomed to call by that much-abused name, are no more to be compared with the true, real, yet ideal-looking creations of Eastern fancy and taste, than the lame imitations of a London pastry-cook with the most delicate and faultless specimens of Greek or Roman architectural genius, displayed in their temples, arches, &c. How different were these aerial structures, woven by fairies and worn by hourii, from the ponderous, yet diminutive and lowly concerns, raised above the somewhat damaged foreheads of portly dowagers, or the twirled and twisted shawls, crapes, muslins, and taffetas of

most petty proportions, wreathed about the brows of Christian beauties in more civilised countries. Methought, while I gazed on the inimitable costume of these lovely Orientals, that their milliners and mantua-makers must be the butterflies; their hand-maidens and coiffeurs, the winged zephyrs,—so lightly did their fantastical head-dresses rest upon their polished brows, almost seeming to flutter around them, to tremble to every breath, to waver with every slight movement; they were composed of transparent gossamer-like stuffs; light as the mist of the morning—the foam of the fountain—dazzling and rainbowed with a hundred hues, of enormous size, yet so delicate, so fairy-like, that they rather seemed to float around the head, like sunny-tinged and fleecy clouds, than to be fixed upon it. No two turbans I saw in the room were alike, but all were adorned with bouquets, stars, clusters, &c. of beaming jewels, and interwoven with glossy tresses of hair, sometimes towering above the turban itself, in purposely dishevelled masses (which, however ill it may sound, produced a very striking and agreeable effect); and at other times braided among the folds and confined with knots of gems, and afterwards descending in burnished lengths of undulating beauty; in short, just as the fancy of the wearer might dictate. . . . I cannot express the kindness and attention which the lady of the mansion treated me with. Several divisions of the enormous windows had been thrown open, and she had given prompt orders to have them shut, being apprehensive that the air might be too much for me. It was not without many assurances on my part, of how much I enjoyed the refreshing breeze from the waters, instead of being desirous to exclude it, that she consented to have it again admitted into the apartment. She was constantly employed in arranging the embroidered cushions for me, and placing them in what she conceived to be the most comfortable positions, and seemed continually watching every look and movement of her guest, in her anxiety to please, and to shew her warm-hearted, kindly hospitality. She was much amused in examining my bracelets and other trinkets, among these was a heart containing some of my husband's hair. She inquired particularly concerning this; and when informed what it was, exclaimed, in an accent of astonishment, 'How much you English ladies, then, must love your husbands, to carry a little piece of their hair about with you! We Turkish wives would never think of doing such a thing!' I happened to wear that day a locket in the shape of an eagle, in which was enclosed some of Napoleon's hair; this excited her curiosity greatly, and she asked me whose hair that was. When I told her, she immediately said, 'Who is Napoleon? Is he a relation of yours?' The Prussian baroness burst out into exclamations of surprise at her ignorance (in French) to me, remarking that it was the more extraordinary, as her lord had commanded the Ottoman army against the forces of that distinguished personage. I was told, subsequently, however, that had I said Buonaparte, she would have known immediately who I meant, but that, in general, he is not known here by the name of Napoleon. I expressed a wish to see the dressing and sleeping apartments, and on this being repeated to her she smiled and said, 'We sleep in any of the rooms just as we happen to fancy at the moment. We lie down upon these couches in the same dresses we wear in the day-time.' The toilette of the Turkish ladies is always, I believe, made at the

bath; however, I could not help thinking, as I looked at the magnificent array of this stately princess, of her adopted daughter, and her attendants, with its wonderful profusion of ornament and decoration, how uncomfortable it must make their repose, at least, according to our notions of comfort."

The dinner was most lengthened and splendid—exquisite cookery, London bottled porter, and champagne included; but our fair writer returned to the harem, where the "Mistress" in sport almost tickled her to death, and she was glad to rejoin her husband, and take leave of the potent Khosrew.

"The conversation ended by Khosrew Pacha energetically observing to my husband, how ardently and anxiously he hoped that the relations between Great Britain and her ancient ally, Turkey, might daily be strengthened and improved; saying that this was the most constant wish of his heart, the fondest and most fervent of his prayers. He expatiated much on this subject, and seemed never weary of repeating how deeply he desired that these nations should be united by all the bonds of friendship and alliance. The venerable pacha then, apparently overcome by his emotions, folded my husband in a really paternal embrace, and bade us adieu with much feeling."

The exception we made is the following poetical one by Mrs. Blackwood:—

"The Lament of the Irish Emigrant."

I'm sittin' on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side,
On a bright May mornin' long ago,
When first you were my bride:
The corn was springin' fresh and green,
And the lark sang loud and high,
And the red was on your lip, Mary,
And the love-light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary,
The day is bright as then,
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
And the corn is green again;
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
And your breath, warm on my cheek,
And I still keep list'nin' for the words
You never more may speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
And the little church stands near,—
The church where we were wed, Mary,
I see the spire from here;
But the grave-yard lies between, Mary,
And my step might break your rest;
For I've laid you, darling! down to sleep
With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
For the poor make no new friends;
But, oh! they love the better still,
The few our Father sends!
And you were all I had, Mary,
My bleasin' and my pride;
There's nothin' left to care for now,
Since my poor Mary died.

Yours was the good brave heart, Mary,
That still kept hopin' on,
When the trust in God had left my soul,
And my arms' young strength was gone.
There was comfort ever on your lip,
And the kind look on your brow;
I bless you, Mary, for that same,
Though you cannot hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile,
When your heart was fit to break,
When the hunger-pain was gnawin' there,
And you hid it, for my sake!
I bless you for the pleasant word,
When your heart was sad and sore;
Oh! I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,
Where grief can't reach you more!

I'm biddin' you a long farewell,
My Mary—kind and true!
But I'll not forget you, darling!
In the land I'm goin' to:—
They say there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there;
But I'll not forget old Ireland,
Were it fifty times as fair!

And often in those grand old woods
I'll sit, and shut my eyes,
And my heart will travel back again
To the place where Mary lies;

And I'll think I see the little stile
Where we sat side by side,
And the springin' corn, and the bright May morn,
When first you were my bride!"

We have now only to speak of the engravings, twelve in number, and such as Mr. Heath is in the yearly habit of producing. We cannot very well make out the connexion of one or two of them with the text; and the fate of Ribiero is certainly a graphic curiosity, though by E. Corbould. The gentleman and his horse have tumbled over a precipice, the rider undermost, but keeping his seat in an uncommon style, whilst his sword has fallen, by its weight, considerably lower. We fear the laws of gravitation are sadly outraged by this group; which, but for its want of philosophy, is spirited and equal to any of the rest.

Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, consisting of old Heroic Ballads, Songs, and other Pieces of our Earlier Poets; together with some few of later date, and a Copious Glossary. By Thomas Percy, D.D. Bishop of Dromore. Large 8vo. pp. 307. London, 1839. Templeman; Russell Smith; and Miller.

A NEW and cheap edition of "Percy's Reliques" is a publication which we hail with satisfaction. We are the friends of useful knowledge, but we never can assent to the principle which would confine the instructive to dry information. On the contrary, we are of opinion, that the cultivation of the imagination is a great aid to the study of utility; even were we to deny to it its own inherent and noble qualities of exciting generous sentiments, improving the best feelings of our nature, and exalting humanity above the grovelling earthy portion of its composition nearer to the heavens to which it is akin. The heroism and pathos of these ancient compositions must ever produce very beneficial effects; and as pictures of life and manners, they possess striking attractions. But, as we have observed, the sentiments they are calculated to inspire may well go hand in hand with the most strict utilitarian system. The Epic of a Steam-engine, or the Pastoral of a Water-wheel, belong to poetry as well as to mechanics; and the labours of the workman are never more agreeably eased than by the burthen of a song. Thus the fire of the Muse may well relieve the scorching of the furnace, and the measure of verse the calculations of the craftsman and the contrivances of the artisan. Upon such grounds, we rejoice to see a new and cheap edition of these delightful ballads.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Child's Book of Zoology; or, Gleanings from Natural History. By J. H. Fennell.

Pp. 230. London, 1839. Thomas; Tegg. This little piece of natural history is altogether in keeping, being printed in *Crane Court*, published in *Finch Lane*, and written by *Fennell*: with such advantages, indicating an intimate acquaintance with the subject; and we can assure our young friends that this is a capital book for them, teaching them much, interesting them much, and entertaining them much. The accounts of the animals are very pleasing, and the anecdotes respecting them very amusing and curious.

A Practical Treatise on the Human Teeth, &c. By William Robertson. 8vo. pp. 205. London, 1839. Hayward and Moore.

A SECOND edition of a work of this kind speaks well for its merits, and, in the present instance, seems well deserved. The author points out the danger of not attending to the beginning of caries at an earlier period of life than is

usually expected. His general views of the disease, and his advice to unprofessional persons, are valuable and practical, so that we can safely recommend his volume to all.

Planta Utiliores. Illustrations of Useful Plants, employed in the Arts, Medicine, &c. By Miss M. A. Burnett, Sister of the late Gilbert Thomas Burnett, Professor of Botany at King's College, London. No. I. London, 1839. 4to. pp. 6. Two Coloured Plates.

To those of our readers who knew that good botanist and good man, the late Professor Burnett, it would of itself be a recommendation of the work before us, that it is by his sister. It does not, however, require to be seen by this transmitted light; for it will gratify the most critical taste, and adds great cheapness to remarkable beauty. The present number contains the tobacco plant and the blue passion-flower, both admirably drawn and coloured with taste. The extracts from Professor Burnett's "Botany" and Hervey's "Meditations," are well chosen, and will amuse many who care but little for flowers; the fierce energy of King James's "Counterblaste," and the soft elegance of Hervey, form a curious contrast. The royal pamphleteer cries out that smoking is a custom loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, and harmful to the brain, and, in fact, places it pretty nearly on a level with the worship of devils; while the tender moraliser on flowers adopts the comparison of an imaginative Jesuit, and finding the circumstances of the crucifixion figured in the passion-flower, considers it as "a blooming religiouso."

It appears from the prospectus, that ornamental as well as useful flowers are to be introduced—as is the case, indeed, in the number before us; and thus the next two are to contain the deadly nightshade, the Chinese primrose, the Seville orange, and the ginger plant. We trust that the success of Miss Burnett's work may be equal to its merits.

A New Home: Who'll Follow? or, Glimpses of Western Life. By Mrs. Mary Clavers, an actual Settler. Pp. 317. 1839. New York, G. S. Francis; Boston, J. H. Francis; London, Wiley and Putnam.

This is a real view of the settlers in the far west, and, we imagine, gives a more minute and faithful account of their daily life than any book of travels that has been published. Some of the details are familiar enough, but the genuineness of the whole makes its worth as a picture of new society under new circumstances.

The Colony of Western Australia, &c. &c. By N. Ogle, F.G.S. 8vo. pp. 354. London, 1839. Fraser.

A COMPREHENSIVE account of the colony, and containing every information the emigrant would seek. There are some neat cuts of landscapes, maps, &c. The author takes a favourable view of the country and its prospects.

Rory O'More. Standard Novels. Vol. LXXVI. London, 1839. Bentley.

Now isn't it a treat to get *Rory O'More*, the celebrated Irish story, in song, in music, and on the stage, compute in a single volume? Complete did we say? nay more than complete; for the same hand which invented and traced the tale in so popular a manner, has also adorned it with all an artist's feeling and talents. "Rory's Return Home," painted by Lover, and engraved by Greathach, is a most characteristic frontispiece; and the "Farewell to the Land of the Wet" by the same, a vignette

of touching interest and beauty. Far and wide as *Rory* has travelled before, he will now greatly extend his limits.

The Encyclopedia of Rural Sports, by D. P. Blaine, Part II. (London, Longman and Co.)—Carries on the work fully in the spirit of the first number, and is replete with very various information in natural history, athletic exercises, field sports, and other subjects embraced in Mr. Blaine's comprehensive design.

Observations on the Disorder of the General Health of Females, by S. Fox, Surgeon, 8vo. pp. 132. (London, Highley.)—Mr. S. Fox maintains a curious theory on this subject; but the volume is only for medical review.

Christian Service, by the Rev. Plumptre Wilson, LL.B. Rector of Newmarket. (London, Murray.)—Dedicated to the queen, handsomely printed, and almost royally bound, the interior of this Christian work, tracing the Christian religion to its source, is not undeserving of the former patronage or the latter decoration.

Spirit of the Metropolitan Conservative Press, 2 vols. (London, Walter and Co.)—The talent and ability displayed by the newspaper press, raising its leading organs high in the scale of intellect and literature, are not undeserving of a more permanent record. It is surprising, day after day, to read such articles as the metropolitan press supplies on the very spur of the moment, independently of those graver investigations of important questions which from time to time enrich their columns. Of the present collection of Conservatism during 1839, we will only say that the party need not be ashamed of the pens by which it is supported.

ARTS AND SCIENCES. COMPRESSED PEAT FUEL.

So long ago as 1836, we called the public attention to the experiments carrying on by Lord Willoughby de Eresby, for the compression of Peat into a fuel, which should answer all the purposes of coal, in agriculture and manufactures, and become an article of immeasurable importance in vast sterile tracts of country, where the latter prolific source of industry and wealth could not be obtained. In 1837 we noticed the progressive success which had attended these operations; and in the present year reviewed a statement published by the noble lord, in which he detailed the course of his trials, alterations, and improvements, till he had reached the reward of his patriotic labours, by perfecting a machine and process of compression, fully adequate to the object he had so indefatigably and ingeniously pursued. This was a great triumph to his lordship, and one also (as we have previously shewn) of much national importance. But another result has ensued; for which, we confess, we were not prepared, and which still further demonstrates the value of this discovery. The partners of the house of Savigny and Co. in St. James's Street (so universally known and respected as one of the foremost in the Cutlery trade), have, it seems, been following up Lord Willoughby's experiments by the practical manufacture of the various articles which they produce—such articles as make English cutlery the admiration of the world, and spread them, from the finest lancet to the most ordinary knife or scissors, throughout every quarter of the habitable earth,—and what the consequence has been is so clearly and conclusively stated in the following announcement which they have issued, that we do not hesitate a moment in transferring it to our columns:—

"Improved Cutlery, Manufactured from Compressed Peat.—Messrs. Philp and Whicker (late Savigny and Co.), of 67 St. James's Street, having continued their experiments in the manufacture of cutlery, with the use of peat compressed by the machine invented by Lord Willoughby de Eresby, instead of coal, deem themselves called upon to announce the perfect success which has attended them. It is hardly necessary to say of a house so long and extensively established, and enjoying so high a public reputation, that it would not resort to such a step from selfish considerations alone, but rather for the sake of communicating the knowledge of a very valuable improvement in a class of articles in daily and universal request, and on the excellence of which so much of the comfort and well-being of society depends. Not to mention surgical instruments, instruments of science, and the more common necessities of life, it will be sufficient to apply the test to the important and indispensable production of razors, since superiority with them in-

volves superiority in every other description of cutlery. Messrs. Philp and Whicker have no hesitation in stating that such is the marked result of their experience. They have found the steel wrought from peat free from sulphur, which cannot be separated from coal, and, consequently, purer; whatever other dross or impurity there may be, working out in the process of forging. The metal, then, on being tempered, is capable of taking a finer and more permanent edge; and the trial of razors, for many months, has proved the advantage of this mode of manufacturing them over every other. Analysed by Professor Johnston, of Durham, this fuel, after drying at 300° gave, carbon, 58.663; hydrogen, 5.757; oxygen, 33.270; and ashes, only 2.310. And as the latter contained iron pyrites and other substances, it may be concluded that the presence of sulphur, if at all present, must be inconceivably small. To this fact Messrs P. and W. ascribe the admirable properties of all the steel articles, and especially razors, manipulated with the compressed peat; and they therefore venture, respectfully, to recommend them to the attention of the public."

This testimony shews how well-grounded were the anticipations on this subject which it was our good fortune first to communicate to the public, and which have also been fulfilled in other respects in foreign countries (Germany and the North of Europe); and will, we trust, stimulate further and active employment of such means of improvement and prosperity. The analysis of Professor Johnston, one among the ablest chemists of the age, goes far beyond that which was alone necessary for Messrs. P. and W. to adduce in support of their single purpose. We have read it with great satisfaction. By a careful comparison of the peat fuel with various coals; by ascertaining the properties of bulk, consumption, heat, &c. &c.; and indeed by every test to which a gentleman of his skill could subject the material, he has justified our conclusion, that for supplying motive power—for smelting, burning lime, steam-engines—for every sort of manufacture, from the most immense masses acted upon by the cunning of man to the most minute atoms which enter into his finest works—the use of this Compressed Peat is in almost all cases equal, and in many superior, to coal. Belonging to the latter is Messrs. Philp and Whicker's application of it to the execution of the most delicate cutlery; and we enjoy a sincere pleasure in disseminating the knowledge of it throughout the community at large. Dr. Buckland has expressed his apprehensions of the day (500 or 1000 years hence) when our coal-fields should be exhausted: let the learned geologist take comfort, our peat-bogs will remain and are inexhaustible!

LINNÆAN SOCIETY.

THE first of these well-attended meetings for the present season took place on Tuesday evening, Mr. Forster, V.P. in the chair.—Two papers were read; the first was descriptions of some remarkable and new insects—most gigantic—collected in Assam, by Mr. Griffith, assistant-surgeon on the Madras medical staff, and attached to the late scientific mission to Assam. The author of the paper is the Rev. F. W. Hope. The specimens from which these descriptions were taken are contained in a cabinet of insects, in the possession of Mr. R. H. Solly; the chief part of them belong to the *Longicorn* beetles, and to the group of *Lamiada* of Leach. They constitute the types of three new genera, designated by the author *Euoplia*, *Oplophora*, and *Anoplophora*. They are remarkable for their exquisite beauty of colouring, and the great length of their horns. The second paper was 'On *Cuscuta eplunum* and *Halophyta*,' by Mr. C. C. Babington. The first of these species has been recently added to the British Flora, having been gathered growing on flax near Trelydon Hall, Montgomeryshire, in August last, by Mr. Bowman. There were exhibited at the meeting a number of flower-

ing specimens of new plants from the Birmingham Botanic Garden; likewise, the young of the Fulmar, shot lately in Somersetshire; and a specimen of a rook with an elongated upper mandible. We ought also to mention specimens of a remarkable variety of *Typha angustifolia*, collected by the Rev. Prebendary Wood, in the extensive marshes situated between Deal and Sandwich. A vast number of valuable presents were placed on the table, amongst them were worthy of particular notice the continuation of Rüppel's "Fauna of Abyssinia,"—most beautiful; and Sir W. Jardine's "British Salmonide," by Lizars, equally so. Amongst the books presented was a copy of Smith's "Flora Britannica," curiously illustrated by drawings of the plants on the margin by the late Rev. Richard Dreyer, who, it appears, employed his moments of leisure in this elegant and amiable pursuit. The *Convolvulus*, and many others of our own dear old English flowers, are exquisitely delineated. This curious work was presented by the widow of the deceased clergyman.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

CAPTAIN BOWLES, R.N. in the chair.—At the monthly meeting, held on Thursday afternoon, eleven new fellows were elected. Balance carried to November 1st, 446l. 18s. 6d. Many valuable donations to the library, menagerie, and museum, were laid on the table; amongst the more curious of the latter was the larva of an insect of the section *Lamellicornes*. In the body of which a kind of plant had taken root. Upwards of 9000 persons visited the gardens and museum during last month. The Council acknowledged a vote of thanks passed at the last general meeting, on the occasion of the favourable result of their negotiations with the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, and the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, for a reduction of the rent payable on the Gardens; and also for the advantageous terms upon which the farm at Kingston had been sold. A scarcity of water having occurred in the early part of the last autumn, it was judged expedient to sink further into the chalk, for the purpose of at once securing a permanent supply. This was accordingly done, and a copious spring of excellent water has been found at the depth of fifty-two feet below the original well. Sundry works are in progress, and the collection in the Gardens at the Regent's Park is healthy.

ELECTRICAL SOCIETY.

TUESDAY, Nov. 5th. — Read, the second part of Mr. Griffin's paper, 'On the question, Why do Electrified Bodies recede from each other?' Also a paper by Mr. Gassiot, entitled, 'An Account of Experiments with an Extended Series of Zamboni's Piles.' The series employed by Mr. Gassiot consisted of 10,000, or 10 piles of 1000 each, connected together by copper wires. With this arrangement distinct sparks can be taken from either end, and a Leyden jar can be charged positively or negatively. When the connecting wires from each extremity were fastened to the inner and outer coatings of a Harris's unit-jar, the gas was charged and discharged at regular intervals, depending on the distance of the connexions of this instrument. A Leyden battery of nine one-gallon jars was charged to a considerable intensity, but not the slightest effect could be obtained on a delicate galvanometer, nor on a solution of iodine of potassium when introduced in the current. When a Harris's thermoelectrometer formed part of the complete circuit,

no action could be obtained on the liquid in this instrument; but when one of the connecting-wires was placed in one cup, and the end of the other wire brought within the striking distance, so as to produce a continued series of minute sparks, the liquid rose ultimately 4°. The sparks were passed, for some minutes, through a solution of iodine of potassium, with the view of obtaining chemical effect, but without success. Wet thread was attached to the ends of the pile, and the connexion made with platina wires; but no chemical effect could be produced with this apparatus. Whenever contact is made, or the circuit completed with a powerful voltaic battery, and the connexions are gradually separated, a beautiful and continued stream of the most dazzling flame is invariably produced—the length of the flame depending, to a certain extent, on the number of the elements used: for instance, with 360 series of the constant battery, Mr. Gassiot obtained a continued flame of 1½ inch in length, but no action could be observed until the circuit had been actually completed. With the extended series of Zamboni's pile described in this paper, a spark appeared when the connecting wires were approximated to about one-eighth of an inch; and a continued stream of minute sparks were invariably observed. In the latter arrangement, all the phenomena of the common electrical machine are obtained, without any of the properties of the voltaic battery. Mr. Walker stated that we were much in ignorance of the cause, more particularly the primary one, of the action of the dry piles. Mr. Pollock regretted that the examination of the dry piles had been so long neglected, as, otherwise, some mistaken views (especially that electric was founded upon chemical action alone) might have been corrected; and observed that the experiments of Dr. Faraday, upon induction, appeared to point out the connexion between insulating power and capacity for heat; that metals and oxide of manganese differed very much from air enclosed in the interstices of the paper, in their capacities for heat; and that such an arrangement must agree with the electric machine in having latent heat in excess, and differ from the voltaic battery, where latent heat was deficient. Mr. Gassiot's extended series was then exhibited, and also the effects above described.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

FRIDAY, Nov. 1. Mr. J. E. Gray, President, in the chair.—Exhibited, specimens of *Myriophyllum alterniflorum*, a plant new to the British Flora. They had been discovered at Twycross, Leicestershire, and thence presented to the Society by the Rev. Andrew Bloxam. Mr. D. Cooper handed round a specimen of the same plant found on Wimbledon Common, Surrey, in 1836. Read, a paper by Mrs. Riley, 'On the Genus *Cystea*.' The authoress has for several years cultivated the genus *Cystea*, side by side in the same soil and situation, and exposed to the alternations of the same seasons; under which circumstances they retain and display more clearly their characteristic differences, and afford a correct test of specific variety. And Mrs. Riley, having observed and carefully examined them in different stages of growth, is of opinion that Sir J. E. Smith has correctly divided them into four distinct species, viz. *C. fragilis*, *C. dentata*, *C. angustata*, and *C. regia*. In her description of the *Cysteas*, their arrangement according to Smith's "English Flora" was followed, and the remarks

of the subsequent authors were given, tending to their elucidation. The characters upon which Mrs. Riley grounded the claim of *C. angustata* to a specific difference, were—the form of the frond, in being broadest at the base; the different size of the opposite pinules, their deep acuminate divisions, with the position and permanent distinctness of the sori; and the uredosilicium being frequently found on this, but not on any other of the genus *Cystea*. We have thus selected the *C. angustata*, because, as Mrs. R. observes, it is most frequently confounded with the other species. The other three, however, were skilfully treated, and a tabular view represented the distinguished characteristics of the "four distinct species" of the genus *Cystea*, that beautiful family of Ferns.

METEOROLOGY.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Paris, October 28th, 1839.
SIR,—I have been frequently indebted to the pages of your journal both for amusement and instruction, and as you occasionally notice meteorological phenomena, I take the liberty of sending you the following account of an aurora borealis observed by me on the evening of Tuesday, October 23d, near the small town of Saverne in the Vosges Mountains, about twenty-five miles from Strasburg, in case you like to make use of it. During the whole morning there had been a heavy cold mist over Strasburg and the Valley of the Rhine, which partially cleared away towards sunset. Full moon rose without the slightest burr, white fleecy clouds passing rapidly over her face from E. to W. but scarce air enough to stir a leaf. 8 o'clock, 15 minutes, the blood-red light appeared shooting up from the horizon W. by S. to nearly the centre of the sky's arch: W. horizon cloudy, E. most brilliant greenish light. Colour of the aurora extremely vivid, till 8½, 30", when it crimsoned all the sky from W. by S. to N. but the colours less brilliant. 8 45" red arch about double the width of a rainbow, quite across the sky, from W. to E. most vivid at its W. extremity. 9 o'clock, fading away. 9 50" no trace remaining, sky cloudless. The brilliancy and intensity of the colour for the first quarter of an hour very remarkable. Weather since misty, raw, and cold.

Allow me to take this opportunity of expressing to you the high sense I entertain of the courage and perseverance you have manifested in the exclusion of all political bias from your literary criticisms.—I remain, &c.

R. GROSVENOR.

LITERARY AND LEARNED. UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, 31st October, the following degrees were conferred:—

Doctor in Civil Law.—W. F. White, Trinity College.
Masters of Arts.—G. Moyle; Rev. R. F. Humphrey, Lincoln College; H. S. Baker, Exeter College; D. C. Legard, Scholar of University College; J. W. Nicholl, Jesus College.
Bachelors of Arts.—The Earl of March, Christ Church; Hon. F. O. Liddell, Christ Church; R. M. Milne, Magdalen Hall; C. L. Royds, Wadham College; F. P. Round, Balliol College; Rev. J. C. Bentley, St. John's College, incorporated from Trinity College, Dublin.
24th Instant, W. H. Cope, of Trinity College, Dublin, B.A. was incorporated of Magdalen Hall.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

NOVEMBER 2. Professor Wilson, the Director of the Society, in the chair.—Valuable contributions were presented to the library and museum, and members were elected. General Briggs addressed the meeting on the subject of a paper which he held in his hand; and observed that it would be recollected that, at the close of the last session, a paper, by Mr. W. Morley, had been read, announcing the discovery of a part of a work, the "Jami-al-Tawarikh," which had been for some centuries lost to the world. That was sufficiently curious; but he had now to announce a matter much more extraordinary, and, in fact, almost incredible: which was, that very recently another portion of the same lost work had been found in London; and that the two portions found, although probably separated for centuries, had once actually formed the same individual volume. The way in which this was made out would appear in the paper he was about to read, and which was written by

D. Forbes, Esq., Professor of Oriental Languages at King's College. The notices already given of the first portion discovered (*Vide Lit. Gaz.* No. 1171) render it unnecessary to say more here of this second portion, than to give the account of its discovery as read to the meeting. Mr. Forbes, in his paper, stated that, in the course of his professional duties, he had visited a house in which was deposited a collection of Oriental MSS. which belonged to the late Colonel Baillie. One of these, a large Arabic MS. with many pictures, more especially took his attention. The title written upon it was the "Tarikhi Tabari;" but upon examination he found that the work came down to a date much more recent than the time of Tabari, and he requested an intelligent native of India to look at it. This gentleman, who has the Vakeel of the Raja of Sattarah, had, some time previous, been looking over the volume in the library of the Society before described; and he immediately declared that this was the very book he had been reading. This, it was evident, could not be the case, but the remark excited attention; the book in the Society's library, and the newly found MS. were brought together, and it was really evident that the two parts formed one book. It appears, however, that the two portions united would not yet complete the volume: several deficiencies still remain, which, we fear, there is small hope of supplying. It is too much to expect such another wonder; but at any rate we may congratulate Oriental scholars on the discovery of so large a portion of the lost work of Raschided-din. Prof. Wilson introduced to the meeting J. Vigne, Esq., a gentleman who has just returned from a journey of seven years' duration, during which time he had passed through Cashmere, Great and Little Thibet, the Punjab, Cabul, and other regions, some of which had never been visited by any European, or, at least, had never been fully described. Mr. Vigne left England in 1832: he went to Persia, passed through Teheran, Mazanderan, and Bushire; from whence he sailed to Bombay. He afterwards went by Jamba and Rajawar to Cashmere, where he resided a considerable time, traversing the province in many directions, and crossing into Thibet by several passes; so that he has been able to prepare a complete map, as far as the Indus to the north. From Cashmere, he crossed the table-land of Dassu to Iskardo, the capital of Baltistan (or Little Thibet), a town on the Indus; the position of which had hitherto been doubtful, and which, so far as we are aware, had not before been visited by a European. This town Mr. Vigne calls a wild and extraordinary place, and compares it to Gibraltar. The tradition of the inhabitants is, that they are descended from the Greeks who accompanied Alexander the Great, and that the name of Iskardo is derived from Alexander, called in the East Iskander. From Baltistan, Mr. Vigne returned to India through the mountains on the east of Cashmere, and visited several of the capitals of the Hill States in that part of the Himalaya Mountains. He then went to Ghizni, a place which recent events have made a subject of great interest; and a drawing of that celebrated city was exhibited to the meeting, and the spot where the attack of the British took place was pointed out. He then returned to Cabul, in the vicinity of which he made numerous excursions; and from thence travelled to Loodiana, early in the present year. From Loodiana he sailed down the Indus, reached Bombay, and from Bombay came to England by way of Egypt. A good

deal of this journey, Professor Wilson observed, was quite new; the Jesuits had written accounts of their journeys through parts of it; but their narrations were summary, and chiefly personal. Bernier was fuller, and more interesting; but his objects were less varied and extensive than those of travellers of the present day. Forster's accounts of Cashmere were valuable in the absence of any other; but his opportunities had been few, and his sojourn short. The account of Moorcroft, who had resided for ten months at the capital of Cashmere, was much fuller than any previous narration; and it had been for some time ready for publication, but the delivery of it was delayed by want of the completion of the map which is to accompany it. Moorcroft's tour in Cashmere was also limited to the southern portion; and was, besides, undertaken twenty years ago; and great changes had since taken place. The celebrated M. Jacquemont had also made Cashmere the scene of his investigations; but that part of his journal had not yet been published; and his inquiries, like Moorcroft's, were chiefly confined to the capital, and the valley in which it is situated; whilst Mr. Vigne has had the advantage of visiting places which had been shut up by physical or political obstacles both to Moorcroft and Jacquemont. The country N.E. of Cashmere is quite new ground; and the visit of Mr. Vigne to Iskardo cannot fail to be of very great interest. His observations in that quarter will add very materially to our knowledge of the geography of that lofty region, and to that of the course of the Indus from the frontiers of Ladakh to its issue on the plains of India. Professor Wilson finally observed, that it was to be regretted that Mr. Vigne had not been able to visit the district of Nobra, and to trace the course of the Shaynk, from its confluence with the Indus, to its source. Mr. Vigne had, however, visited a good deal of the lower part of this northern branch, and had also accurately traced the main body of the river on the west of Iskardo, to where it turns to the south, and breaks through the mountain-barrier which opposes it on that side. The Hill States of Chamba, and others in this quarter, had also been visited now for the first time; and the knowledge thus obtained had enabled us to complete the geography of the upper part of the Punjab. A most interesting display of drawings of places, persons, and scenery, made by Mr. Vigne, was laid upon the table; also various geological and zoological specimens collected by him, which were fully appreciated by the company present.—Adjourned.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—Geographical, 9 P.M.
Tuesday.—Medical and Chirurgical, 8½ P.M.; Zoological, 8½ P.M.; Society of Arts (Illustration, Mr. Anger on Warming and Ventilating Buildings), 8 P.M.
Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 7½ P.M.; Medico-Botanical, 8 P.M.
Thursday.—Royal Society, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; Royal Society of Literature, 4 P.M.
Friday.—Astronomical, 8 P.M.; Botanical, 8 P.M.
Saturday.—Asiatic, 2 P.M.; Guy's Hospital Physical Society, 8 P.M.

FINE ARTS. ROYAL ACADEMY.

On Monday, the 4th instant, a general assembly of the Academicians was held in their apartments at Trafalgar Square, when Philip Hardwick, Esq. was duly elected an Associate of the Royal Academy of Arts. At the same meeting, Charles Robert Cockerell, Esq. R.A. was duly elected Professor of Architecture of

that Institution, in the room of William Wilkins, Esq. R.A. deceased.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

BLANK VERSE

Is dangerously easy to write, which is one reason why it is often so painfully difficult to read; nay, we sometimes blurt out a blank verse in talking, contrary to our best intentions; or, as the old example runs,

"We make such verse when we are writing prose.
We make such verse in common conversation."

Here is another remarkable instance—a bit of leading article, or a speech from a modern play, whichever you please; read it, young writers, and learn to tag your lines:—

We've just received, at four o'clock this morning,
An *eddyette* from Paris, briefly stating

That Louis Philippe, king and citizen,
Again was shot at, and again was missed;
But what nefarious hand had fired the pistol
Was not yet known, but most diversely guessed at.

Who can have instigated such a deed?
Some say the Carlists, full of spleen and rancour;
Others, more probably, the fell republicans;

While some, and those the deepest politicians,
Insinuate that 'tis the *juiste milice*.

Who play a most involved and crafty game,
And once or twice a year shoot at their king.

To throw the odium on the other parties.
The Buonapartists say 'tis English gold

(The hidden cause of all that's wrong in France),
Which, most profusely scattered over Paris,

Buys balls and pistols, powder and assassins,
While the arch contrivers quietly sit at home.

Ordering a plot, just as you would a carpet.
Is it not, they cry, most shamefully notorious,

That, bought by bags of clinking sovereigns,
Our shabby ministry retains Algeria?

The reason why they do't is plain enough;
The fox-like cabinet of foggy London

Hopes, in that dreadfully unhealthy country,
The whole French army may in time die out:

But is it right, we ask, that Pierre Bonhomme
Should lose his life by intermittent fever,

Only to gratify Lord Palmerston?
(*Cætera deunt.*) OSTRAGOTH.

SONNET ON CRAIGMILLAR CASTLE.*

In these deserted halls, now mantled o'er
With the oblivious ivy, where no sound
Save of the wailing blast is heard around,
Entering unbidden at each open door;—
Here revelry was rife in days of yore,
And jocund Dance, at Music's festive call,
Startled the echoes of each vaulted hall,
What time fair Mary Scotland's sceptre bore.
Here, too, would Chatelard awake his lute,
While love-sick Beauty o'er the minstrel lung;
Or breathless silence held each listener mute,
While Rizzio struck the lyre and Mary sung.
The pensive recollection of the scene
Is all that now remains of what hath been.

R.B.S.

BIOGRAPHY.

MR. CHARLES M. CURTIS.

It is with much regret we announce the death of this very clever artist. Though little known to the public, yet the loss of one who could with so much accuracy delineate and render permanent the observations and discoveries of the naturalist and the man of science, claims to be recorded. Mr. Curtis (brother to the author of "British Entomology") was a native of Norwich. For many years past he resided in town, devoting his time and talents to drawing objects of natural history; in which department, from his extreme correctness and conscientious adherence to truth, he greatly excelled. These qualities, so well appreciated by scientific persons, gave great value to his productions, and recom-

* Craigmillar Castle (the ruins of which still form a picturesque object in the scenery in the vicinity of Edinburgh) was one of the favourite residences of the lovely and unfortunate Mary Stuart.

mended him to the leading men of the day, in the illustration of whose works his name will be extensively found. Illness induced Mr. Curtis to visit the country, but change of air brought no improvement to his health; and, having gradually sunk under an overpowering consumption, he expired on the 16th of October, 1839. His unobtrusive character, and his courteous and gentlemanly manners, gained him the respect and goodwill of all who knew him; and his moral worth will be long and justly valued by his friends.

SKETCHES.

FRENCH CONSPIRACIES.

As a sequel to the history of French conspiracies, given in our last No. the following account of new plots and discoveries (received only on Monday) cannot fail to interest the reader:—

"In consequence of information which had reached the authorities that many persons, who had formerly belonged to secret societies, were in the habit of assembling clandestinely, and that they were manufacturing powder, cartridges, and balls, and a kind of bomb, containing balls and powder, warrants were issued for the apprehension of several of these persons, and a search was ordered in the places frequented by them. On Tuesday last the police entered a room at No. 52, in the Rue des Lombards, where they seized a trunk containing ninety-five parcels, containing each a pound of gunpowder, and another containing twelve pounds, with several utensils for the manufacture of powder and cartridges. Three persons who were in this room were arrested. At No. 30, in the Rue du Faubourg Montmartre, the police found a bale containing twenty bombs or projectiles, packed in oiled cloth, and carefully tied up; each containing a pound of powder in the first envelope, surrounded by a great number of balls, and forming a total weight of six or seven pounds. Each of these projectiles has a lance with a fuse. The two persons who occupied the room in which this seizure was made, were arrested. One of them had been long under the eye of the police. In the Rue de Reully, in the Faubourg St. Antoine, a seizure was made of twenty-five pounds of powder, a great number of cartridges, several instruments for the manufacture of powder, and a receipt for the making of it; and also a number of guns and pistols. At Creteil, a village two leagues from Paris, an individual, who has been manufacturing fuses such as those mentioned above, was arrested, as also his sister-in-law, who lives in the Rue St. Jacques. At the residence of this female, a great number of articles used in the manufacture of gunpowder were found. The ministerial evening journal adds that other seizures and arrests have taken place. The total number of arrests is eleven, all of whom belong, it says, to secret societies."

THE DRAMA.

Drury Lane.—Among the novelties at this theatre, Mr. Hackett has several times performed the difficult part of *Falstaff* in *Henry IV.* We have hardly ever witnessed this attempt without having to offer the same remark,—that *Falstaff* is so idealised by every reader of Shakspeare, every one creating a standard for himself, differing from the actor's conception, it is utterly impossible to play it up to the various opinions of the public. Mr. Hackett's personation appears to us to be hard. *Falstaff*, to our notion, is not merely a stuffed knight, but a fat knight. Oiliness and unction are as inseparable from him as life and motion; and these the performer wants. He is ruder and rougher, too, than our fancy portrait; for, though sometimes roystering with his inferiors, *Falstaff* is the companion of a prince, and himself a gentleman. The softness of the Sybarite is essential to his profligacy; his hands should feel like satin velvet; his frame like a bladder loosely blown up; and his speech and manners would match the dissolute effeminacy of his sensual career. In the finer touches of these qualities, we think his representative deficient; but, as we have observed, he may take a view of the subject widely distinct from ours, and consequently embody it as he has done in the case before us.

Whilst speaking of this theatre, we ought, before now, to have mentioned the charming

style in which, generally, two pieces of fine music are given nightly by the orchestra, led by Mr. Eliason. Overtures, &c. of the greatest masters, and most popular kind, are performed before and after the play with a precision and effect highly gratifying to musical taste. A French journal, we see, noticing the *Fairy Lake*, states that Auber's music is not produced in it for John Bull: now, this is a mistake; for we stated truly, on the first night, that more of Auber's score was given than at the *Strand*: in fact, there were eight or ten of his compositions.

Covent Garden.—On Monday, *Love*, "a play in five acts," by Sheridan Knowles, was produced here; and generally well acted to a house crowded throughout. Of the multitude, we were rather sorry to observe that a great proportion must have belonged to the free list; the crush at whose place of admission was, as on the opening night, a serious and almost dangerous nuisance. The liberality of the management in this respect ought, we think, to be met by a corresponding consideration on the part of those who enjoy the privilege; so that, on especial occasions, the full extent should not be put in requisition, to the excessive inconvenience of all who enter in this way, the pressure and confusion of the audience, and the injury of the theatre.

The production of the drama itself is honourable to the house; and it must be a gratification to the admirers of the stage, that within one week we have had two sterling plays brought forward, of a high order of literature and merit, and written by men whose genius will give delight to generations yet unborn. This, let us never forget, we owe to *William Macready*, who raised the drama from its lowest abyss, and afforded it another fair chance on English ground.

The entire scope of the play is to exhibit *Love* the "Lord victorious over all." The *Countess* (Miss E. Tree), only daughter and heir of a reigning *Duke of Carinthia* (Cooper), and as proud as Lucifer, struggles against or conceals a passion for *Huon* (Anderson), a serf, who, from her childish companion, has become her secretary and instructor. Him she treats with unmeasured scornfulness externally, till an accident of rather a pantomimic class, viz. seeing him struck by lightning whilst taking shelter beneath a tree,* betrays the secret of her affections to a penetrating courtier, *Ulrick* (Diddear), who proceeds to communicate his discovery to her father. He calls on *Huon* to satisfy his suspicions, and dooms him, on pain of death within an hour, to marry *Catherine* (Vestris), an enfranchised serf, and thus put an end to the hopes of either his mistress or himself. The *Countess* overhears this threat, and, in a passionate interview with *Huon*, confesses her love for him, and, as a proof of his for her, commands him to sign the marriage-contract with *Catherine*. With this he indignantly complies, goes secretly to the chapel, is married to one of two veiled ladies, and flies from the oppression. With this ends the third act, and with it the essence of the drama. A new interest is endeavoured to be created by conjuring up in the *Countess* a spirit of jealousy of the *Empress* (Mrs. Brongham), hitherto unseen; but it is impossible to take so wide a leap in the twinkling of a drop-curtain as to suppose the serf a hero elevated to nobility by an empress, and likely to be made the partaker of her throne. To accomplish this, Knowles has done his ut-

* A large oak-tree, which is blasted and split all to pieces: for *Huon* adheres to *Tress* throughout, and will not remove from the peril.

most; unexpected mystery after mystery succeeds, and it seems a mere toss whether the thing is to end happily or miserably. Equivokes are the spring of every scene; yet no one can ever fancy that the *Countess* has any sufficient cause of jealousy, or that she can herself believe that she has. An under-plot, in which *Catherine* and her lover, *Sir Rupert* (Vining), take the lead, is in like manner subjected to mysterious misapprehensions and disguises; which, being very long, help through and protract the last two acts, and at the close supersede the main story. These are the prominent errors in the dramatic construction of *Love*; and a considerable resemblance to the *Hunchback* may also be mentioned as another drawback. Considerable curtailment in these respects will greatly improve the effect.

But our pleasanter task is to speak of the poetry and sentiment with which the composition abounds. Abating some curious antique words which the author seems fond of using, and sometimes in a new sense, his style is very beautiful; and, after Shakspeare himself, we know not the dramatist who so felicitously draws the female character, and whose heroines are endowed with such perfect feminine feelings. Neither are we acquainted with one who has so eloquently and truly painted the master-passion of *Love*. Thus *Catherine*:—

"No telling how love thrives! to what it comes!
Whence grows! 'Tis e'en of as mysterious root.
As the pine that makes its lodging of the rock,
Yet there it lives, a huge tree, flourishing,
Where you would think a blade of grass would die!
What is love's poison, if it be not hate?
Yet in that poison, oft is found love's food.
Frowns that are clouds to us, are sun to him!
He finds a music in a scornful tongue,
That melts him more than softest melody—
Passion perverting all things to its mood,
And, spite of nature, matching opposites!"

Thus *Huon*:—

"Wedlock joins nothing, if it joins not hearts.
Marriage was never meant for coats of arms.
Hemlock flourishes on metal, silk,
Or wood. Examine as you will the blood,
No painting on't is there—as red, as warm,
The peasant's as the noble's!"

Thus *Ulrick* (in a strain resembling the description of "Queen Mab") :—

"I said it was a wilful, wayward thing,
And so it is—fantastic and perverse!
Which makes its sport of persons and of seasons,
Takes its own way, no matter right or wrong.
It is the bee that finds the honey out,
Where least you'd dream 't would seek the nectarous store."

And "It is an arrant misquiver—this same love—
That most outlandish, freakish face wears
To hide its own! Looks a proud Spaniard now;
Now a grave Turk; hot Ethiopian next;
And then phlegmatic Englishman; and then
Gay Frenchman; by and by, Italian, at
All things a song; and in another skip,
Gruff Dutchman;—still is love behind the masque!
It is a hypocrite!—looks every way
But that where lie its thoughts!—will openly
Frown at the thing it smiles in secret on;
Shows most like hate, 'em when it most is love;
Would fain convince you it is very rock
When it is water! ice when it is fire!
Is oft its own dupe, like a thorough cheat;
Persuades itself 't is not the thing it is;
Holds up its head, purses its brows, and looks
Askant, with scornful lip, hugging itself
'That it is high disdain—till suddenly
It falls on its knees, making most piteous suit
With hail of tears, and hurricane of sighs,
Calling on heaven and earth for witnesses
That it is love, true love—nothing but love!"

And again :—

"Oh, never did achievement rival *Love's*,
For daring enterprise and execution.
It will do miracles; attempt such things
As make ambition, fery as it is,
Dull plodding tameness, in comparison.
Talk of the miser's passion for his store—
'T is milk and water to the lover's, which
Defies the mines of earth and caves of ocean
To match its treasure! Talk of height, breadth, depth—
There is no measure for the lover's passion,
No bounds to what 't will do!"

Thus the *Countess* (to *Huon*):—

"Thy life was all one oath of love to me!
Sworn to me dally, hourly, by thine eyes,
Which, when they saw me, lighten'd up as though
An angel's presence did enhance their sense,
That I have seen their very colour change,
Subliming into lines past earthlyness.
Talk of the adoration of the tongue—
Compare love's name, a sound which any life
May pipe a breath! with holy love itself!
Thou'rt not forsworn, because thou took'st no oath?
What were thy accents then? thy accents, *Huon*?
O! they did turn thy lightest words to oaths,
Vouching the burden of a love-fraught soul!
Telling a tale which my young nature caught
With interest as deep, was count'd by heart
Before I knew the fatal argument!"

And thus the lovers:—

"*Countess*. Thou art rewarded, pride!
Meet'st thy deserts! Shew thy high breeding now!
Tread stately! throw thy spurning glances round!
And talk as mighty things as though the earth
Were made for thee alone! Where's thy domain?
Gone! and thy palace, what is it? a ruin!
And what art thou thyself? a beggar now!
Huon, you loved me once! (Bursting into tears.)

Huon. I loved these once!
Oh, tell me, when was it I loved thee not?
Was't in my childhood, boyhood, manhood? Oh!
In all of them I loved thee! And were I now
To live the span of my first life, twice told,
And then to wither, thou surviving me,
And yet I lived in thy sweet memory.
Then might'st thou say of me, 'He loved me once;
But that was all his life!'

"*Countess*. 'Twas heart for heart!
I loved thee ever! Yea! the passion now
Thrills on the woman's tongue; the girl's had told
thee,
Had I been as bold as fond."

Having so finely given evidence of the staple of the play, we must still select a few of its noble passages addressed to other subjects:—

"*Catherine*. Sir, I am
A young Diogenes in petticoats.
I have strings of axioms. Here are more for you.
They say that beauty needs not ornament;
But sooth she fares the better having it,
Although she keeps it in her drawer.

"*Sir Rupert*. Indeed?
Catherine. Indeed, and very dead. For I have known
Bracelets and rings do miracles, where nature
Play'd niggard, and did nothing, or next to it;
Best lotions in improving of the skin,
And mend a curve the surgeon had given up
As hopeless.

"*Sir Rupert*. Nay, you speak in irony.
Catherine. I speak in truth, speaking in irony:
For irony is but a laughing truth
Told of a worthless thing.

A lover is the dullest thing on earth.
Who but a lover—or his antipodes,
A wise man—ever found out that the use
Of his tongue was to hold it?"

Huon on being induced to sign the contract:—

"That I was dead!
Oh, what is death compared to slavery!
Brutes may bear bondage—they were made for it,
When Heaven set man above them; but no mark,
Definite and indelible, it put
Upon one man to mark him from another,
That he should live his slave. O heavy curse!
To have thought, reason, judgment, feelings, tastes,
Passions, and conscience, like another man,
And not have equal liberty to use them,
But call his mood their master? Why was I born
With passion to be free—with faculties
To use enlargement—with desires that cleave
To high achievements—and with sympathies
Attracting me to objects fair and noble—
And yet with power over myself as little
As any beast of burden? Why should I live?
There are of brutes themselves that will not tame,
So high in them is nature; whom the spur
And lash, instead of curbing, only chafe
Into prouder mettle;—that will let you kill them,
Kre they will suffer you to master them.
I am a man, and live!"

"The wounded body heals,
The pain is over, all is sound again.
A scar reminds you of it—nothing more!
Not so the heart, you lacerate it once!
Habit may dull, pursuit engross—divert—
But never are you ransom'd from the throes.
Live your meridian out it comes again,
Fresh as at first, to make you writhe anew."

When *Huon* is reminded that his blood is base, he replies with impressive dignity,—"

"Madam, men's natures are
Their blood; they have no other—high or low."

This was very effective, and so was the despair of the *Countess*, with which we close:—

"*Empress*. Girl, be direct with me,
Nor in the headlong passion of your soul,
That seem to joy in strife and wrack, forget
'Tis your liege lady that vouchsafes you audience.
Countess. That I forget, and every thing beside,
Except one thing, in still revolving which
The earth hath shrunk in estimation
Into a grain—the sun into a spark!
Nought hath kept substance but my desolation,
Which seems to me to fill up space itself
Till nothing else hath room."

To bestow our praise on passages like these would be a waste of panegyric. They speak for themselves (though we must critically confess there is more of rhetoric than of feeling to touch the heart throughout); and, we rejoice to add, were exceedingly well spoken in the representation of the play. Miss Ellen Tree has an arduous character requiring all (perhaps more than all) her physical powers, and she acquitted herself admirably wherever she was not called on for too much exertion. She is of the Kean school, and its foremost ornament. Mr. Anderson has also an arduous task, and performed it bravely and effectively. He is one of the Macready school, and its most promising élève. Vestris was arch and lively; her sweet and distinct enunciation is music to the ear. She is of her own school. Cooper ("whose business 'tis to die," sustains the part of the father with great discrimination and feeling; and by this means makes the long scene with *Huon*, followed by the entrance of the *Countess* and the result, worth nearly all the rest of the play put together. This is its stronghold. Mrs. Brougham looked most imperial in the *Empress*, and Miss Lee a becoming attendant for the *Countess*. The other knights, except *Ulrick*, well and clearly performed by Diddar, are little more than walking gentlemen; though *Rupert* may also claim a slight exception for two or three brief sentences he has to address to *Catherine*. The scenery is magnificent, and the costumes splendid and unexceptionable in point of correctness. Yet we might remark that Vestris's vizor, and such armour as the *Prince of Milan* (Selby) wears, have rather a ludicrous effect upon the stage, though perfectly true to models handed down from ancient Italy to Pratt's Exhibition and the Eglintoun Tournament. And talking of tournaments, *Love* ends with one which the audience does not see; Love, we suppose, being blind. We were thankful that this disappointment was not attended by a deluge of rain.

The play was given out for repetition amid shouts of applause. The author was called for, but he avoided this continental compliment (for which we thank him), and Miss Tree alone was clamoured into the presence to undergo this puerile and senseless ordeal.

Haymarket.—The *Sea-Captain* fulfils our prediction, and draws excellent houses every night. This, in spite of a great deal of criticism, which seems to us to be more directed against the political than the dramatic position of the author. It is a pity that the one should be allowed to interfere with the other; but the common sense and sound judgment of the public almost always rectifies the matter—sooner or later.

St. James's Theatre opened on Tuesday, with a slight opera altered from the *Woodman*, and well supported by Phillips, Allen, Mrs. Franks, and Miss Adeline Cooper, and the revival of

Monsieur Jacques, with Moses Barnett. *La Fille mal Gardée*, a French ballet, with French and foreign women, was, however, the principal novelty, and more congenial to the programme of this theatre's attractions. On a very large stage, more dimly and indistinctly seen, the gyrations of the *danseuses* often revolt the mind; but those whose habits of life lead them to take pleasure in such exhibitions will find every thing to gratify their appetites on these boards, with their *filles* unguarded enough, and almost undressed.

VARIETIES.

Magnets for the Antarctic Expedition.—Our readers will recollect that when a correspondent in "The Times" impugned the efficacy of the magnets employed in the expedition under Captain James Ross, we took upon ourselves to contradict the accuracy of that statement, and gave reasons for discrediting it. We stated that Major Sabine and Professor Lloyd (the individuals best qualified to set the matter right since the sailing of the vessels) being abroad, we were the more anxious to relieve the public anxiety on this account; and it now gives us great pleasure to observe, by a letter from Professor Lloyd, in "The Times" of Wednesday, that our view of the subject is completely borne out by the explanations of that very eminent and unquestionable authority.

Leipzig Autumn Book-Fair.—The sales, indicating the present condition of German literature and publication, state 4071 new works to have been published by 518 booksellers within the last half-year. During the same period in 1829, the number was only 3000; and in 1819, 1300; so that a prodigious increase, which seems to be continuing, has taken place between each decennial epoch.

Fulcher's Ladies' Memorandum-Book (Sudbury), with its pleasing poetry and miscellaneous contents, as usual greets the ensuing year, 1840. Bernard Barton is among its contributors, and has some companions not unworthy of his association. This is great praise for a provincial pocket-book, which is also well arranged for usefulness in other respects.

Pawsey's Ladies' Fashionable Repository (Ipswich) also claims our notice and approbation. It is on a similar plan, and, besides embellishments and poetry, all the divisions for almanack references and keeping housewife accounts, and other memoranda.

The Hailybury Observer (four Numbers, from 9th to 30th October inclusive) has reached us; for which we thank its editors, and at the same time congratulate them, and the important school to which they belong, on the manner in which they have thus exhibited promise of its talents; and still more on undertaking a course so likely to lead to effort, emulation, and improvement.

The "*Adamus Exul*" of *Grotius*, of which a well-executed translation has just appeared in "The Monthly Magazine," is certainly well, worth the attention of the literary world. Mr. Francis Barham (the translator) has achieved an interesting object by ascertaining a genuine copy of this work; and we have read with pleasure every line of a composition which so clearly establishes itself as the prototype of the noblest poem in our language, Milton's "*Paradise Lost*." Never did the genius of the old blind schoolmaster shine more brilliantly, than when we contemplate the manner in which it soared and expanded itself from this suggestive ground; which, from its importance and merit, ought certainly to be separately published.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Mr. C. Heath has announced a series of the principal scenes exhibited at Eglinton Castle during the late Tournament. The drawings in lithography, by E. Corbould, from sketches taken by himself upon the spot, and each plate accompanied by descriptive letterpress.

A new edition of "Piers Ploughman" is in the press, edited by Mr. Thomas Wright, whose "Anglo-Saxon Essay" was so largely quoted by us a few months ago.

In the Press.

Indian Orphans, a Narrative of Facts; including many notices of the Rev. H. Martyn, and of the Right Rev. D. Corrie, Lord Bishop of Madras, by Mrs. Sherwood.—The Former and the Latter Rain, by the same Author.—Essays, Addresses, and Reviews, by the Rev. R. Nesbit, Missionary of the Church of Scotland, Bombay.—By Dr. Humble, M.D., A Geological and Mineralogical Dictionary, including the terms generally used in Botany, Conchology, Comparative Anatomy, Entomology, Zoology, and the other branches of Natural History connected with the study of Geology.—Outlines to illustrate a moral allegory, entitled "The Fights of Freewill," by Richard Westmacott, jun. A.R.A.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

A Manual of British Beetles: a Description of all the Species found in Britain, by J. F. Stephens, F.L.S. &c. post 8vo. 14s.—Practical Treatise on the Diseases of the Eye, by William Mackenzie, M.D. 3d edition enlarged, 8vo. 25s.—Sandal in the Olden Time, a Historical Poem, 12mo. 4s.—Treatise on Poetry, Romance, and Rhetoric (from the "Encyclopædia Britannica"), post 8vo. 6s.—Historical Records of the British Army: Sixth Foot, or Royal First Warwickshire, 8vo. 8s.—Abstract of the Evidence on the State of Crime in Ireland, by D. Leahy, Esq. 8vo. 2s. 6d.—The Little Forget-me-Not, 2s. 6d. plain; 4s. coloured.—Emendations of the Authorized Version of the Old Testament, by S. Newman, 8vo. 4s.—Christian Services, by the Rev. F. Wilson, 8vo. 6s. 6d.—Memoirs of Harriot, Duchess of St. Albans, by Mrs. C. Baron Wilson, 2 vols. post 8vo. 34s.—Dodd's Church History, Vol. II. 8vo. 12s.—Gideon; or, the Humble Christian, by H. Watmuff, 2 vols. 12mo. 12s.—Sterne's Sentimental Journey, 8vo. with woodcuts, 6s.—Principles of Effect and Colour, by G. F. Phillips, 3d edition, oblong 4to. 21s.—The Vi- Fire-side Little Stories, 2s. 6d.—The Protestant's Armory, 12mo. 7s.—Rev. E. Bickersteth's Chief Concern of Man, 4th edition, 12mo. 5s.—Bishop Hurd on the Prophecies, by the Rev. E. Bickersteth, 12mo. 4s.—Sonnets, by Lady E. S. Wortley, post 8vo. 6s.—Perilous Adventures of Quintin Hawwood, square, 4s. 6d.—The Thorn in the Flesh, by the Rev. D. Bagot, 32mo. 1s.—Euclid's Elements, by W. D. Cooley, 12mo. 4s. 6d.—Figures of Euclid, by W. D. Cooley, 12mo. 1s. 6d.—Vernal Indulgences of the Church of Rome, by the Rev. J. Mendham, 12mo. 4s. 6d.—Cambridge Prize Poems, new edition, fcap. 6s.—Treatise on Obstetric Accoulation, by Dr. H. F. Naegele, translated by C. West, 18mo. 3s.—The Jesuit, from the German of Spindler, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.—The Eye, by J. C. A. Franz, M.D. post 8vo. 7s. 6d.—The Ball's live on; or, Sketches of the Earth, 12mo. 2s.—J. T. Smith's View of Ancient History, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—Peter Parley's Annual, 1840, square, 6s.—Select Memoirs of Young Christian Females, by a Lady, 32mo. 1s. 6d.—Sketches and Souvenirs, by E. F. fcap. 5s.—T. Whately's Remarks on some of the Characters of Shakspere, edited by Archdeacon Whately, fcap. 4s.—Sir J. E. Alexander's Life of Wellington, Vol. I. 8vo. 14s.—Viola, the Affianced; or, 'Tis an Old Tale and often Told, 2d edition, post 8vo. 2s. 6d.—Biographical Varieties, by J. Whitcrosse, 12mo. 2s. 6d.—C. Morrison on the Millennium, 12mo. 2s.—Memoirs of the Rev. J. Hessel, by the Rev. J. Priestley, 12mo. 4s.—Poems, by G. Beddow, 12mo. 4s.—Auree Sentences, 12mo. 2s. 6d.—Wilkinson's Scripture Maps, royal 4to. 7s.—The Churchman's Family Prayer-Book, by J. Porter, 8vo. 7s. 6d.—Tegner's Frithiof's Saga, 8vo. 13s.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1839.

October.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday . . . 31	From 37 to 41	29.88 to 29.78
November.		
Friday . . . 1	39 .. 47	29.69 .. 29.64
Saturday . . . 2	41 .. 47	29.60 .. 29.52
Sunday . . . 3	44 .. 53	29.52 .. 29.53
Monday . . . 4	45 .. 53	29.44 .. 29.45
Tuesday . . . 5	43 .. 51	29.45 .. 29.62
Wednesday . . . 6	44 .. 50	29.65 .. 29.60

Winds, N.E. and S.W.

Except the afternoon of the 4th, cloudy, with frequent showers of rain.

Rain fallen, .6875 of an inch.

November Meteor.—We have to remind our readers that the next periodic fall of these phenomena may be expected to take place from the 11th to the 15th of the present month.

Rimontom.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Office, No. 1, (Dublin, Doyle; London, Groombridge.)—A new monthly journal of political literature, and art, the receipt of which we have to acknowledge from our obliging contemporaries at Dublin. Some of the papers, especially those upon the most important subjects, display great ability.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

THE MODEL of the BATTLE of WATERLOO is now EXHIBITED at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, from Ten in the Morning until Nine in the Evening. Admission, One Shilling each. If being the intention of Mr. Siborn, in compliance with a request to that effect, that the Soldiers of the different Regiments now stationed in London shall have an opportunity of studying the Model, it is hereby notified that they will be admitted in Companies, if attended by a Sergeant, so that no interruption shall be given to the usual Visitors.

PRIVATE PUPIL.—A Vacancy for a Pupil is now open in the Family of a Clergyman of long experience, residing twelve miles from London, he can offer the most satisfactory references to noblemen and gentlemen whose sons have been under his care, the number of his Pupils does not exceed five or six. Letters to be directed for the Rev. R. H. Post Office, Petersham, Surrey.

PRINCE ALBERT of SAXE COBURG GOTHA.—A most faithful Likeness in Miniature, beautifully engraved on Steel (uniform in neatness with the Bijon Portraits), of His Royal Highness, will be presented separately to the Purchasers of SCHLOSS'S ENGLISH BIJOU ALMANACK for 1840. Poetically illustrated by SAMUEL LOVER, Esq. Author of "Rory O'More." Acknowledged as the most curious and unique Christmas Present. Price 1s. 6d. plain; 2s. Morocco or vellum. Extra Cases and Microscopic Eye-Glasses may be had as usual. For Particulars see Prospectus. N.B. No extra charge will be made for the above Portrait. London: A. Schloss and Co. 13 Berners Street, Oxford Street.

1840. Just published, in a variety of elegant bindings, and embellished with highly finished Steel Engravings, price 2s. 6d.
FULCHER'S LADIES' MEMORAN- DUM-BOOK and POETICAL MISCELLANY for 1840. "Decidedly one of the best ladies' pocket-books that appears for the coming year." *Literary Gazette*, Nov. 1839. Sold by R. L. Lane, Esq. R.A. price 3s. G. Putnam and Co. London; G. W. Fulcher, Sudbury; and sold by all other Booksellers.

THE NEW BOOKS FOR PERUSAL, regularly supplied to Families, Reading Societies, and Book Clubs, throughout England, Scotland, and Ireland, in any quantity, upon the most advantageous Terms, by Mr. Bull, Public Library, 19 Holles Street, Cavendish Square; or, by post, may be had gratis, or sent by post at a single letter, full particulars, with a Select List, including all the valuable New Publications.

BOOKS IN THE PRESS.

MR. COLBURN will publish, during the present Month, the following NEW WORKS:—

I. The Duchess of St. Albans' Memoirs. 2 vols. post 8vo. with Portrait. (Now ready.)

II. Preferment; a Novel. By Mrs. Gore.

Author of "Mrs. Armytage," "Stokehill Place," &c. 3 vols.

III. Excursions in Denmark, Norway, and Sweden. Including Notices of the State of Public Opinion in these Countries, and Anecdotes of their Courts. By Robert Broomer, Esq.

Author of "Excursions in the Interior of Russia," &c. 2 vols. 8vo. with Portraits.

IV. The Flying Dutchman; A Legend of the High Seas.

By the Author of "Cavendish," "Gentleman Jack," &c. 3 vols. (Now ready.)

V. Commentaries on the Historical Plays of Shakspere. By the Right Hon. T. F. Courtenay. 3 vols. post 8vo.

VI. The Marine Officer; Or, Sketches of Service. By Sir Robert Steele.

2 vols. post 8vo. with Illustrations.

VII. Viola, the Affianced.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

A Chronicle of the First Thirteen Years of the Reign of King Edward the Fourth. By John Warkworth, D.D. Edited, from the MS. now in the Library of St. Peter's College, by J. Orchard Halliwell, Esq. F.R.S. F.S.A. &c. &c. 4to. pp. 106. London, 1839. Printed for the Camden Society.

This *Chronicle* richly deserves its place among the historical tracts revived by the Camden Society. Though it has been referred to and consulted by several of our national historians, the doubts and darkness which hang over the period upon which it sheds its light render it peculiarly desirable to have the whole before us; for, as Sir H. Ellis justly remarks in his "Original Letters" (Second Series), this portion of the reign of Edward, "though removed from us scarcely more than three centuries, is still among the darkest on our annals. Its records are confused, mutilated, and disjointed. They who wrote history in it had no talents for the task: and there was a ferocity abroad among the partisans of both the rival houses, which prevented many from even assembling the materials of history."

And Mr. Halliwell as justly adds:—

"The paucity of documents illustrating this period has, indeed, long been a matter of regret. To meet with one, then, so minute in particulars, abounding in new facts, and of indisputable authenticity, cannot but be a matter of congratulation to the historian."

A preceding volume gave us a Yorkist account of Edward's landing at Ravenspur, and march to York and London; and this Lancastrian view embraces not only that event, but all the previous and subsequent circumstances of the horrible struggle, the mutual reverses and triumphs, the murders, executions, and slaughters, which wasted this unhappy realm during these thirteen miserable years. The editor, after quoting various records and writings, seems to lean to the belief that Henry VI. was slain in the Tower on the night that Edward entered London, viz. 21st May, and that Richard, duke of Gloucester, was a party to the deed:—

"Here is (he tells us) to knowe that Kyng Edward made oute comyssyons to many schyres of Englonde; whiche in a x. dayes ther came to hym, where he was, to the nowmber of xxx. m^l., and came wiche the Kyng to Londone, and ther he was worshipfully receyvyd. And the same nyghte that Kyng Edward came to Londone, Kyng Herry, beyng inwarde in presone in the Toure of Londone, was putt to dethe, the xxj. day of Maij, on a tywesday nyght, betwix xj. and xij. of the cloke, beyng thenne at the Toure the Duke of Gloucetre, brothers to Kyng Edward, and many other; and one the morwe he was cheestyde and brought to Paulys, and his face was opyne that every maune myght see hym; and in hys lyinge he bledde one the pament ther; and afterward at the Blake Fyres was broughte, and ther he bledde new and fresche; and from thens he was caryed to Chyrchseye abbey in a bote, and buried there in oure Lady chapelle."

At any rate such was the popular opinion;

and, of course, it lost no force after the death of Richard, and the succession of the rival race to the throne. But we turn to our present authority:—

"The MS. which contains the *Chronicle* now printed consists of a folio volume of 225 leaves of vellum, the last being pasted to the cover, and written not long after the last-mentioned event, A.D. 1473. Leland errs in saying that the MS. is in Warkworth's handwriting, for it is evidently the work of a common scribe; we fortunately possess a note of presentation in Warkworth's autograph, and the facsimile of this, with a specimen of the scribe's calligraphy, will be found at the commencement of the volume. The sentence with which Warkworth opens his memoranda is curious; it is probable that he had two copies of Caxton's 'Chronicle,' in one of which he had written his own continuation, beginning with the words 'at the coronacyone of the forseide Edward,' and in the other, instead of making a second copy of the continuation, he simply made the reference 'as for alle thynges that folowe, resorte them to my copey, in whyche is wretyn a remanente [or continuation] lyke to this forseid werke' [i. e. written in the same manner as Caxton's 'Chronicle.']. The scribe who made the transcript of Caxton now preserved at Peterhouse, had been directed to refer from one manuscript to the other for the continuation, and in so doing he added Warkworth's note of reference by way of introduction to the new part, joining them together by means of the words, 'That is to wytt, that.'"

We pass to the tenth year of Edward, when, after subduing the insurrection in Lincolnshire under Lords Willowby and Wellys, and others, Lord Scales, the queen's brother, defeated the Duke of Clarence and the Earl of Warwick near Southampton, and forced them to flee for refuge to France: and we find here a singular proof how averse the popular feeling of the country has ever been to cruelty, seeing that even the horrors of these civil wars had not brutalised the people:—

"And after this (we are told) the Kyng Edward came to Southamptone, and commaundede the Erle of Worcestre to sitt and jure suche menne as were taken in the schyppes, and so xx. persones of gentylmen and yomenne were hangede, drawne, and quartered, and hedede; and after that thei hanged uppe by the leggy, and a stake made scharpe at bothe endes, whereof one ende was putt in att bottokys, and the other ende ther heddes were putt uppe one; for the whiche the peple of the londe were gretely displeyd; and evere afterwarde the Erle of Worcestre was gretely behatede emonge the peple, for ther dysordinate dethe that he used, contrarye to the laws of the londe."

From France the Lancastrians speedily renewed their attempts, and the tables were turned upon Edward, who had a very narrow escape, as is well related in the following:—

"A lyttel before Michaelmesse, the Duke of Clarence and the Erle of Warwyke londe in the west countre, and gadered there a grette peple. The Lorde Markes Montagu hade gaderyd vi. m^l. men, by Kyng Edwardes com-

mysyone and commaundement, to the entente to have recistede the seide Duke of Clarence, and the Erle of Warwyke. Nevere the latter, the seide Markes Montagu hatyde the Kyng, and purposed to have taken hym; and whenne he was withen a myle of Kyng Edward, he declarede to the people that was there gaderede with hym, how Kyng Edward hade fyrst yevyne to hym the erledome of Northumberlonde, and how he toke it from hym and gaff it Herry Percy, whos fadere was slayne at Yorke felde; and how of late tyme had he made hym Markes of Montagu, and yaff a pyes neste to mayntene his astate wiche: wherefor he yaff knoleage to his peple that he wulde holde wiche the Erle of Warwyke, his brothers, and take Kyng Edward if he myght, and alle tho that wolde holde with hym. But anone one of the ote went oute frome the fellowschippe, and tolde Kyng Edward alle manere of thyng, and bade hym avoyde, for he was not stronge enoghe to gyff batayle to Markes Montagu; and then anone Kyng Edward laysted hym in alle that he myght to the towne of Lynne, and ther he toke schyp-pyngs one Michaelmesse day, in the x. yere of his regne, with Lorde Hastynges, that was the Kynges Chamberleyne, Lorde Say, wiche diverse other knyghtes and squyers, passed and saylede overe the see into Flaunders, to his brother-in-lawe the Duke of Burgeyne, for socoure and helpe, &c. Here is to knowe, that in the begynnynge of the moneth of Octobre, the yere of oure Lorde a m.cccc.lxx, the Bisshoppe of Wynchestre, be the assent of the Duke of Clarence and the Erle of Warwyke, went to the toure of Londone, where Kyng Herry was in presone by Kyng Edwardes commaundement, and there toke hym from his keepers, whiche was not worshipfully arrayed as a prince, and not so clenly kepte as schuld seme suche a Prynce; thei hade hym oute, and newe arrayed hym, and dyde to hyme grete reverens, and brought hym to the palse of Westmynstre, and so he was restorede to the crowne ageyne, and wrott in alle his lettres, wryttes, and other recordes, the yere of his regne, *Anno regni Regis Henrici Sexti quadragesimo nono, et readempcionis sue regie potestatis primo*. Whereof alle his goode lovers were fulle gladd, and the more parte of peple."

The next and immediate turn of the wheel was Edward's* landing, already mentioned, and the ascription of his victorious progress to the treachery of his brother Clarence; of whom the chronicler says, with some simplicity, at the conclusion:—

"Thenne toke he his way to Levycetre, where were the Erle of Warwyke and the Lorde Markes his brother with iiij. m^l. menne or moo. And Kyng Edward sent a messyngere to them, that yf thai wulde come oute, that he wulde feght wiche them. But the Erle of Warwyke had a letter from the Duke of Clarence, that he schulde not feght wiche hym tyll he came hym self; and alle was to the distruction of the Erle of Warwyke, as it hapenede aftyward. Yet so the Erle of War-

* It is worth while to notice, on a much disputed point, that Dr. Warkworth states Edward, on this occasion, to have worn *one Edricke feler* (not three ostrich feathers), the livery of the Prince of Wales. —*Ed. L. G.*

wyke kept stille the gates of the tounne schet, and suffrede Kyng Edward passe towarde Londone; and a litle out of Warwyke mett the Duke of Clarence with Kyng Edward, with vij. m. men, and ther they were made acorde, and made a proclamacion forthewithe in Kyng Edwardes name; and so alle covandens of fydelyte, made betwix the Duke of Clarence, and the Erle of Warwyke, Quene Margarete, Prince Edward hir sonne, bothe in Englonde and in Fraunce, were clerly brokene and forsakene of the seide Duke of Clarence; whiche, in conclusion, was destruction bothe to hym and them: for perjury schall never have better ende, withoute grete grace of God. *Vide finem, &c.*"

Warkworth's version of the death of Prince Edward, at Tewksbury, does not countenance the Shaksperian drama. He says:—

"Edmund Duke of Somerset, and Sere Hugh Curtene, went oute of the felde, by the whiche the felde was broken; and the mooste parte of the peple fledde awaye from the Prynce, by the whiche the feld was loste in hire party. And ther was slayne in the felde, Prynce Edward, whiche cryede for secoure to his brother-in-lawe the Duke of Clarence."

When King Edward, in after years, despoiled the Archbishop of York, we have a curious and particular account of his proceedings:—

"George the Archebyschoppe of Yorke (we are informed), and brother to the Erle of Warwyke, was withe Kyng Edward at Wynsoure, and hunted, and hade there ryghte good cheere, and supposid he hade stonde in grete favour with the Kyng: for the Kyng seide to the sayde Archebyschoppe that he wuld come for to hunte and disporte with hym in his manere at Moore; whereof he was ryghte glade, and toke his leve and went home to make purvyvaunce therfore; and fett oute of Londone, and dyverse other places, alle his plate and othere stuffe that he hade hyde after Barnet felde and Tenkysbury feld; and also borowed more stuff of other menne, and purveyde for the Kyng for two or iij. dayes for mete and drynke and logyng, and arrayed as ryche and as pleasantly as he coude. And the day afore the Kyng schulde have comyne to the Archebyschoppe, to the seid manere of Moore, whiche the seide Archebyschoppe hade purchasshed and bylde it ryghte comoditously and pleasantly, the Kyng send a gentylman to the seide Archebyschoppe, and commaundyd him to come to Wyndsoure to hym; and asone as he came he was arested and apched of hye treysone, that he schuld helpe the Erle of Oxenforde; and anone ryghte he was put to warde. And forthewithe Sere William of Parre, knyghte, and Thomas Vaghan, squyre, with othere many dyverse gentilmenne and yomen, were sent to the seide manere of Moore; and ther by the Kynges comaundment seysde the seid manere into the Kynges handes, and alle the good that was therein, whiche was worthe xx. m. l. s. or more, and alle other lordschippes and landes that the seid byschoppe hade within Englonde, and alle his stuffe and rychesse within alle his lordschippes; and sent the same byschoppe overe the see to Caleis, and from thens to the castelle of Hammys, and ther he was kepte prisonere many a day; and the Kyng alle that seassone toke the prophete of the Archebyschopperyche, &c. And anone after the Kyng brake the seyd Archebyschoppes mytere, in the whiche were fulle many ryche stones and precious, and made therof a croune for hym self. And alle his other juels, plate, and stuff, the Kyng

gaff it to his eldest sonne and heyre Prynce Edward: for the sayd Archebyschoppe hade be Chauncelere of Englonde many dayes, and he and his brotheres hade the reule of the lande, and hade gaderyde grete rychesse many yeres, whiche in one day was lost; and alle be the hye judgement of ryghtwises (as many manne seide be hym) for his grete covetousenes, and had no pyte of Kyng Harry menne, and was cause of many mannys undoyng for Kyng Edwardys sake, if he myghte gete any good by hym. Wherefore suche goodes as were gaderyde with synne, were loste with sorwe. And also menne supposid for cause he was duble to Kyng Harry, and kepte hym in Londone, where he wulde a be at Westmynstere, he hade a lettere send from Kyng Edward to kepe hym oute of sanctuary, and he hade his charture send hym; where he had be a trewe manne to Kyng Harry, as the comons of Londone were, Kyng Edward hade not comene into Londone afore Barnet felde, &c."

When the Earl of Oxford made a stand at St. Michael's Mount, in Cornwall, the chronicler relates, that the besiegers and besieged were wont to make short truces, and interchange friendly communications; upon which, he quaintly remarks, it "was the undoyng of the Erle. For ther is proverbe and a seyenge, that a castelle that spekythe, and a womane that wille here, thei wille be gotene both: for menne that bene in a castelle of warr, that wille speke and entrete with the enemies, the conclusion therof [is] the losyng of the castelle; and a womane that wille here foly spokyne unto hyr, if sche assent not at one tyme, sche wille at another. And so this proverbe was prevede trewe by the seide Erle of Oxenforde."

To these historical extracts we shall add some passages which speak of portents and omens, and exhibit the superstitious feelings of the age:—

"And the viij. yere of the regne of Kyng Edward, a lytelle before Michaelmasse, there apperyde a blasyng sterre in the weste, a liij. fote hyghe by estymacyone, in evenyng, goyng fro the weste towarde the northe, and so endured v. or vij. weekes. And the same yere Sere Thomas Hungerforde knyght, sonne to the Lorde Hungerforde, and Herry Curteney, the Erle of Devynschyre of right, were taken for treasoun and behedede at Salisbury."

Another phenomenon, a year and a half after, introduces us distinctly to that contract which most dangerously threatened the crown of Edward. The whole deserves quoting:—

"Whenne the seide Duke of Clarence and the Erle of Warwyke were in Fraunce, there apperyde a blasyng sterre in the weste, and the flame therof lyke a spere hede, the whiche dyverse of the Kynges house sawe it, whereof thei were fulle sore adrede. And thanne in Fraunce whenne the seide lordes where, thei toke there counselle what was beste for to do; and thei coude fynde no remedy but to sende to Quene Margarete, and to make a maryage betwix Prynce Edward, Kyng Harry sonne, and an other of the seid Erle of Warwikys daughters, whiche was concluded, and in Fraunce worshippfully wedded. And there it was apoyntede and acordede that Kyng Harry schuld rejoyse the kyngdome of Englonde ageyne, and regne as well as he dyd before, and after hym hys Prynce Edward and his heyres of his body lawfully begotyne; and if it appenede that he disceyved withoute heyres of his body lawfully gotene, thenne schulde the kyngdome of Englonde, with the lord-

schyppes of Irlonde, remane unto George, the Duke of Clarence, and his heyre[s] for evere more. Also it was apoynted and agreede that Herry Duke of Excestre, Edmund Duke of Somerset, brother to Herry that was slayne at Hexham felde, the Erle of Devynschyre called Courtmayn, and alle othere knyghtes, squyers, and alle other that were putt oute and atayntede for Kynges Herry quarrelle, schulde come into Englonde ageyne, and every man to rejoyse his owne lyfode and inhabytauntes; whiche alle this poyntment aforeseide were wrytene, indentyde, and sealede, bytwix the seide Quene Margarete, the Prynce hire soune, in that one party, and the Duke of Clarence, and the Erle of Warwik, one that othere party. And moreover, to make it sure, thei were sworne, and made grete othis othe to othere, wiche was done be alle Kynges of Fraunce counselle."

But next year, the eleventh of the king, there occurred a still more appalling sight, for "in the begynnynge of Januarij, there apperyd the mooste mervelous blasyng sterre that hade bene seyne. It arose in the southe este, at ij. of the cloke at mydnyght, and so contynuede a xij. nyghtes; and it arose ester and ester, till it arose fulle este; and rather, and rather; and so whenne it roose playne est, it rose at x. of cloke in the nyght, and kept his cours flamynge westwarde overe Englonde; and it hade a white flaume of fyre fervently breannyng, and it flammede endlonges fro the est to the weste, and nost upryght, and a grete hole therin, whereof the flaume came oute of. And aftre a vj. or vij. dayes, it arose north-est, and so bakke and bakke; and so endured a xliij. nyghtes, fulle lytelle chaungynge, goyng from the north-este to the weste, and some tyme it wulde seme aqenchede oute, and sodanly it brent fervently ageyne. And thenne it was at one tyme playne northe, and thenne it compassed rounde aboute the lode-sterre, for in the evynyng the blase went ageynes the southe, and in the moonyng playne northe, and thenne afterwarde west, and so more west, flaumynge up ryghte; and so the sterre contynuede iij. weekys, tyll the xx. day of Feveryere; and whenne it appered yet in the fyrment, thenne it lasted alle the nyghte, somewhat descendynge with a grettere smoke one the heyre. And some menne seyde that the blasynges of the seide sterre was of a myle length. And a xij. dayes afore the vanyshynge therof, it apperyd in the evynyng, and was downe anone within two oures, and evyr of a colour pale stedfast; and it kept his course rysynge west in the northe, and so every nyght, it apperyde lasse and lasse tyll it was as lytelle as a hewylle styke; and so at the laste it waneschede away the xx. day of Februarij. And some menne seide that this sterre was seene ij. or iij. oures afore the sunne rysynge in Decembre, iij. days before Crystynmasse, in the south-west: so by that reassone it compassed rounde aboute alle the erthe, alle way chaungynge his cours, as is afore rehersed."

But other remarkable and strange omens were not wanting, and the annexed history of some of them is full of interest as a picture of the times:—

"In xij. yere of Kyng Edward, ther was a gret hote somere, bothe for manne and best;

• See an account of this comet in the 'Nuremberg Chronicle,' edit. 1493, fol. 284, r. 'Longum radium in modum flammæ ingentis ignis emittens.'—MS. Arundel, Mus. Brit. 290, fol. 275, v. This comet is a return of the one described in a manuscript of the fourteenth century, in the Sloane College Library (xix. 2, fol. 125, v. b.), and of which there is a drawing on fol. 155, v. a. Cf. MS. Trin. Cantab. R. xv. 18; Bib. Publ. Cantab. KK. IV. 7; MS. Cotton. Jul. F. xi."

by the whiche ther was gret dethe of menne and women, that in feld in harvist tyme men fylle downe sodanly, and unnyversalle feveres, axes, and the bloody flyx, in dyverse places of Englonde. And also the hets was so grette, that it brent away whete and alle other greynis and gresse, in southe parties of the worlde, in Spayne, Portyngale, Graunde, and others, &c. that a bowshelle of whete was worthe xx.; and menne were fayne in that cuntre to yeve away there chulderyne for to fynd them. But, blessed be Almyghty God, no suche derthe was nojt in Englonde, ne in Fraunce. Also in the same yere Womere watere ranne hugely, withe suche abundaunce of watere, that nevery manne sawe it renne so moche afore this tyme. Womere is called the woo watere; for Englyschmen, whenne thei dyd fyrst inhabye this lond, also some as thei see this watere renne, thei knewe wele it was a tokene of derthe, or of pestylence, or of grette batayle; wherefor thei called it Womere; (for we as in Englysche tonge woo, and mure is called watere, whiche signifieth woo-watere;) for alle that tyme thei sawe it renne, thei knewe wele that woo was comynge to Englonde. And this Womere is vij. myle frome Sent Albons, at a place called Markayate; and this Womere ranne at every felde afore specyfede, and nevere so hugely as it dyd this yere, and ranne styll to the xliij. day of June next yere folowyng. Also ther has runne dyverse suche other watres, that betokenethe lykewyse; one at Lavesham in Kent, and another byside Canturbury called Naylborne, and another at Croydome in Suthsex, and another vij. myle a this syde the castelle of Dodley, in the place called Hungerevale; that whenne it betokenethe batayle it rennyis foule and trouble watere; and whenne betokenethe derthe or pestylence, it rennyth as clere as any watere, but this yere it ranne ryght trouble and foule watere, &c. Also ther is a pytte in Kent, in Langley Parke; ayens any batayle he wille be drye, and it rayne nevere so myche; and if ther be no batayle towarde, he wille be fulle of watere, be it nevere so drye a weyther; and this yere he is drye, &c. Also this same yere, ther was a voyce cryenge in the heyre, letwyx Laicetere and Bambury, uppon Dunmothe, and in dyverse othere places, herde a long tyme cryenge, 'Bowes! Bowes!' whiche was herde of xl. menne; and some menne saw that he that cryed soo was a hedles manne; and many othere dyverse tokenes have beene sclewed in Englonde this yere, for amendinge of nennys lyvynge."

Preferment; or, my Uncle the Earl. By Mrs. Gore. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1840. Colburn.

AMONG the most lively, acute, and successful painters of life and manners in our day, Mrs. Gore had deservedly taken a high place—so high a place, indeed, that she hardly needed *Preferment* to advance her higher. But as she has chosen to claim another title to our applause, it is but justice to award it. *Preferment* is an exceedingly clever and amusing production; and quite worthy of the author's reputation. The characters belong chiefly to the upper walks of society, and are drawn with distinct features, so as to afford much variety to the suntry affairs in which they speak and act. There is a verisimilitude about the whole which gives reality to the relation; and events follow each other in such rapid succession, that the interest is perpetually kept up, and we do not tire even of the brilliancy that sparkles throughout. We must endeavour to separate

a few pages from the rest, as a fair sample of the style and shrewdness of observation:—

"The notice bestowed by Lord Tiverton upon his brother-in-law's letter consisted in handing it across the breakfast-table to the countess, who marked her contempt by a pitying shrug of the shoulders. Since her accession of importance in the fashionable world, Lady Tiverton had, as far as possible, dropped the acquaintance of her Irish relations. Even her brother, Lord Holwell, was at times felt to be an incumbrance. There was a vulgar domesticity about him, a family-coach sort of way of going on, which often made him inconvenient and ridiculous. She had no reliance upon his judgment. At a place like Tunbridge Wells he was sure to pick up some tiger or other. 'No one but Holwell, however, would have shewn so little tact as to volunteer an acquaintance with such people as the Sprys; and it was quite absurd to fancy that because he found it convenient to sleep in a parsonage-house instead of an inn, Lord Tiverton's hands were to be tied by promises of a living to his host.' The earl, as was his wont, instantly coincided in her ladyship's view of the case. He had, in fact, no time to disagree with her. Between parliamentary business and private business, every hour of his day was spoken. One-half his life having been spent in getting into difficulties, the other half was to be spent in getting out of them. He had always three or four law-suits going on, and six or eight lawyers to manage them; and as Lady Tiverton chose that they should live to the full extent of their thirty thousand a-year, though nearly half their income was dissipated, nothing short of a Chancellor of the Exchequer, with a paper mint at his command, could possibly have cleared off their embarrassments. Could the kind-hearted William Egerton have beheld his brother, now that he had served a seven years' apprenticeship to the craft of aristocratic life, he would have grieved to observe that the cheeks he had noticed as lank and yellow were ten times more jaundiced than on his accession to rank and fortune. But in his own family, no one cared for his looks. Except when he was wanted to draw a cheque on the banker, Lady Tiverton seldom took the trouble of addressing a civil word to him; and as to his sons and daughters, they saw so little of him, except in company, that they held themselves excused from more than the ceremonial of filial respect. Lord Egerton, indeed, had his independent domicile, and avoided, as far as possible, all intercourse with his family; not from consciousness of their worthlessness, or love of independence, but because it was the habit of the set to which he devoted himself. Beyond the appearance of things Lord Egerton cared for nothing. His narrow mind was so absorbed in the ambition of passing for the most correctly fashionable young man about town, that he did not permit himself to indulge in a single natural taste. His life was a life of self-denial. He would have died of hunger and thirst rather than eat or drink at some spot under the ban of the empire of fashion; and condemned himself to a thousand pursuits extremely distasteful to him, because they were those of his gay associates. He was a timid, bad rider, yet had eight hunters at Melton; he detested music, yet had his stall at the opera; he disliked crossing the sea, yet spent a fortnight every winter at Paris; he abhorred cards, yet at the Travellers' never passed an evening without leaving a certain sum behind him at the whist-table. 'Egerton does a vast deal too much,' was the remark of his uncle Adolphus, one day, to his favourite

nephew. 'A thousand things highly becoming in you or I are *infra dig.* in an eldest son. There is no occasion for Egerton to distinguish himself by playing fine. People will be always ready enough to make much of him, whether in or out of fashion. Nothing provokes me more than to see a man in his position affecting airs that are indispensable to a younger brother; unless, indeed, to hear a fellow talking the same claptrap in the House of Lords he would in the Commons.' 'I don't perceive that Egerton does any thing different from the rest of the world,' replied Dick, taking his cigar from his mouth. 'The rest of the world, my dear fellow, is a generality that means nothing. The world is not such a handful as to be spoken of *en masse.* From the time of the serpent that tempted Eve, every thing has had a head and a tail, and gets on by moving them in contrary directions. If you were not to winter in Leicestershire, or if I were not to be seen at what in the course of the evening, people would ask what was become of us, and fancy we were hard up. But Egerton ought to be able to play or hunt, or let it alone, according to his whim and fancy.' 'Not now,—his day for that is over,' said Dick, with a significant nod. 'Privileges become obsolete, you know, for want of enforcement; and the world having once found out that Egerton stands in awe of it—that he is not master of himself—that he is the slave of opinion—a slave he must remain. Not a fellow in the club but knows he can annoy Egerton to death by sneering at his new carriage, or inquiring, with a significant smile, the name of his tailor. As to that brute, Sir Gordon Hilfield, whom I have seen drive him out of his senses by asking an explanation of his good things and listening with an incredulous look to his anecdotes, I call him Egerton's damper.' 'Nobody's fault but his own! What business has he to say good things, or relate anecdotes? It is going beyond his line; and Hilfield, who is nobody (a Guelphic knight, or some horror of that kind), is justified in resenting Egerton's encroachments upon his business. It is his duty to be agreeable; and of course, when the heir of a rich peer interferes with Sir Gordon's vocation, he is asked to the dinners and country-houses in preference to a man who has nothing else to recommend him.' 'You seem determined to reduce poor Egerton to a cipher!' cried Dick, amused by Adolphus Egerton's parliamentary manner of discussing trifles light as air. 'I suspect it was by your advice he gave up his seat to me.' 'Of course it was. So as I was upon the subject, I made it a point of conscience to suggest to him the line of conduct that Tiverton ought to have pursued in former days towards me. Family boroughs were intended for the protection of younger brothers. If a man be not able to provide suitably for his second son, he ought, at least, to secure him from the consequences of the debts which he has no choice but to contract.' 'Certainly, certainly,' replied Dick. But, trust me, it was any thing but a point of conscience that made Egerton give up parliament. The atmosphere of the old house was fatal to a fellow's complexion; and as my father was working his way to the marquise he made difficulties about slack attendance. So when Egerton found that it was a place of all-work, and that he should be quizzed to death by Hilfield or others if he consented to drudge, he proposed me to my father, and my father to the corporation, and there was an end of the business.' 'Not quite an end, for I'm told you make a capital member,' observed Adolphus, smiling upon his adopted heir. 'Only that you would find it a douse of a bore,

I should be almost inclined to advise you to stick to politics. Politics are looking up, my dear fellow. During the war, they were at a devil of a discount. Just remember what fellows got on and made a noise! But now that government is the only balloon for a man to rise in, places get dear and the company select. There are two or three really gentlemanly men in the present ministry.' 'I should not be satisfied with moderate success,' observed Dick, flipping the ashes of his cigar from his waistcoat. 'It is true that on the few occasions I have found it necessary to rise, I have carried away the house; which, considering that not one of the author-members but has proved a failure, I am a little proud of. But what is the worth of a speech or two in a political life? To distinguish oneself as a public man, one must do nothing else; and, thank God, I still find attractions elsewhere that are worth all the cheers of the ministerial or opposition benches.' 'You talk like a blockhead, my dear Dick,' replied Adolphus, in his usual imperturbable tone. 'The only good thing of public life is, that, like certain pieces of preferment, it can be held with something better.' 'Ay, ay, the public life of a middle-aged man, whose place gives him plenty of patronage and whose pleasures plenty of pretenders to it. But the politician, like the soldier, must work his way up; and I don't care to work.' 'Who does? But make yourself easy. A single brilliant speech on a popular question will do your business. After that, keep as still as death for a session or two; then, make a wavering speech, as if exceedingly perplexed in your conscience whether or not to oppose the measures of government; and, take my word for it, you will have a private visit from the minister's private secretary before twenty-four hours are over your head!' 'Likely enough; but that system is thorough-blow; and were I to take a part in public life, I should prefer one which might yield me some little credit. I am not yet in so desperate a plight as to make it necessary for me to dirty my fingers.' 'The deuce, you are not!—why, supposing Tiverton dies to-morrow, what becomes of you? Embarrassed as he is, you don't imagine he has laid any thing by for you or the girls?' 'But why suppose he will die to-morrow? He has as good a life as any one I know. And even were some accident to carry off the governor, be assured, Egerton would act otherwise towards me than he does now. It is *de mauvais ton* for two brothers about town to hang upon each other, or live in the same set; but it looks well for an Earl of Tiverton living at Tiverton Castle to be on the best terms with his younger brother.' 'I suspect he would be on all the better terms with him for seeing him under-secretary, or a junior lord,' observed Adolphus, with a knowing nod. 'No doubt—so would you. But, between ourselves, my dear Adolphus, your notions of getting on in political life are *rococo*. Let me alone. I neither expose my game nor publish my theory. Enough if I succeed!' 'Enough, indeed!—You talk exactly in the confident tone that Lady Tiverton used about bringing out *Imena*,—and look at the result!—Lady Tiverton fancied that though other manoeuvring mammas failed in fastening their hooks, her quack system must be infallible. She quarrelled with all her friends who had daughters to marry, for fear they should analyse her nostrum; and was as mysterious even to me, as if there were a secret to keep. God bless the woman!—not one of her stratagems but was as familiar at the clubs as the incidents (warranted new) of every fresh melo-drama brought by young authors to the

manager of a theatre, with—'This scene, sir, would be most effective on the stage.' 'It was hissed, sir,' replies the manager, 'in the Free-booter of the Tyrol.' 'But the catastrophe, sir, the catastrophe!' 'Was damned two years ago in the Inn of Guadenzell.' But the young gentleman is incredulous, and chooses his production to be damned over again.—So did Lady Tiverton."

Having complimented Mrs. Gore's talent for observation, we beg to protest against the following as giving any idea of good male society; the lady, not knowing any thing of it herself, must have been misinformed by some *mauvais sujet*:—

"Julius regretted to find the conversation, which he had hoped was about to take a literary turn, become gradually so warmed by the fumes of champagne and burgundy, that the jests, at first confined to his brother, Lord Storby, and the K.G., soon became general. Stories grew as broad as they were long, and jokes ensued, of which, like a gauger's stick, the point was invariably dirty! He was amazed to hear gray-bearded men talk so much like school-boys!—Silas Vivian seemed to have forgotten his presence, or he would have checked the license of his guests. But when, at length, the party, after growing boozey and talking itself sober again, broke up in order to enable several of those present to go and listen to the debates at L— House, and the division at the Commons, Julius was destined to experience a still further shock. As they successively received their hats from the butler, he stood aghast on discovering the reviewer's to be a shovel! Silas Vivian had only pointed him out in a whisper to young Egerton on entering, by his highest title, 'the author of that celebrated critique upon "Pepys's Diary." He now named him apart to the astonished young divine as both honourable and very reverend; and Julius instantly recognised a name of some notoriety in the church, as appended to certain politico-ecclesiastical pamphlets and polemical treatises. He felt inexpressibly humbled. He felt both himself and the national church degraded by the fact, that when dining in company with a man so prominent, the least objectionable part of the conversation should have consisted in a discussion upon learned canary birds."

The Gift: a Christmas and New Year's Present for 1840. Edited by Miss Leslie. Philadelphia, Carey and Hart.

WE have received with pleasure this Transatlantic Annual; and the more so, because we think it a decided improvement upon its three predecessors, as well as upon other publications of the same class. In truth, as the fine-art portion of our English Annuals has been gradually deteriorating into machinery, manufacturing, and mannerism, the Americans have brushed up and improved. With one exception (F. P. Stephanoff), and that not remarkable for superior merit, all the embellishments of this neat and handsome volume are, as they ought to be, by American artists. Sully has furnished four of the nine subjects, including "Childhood," a beautiful frontispiece, and a lovely vignette, and "Isabella," a charming female portrait (all engraved by John Cheney, in a manner worthy of the originals); and the rest are supplied by C. R. Leslie, W. S. Mount (2), and C. G. Comegys; their engravers being J. B. Forrest, J. B. Danforth, A. Lawson, Jos. Andrews, and J. I. Pease, all of whom do credit to their country's school.

With regard to the literary contents, they are pretty much on a par with our English

contributions in prose and verse; and we shall endeavour to shew it, by giving what we can of the introductory matter from "The Ghost Book," a story of the last century (with a clever engraving after Mr. Comegys), by the fair and accomplished editress:—

"One Saturday afternoon, on a cool pleasant day, such as sometimes chances to occur even in an American August, a country boy named Caleb Rowan came to the fence that separated his father's farm from that of Barzillai Brooks, whose two sons were sitting under the magnolias that shaded a running stream, and were hard at work with knives and sticks, making traps for the musk-rats that burrowed in the bank. 'Come here, Harman,' said Caleb; 'come here, Stacey. I've something to shew you, such as you never saw before in all your born days.' 'As you are but one, and we are two,' replied Harman, 'I guess it will be quite as easy for you to get over the fence and come to us. But what have you got—a double plum, or some gingerbread of a new pattern?' 'Neither one nor 't' other,' answered Caleb, jumping over the fence, 'but something pretty near as good, I can tell you. Think of my having a *written* book in my pocket! Maybe you don't know that books must always be writ before they're printed.' 'Yes, we do,' exclaimed both the brothers, 'we've known that all our lives.' 'Possible!' ejaculated Caleb, looking somewhat surprised, 'now that must be nateral smartness! For my part, when I was a little fellow, I remember supposing that the printers made all the books as they went along; that is, they thought of a word and printed it down, and then they thought of another word and printed that down, and so on till they got a whole book-full. To be sure, there's no doubt that of all men, printers must be the sensiblest; seeing how much learning they put out.' 'I don't know,' said Stacey, 'the last time I attended market with father, we put up at the Black Bear, and there was a printing-office right back of the tavern. I looked across at the windows, and saw the men at work; and they seemed to print it off so fast that I can't see how any of the sense could stick by them.' 'But about this written book of Caleb's,' said Harman, 'let me see it in my own hands.' Caleb Rowan then slowly drew from his pocket a manuscript volume in a reddish pasteboard cover. Some of its pages were torn out, and those that remained were much disfigured with blots and interlineations. 'Where did you get this book?' inquired Harman, turning over the leaves. 'I was rummaging about in the kitchen lof, as I often do,' replied Caleb, 'among the old bones, and things that are of no manner of use, only mother thinks it a shame to throw them away.' 'I know the place,' said Stacey; 'I've been there with you in the dark low corner—among the tea-pots without spouts, and the coffee-pots without handles, and the split cullenders, and the ragged sieves.' 'Well, no matter,' returned Caleb; 'I took a notion to scramble among the old papers that were heaped up in the broken churn that Peggy Poundage thumped the bottom out of, one cold day when the butter would not come. So I plunged my hand in among them, as far down as it would go, thinking I might fish up an old almanack that would have some good reading in it (such as new ways of making huckleberry puddin' or punkin pie), and there I found this book; and though it's wrote so bad that I could only make out a few words here and there I had wit enough to see that its mostly about ghosts, and sperits, and apparations.' 'Wel now, to me,'

said Harman, 'the writing is not bad at all—it's a most as plain as print. So let's go to the old stable, where we can be to ourselves, and I'll read it out loud to you. And there's David Gleason, just getting over the fence. He has come to spend his Saturday afternoon with us, so we'll take him along and let him hear the ghost-book. David's the scariest boy I know; so it will just suit him. I've seen his face turn as white as his hair, when we've been talking of such things.'

'As to Master Loomis,' pursued David, emboldened by the praise awarded to his observation, 'I've heard the neighbour-women say that wherever he boarded it seemed as if they could not help giving him the best bed-room, and using him like a gentleman, and not expecting him to wash at the pump. I heard mother telling Susan Wonderly, that, after our best room, that nobody ever sleeps in, was fixed for Master Loomis, she warned him that strange noises had been heard there at night in the dark closet by the head of the bed, and that she couldn't answer for it that something frightful wouldn't come out of the closet-door. And he laughed and said—he liked the room the better for being haunted, and that he would promise when the ghost came to take it peaceably, and make no noise to disturb the family. But mother made him give his word, that if he did see any thing he was never to mention it to any body breathing. And so after that, there was no getting out of him whether he had seen any thing or not, for he always said he had given his word not to tell. But there were them that thought he did see something, and more than once, too.' 'Well,' replied Harman, 'my father seems to think there a'n't no such persons as ghosts, and he won't allow nobody to talk about them; though, to be sure, they are what every body likes to hear of. For my part, I think I could stand a spirit as well as any thing else (even if I was to see one), for it's not easy to frighten me any way—nor never was.' 'Now, Harman,' said Stacey, 'don't brag too much. You know when we were little fellows and Dutch Teeny lived with us, and you and I used to slip out to her of evenings, and sit on the steps at the back door, and hear her tell about things that had been seen in Germany, nobody could creep closer or hold faster to her than you did; and often when it was quite dark and I went to hide my head under her apron, I found yours there already, and you quite as cold and trembling as I was.' 'I don't believe,' rejoined David, 'that Dutch Teeny could tell you any worse than I and my sisters was told by Black Katy, when she talked to us of the things that kept about her old mistress's plantation in Virginy. Well, Master Loomis never mentioned witches and ghosts to us; but I've heard mother and the neighbour women say that there was certainly something strange about him, for he often seemed as if he was seeking for spirits to appear.' 'When he boarded at our house he used to go off after supper, and rove about in the dark woods where the dead Indians walk; and in moonlight nights he would often stroll to grave-yards all alone by himself, and he has been known even to sit on graves. I dare say that book is full of his own written-down experience of the spirits he has met with.' The four comrades had now reached the ruinous and deserted stable, which was long since superseded by a better one, adjoining to the new barn. The floor of the old stable had been several times cleaned up by the boys, and they had furnished it with slabs by way of seats. It was now the favourite rendezvous of

Harman and Stacey Brooks and their neighbouring companions, for confabulations and other amusements. Harman having seated himself on one of the slabs, his comrades, with earnest faces, placed themselves near him to listen to the ghost-book, while the shadowy light of the afternoon sun streamed in at a large aperture in the dismantled roof."

We must leave the story itself to readers; but the framework is good American.

The Jesuit. A Picture of Manners and Character from the first Quarter of the Eighteenth Century. Translated from the German of C. Spindler. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1839. Bull. THE greater portion of this book is what the title-page purports, a picture of German manners and character a century ago; and a considerable portion of the last volume takes us to Dominica, and wanders among Indian scenes. Another striking feature is the introduction of Jesuit agency, shewing the machinery and zeal with which that extraordinary body prosecuted the task of proselytism. The story itself is complicated with much dramatic effect; some of the characters possess great originality, and the incidents are often striking. The whole we think well calculated to please the readers of fiction; not to break in upon whose domain of mystery and *dénouement*, we must content ourselves with extracting an insulated passage illustrating the writer's powers.

Doctor Leopold (an emissary of the Jesuits) has just prevented the Senator from committing suicide by drowning, and the narrative proceeds:—

"The senator looked round in perplexity towards his new friend. His feet were rooted to the ground. He laid his hand on the old man's shoulder, and, after a lengthened silence, asked, 'In whom shall I confide, sir—in God? I am no pietist, and never shall be: enough of that. In Fortune? I have long been her favourite—but when one prop fails, the rest will soon give way. In my own courage? Explain yourself.' 'The will of man may accomplish much,' answered the doctor. 'The aid of the Most High resides in it—believe me, it governs fortune. Life is a perpetual contest, and the world the battle-field. He who strives the most manfully is sure to reach the goal. Mistaken sentiments of honour, and a vicious system of morals, will weaken the best of the combatants, and make him the scorn of his rivals. Let us, then, press along the path upon which we have been thrown, and dream of no other. Let us not tremble before danger, but trample it to the earth.' 'I don't understand you,' said the senator, and stooped in a listening attitude close to the doctor. 'I am fifty years old, and though I have often had a feeling of what your words seem to import, it was never spoken to me by mortal man.' 'You have only known the world of commerce,' replied the doctor, shrugging his shoulders, 'but you shall have an example forthwith. Here is an account of the sea-fight at La Hogue, when Admiral Russell destroyed the French fleet. This battle was one of the most extraordinary events of the period, and fought and won under the most discouraging circumstances. In despite of wind and storm, and regardless of the iron yoke of responsibility, the conqueror achieved his object, and victory hovered over the routed and dismayed enemy. So much can be effected by resolute will, and the strenuous exertions of mankind. And, mark me well, in citizen's life, as in war, the maxim is good,—Help thyself, and God is with thee.

Quit, then, the frail plank that will sink with thee, or resign thyself to a merited fate.' 'I am astonished at your language, learned sir,' said the senator, with more firmness than he had hitherto shewn; 'but how shall I put it in practice? Your words are mysterious. I am fearful of understanding their import.' The doctor smiled. 'Dream not of hobgoblins!' he answered, half in jest. 'I am about to prescribe only gentle methods. You are not carrying the bayonet or truncheon of command. To be brief: you must not timidly give up all for lost. Fortune changes her abode with every passing hour, and is, perhaps, even now, raining showers of gold on your neighbour's roof. Wear a mask. If Misfortune speaks in your brow, you will not find one friend more; while the show of confidence, even at the last minute, prevails with the most wary. Arm yourself against the approaching enemy, not with invectives and a dagger, but with the words of plausibility, and a countenance full of promise. Courtesy overcomes the most steadfast resolves. Every man has his weak points: every man is vain. Aim at the heel of Achilles: flatter his pride. The favourable moment once seized, and your object is gained. The respite is given; with time comes hope, and in hope lies all our treasure. What is possible, may happen; and Disaster ever gives place to Fortune. Cease not to reckon upon yourself, and on my discretion.' The doctor quitted the man of commerce with a respectful bow, and turned towards the city. Musinger gazed after him with astonishment, and then looked within his own bosom. No resource, no mode of action, presented itself to his thoughts; yet his heart was animated by a new courage, and his rash purpose of self-destruction seemed like a fantastic dream. The brilliant glow of morning had its share in tranquillising his mind. The first effect of this restored composure was a determination to adjust his disordered dress and appearance. He then stood up, raised his eyes to heaven, and murmured,—'Well, the lesson is not dearly bought; and, at the worst, the stream will be as deep as ever three days hence.'"

We have only to add a morning description:—

"It arrived, as brilliant as its predecessor had been gloomy and tempestuous. Justine bathed her fevered brows in the stream of refreshing air that rushed past the pinnacle of the tower. The clouds were dispersed, and had sunk in the horizon. The deep blue of the sky gleamed through the Gothic balustrades of the platform, and a transparent azure canopy was reared over the lofty summit. Troops of birds sportively fluttered around, or sailed past the building. The stork rattled in his nest, and the ring-dove chirruped in a joyous rivalry. The daylight presented a scene of unsurpassed beauty. The extensive plain in which the city lay, bounded by a line of distant hills, was enlivened by the autumnal tints. Village towers with their shining cupolas, hamlets with their cheerful tile-roofs, were seen across the peopled highroads; and the prospect was diversified by extensive woodland tracts, green meadows, and silvery streams, with cornfields, on which the golden ears were waving in the abundance of autumn. The noble city, encircled by gray bastions and ancient watch-towers, with its river sweeping past the walls, was a principal feature of the landscape. Justine had never enjoyed this view. She looked down on the gloomy streets, the crowded market, the roofs of the houses, and of other churches that lay far be-

neath. She sought out her paternal home, the cradle of her joys. She discovered the convent of St. John, the source of her father's errors and her misfortunes. Her eye was not turned towards the inn where her lover had harboured; it scanned the roads which ran in every direction from the gates. By which had her father emerged?—or was he yet breathing amid the dense mass of houses, whose inhabitants were banded for his destruction? She ran, she knew not why, to the door. Irresolutely she opened it, and heard steps on the narrow staircase, and a whisper of persons approaching. Pablers and the Frenchwoman had quitted the chamber, and in low confidential tones were talking—of herself."

Twelve Sermons delivered in the New Temple of the Israelites, at Hamburgh. By Dr. Gotthold Salomon. Translated from the German by Anna Maria Goldsmid. Pp. 247. London, 1839. Murray.

THESE sermons are selected from many published by the same learned and eloquent teacher, and are intended to make more generally known and illustrate the real tenets of those who hold the ancient Mosaic faith. Without entering upon its interesting topics, we quote, as a specimen, a passage from a discourse on the "Spirit of the Mosaic religion."

"What light is to the mind, love is to the heart; and as our spirits yearn for light, so do our hearts thirst after affection. A religion that should leave this thirst unslaked, might well be suspected, for it would be ill adapted to man (who possesses a feeling heart as well as a thinking mind), in whom not only a thinking mind, but likewise a feeling heart, is constantly demanding nourishment. But blessed are we, my brethren. The very life-breath of our religion is love; and the image of the Creator, which we bear in ourselves, can never manifest itself more worthily or more completely than in acts of love: for it is only by love that we can become like Him who loveth all. Our religion tells us that one God has created us, our text tells us that God is near—is closely related to us. Can there exist any closer relationship? He is our Father, and the Father of all living. One and the same dwelling-place is appointed for us and them here, one and the same is destined for us and them hereafter; the beginning and the end of all are alike. Shall that portion alone which lies between, that span of time which we call life, be unwarmed by the bright beams of love? Mankind are the companions of your journey; love them as you love yourselves. But you pause to reflect. Is it because, perchance, another town, another country, another continent, lies between you and your fellow-man? Ought a foreign city, or a strange land, or an unknown region, then, to be deemed an impassable barrier between hearts formed alike? Are not both they and you still the creatures of God? Are ye not still brethren? And though one may dwell where the sun rises, and another where he sets, is not God the God of the whole earth? Is not His name to be praised from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same? Love the stranger also as thou lovest thyself! Do you again hesitate? There lies between you, perhaps, something more than a continent—a different creed. But say, ye who have feeling hearts, suppose that of two born of the same parents, the elder is tall enough to embrace their father, while the younger can only clasp his knees, must not the elder and stronger assist him, who is as yet too little and weak to climb to the parental bosom? Should difference

in strength cause difference in fraternal love? The heart answers, No; and so speaks religion also. This love will assume every conceivable form that can serve to bless: it will be meek and ready to assist enemies and offenders, tender and compassionate to the wretched and unfortunate, forbearing and indulgent to the weak and infirm, gentle and kind to those of lowly condition, who have the more need of love from their fellow-men, the more they appear to be without the love of their Father in this, their earthly life.

"Religion disposes the heart to love, and thus satisfies man's most sublime natural want."

Speaking of dissentients or sectarians (for every profession has such), we find the following statement, and very Israelitish illustration, in the metallic shape:—

"There is another class, whose members are diametrically opposed to those just mentioned, who yet do not operate beneficially on our community. It is composed of men who are, indeed, acquainted with religion, but who mistake it in one of its most essential parts. You have heard that it is the aim of the Mosaic religion to make us good and useful members of society; so that we may, with all the powers we possess, labour for the welfare of the country to which we belong. These men, however, ignorant of the world and human life, act and speak as though Israel still formed a distinct and separate state; consequently, they observe as parts of the universal religion of Israel, institutions which possessed value in Palestine only, because there only they had spirit and life. They require and inculcate the strict observance of these, although by such observances, much of our power to act usefully as citizens must necessarily be destroyed. Besides this, they envelope the jewel of religion in so many folds, that numbers of our brethren cannot, or will not, penetrate the covering—see not the jewel itself. It is true that gold, when pure and soft, must be mixed with copper before it can be wrought; but, my friends, be moderate in the use of the ignoble alloy. Do you not consider that the gilded copper, or the coppered gold, must, by degrees, lose all its lustre? Do you not reflect that the impression that gives value to your coin will be corroded and eaten away by the *aqua regia* of the world?"

These brief quotations, taken almost hazard from the volume, will suffice to shew that it is well worthy of public regard, as being illustrative of Jewish doctrines and opinions, and shewing us more of the better feelings of this extraordinary people than is usually met with in publications addressed directly to these subjects.*

Forgotten Facts in the Memoirs of Charles Mathews, Comedian; recalled in a Letter to Mrs. Mathews, his Biographer. By S. J. Arnold, Esq. Pp. 52. London, 1839. Ridgway.

WE never had but one opinion of the statement hazarded by Mrs. Mathews, in giving her version of the agreement between her husband and Mr. Arnold. It was very natural that she should take a partial, and, therefore, erroneous view of the business: we should have wondered if she had not done so. The simple truth lies in small

* We may here mention *The Jewish Heroine of the 19th Century*, a tale founded on fact, and translated from the Spanish (pp. 94, London, J. Wasey), which relates the constant resolution of a beautiful Jewish maiden, Phoebe Rachel, not to deny her faith and embrace that of Mahomet; and who was consequently beheaded at Tangier two or three years ago. Mr. Lingo, author of the "Jewish Calendar," is the voucher for this case of martyrdom.

compass. Mathews, disappointed and discontented in consequence of being almost what players call *shelved* by the London managers, found in Arnold a man of prescient judgment in dramatic matters, and of bold enterprise. In Arnold's opinion the unrivalled talents of this unequalled mime were capable of being employed to great advantage, and he ventured to offer to him, for seven years' acting in a new fashion, the magnificent sum of 1000*l.* a-year for life. It was an experiment; and few people will be disposed to think, under all the existing circumstances, that it was not a daring risk. A few nights' performances proved that it was a wise one, and likely to be productive of a splendid fortune. And this was too much for dear Mat's philosophy: he repented of his engagement; he saw it would be far better for his partner than for himself; he was goaded by the remarks and advice of friends; and he became, at the end of six or eight nights, too ill to perform. Such is the plain state of the facts; and the consequence was that the original bond had to be torn up, and a new agreement entered into, upon which the parties continued to deal together for years.

The idea that Mathews was so silly a person as to enter into a serious legal engagement of this kind, after a year and a half's negotiations, without understanding its nature, is too absurd for belief; but even had it been so, as long as bargain is bargain between man and man, he was bound to fulfil his contract, however unfavourably to himself he might consider it to have turned out. We therefore regretted at the time, and expressed our regret, that his biographer had gone out of her way to impugn the conduct and character of Mr. Arnold,—a man upon whom heavy losses too had fallen, which ought to have saved him from any, and still more from unjust attack;—a man, whether in public life or in retirement, covered with the warm esteem and respect of many sympathising friends. Among these the individual who writes this notice is proud to be numbered; and he cannot call to mind the social and happy hours spent with them, when Mathews and Arnold were prosperous together, without feeling a deep sense of sorrow that time and the grave should have allowed a cloud to be cast back on a period of general and genial sunshine. With the world at large, and those who have not known Mr. Arnold, this pamphlet will completely establish his integrity throughout the whole of these transactions; and it will, we trust, be the last we shall hear upon so painful a subject.

Reply to Mr. Lockhart's Pamphlet entitled "The Ballantyne Humbug Handled." By the Author of a "Refutation of the Mistakenments and Calumnies contained in Mr. Lockhart's 'Life of Sir Walter Scott, Bart.' respecting the Messrs. Ballantynes." Pp. 125. Appendix, 97. London, 1839. Longman and Co.; Edinburgh, Blackie.

WE here approach another of those duties very repugnant to our feelings; but, as in the preceding case, we must get over it. Since the above *Reply* issued from the press, we declare that we have taken it up and laid it down hundreds of times, without being able to bring ourselves to notice it. In the first instance we did not hesitate to state our opinion that the Ballantynes, and particularly James, were unfairly and unkindly used in the view taken of their intercourse and transactions with Sir Walter Scott. Their vindication was demanded from their relatives and friends; and sorry were we to find that it only provoked a more severe

visitation from the keen and biting pen of Mr. Lockhart. To his second statement, under a very harsh name, this is a Reply; and a Reply so supported by figures and documents, that none who cherish the memory of the Ballantynes, the partners, companions, and friends of Scott, need blush for any part of their connexion with him. We abstain from saying more.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Friends of Fontainebleau. By H. D. Burdon, author of the "Lost Evidence," and "Seymour of Sudley." 3 vols. London, 1839. Saunders and Otley.

THIS is rather a busy week in the novel line; or we should be able to devote more space to Miss Burdon's historical fiction than is, under the circumstances, in our power. Like her former productions, the *Friends of Fontainebleau* displays very considerable talent and power. Of a grave and disastrous character, her descriptions of human suffering are full of tragical interest. The period is of that eventful struggle and bloodshed which preceded the horrible massacre of St. Bartholomew; and of all the sights that can afflict humanity, there is none so shocking as that of barbarities, treacheries, murders, and executions, committed in the name and under the profession of the religion of peace and good-will to all men. Miss Burdon has set such miseries in a striking light: her narrative is animated and touching, and her fair dames and noble cavaliers are drawn aptly and truly in the garb of the times to which they belong. The story is altogether well told, and will enchain the attention of readers to the end. It is impossible, by any extract, to give a taste of its quality.

A Practical Description of the Daguerrréotype. Translated by J. P. Simon, M.D. London, 1839. Churchill.

AN inferior and inadequate translation. Dr. Simon seems to have no idea of arrangement; for instance, in the midst of M. Gay de Lussac's Report he introduces, without any indication to the reader of the commencement or conclusion of the passage, an account of his having been defrauded of forty pounds by some countryman of his own, who pretended to communicate to him the whole secret of the photogenic art, of which it afterwards appeared the professed instructor had no knowledge except that which he had derived from M. Daguerre's publication.

The Life of Christ. Illustrated by Choice Passages from One Hundred and Thirty-eight Eminent British and Foreign Divines; and Embellished by Severely Wood-Engravings after Celebrated Masters. Small 4to. pp. 288. London, 1839. Ball, Arnold, and Co.

THE title-page sufficiently explains the nature of this work, which is embellished and bound so as to take the handsome form of an Annual, devoted to pious thoughts and religious instruction. The selections are made with great judgment, and the beautiful pictures from admirable painters are exceedingly well executed in the wood-engravings. For the serious portion of the public, this is a very reasonable and desirable publication.

Standard Edition of Gulliver's Travels. Parts I. II. London, 1839. Hayward and Moore. EIGHT monthly parts, illustrated by four hundred wood-engravings by Grandville, are announced to complete this popular edition of one of the most popular works ever written. The parts before us do great credit to the artist and

publisher, and already give us Lilliput complete, and introduce us to Brobdingnag. When finished, it will be a capital publication, and is well deserving of public encouragement.

Cuvier's Animal Kingdom. Part I. Mammalia. 8vo. pp. 80. London, 1839. Orr and Co.

A MORE desirable republication, in a convenient form and at a moderate price, could not be named, than Cuvier's justly celebrated *Animal Kingdom*; and we rejoice to see it undertaken, as in the present instance, with spirit, and confided to the editorial abilities of Mr. Edward Blythe, Mr. R. Mudie, Dr. George Johnston, and Mr. J. O. Westwood. These gentlemen have severally undertaken the mammalia, birds and reptiles, the fishes, the mollusca, and the crustacea and insects; and this first part, as far as it allows us to judge, promises a complete work of high merit and value.

Short Sermons for Little Children, by an Elder Sister. Pp. 178. (Edinburgh, Fraser and Crawford.)—A well-meant little book, to inculcate the duties incumbent on childhood. Each sermon has a pretty hymn attached.

The Populist's Repository, or, *Conventioneer's London.* Part XIII. Pp. 448, double col. (Glasgow, Blackie and Son.)—This part concludes the work in 187 pages; and a Supplement, carrying us to the word "Dulwich," supplies recent and useful additions.

An Abstract of the Evidence taken before the Committee of the House of Lords upon the State of Crime in Ireland. Digested under several heads, by D. Leahy, Esq. Barrister-at-Law. 8vo. pp. 162. (London, Longman and Co.)—This appears to us to be an able and impartial abstract: a production of great labour.

The Sporting Almanack, 1840. (London, E. Churton.)—This is a capital almanack for persons fond of the turf, besides full of all sorts of information connected with it, besides having all the usefulness of an almanack, being appropriately embellished and enlivened by congenial essays and papers on various subjects.

Euclid's Elements of Plane Geometry, &c. by W. D. Cooley, A.B. Pp. 184. (London, Whittaker and Co.)—A useful school-book: plain, and as easy and concise as the subject admits.

Lockhart's Life of Sir W. Scott. Vol. VIII. (Edinburgh, Cadell; London, Whittaker.)—A View of Abbotsford, and a likeness of Scott from Chantrey's fine bust, are the ornaments of this volume.

A Challenge to Phrenologists, by A.M. of the Middle Temple. Pp. 306. (London, Hodson.)—A stout challenger though incognito. The phrenologists will have enough ado to meet him in the field. We are tired of the combat.

The German Self-Teacher, &c. by H. Meldinger. Pp. 288. (London, Whittaker and Co.; Dulau and Co.)—A very simple and excellent mode of acquiring the German language is laid down in this volume; which is otherwise well worthy of notice for its views of the affinity of the English tongue with that of Germany. The writer appears to have a comprehensive knowledge of the Gothic-Teutonic language; of a dictionary of which, we believe, he is also the compiler.

Berger's Moral Tales for Children in German. Pp. 161. (London, Nutt; Dublin, Milliken; Edinburgh, Smith.)—A nice and judicious selection, both of ancient matter and sketches of every-day life.

Marianne, the Lady of the Amosene Prince. A Historical Novel of Palestine. Pp. 442. (London, Fraser.)—A republication of an interesting work which appeared some fourteen years ago, and did not, owing to circumstances, meet with the attention it deserved. We trust the second venture will be more prosperous. The subject, both as regards the people and the country, is one of the best that could be chosen.

The Guide to Trade. The Joiner and Cabinet-maker. Pp. 115. (London, Knight.)—One of those useful little books which affords valuable instruction and advice to the workman; and a considerable degree of insight to the employer.

Plain Abstracts for Popular Use of all the Acts of Public Interest, passed in the Session 2 and 3 of Victoria, 1839, by J. H. Brady. Pp. 66. (London, Washbourne.)—The Police Acts alone are enough to give value to this useful little manual; but it contains much more of serviceable matter.

The Child's Library. Peter Wilkins, by R. Paltocke. Pp. 180. (London, Thomas; Tegg; Simpkin and Marshall.)—A nice little edition of a famous story, and divulging for children the name of its author, which literary men did not know. He had twenty guineas, twelve copies, and some of the cuts, for his labour. What did Doddsley make by it?

Incidents of Travel in the Russian and Turkish Empires, by J. L. Stephens, Esq. Pp. 136, double columns. (London, Smith.)—One of the very cheap editions of a work upon which we bestowed just eulogy when it appeared in a much more expensive shape.

A Treatise on the Art of Preserving the Eye, &c. &c. by J. C. A. Franz. Pp. 286. (London, Churchill; Edinburgh, Cadell; London, Hodges and Smith.)—The eye, though apparently the most delicate organ in

the human frame, costs us less trouble than the hard and enamelled tooth. The perihæal beats the imperishable altogether. Nevertheless, it is well to know how to use it; for which purpose this is a very laudable volume.

Robinson Crusoe. Parts I. II. III. (London, Tya.)—This new edition is laden with wood-engravings from designs by Grandville, who promises 300 in all. Who would not have such a Crusoe? There are to be seven more parts. The artists have fairly and cleverly done their duty.

A Manual of British Coleoptera, or Beetles, &c. &c. by James W. Stephens, F.L.S. &c. &c. Pp. 443. (Longman and Co.)—A very complete manual of all our beetles hitherto ascertained, with a notice of their localities, periods, and places of appearance. In short, of all the scientific intelligence necessary to the subject. Many new species appear.

Preliminary Lessons in the History of England. Pp. 76. (Taunton, F. May.)—A thirteenth edition speaks the utility of this little book for juvenile classes.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

New Mode of Medal-Copying, &c.

MR. AINGER, 'On Warming and Ventilating Buildings.'—This was the first illustration of the season, and for the middle of November was surely quite appropriate. Mr. Ainger was not distinctly heard. He noticed the various modes of warming apartments, from the simplest—that in the Irish cabin, with the fire of peat in the middle, down to the most scientific, including all manner of stoves.—Dr. Arnott's, Joyce's, &c. Stoves, the lecturer considered well applied to the warming of halls and staircases. Mr. Ainger adverted to the ancient mode of warming by horizontal flues; next, by heated air; then, by steam conducted through pipes; hot water; Perkins's plan; also by hot water under great pressure; and lastly, by air having been previously in contact with hot water. From what was advanced it was easily to be seen that a good coal fire after all is the best, as it is certainly the most social mode of counteracting the effect of cold within doors. The remarks on ventilation were postponed.—Mr. Aikin directed attention to some exquisite copies of medals, taken by the new process of the Rev. Thomas Spencer, of Liverpool. The copies were placed on the table. The principle which Mr. Spencer employs to obtain copies is briefly this:—He immerses the metallic surface to be copied in a solution of sulphate of copper; and then, by a small voltaic battery, causes hydrogen gas to be evolved against it. The hydrogen reduces the copper to the metallic state, and thus the surface soon becomes coated with copper, which may be separated when it has acquired sufficient thickness. When a medal or coin is thus operated on, a cast is obtained, in which the figures are sunk as in a die. It is therefore requisite, if we wish to obtain a copy of the medal in relief, either to employ two processes, the first to obtain a die, and the second to form a medal. Or we may simplify the process by first forming a die (by passing the medal either in lead or fusible metal), which may then be employed to precipitate the copper into, by the voltaic process. Dies of this kind are very easily formed, and may be used many times for forming medals. For small coins leaden dies are best, because easily formed and very sharp; but for large medals, or those in high relief, fusible metal is perhaps preferable: for, though more difficult to make, there is far less chance of injuring the medal. The specimens exhibited were much admired.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 11. Mr. W. R. Hamilton, F.R.S. Vice-President, in the chair.—This being the first meeting for the season, a long list of donations to the library was announced, exceeding one hundred and seventy books, and eighty maps,

including the fourth volume of the "Pilote Français," presented by the Dépôt de la Marine; and the twelve just published sheets of the "Carte Topographique" of France, presented by the Dépôt de la Guerre, at Paris. Sixteen members were proposed. Extracts from the following papers were read:—1. 'On the recent Establishment at Port Essington on the North Coast of Australia, by Captain Sir Gordon Bremer, R.N.' Communicated by Sir John Barrow.

"Port Essington, 8 March, 1839.

"On the 27th October, 1838, I reached this place, and, after due consideration, fixed on this spot for the settlement. Our operations commenced on the 3d November, and have proceeded with so much vigour that we have now a very admirable little town. The position is on a considerable piece of rising ground, midway on the western side of the inner harbour. The soil around is of the finest description; and we have already four wells sunk, which afford abundance of water. A finer harbour is scarcely to be met with in the world. The Alligator and Britomart lie in eighteen feet at the lowest water of spring-tides, within hail of an excellent pier, which extends one hundred feet. On Point Record and Spear Point are wells where ships can water most expeditiously, while around our settlement are large ponds and many running streams, all excellent. The rains have fallen but slightly this season, and our gardens in consequence have not made that progress I had hoped for; nevertheless, the orange, lemon, banana, plantain, and cocoa-nut trees, are in beautiful order; while the pumpkins, melons, &c. give ample promise. As regards climate, I have no hesitation in expressing my opinion that it is as fine as any tropical one in the world. We have had very hard labour, and been constantly exposed to the sun; occasionally the thermometer in the shade has been 98° and 100°; yet not one serious case of sickness has occurred. Some disposition to scurvy in two individuals had manifested itself, but by timely means it has been overcome. We have now a stock of cattle for a month, and I look for a further supply on the return of the schooner Essington from Timor. That vessel sailed in December last for the islands to the northward, for the purpose of opening a trade; and on board her I sent Mr. G. W. Earl, whose interesting account of his voyage is amongst my other reports. He found a considerable Christian population, under the guidance of some intelligent Dutch missionaries, and has given me so much information, and caused such a desire on my part for more, that I purpose proceeding to Little Moa and Kissa in the Britomart about the end of this month. In concluding this brief despatch, I feel that I am abundantly warranted in congratulating the British government on their having caused the occupation of this noble harbour, and on the acquisition to the country of a colony which must answer all the purposes contemplated by her majesty's government in its formation; nor can I entertain a doubt but that, with the due encouragement it will receive from home, its admirable geographical position will excite attention, its capabilities for mercantile purposes be appreciated, and its soil, which evidently will produce the most valuable articles, be speedily and successfully cultivated." The paper was accompanied by a chart of Port Essington, by Captain Owen Stanley, R.N.; from which it appears that the site of the new town of *Victoria*, on the western side of the harbour, lies in 11° 20' 30"

south latitude, and 132° 9' longitude east of Greenwich.

2. 'Notes on Two Journeys from Baghdad to the Ruins of Al Hadhr, in Mesopotamia, in 1836 and 1837.' By Dr. John Ross, Surgeon to the British Residency at Baghdad.—"After numerous failures for nearly two years, in endeavouring to get Beduins to escort me to the ruins of Al Hadhr, I have at length succeeded in persuading Salâh-el-Mezzeini, a well-known 'Ajili, to make the attempt. The ruins themselves, and the country round them, are looked upon by the Arabs with superstitious awe, as the haunts of evil spirits; moreover, the roads to them are always infested by plundering parties of the Shammâr and Aneizah, passing to and from forays: so we determined to proceed with as few attendants and as little display as possible.

"May 7, 1839.—Our preparations being completed we left Baghdad, and continuing along the western bank of the Tigris, in a general N.N.W. direction, we passed through the towns of Istâbolat, Tekrit, Kharneinâh, to Kalah Sherkat, where we examined the ruins. After waiting here some time for our donkeys with the barley for our horses, we found that they had given us the slip; finding ourselves in this condition, Salâh called a council of war, and after commenting very strongly upon the treachery of the Tekriti, and the revenge he should have on his return, he told old Shif'al the object of our coming, and said that, as Al Hadhr was only a day's journey off, it would be a disgrace to turn back, and proposed that, as the horses were good, and a chance of green grass inland, and that as we could see the ruins and return to Tekrit in five days, we should trust in God and go on. We unanimously agreed to his proposal, and, after the Arabs had repeated a short prayer aloud for safety and Divine protection, we, at 7h. 30m. A.M. mounted and struck off N.W. $\frac{1}{2}$ W., first over undulating ground, then along the bed of a brackish stream in a small valley called Wâdi-el-Mehêih. At 9h. 30m. halted at a plot of fine green grass to give the horses a feed. Here I observed the Arabs were evidently not at ease; each got on the top of a small kuoll, and, lying flat on his face, kept scanning the horizon in all directions for upwards of an hour, looking for smoke or any signs of human beings being about. At noon we mounted; the country now consists of long, low, undulating ridges, like the waves of the sea, and we can see nothing beyond the one we happen to be on. Between each undulation is a valley, which in winter must have abundance of water. The Arabs are now gloomy and silent, looking suspiciously about; their very features are changed, and as I happen to have the best eyes of the party, they are constantly reminding me to make good use of them. At 4h. 15m. I saw ruins far distant W. by S. which the Arabs instantly pronounced to be Al Hadhr, and we changed our course straight for them. The distant ruins soon appeared with an awfully grand effect; a thick black cloud, behind them, was darting out the most vivid flashings of lightning, and we could distinctly hear the peals of thunder. Old Salâh shook his head and said, 'Sir, I do not like this, we should not have come here; this ground belongs to Iblis.' I confess I myself felt a sort of creeping sensation coming over me. At 5h. 15m. having reached grass and water, and finding it impossible to arrive at the ruins to-night, we halted, and had barely time to fasten the cattle and huddle together, when there burst over us the most terrific storm I

ever beheld; we were ankle deep in water in a few minutes, though on a slight declivity. The storm lasted for about four hours, and the water settled into the valley; yet, in less than an hour afterwards, the Arabs, to my astonishment, contrived to light a fire and boil a little coffee.

"14th.—At 4h. 30m. A.M. mounted and made straight in the direction of the ruins. At 6h. 40m. got to the Tharthar, in a wâdi about two hundred yards broad, covered with grass. The Tharthar itself is here about fifty feet broad, deep, and the water just drinkable. We wandered up and down, but could find no ford; at last Salâh and I stripped to our shirts, and I tied my watch, compass, and note-book on my head, and, being sure of my horse, plunged in, followed by Salâh, at 7h. 45m. The current was rapid, but a few strokes landed us in safety. We reached Al Hadhr at 8h. 10m. We had been about two hours among the ruins, taking rough sketches, measurements, &c., and I was just proceeding to measure the diameter of the city walls, and to count the bastions, when I saw, on a rising ground in the distant horizon to the north, a horseman. I called Salâh, but he could not distinguish him; while pointing out the direction, I saw another join the first. Salâh still doubted, saying it must be a wild hog or a bush, as no human being could be there: for if the Aneizah were out, they must appear from the south, or if the Shammâr, from the west. The appearance of a third, though still invisible to Salâh, settled the business. He said, with a hollow, changed voice, 'We must be off. Allah! Allah! what brought us here?' And off we went, as hard as our horses could, to join our people. I had just time in passing to observe that the general course of the Tharthar is S.E. and S. by E. On getting to our people we instantly saddled, and at 10h. 40m. we were on our return, flying by the same route which brought us. I told Salâh to be more calm—we were five, the enemy only three; he called out, 'Oh, sir, where you see dogs you will find fleas.' At 11h. we heard the horrible war-howl of Arabs behind us. Salâh called out to us to stand fast together while he went to meet them. If they are Shammâr we shall be plundered, but if Aneizah, my party may get off, but the Beduins must fall. I ordered my people to be cool, and not on any account to fire unless I ordered. We were in a hollow, and our speeches were cut short by the appearance of about a hundred horsemen coming over the low ridge behind us at full gallop, and about the same number on our flank. The sight, though far from pleasant, was very grand; the wild disorder, loose flying robes of every colour, spears with round tufts of ostrich-feathers; the howling and yelling, had a most romantic effect. When within about one hundred and fifty yards, my camel-man called out that they were Shammâr (he himself was of that tribe), and told us not to attempt resistance. In another instant they were upon us, and I found myself alone, separated from my people, whose horses had started, perfectly jammed up by the Arabs, and their spears within a few inches of every part of my body. One called to me to dismount and throw down my gun. I asked, 'And if I do?' he answered 'Safety; fear not.' I uncocked my gun, and laid it across the saddle; they at the same time shouldered their spears. One seized me by the clothes, and, my horse having kicked out at his, the part gave way; another then seized my gun, and pulled me off, and in the fall the gun remained with him. My old

horse appeared to take the matter up, and by kicking and fighting cleared an open space; in the meantime, Saláh had been undergoing the same treatment; but, getting a hearing, said he was an Ajel and a Shammárí. The chief asked what he did here? Saláh said, 'By Allah, we were going from 'Alí Páshá to Mahommed Páshá of Mósul; and that I was an Albanian.' The chief answered, 'Oh, Bedufu, do not lie: first, this is not the road; and, secondly, your backs are to Mósul, and your faces to Baghdád.' All called out, 'They are from Reshíd Páshá: cut the dogs' heads off.' A second scramble took place, our camel was made to kneel, and the baggage thrown off; I was knocked down, and in an instant was nearly naked, when an old man (for they were still galloping up by dozens) pushed them all aside with an air of authority, calling out in a thundering voice, 'Avast (awáh), that is no Turk, that is the Bályóz; I saw him two years ago in Sheikh Zebáid's tent: let no one touch him, I protect him.' An immediate calm ensued, when Saláh, now nearly naked, advanced, and said, 'Now that you know us, I shall tell you the truth; that is the Bályóz, we came here to see Al Hadhr, and we are now going back.' Every thing was now set right, an order was given to restore every thing taken, even to a hair, if one had fallen from our heads, and duly obeyed. We sat on the ground good friends. Their chief told us we had done a very foolish thing in coming here without their knowledge, as it was dangerous ground; they never see any one here except themselves or their enemies, and for the latter they had taken us. He then said, in the most beautiful Arabic style, 'If we had in the hurry killed you all, what answer could we give your friends, or what satisfaction could they expect? When we find strange people here, it is not the time to ask who they are, or whence they have come. Allah has saved you.' He then told us that all was in confusion, that Reshíd Páshá had, in a most treacherous manner, seized their sheikh, Sufúk, while a guest in the Turkish camp, on the most solemn pledge of safety, and had sent him prisoner to Constantinople; consequently the Shammár had all rebelled, and come to the desert. They then invited us to their camp, and I was inclined to go, but Saláh whispered to me that we must get off as soon as possible; for as soon as the seizure of Sufúk was known, there would be a great outbreak in Mesopotamia. The ruins of Al Hadhr occupy a space of ground upwards of a mile in diameter, enclosed by a circular, or nearly circular wall, of immense thickness, with square bastions or towers at about every sixty paces, built of large square cut stones. The upper portions of the curtains have in most places been thrown down, as have been also some of the bastions, but most of the latter may still be said to be in very fair preservation, each having towards the city vaulted chambers. Outside the wall is a broad and very deep ditch, now dry, and a hundred, or a hundred and fifty paces beyond it is a thick rampart, now only a few feet high, going round the town; and at some distance beyond the fortifications stand two high mounds with square towers upon them, one on the eastern side, the other on the north. In nearly the exact centre of the town stands the grand object of curiosity, whether temple or palace, I shall not pretend to say, enclosed by a strong, thick, square wall (partly demolished), with bastions similar to those of the city wall, fronting the four cardinal points, each face measuring three hundred long paces inside. The square is in its centre intersected

from north to south by a range of buildings greatly damaged, a confused mass of chambers, gateways, and one built pillar reduced to about thirty feet. Between this range, and the eastern wall appears to have been a clear space. The principal buildings occupy the western side, and consist of a huge pile fronting the east, and part of a wing fronting the north. The ground-story only remains perfect, and consists of a range of vaulted halls of two sizes. The whole city is built of a brownish-gray limestone, so closely fitted that if cement has been used, it cannot be seen; and almost every stone in the great pile has cut upon it one or more letters or marks, seemingly the builder's number, as they are seen in the midst of broken walls, where they could not have been exposed when the structure was perfect. During both visits to these ruins I endeavoured, by looking into every hole and corner, to discover the statues said by the Arabs to be there, but could find none. The last time, I brought from the camp a Beduin who was to point out the statue of the woman milking the cow, so much spoken of by them, but he took me direct to one of the monsters in No. 7. I now much doubt the existence of any statue at all, at least above ground."

3. 'Note upon a newly discovered River in the Southern Island of New Zealand,' by T. H. Nation, Esq. Surgeon, Royal Navy. On the 1st September, 1838, H. M. S. Pelorus entered a river falling into Cook's Straits, on the north side of the island of Tawai Poënammu, and sailed up it in a southerly direction for about forty miles; the ship's launch, or large-boat, then continued ascending for about twenty miles further, when, owing to the freshes from the mountains, banks of gravel prevented her proceeding without difficulty. The river is described as a fine stream, the banks covered with ilex and magnificent tree-ferns, the hills covered with forests of the Cordie pine, large tracts of alluvial land spread around, and in the distance the mountains rose to at least 2000 feet above the sea. The position of the ship's anchorage in the river was $41^{\circ} 16' S.$ $173^{\circ} 50' E.$ Its outlet is on the shores of a bay partially examined by Captain Dumont d'Urville in the Astrolabe, in 1823, the Admiralty Bay of Cook.

4. 'Discoveries' in the Antarctic Ocean in February 1839, from the Log-book of the Eliza Scott,* communicated by Charles Enderby, Esq. In July 1838, two small vessels, belonging to the Messrs. Enderby and some other merchants, sailed from London on a sealing voyage to the South Seas, with special instructions to push as far as possible to the southward in search of land. Touching at Amsterdam Island, Chalky Bay in New Zealand, and Campbell's Island, the vessels proceeded to the southward, and reached their extreme south latitude, 69° , in $172^{\circ} 11'$ east longitude, full two hundred and twenty miles further to the southward than the point which Bellingshausen, in 1820, had been able to reach in this meridian. Continuing to the westward, on Feb. 9, in latitude $66^{\circ} 44'$, longitude $163^{\circ} 11'$ east, they discovered five islands, since named the Balleny Islands, from the name of the master of the Eliza Scott: one of these was estimated at the height of 12,000 feet above the sea; on another island two volcanoes emitted smoke. Continuing their voyage to the westward, the vessels were beset by icebergs; they saw numerous whales, penguins and other sea birds, and occasionally

had a magnificent display of the Aurora Australis. In latitude $61^{\circ} S.$, longitude $103^{\circ} 40' E.$, they passed within a quarter of a mile of an iceberg two hundred and fifty feet high, bearing a fragment of rock; and continuing their course northward, they reached England on the 17th September, just in time to supply another Antarctic Expedition, then on the eve of departure from England, with the information they had been able to obtain of a newly discovered group of islands, lying on the western verge of the circle, within which there seems to be every probability that our gallant countryman, Capt. James Ross, may find the southern magnetic pole.—5. 'Note on a Rock seen on an Iceberg in 61° south latitude,' by C. Darwin, Esq. In this paper the author has collected together all the facts relative to the fragment of rock seen on an iceberg, and points out the value of such an evidence of the transporting power of ice. The part of the rock visible was estimated by Mr. M'Nab, mate of the vessel, who made a sketch of it at the time, at twelve feet in height, and from five to six feet in width; the remainder was buried in the ice. The iceberg was distant 1400 miles from the nearest certainly known land, but it is highly probable that land may exist not above three hundred miles immediately to the southward.

"If, then," concludes Mr. Darwin, "but one iceberg in a thousand, or in ten thousand, transport its fragment, the bottom of the Antarctic Sea, and the shores of its islands, must already be scattered with masses of foreign rock, the counterpart of the erratic boulders of the northern hemisphere."—Among the illustrations to the above papers was a beautiful chart of the South Polar Sea, just published at the Hydrographic Office of the Admiralty; and a trigonometrical survey of the river Tigris, from Ctesiphon to Mósul, by Lieutenant Lynch, Indian Navy, communicated by Sir John Hobhouse, President of the India Board.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 6. The first meeting of this Society for the season was held on Wednesday evening, the Rev. Professor Buckland, D.D. President, in the chair.—The following communications were read:—1. 'A Notice of Showers of Ashes which fell on board the Roxburgh, off the Cape de Verd Islands, in February last,' by the Rev. W. B. Clarke. On Tuesday, February 4th, the latitude of the ship at noon was $14^{\circ} 31' N.$; longitude, $25^{\circ} 16' W.$ The sky was overcast, and the weather thick and insufferably oppressive; though the thermometer was only 72° . At three P.M. the wind suddenly lulled into a calm; then rose from the S. W. accompanied by rain, and the air appeared to be filled with dust, which affected the eyes of the passengers and crew. At noon, on the 5th of February, the latitude of the Roxburgh was $12^{\circ} 36' N.$; longitude $24^{\circ} 13' W.$; the thermometer stood at 72° , and the barometer at 30° , the height which it had maintained during the voyage from England. The volcanic island of Fogo, one of the Cape de Verdes, was about forty-five miles distant. The weather was clear and fine, but the sails were found to be covered with an impalpable reddish brown powder, which Mr. Clarke states resembled many of the varieties of ashes ejected from Vesuvius; and evidently was not sand blown from the African deserts. The author also mentions the following instances of similar phenomena, chiefly on the authority of the officers of the Roxburgh. In June 1822, the ship Kingston of Bristol, bound to Jamaica, while passing near Fogo, had her sails

* These discoveries we described in our statement of Captain J. Ross's proposed route. See *L. G. No. 1182*.

covered with a similar brownish powder, which, it is said, smelt strongly of sulphur. In the latitude of the Canaries, and longitude 36° W. showers of ashes have been noticed two or three times. At Bombay, dust, on one occasion, fell on the decks of the vessels to the depth of an inch; and it was supposed to have been blown from Arabia. In January 1838, dust was noticed by the crew of a ship navigating the China Sea, and at a considerable distance from the Bashee Islands, one of which had been previously seen in eruption. In 1812, ashes fell on the deck of a packet bound to the Brazils, and when 1000 miles from land.—2. A Letter from Mr. Caldcleugh, dated Santiago de Chili, 18th February 1839, containing the declaration of the master and part of the crew of the Chilean brig Thily, of the discovery, during the evening of the 12th of February, of three volcanic islands about thirty leagues to the east of Juan Fernandez. The island which was first noticed, appeared, at the time of its discovery, to be rising out of the sea. It afterwards divided into two pyramids which crumbled away, but their base remained above the level of a violent surge; and in the course of the same evening the height of the island was, for a time, again considerably increased. The other two volcanic islets bore further southwards. During the night the crew of the Thily noticed, at intervals, a light in the same direction.—3. A letter addressed to Mr. Lyell, by Mr. Buddle of Newcastle, 'On Depressions produced in the Surface of the Ground by the Excavation of Beds of Coal.' The effects described in this paper are stated to depend on the four following conditions: 1. The depth of the seam of coal below the surface; 2. The thickness of the seam; 3. The nature of the strata between the seam of coal and the surface; 4. Whether the pillars of coal are wholly or partially removed. If the depth from the surface does not exceed thirty fathoms, and sandstone forms the greater part of the mass overlying the stream, the subsidence is nearly, if not quite, equal to the thickness of the coal removed; but if "metal-stone," or shale, constitute the bulk of the beds, the hollow produced by the settling of strata is less. This rule, depending on the nature of the intervening mass, is said to be maintained at all depths. Of the proportional effect produced in the surface, Mr. Buddle has not been able to obtain any accurate information, the amount depending on the four conditions enumerated above; but the depth of the depression depends less on the thickness of the seam than on its entire removal. In the Newcastle pits, where large pillars of coals are left, in the first instance, and when these are subsequently removed, blocks, or "stooks," of considerable strength, are suffered to remain, for the purpose of protecting the colliers from the exfoliation of the roof; the sinking of the superincumbent mass is retarded, and several years sometimes elapse before the excavation is completely closed, or the overlying strata are finally settled down. In the Yorkshire system, by which all the coal, with the exception of small temporary pillars, is removed in the first instance, the roof being supported by wooden props and stone pillars, the overlying strata subside immediately after the coal is removed. It is only where water occurs on the surface, or a railway traverses a coal-field, that the amount of depression can be accurately ascertained. In one instance the removal of a bed of coal six feet thick, one fourth having been left in "stooks," the depth being 100 fathoms, and the overlying strata principally sandstone, a

pond of water accumulated to the depth of rather more than three feet, by the settling of the strata. In another instance, where a railway crossed a district from beneath which three beds of coal had been successively removed, it had been found necessary to restore the level of the railway three times. The aggregate thickness of the seams of coal was nearly fifteen feet; the depth of the lowest, one hundred and seven fathoms; of the highest, seventy-three; and the mass of the overlying strata consisted of shale. The extent of each settlement was not measured, but the total was five feet six inches; and this comparatively small amount Mr. Buddle explains by the railway passing near one end of the excavated tract. A still higher seam is now in progress of being worked, and it affords an excellent opportunity for ascertaining the effects produced by the pressure of the superincumbent mass. Innumerable vertical cracks pass through the seam, as well as the pavement and roof, or the beds immediately above and below it, but they are perfectly close except around the margin of the settlement; along this line the seam is splintered, the pavement and roof are fissured and bent down, and the cracks are frequently open. Within the area of the settlement, the pavement, on the contrary, is as smooth as if it had not been disturbed, the cracks are close, and the coal is not splintered, but rendered tougher, or, in the language of the collier, more "woody." This effect Mr. Buddle ascribes to the escape of gas by the cracks, and the same changes are sometimes produced by other causes when the coal is said to be winded.—4. On the relative Ages of the Tertiary and Post-Tertiary Deposits of the Basin of the Clyde, by James Smith, Esq. of Jordan Hill. In former communications, Mr. Smith shewed that deposits in the basin of the Clyde had been elevated above the level of the sea during very recent geological epochs; and that some of these beds contain testacea, which indicate the prevalence, during the period of their accumulation, of a colder climate in Scotland than exists at present. In this paper he confines his remarks to subsequent observations, which afford most satisfactory evidence that these comparatively modern deposits are divisible into two distinct formations, differing in their fauna, and separated by a wide interval of time. In the older of these formations, Mr. Smith has found from ten to fifteen per cent of extinct or unknown species of testacea; but in the newer, only such shells as inhabit the British seas. He accordingly places the former among the newest pliocene or pleistocene deposits of Mr. Lyell, and the latter among the post-tertiary series. Both of these accumulations he nevertheless considers to be older than the human period. In the lowest part of the pleistocene formation of the basin of the Clyde, Mr. Smith places the unstratified mass of clay and boulders, locally called "till;" and in the upper, which rests upon it, the beds of sand, gravel, and clay, containing marine shells, a portion of which are extinct or unknown. He is of opinion that some of the similar accumulations in the basins of the Forth and the Tay will probably prove to be of the same age, as well as the elevated terraces of Glenroy, recently shewn by Mr. Darwin to be of marine origin. He is also convinced that a very great proportion of the superficial beds of sand, gravel, and clay, will be ascertained to be tertiary, although the absence of organic remains must render it difficult to obtain, on all occasions, satisfactory evidence. During the post-tertiary epoch, or while the beds containing only existing

testacea were accumulated, changes of level in the basin of the Clyde must have taken place to the amount of forty feet; but during the human period, no change appears to have occurred. The paper concludes with a list of the fossil shells obtained by Mr. Smith, and not found living in the British seas, or of doubtful existence in them. The number of the species is twenty-four—six of which occur in the crag of England, three in the most recent tertiary strata of Sweden, and seven in a living state in the North Seas.—5. 'On the Noxious Gases emitted from the Chalk and overlying Strata in sinking Wells near London,' by Dr. Mitchell. The most abundant deleterious gas in the chalk is the carbonic acid; and it is said to occur in greater quantities in the lower than the upper division of the formation. The distribution of it, however, in that portion of the series is very unequal, it having been found to issue in considerable volumes from one stratum; while from these immediately above and beneath, none was emitted. Sulphuretted hydrogen and carbonated hydrogen gases sometimes occur where the chalk is covered with mud and London clay, as well as in other situations. In making the Thames Tunnel, they have been both occasionally given out, and some inconvenience has been experienced by the workmen; but in no instance have the effects been fatal. In the districts where sulphuretted hydrogen gas occurs, the discharge increases considerably after long-continued rain, the water forcing it out from the cavities in which it had accumulated. The paper contained several cases of well-diggers having been suffocated from not using proper precautions.—The tables of the meeting-room and the library were covered with donations of specimens and books.

ASHMOLEAN SOCIETY.

At the Ashmolean Society, Nov. 7th, after receiving presents, and electing members, a letter was read from Mr. J. A. Rowell, of Oxford, containing a statement of his theory of the formation of rain and other meteorological and electrical phenomena. His hypothesis is—that, in order to rise in the air, each particle of vapour must be expended at least eight hundred and sixty times its bulk; that it carries with it its proportion of electricity according to its expanded surface; that if condensed within the electrical attraction of the earth, the extra quantity of electricity is withdrawn, and the vapour falls and becomes dew; but if it rises out of the electrical attraction of the earth, and is then condensed, the electricity, being insulated, forms an atmosphere around each particle of vapour, which surcharge of electricity not only suspends the vapour by its buoyancy, but also repels the neighbouring particles of vapour, and prevents the formation of rain; and on the removal, by any cause, of the electricity inclosing the vaporous particles, the repulsion is removed, and the particles of vapour then attract each other and form rain. Several proofs were brought forward in support of this hypothesis, and its competency was shewn to account for various unexplained phenomena, the aurora borealis, the variation of the needle, &c.—*Oxford Herald*.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

On Thursday, the first meeting of the season, Mr. L. Hayes Pettit in the Chair.—Several new members were proposed, and the secretary

commenced reading a paper by Mr. Cullimore, 'On the Early Egyptian Dynasties.'

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—Statistical, 8 P.M.; Medical, 8 P.M.
Tuesday.—Linnæan, 8 P.M.; Electrical, 8 P.M.; Architectural, 8 P.M.
Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 7½ P.M.; Geological, 8½ P.M.
Thursday.—Royal Society, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.
Saturday.—Westminster Medical, 8 P.M.; Mathematical, 8 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A Distinguished Member of the Humane Society. Painted by Edwin Landseer, R.A.; Engraved by Thomas Landseer. Moon. "NOBLE," as well as "distinguished;" for certainly a finer or more aristocratic specimen of his kind never barked or swam. Every body who visited the Exhibition of the Royal Academy in 1838 must recollect the picture, by Edwin Landseer, of a magnificent Newfoundland dog, stretched upon the extreme point of a small jetty, nearly surrounded by the laving waves; his limbs in perfect repose, but his countenance animated, watchful, and benevolent; indicating his readiness to lend his instant and powerful aid in any sudden case of distress or danger. Such an animal itself, few persons can be so fortunate as to possess; but the united talents and labours of the brother-artists have enabled any one to procure a portrait of him; which, in beauty and spirit, can be excelled only by the reality. No engraver but one who is himself so excellent an animal designer and painter as Thomas Landseer, could have been half so successful in transferring to steel the exquisite character and execution of the original work. It is the most superb print of the kind that we ever met with.

Outlines to Illustrate a Moral Allegory, entitled "The Fights of Freewill." By Richard Westmacott, jun. A.R.A. F.R.S. Mitchell.

WE are not very fond of allegory, but the simple beauty of that before us disarms us of all hostility against it. It is comprehended in eight plates; and we cannot more briefly, and at the same time more adequately, describe them, than by copying their titles. Plate 1. A voice, like the sound of a trumpet, announces that a human soul has entered upon the earth. A good spirit, hearing it, kneels; but the spirit of evil, frowning, stands aloof. The soul is to fulfil its pilgrimage, attended by these influences, but having freewill to choose between the good and evil.—Plate 2. Religious instruction in Infancy. The influence of the good spirit paramount. The spirit of evil anxiously awaits an opportunity to destroy or weaken the virtuous principle early inculcated.—Plate 3. Temptation in Poverty. The soul (or freewill) tempted by the spirit of evil to rob a sleeping traveller, in order to be able to join in the pleasures of the world; but, still under the influence of the good principle, hesitates before committing an act of sin.—Plate 4. Study. The spirit of evil, in order to weaken the religious principle, instils doubts, and the doctrine of chance. The good spirit weeps to see *Freewill* lending attention to the suggestions of Evil.—Plate 5. Charity. The good spirit rejoices to find that the counsels of the spirit of evil have not destroyed the tendency in *freewill* to acts of virtue.—Plate 6. Love. The influences are here inactive. The good spirit regards with complacency the development of pure affection, while his antagonist watches

his moment of ascendancy.—Plate 7. Passion. The influence of the evil spirit paramount.—Plate 8. Repentance of Evil. The good spirit triumphs at the restored purity of the soul, while the spirit of evil, in disappointment and despair, withdraws his baneful influence.—Of these plates, the second and the sixth are our favourites; but they are all replete with sentiment, expression, and delicacy; and do Mr. Westmacott's taste the highest credit.

Proofs of the Plates of Ackermann's Forget-me-not, 1840.

AMONG the acknowledgments to correspondents in the *Literary Gazette* of the 12th ult. was one of the receipt of "a set of small plates, very sweetly executed, and apparently intended as the embellishments of some forthcoming Annual." We now find that we were right in our conjecture, and that the Annual was the *Forget-me-not*; and we have the satisfaction to add, that the favourable impression which the plates made upon us at first sight is by no means diminished by a second inspection. They are ten in number, and have as their frontispiece a characteristic whole-length portrait of Her Majesty, in the royal robes, drawn and engraved by H. B. Holl. The remaining nine are most of them exceedingly pleasing compositions; painted by Miss Adams, and Messrs. Nixon, Herbert, Leslie (R.A.), Jenkins, Farrier, Keyser, Corbould, and Colin; and engraved by Messrs. Simmons, Scriven, Gibbon, Rolls, Stocks, Adcock, and Bacon.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

LAYS OF A DREAMER.—NO. IV.

A Vision of News.

ON, for a nap in an easy chair!
Strange the dreams that come to us there!
I went to sleep on Wednesday night,
November the month, and the moon at its height;
I had been reading, almost to satiety,
A luminous work of entrancing variety;
But I can't give the name of the broad, broad sheet
That filled my head with the odd conceit.
It might have been that great diurnal,
Conservatives call "the leading journal";
The paper they read at their morning meal,
To teach them the way
To think, and to talk, and to act, and to feel,
For the rest of the day.
It might have been, I'm not ironical,
That honest paper—the "Morning Chronicle,"
Which, so to speak,
For Radical readers does much the same,
As that thundering print I won't venture to name,
For the Tory clique.
Or, perhaps, 'twas "The Sun," which, with rapid translation,
Becomes either morning or evening edition;
And thus if you fear its strong day-beams may freckle you,
Perhaps after dinner you'll let the rogue tickle you.
Or, perhaps, 'twas "The Standard," or "Globe," good
As any,
Except that these fight like the cats of Kilkenny;
Or, perhaps, 'twas a paper just new on the town,
Quite sure to succeed,—till six months puts it down;
Or, perhaps, 'twas a paper of only last Sunday,
That a miracle saved from being torn up on Monday.
The name of the paper I've really forgot,
And which one it was doesn't matter a jot;
But I sunk into slumber a pleasant repose,
With that newspaper bobbing against my nose.
Oh, the devil and Doctor Faustus!
What a sight has our reading cost us!—
Morning is breaking, dirty and dim,
Over a printing-house large and grim;
There's a whiz, and a squeak, and a barr, and a bang,
And an opening, and shutting, and stoking, and clang;
And the whole of the racket can tell you no less,
Than the fact that a newspaper's "gone to press";
And every minute will turn out a ream
Of sound information got up by steam.
Alack! alack! what a horrible crack!—
'Twas as if St. Paul had broken his back:
The office is rent from bottom to top.
For the boiler's gone off like ginger-pop.
And now amid steamy, gauzy clouds,
The newspaper matter comes out in crowds.
Riding a high horse, rather a fast,
Heading the foremost a leader paced;
Brawling his armour to his chin,
And there did his human face begin;

Red was his hair, but no helmet made,
The warrior's suit of mail complete,
For the mighty boss of self-conceit
Stuck out as big as a hand-grenade.

And so said I,
'Tis plain that's the matter;
And I thought, by the by,
He must puzzle his hair.
We are bold in our dreams if we're towards awake,
Not a nerve in my frame did the warrior shake,
Though he ranted, and blustered, and called upon names,
And the horse at each nostril was breathing forth flames;
But the man and the beast did not shake me a particle,
For I knew them at once as "THE LEADING ARTICLE."
"Room, lordlings!" as Sir Walter sings,
Room for a couple of Europe's kings.
Louis Philippe is crowned, but Don Carlos, the hero,
Has nought on his head save a ragged ambergris;
But that's not a sceptre of regal command,
The King of the French has just now in his hand!
Though the fact is improbable, plainly I scan
No sceptre it is, but a large warming-pan.
Tell you I'm right! why the deuce should you doubt it?
Only I seen while and he'll tell you about it!—
Says Carlos, "To lose thus my kingdom and crown,
Good cousin, I cannot bear it."
Says Louis, "My throne is no bed of down,
You need not wish to share it;
You're lucky, my lad, to get off with your head;
Just see what last night was stuffed into my bed—
'Tis hard that one can't go to rest but one meets
An "infernal machine" between blankets and sheets.
Ye, Carlos! I found sticking close to my ribs,
This damnable warming-pan crammed full of squibs!
By very good luck the queen chanced to be out,
Detained very late at a quality rout."
Says Carlos, "Your talking of routes gives me pain,
What a rout we all had when we started from Spain!"
Then says Louis, "My boy, do not go back again."
The king has passed on—they could not well stay,
For Mr. O'Connell is coming this way.
Unto the Union, he stretches across
From London to Dublin, and, ne'er at a loss,
He wades his long tail 'twixt an ocean of foam;
There's a shower of volumes, all popular books,
And a man rushes out, who, to judge by his looks,
Is really astounded, and pleased beyond measure,
To find in each work intellectual treasure.
Only hear what he says—"We're delighted to find
Mr. Folio has published a novel called 'Mind.'
'Tis said that the greatest anxiety's shewn
Among certain persons, who've minds of their own;
To discover who's meant by the Marquis Fitznook;
We have heard, with surprise, 'tis a certain gay duke.
Now listen again, with a start and a stare,
Hands stretched out before him, and chamber-broom hair;
He announces a rumour!—"A book's coming out
That puts an historical crime beyond doubt."
'Tis said the new work, by Sir Timothy Bobbin,
Proves the tragical death of, and who killed, Cock Robin."
Strange! A glance at the phiz of the speaker declares
'Tis Folio, the publisher, puffing his area.
Still the paper spreads out its personified matter;
And oh! what a rumpus, a row, and a clamour;
There's a dreadful cab accident tumbles the driver,
And the fare's running off without paying a stiver;
There's a gentleman paid by the newspaper press
At the cost of a penny a line, and no less,
Who has driven a cart from the heart of "the shires"
To fill the odd corners that such news requires,
With three old women, and three old men,
All older than threescore years and ten,
Whose ages united (including, of course,
The age of the driver, the cart, and the horse,
If you toss in the little dog running before),
Will amount to six hundred years and more.
There's a pickpocket dressed like a Regent Street dasher,
"Prigging the wiper" of a worthy "hell-smasher,"
Who sees his swell cousin put under the pump, he
Forgetting the coin that he deals out for "stumpy."
There's a violent row, in which every one's right;
Six men with their coats off, but no one will fight.
And an unlucky publican, quite in a fright,
Is indicted for opening his mouth—late at night.
But now for advertisements—see what a score
Are jostling to rush from the printing-house door.
There's an old woman anxious to part with a "caul,"
"Warranted genuine, though it looks small;"
Her son being "in trouble" and likely to die,
Has no further use for it,—who wants to buy?
There's Mr. Smith dragging a porter along,
Such a chest on his shoulders—"tis well he is strong;
And further, to load the poor wretch, I declare,
On the top is a stool, with three legs, and a chair;
The whole of the goods being Patrick O'Demey's,
"If not fetched away, they'll be sold for expenses."
There's an old miser acting a poor errand boy,
"Who's sure to be turned from his only employ,
For having, in Holborn, by shocking disaster,
Lost two five-pound notes that belong to his master.
Whoever will return them this poor lad will thank;
Nota bene—The notes are both stopt at the Bank."
"No piracy!" cries a sea-captain,—"don't think
'Tis that piracy under a flag black as ink,
Or yet of Red Rover, the scourge of the seas;
Ah, no, my good sirs, it means neither of these,
But pray do not pirate the gentleman's Teas.
Now, old women, led by a tin-leaf-green spectre,
Cry out, "He's run aw," just as if it wereectar;

And they drink till a few have begun to complain,
That their "nerves will be never worth twopence again."
When a gentleman dressed in full mourning, like Kumble
Performing in Hamlet, exclaims, "Do not tremble!"
And catching an old woman just as she faints,
Declares he will conquer her "nervous complaints;"
For he's skilled in such cases, and knows what to do,
Having cured himself—nearly—of tic douloureux.
Then oh! what a crowd of warts cry aloud;
Fifty young persons, by no means proud,
Who have no objection to travel:
There are twenty housemaids all of a row,
With sixteen bermaides,—a beautiful show,
And these at nothing cavil.
There's a fussy cook, with a very red face,
Who bawls in my ear, "Sir, I'm wanting a place;
Fifteen guineas a-year, will you take us?
I'll tell you what I have in view,
An elderly gentleman, just like you,
And the dinners all done at the baker's."

Keep her off! keep her off! don't let her come nigher,
Her cheeks are red hot with Saint Anthony's fire;
I want to look at those placards they raise
To give us a hint of this evening's plays.
Cook! cook! you've set me all in a blaze!
And so she had,—or so I thought,—
For the flare of the candle my paper had caught;
And the columns had turned into columns of flame,
For 'twas blazing from title to printer's name;
And I'd scorched my wig, and my breeches were burnt
In one or two places, and all I had learnt,
Amid all this dreaming, and flaming, and vapour,
Was never again to nap over the paper.

R. J.

MOTHER, COME BACK!

"MOTHER, come back!" This is the cry
When some rare pleasure fills my heart,
When laughing Joy lights up my eye,
And Impulse wakes with throbbing start.
I know thou would'st exult to see
The flash of sunshine on my track;
And faithful memory clings to thee
With burning words,—Mother, come back!

Tidings, perchance, may reach my ear,
Cold, false, and bitter in thy tone;
Till the low sigh and falling tear
Burst from a spirit sad and lone.
Then do I breathe in accents wild,
With heartstrings stretched on feelings' rack,
Thou who didst ever love thy child
With changeless faith,—Mother, come back!

Faint languor shades my drooping face,
My pulses flutter swiftly weak;
The fading lily takes its place
And hides the rose-leaf on my cheek.
Then do I call upon thy name,
When stranger hands support my brow;
My pining soul still asks the same,
"Mother, come back! I need thee now!"

When Fortune sheds her fairest beams,
Thou art the missing one I crave;
I ask thee, when the whole world seems
As dark and cheerless as thy grave,—
I ask, but with a dreamer's brain,—
For no,—ah no! it cannot be,
Thou'lt never come to me again,
But, Mother, I will come to thee.

ELIZA COOK.

SKETCHES.

OBSERVANCE OF SUNDAY.

A PARAGRAPH having appeared in a Sunday paper, reprehending the lord-mayor for preventing carriages and all other vehicles driving past churches on Sunday, during Divine service, we are reminded of former times. Thus—James the First published a "Book of Sports," by which the populace were tolerated to exercise certain recreations and pastimes on the Sabbath-day—such as, dancing round the May-pole, drinking, and every kind of debauchery; and all parochial incumbents were

* On the 10th of May, 1643, this book was burnt by the common hangman in Chesapeake, in pursuance of an ordinance in both houses, by which all persons having any of the said books in their hands were required to deliver them forthwith, to be burnt according to order.

enjoined to read the same in their respective churches, on pain of the king's displeasure: so much so, that those who would not consent to read this book were brought into the High Commission, imprisoned, and suspended. This new encroachment upon the Sabbath gave both king and people more liberty to profane the day with authority. For if the court had occasion to remove on Monday, the king's carriages must go out the day before—all times were alike to the king. The court being about to remove to Theobalds* the next day, the carriages of the king went through the City on Sunday, with a great clatter of noise, during the time of Divine service. Notwithstanding the license given by this Book, the then lord-mayor (Sir George Bolles) had the courage to order the king's carriages to be stopped as they were driving through the City during church-time. This threw James into a great rage, as he "vowed that there had been no more kings in England but himself." He issued a warrant to the lord-mayor, commanding him to let the carriages pass, with which the prudent magistrate complied, saying, "While it was in my power I did my duty, but that being taken away by a higher power, it is my duty to obey."

JACK SHEPPARD.

As the exploits of the above celebrated character are nightly attracting many thousands of her majesty's lieges, it may not be unsatisfactory to some of our readers to give a few extracts from the periodicals of the day in which our hero flourished.

The "British Journal" of 28th November, 1724, has the following:—

"I do not remember any felon in this kingdom whose adventures have made so much noise as Sheppard's. He was for a considerable time the common subject of conversation. I have seen six or seven different histories of his life; and several copper-plates, representing the manner of his escape out of the condemned hold, and the castle in Newgate; besides other prints of his effigies. The principal of these last was a mezzotinto,† done from the original picture painted by Sir James Thornhill; on which occasion the following stanzas were printed, and appeared in the 'British Journal' of the date above stated:—

* Thornhill, 'tis thine to gild with fame
Th' obscure, and raise the humble name;
To make the free elude the grave,
And Sheppard from oblivion save.
Though life in vain the wretch implores,
An exile on the furthest shores,
Thy pencil brings a kind reprieve,
And bids the dying robber live.

* The great Lord Burleigh built a magnificent seat here, where he entertained Queen Elizabeth; twelve several times—each visit cost from two to three thousand pounds, as she remained generally from four to five weeks at a time. His silver plate was from fourteen to fifteen thousand pounds in weight; and the value was forty-two thousand pounds sterling, which (besides the fashion of it) exceeded that possessed by any other nobleman. He devoted his seat to his youngest son, Sir Robert Cecil, afterwards Earl of Salisbury. James the First, paying a visit there, was so delighted with the place, that he gave him Hatfield Regis in exchange for Theobalds. In the civil war it was plundered—† being the place whence Charles the First set out to erect his standard at Notting-ham. Charles granted the manor to George Monck, duke of Albemarle, but it reverted to the crown for want of male issue; and King William the Third gave it to the Earl of Portland; from whom it descended to William Henry, third duke of Portland, 1806, who sold it to George Prescott, Esq.; by which proprietor the park was converted into farms; and the small remains of the house being demolished in 1765, a building lease was granted, and a family mansion was erected on another part of the estate, which is now the residence of Sir George B. Prescott.

† This is the likeness, we believe, so finely and faithfully preserved throughout the illustrations by G. Cruikshank.

: "Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illa."

This piece to latest time shall stand,
And shew the wonders of thy hand;
Thus former masters grac'd their name,
And gave egregious robbers fame.
Appelles Alexander drew,
Cæsar is to Aurelius due,
Cromwell in Lilly's works doth shine,
And Sheppard, 'Thornhill, lives in thine."

Sheppard was even thought a proper subject for the stage. Mr. Thurwood then contrived a pantomime entertainment, called "Harlequin Sheppard: a night-scene in grotesque characters." It was acted at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane. The scenes were painted from the real places of action.

Then a farce of three acts was printed, under the title of "The Prison Breaker; or, the Adventures of John Sheppard." This was never acted at any of the theatres; but after it had lain a long while neglected, it was intermixed with songs and catches at Bartholomew Fair, by the name of "The Quaker's Opera."

And what is yet more singular, Jack's adventures have been spiritualised in the pulpit, as related by a witness, whose words we repeat:—

"One Sunday evening," said he, "as I was returning home from t'other end of the town, I somehow missed my way, and, passing by a porch, I heard the sound of a preacher's voice, upon which I turned back and stepped in. He was pretty near the conclusion of his sermon; what I heard was so small a part, and so remarkable, that I believe I can repeat it almost verbatim. These were his words, or at least to this effect:—

"Now, my beloved, what a melancholy circumstance it is, that men should shew so much regard for the preservation of a poor perishing body, that can remain at most but a few years; and at the same time be so unaccountably negligent of a precious soul, which must continue to the ages of eternity! Oh, what care, what pains, what diligence, and what contrivances, are made use of, and laid out upon, these frail and tottering tabernacles of clay; when, alas! the nobler part of us is allowed so very small a share of our concerns, that we scarce will give ourselves the trouble of bestowing a thought upon it! We have a remarkable instance of this in a notorious malefactor well known by the name of Jack Sheppard! What amazing difficulties he has overcome!—what astonishing things he has performed, for the sake of a stinking, miserable carcass hardly worth hanging!—how dexterously did he pick the padlock of his chains with a crooked nail—and how manfully he burst his fetters asunder, climb up the chimney, wrench out an iron bar, break his way through a stone wall, and make the strong doors of a dark entry fly before him, till he got upon the leads of the prison, and then, fixing a blanket to the wall with a spike, he stole out of the chapel!—how intrepidly did he descend from the top of the turner's house—and how cautiously pass down the stairs, and make his escape at the street door! Oh, that ye were all like Jack Sheppard!—mistake me not, brethren, I don't mean in a carnal, but in a spiritual sense—for I purport to spiritualise these things. What a shame it would be if we should not think it worth our while to take as much pains, and employ as many deep thoughts, to save our souls, as he did to preserve his body! Let me exhort you, then, to open the locks of your hearts with the nail of repentance; burst asunder the fetters of your beloved lusts; mount the chimney of hope; take from thence the bar of good resolution; break through the stone wall of despair, and all the strongholds in the dark entry of the valley of the shadow of death; raise yourselves to

the leads of Divine meditation; fix the blanket of faith with the spike of the church; let yourselves down to the turner's house of resignation, and descend the stairs of humility, so shall you come to the door of deliverance, from the prison of iniquity, and escape the clutches of that old executioner the devil, who goeth about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour."

SECRET SOCIETIES OF GERMANY.

The Report of the Central Committee of the Germanic Diet upon the Machinations of the German Revolutionists since 1830, discusses the agitation occasioned by the revolution of July; revolutionary press; foundation and progress of the "Patriotic Union;" history of the "Association of Students" (Burschenschaften), until the meeting of Burschen, at Frankfort-on-the-Maine; "Armenians and Germans;" meetings of Burschen; feast of Hamburg (57th of May, 1833); meeting of Schumann at Neudorf; the Haritz; consequences of the feast for the instigators; Rauchenblatt and Venedey, commissioners; progress of the revolutionary spirit; resolutions of the Diet (June 28th and July 5th, 1833), and intrigues of the faction to create an opposition to those resolutions; removal of the central committee of the "Union of the Press" to Frankfort-on-the-Maine; revolutionary plots in the summer of 1833; military conspiracy of Koseritz, in Wurtemberg; correspondence with the revolutionists in France; occurrences anterior to the plot of April; understanding between bookseller Frankh, Dr. Gurth, and Koseritz (his journeys of inspection, projects: Frankfort chosen as the place of their execution); report of the Burschenschaften; meeting of the revolutionists in Wurtemberg; endeavours of Breitenstein to seduce the soldiers of Hesse Homburg; meeting at Grossgartach, 31st of March, 1833; journeys, plans of attack, armaments, previous to the explosion; hesitation respecting the choice of the place for raising the standard of revolt; arrival of the conspirators at Frankfort-on-the-Maine; meeting at Bokenheim (April 2, 1833); projects and preparations to revolutionise at once and simultaneously several states of the Confederation; revolutionary plots, after the riots at Frankfort-on-the-Maine; the union, or alliance of men; intrigues in the Grand Duchy of Hesse; unions at Gussen and Butzbach; "Young Italy;" "Young Germany;" "Young Europe;" projected armed expeditions; intervention of the authorities; continuation of the union.

THE DRAMA.

Drury Lane.—On Tuesday the opera of *Cinderella* was produced here, the heroine by Miss Deley, a pupil, and we believe the daughter, of Mr. Rophino Lacy. The *débütante* is young, apparently about seventeen or eighteen, girlish, with small features, and a merry, expressive, dark eye. As is too generally the case in England, she has been hurried upon the stage rather prematurely; and, therefore, we must rather speak of her great promise than of her finished performance. She has an organ of great power and compass. The lower and middle notes are excellent, and it was only when she strained her voice to its highest pitch that she became harsh and unpleasant. In the last scene this was peculiarly the case, and she was consequently *encored*! All the rest was good, and we have seldom or never witnessed a *débüt* of one so young, from which we could augur a more brilliant future. A few years of sound cultivation and practice, and Miss Deley (already well taught and capable of fine execution) bids fair to be one of the chief musical ornaments of our stage. Her acting was graceful and ladylike; and, altogether, she well merited the favourable reception she experienced. Miss Betts and Miss Collett sang in the concerted places with much skill and effect. Mr. Frazer was a laudable *Prince*; Mr. Lefler, a laughable *Pompolino*; Mr. Morley, a clever *Dandini*; and Hammond, a humorous *Pedro*. The fairy transformations were capitally done, under the wand of Mrs. Alban Croft (her first appearance); and the whole went off with an *éclat* quite reviving at this theatre, hitherto so indifferently attended.

Covent Garden.—There is nothing here but Love, except a little *Scandal* once a-week. A farce called *Don't be Frightened*, which seems to

have been a sort of speaking pantomime, was brought out; but, alas for critics who do not write after first or second nights, Bartley, Matthews, Harley, and Meadows, could not, with all their exertions, bring it down to our date! A week is an age for ephemera.

The *Adelphi* is running away with Jack Sheppard. Crowds suit pickpockets best, and assuredly they submit to be spoiled nightly here with the greatest good-humour. The piece is capably acted.

St. James's.—A nondescript thing, called a *Lord in Pawn*, was brought out here; and, such is the benevolence of the public, was heard to the end. But there it ended.

VARIETIES.

H.B. has issued three more of his effusions, numbered 618, 19, 20; and they shew no falling off in fertility and humour. On the contrary, the first, "An Irish Wake," is one of his most successful hits. The Ministers, O'Connell, the Duke of Wellington, &c., are waking Lord Brougham, who, stretched on his pseudo death-bed, is asking, "What are they saying of the departed?" Lord Melbourne praises his greatness at "a faction-fight;" and every one has some lament for the "funny fellow," &c. The next treats the same subject, representing the Premier and Dan as Friar Tuck and the Sacristan, holding a "devil's mass" on the supposed death of Athelstane (Brougham), who is watching them behind the door. The last is another of the cleverest groups. The great O as a vagabond at a fair, with sticks to throw at others in the ground, topped by the church, crowns, mitres, &c. instead of the usual toys. Lord Melbourne is having a shy at the church; but the Queen, Prince Albert, and others, entertain some apprehension that he may knock down the crown. The attitudes of the figures are excellent.

£100 Reward.—The Entomological Society having granted their great medal to the Rev. Dr. Hawtrey, of Eton, for his ingenious application of the High-pressure Steam-engine to the destruction of the small Fire-fly, the Glow-worm, and common House-fly, the Society are authorised by Dr. Hawtrey to offer the above reward for the best plan of applying the more simple and elegant old Block Machinery and Thrashing Machine to the same useful purpose.—N.B. The above Reward is offered in consequence of the Dr. having severely injured himself by the use of his own discovery.

Masquerade.—Symptoms of "Life in London" are beginning to display themselves. On Wednesday, Mr. Obbard had his first masquerade at the English Opera House, and it was fully and merrily attended.

Patent Candle-Extinguisher.—A very ingenious little instrument, to extinguish candles at any desired time, invented by Mr. Jones of the Strand, has just been submitted to our inspection. It is self-acting, and consists of a small circular tube surmounted by two flaps, which being put open on the candle an inch or half-a-dozen inches down, to the extent intended to burn, collapse when the flame has descended to the extinguisher. It snaps together sharply, and completely fulfils its purpose.

Statement of Facts relating to Steam Communication with India on the Comprehensive Plan (pp. 15, Smith, Elder, and Co.), is a warm

* This squib is handed about in consequence of the Master of Eton having expelled some offender or offenders, for letting off squibs on Guy Faux' day. Surely the "old block" alluded to, would have been a more consistent punishment for such an offence.—Ed. L.C.

remonstrance by "James Barber, Agent to Bengal Steam Committee," in which he censures the East India Company for not adopting a plan for intercourse with all the Indian Presidencies by steam, instead of employing partial and inefficient means of conveyance. The subject is one of deep interest to a large proportion of the community, as well as to England and her colonies; and, in these days, we should think it would hardly need a pamphlet to enforce the expediency of doing every thing possible to perfect this important intercourse.

The Rector's Progress, by Clericus, No. I. is acknowledged. Another to the mass of the imitations of "Boz" which have of late inundated the press; and, from its mistaking the coarse and dirty for humour, we are inclined to think not likely to rival "Oliver Twist" or "Nicholas Nickleby."

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

In the Press.

Discourses on Special Occasions, by the late Rev. Dr. M'All, of Manchester, with a Sketch of his Life and Character by the Rev. Dr. Wardlaw.—By Dr. Johnston, a History of the British Sponges and Corallines.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Henry of Guise; or, the State of Blois, by G. P. R. James, Esq. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.—Poems by Mrs. Boddington, Author of "Sketches in the Pyrenees," with Illustrations, 8vo. 21s.—Yorkshire Calendar, or Pocket-Book with Almanack and Diary, fcap 8vo. 4s. roan tuck: 2s. 6d. common; 3s. cloth.—Illustrations to "Nicholas Nickleby," by P. Palette, 8vo. 9s.—History of England, Vol. VII. by a Clergyman, with Index (completing the work), 12mo. 10s. 6d.—Church Catechism of Rome, translated by Rev. R. J. M'Ghee, 12mo. 2s. 6d.—Letters on Episcopacy, &c. &c. by the Rev. A. Boyd, 12mo. 4s. 6d.—The History of England, by T. Keightley, 3 vols. 8vo. 11. 11s. 6d.—The Clouds and Peace of Aristophanes, in English Prose, 8vo. 6s.—On the Relation between the Holy Scriptures and some parts of Geological Science, by J. Pye Smith, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Medical Etiquette, by A. Banks, Esq. fcap. 3s. 6d.—Giulia; a Tragedy, 8vo. 5s.—The Enumerations of Euclid's Elements, 24mo. 3s.—All the New Rules, by J. Jervis, 4th edition, 8vo. 16s.—A Gift from Fairy Land; Tales and Legends, post 8vo. 12s.—A Translation of Part II. of Goethe's Faust, with other Poems, by L. J. Bernays, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—The Friends of Fontainebleau, by Miss Burdon, 3 vols. post 8vo. 11. 11s. 6d.—Preferment; or, my Uncle the Earl, by Mrs. Gore, 3 vols. post 8vo. 11. 11s. 6d.—History of the Hebrew Commonwealth, by J. Jahn, D.D. 3d edition, 8vo. 12s.—Classical and Archaeological Dictionary of the Nations of Antiquity and the Middle Ages, by P. A. Nuttall, LL.D. 8vo. 16s.—The Complete Works of Bishop Hall, 12 vols. 8vo. 71. 4s.—History of Russian Literature, by Dr. F. Otto, translated from the German by G. Cox, M.A. 8vo. 12s.—Bishop Burnett's History of his Own Times, illustrated with Fifty-one Portraits, 2 vols. imperial 8vo. 24s.—The Liturgy of the Church of England, for Children, by Mrs. Maddock, Vol. I. 18mo. 2s. 6d.—W. Davis on Infant-Baptism, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—The Poor-Law Amendment Act, by S. R. Bosanquet, 12mo. 6s.—Schlegel's Lectures on Dramatic Art, &c. translated by J. Black, 2 vols. fcap. 12s.—Doctrines and Duties, or Faith and Practice, by T. B. Ribbins, fcap. 5s.—Observations on Yaws, Leprosy, Tetanus, &c. by J. Maxwell, M.D. 8vo. 7s. 6d.—The Barrow Diggers, with Illustrations, 4to. 10s.—The Sure Word of Prophecy, by the Rev. F. Fysh, 8vo. 9s.—Caleb in the Country, a Story, by Jacob Abbott, 32mo. 1s.—De Porquet's Italian Phrase-Book, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—Arabian Nights' Entertainments, translated by Edward Forster, royal 8vo. 12s.—The Child's Book of Zoology, by J. H. Fennell, square, 3s. 6d.—India, and Indian Missions, by the Rev. A. Duff, D.D. 8vo. 12s.—Rev. J. Grierson's Treatise on the Lord's Supper, fcap. 3s. 6d.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1839.

November.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday .. 7	From 42 to 53	29.58 stationary
Friday .. 8	45 .. 54	29.61 to 29.66
Saturday .. 9	45 .. 53	29.58 .. 29.41
Sunday .. 10	47 .. 53	29.34 .. 29.11
Monday .. 11	46 .. 51	29.13 .. 29.2
Tuesday .. 12	38 .. 53	29.33 .. 29.4
Wednesday 13	40 .. 51	29.64 .. 29.6

Prevailing wind, S.W.
Except the 11th, cloudy, with frequent showers of rain
Rain fallen, 8 of an inch.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"M. D. 1839" is not to be inserted in the title of any article.
"R. B. S." There is a note addressed to our office.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

SCOTTISH WIDOWS' FUND AND LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, founded A.D. 1815, on the Original Basis of the London Equitable.

Head Office, No. 5 St. Andrew Square, Edinburgh.
 Present Accumulated Fund, upwards of £245,000. Annual Revenue, upwards of £150,000. Whole Profits belong to the Assured. Divisible every Seven Years.

President.

The Right Honourable the Earl of Rosebery.

Vice-Presidents.

Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, Bart.

The Hon. Lord Moncreiff.

The Right Hon. the Lord Justice General.

The Right Hon. Lord Francis Egerton.

(All of whom, as well as the Directors, Ordinary and Extraordinary, are permanently connected with the Society by Assurance of more than three years' standing.)

The Surplus Profits ascertained at 31st December last were sufficient to secure—

1. A Retrospective Bonus of Two per cent. per annum, or 10 per cent. for the Septennial Period, not only on the original sum assured, but likewise on the Bonus additions previously declared.

2. A Contingent Prospective Bonus of Two per cent. per annum, to be paid from and after 31st December last, on all Policies of five years' standing that may emerge before 31st December 1846, when the next Investigation, and consequent Declaration of Bonus, takes place.

The Directors are authorised, by a by-law of the Society, passed in 1827, to grant Loans to Members on the security of their Policies (without any expense except the Stamp for a Promissory Note), to the extent of nine-tenths of their calculated value at the time. They are likewise empowered to allow Members to commute their Bonus Additions; i.e. to have their Bonus applied towards reduction of their future Annual Premiums.

Thus, for example,—

A, in the year 1850, being then forty years of age, insured his life for £3000, paying an annual premium of £30 3 0
 He is now fifty-nine years of age, and has an actually vested Bonus or Addition, declared and attached to his Policy, of 1025 12s., which, with the £3000, the original sum assured, shows the full amount of the sum presently contained in the Policy to be £4025 12 0

Were A to die in 1845, after payment of his premium for that year, the sum payable under the Policy would be £4025 12 0
 Or, if it were an object to him to reduce his present Annual Contributions, he might, by giving up his Bonus, reduce his future premium from 30s. 3d. to £30 3 0

Or, if he preferred receiving immediately the present value of his Bonus, he would, by surrendering it, be entitled to a sum of £563 10 0
 If he were desirous at present of having a loan on his policy, he might borrow to the extent of £1420 0 0

The above example will probably be admitted to be perfectly sufficient to show, in a practical point of view, the great benefits to be derived by parties insuring with this office.

The Directors are at all times ready to entertain Proposals for Loans, either on Redeemable Annuity, or on their Heritable Security. Every information on this or any other subject connected with the Society may be obtained on application (by letter, post paid) to the Head Office in Edinburgh, or to any of the Society's Agencies.

JOHN MACKENZIE, Manager.

Edinburgh, 5 St. Andrew Square.
 N.B.—Tables of Rates and Forms of Proposals to meet any particular contingency, or effect any specific object, will be transmitted to parties desirous of obtaining them; and all official communications of this nature are considered as strictly confidential.

Agencies in England:—

London.—Hugh McKean, 7 Pall Mall West.
 Bradford.—Geo. Rogers, Horton Road.
 Huddersfield.—Hugh Watt, banker.
 Leeds.—William Ward, attorney.
 Liverpool.—Arthur Doughton and Co. Exchange Street East.
 Manchester.—Thos. Boothman, jun. Cross Street, King Street.
 Newcastle.—Charles Borthman, 12 Sandhill.

BOOKS IN THE PRESS.

NEW BOOKS TO BE PUBLISHED IN THE MONTH OF NOVEMBER.

THE HISTORY OF CHRISTIANITY,
 from the Birth of Christ to the Extinction of Paganism in the Roman Empire. By the Rev. H. H. Milman. 3 vols. 8vo.

HISTORY OF THE POPES OF ROME, their Church and State, during the 16th and 17th Centuries. Translated from the German of Leopold Ranke. 3 vols. 8vo.

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF WILLIAM FITZ, FIRST EARL OF CHATHAM.
 The Third and Fourth Volumes, completing the Work. 8vo.

AUSTRIA. By Peter Evan Turnbull, Esq. F.R.S. F.S.A. 2 vols. 8vo.

THE AUTHORISED TRANSLATION. HISTORICAL ELOGE OF JAMES WATT. By M. Arago. Translated from the French, with additional Notes, by James Patrick Muirhead, Esq. M.A. With a Portrait. 8vo.

THE FIRST COMPLETE EDITION OF THE POETICAL WORKS OF THE REV. H. H. MILLMAN, with Preface and Notes by the Author, a Portrait, and other Illustrations. Uniform with the Works of Scott, Crabbe, Southey, &c. 3 vols. fcap. 8vo.

ESSAY ON ARCHITECTURE. By Thos. Hope, Esq. 3d edition, carefully revised, with nearly 50 Plates, royal 8vo.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE BRITISH SETTLEMENTS IN THE STRAITS OF MALACCA, including Penang, Malacca, and Singapore. By Lieut. Newbold. 2 vols. 8vo. With Maps.
 John Murray, Albemarle Street.

On Monday, 8vo.
CHARGE delivered to the CLERGY of the DIOCESE OF EXETER.
 By the Right Rev. HENRY, LORD BISHOP OF EXETER, At his Triennial Visitation, in the Months of August, September, and October, 1838.
 John Murray, Albemarle Street.

Shortly will be published, in 1 vol. oblong folio, Outline to illustrate a Moral Allegory, entitled,
THE FIGHT OF FREEWILL.
 By R. WESTMACOTT, Jun. A.R.A. F.R.S. John Mitchell, Bookseller and Publisher to Her Majesty, 25 Old Bond Street.

Immediately will be published, in 3 vols. post 8vo.
THE FRIGHT: A NOVEL.
 By MISH ELLEN PICKERING, Authoress of "The Heiress," "The Merchant's Daughter," "Nan Darrell," &c. &c.
 T. and W. Boone, 25 New Bond Street; Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh.

MAJOR HORT'S NEW WORK, THE ROCK, will be published on Monday next, with numerous Drawings, illustrative of Gibraltar, taken on the spot by Lieutenant Lacey, in a beautiful printed 4to volume, price 2s.; dedicated, by express permission, to Her Majesty. Saunders and Otley, Publishers, Conduit Street.

On January 24 will be published, price 1s. handsomely printed in medium 8vo, the First Number of
P O O R J A C K.
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berant produce of the most fertile soils. The dockyards, justly considered the finest in the world, send forth their teak-built vessels, to enrich with their cargo the isles of the far distant west; and the raw and unpolished material is exported from a land which possessed a knowledge of those arts calculated to improve the condition of a people, and whose fine linens, brilliant dyes, costly wools, and glittering jewels, awakened the admiration of the civilised nations of the west, while yet the inhabitants of our remote and sea-girt isle roamed wild and unclad among the fastnesses of their mountain homes. We look on the East, and her desert lands seem to whisper a reproach that they are not now teeming and fruitful as of old; we see that in the crowded and busy ways of the Buraah bazars is accumulated the rich produce of such localities as are calculated to afford increased revenue to our several civil and financial departments, but the art of the weaver and the lapidary is forgotten. We, the consummately civilised, have brought ignorance in the wake of our conquests; and this to a people 'old in arts and literature before the primeval forests of Britain had started from their ancient silence at the voice of man.' The sinews of war are again strained for territorial protection and acquirement; but the influence of public opinion will, it is to be trusted, change the object of the struggle. The splendid scheme of navigating the noble Indus will probably become the means of introducing industry and manufacture among isolated thousands, and of bringing justice and wisdom to the courts of their barbarian princes. In exchange for these benefits, monuments more durable than the altars of the triumphant Greek will record the dominion of British power; and where the great invader of Eastern freedom first felt the strength of an arm determined to support its rights, the rude descendants of the princely Porus may again esteem the arts and elegancies of civilised existence."

Among the elements contributing towards the consummation so devoutly to be wished, we may notice one prominent body:—

"Year by year the importance of the Guebre strangers has increased in Western India, until their wealth has become incalculable. The number of Parsee inhabitants of Bombay alone is estimated at 40,000. They are an enterprising and public-spirited people, devoting their riches to worthy and beneficial purposes. To the most influential of this class, the presidency is indebted for its greatest improvements; and the liberality of the Parsee merchants is conspicuous, when public subscription is required for any object tending to promote the common good."

As an amusing specimen of Persian habits and style, for we regret we only barely mention Mrs. Postans' details respecting the Parsees in their families, &c., we shall copy a page or two about a native of that country:—

"Abdool Kureem had not where to lay his head, or wherewithal to satisfy the cravings of a Persian appetite: but, like all his class, his manners were pleasing and mild, which won for him our commiseration. He accompanied us from the presidency, and, although a professional Moonshiee, he was soon discovered to be

grossly ignorant of even the construction of his native language. His leisure was devoted to inditing verses, which, execrable as they were, he imagined equal to Firdousi's: such was our poor poetaster's opinion of his own talents, that whenever any of his Mohammedan friends came to visit him, in lieu of conversation, he commenced by drawing out a long roll of closely written paper, and spouting his own verses, constantly pausing to ejaculate expressions eulogistic of his genius, which were courteously re-echoed by the deep-drawn bismillahs of the listening coterie. The prose of Abdool was as highly inflated as his poetic style; he delighted in the most flowery and wordy pomp of the Persian school. The following note, written by him, and translated by a Hindoo, is an amusing specimen of the unavoidable bathos inseparable from this style of composition. It may be prefaced, that Abdool had been requested, during his morning walk, to inquire what time would be desirable for our gardener to send for some shrubs, promised us by a native, as transplants from his parterre. Some circumstance preventing his return at the time proposed, we received this specimen of epistolary grace:—'As long as the garden of the world is adorned with tender cypresses, statues of beautiful mistresses, and roses which are the cheeks of beloved ladies, so long may the garden of wishes, which belongs to the great Captain — (may his prosperity be perpetual!) who is a bud of the tree of chiefship and a sprout of that of greatness, be flourishing and green by the watering of Divine goodness! Your servant (i. e. I) after presenting you the nose-gay of his solicitous prayers to God for your advantage, which is gathered by the hand of well wishing and sincerity, and united with the threads of those prayers which are performed at dawn and midnight, wishes that your sacred mind may know, that when your servant (i. e. I) requested from Gopal Josee, son of Radha Josee, the plants of Neem, which he agreed to give yesterday, he answered, that to-morrow, at noon, when the gun fires, you may send your servant to his garden, and he will give the plants which are required.

“(Signed) ABDOL KUREEM,
“Moonshie of Shiraz.”

Leaving Bombay, Mrs. Postans visited the Surashtra Peninsula, the most westerly side of Guzerat, and the Syrastra Vicus of Ptolemy, where the temple of Somnath, the hill and temples of Girnar, and a short sojourn with the Nuwaub of Junagarh, supply her with materials for many an amusing and interesting page. Having lately gone over some of these places, and referred to their Jain treasures of antiquity and literature, we shall only select from our present author such matters as are rendered more graphic by her pencil, or new domestic illustrations which her sex enabled her to draw from the interiors of harems and family circles. Among the least known of these we find the court of Nuwaub of Junagarh, near the sacred mountain of Girnar:—

“Junagarh is a Mohammedan town, containing about sixteen thousand inhabitants; the streets are narrow and dirty, and the houses ill-built. It forms the capital of the territories of a Mohammedan independent prince, who oppresses his subjects, and drains the resources of a fine country, to support bands of Natchwomen, musicians, and mummets of every variety. The nuwaub only quits his couch at sunset, and passes the night in the most degrading dissipation. His highness has only four wives, which is the allowed complement of Mohammedan connubiality, but

a seraglio of about fifty ladies. The character of a prince gives its tone to the court, and the ministers pander to their master's vices; in addition, the nuwaub entertains a large number of chelabs, or favourite attendants, all worthless and dissipated men. A party of these people, attired in the first style of Mohammedan dandyism, made their salaams to us the day after our arrival, and offered all sorts of attention and service, conveying also the request of his highness that we would attend his durbar the same evening, when I should be afforded the much desired gratification of an introduction to the harem.”

His entertainments to the British party are described with much vivacity, but we can only pick out a few of the most curious passages. The first visit:—

“About nine in the evening, a party of the nuwaub's attendants, torch-bearers, and others, accompanied us to the palace, which is situated in the centre of the town. After passing the Arabs guarding the entrance, we were introduced to a verandah on the ground-floor, where sat his highness the nuwaub, surrounded by crowds of Mohammedan courtiers, torch-bearers, and chob-dars, the last loudly rehearsing the qualities and dignity of the prince. The nuwaub, a short stout man of about forty years of age, with a peculiarly fair complexion, slightly marked with small-pox, was simply attired in a fine white muslin turban and ankrika. His heir, the young Prince Ahmed Shah Bawamere, a fine, intelligent-looking boy of twelve years old, sat on a cushion at his father's feet; and with his sword smartly sheathed in green velvet, his crimson and gold turban, and a military swagger, which his attendants had laboured to produce, he really appeared a miniature prince of considerable promise. The nuwaub placed me on his right hand; but the heat, the glare, and the din of Natchwomen and attendants, was altogether so overpowering, that I could with difficulty understand the dignity of my position. A Natchwoman of considerable skill, but most particularly hideous, was, with a voice ‘which clove through all the din,’ screaming out some verses of a Persian song, in most discordant and ear-piercing tones. However, as the perfection of good natching consists in the perfect unity preserved between the feet and hands of the dancer, and the time of her accompaniment, and as it was in this case admirable, the danseuse gained proportionate applause. After an hour passed amidst the stunning diversions of his highness's durbar, I requested permission to enter the harem. Emerging from the verandah into the open court-yard, a slave conducted me up a flight of steps into a room fitted up to resemble a tent, and from thence into the apartments appropriated to the harem. The first was a spacious hall, surrounded with lights, but otherwise unfurnished; and from this I was ushered upon a spacious terrace, prepared for my reception. The floor was covered with fine scarlet cloth, and the low parapet wall hung with Persian carpets. Chairs were ranged along the centre, and slaves bearing torches stood upon the edge of the carpet. The wives of his highness advanced to meet me, magnificently dressed, and blazing with innumerable jewels. Seating me upon the centre chair, they drew the others round, and began to chat on various subjects, with great good-nature, and much courteousness of manner. The principal wife, the Rahit Buktè, was good-looking, and about four-and-twenty years of age; her manner was lively, her conversation unusually intelligent, and her

round fat face irradiated with good-humour. The second lady, the Dosie Beebe, had the airs of a coquetish and spoilt beauty, her dark languishing eyes rendered still more attractive by a very judicious application of the radiance-giving soormay, and her henna-tinted and delicate little feet appearing to sustain with difficulty the weight of her pearl-embroidered slippers. The Amser Buktè was a staid person, richly dressed, but without any personal attractions; and the Beebe Bhoë was absolutely frightful. The ladies were attired in a similar costume, of Kincarb trousers, tight at the ankle; a full, richly embroidered sash petticoat, with a little cholah or boddice, and a saree of coloured gauze, embroidered with gold flowers. Their glossy hair, simply braided across the forehead, was adorned with strings of fine pearl: about a dozen costly necklaces hung over the cholahs of each, and the ear-rings, toe-rings, nose-rings, bracelets, and anklets, were innumerable. The Beebees had not, on any previous occasion, met a European lady, and they perplexed me with questions upon our manners and habits of passing time. They expressed particular interest about our fancy works, of which Mohammedan ladies are great admirers. The Rahit Buktè desired her slave girls to bring some cholahs of her own embroidering, which displayed great ingenuity, neatness, and taste. After chatting for some time, I suggested the necessity of a return to my party, who I concluded were weary of the nuwaub's method of showing them attention. On this hint, pân suparrees appeared, upon snapperly chased silver trays, covered with crimson and purple velvet napkins, embroidered with gold, and edged with a deep gold fringe. The usual quantity of dry suparrees nut, pân leaves, and spice, having been deposited on my lap, and my luckless apparel deluged with sandal oil and rose-water, each of the ladies threw a wreath of Mogree flowers on my neck, and pressed me to visit them on the following day, proposing to accompany me to the nuwaub's favourite garden, at the foot of the Girnar.”

This was a charming Oriental scene:—

“Sheik Mahmoud having informed us of the readiness of the escort to accompany us to our fête champêtre in the royal garden, we descended to the court-yard; the Rahit Buktè, the Dosie Beebe, and Dada Bhoë, all scuffling along, as rapidly as the prospect of an agreeable visit could induce them to do, despite the inconvenience of toe-rings, anklets, and high-beeled slippers. Awaiting us was [were] a rutt and a gally painted palankeen. Dada Bhoë, with her infant, occupied the palkee; and the Beebees, with Bhawamere, took possession of the rutt, bestowing themselves upon piles of cushions. The rutt is a small description of cart, without springs, commonly used by native women in travelling. The Beebees, however, was an unusually splendid equipage. Its covering was of crimson cloth, embroidered in white silk. The bullocks, pure white, and of the gigantic Guzerat breed, were in the highest order; and the already enormous horns of each lengthened by silver tips, from which depended bunches of silver bells. Silver peacocks surmounted their broad foreheads, and their bridles were boxed with plates of the same metal; each leg was surrounded by a bangle of silver bells, and large sheets of crimson satin, embroidered with gold, covered them from the shoulders to the tail, and descended nearly to the ground. All this splendour was admirable to behold; but I did not envy the curtailed occupants of the rutt, as I

“Anthrax.”

saw its springless frame jolted over the huge stones lying across the road, whilst I reclined commodiously in my little travelling palanquin, borne rapidly along by the hummalls or hooies of the nuwaub. Arab guards, horsemen, chobdars, and musicians, formed our escort; and glad, indeed, was I, when etiquette forbade the advance of these people further than the entrance of the garden.

On returning to the Serai, I found the nuwaub's bird-catcher in waiting, to make his salaam. His highness patronises all artists of this description, and delights in the exhibition of their skill. Fighting rams, buffaloes, and even exasperated birds, form the usual amusement of this dissipated prince, before the closing in of evening introduces his taifas, musicians, and players. The bird-catcher brought a cage full of fighting partridges, and a little parrot of very finished education. As we desired to see what really were the accomplishments of the little bird, and whether the feathered tribes of Junagarh were addicted to gambling, and played dominoes and piquet as well as those of Germany, I begged the exhibitor to afford us a proof of his pupil's skill. Placing the parrot upon the cross perch of a small stand, the bird-catcher offered him a rod, with a wick attached to either end. This the bird grasped in the centre, with his beak, and suffered the wicks to be lighted, closing his eyes during the process, to avoid the glare. Holding the rod firmly, he began to turn his head slowly from side to side, as if to ascertain the correctness of the balance. At length quickening the motion, he twirled the rod so rapidly, that its form became lost to the eye, and nothing was distinguishable, but a circle of revolving light playing round the head of the bird. It was cleverly done, but the man assured me that a month's practice was sufficient to perfect any parrot of moderate capacity. I had never before seen so mischievous a little creature as a parrot deserving to be classed with either the educated or the industrious working classes; their gay plumage, their clamorous voices, and the gay sunny life these little plunderers lead, among the richest fruit-trees of the country, mark them as the most luxurious idlers of the feathered tribe."

Passing much for the present we must conclude with some anecdotes of animal sagacity:—

"The elephant is, perhaps, the strongest instance to be found in the animal kingdom of the power of fear in controlling the will. The mahout governs a trained elephant, simply by means of a small iron crook, which, when he requires the animal to turn, he presses against the opposite ear. If he intends the elephant to stop, the driver presses the instrument on the centre of his head; and the regulated force of this action comprises his power. Of the docility and instinct of the animal, many anecdotes are recorded, and I shall enlarge them by one, for whose authenticity I have the authority of the owner of the intelligent creature of whom the story was told. My friend, an officer in the Bengal service, possessed a handsome elephant, which he was accustomed to see fed with a certain allowance of grain daily; business requiring his absence, he confided the care of his favourite to a worthless keeper, who, in the interim, stole and appropriated a large proportion of the grain intended for the elephant's use. The poor animal daily grew more spare and feeble, missing at his usual feeding-time the abundant feast supplied by his kind and generous master. My friend returned, hastened to his stable, observed the emaciated state of his favourite, and having had no previous reason to

suspect the honesty of the servant, was at a loss to discover a cause for the evident alteration. The poor elephant, delighted at his master's return, trumpeted his welcome, raised his trunk as a salaam, and moved about, affording in his mute but expressive manner every demonstration of joy. His feeding-time approached, and the full allowance of grain was placed at his feet by his dishonest and cruel keeper. The elephant, satisfied of his master's attention, industriously separated it into two distinct heaps, and having eagerly devoured the one, left that which remained, and quietly walked to the opposite side of his stable. The truth thus conveyed by the gestures of the intelligent brute, flashed upon the mind of his master; the keeper, on being accused of the theft, and finding his unworthiness exposed, fell at the feet of his employer, acknowledging the aggression. An elephant belonging to his highness the Nuwaub of Junagarh, was usually driven daily, into the neighbouring jungles of Girnar, to collect green boughs to serve for fodder; with these, the animal would return to the court-yard of the Serai, and carefully unloading himself pack them together for use, in the smallest and most compact manner. If his stable-door remained closed after the labour was concluded, he would pick up again one of the lightest and freshest boughs, and continue waving it in his trunk, to protect himself from the attacks of the numerous flies and mosquitoes buzzing around. The Mahout who had the care of this intelligent and docile creature, frequently placed a little infant, about four months old, at the elephant's feet, with the injunction of 'Kubbur dah' (take care), and the command was never disregarded. The animal would wave a bough over the little child as it laid smiling on the ground; and if attempting to roll away beyond the spot where the father had placed it, the elephant would gently move it back again with his trunk, menacing meanwhile every creature who approached. The native keepers of elephants will not allow that the animals are influenced by the passion of fear; but declare their obedience to be an impulse of gratitude, and believe them to possess the reason peculiar to human nature. A gentleman, late in command of the Bheel Corps of Guzerat, possessed a fine elephant, to which the Mahout was accustomed to relate bhāts, as they are called, or long stories, which he declared his favourite animal understood, as perfectly as himself. The natives are celebrated for their talents as raconteurs: and since the time of Scheherazade, this seems to have been the favourite Indian, as well as 'Arabian Nights' Entertainment. All native princes entertain bhāts, as our sovereigns of olden time did jesters; and among the labouring classes, it is common to see half-a-dozen half-nude people, with bare backs, but gaudy turbans, squatted, cowering round a bright wood fire, telling bhāts to each other, until gun-fire in the morning. The most absurd legends are remembered for the occasion, and if these fail, the hiatus is filled up with treasured anecdotes of the 'Saib Logue,' a fertile source of recounting to such of the peasants as may have been brought into communion with European residents. Gossip is certainly one of the dearest privileges of the natives of India. One of the most uncommon pets I have heard of, during my residence in the East, was a young lion, which my friend, Captain S—, found as a cub in the jungles of Kattiwar. As the little creature grew in stature and beauty, he displayed so large a portion of gentleness and affection, that no means were used to restrain him; and wandering

about the bungalow and compound as a domestic favourite, he won the attachment and confidence of every one around him. True, a stranger sometimes started, on being ushered alone into the drawing-room, and observing a young lion quietly reposing upon the Persian rug; but his character was soon known, and all admired the gentle qualities of the noble brute. On occasions of defection and backsliding in his usual behaviour, Capt. S— would strike him slightly with a little riding-whip, on which the poor creature would rush into the dressing-room of his mistress, and cling round her feet for protection. When Captain and Mrs. S— were returning from their evening drive, 'Snap' would spring forward and leap into the buggy, half-mad with delight of a reunion. A little bull-puppy was an especial favourite with Snap; yet sometimes, as they both lay basking in the sun, the little lion would lift his royal paw, and administer the same to the poor pup, with an empressment which sent him rolling along the grass. Thus matters remained until the highly favoured native of the jungle wastes attained some eighteen months of age; when his master, having occasion to leave the station of Malligaum, directed Snap to be secured on a cart with luggage. Poor little fellow!—unfortunately, a few miles from the camp, Captain S—, in his buggy, passed him, and the attached and excited little creature, springing forward to follow him, hung himself in his securing chain."

[To be continued.]

Henry of Guise; or, the States of Blois. By G. P. R. James, Esq. author of "The Robber." &c. &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1839. Longman and Co.

No writer is better, perhaps none so well, acquainted with French history as Mr. James, who has here chosen one of the most extraordinary epochs of that history, viz. the years 1588, 89, when the Duke of Guise rose to dictatorial powers after the 12th of May in the former year, "the day of the Barricades" of the sixteenth century, till his assassination at Blois under the personal direction of Henry III. Upon, and complicated with, the distracted state of the country, the lawlessness and bloodshed of that time, the author has connected the story of Marie de Clairvaux, a niece of the Guise; and of three aspirants to her hand, two brothers of the noble family of Montmoreau, and their ambitious tutor and relative, the Abbé de Boisguerin. This story is full of action and interest; involved in the perplexities which excite the minds of readers, and alternately prompt, depress, and revive their curiosity and expectation to the end. We will not meddle with it to deprive them of a single evolution which the constructive skill of Mr. James has prepared to enchain them from the first chapter to the last.

The historical characters are drawn with great spirit and fidelity: the lofty Guise; the debased Henry; the strong-minded Catherine de Medici; the dashing favourite, Epernon; the cruel and crafty minister, Villiquier; the courtiers and the partizans of both factions in Paris; besides others of lesser note, are all wrought into this literary piece of tapestry so as to furnish a vivid representation of the age and the events which record it in sanguinary pages, though the illuminations are brightened with pictures of chivalrous gallantry and individual honour, patriotism and devotedness.

Among the ideal actors, an Italian page, an

Italian bravo, Gondrin a faithful huntsman, and one or two others, take the lead; and conduce to the plot and various movements.

Our author is too popular to render it necessary for us to extract any lengthened examples from his new work, which is sure to be in so many hands even before this notice of ours can reach them; and we have besides so restricted ourselves by excluding the staple mystery, that we could not, if we would, dip deep without infringing our own rule. We must, therefore, rest satisfied with a very few and very short selections. But an able writer can say much in little space. Thus the description of a wintry day:—

"A dull gray expanse of leaden cloud shut out the blue heaven, a hard black frost pinched up the ground, the blades of grass stood stiff and rugged on the frozen soil, and vague gray mists lay in all the hollows of the ground. The forests, the manifold forests that then spread over the fair land of France, shewed nothing but bare branches, except where here and there the yoke-elm or tenacious beech retained in patches its red and withered leaves; while beneath the trees again, the ground was thickly carpeted with the fallen honours of the past summer, mingled with hoar frost and thin snow. A chilliness more piercing than mere frost pervaded the air; and the aspect of the whole scene was cheerless and melancholy."

Observation on the intellectual capacity of women—half instinct, half observation of life:—

"The mind of a pure and high-souled woman is the most terrible touchstone which the conversation of any man can meet with. If there be baser matter in it, however strong and specious may be the gilding, that test is sure to discover it. We mistake greatly, I am sure, when we think that the simplicity of innocence deprives us of the power of detecting evil. We may know its existence, though we do not know its particular nature, and our own purity, like Ithuriel's spear, detect the demon under whatever shape he lurks."

Just and philosophical remarks on local attachments:—

"Our local attachments, indeed, are in themselves almost all made up of associations; the pleasures that we have tasted—the happy hours that we have known—the friends that we have loved—the sports, the pastimes, the little incidents—ay, even some of the pains of life, are woven by memory and association into ties to bind our affections to certain places. Our loves and our friendships almost always derive the vigour of their bonds from the present and the past together; the ties of local attachments are all found in the past."

Similar observations on the value of time:—

"In our dealings with each other, there is nothing which we so much miscalculate as the ever-varying value of time; and, indeed, it is but too natural to look upon it as it seems to us, and not as it seems to others. The slow idler on whose head it hangs heavy, holds the man of business by the button, and remorselessly robs him on the king's highway of a thing ten times more valuable than the purse that would hang him if he took it. The man of action and of business, whose days seem but moments, forgets, in his dealing with the long-expecting applicant and the weary petitioner, that to them each moment is far longer than his day."

After the first volume, events follow events so fast, that there is little opportunity for studied writing. We are borne on by the

tide, and have not leisure to look at the waves. If we venture to differ from so competent an authority in any of his portraits, we should say that we doubt that of Catharine as exhibited in her interview with Marie; and we must tell our prolific friend, that in his first volume there are many instances of carelessness in style.

The Bells of a Season. By the Countess of Blessington. Illustrated by A. E. Chalon, R.A. 4to. pp. 93. London, 1840. Longman and Co.

SINCE the fashion has become prevalent of making literature illustrate the arts, instead of the old time-immemorial practice of getting the arts to illustrate literature—since authorship has become a task of writing to pattern—since mistress and attendant have changed places, we have seen no production better suited to the altered state of the case than the present volume, in its gorgeous plumage of scarlet and gold, and its ten gay and fanciful designs from the tasteful pencil of Chalon, sweetly and cleverly engraved by several very competent artists. They represent a youthful beauty of rank, in her transit from her father's rural hall, through the pleasures or business (whichever may be the proper phrase) of her first season (such as presentation at court, balls, at homes, fêtes, operas, &c.), to the fortunate consummation reached by so few candidates, within so short a period, of securing a husband every way "eligible" to make her happy with himself and a suitable Establishment. She is certainly a very pretty creature, and her dresses are of the finest quality and *ton*; but, as we are no judge of the mysteries of muslin, we must leave the details, and the tails too, to be admired in the pictures, only noticing that whoever may wish to be informed about the most sumptuous dressings and undressings, required for a bride of wealth and nobility, will find the "*rich corbeille*" pointedly described by the accomplished author of the accompanying verse. (See pages 88, 89, and 90.)

The unity of purpose in the pictorial subjects, and her acquaintance with the fashionable world in its costumes, amusements, occupations, pursuits, and feelings (if genuine and healthy feelings can be attributed to the artificial class), have enabled Lady Blessington to expound Chalon in the most appropriate and consonant manner. And she has done more. With the good sense which marks all her publications, she has contrived, even out of these materials, to distil some lessons which our fair countrywomen of every order may read with benefit and instruction. Among them the observations on the Opera dancing may be specified; but our extracts will exhibit others no less worthy of attention. Take, for instance, the following tribute to that grace above all female graces—a grace almost equal to a virtue, and a sure sign of its possession—Modesty:—

"O Modesty!—which angels yield
To helpless woman for a shield,
What diamond from Golconda's mine
Adorns her brow, like blush of thine?
Worthless the form, and coarse the face,
(However fair) thou dost not grace;
The sweetest voice is like a lute
Strung with harsh chords, when thou art mute;
The heart, a stained and ruined shrine,
Thou dost not enter to refine:
The eye but shoots a meteor gleam
Noxious and keen, without thy beam;
How vainly beauty, lacking thee,
Would chain men's love—Sweet Modesty!"

The versification is throughout familiar and unlaboured (perhaps a little of the latter might

have been bestowed upon it here and there with advantage);* and the whole, with the exceptions of the graver observations, breathes a fluttering liveliness accordant with the theme. Thus, when the fond father speaks of bringing his darling Mary out, and mamma hints some objections on account of her extreme youth, they are overcome in a very characteristic and naïve manner:—

"'Nay, as you will—perchance you've reason;
Well, then, we keep at home this season.
That last election thinned my purse,
Which, truth to say, requires a nurse;
Though on dear Mary's pleasure bent,
I should not count how much I spent.'
The Lady hears—and from her spouse
Hides sudden fears, she knits her brows,
And o'er her features still most fair,
Calls up a bland, persuaded air;
'Reflection falls—you may be right,
I would not stand in Mary's light;
And to her pleasure, I my own
Would sacrifice—let's go to town!
She uttered not her thought of wo,
'How rapidly one's daughters grow!'"

The freaks of Fashion are painted in a tone which combines the two styles to which we have alluded, viz. the playful and (if we may coin a word) the *advisive*:—

"'Hail Fashion! thou mysterious queen!
Whose reign omnipotent hath been:
Ay, since the times remote and dark,
When Mistress Noah left her ark!
Sovereign, whose subject ne'er rebel,
Though of tyrants away they tell!
Thy sceptre, Queen, whom all adore,
Hath strange and elephantine power,—
Can rout an army with its strength,
Or raise a pin an atom's length!
The young, the noble, and the gay,
Hear thy loved voice, and straight obey.
What though the Spring with open arms
Spreads to their gaze her wealth of charms,
With primroses and with king-cup glides
The hedge-row banks, the sunny fields,
Thou callest—and from these scenes they part.
To mingle in thy busy mart,
And thought, and health, and pleasure drows,
In the dull mazes of a town!
Then, when the dog-star rages high,
Thou bidd'st the obedient throng to fly
To coasts where not a leaf of green
Their beauty from the blue sea may screen.
Let scorched-up eyes, and sun-browned faces,
Declare thy might at watering places!
Then, when rough Winter's frost and snow
His dismal coming makes them know,
And all is gloom, and storm, and rain,
And bowers are stripped, and hill, and plain,
And garden path, and sheltered wood,
Are carpeted alike with mud,
Thou drivest the herd, most potent of queens,
To the repose of country scenes;
O prithe! for one little season,
Rule this poor weary world by reason!"

We will only add Mary's early maiden rural song before she beamed on London, as a specimen of the author's lyrical talent:—

"O Nature! let me dwell with thee,
The happy playmate of the bee;
Thou bringest back the golden Spring,—
I cannot choose but gaily sing!
Old Winter's gone with clouds and rain,
And flowers are on the earth again,
And birds fly forth with gladome wing:—
I cannot choose but gaily sing!
The insects chirp as blithe they pass
Among the dew-gemmed waving grass,
Fresh verdure clothes each fairy-ring:—
I cannot choose but gaily sing!
O Nature! let me dwell with thee;
Thou ne'er art stern and harsh to see,
But mark'st each day by some bright thing,
That makes thy children gaily sing."

Perhaps we should mention that the court scene represents Mary kissing the hand of our youthful Queen, and that the latter is a portrait—a charming portrait. The finale is a delightful picture of two love-birds on a bouquet of roses, &c. Altogether, the volume is most worthy of the Fashion to which it is addressed.

* For instance, p. 7, where four consecutive lines terminate with the words *this, blue,—bliss, governance*. And Lady B. is too polished a writer to signify of such slips passing unnoticed, even in a composition of this kind.

Memoirs of Admiral Sir Sidney Smith, K.C.B. &c. By the Author of "Rattlin the Reefer," &c. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1839. Bentley.

THERE is much in this book we like, and much that we dislike. No memoirs of Sir Sidney Smith could be without the former ingredient; and they might have been with far less of the latter. People seem to fancy that biography is an easy task; whereas there is hardly one more difficult to do well in the whole circle of literature. It does not, to be sure, require the genius of a great poet, or the comprehensive philosophy of a first-rate historian; but it does require the patient investigation of facts, dates, and circumstances, a very acute judgment, a knowledge of men and of life, a habit of thought and comparison, impartiality and truth, intelligence of a high order, access to all the best sources of information, skill in literary composition, and the rare talent of telling all that is necessary to be told, and no more—in short, a round unvarnished tale, plain and straightforward, without extenuation, repetition, involution, flummery, or malice. That "Rattlin the Reefer" does not possess all these qualities will speedily be apparent to the reader; who must, therefore, take this publication, such as it is, as an account of the leading events in the interesting and adventurous life of the Hero of Acre, accompanied by many statements and documents which are of small worth, and by no means new to the world.

William Sidney Smith was of a respectable old family, and born in 1764. At eleven years of age, we are told, "he shewed symptoms of that refined and graceful gallantry to the softer sex that has always marked his character. In fact, he divided his attention with a tolerable impartiality between a young lady of his own age (eleven years), this piece of water, and a large washing-tub."

"This piece of water" was in his father's grounds at Midgham, Berkshire, and we have a story of his going to sea on it in the tub, with the young lady, instead of going to evening prayer, and being almost drowned. This is a tale of a tub!! In eight years after he was a post-captain, having obtained very rapid promotion, in consequence of his gallant services during the short time he had been afloat (not in the tub, but in various ships), and the influence of his father, who held a situation at court. On peace taking place, he served in the Swedish navy, and afterwards with the Turks; but on war breaking out in 1793, he returned from the Orient in a small vessel with a picked crew of his own, and joined in the famous siege and evacuation of Toulon. Throughout all these years his services were dashing and brave; and our author deems it expedient to furnish us with his whole-length at the epoch. Portrait, No. 1:—

"At this period, when the Diamond came into harbour to refit for service after her various cruises, Sir Sidney Smith used frequently to come up to London, and mingle with the abounding festivities of the metropolis. Though he had his peculiarities, yet, with many and strong temptations, he might justly be denominated 'a steady man.' At this time he was decidedly handsome, and, though not tall, of a compact, well-built, symmetrical frame, with a dark and somewhat Hebraical countenance, and a profusion of jet-black curling hair. Notwithstanding the fierce bravery of his character, his features were always remarkable for a degree of refinement, not often found either in the pale student or the

silken courtier. In his character, mind predominated. He had his singularities, and where is the thorough-bred seaman who has not? He had himself trained a beautiful and docile horse into an amusing playmate, as well as a valuable servant. When told to give a prance for 'King George,' he would rear on his hind legs, and dance like a well-educated dog. When requested to pay the like compliment to Buonaparte, he would take the request as an insult; stiffen out his limbs into an attitude of defiance, and snort indignantly. When mounting his favourite Bucephalus at the door of his hotel, Captain Smith would do it in the most approved style of the fashionable equestrians of the day, and preserve all the proprieties of equitation, until he was fairly clear of the suburbs. Then would he fling the stirrups across the back of his horse, settle himself sailor-fashion in his saddle, and ride as if he were chasing the wind, and the wind chasing promises of amendment."

One of his exploits, the cutting out of a French lugger near Havre, soon after cost him his liberty; for he was drifted by the tide into the Seine with his prize, taken prisoner, and conveyed to Paris. In the Temple there he was confined for two years, but ultimately escaped after several bold attempts, and reached England in safety. He was now appointed to the Tigre, and sent to the Sublime Porte, politically accredited also as a joint ambassador. In the events which ensued he took a very prominent and distinguished part; but the glorious repulse of Buonaparte at Acre, the subsequent wars in Egypt, the famous treaty of El-Arisch, &c. are too well known in all their circumstances to render it expedient for us to follow the author into them. We will only give Portrait No. II. with which he now presents us:—

"We have described Sir Sidney Smith's appearance as the fresh, amiable, and rosy-cheeked boy. We now, upon the testimony of one who was in daily communication with him, portray him in the vigour of his manhood, shortly after he had effected the expulsion of the French from Acre. Then, though small in stature, he had all the appearances that indicate a brave and generous-hearted man, with a fine dark countenance, and eyes that sparkled with intelligence. His very appearance shewed that he possessed an ardent imagination, which naturally prompted him to form and execute bold and important enterprises: he seemed, as it were, to be born to deserve glory and to acquire it. This testimony to the dignity of his presence is from a Frenchman, and, so far as his public character was concerned, an enemy; and as the narrator was allowed, on all hands, to be a person of probity and honour, we must place implicit belief that he has put upon record the actual impression that Sir Sidney Smith made upon him. But let us have recourse to other and less refined evidence. It is that of a worthy old Greenwich pensioner, who held an office about our officer's person, and who had the fullest opportunities of seeing him in all situations and in all moods, in full dress, in undress, and in no dress at all; and such is nearly the words of the veteran. 'Why, sir, after we skivvered the mounseers away from Acre, Sir Sidney was looking as taut set up as the mainstay by a new first-lieutenant; but, for all that, Sir Sidney was a weaselly man,—no hull, sir,—none; but all head, like a tadpole. But such a head! it put you in mind of a flash of lightning rolled up into a ball; and then his black curly nob—when he shook it, it made

every man shake in his shoes.' 'Was he then handsome?' 'Blest if I can tell! You know, sir, as how we don't say of an eighteen-pounder, when it strikes the mark at a couple of miles or so, that's handsome, but we sings out 'beautiful;' though, arter all, it's nothing but a lump of black iron. You're laughing, sir. And so you think I'm transmogrifying Sir Sidney's head into a round lump of iron shot! Well, I'm off like one. All I can say is, that he was the most handsome when there was the most to do.' This worthy old sailor's notions of the line of beauty being rather tortuous, we have only to endeavour to reconcile the two accounts, which may be done by the single word 'soul.' It predominated in the expression of his features, and that, we conceive, is the noblest kind of beauty."

Sir Ralph Abercromby's expedition and the final evacuation of Egypt by the French afforded Sir Sidney many opportunities of signalling his abilities and intrepidity; but we find here a story which we think had better been left out, as too apocryphal for any belief:—

"After the surrender of the French army, Sir Sidney Smith seized the opportunity of visiting the holy city of Jerusalem, where the following anecdote of Buonaparte was related to him by the superior of a convent. People may place what reliance they choose upon its authenticity, and either conceive it to be of no more value than is generally affixed to a monkish tale, or give it full credence, on the score that, at that time, so strong was the current of infidelity among the French people, that Buonaparte, who wished to float to power on its stream, might well have been guilty of the ascribed impiety. When his general, Damas, had advanced with a detachment of the army, within a few leagues of Jerusalem, he (Damas) sent to his commander-in-chief for permission to make an attack upon the place. Buonaparte replied, that 'when he had taken Acre, he would come in person, and plant the tree of liberty on the very spot where Christ suffered; and that the first French soldier who fell in the attack should be buried in the holy sepulchre.' At this period, when men's minds are less excited, such fanaticism of infidelity as is here displayed seems altogether incredible. However, whether this anecdote be true or not, as it was uttered to suit the temper of those times, it is a curious record of the exasperation that was entertained, either by the one party or the other. That much of this kind of senseless bravado on the score of religion was promulgated by Buonaparte in his Egyptian career is but too certain, yet this man died a certified good Catholic, and in a faith the most credulous that ever existed."

But Buonaparte was not a fool, and he could have no motive for so blasphemous a piece of folly; his pretending to turn Mahometan was a widely different affair.

On his return to England, Sir Sidney was received with many marks of popular applause and honour. The City presented him with its freedom and a sword—he was elected M.P. for Rochester,—and family-arms and other distinctions were showered upon him from various quarters. But he was never raised to the peerage, or even created a baronet. The truth is, that however beloved by those under him, he was always personally disliked by those over him. He was a great egotist, and occasionally took more upon him (as at El-Arisch, and afterwards at the Brazils) than he had authority for, or was agreeable to his immediate commanders or the government at home. The same spirit which led him into actions which

have immortalised his name, betrayed him into imprudences which certainly interfered with his obtaining the higher preferments, bestowed, perhaps, on not more brave and successful, but on more restrained and steady officers.

His next employment was at Naples, where, as every where else, he made himself and his brilliant achievements heard of throughout Europe; and coming from that dissolute court, our "Reefer" favours us with his version of the scandal touching an improper intimacy with the Princess of Wales. We are told that, independently of his being courted into society in consequence of his fame,—

"To these advantages he added a graceful vivacity of manner, tinctured at times with an eccentricity as engaging as it was original. These physical advantages, and the fluency of his conversation, replete with anecdote, made him a dangerous man in female society; to which, we are bound to state, he was always most chivalrously partial. His high connexions, and his deserved reputation, at length brought him within the circle over which Caroline, Princess of Wales, presided with so much imprudence and good-heartedness. His conduct, at that period, will ever be involved in an impenetrable darkness—a darkness made the more deep and inscrutable by the solemn and yet ridiculous attempts of commissioners and privy counsellors to dispel it. We have carefully perused and re-perused all the depositions sworn to, as affecting the continence of that unfortunate princess during her residence on Blackheath, and the only safe conclusion at which we can arrive is, that the laxity of morals, and the licentiousness of the manners of almost all concerned in that investigation, made us feel ashamed for the conduct, with but a few exceptions, for all the parties concerned. Whether the attractions of Sir Sidney Smith were only incitements to, or actually the cause of, criminality with the princess, he now only knows. That he was much in her society, that his conversation amused, and his attentions pleased, this unfortunate woman, cannot be doubted. It is also no less certain that he was discovered in her company at times, and in situations, that neither befitted her rank nor his position as a future subject to the heir-apparent. This intercourse, of whatever nature it might have been, continued with unabated strictness for several months. To render it the more uninterrupted, Sir Sidney went and partly resided with his old companion-in-arms, Sir John Douglas, the husband of that Lady Douglas who throughout these transactions procured for herself an unenviable notoriety. Having thus made himself conveniently proximate to the princess, he was seen for weeks daily in her society; and being thus unguarded in his conduct, he gave too much scope for the voice of scandal to breathe guilt upon the fame of a person already too much open to suspicion, and, as moralists, we are bound to say, to leave a stain of no very light dye upon his own. We wish to tread lightly upon the ashes of the dead, who, when living, we think was hardly dealt with. We shall, therefore, not go into details of the evidence which imputed criminality to our officer, but merely state that, first, a coldness, and then a quarrel, having occurred between him and the object of his attentions, he shortly after forsook her society altogether, and was soon after found most actively employed in that scene so natural to his genius, and so conducive to his own fame and his country's glory."

And to this we have superadded Portrait No. III. :—

"The following is a description of Sir Sidney's appearance at the time of his acquaintance with the princess, to whom the world so generally gave him as a favoured lover. He had an air of general smartness, and was extremely gentlemanly in his deportment. He had a good-humoured, agreeable manner with him, with a certain dash and turn of chivalry that was very taking with the ladies. We are not using our own words,—but the very expressive ones of a good judge upon these matters. He used then to wear mustachios; they were not then vulgarised as now; which fashion he had adopted when so much associated with the Turks. He was about the middle height, rather under than over, and of slender construction, which much helped his activity. He was generally very showily dressed, perhaps with some singularity: but there was not a particle of coxcombry about him. In features, he something resembled Bernadotte, though with not so prominent a facial angle. The countenance of Southey the poet still more closely resembled that of Sir Sidney Smith, when both were in their younger days."

We should like to see Southey in Sidney's mustachios! But we must come to the conclusion of Vol. I.—a conclusion about as extraordinary as we ever perused from the pen of a biographer.

"We may (says the "Reefer") just now observe, that to write a good life, in the extended sense of the word, of the gallant veteran, would be a matter of no small difficulty, were it rigidly a true one; and a biography, however amusing, if not true, could not be good. It is in this that the difficulty lies,—the impossibility to find a person sufficiently impartial. Were Sir Sidney himself to attempt it, much of it would appear, from him, like gasconade, simply because his adventures have been so singular, that it would be hazardous for a man to publish them of himself; and, unfortunately, such are his qualities, that his friends are very friends indeed, and verge too much upon idolaters; and his enemies are contemning sceptics of any thing good or great about him. Whilst the one party would extol him as the *se plus ultra* of heroism, the other would designate him merely as a successful charlatan; brave, but without conduct; cunning, without being sensible; arrogant and supercilious in his youth; and, in his after-life, immersed in the vapours of his intolerable vanity;—that all that ever was sterling in the man is totally evaporated, and that nothing remains of him but a gaudy shell, tricked out with ribands and stars, and all the blazonry of which beggarly monarchs are so lavish, and fools so greedy."

The second volume is occupied with the passage of the Dardanelles under Duckworth, and Sir Sidney's share in that unfortunate business; upon which, however, he wrote some poetry. Then we have his mission to the Brazils, his dealings with the government, his warm espousal of the cause of the Infanta, and his consequent supersession and recall. Still he was as popular at home as ever. He enjoyed honorary degrees conferred on him by Oxford and Cambridge; was hailed by important commercial bodies; made a vice-admiral in 1810; and appeared brilliantly with stars of British knighthood, as well as the dazzling foreign insignia which adorned his person. He invented some nautical improvements, which do not appear to have been perfected into adoption; and (in 1814) projected the formation of a Union of all Orders of Knighthood, for the abolition of white slavery, which, after struggling for some years, fell to the ground.

Having gone to Paris at the restoration of Louis XVIII., he was there, in 1815, invested with the Order of the Bath by the victorious Duke of Wellington (the two chief actors being the first and last men who had defeated the abdicated emperor); and, in 1821, he became a full British admiral. The second volume, like the first, concludes with a curious specimen of biographical writing. After expatiating on his better qualities, the "Reefer" says:—

"Now to the graver consideration of his faults,—they are mostly those of the sanguine temperament, and are but a little worse than virtues exaggerated into failings. Shall we be thought severe when we say that a pride to which he is justly entitled was sometimes sublimated into vanity—that his greediness for glory compelled him to attempt to gather it in fields where he ought not to have been found? This zeal led him into interferences that were inimical to his own interests; and thus, through his eagerness to do too much, his country suffered from his being permitted to do nothing. This desire of being continually seen under a triumphal arch induced him, at one time, to affect a little singularity of dress, and has, at all times, attracted about him a crowd of flatterers,—a train that is always attendant upon the eminent. After all, they are but the gilded settings of a glorious portrait. Than Sir Sidney Smith, no one ever inscribed on the pages of history, and even of romance, more emphatically deserved the title of hero. That he had not the requisites to become a truly 'great man' we will not say, for he was denied the opportunity."

The mysterious and cruel case of Captain Wright, some anecdotes not worth repeating, and various documents, complete the work, of which we take our leave with little reluctance.

Friendship's Offering, and Winter's Wreath, for 1840. 12mo. pp. 384. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

"FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING" is one of the best titles going for an Annual, for "What is friendship but a name?" and this year's edition appears as usual, under a plain, suitable binding, without those gay external embellishments which strike the eye more in the generality of its competitors. Some of these productions have lopped off, very quietly and unceremoniously, a portion of the other attractions with which they were wont to seduce the public preference: here and there a plate has been diminished yearly, and occasionally a slight affair been made to pass muster in the stead of a highly finished engraving. Occasionally, too, very inferior artists have been employed, and where formerly we had works an honour to the English school, as far as this species of effort "in little" could be carried, we have now rather sorry affairs, which would do no credit to the arts in any country, and which are in fact mere engine performances and manufacturing. In these respects we are sorry to observe the *Friendship's Offering* to have sinned quite as much as any of the rest. There are this year only nine plates and an engraved title-page; and several of them are of a very ordinary character. Such, for example, as the black view of Yanakeni.

By thus cutting down the expenditure on the embellishments, one might think that the price to the purchasers might be lowered; but this has not happened: and we should add, besides, that originally considerable sums were paid to literary contributors of high reputation for papers, which under the new system are usually obtained by the lower class of Annals

from inferior writers for nothing; or in the higher class, from a sprinkling of authors of repute through editorial influence.* Such savings, whilst they have of necessity deteriorated the value of the publications, have not diminished their cost; and our remarks are not applied particularly to the volume under review, but to others also among its rivals. We will venture to assert, that five times the amount has been spent upon the binding of this year's *Annals* as upon their literature.

With regard to the *Friendship's Offering*, if the inside has cost any thing, the disproportion will not have been so great as in the average of all; for its outside is, as we have stated, neat and unexpensive. The contributors, however, do not seem of an order to have exacted much, as many of them are *in cop*, and most of the others were known volunteers. In the preface the editor "points to its poetical contents" with a boast somewhat invidious towards its prose articles, but which directs attention in the first instance to these contributors, and especially to the productions of a certain "J. R. of Christ Church, Oxford,"† who has supplied "The Scythian Guest" and "The Broken Chain" for the present volume. We should confess, that without this puff we should have turned to "J. R.'s" compositions for reasons which our readers will find in last year's *Gazette*, where, pointing out as rocks to be avoided obscurities in sense, and something like vague ideas lost in "words, words, words," we also pointed out striking beauties, and confidently anticipated that this young aspirant would become a poet! We lament to say that our disappointment is complete. All that promised of good has vanished; and, spoilt by facility in verbiage, and compounds seasoned with silly and perpetual alliteration, poor "J. R." (the bepraised of the preface) has committed as considerable a quantity of meaningless trash as could readily be measured off in the same given number of lines and pages. Hoping that censure will have a better effect upon him than undeserved panegyric, and thus restore him to the fold, we will take the trouble to exhibit a few of his errors.

The "Scythian Guest" is a piece of some two hundred or two hundred and fifty lines, founded on the custom mentioned by Herodotus, that when the master of a family died he was installed in his state chariot, and carried to visit every one of his relations, who gave him and his attendants a splendid entertainment, the dead man being seated at the top of the table, and having his plate supplied like the other guests. A custom more honoured in the breach than in the observance; and only so far tolerable that the parties were not expected to return the visit. But the corpse comes, and:—

"Behold—like showers of silver sleet,
His lines of lances wind and wave:
He comes as he was wont to ride
By Hypanis' war-troubled tide,
When, like the west wind's sternest stoop,
Was the strength of his tempestuous troop,

* "Beyond question (observes the last No. (10) of the 'Art-Union'), the character of the *Annals* has deteriorated; the fashion, we might almost say the passion for them, gradually declined. In proportion as they became unprofitable, exertions were relaxed; and if we look through any of the volumes published within the last five or six years, we shall perceive only mediocre engravings from mediocre paintings; while among the contributors to their literary contents, we shall now find scarcely a single name of eminence. Publishers who used to pay largely for the assistance of both authors and artists, have been compelled either to abandon their speculations, or dole out recompense very sparingly; and their value as literary works, or as works of art, has nearly, if it have not altogether, vanished."

† The author (says the preface) of "The Scythian Banquet Song," a poem which was largely quoted from last year's volume, by the periodicals of the time."

And when their dark steeds' shadows swift
Had crossed the current's foamless drift,
The light of the river grew dim,
With the flash of the hair and the flight of the limb."

"Showers of silver sleet;" "lines of lances;" "wind and wave;" "when west wind's sternest stoop;" "troubled tide;" "tempestuous troop;" "steeds' shadows swift;" "crossed the current;" "dazzled and dim;" "flash and flight."—We hope here be enough of the fine figure of alliteration in ten lines. And the worst of it is, when a writer is betrayed by mere words into such folly the sense is sadly sacrificed to such silly sounding. The winding of sleet, and the stern stoop of the west wind, are sheer absurdities, and the last four lines nonsense. It runs thus:—when, *i.e.* after the swift shadows of their dark steeds had crossed the current, (whose drift, we cannot tell why, was foamless?) its light (we presume clear or shining surface) grew dim,—and with what? why with the *flash* of the hair, and what we do not comprehend at all, "the flight of the limb!" The whole poem runs on in a similar strain; there is hardly a couplet without a misused epithet, hardly a simile not incongruous, and hardly a passage not ridiculous.

The "Broken Chain" is a longer composition, and marred by the same faults, forced and unnatural:—

"It was within a convent old,
Through her lips the low breath sighing,
Which the quick pains did enfold
With a pale calm, but cold,
Lay a lovely lady dying."

The which to explain we acknowledge our utter inability. But it is unpleasant to execute a task like this. We will not pursue the criticism of these poems; and shall only add that if the writer contemns our advice, and to a fervid imagination will not join intelligible imagery and language, he must become a laughing-stock instead of an ornament to our poetic literature. Of the other poetical pieces, "The Song of the Besieged," by the author of "The Provost of Bruges" (Mr. Lovell), is a singularly spirited and stirring anacreontic; but it has been much and deservedly quoted, and no eight verses more deserve to be so, though we do not follow the example of *imitatores servum pecus*. "The Bride," by Octavian Blewitt, is also a brief but sweet and touching theme; and "The Renegade's Daughter," by T. K. Hervey, worthy of his muse. Here is a specimen of its charming numbers:—

"Oh! hope is like the cuckoo's song,
Upon its high and leafy spar,
Heard ever from there, though never long,
And ever from afar!
But then, the cuckoo singeth still
Amid the blaze of light,
While hope is like the nightingale,—
It singeth in the night:—
And now, beside her sire unblest,
That bird is whispering in her breast.
And love hath spoken to her heart,
(That love should ever speak in vain,
When, like the aloe that has bloomed,
It never blooms again!)
Love, covered all with roselike flowers,
A fragrant, but an early thing,
The spirit's almond-tree that buds
And blossoms in its spring."

An anonymous poem "To . . ." also deserves our warm commendation; as do T. Miller's "Lines to Melrose Abbey," though we could have looked for more from him on the subject. In conclusion of the noticeable versifying, we have to mention "The Poet's Heritage," stated to be by a university man, who had gained the prize of his year for the best English poem; and if it resembled this, we should express our opinion that it must have been fairly and justly earned. It is so tempting that we cannot help quoting it all:—

"The Poet's Heritage."

Poor and a Poet!—why, the king of old,
Who turned whatever he touched to purest gold,
And she of fairy land, the favoured girl,
Whose every word was frozen in pearl,
Were only types of me—come tell me where
In earth, deep sea, or universal air,
Where flowers may blow, light fall, or rainbow shine,
One spot, one speck exists, which is not mine?
Let the worm peering from his bed of clay
Conjecture of the eagle, when his way
Is paved with splendour; let the hermit mole,
That blind old sophist, in his learned hole,
Take the bright stars to task; but do not thou,
With that earth-stained and lucre-loving brow,
Look scorn on one, who, privileged to be
Near unto heaven, is far removed from thee!
Spirit of beauty! Nature! mother mine!
If well my soul hath worshipped at thy shrine;
If of the myriad children of thy birth
I was the last intrusted to the earth,
And sheltered longest in thy parent breast,—
Thence grew, like Joseph, loved beyond the rest,—
Oh! help me now with words of fitting scorn,
Bright as the slanting splendour of the morn,
That I may pierce this upstart earth-worm through
With winged arrows such as those which flew,
When, like a stricken lyre, Apollo's bow
Twang'd the old dragon's death-song long ago!
Talk'st thou of wealth? Alas! poor human gnome,
Whose dwarfish soul hath made itself a home
In some closed money-chest as in a mine,
Look, if thou canst, one moment towards the shrine
Of those immortal rays, which from the sun
Gush earthward ever:—know, there is not one
Of those bright atoms, which, when it hath lain
Within the tried alembic of my brain,
Turns not to precious thought—a costlier stream
Stole not on youthful Danaë's nuptial dream,
When, like a new Pegasus over-board,
The wanton tide engulfed her in its gold!
Say hast thou pearl? For me the Nereids keep
The hoarded treasures of the tranquil deep.
Hast emerald?—To bid my forehead weave
The deathless laurel all her wealth of leaves.
Hast rubies?—Pr'ythee, scorne, turn and see
What crimson tears the vine hath wept for me.
Hast coins?—Oh! tell me when they numbered are,
And for each one I'll reckon thee—a star.
Hast castles, lordships, towns?—I do not fear;
Behold in me the ruler of a sphere,
Which want can neither snatch, nor wealth impart—
The guiltless empire of a trusting heart:
A world that has its bright blue heaven above,
Yet owns below an atmosphere of love;
An earth inhabited by earthly things,
Yet blessed with heavenly thoughts, like angels' wings.
Then scorn the bard no more; he is above
At once thy hate, thy pity, or thy love;
His world is not thy world, nor hast thou wings
To follow to that sphere, whose charmed springs
Can, like Medea's magic bath, restore
The form of youth, when youth itself is o'er.
Ashes to ashes—living earth to earth!
Here have at once thy dwelling and thy birth:
For me my soul shall build a palace home,
Blue-roofed above by ether's ample dome,
Where flowers shall drink the rainbow's tearful ray,
And silver fountains warble night and day.
Bright shapes of love shall throng around me there,
Incarnate visions of the wise and fair;
There Lesbian Sappho, fresh from out the surge,
Shall oft repeat, poor swan! her ocean dirge;
And ministering spirits round me flock,
Like those which soothed Prometheus on his rock.
The stars shall make me music as they roll,
And Jove's own nectar mantle in a bowl
Fresh dewed by Hebe's lip! Oh, who would lie
Among the shards of earth, and never try
One bold and skyward flight? Poor spirit bird,
Whose dust-defiled plumes have never stirred
Toward their ether-home! say, wherefore build
Thine own eternal prison cage, and gild
Its bars thus gaily? Know'st not even he,
The small mechanic of the mulberry tree,
Who spins around, in many a patient fold,
His filmy shroud of vegetable gold,—
Dreams of some future time, when, from the gloom
That curtains round his ante-natal tomb,
The sun shall wake to life a gorgeous thing,
With robe of feathered snow and Psyche wing,
A child of light and air, an insect dove,
Whose all of life is dedicate to love?

Open to all the application lies,
Go to the worm, thou sluggard, and be wise!"

Of the *prose*, "My Cousin and the Curate" is the best-invented tale of fiction, though there are two or three clever Eastern narratives by Mr. St. John, and several respectable contributions by others. One from the classic pen of the editor, Mr. Harrison, is not unworthy of notice, for the fine original and natural simplicity of the incident on which the development turns. The story is called "The Painter," who is a peer in disguise, and his crisis with a

lovely country girl, between whom and himself a devouring mutual passion has sprung up, is brought on by a briar, thus:—

"It happened one evening that Caroline encountered the painter alone in the park, while he was endeavouring to select a spot from whence to sketch a scene which he had heard her express a wish to see transferred to canvass. At the moment, a part of her dress became entangled in a briar, and the artist stepped hastily forward with the intention of disengaging it; but, in so doing, his foot slipped into a cart-rut which had been concealed by the overgrowing grass, and, being unable at the moment to withdraw it, he fell on his side, and so severely sprained his ankle, that he lay without motion on the ground, while a deadly paleness passed over his countenance. With a shriek and a bound, which left the entangled portion of her dress in the safe custody of the bramble, she was in an instant at his side. The injury, although it did not amount to a dislocation, was attended by such acute agony, that he was unable to articulate a word in answer to her hurried inquiries. Severe, however, as was the pain he endured, the expressions of tenderness which the agitation of the moment extorted from her lips, fell not unregarded on his ears."

The reader may guess the result. As he limped slowly home he declared his love, got a confession in return, and ever after the happy couple had reason to bless the cause of their enjoyments as a Sweet Briar (not to say any thing of the rut), and one that had not made their wedded home a Bramble-tie House!

Schloss's English Bijou Almanack for 1840.

By S. Lover, Esq.

THIS tiny Annual and great favourite has this year been confided to the author of "Rory O'More," whose muse has done every justice to its fairylike subjects. And who, indeed, could treat any thing of fairy form, even though representing human beings, so well as Lover? The portraits are those of the Duchess of Sutherland, Mrs. S. C. Hall, Madame Persiani, T. Moore, Sir M. A. Shee, and W. Macready. But the chief grace of the poet will be found in the expression of a natural sorrow for one to whose kindness of heart and genius, this little work owes its rise.

TO THE MEMORY OF L. E. L.

"How many the tear will shed,
When on this page they look,
And thy cold doom is read
In thine own tiny book!
The little gem, while thine,
With graceful joy was bright;
The fearful task is mine,
With grief to dim its light.
Untimely was thy fall,
Embitter'd was thy fate—
Oh, that a leaf so small
Should tell of grief so great!"

Among the other poems, we delight in that upon the effigies of Moore; for it is a pleasant thing to contemplate the *laus a laudato*, and a brother-bard thus lavishing his tribute of praise and admiration upon another:—

"Oh, Erin! my Mother!—unrival'd in song,
Thine, thine are the melodies cherished so long,
Once heard, ne'er forgotten—to memory clinging,
And passion's deep spell o'er the ravish'd soul flinging,
So deep—without words we interpret the feeling,
Be it sorrow or joy, thy sweet notes are revealing.
We interpret the feeling: but words are not given
To music like thine, unless sent us from Heaven!
And Heaven to thy wishes a bright poet bore,
To interpret, as none did interpret before:—
Oh, Moore—thou wert best with such strains to
inspire,
While the music hath caught a fresh charm from thy
lyre!"

The lines on Sir M. Shee and Macready are also worthy of quotation:—

"Sir Martin Archer Shee, P.R.A.

A gift from Vulcan Theos won,
Shee ask'd the god to arm her son.
In happier hour, thy mother, Shee,
Won from the Muses gifts for thee:
And pencil bright and brilliant pen
The smiling Sisters gave thee then.
A twin-wreath twine we for thy brow,
Painter and Poet; well canst thou
Example give—advice impart,
In silver verse and glowing art:
(Climbing to fame, with generous might
Thou'st taught the way to win the height."

"W. C. Macready, Esq.

Gifted master of thine art!
Bearing best the noblest part:
With lofty thought or depth of feeling,
Nature's varied traits revealing,
Moulding in the mimic scene
The forms of deeds that once have been.
Enough in this for human pride,
But prouder cause hast thou beside:
In mimic scene thou'st honour won;
More honour'd, what thou'st really done—
Restored the glory of the stage;
Redeem'd what stigmatised an age."

But, besides its general attractions, the *Bijou* of this year possesses a new and striking feature of popular interest—no less than a portrait of Prince Albert, the elected of our young Queen. It represents a handsome man, of an intelligent and pleasing presence. This alone is enough to sell hundreds of *Bijoux*. We should have liked to have seen with it an impression of the beautiful sapphire seal, with his arms, &c., which his royal mistress presented to him on leaving England.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Game of Billiards: Scientifically explained, and practically set forth, in a Series of novel and extraordinary Strokes; and Illustrated by numerous appropriate Diagrams. To which is added the Rules and Regulations which govern the numerous Games, as they are played at the Present Day, in all the Countries of Europe. By Edwin Kentfield, of Brighton. Small folio, pp. 48. London, 1839. Smith, Elder, and Co.

THE ample title-page so fully explains the design of this costly work, that we have little else to do than notice the manner of its execution. To say that it deserves great praise is no more than its merits demand. The letterpress is sanctioned by the name of the highest authority on the subject of billiards, for the player is not to be found who can contend with Edwin Kentfield, or as he is more popularly known, with Jonathan the Brighton Marker, who has long been confessed to stand alone in having reduced the game to the greatest mathematical certainty. The illustrations, ninety-three in number, are executed with much spirit and fidelity; they are from the zincographic press of Mr. Chabot. The work as a whole is highly creditable to the enterprise of the proprietor, Mr. Thurston; and we have no doubt it will become the standard for reference in every billiard-room in the kingdom, whether found in the mansions of the wealthy, or kept as a source of livelihood for the amusement of the more humble player.

Commentaries on the Historical Plays of Shakspeare. By the Right Honourable T. Peregrine Courtenay. 2 vols. London, 1839. Colburn.

WHEN the greater part of these Essays was published, from time to time, in the "New Monthly Magazine," we read the papers with pleasure, as the production of a scholar ("and a ripe one") and a gentleman of refined taste and acute judgment. The many new points

of view which he took, and the many light which he threw upon passages of the immortal bard, commanded our lively interest; and the pains which he has taken to rescue real and actual history from the overwhelming magic of the dramatist deserve the thanks of every lover of truth, however much also the lover of works of the imagination. His investigation of the authorities on which Shakspeare leans for his historical facts is both curious and instructive; and the whole deserves the attention of the public as an almost inseparable companion to Shakspeare's Plays, and the Histories, Rome, France, England, and Scotland. Indeed, it is a work without which we do not look to see a respectable library, or collection of polite literature. Extracts would be inconvenient and are unnecessary.

An Apology for Cathedral Services. Pp. 170. (London, Bohn.)—A high-church and well-written apology for what is not much impugned in our day. It is a pleasant work, showing much reading, and no small degree of taste.

A Few Minutes' Advice to Deaf Persons, &c. by a Surgeon of nearly Thirty Years' extensive practical Experience. Pp. 180. (London, Hodson.)—A rather amusing exposure of some of the quackeries exercised in this branch of the medical profession, and containing a good deal of matter which the deaf would not be the worse of its hearing.

A Guide to the Study of the Pentateuch &c. by J. Thomas. M.A. Pp. 322. (London, Houlston and Stanswell.)—Mr. Thomson has displayed both diligence and judgment in collecting together references to the five books of Moses, which must be very useful to the young divinity students.

The Scheme of Prophecy from Daniel. Pp. 182. (London, Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.)—An almost similar service rendered to the extraordinary and important prophecies of Daniel.

Aids to Preaching and Hearing, by the Rev. T. I. Skinner, D.D. Pp. 238. (London, Tegg.)—Another volume, of which the same parties to whom we have alluded in the foregoing notices will do well to suit themselves,—we mean the students of divinity, and the deaf,—and to them we accordingly recommend it.

Gleiss: a Tragedy in Five Acts, by J. J. H. Pp. 2. (London, J. Lee.)—We fear that the impulse given to dramatic writing does not always lead to the production of plays which either the closet or the stage can highly prize. In *Gleiss* we can only speak of a wretched effort.

A Manual for Mechanics' Institutions, published under the Superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. Pp. 322. (London, Longman and Co.)—With all the information necessary to promote the formation of Mechanics' Institutions, and lead to the improvement of those already in existence. Those interested in the subject will find much matter for reflection in this volume.

The Elements of Algebra, by the Rev. Philip Edmund. M.A. &c. 8vo. pp. 400. (Edinburgh, Black; London, Longman and Co.)—The mathematical professor in the University of Edinburgh has done credit to himself and his school by this publication; which is as plain and straightforward a guide as we have seen, from simple arithmetical to high analytical reasoning.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

LAW OF STORMS.

Hurricane at Bermuda.

THE Bermuda Gazette of the 17th and 24th September last contain accounts of the destructive effects of a furious hurricane, which visited the Bermudas on the night of Wednesday and morning of Thursday the 11th and 12th September. Every house in Hamilton, on Ireland Island, at St. George's, and other parts of the islands, was more or less injured, and the loss of property sustained by private individuals alone has been estimated at nearly eighty thousand pounds sterling. Provisionally no less of life occurred. Great exertions were making to relieve the distress of the sufferers; Colonel Reid, the governor, heading the subscriptions with the munificent sum of one hundred pounds from his private purse. For the details of the devastations, and the exertions of the charitable, we refer our readers to the Bermuda Royal Gazette, and to the London daily journals, in which such particulars have appeared; our object in the present article being to select such portions of the accounts only as tend to

develop the "law of storms," and further to illustrate the wonderful phenomena of atmospheric convulsions,—those merciful, although awful, dispensations of Providence by which the equilibrium of the atmosphere is restored, the oppressive heats of those climates dissipated, and nature renewed. Since the meeting of the British Association at Newcastle, where Colonel Reid, the present governor of the Bermudas, first explained his views, and afforded the data collected by him with unwearied labour and skill, and afterwards published by him in his work entitled "An Attempt to Develop the Law of Storms," great and general interest has been directed to this subject. And therefore have we undertaken our present pleasing task. First, then, the "Bermuda Gazette" thus describes the general appearances, character, and accompaniments, of the dreadful gale:—

"In the early part of Wednesday, and, in fact, for several days before, the appearances of the heavens indicated, in the opinion of many, that some great change was about to take place in the weather: on the Sunday previous, the sea on the south side of the island was in a most agitated state, and the roaring and bursting of the waves against the reefs and on the beaches were heard for miles distant. On the evening of that day a very singular luminous appearance, resembling somewhat the pale light of the aurora borealis, was observable for one or two hours in an E.S.E. direction: it seemed to emerge from a common centre, spread itself to a width of about 10°, and rise to an altitude of about 15°. On the south and north sides of this singular light the clouds were of a purple colour; whilst, at the same time, those further to the south emitted frequent and vivid flashes of lightning. On Monday, the sky was mostly clear, but the stars were lustreless, and looked hazy. On Wednesday morning, the wind, which had on the previous day been at N.E., changed more to the E. At about noon, it was intimated throughout Hamilton that a sudden fall had taken place in the barometer, and from that time till near seven o'clock, when the gale commenced, it was at frequent intervals made known that the barometer was still falling. Notwithstanding these indications by that most valuable instrument, and the threatening appearances of the heavens, which too truly indicated some violent disruption in the atmosphere, a gale was not seriously anticipated; or, rather, the hope was with cupidly indulged in, that the long-continued and distressing drought, with a more than usually hot and oppressive summer, was to give place to copious showers of rain and strong refreshing breezes. True it is that we did have rain and wind,—the former in torrents, and the latter with such violence, that there is scarcely a spot of one hundred feet square throughout the islands, on which there was an erection of any description, or where a tree grew, that does not exhibit marks of its devastating influence. At about seven o'clock on the evening of Wednesday, as we before said, the gale commenced. Dense clouds, which had been gathering, burst suddenly into a violent storm of wind, rain, and lightning. This lasted till about nine, when the weather moderated a little, and the sky became partially clear. The wind then seemed to be to the southward of east, but subsequently, as we understand, backed. Soon after ten the wind increased, and continued with more or less force till about three o'clock on the following morning, when it shifted from E.S.E. to S., and on to S.W., and blew with, if possible, greater fury than it had done during

the night, till near seven, when it again moderated slightly for about two hours. The gale was then renewed, and raged for a considerable period with much vehemence: but it seemed as if the spirit of the tempest had, in this last effort, exhausted its strength, for in a short time the wind began to subside, and at noon, having veered to the westward, it settled down into moderate breezes."

From the weekly reports of the weather we extract at some length, in order to shew more particularly the condition of that valuable instrument and unerring guide, the barometer,—that work which Science has achieved to warn man against impending evils. In many cases previously to this hurricane, where it was consulted, precautions were prudently and successfully adopted. Another reason, also, why our extract embraces the periods prior and subsequent to the storm, is to point out the state of the weather, notwithstanding the fineness of which, heavy seas were breaking on the island. The numbers used to denote the wind's force, and symbols to express the state of the weather, are those now in use in the royal navy. The report is from the centre signal station at Bermuda: height above the sea being one hundred and thirty-four feet.

Date	Hours	Direction of Wind.	Wind's force.	Weather.	Barometer.	Thermometer.	General Remarks.
Sept. 1899							
8th	noon	SW	3	b. c.	30.1	85	
9th	noon	S	3	b. c.	30.14	85	
10th	noon	NE	3	b. v.	30.15	85	Sea breaking loudly on south side. Wind veered to N. by the E. at 5 P.M. Lt. in the S. at 8.25 P.M. Sea breaking louder on south side. Weather threatening. Threatening appearance of the weather. [Beginning.] Sea roaring on south side.
11th	noon	SE by E	5	b.c.m.	29.96	87	
	P.M. 5	NE by E	6	m. u.	29.93	85	
	P.M. 8	SE	6	o. u. r.	29.8	84	Wind veered to S.E. by the E. very heavy rain and it.
	P.M. 11	SE by S	8	o. l. r.	29.6	83	
12th	mid-night	SE	10	o. r.	29.5	83	A whole gale at this hour.
	A.M. 1	SE	11	o. r.	29.35	83	Storm: barometer falling rapidly.
	A.M. 2	SE	11	o. r.	29.2	83	Every appearance of a hurricane.
	A.M. 3	SE	12	o. r.	29.05	81	
	A.M. 4	SE	12	o. r.	29.04	81	
	A.M. 5	SE	12	r.	29.3	81	Hurricane.
	A.M. 7	S	11	r.	29.72	81	More moderate.
	A.M. 9.45	SW	9	m.	29	81	
	noon	WSW	8	v.	29.43	79	
	P.M. 7	W by S	4	b.	29.9	79	[End.] Quite moderate: storm right.
13th	noon	NW	3	b.c.m.	29.94	79	High sea breaking at north reef.
14th	noon	NE	3	b.	30.14	78	
	mid-night	E	4	c.	30.1	76	Squall at 9.40 P.M.
15th	noon	S	2	b. v.	30.2	84	
16th	noon	SSW	2	b.c.m.	30.2	84	
17th	noon	SW	2	b.c.m.	30.2	84	
18th	noon	W	1	b.c.m.	30.24	83	Wind veered to N.W. by the W. at 3.30 P.M.
19th	noon	WSW	2	b. v.	30.12	82	
20th	noon	W	2	b.	30.15	82	
21st	noon	NE by E	2	b.	30.14	81	
	mid-night	E	2	b.	30.1	81	

The "Bermuda Gazette," of the 24th Sep-

tember, says, "Several gentlemen of the colony, having interested themselves in procuring for the governor extracts from the log-books of vessels which have arrived here since the late violent storm, his excellency has forwarded these extracts to us, and expressed a wish that we should give them publicity, in the hope that by continuing the inquiry the nature of the Bermuda hurricanes and their courses may be better understood. By these extracts, it appears that the centre of the late storm passed over the brig Vincennes, in lat. 28° 35', long. 63° 30', at midnight, between the 10th and 11th September; whilst the Ketch Lottery was becalmed, although experiencing a heavy swell, at the same period of time, eight degrees to the westward of the Vincennes. No doubt the heavy swell felt by the Lottery, and that which broke with so much grandeur on the south side of Bermuda, originated in one and the same cause."

"The schooner Damsel, coming from the westward, met the wind in this storm northerly. Whilst the schooner Governor Reid, coming from the eastward, met the wind in the same storm southerly. The account given by the master of the Scott shows that it also passed over lat. 25°, long. 60°. There seems cause to hope that this tempest originated eastward of the West Indies, and that it may not have affected any of them."

"Extract from the Log-book of the Brig Vincennes, Captain Humphreys; with additional Narrative from Recollection.—Tuesday, 10th Sept.—Lat. 28° 35', long. 63° 30', about midnight of the 9th and 10th of civil time, the gale commenced from about E., and continued to blow from that point till about six o'clock of the morning of Tuesday, when it began to back to the N.E., and increasing in violence, with constant rain. At ten, forenoon, had our sails all secured, and hove-to under three-reefed mainsail on the larboard tack. At noon, the wind inclined more to the northward, say to the N.N.E. continuing to increase. About four o'clock in the afternoon, balance-reefed the mainsail in consequence of the increase of gale. [Beginning.] At six, or sundown, no alteration; between eleven and twelve at night we had, for about half an hour, a violent gust, which nearly threw the brig on her beam-ends; soon after, it lulled for about half an hour; during this time the wind began to back to the westward of north."

"Wednesday, 11th.—About one o'clock the wind (S.W.) set in with increased fury. At two, the wind about south. At this time, a violent gust threw the vessel on her beam-ends, where she lay till near three o'clock, when to right her the topmasts were cut away. The wind continued on this point without abatement till about eight o'clock in the morning, when it began to moderate, but without shift; at noon it continued to rain and blow strong from the south. At six afternoon, or sundown, the wind becoming more moderate at south, but continuing to rain. At midnight it cleared up."

"Extract of Log kept on board Ketch Lottery, from the 9th to the 14th September, from Kingston, Jamaica.—Sept. 10, at noon, commencing with light winds and clear weather; at three P.M. tacked ship to S. and eastward, ending with calm, and heavy swell heaving from N.E.; lat. 27° 1' N., long. 71° 52' W. 11th, at noon, commencing with light airs from N. and eastward; at six P.M. increasing breeze, clear weather, all sail set at advantage. Lat. by observation, 29° 43' N., long. 70° 41' W. 12th, at noon, first part steady breezes from N. and westward, all sail set."

"Extract from the Log-book of the Schooner *Daniel*, converted into Civil Time, from Baltimore bound to Bermuda.

Hours.	Wind.	Remarks.
		Left the Capes on the 6th September, and had the wind S.S.W. until the 10th, 11th September, noon, lat. 33° 31' N., long. 67° W. P.M. commenced with light breezes from the eastward.
P.M. 5	N.E.	Fresh breeze from eastward; shortened sail.
7	N.E.	—
Midnight	—	—
A.M. 1	—	—
8	—	—
10-45	N.W.	—
Noon	W.	—
P.M. 2	—	—
4	N.W.	—

"Extract from the Log-book of the Schooner *Governor Reid*, J. W. Musson, Commander.—Sept. 3.—Having observed twice in Bermuda the aurora borealis, and each time followed by very strong winds, causes me to apprehend now much more stormy weather than I should do in winter. At half past seven o'clock, civil day, it became visible, extending to an altitude of about 36° from E.N.E. to N.W., producing a brilliant light, which lasted till eleven o'clock P.M. 4th, light wind, all sail set. 5th, light wind; sympleometer 30° 1-4. 6th, calm, caught several small fish; took a swim. 7th, cloudy, passing squalls. 8th, moderate breeze, but cloudy. 9th, fine breeze, cloudy, with passing showers: the wind S.E., the sympleometer 30°. 10th, Strong gale, sympleometer falling; a very heavy swell. The weather looking dismal, with every appearance of an approaching storm; at four o'clock P.M., sympleometer having fallen to 28° S-4, deemed it advisable and prudent to leave her to. At five P.M. a tremendous sea struck us on the weather bow, striking also the second mate with great force, seriously disarranging his apparel, and not a little discomposed the gravity of his muscles; ordered the maintop-mast to be hoisted, and the fore yard sent on deck. The ship being under two-reef foresail, stemmed the sea within four points of the wind, falling to S.S.W. At twelve o'clock, midnight, sympleometer 29° 1-2, wind S.S.E., cloudy, with a little rain, stars occasionally visible, a terrific swell; but the little bark rode majestically these awful seas; one no sooner touched her sides and broke, than a new follower rose, and swelled as proudly; watched closely, without fear of trembling, the sympleometer being lower, too, than I had ever seen it; at three A.M. it rose a little. I do not think she could have escaped, had it fallen to 20°. At three A.M. the wind blew from the south, with little, if any, diminution of force. At nine A.M., wind S.S.W., the sea being too much on our beam, veered ship; headed about S.E. by S., bringing her head more to the sea; lat. 31° 46', long. 62° by chronometer, but the heavy sea that was running prevented my obtaining a good sight; Bermuda being about one hundred and fifty-five miles distant. At twelve, on Thursday, the clouds passed less rapidly, but the sympleometer varied little until six P.M., when it rose suddenly to 30°. I then had the fore-yard sent up, together with the top-mast, and made all sail for 'L'Isle du Diable,' which I made at six A.M. on Sunday morning, bearing N. by E. about eight miles. A strong current had been running to the south; lat. by polar star, on the evening of the 14th, put me fifteen miles south of dead reckoning: had a light-house been on any part of the southern shore, I must have seen the light. At nine o'clock, the time I wrote to, I put her under easy canvass, and stood to the S.E. till

two A.M., then tacked ship and stood to the N., and but for a very good look-out, would have passed the land, which we must have been within four miles of the night before. A country under the government of Great Britain, which encourages civilization and improvement, should not allow islands like these to remain without a beacon to save the anxious and wearied mariner!"

From a careful and attentive perusal of the foregoing, and on reference to the diagram in Colonel Reid's work, explanatory of the general progress of these storms, it will be seen that this hurricane has been fully conformable to the law of storms. We subjoin the particulars of the appearances of a water-spout, and of the aurora borealis as seen at Bermuda. The gyrations of the former are equally interesting with the rapid rotations of the wind in the storm and in the hurricane, and probably reducible to the same law.

"A water-spout formed under the signal station on the 15th August, and was observed by several persons with the aid of spy-glasses; all agreed that the water at the surface of the sea was carried round in the same direction as the hands of a watch move. This water-spout was north of the signal station, and the spray was distinctly seen to fly from the right hand towards the left, whilst from the height of the station over the sea, a portion of the upper part of the spray raised was observed to return from the left hand to the right, completing the whirl. On the night of Tuesday, the 3d September, 1838, there was a fine display of the aurora borealis for upwards of three hours. A fine, strong, white light extended, during the whole of the time, from N.E. to N.W., filling up the whole of that quarter of the heavens to a considerable altitude; from thence arose numerous shifting streams extending towards the zenith, at times considerably above the polar star, or to an altitude of full 40°: these were first of a bright white light, stronger than the fixed light whence they arose, and changing frequently to a lurid red tint, like the reflection in the sky of a distant and extensive fire. The streams were most numerous, and higher up in the sky about ten P.M., and soon after the whole gradually subsided, and quite disappeared before eleven. A calm, or very light air from the west, prevailed during the whole time; sky mostly clear, excepting a few small cumulus clouds, and near the northern horizon some light cymoid clouds."

LINNEAN SOCIETY.

MR. FORSTER in the chair.—There were exhibited flowering specimens of a series of varieties of the *Chrysanthemum Sinense*, from the chairman's garden at Lambeth. Read, 'A Monograph of the Genus *Disporum*,' by Professor Don, Libr. L.S. To Mr. Brown is due the merit of having first pointed out the chief character of this genus, namely, its binary ovula; which, doubtless, suggested to Salisbury the name of *Disporum*, subsequently given to it by that botanist. There are eight species, all natives of Asia, described by Mr. Don, which have been incorrectly referred by most botanists to the American genus *Uvularia*. Appended to the paper is the description of a new and nearly related genus, which is founded upon a plant introduced into the Royal Botanic Gardens at Kew, from New Holland, by that eminent traveller and botanist, Mr. Allan Cunningham. This plant Mr. Don has named *Tripladenia Cunninghamii*; it is remarkable for possessing singular fringed appendages to the petals, resembling those of the

well-known *Parnassia*. Amongst the donations was a copy of Mr. Stephen's valuable manual of the British Coleoptera, or Beetles.

STATISTICAL SOCIETY.

MR. HEYWOOD in the chair. First meeting of the season.—The paper read was 'On the Present State of Education in Belgium,' by Mr. Rawson. The writer draws his information chiefly from a recent pamphlet on the subject, by M. Dupétiex, of Brussels. His object is to show the necessity there is for the important subject of education being under the inspection of the government of a country. After a few general remarks, he notices in detail the various primary schools in Belgium, their size, number of scholars, teachers, &c. The number of scholars in these schools in Belgium is as follows:—

In Brabant	62,306 or 1 scholar in	9-6 inhabitants
Antwerp	35,371	10
E. Flanders	60,667	12-7
W. Flanders	47,063	13
Liege	36,807	16
Limburg	33,389	10-4
Namur	33,567	7
Hainault	66,425	96
Luxembourg	48,733	7-6
Total	429,498	10

After some other details, which we necessarily must pass over, the author goes on to show that the abolition of the Dutch code, and the introduction of the principle of non-interference in the education of the people, have retarded instead of advanced popular instruction. The experiment has been tried for nine years, as facts which cannot be disputed sufficiently attest its signal failure. Of this the Belgians are themselves convinced, and the provincial deputations in their reports do not attempt to conceal the fact; on the contrary, they all loudly for the interference of government, as for the introduction of a law to regulate public instruction, as they formerly existed in the overthrow of the Dutch code. They have tried both systems, interference and non-interference, and now declare in favour of the former. It is well known that the draft of a law has long been under the consideration of the Belgian government, and the declaration of the provincial deputations will probably hasten its introduction. Many of the evils which we deplore as the fruit of non-interference exist in this country (England), sprung from the same causes, and producing the same effects. We are in a state very much resembling Belgium as regards popular instruction; we have always had liberty of teaching, and freedom from inspection, but it has not raised us much above the level of that country, and our eyes are now opening to a knowledge of our destitution. The example of Belgium may perhaps be useful to us; the Belgians who have had experience of the system which we dread beg that it may be restored to them, and the freedom which we are unwilling to relinquish, they have found productive of evil in almost all its consequences. We may learn at least from it that non-interference in matters of education may be an evil, and has proved an evil to Belgium; a few years' patience, and a return to the common system, which will probably soon take place in that country, will enable us to examine more closely its effects, and to appreciate with certainty its value.

ELECTRICAL SOCIETY.

TUESDAY, NOV. 19.—Read, the conclusion of Mr. Griffin's paper 'On the Question. What do electrified bodies recede from each other?' Constant reference, throughout, was made to diagrams, without which, and greater space

than we can afford, no adequate idea of Mr. Griffin's theory of electrical recession could be formed.—Read, also, an 'Account of some Experiments made for the purpose of passing a Voltaic Current across the Thames,' by Mr. C. Walker. The object was, if possible, to pass the electricity from a voltaic battery across the river, the water forming part of the circuit. In this, however, the experiments failed, although preparatory operations were successful; the description of which was submitted to the Society in the hope that the cause of failure may be pointed out.—Read, also, a paper by Mr. Pollock, to prove 'The Current in the Secondary Wire, the Result of the Disturbance of the Equilibrium of its Latent Heat.' The subject was treated under the following heads:—1st. Primary current generates the secondary current; not directly, but indirectly. 2d. Secondary current and thermoelectric current, identical with latent heat. 3d. Opposite direction of the secondary current, the legitimate result of the disturbance of the latent heat in the secondary wire. 4th. Change of capacity in the secondary wire, the immediate cause of the secondary current. 5th. Secondary current transient, not permanent. 6th. Equilibrium of the latent heat in the secondary wire restored on breaking contact in the primary wire. 7th. Secondary spark, the effect of the return of the latent heat in the secondary wire to a state of equilibrium. Mr. Pollock indefatigably works out every phenomenon of the battery and the electrical machine to illustrate his views in regard to the identity of latent heat and electricity. The inferences he draws from the present investigation are,—that the action of the battery upon the secondary wire is dependent upon its power of imparting its latent heat to it; not abstracting from it,—that the properties of the secondary wire are dependent upon its containing latent heat in excess, similarly with the electrical machine,—that the secondary wire possesses the property of the striking distance, owing to its containing latent heat in excess,—that the secondary current is constituted of the latent heat of the secondary wire in motion,—and that the latent heat of the primary wire produces expansion of the secondary: if it should not produce expansion, but be absorbed, it tends to weaken the secondary current.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, 14th November.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—Rev. F. J. H. Reeves, Merton College; C. M. Collins, Exeter College; Rev. C. E. Harwood, Oriel College; Rev. J. S. Finch, Brasenose College; Rev. G. W. B. Wills, Wadham College; Rev. H. N. Maddock; Rev. W. W. Rowley, Queen's College; Rev. C. Burney, late Demy of Magdalen College; Rev. J. Rump, Trinity College; Rev. J. C. Harris, Worcester College; H. Holden, Balliol College.

Bachelors of Arts.—R. Champenove, Christ Church; J. H. Waugh; W. Gill, Magdalen Hall; E. Peel, Brasenose College, Grand Compounders; J. L. Roberts, J. White, New Inn Hall; E. Trollope, R. Tomlins, St. Mary Hall; C. Goodden, Exeter College; G. Sandbach, J. Gordon, E. C. Holt, Brasenose College; W. Lempiere, Christ Church; H. A. S. Bence, J. A. Hamilton, P. L. Powys, Balliol College; J. H. Spry, D. P. Thomas, Jesus College; R. Mance, Trinity College; R. T. Kent, Wadham College; R. W. Mayow, A. G. Newbold, P. Green, T. W. West, Magdalen Hall; W. J. Wise, Fellow of St. John's College; R. A. Bathurst, C. Bedford, Fellows of New College; H. Sweeting, C. D. Kebbel, J. A. Yates, University College.

CAMBRIDGE, 13th November.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Doctor in Divinity.—The Rev. B. Chapman, Master of Corpus College, by royal mandate.

Bachelor in Divinity.—Rev. J. Chapman, Fellow of St. John's College, by royal mandate.

Honorary Master of Arts.—Sir C. W. C. De Crespigny, Trinity College.

Masters of Arts.—R. Wood, H. Clarke, Caius College. *Bachelors of Arts*.—J. B. Marriott, Corpus Christi College; G. Neville, A. Woodward, Catherine Hall; J. Limbrey, St. John's College; C. G. Taylor, Emmanuel College.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

BEFORE the breaking up of the Meetings of the Royal Society in June last, the dispute between that scientific body and Mr. Panizzi, upon the subject of remuneration for making the catalogue of their library (which became the subject of more than one pamphlet), was referred to an arbitrator agreed upon by both parties. The award has been just made; it declares 328*l.* to be *justly due to Mr. Panizzi*. Mr. Panizzi's claim, when the catalogue was taken out of his hands, was for three hundred guineas. The first meeting of the season was held on Thursday evening, the Marquess of Northampton in the chair.—Dr. Roget read the abstracts of ten papers communicated at the last meeting of the last session: the reading of these, the announcement of a long list of presents made to the Society during the adjournment, and other routine business, occupied the whole of the sitting. No new paper was read.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

WE are this week enabled to present our readers with the following more complete and circumstantial report of the first meeting of the Society for the season, which was briefly noticed in our last Number.—A long list of presents was announced, including the Transactions of several learned Continental societies. The names of many candidates for election were proposed. The Secretary read a part of an elaborate memoir, by Mr. Callimore, 'On the Principles and Relations of the Monumental and Historical Successions of the Pharaohs, in the times preceding the Eighteenth Dynasty.' The part read comprised the numerical relations—a comparison of the hieroglyphic lists of succession—viz. sixty-two shields in the tablet of Thothmes III. at Karnak; twenty-six in the fragment of the tablet of Ramses II. from Abydos; and four in the list of Ramses III. at Medinet-Abou; in all ninety-two shields, augmented by Rosellini to one hundred and seventeen, by placing uncatalogued shields before the tablet of Karnak, and by separating that record from the list of Abydos, and interposing other uncatalogued shields between them.—The Secretary likewise read a paper 'On the Ancient Festival of St. Valentine's Day,' by the Baron Hammer Purgstall. The origin of this celebration has excited much attention, but hitherto without any satisfactory result; it is to be looked for neither in the calendar of the Ramesh church nor in the Roman festival of the goddess Februa, but in the oldest of existing calendars, the festivals of which have passed successively into the Roman and Christian ones. Among the ancient Persians the month of February bore a name corresponding to that which is bore in the Roman calendar (from *februare*, because it was the period of purification and instigation). It was the intercalary month; and the intercalary days were called by the Persians *Forodian* or *Poordin*, which is the same with the Hebrew *Purim* or *Poorim* (as is the Persian plural, and *im* is the Hebrew). A second festival of the month of February is Candlemas, answering to the ancient Persian festival *Sade*. These festivals were celebrated, the former at the end, and the latter at the beginning, of February. The 14th, St. Valentine's day (on which day, according to the popular custom still prevalent in England, young persons choose their partners), is dedicated in the Indian calendar to *Ganesha*, the

god of matrimony. In agreement with the rural tradition in this country, that birds select their mates on this day, there exists the following ancient calendar tradition of the Arabs and Persians. In the month of February three drops fall from heaven—the first on the 7th, the second on the 14th, and the third on the 21st day, the effect of which is to reanimate nature at the return of spring. The first drop evaporates in the air; the second falls on the water; the third mingles with the earth;—the first awakening the generative power in the atmospheric regions; the second in the animal, and the third in the vegetable, kingdoms. This tradition is exactly noted down in the Persian and Arabic calendars, and is recorded in the almanack annually printed at Constantinople. The festival of Valentine, therefore, agrees with the most ancient festivals of the Indians, Persians, and Arabs, celebrated on the same day, consecrated to the god of matrimony, to the rise of generative power, and perhaps also to Valentia, the goddess of strength and vigour. With regard to the custom of writing love-letters on this day in particular, the Baron Hammer Purgstall, in the absence of all previous information on this point, makes the following suggestions:—This custom is, most likely, the remains of a very ancient usage, which the Persians practiced, not on the 14th of February, but nine days later, on the 23d. On this day (which answers to the 5th *Sapendomad*), Feridoun is reported to have written the first talisman against impure beasts and noxious animals; and ever since, spells and talismans were written in Persia on this day,—a practice which appears to be perpetuated in England by the spell and talismanic virtue of amatory epistles.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

ON Thursday this Society commenced their sittings for the season, Mr. Hallam in the chair.—A very long list of presents was announced. A paper was read from Mr. Godwin, jun. 'On the Ancient Buildings of Lower Normandy,' many of which were described as sinking fast into decay, though some are being properly restored. It was illustrated by two sketches from the Cathedral of Bayeux, where, Mr. Godwin incidentally mentioned, the famed tapestry remains in good preservation.—Mr. Kemble communicated 'An Essay on the Runes of the Anglo-Saxons,' which being partly read, the remainder was postponed.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

NOVEMBER 16. The Right Hon. Sir Alexander Johnston, Vice-President, in the chair.—The Honorary Secretary read a letter from the governor of Ceylon, accompanying a donation of ancient Hindu coins found on that island. A paper was then read by General Briggs, 'On the Cotton Trade of India.' One of the principal objects of this paper was to show that the people of Hindustan are as capable of furnishing Europe with cotton as the inhabitants of the United States of North America; and that, under proper arrangements, both the quantity and quality of their produce would fully suffice for all the requirements of our manufacturers, without the necessity of our relying on the slave-labour cotton of America. The paper began with a calculation of the quantity of cotton actually used in dress by the natives of India. Specimens of the several articles of costume were exhibited; and it was shown, that the dress of the male Hindu contained 24½ square yards, and that of the female about 8½ yards, which, allowing that they were

renewed, on an average, at least once a-year, the consumption would amount, among the whole population, to 375,000,000 lbs.; and it might be fairly inferred, from the various other domestic uses to which cotton was applied in India, that as much again was so employed, making a total annual consumption, by the natives themselves, of 750,000,000 lbs. The quantity imported into England is from four to five hundred millions of pounds annually, and this is chiefly raised by slave-labour in America, not more than one-tenth coming from India. The question naturally arises, Why should this be? The causes of the deficiency of the supply from India, General Briggs stated, were closely connected with the administration of the country. He should not further allude to them in that place, but would proceed to demonstrate his position, that India might supply cotton sufficient for the manufacturers of England, and, if necessary, for the whole world. It is not possible, in our limited space, to follow the details presented to the meeting; but the result of a great number of statements and reports from the best sources shewed very evidently, that scarcely any portion of the surface of India was unfit for the growth of some kind of cotton. The great table-land of the Dekhan, the soil of which is formed of the *débris* of trap mountains, is the cotton soil *par excellence*, and is perfectly suited to the *gossypium herbaceum*, the indigenous cotton of India. This soil lies upon lime-stone. It is rich in vegetable matter, and is retentive of humidity; but in hot, dry weather, it cracks into large fissures. It is at that season hard and clayey, and brittle like coal. This clayey soil, so fit for the indigenous plant, is unsuited to that of America, which grows best in a light, dry, siliceous soil; and as most former attempts to introduce the American cotton into India have been made upon the rich trap soil of the country, they had necessarily failed. But the soil best adapted to American seed is also found in India, near the coasts, where the aboriginal plant does not succeed. This was proved at the various experimental farms established by the East India Company; and on which the American plant was growing to perfection. In order to point out the differences which existed between the various sorts of cotton in use, a diagram was exhibited, shewing the comparative lengths of the fibres of different kinds. An excellent microscope was placed on the table by Mr. E. Wilson, for the examination of the shape and structure of the fibre. In many specimens of cotton the fibre had a flat, tape-like appearance; while in others it looked like a string of oval beads, pointed at each extremity. Some kinds were more cylindrical than others; and the Surat and Sea-island cotton is thinnest and narrowest; the Tavoy and New Orleans, flattest and thinnest. In length of staple, the American surpassed the East Indian; but the latter was the finest. Some idea of the extreme minuteness of the fibres of cotton might be formed from the fact that it required thirty-five fibres to make the smallest thread spun at Manchester—three hundred and fifty hanks of which weighed only a pound, and would measure one hundred and sixty-five miles in length. But it had been shewn that the natives of India could spin thread with the hand—four of which would be required to make up the bulk of one made by machinery at Manchester.—Mr. E. Solly read a short report on some sugar, manufactured at Dindoree under the superintendence of Dr. Gibson, from the juice of the Mauritius or Otahete sugar-cane. Mr.

Solly stated, that ever since the year 1792, when, from the limited supply and high price of West India sugar, the attention of the East India Company was drawn to the importation of East India sugar, numerous attempts had been made to improve the cultivation and manufacture of East India sugar, so as to bring it into competition with the West India. Notwithstanding this, its quality remained very inferior; and till latterly, it was believed that India could not supply good sugar: lately, however, sugar has been brought over from India of a very superior quality, similar in kind to some of the better sorts of West Indian. Mr. Solly exhibited the sugar manufactured by Dr. Gibson, and read a report on it from Mr. Travers, the eminent wholesale grocer, who described it as being of superior quality, good grain, desirable complexion, and likely to find a ready market in this country. Mr. Solly stated that he had analysed a portion of it, and found it to contain a very fair per-centage of crystallisable sugar; but that its colour was difficult of separation: this, though objectionable for its uses by the refiner, would not interfere in its ordinary uses.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—Geographical, 8 P.M.; Medical, 8 P.M.
Tuesday.—Medical and Chirurgical, 8½ P.M.; Zoological, 8½ P.M.
Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 7½ P.M.; Medico-Botanical, 8 P.M.
Thursday.—Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; Royal Society of Literature, 4 P.M.; Numismatic, 7 P.M.
Friday.—Botanical, (Anniversary), 8 P.M.
Saturday.—Royal (Anniversary), 8 P.M.; Westminster Medical, 8 P.M.; Guy's Hospital Physical Society, 8 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

Studies from the Old Masters.

THE labours of the artists in this branch of study closed on Saturday the 16th; and the examples were inspected by the governors and subscribers to the Institution on Wednesday the 20th. Whatever may be thought of these copies individually, we look rather to the results of the practice in our future exhibitions, where originality of design may be found united with the adopted style of the favourite master. From the paintings left by the kindness of their noble and liberal possessors, there are a few tolerably fair specimens; and first, and far the best, is after the picture of Bassano (in the possession of Samuel Rogers, Esq.), by Le Jeune; another clever study from the same is by H. Clifford. Numerous are the copies after the Titians (in the collection of Lord Francis Egerton, M.P.); among them those by H. Riviere, S. Drummond, A.R.A., C. Brocky, and Miss M. Drummond, display considerable talent. There is a clever copy after Le Nain (in the possession of Sir Robert Price, Bart. M.P.), by Elizabeth Setchel. From the picture of a Spanish Nobleman, by Vandyke (in the collection of W. R. Cartwright, M.P.), are also some able copies by Charlotte Sharp, J. Rhodes, T. Clater, jun., Elizabeth Cole, and J. C. Hook. A Jew Rabbi, Rembrandt (in the collection of G. Wilbraham, Esq. M.P.), has been copied by H. Johnston, J. Newton, and J. Fennel. A portion of Pythagoras Addressing his Pupils, Rubens (collection of Dr. Stockoe), has been very judiciously taken, in separate studies, by E. Hulme, Mrs. Riddle, Miss L. Corboux, &c.

SACRED PICTURES.

It is impossible not to admire the heroic self-devotion which induces an artist in the present day, undeterred by the fate of his immediate predecessors and his contemporaries, to

continue to walk in the highest paths of his profession. It is impossible not to wish him success, however strongly one may feel the improbability on various grounds that that wish will ever be realised. Such were our reflections on viewing a small collection of pictures now exhibited at No. 34 Gerrard Street, Soho. They are eight in number, four of them compositions, with figures the size of life; and the subjects are taken from the most striking incidents in the New Testament. The painter has evidently made Correggio his model; and, in point of colouring and execution, has benefited greatly from his study of the works of that mighty master. We strongly recommend the encouragers of the arts, and more especially those who are disposed to foster the efforts of talents struggling against difficulties, to call and see this collection.

THE WESLEYAN CENTENARY PICTURE.

THIS exceedingly clever and interesting picture has been produced by Mr. H. P. Parker, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, in commemoration of the centenary of Wesleyan Methodism; and, having been extensively shewn in the country, is now going through a course of gratuitous exhibition at the various vestries of the Wesleyan chapels in the London district. We had the pleasure of seeing it the other day at the vestry of Spitalfield's Chapel.

When the pious, excellent, and celebrated John Wesley was only six years of age, he was rescued, under circumstances of extreme peril, from a fire which, in the middle of a winter's night, burnt down the house of his father, the rector of Epworth. Being once saved, in after-life, if there was any particular event in his personal history which he would wish to have recorded more than any other, he paused, and then said, "Yes, I was saved from being burnt to death when a child, and was indeed 'a brand plucked from the fire.'" "On this hint" Mr. Parker has "painted;" and a better choice of subject could not have been made. We can with justice add, that the felicity of the execution of the picture equals that of the conception. It has frequently been our pleasing duty to speak in terms of high commendation of Mr. Parker's powers as an artist. The work under our notice is, however, unquestionably his masterpiece. It represents the moment when, all the rest of the inmates having escaped, and "Little Jackey," as he was called, having shewn himself at the window of the chamber, from which the destruction of the staircase prevents his interior descent, a kind of human ladder is formed by means of a stout fellow, who, fixing himself firmly against the wall, rears on his shoulders a man of lighter weight, who stretches forth his arms, into which the boy is about to leap. On the opposite side Mrs. Wesley and her other children, half-clad, are hastily proceeding to take shelter in a neighbouring cottage; while Mr. Wesley is on his knees, fervently returning thanks to Providence for the preservation of his family. In the background persons are seen liberating cows from their shippin, a horse from its stable, and a mastiff from its kennel. A principal feature of the distance is the parish-church of Epworth, faintly illuminated by the moon. Mr. Parker has managed the details with his usual breadth and spirit; the general effect is admirable; and we have no doubt that Mr. Reynolds, in whose hands the picture is eventually to be placed, will produce a print that will be eagerly sought for, not only by members of the Wesleyan persuasion, but by all lovers of the fine arts.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Picture: a Noesgay for Amateurs, Painters, Picture-Dealers, Picture-Cleaners, Liners, Repairers, and all the Craft. By C. H. 8vo. pp. 78. London, 1837. Hatchard and Son.

It appears from the above date, that this clever little *jeu d'esprit* has been published two years; but it was only by accident that we the other day met with it. We have read it with great pleasure. It is the "Autobiography of a Holy Family, by Raphael," tracing the history of the picture from its origin to its present alleged position in the gallery of an English nobleman; and relating the various transformations and other adventures which it has undergone in its career. Although the treatise is but a sketch, it is a spirited one, and contains matter which in our opinion "C. H.," who seems well-informed on such subjects, would do wisely more fully to develop; for, as he observes,—"many have affirmed that the acmé of cunning is to be met with in the practised horse-dealer; let them become purchasers of pictures!" We were much amused with the following anecdote:—

"A rich amateur from beyond the sea had heard of a Wouvermans, of the highest quality, in the possession of my owner. By description, the composition was so familiar to him, that there appeared no chance of mistake; besides, he had the print actually engraved from the very subject. Still he added the precaution of bringing with him a connoisseur who could not be deceived; and so fortified, came by appointment to inspect the picture. The proprietor had an accurate copy, that had been made two or three years before, over the face of which he strained the original canvass, and replaced it in its frame. In this state of things the strangers arrived, and passed a long examination of the picture. Seeing but one, it was finally approved, and purchased at no inconsiderable price. At the suggestion of my owner, the purchaser then placed his seal at the back of the canvass as a security against fraud; and it was packed and shipped for its destination, after the true one had been carefully removed! Though the picture does not obtain credit for originality universally, yet it certainly still exhibits the seal at the back,—an unquestionable evidence with some."

BIOGRAPHY.

JOHN LANDER.

We have this week to record the death of this most amiable and estimable individual. He died at his residence in Wyndham Street, Bryanstone Square, on Saturday the 16th; and died as became a good man and a sincere Christian. Three hours before he breathed his last, he called his affectionate wife and three infant children (from two to nearly six years old) to his bedside, and poured into their ears his latest words of consolation and counsel. Taking a single glass of wine, which they partook with him, he committed them fervently to the keeping of the Almighty, and expressed his hope that they would meet again in another and a better world. He then met his fate with the utmost composure. John Lander was born on the 31st of December, 1806; and during his early years was very partial to reading and such studies as were accessible to him. He began soon to write on different subjects, and shewed a poet's devotion for the beauties of nature with which his native county, Cornwall, abounds. Some of his later productions, of high merit, have appeared in the *Literary Gazette*. On the return of his brother Richard after the

death of Captain Clapperton, he entered with enthusiasm into the cause of African discovery, and when it was determined to send out the second expedition to explore the Niger, he joyfully agreed to accompany him on his perilous undertaking. At this time his constitution was strong and robust, and gave promise of a long and healthful life. They sailed from England in the *Alert*, on the 9th of January, 1830, and our readers are aware of the important services they rendered to African geography, and to their country, by opening and pointing the way to extended traffic and rich resources. They returned on the 9th of June, 1831, and the narrative of their voyage, published by Mr. Murray (who with noble liberality presented Richard Lander 1000*l.* for his MS.), is one of the most interesting books of travels in the English language. Of Mr. Murray, neither of the brothers ever spoke but in terms of the most grateful attachment; and John, at one of the Literary Fund anniversaries, publicly expressed their sense of obligation to him. Lord Ripon, then at the head of the Colonial Office, gave Richard an appointment in the Custom-House, which, when he resolved on another expedition, was, at his intercession, transferred to his brother, and held by him till his death. In the discharge of its duties he was most zealous, exemplary, and efficient. But soon after his return he began to complain much of an affection of the chest, brought on by repeated colds during his exposure to the night airs in the fatal climate of Africa. He married his now unhappy widow in July 1832; and two girls and a boy are left with her to deplore their irreparable loss. Richard, it will be recollected, sailed again with Mr. Laird, Captain Allen, and others, on a commercial expedition in 1832, and perished in the prosecution of the design; and, if we are not misinformed, another effort is on the eve of being made to follow out the discoveries of the two Landers' voyage. If so, and national advantages are reaped from it, as appears most probable they will be, from Beacroft's excursions up the Quorra, we need not observe how strong a claim it affords them and theirs to the sympathy and succour of their country.* Upon the widow of Richard Lander, and his only daughter, a small annuity has, indeed, been settled from the privy purse—an act honourable to her majesty and her advisers. A person of finer disposition than John Lander we never knew. He possessed talents of a superior order; and in not one of

* A statement, by Alexander Fisher, of the Atholl, which was inserted in our Gazette at the time, will remind the public how much they accomplished:—

"His Majesty's Ship *Atholl*, at Sea,
"Bight of Biafra, Feb. 2, 1831.

"Dear Sir,—I take the opportunity of writing you a few lines by a vessel that we have just now met on her way to England. My object in writing in this hasty manner is to acquaint you that the grand geographical problem respecting the termination of the Niger is at length solved. The Landers, after having reached Youri, embarked in a canoe on the Niger, or, as it is called there, the Quorra, and came down the stream until they reached the sea, in the Bight of Biafra. The branch by which they came to the coast is called the Nun, or Brasse River, being the first river to the eastward of Cape Formosa. On their way down the river they were attacked by the Hibboos (a fierce nation that inhabit its banks), and made prisoners, or rather captives; but the King of Brasse happening to be in that country buying slaves, got them released, by giving the price of six slaves for each of them. In the scuffle that ensued at the time they were taken, one of them lost his journal. Whilst at Youri they got the prayer-book that belonged to Mr. Anderson, the brother-in-law and fellow-traveller of the celebrated Mungo Park. They were upwards of a month at Fernando Po, whence they embarked, about ten days ago, in an English merchant-vessel bound to Rio Janeiro, on their way to England. From their taking that circuitous route, I am in hopes that this will reach you before they arrive, by which you will probably have it in your power to give the first news of this important discovery."

the relations of life, official station, friendly intercourse, and domestic affections, could his character be surpassed. His death was occasioned by inflammation of the lungs, and he was ill during only a few days. On Thursday his remains were committed to the grave in the cemetery at Kensal Green. The funeral was attended by several of his brother and superior officers, by whom he was greatly beloved; and by other friends, among whom were Mr. Murray, Mr. Brockenon, and the writer of this slight tribute to his memory, Ed. L. G.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

WHISKEYANA.

—"*Montano*
"Macidus rore."—CATULLUS.

Wi' mountain-dew weel moistified.—Free Translation.

LET Teos' hard with roses bind
His brows, on lotus-flower reclined,
And sing the praises of the vine,
Inspired by draughts of Chian wine;—
Or, 'neath the tender myrtles' shade,
In wanton dalliance idly laid,
To Love his "amorous decant" sing,
To Love his softest incense bring.
Nor Love nor wine my verse inspire,
Another theme demands my lyre;
August the theme, though sung by few,
The praises of the *Mountain-dew*.

What vintage of the earth may vie
With this elixir of the sky?—
Not Mastic, nor Falernian juice,
Nor all the Isles of Greece produce,
Nor those illustrious twin châteaux—
Renowned Lafitte and famed Margaux;—
Not proud, imperial Tokay,
Nor Chamberlin, nor Silleray,
Nor rich Constantia's luscious must,
Nor mellow Port with ten years' crust;
Not Malaga, nor Xerez old,
Nor warm Madeira's molten gold,
Nor that celestial, balmy wine,
Blest by St. John, the famed divine!*
Of these the best at times will pall,
One cup of dew is worth them all!
Still redolent of life and joy,
Its mountain odours never cloy;
But as we quaff each brimming glass,
The next doth still the last surpass,
Till rapt, inspired, we climb the spheres,
Behind us far this vale of tears;
Roaming with demigods at will
The meads of blooming asphodel!
Then bind my temples with a wreath
Of harebell blue and purple heath,
And on the heather let me lie
(The cloudless blue my canopy)
Quaffing, near some romantic stream,
Whose murmurs wild provoke to dream,
A chalice of that fragrant dew
Fellucid as the diamond's hue:—
It is a drink might tempt e'en Jove
Down from Olympus high to rove,

* *Johannisberger*.—This celestial vintage (the growth of *Johannisberg*, or Mount St. John, a hillock of trifling size in the heart of the Rheingau) owes its name, and, perhaps, a share of its divine qualities, to the blessing of its patron saint, St. John, the *Evangelist*, or Divine. Certainly, if in the all-engrossing suit—Wine v. Dew—the plaintiff has the slightest chance of success, it must be from the powerful advocacy of the Saint:—

"Si Pergame dextra
Defendi possent, etiam hac defensa fuissent."

Indeed, with the superb bouquet of the "Gold Lark," still lingering on my raptured senses (like the "sweet south-breathing o'er continents of violets"), I know not whether, if I had the free spirit to France Metternich's cellar, I might not in the end turn my heaviest, on the mantle of the Hospitallers, and turn orthodox Knight and true of the Order of Saint John.

Though Ganymede or Hebe there
Doth fill the cup with nectar rare;
And long as earth such dew supplies,
I wish no other Paradise! R. B. S.

THE DRAMA.

Covent Garden.—*The Beggar's Opera* has been revived here in the costume of its age, and with signal success. Miss Austin, as *Polly*, grieves us by not articulating the words of her songs, without which the music of such a part, if sung by an angel, would be unacceptable. Madame Vestris, as *Lucy*, is in this respect a perfect contrast. As *Macheath*, Mr. Harrison confirmed the high opinion we formed of him in *Artaxerxes*: the chief songs were admirably given. Farren, Barclay, and Mrs. C. Jones, made an excellent trio in *Peachum*, *Lockit*, and *Mrs. Peachum*.

The Haymarket.—*The Sea-Captain* holds on his voyage most prosperously. We observe that Sir E. Bulwer has written a new preface to the fourth edition; in which he replies to some of the absurd criticisms with which the hostile press teemed upon his production. We should hardly have thought it worth while.

Adelphi.—*The Knight of the Dragon and Queen of Beauty* has been produced here with éclat, and with all the gaiety and splendour of the Eglintoun Tournament. The scenery, dresses, stage decorations, and, in fact, every portion of the representation and acting, are such as we have not seen equalled in any theatre, and quite surprising for this small house. The contrast with *Jack Sheppard* makes both go off with more remarkable effect; and as the place is crammed every night, we may well say that Yates plays *All Fours*, with *High, Low, Jack*, and *Game* in his hand.

VARIETIES.

H.B. has given us, in his 621st caricature, "A distinguished Tee-totalist," viz. the Attorney-general at the Edinburgh breakfast, with the Irish chancellorship before his eyes, boasting of having put down Chartism without bloodshed. Behind him are details of the rising at Newport. The likeness is not good, but the design is one of his best party caricatures.

A New Reading.—A foreign gentleman lately requested his English stockbroker to secure certain monies in some favourable securities; his agent thought that Danish bonds offered a good investment, and wrote to his correspondent to say what he had done: he received an early and alarmed answer from the foreigner, saying that he feared for his property, as he had lately seen in the English papers that there was "something rotten in the State of Denmark."

Chatterton Monument.—The foundation stone of Chatterton's monument was laid on Wednesday morning, nearly under the clock of Redcliffe Church, in the angle formed by the tower and the muniment-room. It will be completed about Christmas.—*Bristol Journal*.

Anglo-Gallic Coins.—The numismatic world will have much interest in being informed that the valuable and important collection of Anglo-French coins collected by the late eminent antiquary General Ainalle, whose work on the subject excited so lively an interest (see *Literary Gazette*), have been transmitted by his representatives to the care of his publisher, Mr. Hearne, for the purpose of being disposed of by auction, which will probably take place early in spring. Many of the specimens we have seen in the possession of our late friend, and can testify to their being rare and unique.

Hooper's Post-Office Letter-Weights.—Under

this name a most useful little brass instrument has been sent for our notice. By putting letters into a balance on a graduated beam, you mark in an instant their exact weight, and consequently ascertain their postage under the new regulations, which come into effect on the 5th of December.

The Lunar Almanack, by St. John, Oxford (Painter), is another which has entered the lists for prophesying next year's weather.

Improvvisi.
Last week Prince Albert left our land,
"Attended by the Firebrand!"
When he comes back, court gossip say,
'Tis Hymen's torch will light his way.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Lexicon of the Greek Language for the Use of Colleges and Schools, by the Rev. J. A. Giles, LL.D. 8vo. 21s.
The Belle of a Season, a Poem, by the Countess of Blessington, illustrated with Designs by Chalton, imp. 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.; India Proofs, 2l. 11s. 6d.—Proceedings of the Zoological Society of London, Part VI. 1838, 8vo. 6s.—Advice to Mothers on the Management of their Offspring, by Pye H. Chavasse, fcap. 5s.—Elements of Algebra, by the Rev. P. Kelland, 8vo. 7s.—The Poetical Works of Thomas Pringle, 8vo. 9s. 6d.—The "Adams Exult" of Grotius, by F. Barham, Esq. 8vo. 2s. 6d.—Reminiscences of Past Experience, by the late Mrs. G. Soper, 24mo. 2s. 6d.—Western India in 1838, by Mrs. Postans, 9 vols. post 8vo. 24s.—What De Fellenberg has done for Education, fcap. 4s.—Poems by Henrietta Prescott, 12mo. 8s.—The Book of Knock from the German, by J. Baty, 12mo. 1s. 6d.—Influence, by the Author of "Miriam," 3d edition, 12mo. 7s.—The Trials of Margaret Lindsay, new edition, fcap. 6s.—Chitty's Forms, 5th edition, 2 Parts, post 8vo. 21s.—The Death of Demosthenes, and other Poems, by G. C. Fox, fcap. 6s.—Manners of the Bards, and other Poems, by H. Gilpin, 2d edition, fcap. 6s.—Langard's History of England, Vol. XIII. (completing the work), fcap. 6s.—The Family which Jesus Loved, by the Rev. J. H. Stewart, 12mo. 6s.—Commentaries on the Historical Plays of Shakspeare, by the Right Hon. T. P. Courtenay, 2 vols. post 8vo. 12s.—Some Account of the Field of the Cloth of Gold of Eglintoun, by H. Curling, post 8vo. 3s.—Leach's Introduction to the London Pharmacopoeia, 3d edition, 18mo. 5s.—Voyages of the Douga, translated from the Dutch of Kolff, by G. W. Earl, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Lord Brougham's Eminent Statesmen, new edition, 9 vols. 8vo. 21s.—British India: Decline of Hindooism, and the Progress of Christianity, by the Rev. W. Campbell, 8vo. 12s.—Bacchus: Prize Essay on Intemperance, by R. B. Grindrod, fcap. 6s. 6d.—Progress of Intemperance: Engravings, with Poetical Illustrations, by J. Dix, fcap. 6s.—Discovery of America by the Northerners, by J. T. Smith, post 8vo. 8s. 6d.—W. H. Maxwell's Life of the Duke of Wellington, Vol. I. 8vo. 21s.; royal 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.—Billard on Diseases of Infants, translated by J. Stewart, M.D. royal 8vo. 14s.—Elements of Natural Philosophy, by G. B. Rind, M.D. post 8vo. 12s.—Outlines to Illustrate a Moral Allegory, entitled "The Fights of Freewille," by R. Westmacott, Jun. 21s.—Memoirs of Admiral Sir S. Smith, by the Author of "Rattlin the Reelfer," 9 vols. 8vo. 36s.—The Lord's Table, by H. Thomas, D.D. 12mo. 5s.—Poetical Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley, 1 vol. 8vo. 12s.—Cyclopedia of Practical Husbandry, by M. Doyle, 12mo. 12s.—Latin Syntax and Delectus Minor, 12mo. 1s. 6d.—Three Hundred Ordination Questions and Answers, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—Rev. J. Milner's History of Winchester, new edition, 9 vols. royal 8vo. 24s.—Domestic Animals, by R. Mudie, fcap. 5s.—Glimpses of Glory, by A. Wellwood, 18mo. 3s.—The Marine Officer; or, Sketches of Service, by Sir R. Steele, 2 vols. post 8vo. 12s.—The Rock: Descriptions and Legends of Gibraltar, by Major Hart, 4to. 2s. 3s.—The Comic Latin Grammar, with Illustrations, post 8vo. 6s.—The Moravian Mission in North America, fcap. 6s.—Catterill's Youthful Piety Exemplified, 12mo. 1s. 6d.

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No. 1193.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1839.

PRICE 8d.
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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Gatherings from Grave-Yards; particularly those of London: with a Concise History of the Modes of Interment among different Nations, from the Earliest Periods. And a Detail of Dangerous and Fatal Results produced by the Unwise and Revolting Custom of Inhuming the Dead in the Midst of the Living. By G. A. Walker, Surgeon. 8vo. pp. 258. 1839. London: Longman and Co.: Nottingham; Hicklin.

THIS is a long title-page, but it describes a volume on a subject of universal interest. Next after the concern for living eligibly, every people seem to have agreed that the most touching earthly consideration was to die well and be buried decently. The savage and the civilised have only varied in their ideas concerning the most befitting accomplishment of this object; and very strange it is that in the highest state of civilisation we have the examples of the most objectionable and pernicious practices. In England, at this day, there are modes of sepulture which would almost disgrace, as they would certainly disgust, a cannibal; and to some of these our author has, we trust so as to produce a thorough reform in them, pointed the public attention:—

“Burial-places (he strongly tells us) in the neighbourhood of the living are, in my opinion, a national evil—the harbingers, if not the originators, of pestilence; the cause, direct or indirect, of inhumanity, immorality, and irreligion. These remarks may appear extravagant and untenable. I have to request an attentive and impartial perusal of the following pages: the proof will be found convincing—the justification complete. The peculiar character and virulence of diseases in the proximity of grave-yards first excited my suspicion: evidence, positive and circumstantial, has established the fact—that the miasma from animal putrescency may occasion not only the instantaneous loss of human existence, but increase the intensity of pestilential diseases. Every member of society is interested in the statement—that in the metropolis, and in very many towns and villages of the empire, the abodes of the dead are insecure. By far the greater number of grave-yards are crowded to excess: many, indeed, have been in this condition for an indefinite period; so that additional interments could not have taken place without a very questionable disturbance and displacement of previous deposits.”

He proceeds to his proofs, and his descriptions of almost every burial-ground in London are shocking to humanity. While we read them we cannot help feeling intense regret that so many of the cemetery companies projected for the metropolis should have been retarded in their progress, or defeated by the jobbing iniquities of sordid speculators, intriguing directors, and attorneys of that low grade who are a curse to the community wherever they can interfere with the dealings of men. Well would it have been, and be, for the public interest, were government not to leave such national concerns to private enterprise, but take them up on public grounds, and

see that done which ought to be done for the benefit of the people. It would not cost one guinea of public money; but might, on the contrary, be a source of revenue. Before we follow Mr. Walker into some of his distressing statements, let us contrast our apathy in this respect with better feelings. In the valley of the Mohawk, on the heights of the Alleghanies, in the centre of the north-western Prairie, wild and afar, and apart from population, wherever there is a solitary dwelling, there is a family grave-yard,—a domestic burying-place. Full as the settlers' hands may be, and however rude the aspect of the dwelling of the living, it is delicately kept, and witnesseth to the respect that is felt for those once dear, who are dead and gone before. The new cemeteries near new towns are all beautiful as such places can be; and that at Auburn is the most beautiful in the world. They are what they ought to be throughout the British Isles, safe, wholesome, and cheerful. Emblems of the future hope should mingle with those of grief and mourning; and having performed our duty towards those who had left us for awhile, we should be able to learn a sweet, though solemn, moral lesson from the grave.

Going over the burial-places of London, Mr. Walker says:—

“It is demonstrable that the centres of infection are found principally in crowded neighbourhoods and a vitiated atmosphere; here they are propagated and nourished by the action and reaction, the cause and effect constantly in operation; for, in many of these very districts, the so-called burying places, the receptacles for the dead, are situated; their insatiable appetite, yet unglutted, is constantly devouring fresh victims, and these again are ejected, after a slight sojourn, to make room for the succeeding occupants, who retain their situation only by the interest or caprice of a hiring grave-digger.”

He sets before us a sketch of the modes of interment among different nations, chiefly the publications of S. Piattoli and M. Vicq. d'Azyr; but we must come nearer home, and to present circumstances. Mr. W. observes “that the exhalations from animal putrescency are productive of typhus fever, and fevers marked by a diminution of power in all the functions of the body, and a general disposition to putrescency both in the solids and fluids.” And with this statement before us, among other hideous accounts, he informs us of

“*Enon Chapel.*—This building is situated about midway on the western side of Clement's Lane; it is surrounded on all sides by houses, crowded by inhabitants, principally of the poorer class. The upper part of this building was opened for the purposes of public worship about 1823; it is separated from the lower part by a boarded floor: this is used as a burying place, and is crowded at one end, even to the top of the ceiling, with dead. It is entered from the inside of the chapel by a trap door; the rafters supporting the floor are not even covered with the usual defence—lath and plaster. Vast numbers of bodies* have been

placed here in pits dug for the purpose, the uppermost of which were covered only by a few inches of earth; a sewer runs angularly across this ‘burying-place.’ A few years ago, the Commissioners of Sewers, for some cause, interfered, and ultimately another arch was thrown over the old one; in this operation many bodies were disturbed and mutilated. Soon after interments were made, a peculiarly long narrow black fly was observed to crawl out of many of the coffins; this insect, a product of the putrefaction of the bodies, was observed on the following season to be succeeded by another which had the appearance of a common bug* with wings. The children attending the Sunday School held in this chapel, in which these insects were to be seen crawling and flying, in vast numbers, during the summer months, called them ‘body bugs.’ The stench was frequently intolerable: one of my informants states, that he had a peculiar taste in his mouth during the time of worship, and that his handkerchief was so offensive, that immediately upon his return home his wife used to place it in water. The parish authorities interfered upon the subject of poor-rates, proposing to impose a mere nominal one if the place were closed; this was done for about twelve months. In defiance of opinion, however, it was again employed for the purposes of interment, and has been so used up to the present time. I am acquainted with many who have been seriously affected by exhalations from the vault, and who have left the place in consequence. Some months since, handbills were circulated in the neighbourhood, ‘requesting parents and others to send the children of the district to the Sunday School,’ held immediately over the masses of putrefaction in the vault beneath. Residents about this spot, in warm and damp weather, have been much annoyed with a peculiarly disgusting smell; and occasionally, when the fire was lighted in a house abutting upon this building, an intolerable stench arose, which it was believed did not proceed from a drain. Vast numbers of rats infest the houses; and meat exposed to this atmosphere, after a few hours, becomes putrid. This place is familiarly known among undertakers by the appellation of the ‘Dust Hole;’ and is a specimen of one of the evils which sprang up during the operation of certain laws that were hostile to the cultivation of anatomical science, which have happily now been repealed. The professed security of the dead was made the pretext; individual advantage was the real object for depositories of this description. The health and comforts of the living were entirely disregarded, and the annoyance and dangers resulting from the proximity and effluvia of decaying animal substances were submitted to, and hazarded by survivors, rather than subject themselves to the tormenting anxieties which arise from the apprehensions of a brutal exhumation. I have several times visited this Golgotha. I was struck with the total disregard of decency exhibited,—

to believe that, since the establishment of this place, from ten to twelve thousand bodies have been deposited here, not one of which has been placed in lead.”

* “I have not been able to obtain a scientific description of these insects.”

* “From the most authentic information, I have reason

numbers of coffins were piled in confusion—large quantities of bones were mixed with the earth, and lying upon the floor of this cellar (for vault it ought not to be called), lids of coffins might be trodden upon at almost every step."

All round this neighbourhood are equally monstrous receptacles of the dead; upon which our author remarks:—

"Enough, nay, more than enough, has now been stated, to shew the dangerous state and deleterious influence of the 'grave-yard;' the exposition I have given will, it is presumed, awaken even the inert from their dreams of security, and stimulate the active and benevolent to assiduous and persevering efforts to eradicate, from the proximity of their dwellings, one of the many, perhaps the most, fruitful causes of disease, impairing or destroying the health, and, consequently, the happiness of their fellow-men."

He continues:—

"Can we then wonder that disease and death are making frightful ravages, when millions of human bodies are putrefying in the very midst of us? In the description of many of the metropolitan burying-grounds, it will be seen that by far the greater number are crowded even to excess; this certainly ought not to have been permitted—the moment it appeared that the space allotted for interment was occupied, that moment the ground should have been closed, and other asylums set apart for the interment of the dead: an infringement upon the occupancy of the unresisting tenant violates the property of survivors, and desecrates the sanctity of the sepulchre. Men pay funeral dues under an implied assurance that the 'dead' shall be 'respected.' It is well known that formerly considerable alarm was manifested that the grave would be robbed of its deposits by the intrusion of the 'resurrectionist.' An act of the legislature had the effect of destroying the temptation to purloin the dead, but the grave is still insecure. Grounds, accustomed to be held sacred, are unceremoniously cleared under official superintendence; and that too with such ruthless indifference and wanton publicity, that even passers-by complain of the indecent profanation.

Great expense is frequently incurred in funerals; the encasement is often strongly made and highly ornamented; it is not difficult to account for the fact that second-hand 'coffin furniture,' nails, more especially, may be found by the hundred-weight at many of the 'dealers in marine stores;' nor can we wonder that coffin-wood has been extensively used as an ordinary fuel in low neighbourhoods—this fact I lately proved. The products of ordinary combustion are sufficiently poisonous. The gases produced by the decomposition of the dead are partially soluble in water; and a fatty pellicle is instantly formed in large quantity. The wood, saturated with these dissolved gases, and used as fuel, must diffuse, in addition to the exhalations constantly given off from bodies in vaults, and on the earth's surface, vast volumes of gaseous poison."

In another respect we are told:—

"It is well known to those engaged in burying the dead, that when leaden coffins are employed, the expansive force of the gas,* and the

consequent bulging out of the coffin, compels the workmen frequently to 'tap' it, that the gas may escape; in some instances, the coffin may be turned round upon its axis by the slightest touch of the finger within a few hours after the lid has been soldered down, and holes are frequently bored through all the cases, over which the plate and the outer coffin is fastened; so that the gas may gradually escape into the room or vault in which it is deposited. When the coffin is not well secured, the lead will burst, and the gas become generally diffused. * * * The following statement will prove, if proof, indeed, be wanting, the neglected condition of many of the vaults employed for burials, and the evils resulting from it:—The vaults of a church in the city were in a most revolting and dangerous condition, and had, for some years previously, occasioned considerable uneasiness to many of the parishioners; and in the more immediate vicinity of the church the inhabitants complained of the nuisance: one of the churchwardens, thinking the cause of complaint might arise from external agencies vitiating the atmosphere, ordered the windows, the roof, and every part of the building to be examined and made secure, and double doors to be made at the entrance of the church; notwithstanding these directions were obeyed, the stench became insupportable; many of the congregation were, at various times, compelled to leave the church, and some were seized with illness during service, and conveyed home. The churchwarden, above alluded to, anticipating the source of the mischief, caused the vaults to be examined, when upwards of one hundred bodies were found in an active state of putrefaction. The workmen employed on this occasion, upon first entering the vault, were almost instantly prostrated upon the floor; one poor fellow who had advanced further than the rest was with difficulty saved; he was dragged out by his companions, almost lifeless. The vault was ultimately cleared, and all the putrescent bodies were buried in a common pit, dug in the church-yard."

But why should we dwell on these noisome matters, or multiply examples of the brutal condition of our London places of sepulture? the whole system of either ground or underground vault deposit of the dead is senseless, abhorrent, and injurious. The details, for which we refer to Mr. Walker, ought to awaken the mind of the inhabitants of the metropolis especially, to their shocking nature, and lead, we should hope, to a speedy and effectual remedy.

One Fault: a Novel. By Frances Trollope. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1840. Bentley.

WE hardly think *One Fault* a correct name for this novel, as it seems to us its hero, Mr. Wentworth, is possessed with a legion of faults, though Mrs. Trollope tries to merge them all in a single common source—a shocking bad temper. But the faults, in a truly philosophical point of view, are only aggravated by this infirmity; and vanity, pride, cruelty, selfishness, stand out by themselves quite sufficiently to make a very uncompanionable man, even without the annoying accession alluded to. Still the proposed lesson is a salutary one, and we could only have wished that it had been

a glass window was made in the top of the lead coffin. These were enclosed in a handsome mahogany coffin, 'with a lid that opened and shut.' The day after the corpse was put in, the glass in the lead coffin broke; it was replaced by another, which also broke; and then a thick plate glass was put into an iron frame, soldered to the lead, which stood, and is now in the vestry of — church!"

read to us in a more brief and natural manner. Mrs. Trollope no doubt draws forcibly, but there is a rigidity in her characters which removes them from ordinary life, and thus renders their examples less effective; for people reason, "How could any body in their senses behave in such a way?" Again, to have three long volumes devoted to the development of one ingredient, and confined to the effects of the conduct of a husband upon a wife, with the aid of an overbearing and tyrannical mother, is too much. The perpetual repetition of the same causes, with the same results, grows tiresome; and we feel that a tithes-part of them would have wrought out the design more impressively than the whole. To be generally useful, instruction ought to be drawn from common persons, and every-day occurrences: we are ill-taught by singular beings and rare events.

Having said so much on the prominent "faults" of this novel, we shall give an extract or two to shew that parts of it are worthy of the writer's reputation. Wentworth, through his waywardness, inflicts every pain upon the wife he loves, till he alienates her affections and destroys his own happiness. Even during the honey-moon at Paris he inflicts his first wounds, and whilst he lectures her, is guilty of the very wrongs he imputes. He is thus described:—

"And did Mr. Wentworth, the gentleman-like, the dignified, the wealthy Mr. Wentworth, happy in his love, happy in youth, health, and a powerful understanding,—did he on quitting the presence of his offending wife use his recovered leisure in the manner he intimated to her? Did he seek any of the elegant friends whom he knew to be in Paris?—Or did he employ the interval in executing the business he talked of? After rapidly descending the stairs, he paused for a moment on the steps of the hotel to decide in which direction he should turn when he quitted it, and this moment brought to his side a bowing and white-napkin official, requesting to know his pleasure respecting the important matter of dinner. This was not a question to be totally neglected, even at that moment of distorted feeling; and Wentworth so far recovered himself as to say, '*Une table à deux convives—un bon dîner de quatre plats à dessert—et le meilleur vin*;'—but this uttered, he hastened onward with the step of one who, having bestowed all the patience he has to spare, is eager to get beyond any further call upon it. Yes the question, and the train of ideas it suggested, did him good. It carried him forward to the hour of dinner, and to the sight of his lovely Isabelle, seated opposite to him; and though he was by no means distinguished for any undue attachment to the pleasures of the table, the picture his fancy presented could hardly fail of softening, in some degree, the asperity of the humour that had taken possession of him. The effect of it, however, was by no means sufficiently powerful to take him back to the presence of his wife; on the contrary, it rather made him more keenly sensible of the necessity of keeping out of her sight till he had fully recovered himself, in order that the hour he anticipated might be quite unclouded. All this would have been very well had the habits of his mind permitted him to turn aside for a moment, from the study of himself and his own feelings, to meditate a little upon what hers might be during his absence. But this did not occur to him; so he walked rapidly forward, as if by so doing he could escape the annoyance that dogged him; and passing through the gardens, across the Place de Louis Quinze, he reached the Champ

* The expansive force of the gas formed during the process of decomposition is illustrated in the following instance:—The beloved daughter of a clergyman having died, he was anxious to preserve the body above ground, that he might have the melancholy satisfaction of viewing this 'mouldering piece of clay.' The body was first embalmed by a surgeon, one of my personal friends, and then put into a shell; a leaden coffin received these, and

Elysée, determined to pace their remotest alleys till he felt capable of meeting the soft questionings of Isabella's eye with composure. Of all conceivable situations, perhaps his must have been that in which ill-humour would find the greatest difficulty in maintaining its ground. By degrees he forgot, or almost forgot, the unfortunate jest which he presumed she had so fully dilated upon in her long letter; and by degrees Isabella's sweet undoubting look of love came back upon his memory. He did not feel ashamed of himself;—that was totally impossible, such a state of mind being altogether incompatible with the judgment he had formed of his own qualities from the earliest moment of his sentient existence;—but he felt that his love for her, and hers for him, might well excuse whatever weakness there was in the wish, which, after nearly two hours of absence he began to feel pretty strongly, of being again beside her. So having at the last turn wandered nearly to the *Barrière de l'Étoile*, he suddenly veered about, and began to walk homewards. There may be observed in some characters a species of inconsistency that looks as if we had a court of conscience within us, of which we were not aware. And thus Wentworth, who neither did, nor, by the nature of things, could, believe himself to have been wrong, nevertheless felt that his reappearance in the presence of his bride would be more agreeable if he brought with him something to talk about, and which might in some degree account for his absence. Quickening his steps, therefore, he sought the box-office of the *Théâtre Français*, and, by great good luck, was in time to secure such places as he thought might be occupied without in any great degree compromising his dignity. This was well thought of, and was well done; yet even this did not fully satisfy the strong but unacknowledged sensation within, which told him, as if by signs and not by words, that he owed some further offering to atone for the long and dreary hours of his absence. To obtain this, he now entered a jeweller's shop, and chose from among its glittering confusion a pair of costly bracelets. Poor Isabella! How much more valuable to her would have been such an expedition as we have imagined her sister to have taken! It was but two hours or so since she had fallen asleep in the very act of contemplating another splendid pair of bracelets, while thinking how very little she cared about them, or about any thing else in the world, except pleasing her beloved and most elegant husband. When Wentworth reached the saloon in which she had passed the miserably long morning, he found her looking pale and languid, but without a trace of resentment or ill-humour in her sweet countenance. His entrance was indeed the greatest possible comfort to her; and though there was at the first moment a little—a very little—embarrassment in his manner, the tender air with which he substituted with his own hands the ornaments he bought for those she was previously wearing, could not fail to set her heart at rest, and convince her that however unfashionable or troublesome she might have been, she was forgiven. Her husband certainly mistook the bright smile with which this conviction was welcomed, for a young girl's pleasure in 'gauds and toys.' But he had wished to please her, and she was pleased; thus all was once more right between them, and his announcement of the places taken at the theatre was almost as gaily received as if it had not been preceded by a long interval of joy-consuming weariness and anxiety."

We may note that Wentworth's more solemn plagues were always administered in the form of long letters; which the servants knew so well that they called them "the papers." This trait, though rather prolix in execution, and not very probable in sentiment, is well pictured throughout. We now copy some wholesome remarks:—

"When moralists, religionists, and philosophers of all sorts, set about reasoning on the phenomena of the world we live in, and, contemplating the mass of human misery to be found therein, trace it to all the fearful crimes that since the fall of man have found their way into the heart, they overlook one little cause of suffering, which blights more happiness, and neutralises a greater portion of God's bounteous favours, than all the other heinous enormities of our depraved race put together. This hateful, stealthy, heart-destroying blight, is often found where every thing like atrocious vice is utterly unknown, and where many of the very highest virtues flourish. Probity, liberality, temperance, observant piety, may all exist with a sour temper; yet many a human being has been hung in chains whose justly punished deeds have not caused one hundredth part the pain to his fellow-men which a cross temperament is sure to give. How often has a bright sunny day risen upon a healthy, prosperous, gay-spirited race, each hour of which,

'Though blessed with all that Heaven can send,'

has been poisoned, mildewed, and rendered hateful to every member of it, by the habitual ill-humour of its head! Yet all the reprobation cast on such an one is summed up in the gentle phrases, 'He is a tiresome man,' or, 'She has a disagreeable temper, poor woman!' Fulminate your bolts, ye moral teachers, against the unschooled self-indulgence that generates this domestic curse! Let men see, as in a glass, the hideous contrast between their crooked, crabbed natures, and the sweet image of Him who taught the doctrine of perfect love! Do this, and your preaching may not be in vain."

The divertissement attempted in the persons of an overdone "Blue" aunt of the Martineau school, a sempstress ditto bent upon stitchwork, and the families of Worthington and Reynolds, is not enough to relieve the monotony of the main design; and thus, with all its vigour and talent, we are sorry to say, we finished *One Fault* with considerable ennui and fatigue. A scene near the end between the heroine and her brother has almost tempted us to expunge this sentence: but upon a careful review we could not; and we were confirmed in our severity by having met with such phrases as the following, instead of plain English, in the mouths of all conditions:—"de si longue main,"—"en vrais héros,"—"à prétention,"—"quitté pour la peur,"—"beaux yeux de sa Casette,"—"une femme à prétention," &c. &c. &c. the necessity for which we do not recognise.

Excursions in Denmark, Norway, and Sweden.

By Robert Bremner, Esq., author of "Excursions in the Interior of Russia," &c. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1840. Colburn.

THOUGH Mr. Bremner has not, in this tour, possessed the advantages which belonged to his preceding work, viz., an exceeding interest attached to the existing condition of the country visited, and considerable novelty in some of the matters presented to his observation, he has, nevertheless, so exercised the same sagacity and acuteness as to give us a very fair and comprehensive account of the

present state of the northern nations, or at least of those parts through which his travels led him. We have, in the *Literary Gazette*, so frequently accompanied able authors over these grounds, that we will not do more now than make a few miscellaneous extracts from Mr. Bremner's pages, to shew that they are written with the same spirit and intelligence which rendered his preceding publication so justly popular. We could, perhaps, have done with less on the subject. People cannot afford in these days to compress, abridge, concentrate, and—so produce books of size suited to their character and originality!

Our first notice is of Copenhagen, and a sketch of national manners:—

"As a contrast with this out-of-doors crowd, we may next describe the impression produced upon us on mixing with one chiefly composed of the higher classes. The first opportunity which we had of seeing Danes of the better ranks assembled together in any considerable numbers, was a few evenings after that above referred to, at the Great Theatre, which we were induced to visit on this particular occasion in consequence of an intimation from a grave professor, for whom we had brought an introduction, and who was at great pains to keep us from losing any sight that could interest a stranger. Our obliging friend accordingly wrote us a long letter in excellent English, for the express purpose of informing us that part of the amusements was to consist of a very striking portion of Danish history turned into a pantomime, or ballet, or some other dancing entertainment. To have absented ourselves on such an interesting occasion would have been insulting the country whose hospitality we were enjoying: besides, Danish history, illustrated by *pas-seuls* and *entrechats* from France, would probably be much more intelligible to us than when expounded in the good Danish of the most eloquent professor. And of dancing truly there was enough. There were sword-dances, and wrestling-dances, dances of peasants, and dances of courtiers, dances by pretty young women, and dances by ugly old ones—in short, dances of every description; besides rival kings, and rival lovers, armies marching, women screaming, drums, flags, pikes, and hauberts—all the ingredients that theatrical usage requires for concocting one of its grandest efforts. Yet, with all this, thanks to our dulness of comprehension, we left the house as ignorant of Danish history as before the rising of the curtain. The Danes, however, seemed greatly delighted. We have never seen an audience enter more eagerly into the spirit of such a frivolous performance. In fact, the Danes have a great love for all kinds of theatrical amusements; no nation in Europe, not even excepting the French, have this passion in greater strength. This theatre is always full, and the smaller ones, in the outskirts of the town, are equally well attended. Every part was so densely packed, that six were glad to get into boxes never intended to hold more than four. Here again, however, we had to admire the love of order which so strongly characterises the Danes; during the many hours we attended, there was neither a loud nor an angry word from any portion of the audience; every one glided into his place without disturbing a creature—all was quiet mirth and good-humour. Of mob—that monster of large towns—there was none; in fact, we do not think there is any in Copenhagen. We were particularly struck with the politeness and good-nature of the ladies. (A merry member of our party, who had not one word of their language, nor of any other foreign language, was soon as

much at home among our gentle neighbours as if he had known them for years. His English compliments—compliments, it is said, are intelligible to the fair in every language—made his apologies about incommode, &c., as welcome as if offered in the choicest Danish. The display of beauty in the principal boxes was most dazzling. The attendance of the higher ranks, as is always the case when the royal family are present, was very numerous; and we must honestly admit, that in no part of Europe have we ever seen so many beautiful women assembled on one occasion. Oval faces and dark ringlets are not characteristics of Danish loveliness, yet even of these we saw more than we had expected. Good-nature and amiability—which, after all, have much to do in influencing our judgments of beauty—beamed so generally among the fair young creatures around us, that, if unhappy homes are frequently in Denmark, we shall have no more faith in our philosophy. The noisy ballet was preceded by a little comedy, the dialogue of which was as unintelligible as the dancing. The style of acting is exceedingly natural, and belongs to the modern French school. We were much struck with the pleasing effect of the Danish language when thus heard continuously. It does not ring so harsh as the terrible German, which needs very pretty lips to make it musical. There are fewer of the thundering *r r r*'s, and throat-stretching *ech*'s; it sounds soft and gentle, like the national character."

The language of a country is always an interesting subject; and the following short notice is itself interesting:—

"With the help of a grammar for Germans, we acquired, in a short time, just enough of words to express our more common wants, and of the principles of the language only as much as enabled us to see that it is but remotely allied to the German. For, though many Danish words are the same as in German, or rather have the same roots, yet the language strictly belongs to the great Scandinavian family, which, it is well known, has many characteristics quite distinct from the Teutonic. To illustrate these distinctions, it may be stated that the Swedish, Danish, &c., differ from the German, by employing the definite article after the noun, by having a passive and middle voice regularly inflected (while the German has only a passive), by wanting the syllables prefixed by the German to the participles, &c. The modern Danish appears to be directly sprung from the Norse, or ancient Danish language. The resemblance which many Danish phrases bear to broad Scotch is very striking. A native of Angusshire, who has long resided in Denmark, told us that when he first settled at Copenhagen he made a very liberal use of his native dialect, and always found that good Scotch made bad (that is, intelligible) Danish. The sound of Danish, as spoken by all classes, is exceedingly like that which characterises the Scotch of the lower classes of Edinburgh."

Our next relates to the famous sculptor Thorvaldsen:—

"To learn something of this eminent statuary, therefore, is an object which few foreigners will neglect while here; nor will their curiosity be long ungratified; for his fame is a favourite theme with all the intelligent of Copenhagen; and in this city are to be found nearly all his best works. The appearance of a sculptor from the ungenial north was an event which might well excite wonder among those who had long believed that all genius of this description could be nursed only by the warm south. Many, however, to make the

marvel greater, assign him a more northern birth-place than facts will justify—placing his cradle among the frozen peaks of Iceland, in place of the mild plains of Zealand. His father was originally from Iceland, but came in early life to Copenhagen, where he worked as a modeller and carver in the royal dock-yards. In this capital, accordingly, was Bertel (Albert) Thorvaldsen born, in the year 1770. Though sprung, as fame asserts—and although aware, too, that he was sprung—by the mother's side, from one of the royal Harolds of old, the young Albert did not disdain his father's humble occupation, which he followed for a time with perseverance and success, the peaceful tenour of his days flowing undisturbed by any incident more romantic than a narrow escape from matrimony. It was one of those attachments which make an epoch in the lover's life. The object of his passion being in the humble station of servant to a respectable family in the quarter where he lived, we might have expected that, here at least, 'the course of true love' would, for once, 'run smooth.' Here, surely, we might have said, 'There can be no bickerings about settlements—no fear of descending too low, on the fair one's part—no 'family feeling' to be 'got over' in short, none of those hinderances which, in higher stations, so often keep hands from confirming what hearts have already vowed.' But, alas! obstacles arose precisely where they were least to be expected; the mother of the 'young lady' refused her sanction,—and Thorvaldsen was given to the Arts."

He is said to have felt no second love. Perhaps he would, if he had gone where we are now going with our readers—to some romantic Lake Scenery in Norway.

"After passing this point, the openings in the shore become much more frequent: the cliffs no longer rise sheer from the lake—bits of pasture find room on its rough margin; and at some places, among detached rocks, close by the shore, or high up on a green and lonely ledge, are perched a few huts for the hardy natives, so dwarfish, so unlike the dwellings of human beings, that we for a long time supposed them to be stacks of firewood prepared for transport down the lake. But if men really live in these cabins, in what way do they hold intercourse with the world? How can they ever climb that iron barrier rising to the clouds behind them? Round the whole of these inhabited patches the rocks are so steep on every side that not even a footpath can be formed from one hamlet to another; some children, creatures from eight to ten years old, were paddling away to visit their nearest neighbours, in a fairy boat; for this it seems is the only way in which the inhabitants can communicate with each other; they appeared to think it as natural to be rowing about under these huge cliffs as to walk on land. We have never seen houses that looked so lonely and wretched. In such places winter must be worse than dismal. Yet the people are lively and social in the highest degree—fond of the dance and the song, swift in the chase, too, and bold in the fray. The cold air of the lake now fell heavy on us; but we still advanced without making any other pause till we reached the hamlet where orders were to be left for sending horses to meet us next day. Though the people had gone to rest, we found the door of the best house wide open, and were allowed to wander through the rooms, without let or hinderance. Once more embarking, we reached about midnight the houses at the mouth of the river where our land journey was to commence in

the morning. Instead of open doors, however, we here had difficulty in getting the people to answer, even when summoned. The old mistress at last appeared, but wished to make us trudge far up the valley to a kind of post-house, where she told us we might find beds, and, at all events, shelter under a roof, which she herself could scarcely promise us, every corner of the house being occupied by the family. These were no welcome tidings in our wearied condition. We, therefore, employed all our eloquence with the matron, and finally persuaded her to let us have some hay to sleep on, and the use of the most singular bed-room that ever travellers were sheltered in. We were sent to a sort of out-house, literally on the water, it being raised on piles driven into the mud of the river. This mansion looked much more inclined for a sailing trip down the lake which we had just left, than to remain steadily here, and give us quiet rest. It was reached by what may be called a drawbridge of steps: but, unhappy men that we are! is it a shambles, a poultry-house, or a hide-loft, that we are entering? We have no candle to aid us in our survey; and, judging by the smell, it must be one or, perhaps, the whole of them together; for of all dreadful odours, that which now saluted us was the most nauseous. Legs of horrid cows or gigantic sheep are dimly seen adorning the outer division; within are raw hides, barrels of strong meal, barrels of rancid butter, barrels of sour-smelling bread; barrels of every thing atrocious, to make up such a concatenation of villanous smells as never assailed human nostrils till this cage was filled. Its dimensions scarcely surpassed ten feet by seven; yet, in addition to the things enumerated, this small space was already crammed with so many inconceivable utensils, that it was long before we could discover where the ingenious lady meant us to stretch our limbs. Some choice preserves, however, were turned out of the way—one odorous vessel was put above another—some of the worst, happily, were removed altogether—still at last a space, rather larger than that which a cat and her kittens would need to curl in, was opened in the centre of all these unutterables. Coarse grass from the fens, dried, and called hay—but more like rushes armed with needles—was strowed on the boards—a canvass sheet was spread over—one bristly rug was brought as a blanket—and there, gentlemen, there are you to sleep side by side, with a place for your Swede across your feet at the door! Shall we still fly from this killing atmosphere? It would be to no purpose—the whole glen are asleep—there are ten miles to the next station—the kind woman has done her best—we are worn out—can scarce move a limb, after seven hours' cramp in the boat—decidedly we must turn in. Brief was our toilet, where nothing but the coat had to be taken off—merry too was our down-lying: we were thankful even for this rude bed. Admiration of our strange lodging—nay, laughter that must have startled the fishes swimming below—kept us long awake; but sleep at length came, and held us captive till the sun brought morning and our horses, when we were off for the Fall as fresh as if we had rested on the Bishop's-down."

With one more quotation, descriptive of Dalecarlia, we conclude:—

"It startled us in these unfrequented regions to be addressed in English by one of the natives. He had been a sailor many years before, and long traded to London. The little fellow's heart warmed at the recollection of what even he loved as 'Old England.' He vows that all

the Swedes love us dearly, only they would like us still more if we did not drive their horses so hard. 'What tearing fellows they are, those Engliaks!'—such are the sentiments expressed by many a Swedish farmer; 'there should be a law passed that not one of them shall be allowed to take a whip in his hands: but then we would get none of their money; they would not look near us; for it is evidently for no other purpose that they come here but to drive through the country, night and day, like mad people. The Germans are the quiet folks: they never touch a horse, nor look at him either. They come here to hammer at our rocks, not to belabour our poor steeds. Give them bags of tobacco and loads of stones, and they never care how slowly we drive. Oh, the good Germans! pity that they haven't more money. The English are the best fellows after all. They talk such funny Swedish, and pay us so well. Success to the English!' However severe the English may be on the Swedish horses, they can scarcely be more so than the peasants themselves: we see them every hour flying along in their carts with one horse, much faster than we ever do with two. To the lover of nature, these forests are not without interesting sights of other kinds. It is a soft and quiet region. The magnificent rivers of Norway are replaced by small voiceless streams. Little sheets of water are very abundant—lonely and beautiful, generally with a clear sandy bottom, a cottage or two among trees by the distant shore, a little skiff to convey the occupants to church or merry-making, and sometimes a water-fowl rippling the wave in its undisputed progress from shore to shore. Now, that we were almost as far north as the most northerly point of the British Islands, we expected that vegetation would become dull and flowerless: but nothing could be more delightful than the richness and variety of the wild blossoms that still adorn the way-side or gem the margin of every lake. The splendid water-lily (*Nymphaea alba*), among the most lovely of all the floral ornaments of the north, is seen in great profusion; and if we understand aright, the natives give it a name whose signification is not unlike that of the appellation by which it is known among the Highlanders of Scotland, who, in Gaelic, speak of it always by the very appropriate name of 'drowned blades.' The wild myrtle, with its waxen leaves, was now also in full splendour; it grows in such abundance that the woods, in many spots, are one blush of flowers. This plant and some of its allied shrubs usurp the place occupied by our heaths in Scotland and England, little of these being seen here."

Remarkable Case of the Effects of Lightning on the Human Body; with General Observations on the Nature and Phenomena of Lightning. By John Davies, Surgeon to the General Infirmary at Hertford. Pp. 24. London, 1839. Longman and Co. Hertford, Staughton and Cobb.

THE statement of this singular case of accident from lightning is, we observe, published for the benefit of that benevolent institution to which the author is surgeon; and dedicated to one of its friends, Mr. Henry Cowper, who, from what we have been informed, seems to be to Hertford something like what the Man of Ross was to Ross. We are assured that Mr. Cowper, though not coming under the description of very rich, has had this pamphlet published at his own expense, and within the last six years given no less a sum than 12,000*l.* to the Infirmary. When we meet with such

good Samaritans, it is one of our most pleasant duties to set their example in the light of the world. Having done so in this instance, we shall simply refer to Mr. Davies for the particulars of the curious phenomena he describes.

"Many persons suppose that the most dangerous parts of a room during a storm are near a fire-place and near a window. There is some ground for such an opinion; but the increased danger does not arise, as is supposed, from the lightning running down the chimney, or coming in at the window. So far as that is concerned these places would be the safest in the house, for the electric fluid will not penetrate glass, so that it cannot enter at the window, if the window be shut; and, as the chimney is always full of atmospheric air, and air being a bad conductor of electricity, it is very unlikely that the lightning would run down the chimney. But the danger of those places arises from two different causes. About the fire-place there is usually a considerable quantity of iron, forming the grate, poker, tongs, &c., so that the lightning is attracted by these from the wall, along which it descends towards the earth; and, which is still a stronger cause, the bell-wire generally terminates near the fire-place, so that the electric fluid discharges itself from the point of termination of the wire, either in a direct line towards the ground, or else in an oblique current towards the grate and fire-irons; thus rendering such a situation highly dangerous. The risk of being situated near a window is not so much that of being struck by the lightning, as of its occasioning a *loss of sight*. The electric light, in an accumulated quantity, is so intense that in many cases it has instantly destroyed the function of the optic nerve which forms the immediate organ of vision. Similar effects have been caused by looking at the sun with the naked eye. The retina of the eye is adapted for only a certain degree of light, so that any refulgence suddenly applied to it is calculated to produce instant blindness. The safest place in a house during a storm doubtless is the cellar, for the chances are that the lightning will disperse itself in the ground before it arrives at that part of the house, unless there be some metallic substances to conduct or to attract it there."

The Rock. Illustrated with Various Legends, and Original Songs and Music, descriptive of Gibraltar. By Major Hort, 81st Regiment. With Drawings taken on the spot, by Lieutenant W. Lacey, 46th Regiment. Dedicated, by special permission, to the Queen. 4to. pp. 171. London, 1839. Saunders and Oiley.

WERE a regimental Mess stationed at Gibraltar to indulge in the young ladies' privilege of having an *Album*, the contents of this pretty quarto are very nearly what might be expected from the fact; provided always that proper critical discipline were enforced upon the contributors, and the more racy jokes of the service rigidly excluded. We have three Spanish stories, ten songs (several set to rather sweet airs), a dozen of illustrations of interesting places on stone, the whole set in a good-humoured dialogue among two or three officers walking about to make observations, and besides a good long *Latin* quotation from Burnet's "Theory of the Earth." To any position in the paths of literature the volume cannot aspire; but as a pleasing local record of circumstances connected with the Rock, it may be acceptable to those who have, like Major

Hort, spent some time on that memorable spot.

The Comic Latin Grammar; or, a Facetious Introduction to the Latin Tongue, for the Use and Amusement of Schoolboys. With divers Illustrations. 12mo. pp. 163. London, 1839. Tilt.

THIS is, indeed, a very amusing *jeu d'esprit*; and from both the text and the illustrations we have enjoyed several hearty laughs. It is a volume of fun; and we cordially agree with its writer, who says,

"The *Comic Latin Grammar* can certainly never be called an *imposition*, as another Latin grammar frequently is. We remember having had the whole of it to learn at school, besides being—no matter what, for pinning a cracker to the master's coat-tail. The above hint is worthy the attention of boys; nor will the following, probably, be thrown away upon school-masters, particularly such as reside in the north of England. 'Laugh and grow fat,' is an ancient and a true maxim. Now, will not the *Comic Latin Grammar* (like Scotch marmalade and Yarmouth bloaters) form a 'desirable addition' to the breakfast of the young gentlemen intrusted to their care? We dare not say much of its superseding the use of the cane, as we hold all old-established customs in the utmost reverence and respect; and, besides, have no wish to deprive any one of innocent amusement. We would only suggest, that flagellation is now sometimes necessary, and that whatever tends to render it optional may, now and then, save trouble."

In defence of his anti-lugubrious propensities we hear further:—

"It is not in literature alone that the tendency to the ludicrous is shewn. In many recent scientific speculations it is strikingly and abundantly obvious—some of those on geology may be quoted as examples. The offspring of the sciences—those pledges of affection which they present to art, almost all of them, come into the world with a caricature-like smirk upon their faces. Air-balloons and rail-roads have something funny about them; and photographic drawings are, to say the least, very curious. The learned professions are all tinged with drollery. The law is confessedly ridiculous from beginning to end, and what is very strange, is that no one should attempt to make it otherwise. Medicine is comical—or rather tragico-mical—the disparity of opinion among its professors, the chaotic state of its principles, and the conduct of its students being considered. No one can deny that the distribution of church property is somewhat odd, or can assert that the doings, at least of those who are destined for the clerical office, are now and then of rather a strange character. Political meetings are very laughable things, when we reflect upon the strong asseverations of patriotism there made and believed. The wisdom of the legislature is by no means of the gravest class, particularly when it offers municipal reforms as a substitute for bread. The debates in a certain House must be of a very humorous character, if we may judge from the frequent 'hear hear, and a laugh,' by which the proceedings there are interrupted. Our risible faculties are continually called into action at public lectures of all kinds; and indeed, no lecturer, however learned he may be, has much chance nowadays of instructing, unless he can also amuse his audience. Nor can the various public and even private buildings, which are daily springing up around us like so many mushrooms, be contemplated

without considerable emotions of mirthfulness. The new style of ecclesiastical architecture, entitled the Cockney-Gothic, affords a good illustration of this remark; but the comic Temple of the Fine Arts, in Trafalgar Square, is what Lord Bacon would have called a 'glaring instance' of its correctness. The occurrences of the day bear all of them the stamp of facetiousness. The vote of approbation lately passed on a certain course of policy is a capital joke; the tricks that are constantly played off upon John Bull by the Russians, French, Yankees, and others, though somewhat impertinent to the aforesaid John, must seem very diverting to lookers-on. The state of the drama may also be brought forward in proof of our position. Tragedies are at a discount; farces are at a premium; lions, nay, goats and monkeys, are pressed into the service of Momus. Even the various institutions for the advancement of morals have not escaped the influence of the prevailing taste. To mention that respectable body of men, the Teetotallers, is sufficient of itself to excite a smile. In short, look wherever you will, you will find it a matter of the greatest difficulty to keep your countenance. The truth is, that people are tired of crying, and find it much more agreeable to laugh. The sublime is out of fashion; the ridiculous is in vogue."

So, *vive* hilarity; even though, as in this instance, it stretches through and illustrates the entire grammar of the Latin tongue, beginning with the letters, and going right along the nouns, verbs, and all parts of speech, to rules of construction and prosody.

But a production of this kind must, like a schoolmaster of the olden stamp, depend as much upon *cuts* as upon other modes of inflicting instruction; and we have accordingly successfully endeavoured to have a sample of them "come again" for us. Only look how the adjectives agree with the substantives in *macer puer*, a lean boy; and *pinguis puer*, a fat boy: the first a miserable companion of Oliver Twist, and the last worthy of his namesake in "Pickwick."



And then "the differ" between *unus* and *alius*, though "*tu es unus alius*" is bad Latin for "you're another;" a phrase better expressed by *Tu Quoque*, or by the following graphic identification:—



But we are quoting Latin too soon for our very juvenile readers. To begin at the beginning, we must insert the (not their) first lesson:—

"*Is, es, id.*"

Always do as you're bid:—

which every donkey can decline, as may be heard any day on Hampstead Heath, or Wimbledon Common, in the sonorous

"*E-o! e-a! e-o!*"

Here it is, we can only do it sideways:—



And now we conclude with a moral lesson on *Concordia*, though we fear there is little morality in the illustration *how pleasant it is to see Relatives agree*:—



These are fair samples of a very amusing set of cuts, some of them not unworthy of a Cruikshank or a Hood.

Mrs. Postans' Western India.

[Concluded.]

In one of the visits to a native authority, viz. the Syud Abdoola, a very handsome fellow, and quite an Eastern dandy, we have an amusing touch of manners:—

"Some hours (says our author) were delightfully passed in taking numerous drawings of the temple and its remaining ornaments. And then came the necessity for refreshment before proceeding on our journey of research in Puttun antiquities. The baskets produced, we asked our cicerone, the graceful Abdoola, to join us. This he declined, but shewed many symptoms of curiosity on the appearance of a bottle of Hodgson's ale. After a thousand protestations that it contained no alcohol or aught else forbidden to a good Mohammedan, the Syud consented to make a trial of its virtues. Abdoola raised the tumbler

to his lips, and, after two sips, with a long-drawn inspiration between each, fairly emptied it at a draught, making a sufficient number of wry faces in conclusion, and charging his some not to touch the obnoxious beverage. Of the sincerity of his facial distortions we had a future opportunity of judging. Mohammedana fancy all wine, of whatever growth, must be madeira; of which scandal asserts their inordinate fondness. Abdoola denied having any in his cellar, but confessed to the possession of brandy, which he used, he said, to steep his gun-caps in."

But he did not so use Hodgson's admirable pale ale, the universal and favourite beverage of our vast Indian territories. On the contrary, Mrs. P. afterwards relates:—

"Having seen and admired all the wonders of Puttun, we took leave of the graceful and courteous Abdoola, with mutual expressions of regard and remembrance, and returned to Varrawal. We had scarcely retired, when an Arab horseman galloped up to our tents with 'Syud Abdoola Sahib's salaam, the ale had proved so extremely serviceable to his health, he should feel grateful for any we could spare.' Unfortunately, our canteen was en route; but, with all sorts of good wishes, we promised an early compliance with the Jemmedar's request."

We have no doubt the handsome Jemmedar, as soon as he reads this, will enter upon the needful correspondence with our friend, Mr. Abbott, under whose direction this most wholesome and palatable of drinks, especially for a tropical climate, is brewed and distributed over all the warmer regions of the earth which we inhabit. But another worshipped thing at Puttun is also deserving of a notice; though kept in a cave and not in a cellar:—

"An hour's ride (we are told) brought us to a sweet shady spot canopied with the broad leaves of numerous sacred trees, between whose leafy coverts glimpses might be caught of the cool waters. It was a retreat a Hamadryad might have envied. The early Buddhists of Puttun had probably anticipated us in our admiration of this quiet and secluded spot. We found near it two caves; one almost too small to admit the most attenuated ascetic: so the other, the descent is by three low steps, which lead to a dark apartment containing a rudely sculptured image of Devi. The first cave, we understood, led to a succession of small chambers, each descending lower than the other. Its darkness was impenetrable; yet I felt considerable anxiety to fathom its mysteries. A lad, bearing a small light floating in a saucer of oil, with difficulty entered the cave; and Abdoola, with infinite compression of his fashionable attire, followed him with a gallant desire of satisfying my curiosity by his personal observations. On his reappearance, gasping and half suffocated, I anxiously enquired what he had seen. 'Jehannum, was the curt, monosyllabic answer; 'A name we never mention—never to ears polite.' On inquiry, I found the only idol of this dark and dank receptacle was a circle of stone, resting on what seemed intended to personify a pair of human legs. Whether this circle had originally any reference to the worship of the Lord of the Moon, in ancient Puttun, would be difficult to determine."

Although, as we stated in our last, we had not long since gone over the grounds of Girnar with a most intelligent writer, yet are Mrs. Postans' sketches and observations so interesting that we must make room for a few selections:—

"Without the large temple of the Nann-

nath are the beautiful columns of an unroofed sacred building; and the eye, travelling between them, rests upon one of the most remarkable features of this magnificent scene. From a perpendicular scarp, which rises from the plain to the very summit of Girnar, juts a single block of granite, slightly inclining towards the precipice. As the Bhiru Jhup,* or 'leap of death,' this is the chosen spot from which zealous devotees cast themselves, in the assured hope of the doctrine of transmigration, that they will enter their next state of being in the enviable rank of powerful rajahs. The ascent to this fatal point is made from the back of the rock; but its steepness renders it apparently inaccessible. The poor devotee, however, determined upon self-destruction, climbs from point to point of the slippery granite, grasping every irregularity to assist his progress, when, having gained the summit, he places a cocoon (unstable support!) with mantras,† upon the rock, and, standing on it for an instant, with outstretched arms, leaps joyfully to his doom. But a few days before our arrival, a devotee had cast himself from this spot into the ravine, where his body was found nearly devoured by eagles and beasts of prey. Fearful is the height and position of the Jhup, considered as a spot marked for self-sacrifice; but magnificent is its fine and clearly distinguished outline, as it appears in bold relief against a calm blue sky or is crowned with a lurid and glowing thunder-cloud, when the torrents rush down from the mountains, and the roar of falling waters mixes with the wild scream of the soaring eagles. As if to contrast with the rugged and defined outline of the 'leap,' two small and fairylike temples crown the height immediately behind, surmounted with gaily streaming flags. Below it is a well, celebrated for the purity of the water, called the Hasti Pat, or Elephant's Foot. This name is derived from an octagonal stone in the centre, bearing some faint resemblance to this substantial member. A few plantain-trees are planted near it, and flourish well amidst the blocks of granite. * A Gosaen inhabits the temple at the summit of the Guru Dattara; but, notwithstanding the steps are continued, the ascent was considered too dangerous to be attempted by our party, who were more particularly disinclined, by a knowledge of the fact that, only five days before, the body of a pilgrim was seen, who had fallen in an attempt to gain the temple. A little grain was found, tied in a cloth, about his waist, the only store for his long journey; his body was sadly macerated, and too much decayed for removal. The Gosaen said he was alone when ascending the peak, and fell from near the summit. Notwithstanding the danger of the ascent, and its fatal results, pilgrims may be seen, crowding the way towards the Guru Dattara, from all parts of the Peninsula of India. A small tablet, let into the side of the temple, records that the steps were the work of a wealthy Banian, from the town of Boondee, in Rajpootana. Below the first peak is a valley, rich in wild mango-trees. Amongst their leafy coverts rises a temple sacred to Huniman; and the attendant Gosaen feeds flocks of monkeys, who, morning and evening, with all the appetite of mountaineers, literally cover the dome of the temple. Charity, however, is not confined to the monkey tribe of Girnar; near the temple of Neemnath is a sadowut, or store, from which pilgrims receive a gratuity of half a pound of parched grain each. A Surashtra Banian subscribes three hundred rupees annually to this benevolent

* "Bhiru, the son of time." † "Prayers."

object. Many of the poor devotees, who visit Girnar, depend upon this as their only sustenance, combined with wild figs, and a berry, of pungent quality, which grows on the wild peepul-tree. The natives sometimes complain of this berry producing headach; and the corinda is usually eaten with it as a corrective. The Girnar is the resort of numerous ascetics, who, resigning the world, pass years in its still solitudes. Hearing, in one of my walks, the shrill sound of a shunk, I looked long on the scene around me ere I could observe the player. At length, my eye caught a naked ascetic, perched upon a projecting rock, immediately in front of a small cave, hewn in the granite scarp. His name, he told me, was Ramdasjee: he had lately travelled alone to Girnar, from Jugger-nath, in Orissa; he intended to remain on the sacred mount during the monsoon, and should then travel onwards, he knew not where, but 'wherever it pleased God.' I inquired whether he had no personal wishes connected with the matter, and he said, None; his wishes were, to act in accordance with the commands of God. This poor creature offered a very enviable instance of resignation and contentment. A few roots, piled in a corner of the cave, sufficed for his provision; a lotah, for water, and a little firewood, gathered in the jungle, comprised his property; and when he, at any time, received trifling alms, he himself contributed to the sadowut of the fort. Another ascetic resides near the Bhiru Jhup, with a brother hermit, lately arrived from Dwakanath. The forehead of this man is marked with the trisool of Siva, in the sacred chalk of Bate. His long black hair is plaited curiously with Tulsi beads, and his arms bear marks of the sacred lotus, bestowed by Surashtra brahmins. All this religious array causes him to be regarded as an individual of especial sanctity, and having acquired a little sum by begging, he had laid his property out in flour, and established a minor sadowut for the benefit of his poorer brethren. This man is a Gooroo, or teacher of his sect, and during my visit to him a Chelah came to make his offerings. Setting a few grains of rice upon the threshold of the temple, he blew a large shunk, made pooja to his Gooroo, and departed with a blessing."

In the neighbourhood of Junagarh (see our last No.) is a spot held sacred by the Mahomedans, and known by the name of Datar, or the Giver.

"The power of the Datar is supposed to be peculiarly shewn upon this spot; and his aid is here, it is believed, most successfully entreated. Numerous poor people, from all parts of Western India, when afflicted with leprosy, travel hither, and enter into vows to remain until the merciful Datar vouchsafes a cure. If their sufferings from this cruel disease are of long continuance, suicide is commonly the result; the belief being general, that in the event of a leper dying a natural death, the disease descends to his posterity. A few days before we visited the sacred hill, an aged leper desired permission from the British authorities to cast himself into the sea at Mangrore; this being refused, he left Junagarh, and about three miles from the city, the aged sufferer caused himself to be buried alive; his only son, for whose immediate sake the act was committed, covering the gray hairs of his afflicted parent with an earthen water vessel."

How difficult it is, whilst also risking much by offending their religious opinions and prejudices, to interfere with the superstitions of the natives, is demonstrated by this simple fact—a more horrible death and parricide substituted for

an act of self-immolation. But we have done enough to direct the attention of our readers to these very agreeable volumes; and we have only to add, that the concluding chapters on "Fortune-hunting in India," on the "Hindoo Festivals," "Dusrah" "Dewalli," "Hooli," &c. are quite worthy of the rest. "Scenes in the Deccan" are traced with much spirit; and a "View of the present condition of Western India" is full of enlightened remark and information.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Gift from Fairy-Land: Tales and Legends. One Hundred fanciful Engravings. Pp. 174. Tilt.

THE engravings are quite charming, from the embellished title to the "Good Night." We have seen nothing of the kind really more full of fancy or more playful and pleasing. The tales are the product of America; but, in spite of an ingenious and clever preface, we are obliged to say that the Fairies have not yet made a settlement in the Far West. No, they belong to the Old World, not to the New. They are loath to emigrate, to forsake their ancient haunts, to leave the silent nooks and rustic dells, for expansive forests, oceanic rivers, and trade and population pushing right a-head. We fear that steam and railroads may ultimately drive them from England; but even then they will eschew the United States, and probably seek some retreat in some odd corners of the Continent, the furthest from the highroads of tourists, fashionable watering-places, civil wars, and the conflicts of politics and antagonist principles. Meanwhile their pictures in this little volume will be a treat to those who love them and the graceful arts.

The British Almanack of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge for 1840. Pp. 359. London: Knight.

THE care bestowed upon the useful portions of this Almanack, which are consulted with reference to public business of all kinds, lists of official interest, and ample information on the usual topics which find place in such publications, displays so much diligence and accuracy, that it merits our most cordial approbation. To these matters ninety-six pages are given; and to the Companion, or Year-book, bound up with the Almanack, two hundred and sixty-three pages. In the latter division, we find a mass of intelligence connected with the Calendar, the natural phenomena of the period, with chronology, geography, statistics, legislation, and public improvements. The details are brought down to the latest period; but we have, in consequence, a curious example of the changeability of our legislation; for, at p. 261, we have the Treasury minute for the regulation of the postage dated 12th November, the editor not having time, before publication, to tell his readers that the whole of that has been rendered nugatory, null, and of none effect, by the promulgation of a later minute. The paper on public buildings, &c., is temperately and judiciously written. We wish sincerely there had been fewer things to find fault with, and more to praise; but truth would not allow of it. The most important paper, however, is on the approaching census of 1840, which alone is worth more than the price of the volume.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

NOVEMBER 25. Mr. Greenough, F.R.S., President, in the chair.—The Earl of Grosvenor and seventeen members were elected.

The following communication was read:—
 'Outline of a Route through the Panjab, Kábul, Kashmir, and into Little Tibet, in the Years 1834–8.' By G. T. Vigne, Esq. Quitting England in October 1832, Mr. Vigne proceeded to Bombay, where his health induced him to seek the north of India. He informs us, "After travelling a little in the mountains between Simlah and Misúri, I descended into the plains to visit the Taj, at Agra; whence having at last, after a great deal of delay, obtained leave to cross the Sutlej and proceed to Kashmir, I started direct for Lud'yannah. Crossing the river at Belaspúr, below the fortress of Maláun, and attended by a servant of the Mahá-Rájah Ranjit Singh, to whose kind treatment of me I am happy to bear testimony, I proceeded along the skirts of the lower mountains to Jambú and Rajawar, where I joined the great road of the Moguls, and entered Kashmir at Shapiyán. Altogether I have had the good fortune to reside a much longer time than any other European in this valley; have passed through it three times in my visits to Tibet, and may say generally that I have seen all that is to be seen there, having traversed the greater part of it several times. I am in possession of a large map of Kashmir, on a scale of two miles to an inch, connected with the Indus on the north, and shewing many of the passes which I have traversed two or three times. Having received a most cordial invitation from Ahmed Shah, the king, or 'Ergylo,' of Little Tibet, I struck over the passes from the Wulur lake; met him close to the elevated plain of Deosoh, or Deosáih; was conducted to his capital by him, and treated with the greatest kindness and respect, as having been the first Englishman who had paid him a visit. So fine a field induced me to pay him a second and a third. I made an attempt to reach the Nubra Tsoh, whence flows the great northern branch of the Indus, but was (although I entered the valley of Nubra) foiled by the treatment I experienced from the insolent servants of Gulab Sing, of Jambú, one of the rajahs, who, having been raised from the rank of common soldiers by Ranjit, have eventually become too powerful for their master, and prevented my moving forward, in the teeth of the positive orders of the Mahá Rájah. A second attempt about this time last year to reach the source and the frontiers of Yar-kand, by another path, failed in consequence of the new snow falling upon the passes three weeks earlier than the usual time. I returned to India through Kashmir and the mountain states and towns on the north of the Panjab, some of which, such as Chamba, Badrawar, Dodah, &c., have never been, I believe, previously visited by any European traveller. I have also, to the best of my ability, mapped the whole of the last-mentioned country, and connected it with Lud'yannah; so that the map I have made is that of the whole of Alpine India on the north of the Panjab, including Kashmir, Great and Little Tibet, the course of the Indus, more or less correctly, from Ladak to the plain of Peshawar, and the whole of the hill country between Kashmir and Lud'yannah. The foss and ruins on the Sikander-ke-Dhar, or Hill of Alexander, mentioned by Mr. Moorcroft, I seriously believe to be the remains of the altars of Alexander. The Rájah of Mandeh assured me that, although the place has frequently been used as a fort, yet that the ditch, ruins, &c., had always existed there from time immemorial. I found there on a stone an ornament which might have passed for a roughly-carved Grecian rosette, which I

copied. I went to Ghazni with the Lohani caravan, along the course of the Gomul river, and thence proceeded to Kábul by a by-road, seeing the famous dam built by Mahmúd, and called the Bund-i-Sultan. I remained at Kábul three or four months, and received every civility from Dost Mohammed Khán, and his brother, the Nawab Jubar Khán, whose guest I was. I made several excursions in the neighbourhood of Kábul, but did not cross the Hindú Kush; the requisite permission from Murád Beg, of Kundús, not having been obtained, chiefly because the present for him, which I ordered from Calcutta, was unfortunately not forwarded from Lud'yannah till two months after it should have been. Upon my arrival at Lud'yannah, in last March, I immediately descended the Indus to Bombay, and reached Europe by the overland route through Egypt. Having thus given a general outline of my travels, I proceed to relate something about the Dardú country. The valley of Kashmir lies about N.N.W. and S.S.E.; if its greater axis were continued, it would cut right through the Dardú country; the snowy ranges seen in my panoramic view of Kashmir are, I believe, those which rise between the Indus and the Krishn Gangá, the Dardú country lying at their feet on the left or eastern bank of the Indus. Its latitude, that is, the latitude of its centre, may be about twenty or twenty-five miles below the junction of the Astor, or Hasorah river, with the Indus, which will make it about 34° 48', probably. I have seen it from a mountain immediately overhanging the junction of the Astor river with the Indus; and whence, in fact, I traced with great ease the whole course of the Indus, nearly down to the plains. The stream itself is visible for not less than fifty or sixty miles. Astor is, strictly speaking, in the Dardú country; but, as Astor belongs to Ahmed Shah, it is always specified by its name when speaking of it. The country of Dardú proper, when spoken of, consists of three or four of the numerous wild states that border on the Indus from Astor downwards. I have the names and positions of all of them, but Chilas (in particular, I believe), with Tor, Jelkot, Palas, and Koli, form the Mulk-i-Dardú. As to their towns, I am not aware they have any, I should think nothing but small villages; they are a wild and lawless set; and, whilst a portion are employed in agricultural pursuits, the others are known and feared as marauders. The thieves whom Ahmed Shah of Iskardó cut up immediately before I met him, just below the plains of Deosoh, were plunderers from Palas, who had penetrated through the mountains, and were carrying off men, women, children, and a large number of cattle, from one of his villages. They own no authority but that of their mullahs; are quite independent of each other; and are Sunni Mohammedans. They wear a large ring of iron on the wrists, round which the fingers are doubled, and then used in general battles in the same manner that the ancients used the cestus. The Dardú country lies to the south of the great Himalaya chain. The direction and distance of Iskardó from the Wulur Lake is about N.E. sixty miles. The direction of Iskardó from Durás itself will be northerly; it is about a fortnight's march from it; the Sind pass being much longer than that by Bunderpúr and Gurás, which occupies but eleven days. Iskardó itself, like the other valleys in Tibet, is an open sandy flat, eighteen miles long, by actual survey, surrounded by enormous mountains, and washed by the Indus. The rock, or kalah, is about eight hundred feet high, and was once evidently washed on both sides by the

Indus, but now only on the western and northern. I have once thought it was the rock of Aornos, but it is too far in the mountains, and too barren of trees, to warrant belief of it. Kamlah Ghar in the Mandeh country, washed by the deep Biyas, answers the description of Aornos better than any place I know (singularly so, I may say), but it is on the wrong side of the Indus. Tara Ghar (that is, Satara Ghar, or the Star's House), near Napúr, in the Panjab, is another such fort. Dair will, I think, be found to be Aornos, if we are to believe it to be on the west of the Attak. It is a strong mountain fort, down which runs a river of the same name, which joins the Kábul river at the Haht Nagar on the plain of Peshawar. I obtained four small vocabularies of different languages, Kashmirian, Little Tibetan (which differs considerably from the Ladakí), Chitrali, and the Gangri or Ghilghití, which, I am told, much resembles the Hindustani. The mountains of Tibet are usually of much the same elevation, from 15,000 to 16,000 feet; but from any open summit, such as that at the junction of the Astor valley with the Indus, whence there is one of the finest views in the world, several mountains are seen in different parts that rise far above them, such as would make Mont Blanc look small beside them. The Haramosh (all sides) mountain, in the valley of the same name on the Indus; the Mus Tak range, which is seen in the distance; and the stupendous peak of the Nangí Parbet (the naked mountain), or Di'yarmal, as it is called by the Little Tibetans, between Astor and the Dardú country, are of this description. I have seen the same magnificent view from the summit of the passes between Ladak and Nubra, whence the Mus Tak presents a most noble appearance. There is a pass from Little Tibet towards the Mus Tak, up which Dr. Falconer ascended for several days further than I have been; and poor Dr. Henderson visited Nubra before I did, and arrived at about the same distance. He was obliged to travel as a Sayyid, and the fatigues and privations that he underwent were too much for him, and he died in my presence at Lud'yannah. The public are great losers by his death."

Mr. Vigne's paper was illustrated by his map of the valley of Kashmir; by various specimens in zoology and mineralogy; and a portfolio of beautiful drawings, consisting of portraits of the most eminent natives; figures of animals and fishes; and characteristic sketches of scenery, including a panorama of the vale of Kashmir, and another of the city of Kábul.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

NOVEMBER 20. Rev. Dr. Buckland, President, in the chair.—Four communications were read.—1. 'An Extract from a Letter addressed to Dr. Andrew Smith by Mr. A. G. Bain, dated Graham Town, Cape of Good Hope, Feb. 21, 1839,' announcing the discovery of the skull and piths of the horns of an ox in an alluvial deposit on the banks of the Modder, one of the tributaries of the Orange River, and forty feet below the surface of the ground. The piths measured, in the direction of their curvature, and including the breadth of the os frontis, eleven feet seven inches, but it is calculated that about five inches had been broken off each point. Their circumference at the root was eighteen inches; and the orbits are described as situated immediately under the base of the horn. Other portions of the head and five molar teeth were found at the same time.—2. 'On the Origin of the Vegetation of our Coal-fields and Wealdens,' by J. T. Barber Beaumont,

Esq. F.G.S. "A visit which I made during the last summer to the fossil trees recently discovered apparently standing as they grow, and rooted in an upper seam of coal in the line of the Bolton and Manchester Railway, has confirmed me in an opinion which I have always entertained, that the adopted theory of our coal-fields and wealdens being ancient deposits of trees in rivers and estuaries is erroneous. The visible appearances to the contrary are now so many, and the anomalies they form to the doctrine taught are so puzzling to young geologists, that I think it high time that this theory should be reconsidered. I think the facts prove that in no instance is it likely that these formations arise from drifted trees sunk to the bottoms of mighty rivers and estuaries, but, on the contrary, that the coal vegetations grow where they are found, and that these places were the surfaces of small islands. The adopted theory supposes that the coal-fields occupy the bed of 'a mighty river or estuary,' into which trees have been drifted and deposited; and that the alternating strata of coals and shale have resulted from successive deposits of plants, and of clay, sand, &c. Drifted trees in the deltas of some of the largest rivers are referred to, as typical of these ancient masses of vegetation; and it is observed that the coal formations and wealdens extending over Great Britain and the north of France do not much exceed the extent of the delta of the Mississippi or the Niger. The first observation that strikes me on this theory seems fatal to its existence *in toto*. A mighty river or delta could only have existed in a mighty continent; a small continent would not do. There is no very mighty river or delta in Europe. Then the coal strata (near Newcastle), with the intermediate shale, are collectively three hundred and eighty yards in thickness. The first deposit must therefore have been in a river or delta of that depth, which is about six times the mean depth of the German Ocean! What a continent there must have been to have produced a river or delta so wide and so deep! Such a continent, we might reasonably expect, would leave an abundance of fossils on its surface as well as at the bottom of its great river. We ought to see fossilized timber trees and bones of continental quadrupeds for hundreds of leagues around; but, with a few exceptions of small extent, not a single timber tree, not a trace of a land animal, is anywhere discovered. This absence of land fossils, I submit, is proof positive, geologically speaking, that there could have been no extensive continent within which the supposed river or delta was formed. But the proof goes further: all this land, for hundreds of leagues around the coal and the wealden vegetations, swarms with the remains of marine animals in addition to marine plants, and nothing else. It is visibly ancient sea-bed. But let us look at the composition of the actual coal-fields,—not a large timber tree or bone of a land quadruped is to be found in them; all that we see are masses of fern, rushes, canes, and the like, except in the upper strata, in which coniform trees are found, some of them in their growing position; but the principal beds extend for many miles nearly of a uniform thickness, generally of only a few feet, and sometimes of only a few inches. It is truly stated, 'The surfaces of these strata shew the bending branches, with their delicate apparatus of foliage, almost in the beauty and vigour of their primeval life.' But if the strata were formed from drifted and sunken timber trees—and such, I submit, would not have failed to be supplied by an extensive continent—some mas-

sive trunks of trees would have occurred to disturb the uniformity of the thin coal-seams. The superincumbent pressure did not flatten 'the festoons of graceful foliage' or 'bending branches,' for they arise above the coal strata and mingle with the shale over them. That pressure, therefore, could not have crushed the trunks and roots of timber trees to obliteration, had any existed, within the thickness of the coal-seams. But the evenness of the coal strata is unbroken by any trunks and roots of timber trees. This, I think, completes the proofs that the coal-seams could not have been composed of drifted trees sunk in the depths of a mighty river. There is also natural evidence against the vegetations being formed from sunken trees of any kind, in the vigour and freshness of their appearance. While in that state they would not have sunk at all, but have floated out to sea; as at the present day, timber trees from America drift on our own coasts. To have sunk in the deep river, they must have first rotted! But this could not have been, for the foliage is found with the 'freshness and vigour of primeval life.' Moreover, drifted trees are stopped in deltas, from the shallowness of the water being insufficient to float them on. We know of no deposits of trees in deep water. An eminent geologist, seemingly aware of the necessity of providing a continent for this great river or estuary, supposed that it might have been in the German Ocean; while another eminent professor, to whose labours the public are greatly indebted, finding that area too small, crosses to the other side, and speculates on the possibility of its having been in the Atlantic Ocean. But the speculation of there having been a mighty continent in an ocean far off to the east or to the west of our great river or estuary is of no use whatever. To help the case, the continent must actually have encompassed the river or estuary; but all around the supposed river deposits for hundreds of leagues has been visibly sea-bed. There can be no river, mighty or minute, in a sea-bed. Further evidence and argument in disproof of this theory therefore seems unnecessary. In offering an opinion upon what really has been the origin of the coal-fields and wealdens, I shall be more diffident and very brief. To my understanding they appear to have been swampy islands. It is reasonable to believe, that on the first elevation of the rocks, while some stood high above the ocean, others would be nearly level with its surface, and that disjointed fragments and drifted clay, sand and shells, would accumulate into islands. These would give rise to a profuse growth of marsh plants, which decaying and regenerating, others would accumulate, in the manner of peat-bogs, to various heights; and ferns, palms, calamites, and coniferous trees, in some positions, would acquire a gigantic growth. It seems not unreasonable, also, to conceive, that after the great bursting up of the crust of the earth, large cavernous hollows would be left, and that there would be many settlements in the broken crust before it finally subsided. An island sunk beneath the ocean's surface by one of these settlements would be covered with drifted clay, sand, and shells, and the tall cane trees upon it, if any, be broken down by the waves and detritus. New accumulations would again raise its surface above the ocean, somewhat like our coral islands. A fresh growth of plants would then take place, and then another settlement, and so on, to the number of coal-seams and shale that compose a formation. The coal-seams and shale in some places, as near Newcastle, are unusually repeated; but

repeated settlements of the surface would be no more than consistent with the extraordinary uplift they succeeded. In some cases, also, depressing of the surface may have been followed by partial uplifts. Of such sightings of the earth we have examples even in our own time. The temple of Serapis is not one of the most modern. The wealdens are still more easily recognised as ancient islands raised after the coal-making heat and influence had gone by. We have only to suppose the coal and wealden herbaria to be as they most frequently present themselves to our eyes—the growth of the lands where we find them, instead of imagining them to be drifted deposits from an inconceivable continent, to the bottom of a mighty but impossible river, and all the appearances about them will cease to perplex."

3. 'On the Fossil Fishes of the Yorkshire and Lancashire Coal-fields,' by Mr. W. C. Williamson. Within the last four years, the coal measures of these counties have assumed a zoological importance, which previously they were not supposed to possess. In Lancashire, ichthyolites have been lately found to pervade the whole of the series, from the Ardwick limestone to the millstone-grit; and in Yorkshire they have also been obtained in great abundance. On comparing the specimens procured at Middleton Colliery, near Leeds, with the fossil fishes of Lancashire, the author detected the following as common to both coal-fields—viz. *Diploodus gibbosus*, *Ctenoptichus pectinatus*, *Megalichthys Hibbertii*, *Gyracanthus formosus*, also remains of apparently species of *Holoptichus* and *Platysomus*; but he has obtained some ichthyolites in the Yorkshire field, which he has not seen in the Lancashire; and he is of opinion that the latter deposits are characterised by the greater prevalence of Lepidoid fishes, and the former, by Sauroid. These remains, except in the case of the Ardwick limestone, always occur in highly bituminous shale, and they are most abundant where it is finely grained, and, in general, where plants are least numerous. This distinction in the relative abundance of ichthyolites and vegetables, Mr. Williamson conceives, may throw some additional light upon the circumstances under which the coal formations were accumulated. The fishes are found chiefly in the roof of the coal, rarely in the seam itself, and not often in its floor. Mr. Williamson, in conclusion, makes some remarks on the manner in which ichthyolites are associated with the other fossils of the coal measures. At Burdighouse they occur in the midst of fresh-water shells and cypris; at Coalbrook Dale, with marine testacea; in the lower coal measure of Lancashire, not far from the beds containing *Goniatites*, *Listeri*, and *Pecten papyraceus*; higher in the same field, and in Yorkshire, they are associated with fresh-water shells; at Middleton, with *Singula*; and at the top of the series in Lancashire and Derbyshire, with *Mytili* and *Melania*.—4. A paper 'On the Geology around the Shores of Waterford Haven,' by T. Austin, Esq. As the object of this communication is to describe topographically the structure of the shores of Waterford Haven, its details do not admit of abridgement. The formations composing the district are mountain limestone, a conglomerate, clayslate, and trap; the limestone and conglomerate constituting the greater portion of the east side of the haven, and the conglomerate the opposite.

ROYAL ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY.

SIR JOHN F. W. HERSCHEL, Bart. President, in the chair.—Communications were read:—1. 'On the Determination of the Orbits of

Comets, from Observations,' by G. B. Airy, Esq. Astronomer Royal. The author begins by remarking, that the generality given by Laplace to the investigation of the orbits of comets is so complete, and the variations on the method introduced by other writers so numerous, that, as regards generality and facility, the subject may probably be considered as exhausted. The method which is developed in the present memoir professes to be merely a modification of Laplace's method, directed by considerations of a purely practical nature, which are known to the working astronomer; but which, probably, have not occurred to the distinguished mathematicians who have laboured on the theoretical difficulties of the problem.—2. 'Extract of a Letter from Professor Schumacher to the Astronomer Royal, relative to the Determination of Differences of Longitude, by Observations of Shooting Stars.' M. Schumacher states that, although observations of shooting stars have long since been proposed by Mr. Benzenberg as a means of determining differences of longitude, no attempt has yet been made to carry the plan into practice. With a view to ascertain the degree of exactness with which such observations can be made, he resolved to make some trials on the night of the 10th of last August. He preferred to observe the extinction of the meteor, because its apparition gives warning, and in some measure prepares the observer for the phenomenon. Having given no notice of his intention to other astronomers, he had no expectation of obtaining corresponding observations; but was agreeably surprised when he subsequently obtained them from Bremen, Breslau, and even Königsberg. They did not give very accurate differences of longitude, because the observers at those places had observed the apparition and not the extinction; and because, not having the same object in view, they did not ascertain the equation of the clock with precision. Nevertheless the observations gave approximate differences, and shewed that the method is practicable.

Asiatic Society, November 18.—Professor Daubeny explained the new views with respect to the foundation and development of plants, which have been brought forward by Brown, Mirbel, Schleiden, and other botanists of the present day.—1st, On what precise method do the stamens operate upon the pistils when they cause fecundation to take place? And, 2d, What is the analogy subsisting between the mode of fecundation and development in flowering plants where sexes exist, and in cryptogamous ones where they are not discoverable? The first of these inquiries has been elucidated by the researches of Brown, of Brongniart, of Ehrenburg, and others, and is well known. The second inquiry, as to the analogy subsisting between flowering and cryptogamous plants in these particulars, has been investigated by Mirbel, in France, and more lately by Schleiden, in Germany. The former observed new cells originating out of those already existing, in the case of the *Marchantia*; whilst the latter appears to have shewn that a process, the same in kind, takes place in the pollen-tubes, emitted from flowering plants at the very time they reach the ovary and impregnate it, as well as in the cells of the plant in the subsequent stages of its existence. According to him, each cell, whether it be in the pollen or in the plant generated from it, contains a portion of starch, which is capable of being converted into nutritious matter at the time it is required. This conversion having

taken place, a dark spot is perceived in the coats of the cell, and from this spot a new cell is seen to be protruded. This dark spot being, therefore, the germ of the cell, is called by Schleiden the *cytoblast*. The new cell, when generated, gives birth in its interior to new cytoblasts, which again generate new cells; and thus a series of cells is produced, one within another, until the external one is ruptured, and its contents are enabled to escape, and thus to obtain their natural development. The newly formed cells are of extreme tenuity, but new matter is afterwards deposited within the interstices of that originally formed, until they gradually acquire firmness and consistency. According to this view of the subject, the reproduction and subsequent development of the more perfect plants would appear to be conducted fundamentally on the same plan as that of cryptogamous ones: in both instances the process commencing by the generation of a new cell in the interior of one already existing, each cell maintaining, as it were, an individual existence, and differing only in possessing, in a higher or lower degree, a principle of independent vitality. From Schleiden's researches, too, another inference would seem to follow: namely, that the embryo exists in the pollen, and not in the ovary; the office of which latter organ would therefore seem to be merely that of furnishing to the young individual a receptacle and nourishment. This position, however, is disputed by Mirbel, who adheres to the old doctrine on this subject.—*Oxford Herald*.

METEOROLOGY.—STORM AT BERMUDA.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR,—Permit me, through the medium of your valuable journal, to call the attention of your meteorological readers to the interesting circumstance that the aurora borealis observed at Bermuda on the 3d of September of this year, and described in the *Literary Gazette* of the 23d instant, was also seen in London and its vicinity on the same occasion, presenting precisely analogous phenomena, and (allowing for the different meridians) having been apparently simultaneous.

The same "fine, strong, white light, extending from N.E. to N.W.," occurred in both places; the same "shifting streams of bright white light," the same "change to a red tint," and appearance "like the reflection in the sky of a distant and extensive fire." In our metropolis, indeed, according to the public prints, several fire-engines issued forth in quest of a supposed distant conflagration. The duration of the aurora was longer with us than at Bermuda, having lasted for six hours; but the time of its first appearance here was before sunset in the meridian of Bermuda. It commenced at this place at nine P.M., at which hour I observed the "northern dawn" gradually rising, of a pale greenish hue, and resembling a fine morning dawn. Coruscations shortly afterwards made their appearance, not, however, remarkable for their brilliancy, until about midnight, when they became much more vivid; though the aurora was most splendid from one to two A.M. on the morning of the 4th, and at three A.M. it faded away. At Bermuda, where it commenced at eight P.M., the greatest brilliancy appears to have been at ten P.M., and the whole to have faded before eleven. Thus, as far as these rather vague observations enable us to decide, the time of its appearance closely agreed with the difference of four hours in the meridians of the two stations.—I am, &c.

Clapham, November 26th, 1838.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

Oxford, 21st November.—The Rev. J. Pest, M.A. of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, was admitted of audience Bachelor in Civil Law, by Commutation.—F. Nicholas, Esq. Wadham College.

Doctors of Arts.—Rev. M. Mills, Christ Church; W. Cope, Trinity College; C. Mitchell, Wadham College; Rev. J. S. Utterson, Oriel College.

Bachelors of Arts.—R. Dawson, Wadham College, Grand Compounder; S. H. Northcote, Scholar; R. Hobhouse, Balliol College; G. W. Hutchins, E. Bradley, Magdalen Hall; W. Kay, Scholar of Lincoln College; M. Ametie, Exeter College; W. H. Anderson, Scholar of University College; G. O. Hughes, Worcester College; W. J. Bennett, St. Edmund Hall (incorporated from Trinity College, Dublin.)

EGYPTIAN PAPYRI.—BRITISH MUSEUM.

Anastasi Collection.

THE Anastasi Collection, which was formed by Signore Anastasi, consul in Egypt, and has lain some time at Leghorn, has at length been unpacked. It was purchased by the Trustees of the Museum at the price of 1500*l*. The principal objects for which it was acquired were the historical papyri, which are now in the process of unrolling, and which, there is every reason to suppose, were written during the reign of Menephtah the Second, the successor of the Rameses the Great. These are written in a bold, legible, hieratic character, and, although deficient in part, apparently contain a kind of chant or strain in celebration of the victories of this King of Kings; they record his conquests over the Ethiopians and the Negroes, and the divisions (query, metrical?) are indicated by red dots placed over the tops of the lines. In their tenour they are analogous to the papyri of M. Salvolini, which have been analysed by M. Salvolini, although not in so satisfactory a manner as the importance of the subject demands.

The value of these historical papyri was not known to the proprietors of the Collection while it was at Leghorn, and they were actually given in, although they are well worth the whole sum paid; and the Museum may now boast of being the first in the world for Egyptian collections: it possesses the Rosetta Stone, the Tablet of Abydos, and all the historical papyri in Europe. May not the hope be held out that some savant, who possesses time and taste for their search, will apply himself to the elucidation of these documents? Besides the historical papyri and several others of minor interest—some Greek—the Collection comprises two sarcophagi, one of a personage named Savaki, a sacerdotal functionary, probably of Memphis; and the other of a high officer of state, athlophoros, &c., named Pihon, probably made during the epoch of Rameses the Great; these monuments, with a double calcareous statue of a man and his wife or sister, in the best style of Egyptian art, now remain in the anteroom of the Phigaleian Room. The other calcareous objects of the Collection consist of steles of funeral tablets of functionaries and individuals, deceased during the reign of the sixteenth and seventeenth dynasties, many of them bearing the names of the monarchs during whose reign the person died; among them are the monuments of Osertasen the First, Osertasen the Second, and the Ammonemeh. These monuments, which the visitor easily distinguishes by an archaic cast of work, must have been probably excavated from Abydos when the kings of the sixteenth and seventeenth dynasties were driven to Upper Egypt by the irruptions and conquests of the Shepherd races; they are supposed to be contemporaneous to the bondage of the Jews, and they exhibit the purest specimens of the Egyptian art. Some of the steles in bas-relief manifest a delicacy of execution and a purity

of colouring which approach in their way the effects of Greek art; and no one, with any feeling for the progress of the arts, can regard these masterpieces, from which the early Greek sculptors avowedly took their ideas, till they far outstripped their instructors by the identity of their unrivalled performances, without the most solemn emotions. Four thousand years have elapsed—a nation become extinct—its language lost and recovered, while the documents with which the melancholy affliction of the human race endeavours to palliate the stillness of death, and the uncertainty (to Egyptians) of future existence, are fresh as from the hands of yesterday. Many of the functionaries, whose names and offices are now recovered, were military commandants of the south, were chancellors (attached to the signet), attached to the weights and measures, royal tutors, priests, prophets, loving their lords, seated in the hearts of their monarchs; the eyes of the king, in the metaphorical language of their simple panegyrics; they are represented seated with their wives, and receiving offerings from the hands of their surviving children. The hieroglyphical inquirer will here find much food for his researches, as several of them connect the Enneads with their successors, or contemporaries, of the sixteenth and seventeenth dynasties. The texts are principally dedications to Osiris, the lord of Tat and Abydos, and the deities of that town, for a manifestation of offerings of various viands, &c.; in different panegyrics, or cyclical festivals; as of Haraphen, the manifestation of the dog-star; the eyes of Horus, &c.; that the deceased may be enrolled among the servants of Osiris. Some of the objects, however, are of a period more recent, being executed during the reign of the eighteenth dynasty; and among these, the most important is a magnificent tablet for an official functionary who flourished about the epoch of the Pharaoh Horus (Haremhab). This stands about seven feet high, and is dedicated to Ra and Thoth. The style, though far inferior to the earlier works, exhibits much of the richness which characterises the florid and magnificent period of the great Rameses, who was the Louis XIV. of the Egyptian race. Along with this are two sides of the entrance of a tomb belonging to the same functionary. How different are the pompous titles of this officer from the early simplicity! They contain "the acts of adorations to Osiris pethempantes, the king of eternity, the revealer of good, the lord of Toser, and to Anoup, lord of Rosatou, and to the other gods; may they give bread, unguents, flesh, fowl, libations of water, wine, and milk, to the military chief attached to the body-guard of the lord of the world, the royal scribe, scribe of the revenues, athlophoros, or yeoman of the guard, on the left hand of the king, contending with the world, exalted with his honorific titles . . . the eyes of the king, resident in the heart of the Horus in his propylons, filling the heart of the king with his constructions, attached to the charge of the excavations from the quarries, military officer of the king, named Haremhab." And then follow several short acts of adoration; as, that the deceased abominates his faults, &c. The next objects that claim the attention are the mummies: these, however, are not so remarkable as to deserve a specific notice; while, among the smaller objects, some rank high on account of material, execution, and device. A small silver figure of Nofre Thumos, or Nofre Thom, may be instance; a small bronze statue of a Pharaoh, magnificently inlaid with silver, and a box carved out of ivory.

It is in the form of a goose, who has just caught a fish, which it passes over to two young geese, who eagerly fly across its back to catch it, and is alike elegant in design and execution; and has probably formed part of the objects of the toilet of an Egyptian beauty; the model of a house in stone; four cylindrical lead vases from the Isle of Delos, with covers, and the usual proportion of alabaster, porcelain, and other objects, form the remainder of this Collection, which may justly rank as one of the most valuable acquisitions recently made by the Museum to its department of antiquities.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

MR. HAMILTON in the chair.—A further portion was read of Mr. Kemble's dissertation 'On the Runes of the Anglo-Saxons,' and the remainder postponed.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—Entomological, 8 P.M.; British Architects, 8 P.M.; Medical, 8 P.M.
Tuesday.—Linnæan, 8 P.M.; Horticultural, 3 P.M.; Electrical, 8 P.M.; Architectural, 8 P.M.
Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 7½ P.M.; Geological, 8½ P.M.
Thursday.—Royal, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; Zoological, 3 P.M.
Friday.—Botanical, 8 P.M.
Saturday.—Astric, 2 P.M.; Westminster Medical, 8 P.M.; Mathematical, 8 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

Portrait of Sir Robert Peel, Bart. Painted by John Linnell; Engraved by James Scott. Boys.

THERE are some countenances of which a skilful artist can, with two or three strokes of his pencil, convey a strong resemblance; there are others of which the most elaborate representation fails to be satisfactory. We imagine that the features of the right hon. member for Tamworth belong to the latter class; for we confess we never saw a portrait of him which forcibly reminded us of the original: nor, with all our admiration of Mr. Linnell's talents, can we flatter him by saying that the work before us affords an exception to our general remark.

Recollections of the Scenic Effects of Covent Garden Theatre, 1838-9. By G. S. No. VII.—X. Pattie.

WE noticed the former No. of these clever performances, to which the young artist has now added "Coriolanus," "Macbeth," "Werner," and "Othello;" all executed with equal freedom and spirit. Some of the scenes preserve good likenesses, as well as the striking effects of attitude and general interest.

Ancient Buildings at Tewkesbury, in Gloucestershire. Drawn from Nature, and on Stone, and published by Rowe, Cheltenham.

THE picturesque beauty of these venerable edifices well entitled them to be rescued by the pencil of the artist from the oblivion to which they were hastening. Mr. Rowe's style of lithography is singularly pleasing. His markings are spirited, and his flat tints tender and transparent.

St. John. Painted by N. Poussin; Engraved by W. Taylor.

If we wished to give a beginner in the arts a clear idea of that estimable quality called "breadth," we do not know where we could find a better example for the purpose than the simple and magnificent head under our notice.

New Method of Copying Medals.—The medal is impressed upon soft lead, and the lead

being placed within the circuit of a galvanic battery in a solution of copper, the spark is passed through, and the copper is precipitated in the form of a thin plate, taking a perfect facsimile copy of the original medal. We have seen a specimen of this most curious invention, than which nothing can be more accurate in its effects. What will the fine arts come to next?

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FAREWELL TO POETRY.

"Dear charming Nymph! neglected and decried,
 My shame in crowds, my solitary pride;
 Thou guide by which the nobler arts excel,
 Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well!"

GOLDAMITH.

FAREWELL, loved mistress of my heart!
 A long, a last farewell!
 From thee, and from thy charms, to part,
 The cruel fates compel.
 Yet ah! how shall I part from thee,
 My joy, my life, my all?
 Or how, Enchantress, shall I flee
 The magic of thy thrall?

From earliest youth, dear charming maid,
 For thee my bosom sighed;
 To thee my first fond vows were paid,
 My own, my chosen bride!
 With thee when roaming hand in hand,
 Swift flew the happy hours;
 Where'er I came 't was fairy-land,
 Elysian fields and bowers!

Ay me! it was a blissful hour;
 Too blest!—it could not last!—
 E'en now I feel its soothing power,
 When musing on the past.
 But now, the cruel fates compel
 That we, for aye, must part—
 Then let me, ere I say farewell,
 First strain thee to my heart.

Yes, let me cool my fevered brain
 Upon thy snowy breast,
 There let me lie but once again,
 My aching heart to rest!
 One last long kiss!—one only more!
 And now, for aye, we sever:—
 Yet still for thee still life be o'er
 This heart shall throb for ever!

R. B. S.

LINES.

I WANDER, when Night's guardian orb by fitful clouds is chased,

To where their nests the eagles rear, far in the rocky waste;

Or where to hear the seagull scream, or where the jacksal moans.

And I feel my heart is comforted—I, I that am alone!

But when Reflection's rule returns to chase this joy away,
 My dreary solace vanishes, as clouds drive out the day;

My lot, as dawn when others do, till what they do is done—

The gull, the eagle, all have mates, save me, who am alone.

Forlorn since my day of birth, unheeded and forgot,
 Through years of apathy mankind has left me to my lot;

My lot, as dawn when others do, till what they do is done—

To dream what I too might have done, had I not been alone.

I've none to wake to energy, I've none to hush to rest,
 I've none to whom to tell the hopes that glide in my breast;

To love, to hate, to hope, to fear, are bills to me unknown;

I have not friend nor enemy—I, I that am alone.

If I am sick, the medical train by lust of lucre led,
 Who mete by gold their thanksless aid, see all that watch

my bed:

None ask me to relieve their wo; my name is blest by none;

Supervisors unaided decay:—I feel I am alone.

Yet still my thoughts are all my own; I have my reason still,
 Whose office is to check and guide the over-eager will.

And what of will have I, to whom the future and the gone
Are but an equal burden, since I always am alone?
No! Heaven that formed the heart to love, and made its
passions free,
Could never mean it to exist in lonesome apathy:
The human race should all be friends: his heart must be
as stone,
Could wish like me to linger on, unheeded and alone.
J. N. O.

THE DRAMA.

THOUGH there has been several novelties in the drama since our last, we do not feel it necessary to expatiate upon them.

At *Drury Lane* the *Beggar's Opera*, in the costume of its time, both on the stage and in the orchestra, has been produced with deserved applause. The new *Polly*, Mrs. Alban Croft, is a pretty woman and a charming songstress. We have not seen or heard a Miss Peachum to compare to her for a long while: and if we look at looks and singing in conjunction, we do not know that we ever witnessed the part more to our satisfaction. On the first night there was an occasional redundancy of ornament; but having as a *débutante* shewn us what she can do, the good sense of the actress will lead her to delight us with greater simplicity, where simplicity of style is most appropriate. Mrs. Waylett warbled and wrangled as *Lucy Lookit* in the most pleasing and provoking manner; and *Captain Macheath* had, on the whole, an adequate representative in Mr. Frazer. W. Bennett's *Peachum*, Dowton's *Lookit*, Hammond's *Filch*, and the *Mrs. Peachum* of Mrs. Selby, were all good; and the ragamuffin parts, with a characteristic dance, were sustained to the life by the ladies and gentlemen of the company. The latter was uproariously applauded, and the whole received with the favour it so well merited.

On Wednesday, a new melo-dramatic play in three acts, by Mr. Parry, we believe, called *Woman's Trials*, with but doubtful success, notwithstanding the exertions of the performers, and particularly of Mrs. Stirling, who seems to have suffered from them, as a new piece has been postponed till next week in consequence of her indisposition. The introduction of a baby upon the boards is always a precarious affair; and the frequent appearance of such a doll or bundle of rags invariably becomes ludicrous. We have no especial objection to Mrs. Stirling's child in this instance; but it raised a laugh where the interest was meant to be deepest, and in spite of its mother's moving efforts to touch the feelings of the audience.

At *Covent Garden* the only novelty has been *The Rivals*, performed in good style, with Farren as *Sir Anthony*, and Mr. Meadows as *David*. We name these because they seemed to us to be perfection, but without disparagement to the talents displayed by Mrs. C. Jones in *Mrs. Malaprop*; Vestris, *Lydia Langwath*; Julia, Mrs. Nisbett; *Lucy*, Mrs. Humby; *Captain Absolute*, Anderson; *Acres*, Harley; *Sir Lucius*, Brougham; *Faulkland*, Cooper; and *Fag*, T. Green. The revival was well received.

Haymarket.—The farcical comedy of *The Rivals* has also been brought out here in the costume of 1775, and under the most cheering auspices; and from the strength of the cast, fairly competes with any rivalry elsewhere. Power's *Sir Lucius* is a grand feature, and Mrs. Glover's *Malaprop* another; and when we repeat the bill,—*Sir Anthony*, Strickland; *Faulkland*, Phelps; *Captain Absolute*, W. Lacy; *Acres*, Webster; *David*, Buckstone; *Lydia*, Mrs. W. Lacy; *Julia*, Mrs. Warner; and *Lucy*, Miss P. Horton, we have done enough to intimate that

the play is altogether excellently performed. We have not entered into critical remark upon any of the characters, because we think very few of them come strictly within the limit and under the dominion of the "veritable" comic muse, and therefore there is a sort of *ad libitum* allowed to the actors who personate them. In this point of view if they divert us, it is all we require.

St. James's.—The veteran and inexhaustible Braham has appeared here in *Maaniello*; but even his attraction does little for this unlucky and out-of-the-way theatre.

VARIETIES.

American Periodicals.—The weekly parts of the *American Miscellany*, collected together for last month, have amused us with their medley selections from transatlantic journals which we only see irregularly. One of the critics upon Captain Marryat's late publication, for instance, tells us it is an "amusing quiz with some very slight quantity of truth and reality, mingled with a multitude of impudence." Other little humours are purely American:—"Fate of Poets."—There are (vide a New York paper) 5023 poets in the United States. Of these, ninety-four are in the state prisons; five hundred and eleven, in lunatic asylums; and two hundred and eighty, in the debtor's prisons."—"Here are the banisters, but where the d—l are the stairs?" as the drunken fellow said when he felt his way round the bedstead in the dark."—"I'm not fond of catnip," as the girl said when pussy bit a piece off her nose."—"A gentleman was at his banker's, and observed a little boy present a check at the counter. The clerk put the usual question to him—'How will you take it?' to which the boy answered, 'In my pocket, sir.'"—"Ain't I a burster?" as the boiler said to the steam-boat captain, when it blew him sky-high."—"Are you looking for any one in particular?" as the rat said to the cat when she was peeping down his hole."—"A sea officer, who had lost his hand by a grape-shot, was in company with a young lady who remarked that it was a cruel ball which deprived him of his hand. 'A noble ball, madam, for it bore away the palm.'"—

The Land of Canaan. (Knight and Co.) A specimen map in the new style, called illuminated. It is clearly printed and very cheap, two great recommendations in a work intended for the use of schools.

Geological Curiosity.—A beautiful specimen of the fir tribe has just been dug from the Stevenson freestone quarry. The trunk, stems, and leaves, are as perfectly formed and portrayed in this piece of solid rock as those now growing in the neighbourhood. This tree, along with a cluster of nuts, five in number, which composed part of the stone, was thirty feet from the surface, being twenty feet below the present level of the sea. The nuts and the leaves, stem, and trunk, are of a dark-brown colour; while the surrounding body of the stone is a bluish-white, which gives these fragments the appearance of the finest fresco painting.—*Ayr Observer*.

The Schoolmaster Abroad (in Tennessee).—I breakfasted one morning at the tavern of a late senator of Tennessee, when his son, a youth of eighteen, was setting out to join his school-fellows in turning the master out of doors, until he should treat them to a barrel of cider! I was also told of a case, a few years ago, on the Cumberland. The boys tied their teacher to a board, and ducked him in the river till he pro-

mised to treat!—*American Southern Literary Messenger*.

North Seas.—Captain Penny, of the Neptune whaler, reports, from his late voyage to Davis's Straits, on the very doubtful authority however of an Esquimaux, that up Cumberland Straits, on the eastern side, sixty miles round from Cape Easterly, there is a spacious bay and firth, full of whales, and the shores numerous inhabited by Esquimaux!

"Illustrations of the Permanence of communicated Motion."—It is in the case of a revolving body that we can most effectually diminish these resistances to motion, by causing it to be supported and to turn on a very small surface, as compared with the dimensions of the body itself; as, for instance, a large wheel round a slender axle, or a large spinning-top on a fine point, by which contrivance the resistance of friction is made to act at a great mechanical disadvantage, as compared with the force of the body's rotation; and we may, further, remove the resistance of the air, almost to any degree we choose, by placing the revolving body under the receiver of an air-pump. Now, if we thus remove the air from the receiver of an air-pump, and then, without re-admitting it, by some mechanical contrivance, put rapidly in motion under the receiver, a large wheel with an exceedingly small axis, or, better, a large spinning-top with a fine hard point; we shall find that motion, which would, under other circumstances, soon cease, lasting, apparently unaltered, for hours. And a pendulum, delicately suspended on knife edges, and having thus yet greatly less friction to contend with than either the axis of a wheel or the point of a top, when once a motion has been given to it, will retain the force of that motion, and continue to oscillate with it for more than a day. Mr. Roberts, of Manchester, is said to have constructed a body which is of such a form, and so truly balanced upon a fine point, that, having put it in motion round that point, it would not lose the force of its motion, but continue to spin with it for forty-three minutes. These are all proofs of a tendency to the permanence of motion, and the force of motion which accompanies it, when causes of retardation from without are more or less removed; that is, of its tendency to absolute permanence, so far as any cause within itself is concerned. It does not die or diminish of itself; there is within it no principle of death or decay,—to cease, it must be operated upon by causes external to itself. The proofs hitherto given shew, however, only the probability of this truth. It is probable that, since when we continually diminish the external causes of a body's retardation, its motion approaches to a state of permanence, if we were completely to take away those causes of retardation, that permanence of motion would be completely attained. But we cannot take away these causes of retardation—we cannot completely take away friction and the resistance of the air: we can, therefore, only speak of what would probably happen if these were completely removed. To complete the proof, we must look out for some case of motion, in which there is no friction, and no resistance of the air. Such a motion we cannot find on or near the earth's surface, but we do find it in the heavens."—*Mosley's "Illustrations of Science."*

Numismatics.—The *Courier de Lyons* states that recently, near Vienna, a collection of gold and silver coins and medals, ranged in perfect order, in an iron casket, bearing on its top in Roman ciphers the year 802, and the letter A, has been discovered. Besides those of the twelve Cæsars, which are in perfect preserva-

tion, it contains those of the Roman emperors down to Constantine, Chlorus inclusive. Then follow those of the Merovingian kings of France, distinguished by their diminutive dimensions. The value of this treasure is estimated at 100,000*fr.*; and it is conjectured to have been formed by the learned Alcuin, the friend of Charlemagne, who lived in the monastery of St. Marcel at the period of the date of the casket.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

In the Press.

Illustrations of the Breeds of the Domestic Animals of the British Islands: consisting of a Series of Coloured Lithographic Prints from Oil Paintings executed for the Agricultural Museum, Edinburgh, by Mr. Shiel; with Descriptive Memoirs. By David Low, Esq. F.R.S.E.—Also, by the same Author, a Treatise on the Domestic Animals: comprehending the Subjects of Species and Varieties, of Food, Rearing, General Treatment, and Diseases; with Observations on the Principles and Practice of Breeding.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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November.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday ... 21	From 33 to 47	29.46 to 29.58
Friday ... 22	... 33 ... 44	29.69 ... 30.02
Saturday ... 23	... 32 ... 45	30.10 ... 30.14
Sunday ... 24	... 30 ... 51	30.07 ... 29.73
Monday ... 25	... 45 ... 45	29.64 ... 29.31
Tuesday ... 26	... 34 ... 49	29.39 ... 29.34
Wednesday 27	... 23 ... 38	29.33 ... 29.39

Prevailing wind, N.

Except the 23d, and following day, generally cloudy, with frequent and heavy showers of rain; snowing very fast from about two till about twenty minutes to three o'clock on the afternoon of the 27th.

Rain fallen, 6 of an inch.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are sorry to have received "The Governess," by Lady Blessington, too late for review this week. Several Almanacks are deferred, being too late and too comic to be hastily dismissed. "The Doctor's" amiable letter received. He is thanked, therefore, as the saviour of the best of Cut-throats. "T. H.'s" Lasse to Pleasure we cannot have the pleasure to insert.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Governess. By the Countess of Blessington. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1839. Longman and Co.

In this publication, Lady Blessington appears to have entertained a double object: firstly, the essential one of amusing her readers; and, secondly, the benevolent one of interesting society for the class of persons of whom her *Governess* is the type. And no class more deserves the general sympathy. Where one belonging to it is comfortable or happy, fifty are the reverse,—subject to many caprices, mortifications, and insults, and rendered miserable by the struggles of a sensitive spirit to endure an anomalous position of apparent equality and real dependence. Well educated, or at least taught those acquisitions which are deemed the female accomplishments of our day;—in nine cases out of ten superior to the parties by whom they are employed;—often subjected to vulgar, purse-proud tyranny;—in some instances exposed to the insults of seduction; and seldom, indeed, treated with the feeling and consideration their relative condition ought to secure, there are no individuals within the whole circle of domestic and family arrangements so much to be pitied as the mis-called governesses, who are ruled by mammas, if they are not also by spoilt, headstrong, and tormenting children. Under the most favourable circumstances the labour of tuition is irksome enough, but attended by extraneous inconveniences and troubles, it must be most intolerable. We never could fancy what mistaken notion inspired the bard who described it to be a

“Delightful task to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young ideas how to shoot,
To pour the fresh instruction o’er the mind!”

Alas! the poet was a visionary, not a teacher; what he knew of study was gathered in the breathing green fields, under the blue and voiceless canopy of heaven, not in the close school-room or the noisy nursery, with their abused furniture and dingy roofing. Lady Blessington has taken a more just and accurate view of the subject; and her work is calculated, we trust, to produce beneficial impressions where they are so much and so widely wanted.

The beautiful portrait of the Governess by Parris, and engraved by Mote, as a frontispiece, predisposes us in the cause of the heroine. But much annoyance and wrong as she suffers in this fiction, she is fortunate when compared to the mass of her actual companions.

Well born, and having received a really good education, and, better than all, being blessed with a fine disposition, Clara Mordaunt, an orphan, and reduced to poverty, undertakes the office of a governess for subsistence, and passes through the ordeal of several families. The diorama of their moving figures is replete with talent and observation. The mercantile Williamsons, with three girls, are succeeded by Mrs. Vincent Robinson, an absurd and heartless pseudo Blin, who, through her cruel affectations, murders a grand-niece whom she adopts for the sake of interesting *état*; and she is, in turn, followed by the noble house of Axminster,

and it by the selfish and abominable Manwarrings. The other leading characters are Mrs. Waller, the aunt of Clara, and a pattern of all that is estimable in the sex; Abraham Jacob, a truly benevolent Quaker, and his affectionate daughter Rachael; Mrs. Marsden, a wealthy Creole, with her son Hercules, a gentleman who stands upon no ceremonies in the pursuit of what may be personally agreeable to him; O’Leary, a capital Irishman in a low station; and the hero, Clarence Seymour. But, beyond these, we have the servants’ halls, and such a variety of the high-life-below-stairs gentry—so amusing and so true, that we must confess our surprise where Lady Blessington could pick out the information she has herein so skillfully exhibited. There is no caricature; and whilst the fantastic tricks of the order, from butler and housekeeper to scullion and housemaid, are whimsically traced, the allowance of good human feelings is fairly made, and the weaknesses counterbalanced by the better qualities which are to be found in every station of life. The Marsdens, mother and son, are the most original characters: the former a mighty favourite with us, the latter, perhaps, a little *outré*; but his extravagances are so indispensable to the story, that they could not be dispensed with. When the governess is despatched to the country-house of the Williamsons, an extract will afford some idea of the manner and matter of the whole:—

“On arriving at the White Horse Cellar, whence the stage-coaches depart, the vehicle in which Miss Mordaunt sat was quickly surrounded by three or four men vociferating their offers of service to assist her, and remove her luggage to another coach. One seized her trunk, and another grasped her carpet-bag, but their possession was contested by two or three of their companions, who one and all vehemently asserted that each had first opened the coach-door, and consequently had the best right to remove the lady’s luggage. The coachmen of various stages came up, with cigars occupying one corner of their mouths, and both hands placed in the pockets of their huge coats, and asked if ‘miss would please to go by their coach?’ ‘Take her to Staines, Hounslow, or Bagshot, in less than no time—best coach on the road—would have her and her luggage stowed away in a jiffy.’ ‘Going to Windsor or Ampton Court, ma’am?’ asked a second; ‘start in five minutes—go ten miles an hour.’ ‘Healing or Hacton, miss?’ inquired another; ‘capital coach—just going.’ Clara shrank back affrighted and confused, her auricular faculties stunned by the din of so many rough voices, and her olfactory ones no less disagreeably assailed by the mingled odours of spirituous liquors and tobacco. Lucky for her was it that Betsey [her companion, the housemaid] was not a novice in such scenes, for, with a self-possession that evinced her experience in them, she named the coach to which she gave the preference, dismissed the rival disputants for the removal of the luggage, consigning it to one of whom she had some previous knowledge. She then helped Miss Mordaunt through the noisy crowd, and pertinaciously resisted every attempt to extort a larger sum

than the regulated fare for the coachman and the person who moved the luggage. Betsey was in the act of assisting Clara into the stage-coach, when Mr. Seymour came forward from the crowd, and, respectfully bowing, offered his arm to Miss Mordaunt to enter the coach; and having performed the same service towards Betsey, followed, and seated himself *vis-à-vis* to the former. They had scarcely been seated in the coach, when the voice of Mr. Hercules Marsden was heard, loudly demanding in which coach Miss Mordaunt was? No satisfactory answer being given to this question, he added—‘I mean a devilish pretty girl, though rather pallid in the face, with a pair of eyes so full of fire, that I might light my cigar at them!’ This refined compliment drew a peal of laughter from the assembled crowd of cads and coachmen, and induced Clara to shrink instinctively into the corner of the coach, in order to avoid observation. Meanwhile, Mr. Hercules Marsden, having protruded his head into several of the vehicles, at length advanced it into that in which our heroine was seated, and, discovering her, uttered an exclamation of delight, somewhat between a laugh and a shriek. ‘So I have found you at last, my pretty one! and, judging by your looks, you don’t seem overjoyed to see me! I judged you could not be very far off, when I spied this gentleman,’ pointing to Mr. Seymour; ‘for I noticed yesterday that you seemed to understand each other pretty well, though you did not exchange as many words as looks; and I dare be sworn you had settled together to travel down in the same coach—eh! I have not guessed amiss, have I? Your blushes, my pretty one, convince me of the fact!’ While this observation was uttering, accompanied by sundry winks and smiles, Mr. Hercules Marsden stood on the coach step, and the cad having come to ask if he was to take a seat, as they were going to start, he answered—‘To be sure I will take a seat; why, you spooney, this,’ pointing to Clara, ‘is the lady I have been in search of, and now I have found her, I will not easily lose sight of her again, I can tell you! How much am I to pay, eh?’ ‘Vone pound height shillings, sir, is the fare.’ ‘Here’s two sovereigns; and hark ye, pay all the expenses and keep the change; but let me have no bother, d’ye hear?’ The cad bowed low, pulled the front lock of his hair, shewed a set of very yellow teeth, and retreated, muttering to some of the bystanders, ‘I say, youder’s a prime chap, ain’t he? Vy, he’s given me a matter of seven and sixpence for myself, though, dang me, if I can tell for what! He’s as comical a blade as I’ve clapped my two good-looking eyes on these seven years!’”

A piece of fun, descriptive of the mamma of this precious whelp, who arrives long after her dutiful cub and the rest of the party, will entertain our readers. After some conversation about her mischances on the road, Mrs. Marsden remarked:—

“Well, you English are the drollest people in the world, though represented to be naturally grave, and more prone to giggle than even the niggers are with us. Why, at every inn where we changed horses, and through every village

where we passed the folk did nothing but grin, shout aloud with rude mirth, and point to Cupid and Venus on the coach-box, as if they never had seen two people of colour before; and the poor creatures were so mortified and ashamed, that I quite pitied them.' 'I thought how it would be, mother,' said her hopeful son to Mrs. Marsden, 'when you were making such ridiculous figures of the two blackies; and here he indulged in a peal of laughter at the recollection of the dresses she had provided for them in London. 'Hercules, you ought to be ashamed of yourself to laugh in the face of your own mother—that you ought; and as for the dresses, what could be more genteel?' 'Why, didn't I tell you that Cupid's black face, peeping out from a flaxen wig, would set the whole country laughing?' 'And didn't I see with my own eyes all the smartest carriages in London driven by servants in flaxen wigs? And, therefore, as Cupid was to sit on the box, why not have him dressed as well as those I had seen?' 'Mother, you will be the death of me,' interrupted Mr. Marsden, still continuing to laugh most boisterously. 'Only fancy, Mr. Seymour, a nigger with a white wig, a silver-laced hat, a sky-blue coat lined with scarlet, a waistcoat and unmentionables of scarlet likewise, white stockings, and shoes and silver buckles, and a gold-headed cane in his hand to complete the picture!' 'And what could be more genteel, I should like to know?' demanded Mrs. Marsden; 'why, it was exactly, and in every particular, like the dress that I saw worn by a nobleman's coachman in London, except that in place of a gold-headed cane he had a whip. The whole dress pleased me so much, that I ordered Cupid's to be precisely like it.' Even Mr. Williamson, though little given to mirth, could not resist laughing at the naive acknowledgment of Mrs. Marsden; and his hilarity was increased when Mr. Marsden related, that not only did his mother copy the livery of a nobleman in London, but absolutely wanted to have the arms and coronet on his carriage painted on hers. 'And why not, if it pleased me?' demanded she. 'Wasn't my money as good as his? and so I told the jackanapes of a coachmaker, when he objected to copy them. I've no notion of the Harry-stockryc, as these same noblemen are called, thinking no one is to have a crown on his carriage except them; for, to my thinking, all who can pay for it ought to have what they liked painted on their chaises.' 'And so you carried the point about the crown as you call it?' asked her son. 'To be sure I did,' replied the lady, triumphantly. 'And when the coachmaker asked me if I was a wife or a widow, saying that that made a difference, for if I was a widow, I must have the arms in a lozenge, I told him I'd have no such thing, for I couldn't abide lozenges, though they might be good for a cough, but that I'd have a sugar-cane painted instead, as 't was by sugar-canes I had come by my fortune. He stared like a stuck pig, and began to grin; but I told him I'd have no carriage from him unless he painted the crown and sugar-cane on it. Then he asked 'if I had no arms?'—'Why, are you blind, man?' said I, 'don't you see 'em?' and I held out mine, and then he grinned again, and I got angry. So says he, 'Madam, it is the general custom for widows to have their arms painted in a lozenge on their carriages, or else to have their cipher.'—I couldn't make head or tail out of all this; so then he asked me what was my name, and I told him Bessy Marsden. Then said he, 'I will put the letters B. M. under the crownnet,' I think he cal-

led it; 'but I once more beg leave to inform you, madam, that no ladies have a right to a crownnet except ladies of rank.' 'Right, or no right, I will have it,' says I. 'Yes,' interrupted her son, laughing loudly, 'and I told you before his face that the cipher B. M. would stand for Betty Martin; which, as your right to a coronet was all in my eye, would be very appropriate.' 'You need not remind me of your rudeness,' said Mrs. Marsden, 'for I remember it full well, and also how the coachmaker began to giggle at your speech. He must have thought you a nice dutiful son, that he must; but what would people say if they knew that ever since that day you seldom call me by any name but Betty Martin?' 'But you have not told us, mother, how Venus was dressed to take her seat on the box?' asked Mr. Marsden, winking at Mr. Seymour, who, disgusted at seeing his endeavours to turn his parent into ridicule, looked unusually grave and repulsive. 'She was dressed quite genteelly, I can tell you,' replied the lady. 'She wore a straw-coloured silk bonnet, with pink roses inside, a pea-green silk gown, a crimson China crape shawl, a pair of mosaic gold bracelets, and had a pink parasol in one hand, and a bright yellow reticule in the other.' 'Oh! ye gods, ye gods, hear this!' exclaimed Mr. Hercules Marsden; 'a straw-coloured bonnet with red roses, coming in delicate contact with a nigger's face; and, seated by this delectable creature, fancy Cupid in a flaxen wig, and sky-coloured and scarlet livery! Oh! I shall die with laughing at the mere notion;' and, suiting the action to the words, he indulged in the most uproarious mirth. 'And yet my mother sees nothing ridiculous in all this, and is astonished that the people laughed outright at every village and post-house they passed on their route.' 'How can you be so unfeeling as to laugh at what gave these poor faithful creatures pain?' said Mrs. Marsden. 'You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Hercules—that you ought. I'm sure I quite felt for them when they came whimpering to me, complaining at the inn where we stopped to dine, that while they were partaking their repast all the people of the house came around them laughing and giggling in their faces.'

Miss Mordaunt is dismissed by Mrs. Williamson, and when she "was on the point of leaving the house, she was surprised by a visit from Mrs. Marsden, who addressed her in the following words:—"So, you are going, miss—what's your name?—I never can recollect it." 'Mordaunt, madam,' said Clara, 'Well, you are turned away, I find,' resumed Mrs. Marsden. 'Mrs. Williamson is very angry, as well she may be; but, as I told her, it was not your fault if her husband chose to take a fancy to you, and a fancy he has taken to you, beyond all doubt; for, afraid of her as he generally is, he boldly took your part in my presence an hour ago, and declared you had never given him the least reason to suspect your virtue. 'Then why did she write to you?' asked, naturally enough, Mrs. Williamson. 'Because I had written to her,' replied he. 'What! you shocking, wicked man! you dare to acknowledge that you have written to her!' 'Yes, I prefer incurring your unjust anger,' said he, 'to concealing the truth, or allowing any misinterpretation to be given to the conduct of an innocent young woman.' Now this I thought very good-natured of him,' said Mrs. Marsden, *en parenthèse*, 'and very different from what my husband, poor dear Mr. Marsden, used to do; for whenever I found him out in his tricks, and that was, goodness knows, very often, he

always declared that he was an innocent man, but that it was those wicked jades, the young negresses on the plantation, that were always falling in love with him. Ah, bless my soul! how angry I used to be, and how many times I have been to the Obeah woman to procure fetich to punish those artful tempters of my poor husband. But all that is past and gone, and I now think so little about it, that I am even surprised poor Mrs. Williamson can be so angry at her husband falling in love with you.' 'Madam, I must entreat you to dismiss this erroneous impression from your mind,' interrupted Clara. 'Of course you deny it,' answered Mrs. Marsden; 'and as for me, I don't care a pin whether it be true or false.' Clara looked the astonishment she felt. 'Only,' resumed Mrs. Marsden, 'don't try to deceive me, for it's no kind of use; you won't get me to believe that a sensible man, like Mr. Williamson, who knows the value of money as well as any one, would send you a present if he was not in love with you. He swears you returned it immediately, and has even shewn his wife a letter in which he says you enclosed it; but she says this is a story got up between you to deceive her, and she won't believe a word of it.' Clara looked distressed and impatient, and was about to indignantly assert her own and Mr. Williamson's innocence, but Mrs. Marsden foiled the attempt by adding—'Don't interrupt me; it is perfectly immaterial to me, whether the story is true or false; what I wish to say is, that as you are dismissed from this situation, and are to be sent away without a character, I renew the offer I before made you through my son, and will take you as my companion, give you a good salary, good living, and not too much to do; and if you continue to please me, take you back with me to Jamaica when I return, where you may marry a rich planter, and become as well to do in the world as some of those who now turn up their noses at you. I liked you from the first; for, whatever people may say, I think you a pretty-behaved young person, and Hercules has taken such a fancy to you, that he has made a point of my engaging you.' 'This very circumstance, madam, did no other obstacle exist, would form an insurmountable one to my accepting your offer. To the continued persecution of your son do I owe the false and humiliating position in which I have found myself placed, ever since he commenced it; and I hardly expected, madam, to find you willing—nay anxious, to receive under your roof a young person towards whom you were aware your son entertained dishonourable sentiments and intentions.' 'How can you blame me for wishing to have under my roof a person whose presence there would induce my son to remain at home with me? If you were a mother, and of an only son, like my Hercules, you would not be surprised at this. Now, there's a good little pickaninny, don't be obtinate, but agree to come and live with us. Hercules will be in such a passion with me if you persist in refusing; and who knows to what rash act he may be driven! for the poor dear soul has not been used to have his wishes crossed.'

This is humorous enough, but we must be chary in our long extracts: here is a short one, and very characteristic of the man of business—the benevolent Abraham Jacob, who has saved our heroine from much evil:—

"I have caused (he tells her) the furniture of thy departed aunt to be sold, and have vested the produce in the three per cent funds, in thy name. Thou shalt see the account when thy health is re-established." 'O! I do not

require to see any account," exclaimed the still weeping Clara; "I am sure that all which you, my kind, my excellent friend, have done, is right." "Nay, maiden, but this is not wise, nor businesslike. Even between the dearest friends a strict examination of all pecuniary transactions should take place; for it satisfies both parties, and thou must acquire habits of business and circumspection. It was the want of these essentials, nay, these indispensables in business, I should say, that led to the ruin of thy poor father. He trusted to others, which served not them (for injudicious confidence seldom does), and lost himself. I require even my daughter Rachael to render me an account, every week, of all disbursements made through her; so that thou, who art even as another daughter unto me, seeing that thou hast no other earthly father, must become punctual and regular in all pecuniary transactions."

This is genuine *City*, and often much insisted upon on the eastern side of Temple Bar. It must be owned, most generally by the wealthier members; but, nevertheless, the principle is not amiss to be observed by all sorts of people, in trade and out of it.

Mrs. Vincent Robinson, with her patched-up publications, her toadies, and her follies, will, we fear, be recognised by most folks who move in the literary circles of the metropolis. Her grand *soirée* with the King of Oude, and his apposite and satirical remarks, is a scene which Hogarth might have painted. Her "I'd be a Sparrow" as a companion to "I'd be a Butterfly," is a "love" of a hit; but the whole is no less ludicrous than possible.

The perilous example of Lady Axminster, the glories of the Reward-hunting O'Leary, the gourmandism of the beastly Manwarrings, are all to the purpose and clever; and the invention of Ascot Heath for the winding up, is one of the best contrivances we ever met with for effecting that difficult point in a probable manner.

Altogether this is a lesson not to be lost on those who have families and *hirs* governesses. The application is somewhat biting, but if rightly understood, it will produce very beneficial effects.

1. *The Comic Almanack for 1840.* With Twelve Illustrations of the Months by G. Cruikshank. London, Tilt.
2. *The Weather Almanack for 1840.* By P. Murphy. Whittaker and Co.
3. *The New Explanatory, &c. Almanack.* By J. Rowbotham, F.R.A.S. Harvey and Darton.
4. *The Historical, Moral, and Weather Almanack.* Orr and Co.
5. *The New Weather Almanack, &c.* By Albert Kenchen. Groombridge.
6. *The Lunar Almanack.* By St. John Oxford. Painter.

If we are not now weatherwise, we must be otherwise; for here are predictions snow to set up a prophet even in his own country. And then, after foreseeing all the ways the wind shall blow,—all the tornadoes, breezes, airs, and zephyrs, which are to predominate over the twelve months of 1840, have we not George Cruikshank's laughing gas, which is always welcome, summer or winter, spring or autumn? In his this year's *Comic*, the story of the "Barber and his Family," raised to sudden wealth, is humorous and characteristic; and the twelve engravings which illustrate it, full of all the artist's humour. "A Drop-scene at the Opera;" "A finishing touch at Billiards;" "The Tournament;" "Notice to Quit;" "Overboarded

and Underlodged," are excellent: but all are good and laughable. As a piece of the "Literary," we shall only give "The Eglintoun Tournament," under the month of August:—

"Oh! that Ayr tournament in that *ere* shire;
With lots of gentlemen in male attire;
And many a Don and many an Skvire!
Took several days and lots of *knights* to mount;
And a great many pages to recount
Its deeds of glory—Chivalry their fount!
Though lances *staved* (and no wonder, for
'Twas cold and rainy), no sword flesh'd its hilt;
And we'd pass all unnoticed: but, O, lor!
We draw our own existence from a Tilt!"

Besides the principal embellishments we have noticed, every body is aware, for every body sees the *Comic*, that there are also headings to the months, little border cuts, and the grand hieroglyphic for the approaching year. The last being of a serious, mysterious, and highly important order, it becomes our duty (which, as loyal subjects and lovers of the fine arts, we perform with joy and alacrity) to lay it before the public. See, as the soothsayer (and in sooth he says well) tells us:—

"Now, high in the mid-heaven, behold *Albertus Sagittarius* as the Cupid Archer, driving his love-dart through the window of that constellatory hotel, known in great and little Britain by the sign of the *Virgo* and *Crown*. Behold the *Miss* is *hit*. This is portentous of Hymen; but other high men, lo! are typified in those dejected falling stars, pursuing their downward decadence from the court-yard of

the palatial Inn. Now, then, shall marriage spread wide its pinions among people of all opinions, and the cord of Concord shall be tied. See that gorgeous hecatomb of *hearts*, which the young *trump*, *Love*, fires and inspires with fame and flame. He, behold, is the rightful Duke of *Victoria*; *husbanding* his resources, and yet setting the tide of conquest through the world. Baby linen becomes shortly at a premium, and my art foresees a prevalence of *Sun* and *Air*! *Whirled* into fire, see the political *world*, and *ire* burst from the soil of *Ire*-land. In fancy, I behold the flames, now in *in*-fancy, mount and swell. Jack *Frost* sits melancholy mad, and burns his fingers by the blaze he essays to raise; but there are other *Jacks* that want *roasting*, which the courteous reader will *smoke*. The *broils* are not over; and though the fierceness of the fire of politics will not evaporate the Thames, yet, from Westminster to the Tower, it shall send forth a *missing noise*. But sit thou lightly on thy throne, *Victoria*! for the tumult shall be *tumultum in parvo*; and thy people, convinced that it was *infra dig*. to abandon the *spade* for the pike, and assume the habits of the *rake*, will leave the fields of speculation for those of agriculture; and their sons and daughters, emulating thy good example, will betake them to arts of *husbandry*, cast away their *divisions* for *multiplication*, and thus enjoy the Irish *sunshine* of a genial reign."



As the symbol of the greatest event in the month nearest to us,—for what is the meeting of parliament, or the dismissal of ministers, to the truck system and the dismissal of the dogs?—we here insert the "Jolly Dogs" of January 1st. From that era, and for a long season,

sausages, polonies, &c. &c. will, it is supposed, be cheaper;* and the office of the dog's-meat man a sinecure. They are almost mad with pleasure: not so the unhappy man who looks so scaly.



October has its bier, and is naturally devoted to "Medical Students," who are painted to the life—in London. Behold the scientific ragamuffins!—

* The fall in price, in consequence of railroads throwing so many post and stage-coach horses out of employ, did not last above seven months. See "Statistics of Europe," published by Google.



As samples of the side-blows, we find place for a fine conception of "Red Deer, after Landseer;" and the "Brougham Butterfly," a sweet piece of metempsychosis, after a late, we rejoice to add, most ground-less rumour.



With regard to our other friends, whose lucubrations head this notice, we have to state that—2. *Murphy Primus* sticks to his text. He insists upon it that his principles for calculating the weather and its changes are well founded, and only require time to carry them to a degree of perfection which will leave nothing more to be desiderated. 3. *Rowbotham's* is adapted for persons in trade, and useful in that respect. 4. *The Historical* is by the Marquess Moecati, and, if true, Heaven help the Whigs next year! 5. *The New Weather* is meteorological and Murphytic,—with what success, time must determine; and *The Lunar* follows in the same track with equal pretensions, though smaller bulk.

Upon the whole, one thing is evident to us; and it is, that if we pin our faith to these guides we shall be sure to be right: for if one fails us another will not; if one misses, another must (probably!) hit. For example, on New Year's Day, Cruikshank (funny fellow!) assures of nipping frosts and driving snows (thick-soled shoes and double hose); *Murphy*, is "Changeable;" *Moecati*, "Light fog and rain;" *Kenchen*, "Fair;" and *Oxford*, "Fine and dry." The odds, one in favour of its being one or t'other. February 1st is in the same succession of oracles (omitting Cruikshank): "Fair and frost;" "Overcast, light clouds;" "Hard frost;" and "Overcast, hazy, rain or sleet." March 1st—"Changeable;" "Rain and snow;" "Fair;" and "Cloudy, cold winds, and showers." April-fool day—"Changeable;" "Fine, and light clouds;" "Changeable;" and "Fair, partial showers." To conclude the year—"Hazy;" "Thick fog, and then frosty;" "Fair and frosty;" and "No settled frost, though very cold." And so good night to 1840 and its Almanacks.

Yet not quite:—*The One Sheet Sporting Almanack* (Baily and Co.) has since come to hand, with a clever head-piece of "Ascot new Stand" and the races. It is capably filled with all sorts of sporting intelligence for the ensuing year; and speaking of which, reminds us how much we have been pleased with a paper by Lord W. Lennox, giving an account of the origin and progress of the celebrated Goodwood races (at his brother's, the Duke of Richmond), in the December No. of the *Sporting Review*. What with that well-written article, and the contributions of the clever editor, "Craven,"

and the mighty Nimrod, this periodical flourishes highly.

The Landscape Gardening and Landscape Architecture of the late Humphrey Repton, Esq. &c.; with a Biographical Notice, Notes, &c. By J. C. Loudon, F.L.S. &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 619, with 253 Engravings on Wood. London, 1840. Longman and Co.

A WORK on landscape gardening, with the names of Repton and Loudon appended to it, cannot fail to arrest the attention of every one interested in the subject; and, in fact, the volume before us might almost be called a manual of the art.

Landscape gardening may be considered, to a certain extent, as one of our oldest arts; for as soon as mankind began to enclose land, the idea seems to have arisen of so decorating it as to distinguish it from the wild natural scenes that were as yet unappropriated. Thus landscape gardening, in its first stage, consisted in making the ground on which it was exercised as unlike nature as possible; and hence we have the hanging gardens of Babylon; the straight walks and endless fountains of the Athenians; and the geometric gardens and closely clipped trees of Pliny. It is true that some glimpses of a different taste presented themselves from time to time,—such as the gardens which Tacitus tells us were laid out for Nero, &c.,—but these appear to have been only dictated by caprice, and to have had very little effect on the great mass of mankind.

A taste for formal gardens thus generally prevailed from the earliest times of which we read till the commencement of the eighteenth century, when, in the reign of Anne, a new spirit seemed to spread itself abroad. This remarkable change is generally attributed to the ridicule thrown on the topiary art and its accessories, the formal walks and parterres of the geometric style, by the wits of the age; but the fact is, that its cause was more deeply seated. The face of the country was changed; straight woods, and the clipped hedges of enclosed fields, were to be found every where; and a formal garden presented only a miniature picture of the surrounding farm. An imitation of wild nature, such as was now rarely to be seen, became, therefore, the distinguishing mark of a pleasure-ground; and it became, also, a mark of wealth, as only the rich could afford to leave ground undivided into fields. This, then, was the real cause of the introduction of the natural style of landscape gardening; and its first professors, Kent, Brown, &c., instead of leading the public taste, only followed it.

It is the natural consequence of any sudden change, that its first professors should fall into extravagance: as when men become disgusted with any habits in which they have long indulged they rush as far from them as possible. This was pre-eminently the case with the first landscape gardeners, who practised the natural style; and the places they laid out bore about the same relation to the real perfection of the art, as prose run mad does to poetry. It is,

however, equally natural for all extravagance to cure itself in time; and about the period when Repton first began to practise the art of landscape gardening, the taste for it was sufficiently sobered down to allow him to shake off the trammels of precedent, to bring his own good sense and good taste into play. This then it is that renders the works of Repton so truly valuable to all who wish to study landscape gardening; and Mr. Loudon deserves the thanks of his compatriots for having put them in a cheap and accessible form.

Having said thus much of the nature and purport of the work, we have only to give an example of its style; and for this purpose we shall make a few extracts, taken almost at random, from its pages:—

"Where the ground naturally presents very little inequality of surface, a great appearance of extent is rather disgusting than pleasing, and little advantage is gained by attempts to let in distant objects; yet there is such infinite beauty to be produced by judicious management of the home scenery, as may well compensate the want of prospect. There is always great cheerfulness in a view on a flat lawn, well stocked with cattle, if it be properly bounded by a wood at a distance, neither too far off to lessen its importance, nor too near to act as a confinement to the scene, and which contributes also to break those straight lines that are the only causes of disgust in a flat situation. Uneven ground may be more striking as a picture, and more interesting to the stranger's eye; it may be more bold, or magnificent, or romantic, but the character of cheerfulness is peculiar to the plain."

"Vastness of extent will no more constitute greatness of character in a park, than a vast pile of differently coloured building will constitute greatness of character in a house. A park, from its vast extent, may perhaps surprise, but it will not impress us with the character of greatness and importance, unless we are led to those parts where beauty is shewn to exist, with all its interest, amidst the boundless range of undivided property."

The following observations will shew the good sense and good feeling of Mr. Repton, and how thoroughly he identified himself with the sentiments of those whose grounds he was employed to embellish:—

"In this country there will, I hope, for ever exist different orders and degrees of society, which most generally depend on the proportion of property, either inherited by individuals, or procured by fortune; and so long as such distinctions remain, it will be proper that the residence of each should be marked by such distinct characters as may not easily be mistaken. Before the introduction of modern gardening, there always existed a marked difference betwixt the residence of the landlord and that of his tenant, not only in the size and style of the house itself, but in that also of the land immediately adjoining. The importance of the mansion was supported by a display of convenience, rather than of beauty; and thus the hall-house was distinguished from the neighbouring cottage, not by the extent of lawn, or the variety of landscape, but the quantity of barns, stables, and offices, with which it was surrounded; and, as our ancestors thought a certain degree of gloom and confinement necessary to greatness, the views from the windows were confined by lofty walls, surrounding quadrangular courts, or the kitchen-garden, which being felt as an object of the greatest convenience, was deemed the properest object of sight from the principal apartments. This taste

in gardening continued long after the vaulted kitchen, the buttery-hatch, the carved cellar-door, and other internal marks of hospitable splendour had been banished by modern improvements in architecture. It is now acknowledged that gloom is not necessary to magnificence, that liberty is 'not incompatible with greatness, and that convenience is not the sole object of ornament; for though such things as are useful may occasionally be ornamental, it does not follow that ornaments must always be useful; on the contrary, many of those productions of the polite arts which are most admired, are now merely considered ornaments, without any reference to their original uses. This is confessedly the case with works of painting and sculpture (except in that inferior branch of each which relates to portraits), for whatever might be the original uses of pictures or statues, they are now only considered as ornaments, which, by their number and excellence, distinguish the taste, the wealth, and dignity of their possessors. To use these internal marks of distinction only, might be prudent in those countries where it would be dangerous to display any external ornaments of grandeur: but rank and affluence are not crimes in England; on the contrary, we expect to see a marked difference in the style, the equipage, and the mansions of wealthy individuals; and this difference must also be extended to the grounds in the neighbourhood of their mansions, since congruity of style and unity of character are amongst the first principles of good taste."

We shall now extract one of Mr. Loudon's notes, as a specimen of the manner in which that gentleman has executed his task. Mr. Repton had quoted with approbation Burke's assertion that "No work of art can be great, but as it deceives; to be otherwise, is the prerogative of nature alone." On this proposition Mr. Loudon observes:—

"This is, unquestionably, a false principle, though laid down by so great a master. It is possible, indeed, that Burke may have intended it to be taken in some sense which we do not clearly perceive; but whether we consider it as an isolated sentence, or take it in connexion with what goes before and after in the 'Essay on the Sublime,' &c., it appears to us alike false. A marble statue is a work of art, and one which all allow to be great; but in what respect does it deceive? If coloured so as to resemble nature, it might possibly 'deceive,' and be mistaken at a distance for a living being; but it would cease immediately to be admired as a work of art, and be looked on as an attempt to deceive the spectator, by making him believe it a work of nature. If, by the word 'great,' the idea of magnitude is intended, the principle appears to us to be equally false. The Doric columns at the London entrance to the Birmingham Railway, and St. Paul's Cathedral, are, undoubtedly, great objects—that is, objects of great magnitude; the columns are great as compared with other columns, and St. Paul's is great as compared with other churches; but surely they are not the less great to those who know their real height, than to those who are ignorant of it, or who imagine it to be greater than it is."

In conclusion, we have only to give our warm commendation to the getting up of the book and the execution of the wood-engravings; some of which, particularly those of the Pavilion at Brighton, are very beautiful.

CAPT. MARRYAT'S AMERICA.

Vols. III. and IV. Longman and Co.

THE nature and contents of this continuation

cannot be very accurately defined, from we late and hurried glance we have had of it; but its spirit may be partly guessed from the only extract we have been able to choose out of its varied pages. It is seldom we, of pacific dispositions, like to interfere in belligerent affairs, and especially in those in which our contemporaries may be engaged. There is, however, so much of pluck and bottom in the stand-up fight between Capt. Marryat and the "Edinburgh Review," that we fancy a peep at the fray will amuse and interest the reader, and the literary world in general, as much as it has done ourselves. The gloves are fairly off, and the set-to both vigorous and scientific. As bottle-holders, it is our office to afford the aid of a clear stage and no favour:—so we offer the following piece of hitting right and left; and hope our friend, Miss Martineau, will take example by us; and if she cannot bring the "Edinburgh," *alias* Auld Reeky, to the scratch again, act upon a hint, to be found in this paper, and give the Captain a sound towelling.

"The art of reviewing may be compared to French cookery; it has no medium—it must either be first-rate or it is worth nothing: nay, the comparison goes much further, as the attempt at either not only spoils the meat, but half poisons the guests. The fact is, good reviewing is of the highest order of literature, for a good reviewer ought to be superior to the party whose writings he reviews. Such men as Southey, Croker, and Lockhart, on the one side; Brougham, Fonblanque, and Rintoul, on the other, will always command respect in their vocations, however much they may be influenced by political feelings, or however little you may coincide with them in opinion. But, passing over these, and three or four more *cordons bleus*, what are reviewers in general? men of a degree of talent below that of the author whose works they presume to decide upon; the major portion of whom, having failed as authors, are possessed with but one feeling in their disappointment, which is to drag others down to their own debased level. To effect this, you have malevolence substituted for wit, and high-sounding words for sense; every paltry advantage is taken that can be derived from an intentional misrepresentation of your meaning, and (what is the great secret of all) from unfair quotations of one or two lines, carefully omitting the context—an act of unpardonable dishonesty towards the author, and but too often successful in misleading the reader of the 'Review.' By acting upon this last-mentioned system, there is no book, whatever its merits may be, which cannot be misrepresented to the public: a work espousing atheism may be made to appear wholly moral; or the Holy Scriptures themselves condemned as licentious and indecent. If such reviewing is fair, a jury may, upon a similar principle, decide upon a case by the evidence in favour of the prosecution; and beauty or deformity in architecture be pronounced upon by the examination of a few bricks taken out from different portions of a building. That, latterly, the public have been more inclined to judge for themselves, than to pin their faith upon reviews, is certain; nevertheless, when what is termed a 'slashing article' upon a popular work makes its appearance, the public are too apt to receive it without scrutiny. Satisfied with the general effect, as with that produced in a theatrical representation, they do not bear in mind that that which has the appearance of gold would prove, upon examination, to be nothing more than tinsel. Were all reviewers to be reviewed by authors, as well as all authors

by reviewers, the authors would have the best of it in the *mille*. Again, were reviewers obliged to put their names to their several articles, there would be a great difference in their style; but, secure in their incognito from the disgrace of exposure, they make no scruple to assert what they well know to be false, and, coward-like, to assail those who have seldom an opportunity, whatever may be their power, to defend themselves. Never, perhaps, was there a better proof of the truth of the foregoing observations than is afforded by the article in the 'Edinburgh Review' upon the first portion of my work on America; and as I have some pages to spare, I shall now take the unusual liberty of reviewing the reviewer. First, let me introduce to the public the writer of the article—Miss Harriet Martineau. My readers may inquire how I can so positively make this assertion? I reply, that it is owing to my 'craft.' A person who has long dealt in pictures will, without hesitation, tell you the name of the painter of any given work: a shepherd with a flock of three or four hundred sheep under his charge will know every one of them individually, although to people in general one sheep is but the counterpart of the others. Thus, there are little varieties of style, manner, and handling of the pen, which become evident to practised writers, although they are not always so to readers. But even if these peculiarities were not sufficient, the manner in which the article is managed (the remarks of Miss Martineau upon the merits of Miss Martineau), in my mind establishes conviction, that the major portion of the article, if not the whole, has proceeded from her pen. This is a matter of no consequence; and I only mention it that my readers may understand why Miss Martineau, who forms so prominent a feature in the Edinburgh article, will also occasionally appear in mine. My reply, however, is not addressed to her, but to the Edinburgh reviewer. I have no doubt the reviewer will most positively deny that Miss Martineau had any thing to do with the review of my work: that of course. With his permission, I will relate a little anecdote. "When the Royal George went down at Spithead, an old gentleman, who had a son on board, was bewailing his loss. His friends came to console him. 'I thought,' observed one of them, 'that you had received a letter?' 'Yes,' replied the old gentleman, 'but it was from Jack himself.' 'Well, what more would you have?' 'Ah,' replied the old gentleman, 'had it been from the captain, or from one of his messmates, or, indeed, from any body else, it would have consoled me; but Jack—he is such an incorrigible liar, that his very assertion that he is safe, convinces me that he has gone to the bottom.' Now, my opinion of the veracity of the 'Edinburgh Review' may be estimated by the above anecdote; the very circumstance of its denial would, with me, be sufficient to establish the fact. But to proceed. The 'Review' has pronounced the first portion of my work to be light and trifling, and full of errors; it asserts that I have been hoaxed by the Americans; that I am incapable of sound reasoning; cannot estimate human nature; and, finally, requests as a favour that I will write no more. Such are the general heads of the 'Review.' Now, here we have a strange inconsistency, for why should the 'Edinburgh Review,' if the work be really what he asserts it to be, 'light and trifling,' &c., waste so much powder and shot upon a tomtit? Why has he dedicated twenty-seven pages of ponderous verbosity to so light

and trifling a work? How seldom is it that the pages of the 'Quarterly' or 'Edinburgh' condescend to notice even the very best of light literature! Do they not, in their majesty, consider it *infra dig.* to review such works, and have not two or three pages bestowed upon them been considered as immense favour on their part, and a high compliment to the authors? Notwithstanding which, we have here twenty-seven pages of virulent attack upon my light and trifling work. Does not the Edinburgh reviewer at once shew that the work is not light and trifling? Does he not contradict his own assertions, by the labour and space bestowed upon it? Nay, more, is it not strange that he should think it necessary to take the unfair advantage of reviewing a work before it is half finished, and pounce upon the first portion, with the hopes of neutralising the effects which he evidently dreads from the second. I will answer the question for him. He indulges in his precipitate and unmeasured attacks, because he feels that the work is written in a style that will induce every one to read it; because he feels assured that the occasional, and apparently careless hits at democracy, are only preparatory to others more severe, and that these will come out in the second part, which will be read with as much avidity as the first. He perceives the drift of the work; he feels that it has been purposely made amusing, and that it will be more injurious to the cause which the 'Edinburgh Review' upholds than a more laboured treatise; that those who would not look at a more serious work will read this, and that the opinions it contains will be widely disseminated, and impressed without the readers being aware of it; moreover, that it will descend to a class of readers who have hitherto been uninformed upon the subject: in short, he apprehends the greater danger to his cause from the work having, as I have said, been made amusing, and from its being in appearance, although not in reality, 'light and trifling.' I candidly acknowledge that the reviewer is right in his supposition: my great object has been to do serious injury to the cause of democracy. To effect this, it was necessary that I should write a book which should be universally read—not merely by the highly educated portion of the community, for they are able to judge for themselves; but read by every tradesman and mechanic; pored over even by milliners' girls, and boys behind the counter, and thumbed to pieces in every petty circulating library. I wrote the work with this object, and I wrote accordingly. Light and trifling as it may appear to be, every page of it (as I have stated) has been the subject of examination and deliberation: it has given me more trouble than any work I ever wrote; and, my labour having been so far crowned with success, I trust that I shall have 'done the state some service.'* The review in the 'Edinburgh' will neither defeat nor obstruct my purpose, as that publication circulates chiefly among those classes who have already formed their opinions; and I have this advantage over it, that, as for one that reads the 'Edinburgh Review,' fifty will read my work; so will fifty read my reply who will never trouble themselves about the article in the 'Edinburgh Review.' And now let us enter a little into detail. The reviewer finds great fault with my introduction, as being

wholly irrelevant to the 'Diary' which follows it. I admit, that if it were an introduction to the 'Diary' alone, there then would be some justice in his remark. But such is not the case: an introduction is, I believe, generally understood to refer to the whole of the work, not a portion of it; and now that the work is complete, I leave it to the public to decide whether the introduction is suitable or not, as bearing upon the whole. I believe, also, it is the general custom to place an introduction at the commencement of a work; I never heard of one being introduced into the middle or at the end of it. The fault, therefore, of its imputed irrelevancy is not mine: it is the reviewer's, who has thought proper to review the work before it was complete. He quotes me, as saying, 'Captain Marryat's object was to examine and ascertain what were the effects of a democratic form of government upon a people which, with all its foreign admixture, may still be considered as English;' and then, without waiting till I have completed my task, he says, that the present work 'has nothing, or next to nothing, to do with such an avowal.' Whether such an assertion has anything to do with the work now that it is completed, I leave the public to decide. The reviewer has no excuse for this illiberal conduct, for I have said, in my Introduction, 'In the arrangement of this work, I have considered it advisable to present to the reader first, those portions of my 'Diary' which may be interesting, and in which are recorded traits and incidents which will bear strongly upon the commentaries I shall subsequently make;' notwithstanding which, the reviewer has the mendacity to assert that, 'not until the last paragraph of the last volume, does he learn for the first time that the work is not complete.' I will be content with quoting his own words against him,—'A habitual storyteller prefers invention to description.' The next instance of the reviewer's dishonesty is, his quoting a portion of a paragraph and rejecting the context. He quotes, 'I had not been three weeks in the country before I decided upon accepting no more invitations, charily as they were made;' and upon this quotation he founds an argument that, as I did not enter into society, I could of course have no means of gaining any knowledge of American character or the American institutions. Now, if the reviewer had had the common honesty to finish the paragraph, the reason why I refused the invitations would have been apparent; 'because I found that, although invited, my presence was a restraint upon the company, and every one was afraid to speak.' Perhaps the sagacity of the reviewer will explain what information I was likely to gain from people who would not open their mouths. Had he any knowledge of the Americans, he would admit, that they never will venture to give their opinions in the presence of each other; it was not that they were afraid of me, but of each other, as M. Tocqueville has very truly pointed out in his work. Moreover, I have now, for the first time, to learn that the best way of arriving at the truth is to meet people who are on their guard, and whose object is to deceive. There is a malevolent feeling in the assertion, that I have treated all other previous writers on America with contempt; and here again he intentionally quotes falsely. My words are 'the majority of those who have preceded me.' As nearly as I can reckon, there have been about fifty works published on America, out of which there are not ten which deserve attention; and the ample quotations I have made

from M. Tocqueville, Captain Hamilton, and others, in corroboration of my own opinions, fully evince the respect I have for their writings. In fact, the whole article is a tissue of falsehood and misrepresentation, and so weak that hardly one of its positions is tenable. Can any thing be more absurd, or more shallow, than to quote the Mississippi scheme and Mr. Law as a proof that the French are, as well as the English and Americans, a speculative nation: one solitary instance of a portion of the French having, about sixty or seventy years ago, been induced to embark their capital, is brought forward, while the abject supineness of the French population of Lower Canada, in juxtaposition with the energy and enterprise of the Americans, has for half a century stared us in the face! The reviewer has the kindness repeatedly to inform me that I have been hoaxed by the Americans, and, most unfortunately for himself, he has brought forward the 'Original Draft of the Declaration of Independence' as a proof of it. That he would be very glad to prove it to be a hoax, I believe; as it is a sad discovery, and one which the American democrats should have kept secret. That the Americans did hoax Miss Martineau, and that they would have hoaxed me if they could, I admit; but even the reviewer must acknowledge that they would not hoax themselves. Now it so happens, that this document, which has not long been discovered, is in the splendid public library of Philadelphia: it has been carefully preserved in a double plateglass frame, so as to be read on both sides without handling; it is expensively mounted, and shewn to every visitor as a great curiosity, as it certainly is, the authenticity of it being undeniable, and acknowledged by the Americans. The paragraph which was expunged is verbatim as I gave it—a paragraph which affords more proof, if further proof were necessary, that Jefferson was one of the most unprincipled men who ever existed. The reviewer recommends my perusal of the works of this 'great and good man,' as Miss Martineau calls him. I suspect that I have read more of Mr. Jefferson and other American authors than ever the reviewer has; and I consider the writings of this Father of Democracy, opposed to his private life, to be a remarkable type of democracy in theory and in practice. To borrow a term from the reviewer, those writings are 'brave words,' to proceed from an infidel, who proved his ardent love of liberty by allowing his own children to be put up to auction at his death, and wear away their existence in misery and bondage. I cannot help here observing a trifling inconsistency on the part of the reviewer. After lauding the Father of Democracy, and recommending me to read his works; after sneering at our aristocracy, by observing, 'that no kind of virtue that we have heard of can suffer much from the loss of a court and of a hereditary nobility;' after, in short, defending and upholding democracy in every page, all of a sudden the reviewer turns round and says, 'We are no general admirers of democracy.' Indeed! if not general, you certainly appear to be particular admirers; and if neither general nor particular, may I inquire what the 'Edinburgh Review' has been frothing, fizzing, hissing, and bubbling about, like a tea-kettle in a passion, for these last twenty years? Never was there a more convincing proof of the boldness and arrogance which reviewers (trusting to the irresponsibility arising from their concealment) assume, than is afforded by the following passage in the Edinburgh article:—'An ardent pursuit of wealth and deep

* "A very acute reviewer has observed of my first portion, that there always appeared as if there was something left behind and not told. He was right; I have edited into every subject just as deeply as I dared to venture, without wearying the class of readers for whom, although not avowedly, yet in reality, the work has chiefly been written. The second portion will, therefore, be found almost as light and trifling as the first."

religious feelings go very well together.' It is not for me to reply to the reviewer in this instance; I must hand him over to higher authority. I must oppose the everlasting doctrines of inspiration to the cold, heartless, and arrogant philosophy of an Edinburgh reviewer. In vain are we again and again forewarned in the Scriptures against the love of money; in vain has our Saviour denounced it; in vain have the apostles followed in his steps. Let the reviewer, if he ever has looked into the Bible, refer to the epistles to the Colossians and to the Ephesians. St. Paul declares that covetousness is idolatry. Hear also what he saith to Timothy: 'But they that wish to be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition.' 'For the love of money is the root of all evil.' Our Divine Master is even more explicit, for he says: 'No servant can serve two masters; for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and Mammon.' Thus says our Lord—now hear the Edinburgh reviewer: 'An ardent pursuit of wealth and deep religious feelings go very well together.' Here the Edinburgh reviewer has placed himself on the horns of a dilemma. The Holy Writings assert most positively and repeatedly one thing, while he asserts another. If, therefore, he acknowledge the Scriptures, he must at the same time acknowledge his own grievous error, and, I may add, his deep sin: if, on the contrary, he still hold to his own opinion, hath he not denied his faith, and is he not worse than an infidel? The reviewer sneers at my observation, that 'Washington had no power to control the nature of man.' It may be, as he observes, a very simple remark; but, at all events, it has one advantage over his own, which is, that it is a very true one. Miss Martineau makes an observation in her book, which is quite as great a truism as mine; for she also says that 'Human nature is the same every where.' How far I have succeeded in my analysis of human nature it is not for me to decide; but that it is the same every where I will now venture to support by something more than assertion on the part of Miss Martineau. When I was at Boston, in company with some of the young ladies, the conversation turned upon Miss Martineau, with whom they stated that they had been intimate. Naturally anxious to know more of so celebrated a personage, I asked many questions. I was told much to interest me, and, among other little anecdotes, they said that Miss Martineau used to sit down surrounded by the young ladies, and amuse them with all the histories of her former loves. She would detail to them, 'how Jack sighed and squeezed her hand; how Tom went down on his knees; how Dick swore and Sam vowed; and how—she was still Miss Martineau.' And thus would she narrate and they listen until the sun went down, and the fire-fly danced, while the frogs lifted up their voices in full concert. And I said to myself, 'Who would have supposed that this Solon in petticoats would ever have dwelt upon her former days of enthusiasm and hope, or have cherished the reminiscences of love? How true it is that human nature is the same every where.' Once more: I was conversing with a lady at New York, who informed me that she had seen a letter from Miss M., written to a friend of hers, after her return to England, in which Miss M. declared that her door was so besieged with the carriages of the nobility,

that it was quite uncomfortable, and that she hardly knew what to do. Thinks I to myself I recollect an old story. 'Oh! grandmother,' cried Tom, running in; out of breath, 'there's at least a thousand cats in our garden.' 'No, no, Tom,' quickly replied the old lady; 'not a thousand, Tom.' 'Well, I'm sure there's five hundred.' 'No, nor five hundred,' replied the old lady, not taking her eyes off her knitting. 'Well, then, grandmother, I'm sure there's fifty.'—'I don't think there are fifty, Tom.' 'Well, at all events, there's our cat and another.' 'Ah! Tom,' replied the old lady, 'that may be.' I believe that the carriage of Lord Brougham is occasionally to be seen at the door of Miss Martineau. But when I heard this I was pleased, for I said to myself, 'So, then, this champion of democracy—this scorner of rank and title, is flattered by the carriages of the nobility crowding at her door;' and, again I said to myself, 'Human nature is the same every where.' But the reviewer, in his virulence, has not been satisfied with attacking me; he has thought it necessary to libel the whole profession to which I have the honour to belong. He has had the folly and impertinence to make the following remark: 'No landsemen can have been on board of a ship a week, without coming to the conclusion that a sensible house-dog is more like the people he has left at home than most of his new companions, and that it (the house-dog) would be nearly as capable of solving problems on national character.' Indeed!! Is it possible that the reviewer should still remain the dupe of such a vulgar error! That at one time it was the custom to send to sea the fool of the family, is certain, and had the reviewer flourished in those days, he would probably have been the one devoted to the service—but *tempora mutantur*. Is the reviewer aware that one-half, and certainly the most successful half, of English diplomacy, is now carried on by the admirals and captains, not only in the Mediterranean, but all over the world. Is he aware that when the Foreign Office wishes to do its work cheaply and well, it demands a vessel from the Admiralty, which is made over to that office, and is set down as employed on 'particular service:' that during that service the captain acts from instructions given by the Foreign Office alone, and has his cabin piled with voluminous documents; and that, like the unpaid magistracy of England, we sailors do all the best of the work, and have nothing but our trouble for our pains. Nay, even the humble individual who pens this remonstrance was for months on this very service, and, when it was completed, the Foreign Office expressed to the Admiralty its satisfaction at his conduct during his short diplomatic career. House-dogs! Hear this, ye public of England! A sensible house-dog is to be preferred to St. Vincent, Nelson, Collingwood, Exmouth, and all those great men who have aided their country as much with their pen as with their sword; as much by their acuteness and firmness in diplomacy as by their courage and conduct in action. Now, Mr. Reviewer, don't you feel a little ashamed of yourself? Would you really like to give up your name as the author of this barefaced libel? Would you like openly to assert that such is your opinion, and that you will stand by it? No liberal, high-minded man, whatever his politics may have been, has ever refused to do justice to a service which has been the bulwark of England. Lord Brougham has lately published a work containing the lives of celebrated persons in the reign of George III.; I will just quote a few passages from his life of

Lord St. Vincent: 'The present sketches would be imperfect if Lord St. Vincent were passed over in silence, for he was almost as distinguished among the statesmen, as the warriors of the age. A statesman of profound views and of penetration, hardly equalled by any other man of his time. But the consummate vigour and wisdom of his proceedings during the dreadful period of the mutiny, are no less a theme of wonder and of praise. When the Addington ministry was formed, he was placed at the head of the Admiralty; and now shone forth in all its lustre that great capacity for affairs with which he was endowed by nature, and which ample experience of men, habits of command, and an extended life of deep reflection, had matured. The capacity of a statesman and the valour of a hero, outshone by the magnanimous heart which beats only to the measures of generosity and justice.' Here, again, the reviewer is in what the Yankees would call an 'everlasting awkward fix;' for he contradicts Lord Brougham, the patron and sole supporter of his fast-waning Review, without the aid of whose admirable pen, it would long ago have gone to its proper place. He must now either admit that he is himself wrong, or that it is Lord Brougham who is in error. He has but to choose. I have but one more remark to make upon the review itself. At the close of it the reviewer observes, that my remarks upon the marine are interesting and useful. How does he know? Upon his own argument, if we house-dogs are not competent upon shore matters, he must be equally ignorant of any thing connected with our profession; and I therefore consider it a piece of unpardonable presumption on the part of a land-lubber like him to offer any opinion on the subject. The reviewer, whoever it may be, has proved himself wholly incompetent to his task. He has attacked, but has yet to learn the art of parrying, as has been proved by his laying himself so open. His blows have been stopped, and, without giving, he has received severe punishment. I am the more surprised at this, as I really considered that there was a certain tact in the 'Edinburgh Review,' which enabled it to know where to direct the blow so as to make it tell; a species of professional knowledge proper to executioners, reviewers, and cab-drivers, and which may be summed up in the following axiom: 'The great art of flogging is, to know where to find a bit of raw.' So little have I felt the castigation intended, that I have had some compunction in administering this discipline to the reviewer in return. Surely the 'Edinburgh Review' can put a better head on when it takes notice of this second portion of my work? I will give it an anecdote. A lady of my acquaintance was blessed with a son, then about three years old. She was very indulgent, and he was very much spoiled. At last he became so unmanageable that she felt it was her imperative duty to correct him. She would as soon have cut off her right arm, but that would not have mended the matter nor the child. So one day, when the young gentleman had been more than usually uproarious, she pulled up his petticoats and administered what she considered a most severe infliction. Having so done, with a palpitating heart she sat down to recover herself, miserable that she had been compelled to punish, but attempting to console herself with the reflection that she had done her duty. What, then, was her surprise to have her reveries interrupted by the young urchin, who (appearing only to have been tickled) came up to her, and laying down his head on her lap,

pulled up his coats, and cried, 'More whipping, ma; please, more whipping.' So weak has been the wrist, whether it be feminine or not, that has applied the punishment, that I also feel inclined to exclaim with the child, 'More whipping (Miss Martineau?), please; more whipping.' The reviewer has pronounced, that 'no author is cleverer than his works.' If no author be cleverer than his works, it is equally certain that no reviewer is cleverer than his review. Does the reviewer recollect the fable of the jackass who put on the lion's skin? Why did he not take warning from the fabled folly of his ancestor, and hold his tongue? He might still have walked about and have been supposed to be a reviewer. He asserts that I am not capable of serious reflection. He is mistaken. I have seldom cut the leaves of the 'Edinburgh,' having been satisfied with looking at its outside, and thinking how very appropriate its colours of blue and yellow were to the opinions which it advocates. But at times I have been more serious. I have communed with myself as it lay before me, and I have mentally exclaimed, 'Here is a work written by men whom the Almighty has endowed with talents, and who will, if there be truth in Scripture, have to answer for the talents committed to their keeping; yet these men, like madmen, throw about fire, and cry it is only in sport. They uphold doctrines as pernicious as, unfortunately, they are popular; disseminate error under the most specious guise; wage war against the happiness of their fellow-creatures, unhinging society, breeding discontent, waving the banner of infidelity and rebellion, and inviting to anarchy and bloodshed. To such prostitution of talent to this work of the devil, they are stimulated by their pride and their desire of gain!' And I have surmised that hereafter they will have their reward; but, remembering that we are forbid to judge, I have checked my thoughts as they have turned upon what might hereafter be the portion below of an Edinburgh Reviewer."

Hood's Tour up the Rhine. London, 1840.
—Baily and Co.

INSTEAD of his usual "Comic Annual," our facetious friend has this year produced, by way of variety, a trip up the Rhine. Not that such a trip is a novelty in our literature—far from it; but, as in all his performances, Hood has treated it in a manner different from his precursors, or rather pre-steampers, and given us new character and remark, though upon the old scenes. The book is after the fashion of "Humphrey Cliker," in a series of letters from the Rhenish party, consisting of a hypochondriac uncle, with dying twinges every day, yet living prettily merrily on and on; a widowed aunt, who cannot forget her poor dead husband George, yet attends tolerably to all common matters; her maid, a Winifred Jenkins; and Frank Somerville, the Nepos of the drama, a clever, observant, and well-educated young man.

Having only a portion of the publication before us (and Captain Marryat's lesson in our eye, see a preceding page), we shall not deliver a critical opinion upon this work, and only observe that it is full of those originalities which mark all the author's publications. The sketch of the hypochondriac is a fair example of this:—

"As jovial a man, between his paroxysms, as you shall find in a chimney-corner; the next moment, he sees a coffin, as the superstitious call it, fly out of the fire, and fancies

his death-watch standing on the domestic hearth. But, as Shakspeare says, 'A man dies many times before his death,' and my uncle is certainly no exception to the canon. On an average he has three or four attacks a-week,—so that at the end of the year his 'dying moments' would probably amount to a calendar month, and his 'last words' to an octavo volume. As you may suppose, it is sometimes difficult to preserve one's gravity during such solemn leave-takings at Death's door, at which you know he is only giving a runaway knock. Like the boy in the fable, he has cried 'Wolf!' too often for those about him seriously to believe that the destroyer is at hand; though, at the same time, being thoroughly in earnest himself, and long habit and frequent rehearsals having made him quite at home in the part, he performs it so admirably and naturally, that even his familiars are staggered, and look on and listen with a smile and a tear. As yet I have never seen the stranger who was not horrified by what appeared so sudden a visitation, as well as edified by the manly fortitude, good sense, and Christian spirit, with which the victim invariably prepares for his departure. He has made his will, of course; and I verily believe every member of the family has his instructions for his funeral by heart. Amongst other memorials, there is an old family watch, nick-named, *entre nous*, the Death-watch, which he has solemnly presented to me, his unworthy nephew, a hundred times over. On such occasions, I always seriously accept the gift, but take care to leave it about on some shelf or table in the way of the owner; who, when the qualm is over, quietly fobs the time-piece, without any remark on either side, and Nunky, Nevy, and Watch, go on as usual till another warning."

The "Voyage across to Rotterdam" is very amusing, though scarcely over-nice in some of the images conjured up; and the accounts of the places visited and the incidents connected with them, as impressed on the different minds of the four correspondents, are also entertaining, and spiced with a number of those quaint terms which are so peculiarly Hoodish. But before copying a few of them we shall submit a sample song:—

"Ye tourists and travellers, bound to the Rhine,
Provided with passport, that requisite docket,
First listen to one little whisper of mine—
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!
Don't wash or be shaved—go like hairy wild men,
Play dominoes, smoke, wear a cap and smock-frock it;
But if you speak English, or look it, why then
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!
You'll sleep at great inns, in the smallest of beds,
Find charges as apt to mount up as a rocket,
With thirty per cent as a tax on your heads—
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!
You'll see old Cologne,—not the sweetest of towns,—
Wherever you follow your nose you will shock it;
And you'll pay your three dollars to look at three crowns:
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!
You'll count Seven Mountains, and see Roland's Eck,
Hear legends venacious as any by Crockett;
But oh! to the tone of romance what a check—
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!
Old castles you'll see on the vine-covered hill,—
Fine ruins to rivet the eye in its socket—
Once haunts of baronial basillit,—and still
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!
You'll stop at Coblenz, with its beautiful views,
But make no long stay with your money to stock it;
Where Jews are all Germans, and Germans all Jews,
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!
A fortress you'll see, which, as people report,
Can never be captured, save famine should block it;
Ascend Ehrenbreitstein—but that's not their forte,
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!
You'll see an old man who'll let off an old gun,
And Lurley, with her hurly-burly, will mock it!
But think that the weeds of the echo thus run—
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!"

You'll gaze on the Rheingau, the soil of the vine!
Of course you will freely Moselle it and Hock it—
Perhaps purchase some pieces of Humberghem wine—
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

Perchance you will take a frisk off to the baths,
Where some to their heads hold a pistol and cock it;
But still mind the warning, wherever your paths,
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

And friendships you'll swear most eternal of pacts,
Change rings, and give half to be put in a locket;
But still, in the most sentimental of acts,
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

In short, if you visit that stream, or its shore,
Still keep at your elbow one caution to keep it;
And where Schindlerhannes was robber of yore,
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!"

We now subjoin specimens of the morsels that enliven the narrative:—

"At Cologne," writes the uncle, "I have seen the famous cathedral, which is a fine building, but not half finished, and as such, an uncomfortable sight, for it looks like a broken promise to God.

On my way home, I looked in at several Catholic places of worship. In most of them service was going on, in which I joined; for, although it was in a foreign tongue, I felt it was in praise of the Almighty, just as well as I knew that the music was a psalm tune, and not a jig. Thank God, Popery is none of my bugbears. I am not like old Mrs. Twisleton of Beckenham, who never closed her eyes for a week after Catholic Emancipation, for fear of being converted in her sleep."

His report of a John Bull fellow-traveller:—
"At last I fairly expected to see him go into convulsions like a mad dog, for he got a sprinkle of the holy water on his coat-sleeve, but he brushed it off in as great a hurry as if it had been drops of vitriol. 'Renounce me,' says he, 'if I can put up with it!' and off he flounced into the aisle, which only made matters worse. 'Here's more of their humbug,' says he, pointing up at a black board that was hung to a pillar, and covered all over with little legs, and arms, and hands, and feet, in wax-work. 'All miraculous cures, of course,' says he; 'but mayhap, sir, you believe in miracles?' I don't, and no more did my father before me; and what's more, sir, he wouldn't have knelt down with a Papist on the same pavement—he wouldn't to save his soul."

German Punctuality.—"Remark on this subject to an English gentleman on board, he told me the following anecdote in point:—"During a temporary residence," said he, "at Mayence, I made a slight acquaintance with one of the inhabitants, of the name of Klopp. He had much of the honesty and conscientiousness attributed to his countrymen; and, though in practice a plain, straightforward, matter-of-fact person, was nevertheless addicted, like Germans in general, to abstruse studies. Subsequently, for the sake of the baths, I shifted my quarters to Ems, and was one morning sitting at breakfast, when a rapping at the door announced a visitor, and in walked Herr Klopp. After the usual compliments, I inquired whether he had come to Ems for pleasure merely, or on account of his health? 'For neither,' replied the honest German: 'my errand is to you; and I shall return home directly I have paid off a little debt.' I was not aware, I told him, that we had any pecuniary transactions whatever. 'No,' replied Herr Klopp, 'not in money; but if you remember, on such a day (giving me the day and date) we passed each other on the Mayence Bridge. I had recently been reading Fichte, and my head was full of speculations; so that, though conscious of your howling to me, I omitted to return your salute. It is true that I recollected myself in the cattle-

market, and indeed pulled off my bat, but that hardly satisfied my conscience. So the end is, I have come to acquit myself of the debt: and here it is —' And, will you believe it, sir? with all the gravity of a Prussian sentry pre-

senting arms, the scrupulous German paid me up the salute in arrears!"

It is so difficult, however, to pick out these plums and currants, that we must leave the rest in the pudding; and only noticing that a

romance of Bonn in prose, a legend of a knight and a dragon in verse, and other miscellanies, are introduced, finish by giving our spectatorial readers a view of some of the capers cut by Hood in the wood way.



"The First of March."



"Cavallers and Roundheads."



"The Poms and Vanities of this wicked World."

Elements of Natural Philosophy; being an Experimental Introduction to the Study of the Physical Sciences. By Golding Bird, M.D. F.L.S. F.G.S. &c. &c. Pp. 407. London, 1839. Churchill.

To the letters which are appended to his name on this title-page, and which shew Dr. Golding Bird's connexion with science, as well as his professional distinctions; his vice-presidency of the Westminster Medical Society, lectureship on natural philosophy at Guy's Hospital, and being physician to the Finsbury Dispensary, indicate an active and useful life, and a thorough practical acquaintance with the various important subjects to which he has dedicated his talents in this admirable volume. That it teaches us the elements of the entire circle of natural philosophy in the clearest and most perspicuous manner is only a just portion of its praise, for there is not a division of this circle which it does not elucidate so ably, as to make us feel we have been informed of nearly all that can be told, to the very latest improvements, theories, and discoveries, touching the many interesting inquiries which occupy the attention of the scientific world. Light, magnetism, dynamics, meteorology, electricity, &c. &c., are all briefly discussed, or rather we should say axiomatically set before us, in such simple forms, and so forcible a way, that we cannot help understanding them, their action, their laws, their operation, and the remarkable phenomena by which they are accompanied or signified. Not only as a class-book therefore,—as a volume of useful and beautiful instruction for the young,—but as a work of general value to both sexes and all ages, we cordially recommend this *Experimental Introduction* as one which ought to be in the hands of every individual who desires to taste the pleasures of divine philosophy, and obtain a competent knowledge of that creation in which they live, move, and have their being. It is indeed a production which cannot be over-estimated, and does infinite honour to the comprehensive acquirements and instructive talent of Dr. Golding Bird.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Meeting preparatory to the Assembly of the British Association in Glasgow.

ON Saturday last, a meeting of the inhabitants was held in the Town-Hall, for the purpose of hearing the report of the deputation sent to Birmingham to invite the British Association to hold its next meeting in Glasgow, and to make arrangements for the reception of the members of the Institution. The Lord Provost was called to the chair, and the meeting, though not a numerous one, was highly respectable in point of character.

Mr. Strang proceeded to give a detail of the proceedings which had already taken place, with a view of obtaining for Glasgow the honour of receiving a meeting of the Association [which we need not repeat].

Mr. Leadbetter, as one of the deputation who had proceeded to Birmingham, stated, that upon him had been imposed the duty of urging the claims of Glasgow to receive the honour of a meeting of the Association. He had represented to the Committee the importance of Glasgow as a great commercial and manufacturing city; urging that, in point of population, it was the second town in the British empire; it was situated in a rich mineral district, affording an ample and most interesting field for the inquiries of the geologist; it was placed on an estuary which had witnessed the early triumphs of steam navigation; and it was the site of an ancient University, many of whose professors were favourably known to the world, and had contributed largely to the march of literature and science; and, in fine, there was no town in the kingdom where the British Association would realise more readily and decidedly the object for which it was instituted than in Glasgow, viz. the advancement of science. Further, he stated, that he could ensure to the Association a kind and most hospitable welcome. The deputation having been heard, the Marquess of Northampton rose, and moved that the British Association should hold its next meeting in

Glasgow, on Thursday, the 17th September, 1840; and this motion having been seconded, was carried unanimously. These were the details connected with their mission to Birmingham; but as the present meeting had assembled for the purpose of making the necessary preparations for the reception of that body in this city, he would beg to state, in connexion with it, that as a citizen of Glasgow he felt interested, not only in its prosperity, but in its reputation. The cordial manner in which the British Association had been received in all the cities and towns at which it had held its meetings was known to every one; and he was aware that, on the approaching occasion, the meeting was expected to be the largest that had yet been held, bringing together at least two thousand of the most illustrious men connected with literature and science, not only from England, but from the Continent of Europe. He, therefore, did feel anxiety that the reception of these gentlemen should be such as became the greatness, the intelligence, and famed hospitality of the city. They were now met to prepare for that reception, and certainly it would not be realised in the manner they wished, or in the manner which would be creditable to them, unless a portion of the community were ready to be at a little trouble and expense in forwarding the preliminary arrangements. It was true that a portion of the press had made an attempt to deprecate the value of these meetings, and to cast ridicule upon them. He had attended some of their meetings, and glanced at their reports, and he had no hesitation in saying, that but for the existence and efforts of the British Association, many matters most interesting and important to science would never have been gone into or opened up. They had induced government to fit out an expedition, having for its object researches of the most important nature; and they had also induced the government to institute magnetic observations in different parts of the world. To deny the value of the Association, was equal to asserting that men like Herschel, Buckland, Faraday,

Arago, and Humboldt, would countenance a society which was useless; or it was equal to asserting that the presence of these men was not capable of exerting a most exalted and beneficial effect upon the public mind. He would say that it was impossible for any man of aspiring mind to take part in these meetings, without being benefited in all that gives dignity and elevation to our nature. He hoped, therefore, that the same feeling would animate the public mind of Glasgow, and that this meeting would reflect credit and honour upon the city. He had only formally to announce that the General Committee had accepted of the Glasgow invitation in the most flattering manner.

Mr. Liddell (also a member of the deputation to Birmingham) stated that their wishes had been responded to by the General Committee in the most frank and cordial manner. He conceived that the meeting in Glasgow would be a larger one than any which had been held elsewhere; and it depended upon the citizens of Glasgow to meet in a corresponding spirit the cordial feelings and sentiments with which these illustrious strangers would come amongst them. He might state, that upon the return of the deputation from Birmingham, meetings had been called, and invitations transmitted to a number of noblemen and gentlemen to attend, and allow themselves to be nominated as the local honorary committee; and from most, if not all of them, answers had been received expressing their willingness to act. Invitations had also been sent to many distinguished foreigners to attend, and acquiescing answers received from many of them.

The appointment of the Honorary Committee was cordially affirmed by the meeting; and Mr. Strang read notes in reply from his Grace the Duke of Hamilton, the Duke of Argyll, the Earl of Glasgow, the Earl of Eglintoun, Lord Douglas, Sir James Graham, and many other gentlemen, including the members of parliament for the districts; and, in fine, all those who are intimately connected with Lanark, Renfrew, Dumbarton, and Glasgow.

Principal Macfarlan alluded in happy terms to the sensible speech of Mr. Leadbetter, and the important hints conveyed in it; he detailed the encouraging results of such meetings as those of the British Association, and concluded by moving a vote of thanks to the gentlemen who had officiated as the deputation to Birmingham. The proposition of the Very Rev. Principal was most cordially responded to.

Mr. Liddell then moved the adoption of the Local Committee; it included about one hundred and sixty names, and amongst these were found all the gentlemen of the west who are celebrated for their scientific knowledge, research, or inquiry. The committee, on the proposition of Mr. Liddell, was allowed to be an open one.

Mr. Liddell alluded to the importance of appointing corresponding societies in the west and south of Scotland. He stated that many of the gentlemen had expressed their readiness to officiate, and those who had not written might, from their silence, be considered to have linked themselves to the interest and prosperity of the meeting. He also moved the admission of corresponding societies, viz. one from Edinburgh, one from Greenock and Port-Glasgow conjoined, one from Renfrew and Paisley conjoined, one from Kilmarnock, one from the northern district of Stirlingshire, including Stirling, one from Falkirk and the southern district of Stirlingshire, one from the town and county of Ayr, and one from the town and county of Dumfries; and concluded by moving for the appointment of a large com-

mittee from the citizens of Glasgow to meet at an early date, and subdivide itself into committees of finance, &c.; and, above all, to make exertions to institute a museum for the reception of articles of *verità* and curiosity.

Mr. Strang then read the names of a distinguished class of foreigners who had been invited to attend the annual festival of the Association. Amongst those enumerated there were the names of celebrated men from all the States in Germany, from Sweden, France, and Spain. The general Committee will meet on Saturday first, in Hutcheson's Hospital.—*From the Glasgow Herald.*

LINNEAN SOCIETY.

MR. FORSTER, V.P. in the chair.—Read, 'A Notice of some Remarkable Deviations in the Number of the Parts of Flowers in certain Plants,' illustrated by specimens, by the Rev. William Hincks, F.L.S. These deviations are the result of the concretion or union of two or more flowers. Among other examples was a remarkable one in a specimen of *Scrophularia nodosa*, in which a flower had twenty stamens, resulting from the union of four flowers; the barren filament in each flower being fertile. There were several examples of adhesion and union of parts of flowers in *Oenothera* and *Iris*.—Read, also, 'A Monograph of *Streptopus*, with a Description of a new Genus now first separated from it,' by Professor Don, Libr. L.S. Three species of the former genus are described, two of them natives of North America, and the third of Nepal. The new genus is founded upon the *Streptopus lanuginosus* of Michaux, and a second species from the north-west coast of America. A specimen of a curious hybrid, between the wild duck and the pintail, was exhibited by the Rev. R. Hoare.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

Anniversary Meeting.

FRIDAY, November 29th. Mr. J. E. Gray, President, in the chair.—Read the reports of the Council and Curator. The Society now consists of one hundred and eighteen members, twenty-six having been elected during the past year. The number of British plants received for distribution to each member, as he may select from the herbarium, in proportion to his contribution, consisted of 24,860 specimens, 1291 species, 491 genera, 101 natural orders. Mrs. Riley had presented every species of British fern. The foreign plants received amounted to between five and six thousand specimens, for the greater portion of which, the members were indebted to the good feeling and liberality M. Schomburgk has always evinced in promoting the interests and objects of the Society. Mr. J. E. Gray was re-elected president, and the vice-presidents appointed by him were Mr. J. G. Children and Dr. Macreight. From December to April the rooms of the Society will be open every Saturday evening, in order to extend the advantages which the herbarium and library afford.

ELECTRICAL SOCIETY.

TUESDAY, December 3.—Read 'Memoir on the Formation of Tables, of the Relations subsisting between the Force of an Electric Current, and the Deviations of the Needles of Galvanometers; followed by Researches on the Causes of Derangement in Thermo-electric Pairs, and on the Means of Obviating them when Applied to the Measurement of Mean Temperatures,' by M. Peltier. Translated from the "Annales de Chim. et de Phys." tom. lxxi. pp. 225-313. An abstract would not enable our readers to

form a just opinion of M. Peltier's researches; we, therefore, refer those who may be interested in these branches of the science to the work above named.—Read, also, 'An Account of an Experiment,' by Mr. Mackrel, the result of which is the perfect inverted copy of any engraved copper-plate, employed as the electrode of a common constant voltaic arrangement. The copy consists of the metal thrown down by electrical action from the sulphate, and deposited on the copper electrode. In former experiments conducted by Mr. Mackrel, relating to the lamination of clay, he had observed this effect produced in the deposition upon a piece of a visiting-card plate, which he had accidentally used for his voltaic arrangement. For the production of lamina in the amorphous clay, by the electrical current, it was necessary to place the voltaic plates in a perpendicular position, in consequence of which the deposited metal was unequally arranged on the copper electrode, in much greater abundance on the lower than on the upper part of the plate. To obviate this, Mr. Mackrel constructed the following simple arrangement: "In a white earthenware pot, of about eight inches in diameter and four inches in depth, he placed a seiditz powder-box, over which was secured a covering of thick brown paper; in the former, containing a solution of sulphate of copper, was placed horizontally, the copper plate previously engraved, and to which was soldered a wire connecting it with the zinc plate,—this plate was placed also horizontally in the box which contained a solution of muriate of soda,—the box was supported by two pieces of wood placed across the pot." The engraved plate employed contained the announcement of genuine double distilled lavender-water, &c. surmounted by the royal arms; and although subjected to only five days' action, the edges of the deposited metal-plate were of considerable thickness; towards the centre, however, the plate was much thinner, and when held up to the light numerous minute holes could be detected. The impression was most perfect, the faintest line was transferred. Whether this interesting result will be utilised, future experiments can alone decide. At present, from the specimen we examined, its apparent brittleness and almost crystalline arrangement involves considerable doubt of success. But the cry is up, and where's the check to human ingenuity? Professor Jacobbi, Mr. Spencer, and others, have produced results similar to those of Mr. Mackrel's:—*Palmam qui meruit ferat.*—It gives us great pleasure to announce that owing to the individual liberality and exertions of a member of the Electrical Society five gymnasts, or electrical eels, are on their passage to England. Advice of their shipment has been received by the Society, and they are daily expected.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

At the monthly meeting on Thursday, Mr. Yarrell in the chair, the usual report was read. Balance carried to December, 1431. 18s. 7d., making allowance for 500*l.* in Exchange bills. The number of visitors to the Gardens and Museum, during November, was considerably over 2000. A new building has been constructed for the reception of the various specimens of the simia tribe in the possession of the Society. Three great objects have been kept steadily in view in the construction and arrangement of this building:—1st, to preserve the health of the animals; 2d, to approximate their present condition, as nearly as the circumstances of confinement will permit, to the habits which characterise them in a state of

nature; and, 3dly, to arrange them, as near as may be, according to their natural affinities, and to those principles of scientific classification which are founded upon the necessary relations subsisting between their organic structure and the habits and economy of their lives.

LITERARY AND LEARNED. UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, 28th November.—The following degrees were conferred:

Doctor in Civil Law.—F. Nicholas, Wadham College.
Masters of Arts.—Rev. J. S. Brodrip, Balliol College; T. D. Wintle, Pembroke College.
Bachelors of Arts.—C. H. Aitkens, New Inn Hall; F. Hinde, W. B. Stevens, W. Ewing, Lincoln College; W. B. Graham, W. C. Rawlinson, E. Lane, Magdalen Hall; F. J. Taylor, Christ Church; E. R. Jones, Scholar of Brasenose College; J. D. Dalgaime, Scholar, T. Preston, Exeter College; T. Pearce, E. K. Burney, Demys of Magdalen College; B. Jowett, Fellow, E. D. B. Estcourt, G. Hadon, Balliol College; T. C. Maule, Fellow, J. W. Deane, St. John's College; P. H. Dod, Worcester College; W. S. Oke, Wadham College; W. Y. Smythies, Trinity College.

CAMBRIDGE, 27th November.—The following degrees were conferred:

Bachelors of Arts.—J. Kitton, R. Blanchard, Queen's College.

ROYAL SOCIETY. (Anniversary Meeting.)

NOVEMBER 30th. The Marquess of Northampton in the chair.—The following were elected the new Council. Those Fellows whose names are in Italics, not belonging to the last. The Marquess of Northampton, President; John William Lubbock, Esq. M.A. Treasurer; Peter Mark Roget, M.D., and Samuel Hunter Christie, Esq. M.A., Secretaries; and John Frederick Daniell, Esq. Foreign Secretary. Other Members of the Council:—*Sir John Barrow, Bart.*, Francis Baily, Esq., *Thomas Bell, Esq.*, *John Davy, M.D.*, *Bryan Donkin, Esq.*, *Edward Forster, Esq.*, Thomas Galloway, Esq. M.A., Thomas Graham, Esq., Sir John F. W. Herschel, Bart. M.A., Francis Kiernan, Esq., *John Lindley, Esq.*, *Phil. D., Richard Owen, Esq.*, *Richard Phillips, Esq.*, *Major Edward Sabine, R.A.*, Robert Bently Todd, M.D., *John Taylor, Esq.*

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

Nov. 28th.—A further portion was read of Mr. Cullimore's 'Memoir on the Monumental and Historical Successions of the Pharaohs,' referring chiefly to the respective order and arrangement of the series of shields in the tablets of Abydos and Karnak. This was followed by the 'Life of Columbanus,' by Mr. Wright, intended for the Society's "Biographia Literaria Britannica."

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

MR. HALLAM in the chair.—Mr. Windus exhibited a large piece of crystal, engraved in intaglio, with a crucifix. Mr. Colburn, of Norwich, exhibited a small ancient cup of silver, gilt, of elaborate workmanship, probably used for the sacrament. Henry Howard, Esq. of Corby, exhibited drawings, collected on the Continent, of several relics of Charlemagne. Mr. Waller exhibited an engraving, and six very elaborate and beautiful drawings, by himself and brother, of monumental brasses of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The reading of Mr. Kemble's 'Observations on the Runes of the Anglo-Saxons' was concluded.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—Geographical, 9 P.M.; Medical, 8 P.M.
Tuesday.—Medical and Chirurgical, 8½ P.M.; Zoological, 8½ P.M.; Society of Arts, 8 P.M.
Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 7½ P.M.; Medico-Botanical, 8 P.M.

Thursday.—Royal, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; Royal Society of Literature, 4 P.M.

Friday.—Astronomical, 8 P.M.

Saturday.—Westminster Medical, 8 P.M.; Mathematical, 8 P.M.; Guy's Hospital Physical, 8 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Findens' Royal Gallery of British Art. Part IV. Containing, The Sheep-Washing, after Sir David Wilkie; The Battle of Trafalgar, after C. Stanfield, R.A.; and, The Procession to the Christening, by P. Williams.

WE have here the fourth part of the finest series of engravings that, in this form, has ever appeared in this or any other country. Single prints, excellent in art and worthy of all praise and encouragement, are occasionally published, and deserve the patronage they obtain; but there are few in the higher department of art, and, with a great deal of talent in England, it has been too much trifled away in animals and such unimportant productions. The present work is one which Messrs. Finden, eminent in their art as engravers, have boldly ventured upon, in the full confidence that great care and taste in the selection of the pictures to be engraved, and grace, beauty, and skill in the execution of the engraving, would be rewarded by distinguished patronage. Their spirited undertaking has obtained this extensively; but the price at which the work is published—twenty-five shillings, for three large and exquisitely engraved prints, which, twenty years ago, would have cost five guineas—ought to place it in the hands of every man who admires what is beautiful in art and has the means of possessing it; and there are few, if they have the taste and inclination, who have not the means of possessing it at this low price, which has made it accessible to nearly all. Its successful continuance, however, can only be supported by numbers. When the early parts were published, we spoke well of them, as we felt that they deserved to be so noticed: even then we praised the size, for they were large enough to do justice to the character and expression of the heads; but though several plates were prepared on the same scale, these spirited artists and publishers decided upon enlarging the future plates, and the engravings of this number are one-fourth larger than those in the earlier numbers: and Millar's splendid engraving of Stanfield's "Battle of Trafalgar" is nearly double the surface of the earlier prints. This zeal in conducting the work, and regardlessness of expense in its production, must and will obtain further encouragement. How such costly and beautiful engravings can be sold at the price is a marvel to us; but we repeat, that numbers alone can sustain such an undertaking.

Among the prints in the present number, we have an engraving from the only landscape Wilkie ever painted, and a beautiful scene it is for his subject—"Sheep-washing." It is charmingly engraved by Finden, and is alone worth the whole cost of the part, especially to the collectors of prints after this eminent painter. Another subject is a picture painted by Penry Williams of Rome—"The Procession to the Christening." When it was exhibited it drew much attention. It is an interesting and delightful picture, and great praise is due to Mr. Stocks for the ability with which he has engraved it, and so well preserved the sweetness of character and expression in the figures. But our favourite (we cannot help having one) in this number is Millar's brilliant and beautiful engraving from Stanfield's "Battle of Trafalgar." We believe the picture to have been

the finest of a naval action ever painted; but we are sure that this is the finest engraving of this class of subjects that has ever been executed. Its scale, seventeen inches long, makes it large enough to frame with an imposing effect, and every naval man ought to possess it. The moment chosen by Stanfield is when—about an hour after Lord Nelson received his death-wound—the Victory is disengaging herself from the Redoubtable, and the enemy's ships have nearly all surrendered. With what truth the scene has been represented, is proved by the acknowledgment of the gallant survivors of that glorious day; and we remember nothing in art more skillful than the engraving from it, to which our praise has done such inadequate justice.

We could not dismiss this beautiful and national work in the common terms of admiration, or the usual brevity which the limit of our columns necessarily compels us to adopt. One of the chief objects of our journal when it was established was to encourage and protect the Fine Arts of our country, by directing the attention of men of taste and affluence towards them, so that they might become purchasers of such new productions as they approved; and to vindicate the claims of our artists to the patronage which they were fully entitled to receive from their country, when their merits were fairly reported.

SKETCHES.

COURT ANECDOTE.—ROYAL COURTSIPS. It is not easy to say why Court anecdotes should appear in the *Literary Gazette* instead of the fashionable columns of the "Morning Post," the court news of the other papers, or the columns of the "Court Journal," or "Court Gazette;" the proper authorities for much that does happen about the court, and much more that does not. It can only be to furnish matter for some future memoir-writer, and thus, as it were, anticipate, instead of review facts, of such universal and popular interest! Well, as we hear, our young and gracious queen has, from her lofty station in the world, been of late rather curiously embarrassed for a lady under her peculiar circumstances. It became necessary for her to indicate her preference for Prince Albert sufficiently to make him acquainted with the royal partiality, and so put affairs in train for the arrangements which we now officially know are in progress. This was a delicate task, but the queen acquitted herself of it with equal delicacy and tact. At one of the palace balls she took occasion to present Prince Albert with her bouquet, and the hint was not lost on the gallant German. His close uniform, buttoned up to the throat, did not admit of his placing the Persian-like gift where it would be most honoured; and he immediately drew his penknife and ript a slit in his dress nearest his heart, where he gracefully deposited the happy omen! Again, to announce the projected union to the Privy Council was an easy duty to that of intimating it to the principal party concerned; and we understand that here also our Sovereign Lady displayed unusual presence of mind and female ingenuity. The prince was expressing the grateful sense he entertained of his reception in England, and the delight he had experienced from the kind attentions shewn to him during his stay, when the queen naturally put the question upon which their future fates so much depended—"If your highness is pleased with the country, would you wish to remain in it?" Who can doubt the reply? And thus it is, according to the accounts which descend from

the perfumed atmosphere of royalty, even to the lowly haunts of literature, that reigning Queens are wooed and wedded ! !

THE POST AND PENNY POST.

THE Penny Post is not a novel, but only a revived feature in the annals of England. To the curious, the following historical facts may not, at this time, be uninteresting.

Commercial intercourse must always have required some method of conveying letters from one place to another, but how that was accomplished, is not easily determined; it is probable that the vehicle of communication between great towns was a common employment, as the carriage of goods is in the present day. Whatever may have been the mode of conveying letters, it seems to have been attended with uncertainty; for, upon referring to correspondence of the olden times, we find letters superscribed with the admonition,—“immediate,” and with “care and speed;” a caution by the which is often resorted to, even in our days. A species of Post existed as far back as the reign of Edward III. The first mention of a postmaster-general is made in Camden’s “Annals,” in which he relates that “Randolph, so much employed by Queen Elizabeth in foreign embassies, held this office.”

The earliest account we meet with of regular Posts is in the year 1462, when Louis XI. finding the mercantile fairs at Genoa drew much money out of France, instituted those fairs at Lyons which afterwards became so famous; and he also established regular Posts and couriers in France, for the more speedy communication of commercial intelligence.

Formerly the management of the foreign mails was under the direction of a stranger chosen by the foreigners in the city, who even assumed to themselves the right by prescription of choosing their own postmaster. James I. erected the first office for the conveyance of letters to and from foreign parts, which he placed under the control of one Matthew de Jurster, or del’ Equester. This office was afterwards claimed by Lord Stanhope, but in 1632 was confirmed and continued to William Frizet and Thomas Witherings by Charles II.

The importance of this mode of communication does not seem to have received much attention till the Commonwealth, when an outline of a more regular and extensive system was suggested by Edward Prideaux, the attorney-general, who was appointed postmaster-general by an ordinance of both Houses of Parliament; in the execution of which office he first established a weekly conveyance of letters to all parts of the kingdom. In 1653, the Common Council of London endeavoured to set up a post-office in opposition to that of Prideaux, but they were checked by a resolution of the House of Commons, declaring the office of Post-master to be in the sole disposal of Parliament. In 1656, a new and regular general post-office* was erected by the Protector; this office was in Lombard Street, and on its site stood a celebrated tavern called the King’s Head, which was destroyed in the great fire of London. Sir Robert Vyner replaced it with a large house, for his own habitation: of whom the well-known story—Sir Robert, during his mayoralty (1676), was honoured with the presence of Charles II.; the king was for retiring after staying the usual time, when Sir Robert, with his skin full of wine, laid hold of the king, and said, “Sire, you must have another bottle.”

* The Emperor Cyrus erected post-houses throughout the kingdom of Persia.

The airy monarch looked over his shoulder at the jovial mayor, and, with a smile, repeated the line of the old song,

“He that is drunk is as great a king,”

and immediately turned back, and complied with the request of his host. Upon Charles II.’s restoration he confirmed the establishment of the post-office, and the regulations continued till the year 1784. A new mode of transferring letters by mail was suggested and carried into effect by Mr. John Palmer, of Bath, in 1782. Before the adoption of this plan, letters were taken by boys on horseback, or with carts. Upon referring to a pamphlet, 1681, called the “Flying Courier,” we find it mentions, “If any gentleman desires to ride post to any principal town, post-horses are always in readiness (taking no horse without consent of his owner), which in other king’s reigns was not duly observed,” and only 3d. was demanded for every English mile, and for every stage to the post-boy * 4d. for conducting. “Besides the excellent convenience of conveying letters and news on horseback,” it continues, “there is of late an admirable accommodation both for men and women of better rank, to travel from London to almost any village near the great city, that the like hath not been known in the world; that is, by stage-coaches, wherein one may be transported to any place sheltered from foul weather and foul nags, and free from damaging one’s health by hard jogging, and this at the very low price of one shilling for every five miles, but with such velocity and speed, as that the posts in foreign countries make not more miles in a day as from London to Oxford † or Cambridge, and that in the space of twelve hours, not counting the time for dining, setting forth not too early, nor coming in too late.”

The useful method of the Penny Post ‡ was projected by one David Murray (1683), an upholsterer in Paternoster Row, who communicated the scheme to Mr. David Dockeora, a searcher in his majesty’s Customs of the Post of England, who carried it on for some time with great success. The government, discovering that this system produced an immense annual income, laid claim to it as part of the crown revenue. Mr. Dockeora was compensated with a pension of 200*l.* a-year, and the receipts of the penny post were granted to the Duke of York by letters patent. The penny post is not mentioned in the statute book till the year 1711, upon the union of England and Scotland.

E. W.

THE DRAMA.

Drury Lane.—Mr. Hammond evinces great enterprise, and is, we trust, improving so much as to bid fair to give him a reward for his perseverance. *Romeo and Juliet*, on Monday, introduced a Mr. Maddocks as *Romeo*, and Miss Emmeline Montague as *Juliet*. The former was very grotesque and galvanic, and gave rise to great laughter. The young lady, on the other hand, who is very young, and has since repeated the part with Elton as *Romeo*, made quite a favourable impression. She is a charming creature, with a voice of music and melody, and if she has heart and feeling must become a bright ornament to the stage. *A Night in the Bastille*, an adaptation from the French, in three acts, is a capital acting piece, and extremely well acted

* The emperor Augustus introduced the system of the post among the Romans, and employed post-chaises.

† “Mr. Thomas Dye’s coach comes to the Crown, in Holborn, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday; and leaves London, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday.”

‡ This was made a twopenny post in 1801.

by Vining, Elton, Miss Pettifer, Mrs. W. West, and, above all, Mrs. Stirling, who is the main prop of the drama. When it is shortened (which is the only thing necessary), it must be very popular.

Covent Garden goes on rejoicing.

The Haymarket and the *Adelphi* go on most prosperously.

The St. James’s has brought out a burletta called the *Pupil of Da Vinci*, with some of the sweetest music by Mr. J. A. Wade. Mr. Braham has also been performing in different characters nightly.

VARIETIES.

VIRGIL’S EPITAPH.

To the Editor, &c.

THE inscription which Virgil is said to have prepared for his tomb,

“Mantua me genuit; Calabri rapuere; tenet nunc Parthenope; cecini pascua, rura, duces,”

has been tersely translated as follows:—

“I sung flocks, tillage, heroes. Mantua gave Me life, Brundisium death, Naples a grave.”

This, I believe, is the accepted translation; but it has always occurred to me, that one more euphonious, even if a little extended, would be preferable. I therefore offer the following:—

I, who at Mantua received my birth,
Died at Brundisium, and returned to earth
At Naples. I have sung the country’s charms,
The cares of tillage, and the clash of arms.

Lambeth, December 24, 1838.

J. P., M.A.

Fletcher, the faithful attendant of Byron, died lately; and his son, married to a daughter of L. Zambelli, also formerly attached to his lordship, is in business in Brunswick Square.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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Who wants a book to take into the country, to read during the Christmas recess? or, if it come to that, who wants a book to read during the holydays in town? Whoever they are, let them procure this agreeable chronicle, this social history of our progenitors, during a period remote enough to be curious, and near enough to be interesting. Mr. Jesse truly tells us, that though we have in our literature many a volume filled with the public acts and events that belong to national records, we are almost destitute of such works as the present, so abundant in France, which set before our eyes the personals of our sovereigns, their courtiers, and associates. Written in an unassuming and pleasing style, our author has collected together the anecdotes floating in a hundred streams, and knitted them together in a narrative of most popular attractiveness. He tells us what has been handed down without dogmatism or lengthened disquisition. The sense of the reader is generally left to determine the probability or improbability of the story; and where Mr. Jesse offers an opinion, it has the merit of being briefly and modestly done. With these qualities, his *Memoirs* are well calculated to amuse every class; and we surely anticipate that they will find their way, as they deserve, into very extensive circulation. To promote this, we shall now make a few selections from the reign of the first James of England, who was characteristically declared to be the wisest fool in Christendom.

"The king's love of buffoonery never deserted him, even when age and vexation were pressing hard upon him. But what he most delighted in was any burlesque, however caricatured, on the incidents of real life: the more ridiculous they were, says Arthur Wilson, the more they pleased him. A story is told, by this writer, of a profane expedient, adopted by Buckingham and his mother, to divert the royal melancholy at the most dismal period of his reign. A young lady was introduced, carrying in her arms a pig, in the dress of an infant, which the countess presented to the king in a rich mantle; one Turpin, dressed like a bishop, in a satin gown, lawn sleeves, and the usual pontifical ornaments, commenced reading the ceremony of baptism from the Book of Common Prayer, while an assistant stood ready with a silver ewer filled with water. The king, to whom the joke was intended to convey a pleasing surprise, hearing the pig suddenly squeak, looked more closely about him, and recognised the face of Buckingham, who was intended to personify the godfather. 'Away, for shame,' he cried: 'what blasphemy is this?'—extremely indignant at the trick which had been imposed upon him.* We must not, however, attribute his displeasure, on this occasion, to any other cause than the accidental melancholy which happened to have mastered him at the time. It is extremely improbable that such artful politicians

* "Wilson, in Kennett, vol. ii. p. 760."

as Buckingham and his mother should have ventured on such 'blasphemies,' unless persuaded, by the success of former puerilities, that their impious buffoonery would not be displeasing to the weak-minded monarch. It may be proper, too, to mention, that a pig was an animal of which James had a more than Judaical abhorrence; he tells us, in his 'Counterblast to Tobacco,' that were he to invite the devil to dinner, he would place three dishes before him: first, a pig; secondly, a poll of ling and mustard; and thirdly, a pipe of tobacco to assist digestion.* His dislike to tobacco was only equalled by his horror of the pig; a fact well known by the fame of the celebrated tirade above alluded to. There was an order issued during his reign, prohibiting the members of the University of Cambridge from smoking tobacco in St. Mary's church. Considering how frequently references are made by contemporary writers to the king's dislike to pigs, we are surprised to find his favourite Buckingham more than once addressing him, in his letters, by the familiar appellation of 'Sow'; but the following curious letter, addressed by the Earl of Pembroke to Sir Edward Zouch, is even more startling:—

"'Honest Ned,—I know you love your master dearly, and his pleasures, which makes me put you in trust with this business, myself not being able to stay in the town so late. I pray you, therefore, as soon as it grows dark, fail not to send the close cart to Basingborn for the speckled sow ye saw the king take such liking unto this day; and let her be brought privately to the man of the wardrobe, by the same token, that I chide him for letting the other beasts go carelessly into the garden while it was day, and he will presently receive her into his charge. Some may think this a jest, but I assure you it is a matter of trust and confidence, and so assuring myself of your secret and careful performance of it, I rest your affectionate friend, Pembrooke.'†

"On other occasions, we find the king familiarly addressed by his minions as 'your sowship.' The following lively letter of the period contains a more graphic picture, and will afford a more accurate notion, of the manners of the court, than could be effected by a more elaborate description. That the wit is of a lighter kind, and the language less ponderous, than is generally the case with the familiar epistles of the period, must be taken as an additional reason for its insertion: it is addressed by Sir John Harrington‡ to Mr. Secretary Barlow, and dated London, 1606:—

"'My Good Friend,—In compliance with your asking, now shall you accept my poor account of rich doings. I came here a day or two before the Danish king § came, and, from the day he had come to the present hour, I

* "Witty Apophthegms of James I."

† "Dalrymple's Memorials," p. 71."

‡ "The epigrammatist, and translator of the 'Orlando Furioso.' He was made a Knight of the Bath by King James, and died in 1612, aged 51."

§ "Christian, king of Denmark, brother to the queen, arrived in England 17th June, 1606, and departed on the 14th of August following.—LAMB. His curiosity led him occasionally to wander about the streets of London in disguise; but it did not prevent him from shewing a repugnance to visit the Tower of London, when he happened to be informed that it was a prison.—SANDERSON."

have been well nigh overwhelmed with carousal and sports of all kinds. The sports began each day in such manner and such sort, as well nigh persuaded me of Mahomet's paradise. We had women, and indeed wine too, of such plenty, as would have astonished each beholder. Our feasts were magnificent, and the two royal guests did most lovingly embrace each other at the table. I think the Dane hath strangely wrought on our good English nobles; for those whom I could never get to taste good English liquor, now follow the fashion, and wallow in beastly delights. The ladies abandon their sobriety, and are seen to roll about in intoxication. In good sooth, the parliament did kindly to provide his majesty so seasonably with money; for there has been no lack of good living, shows, sights, and banqueting from morn to eve. One day a great feast was held; and after dinner the representation of Solomon's temple, and the coming of the Queen of Sheba, was made, or (as I may better say) was meant to have been made, before their majesties, by device of the Earl of Salisbury* and others. But, alas! as all earthly things do fail to poor mortals in earthly enjoyments, so did prove our presentment thereof. The lady who did play the queen's part did carry most precious gifts to both their majesties; but, forgetting the steps arising to the canopy, overset her caskets into his Danish majesty's lap, and fell at his feet, though I rather think it was in his face. Much was the hurry and confusion; cloths and napkins were at hand, to make all clean. His majesty then got up, and would dance with the Queen of Sheba; but he fell down and humbled himself before her, and was carried to an inner chamber, and laid on a bed of state, which was not a little defiled with the presents of the queen, which had been bestowed on his garments; such as wine, cream, jelly, beverage, cakes, spices, and other good matters. The entertainment and show went forward, and most of the presenters went backward, or fell down; wine did so occupy their upper chambers. Now did appear in rich dress, Hope, Faith, and Charity; Hope did assay to speak, but wine rendered her endeavours so feeble that she withdrew, and hoped the king would excuse her levity. Faith was then all alone; for I am certain she was not joined to good works, and left the court in a staggering: Charity came to the king's feet, and seemed to cover the multitude of sins her sisters had committed; in some sort she made obeisance, and brought gifts, but said she would return home again, as there was no gift which Heaven had not already given his majesty. She then returned to Faith and Hope, who were both sick in the lower hall.† Next came Victory, in bright armour, and presented a rich sword to the king, who did not accept it, but put it by with his hand; and, by a strange medley of versification, did endeavour to make suit to the king. But Victory did not triumph long; for, after much lamentable utterance, she was led away

* "Robert Cecil, earl of Salisbury, the celebrated secretary."

† "The whole account, and especially the disgraceful state of the cardinal virtues, is no doubt somewhat overcharged."

by a silly captive, and laid to sleep in the outer steps of the antechamber. Now did Peace make entry, and strive to get foremost to the king; but I grieve to tell how great wrath she did discover unto those of her attendants; and, much contrary to her semblance, made rudely war with her olive-branch, and laid on the pates of those who did oppose her coming. I have much marvelled at those strange pageanties; and they do bring to my remembrance what passed of this sort in our queen's days, of which I was sometime an humble spectator and assistant; but I never did see such lack of good order, discretion, and sobriety, as I now have done. I have passed much time in seeing the royal sports of hunting and hawking, where the manners were such as made me devise the beasts were pursuing the sober creation, and not man in quest of exercise and food. I will now, in good sooth, declare unto you, who will not blab, that the gunpowder fright is got out of all our heads, and we are going on hereabouts as if the devil was contriving every man to blow up himself, by wild riot, excess, and devastation of time and temperance. The great ladies do go well masked, and indeed it be the only show of their modesty to conceal their countenances: but, alack! they meet with such countenance to uphold their strange doings, that I marvel not at aught that happens. The lord of the mansion* is overwhelmed in preparations at Theobald's, and doth marvellously please both kings with good meat, good drink, and good speeches. I do often say (but not aloud) that the Danes have again conquered the Britons; for I see no man, or woman either, that can command herself. I wish I was at home:—*O rus! quando te aspiciam?* and I will before the Prince Vaudemont† cometh.‡

"Wine was always palatable to James. It was, therefore, not unnatural that the visit of his jovial brother-in-law should have led to more than one scene of inebriety.§ The Danish monarch, indeed, seems to have been somewhat famous for disordering his faculties with the juice of the grape. Howel tells us of an instance of his excess, which occurred when, some years afterwards, this author accompanied the Earl of Leicester on his embassy to Denmark. The Earl was invited to dinner by the Dane, who did the best in his power to make the ambassador drunk. They sat down to

their meal at eleven o'clock, and continued drinking till the evening, during which period the king proposed thirty-five healths,—first, the emperor, then the king of England, and so on, till he had exhausted all the kings and queens in Christendom. The consequence was that his majesty was eventually carried off in his chair. The same considerate attention was offered by two of the guards to the ambassador, who, however, was fortunately able to reach his chamber without their assistance."¶

This is a fair example of the pleasing character of the work; what follows is another, and relates to the king's literary pursuits:—

"The 'Doron Basilicon,' containing advice to his son respecting his moral and political conduct, is undoubtedly the best of King James's productions. It was first published in 1603, and went through three editions in that year. It has less of pedantry, and more of good sense, than are to be found in the writings of his contemporaries: moreover, it exhibits no slight knowledge of human nature, and no common capacity. We regret, however, that he did not himself act up to the principles which he endeavoured to inculcate. Had this work proceeded from the heart,—had it been softened by any pleasing traits of real affection for his son, it would probably have continued popular to the present day. Unfortunately, it was written to attract admiration, and not to benefit a child whom he is known to have disliked. His work on 'Demonology' is less meritorious, but more remarkable. James had at one time doubted the existence of those 'detestable slaves of the devil, the witches,' as he himself styles them, though he afterwards adopted a different opinion, and dignified the subject with his pen. The following extract will exhibit how little superior he was to the idle superstitions of the day. Discussing the probability of innocent persons being accused and unjustly punished:—'There are two good helps,' he writes, 'that may be used for their trial: the one is the finding of their mark, and trying the insensibleness thereof; the other is their fleeing on the water: for, as in a secret murder, if the dead carcass be at any time thereafter handled by the murderer, it will gush out blood, as if the blood were crying to Heaven for the revenge of the murderer: so it appears that God hath appointed (for a supernatural sign of the monstrous impiety of witches) that the water shall refuse to receive them in her bosom, that have shaken off them the sacred water of baptism, and wilfully refused the benefit thereof.' It is amusing, in these enlightened times, to find his majesty inveighing against the 'damnable opinions of one Scot, an Englishman, who,' he informs us, 'is not ashamed to deny in public print, that there be such a thing as witchcraft, and so maintains the old error of the Sadducees in denying of spirits.' Such were the arguments of our forefathers. Because a sensible individual disbelieved that an old woman had the power of diseasing a pig, or blighting an apple-tree, the evidence that he was a materialist was considered as damning and conclusive. The king's translation of the Psalms, in which he endeavoured to rival the far-famed Sternhold and Hopkins, was never finished, and is the least known of any of his compositions. The eleventh verse of the seventy-fourth psalm, 'Why withdrawest thou thy hand?—why pluckest thou not thy right hand out of thy bosom, to consume the enemy?' is thus paraphrased by

James, and may be taken as a specimen of the whole:—

'Why dost thou thus withdraw thy hand,
Even thy right hand restrain?
Out of thy bosom for our good,
Draw back the same again.'

The translation of the same verse by Hopkins is still more solemnly ludicrous:—

'Why dost thou draw thy hand aback,
And hide it in thy lap?
O pluck it out, and be not slack
To give thy foes a rap.'

James again paraphrases the first verse of the same psalm as follows:—

'Oh why, our God, for evermore
Hast thou neglected us?
Why smokest thy wrath against the sheep
Of thine own pasture thus?'

Altogether, from the specimens of the king's muse, which have been handed down to us, it is very clear that, as a poet, he has not the slightest claim even to the doubtful credit of mediocrity.

"There are (continues Mr. Jesse, a few pages on) two points, his wit and conversational talent, on which James deserves some credit. There seems reason to believe that he was a very companionable personage. Weldon, who rarely says a word in his favour, informs us that 'he was very witty, and had as many ready jests as any man living, at which he would not smile himself, but deliver them in a grave and serious manner.' When one of the Lumleys was, on one occasion, boasting of his ancestry rather beyond the limits of good breeding,—'Stop, man,' said the king, 'you need say no more: now I know that Adam's surname was Lumley.' The House of Commons he styled, with some humour, 'the five hundred kings.' It was one of James's sayings that 'very wise men and very fools do little harm: it is the mediocrity of wisdom,' he added, 'that troubleth all the world.' Pope has re-echoed this sentiment in the well-known line,—

'A little learning is a dangerous thing.'

'Men, in arguing,' said James, 'are often carried by the force of words further asunder than their question was at first; like two ships going out of the same haven, their landing is many times whole countries distant.' In a letter, also, from Mr. Mead to Sir Martin Stuteville, we have an instance of his conversational humour. 'His majesty, at Theobald's,' says the writer, 'discouraging publicly how he meant to govern, was heard to say he would govern according to the good of the common-wealth, but not according to the common will.' On another occasion, a certain courtier, on his death-bed, expressing the utmost remorse that he had formerly cheated the easy monarch,—'Tell him to be of good courage,' said James, 'for I freely and lovingly forgive him; and he added with some humour, 'I wonder much that all my officers do not go mad with the like thoughts; for certainly they have as great cause as this poor man hath.' There is a curious little work in the British Museum, entitled 'Witty Observations of King James, gathered in his ordinary discourse,' from which I have extracted the following specimens:—'I love not one who will never be angry; for he that is without sorrow is without gladness, as he that is without anger is without love.' 'Parents may forbid their children an unfit marriage, but they may not force their consent to a fit one.' 'No man gains by war but he that hath not wherewithal to live in peace.' 'It is likely that the people will imitate the king in good; but it is sure they will follow him in ill.' 'I wonder not so much that

* "The Earl of Salisbury."

† "Francis, prince Vaudemont, son of the Duke of Lorraine. He arrived in England 23d September, 1606, about six weeks after the departure of the King of Denmark.—CAMDEN'S *Annals*."

‡ "Nugæ Antiquæ," vol. I. p. 342."

§ "The arrival of the boisterous Dane in England, and the manner in which, with homely jocularities, he surprised his sister the Queen of England, are amusingly described in a letter of the period. 'He landed here at Yarmouth, and then took post-horses here to London, where, dining at an ordinary inn, near Aldgate, he hired a hackney-coach, and presently addressed his course to the queen's court, and entered the presence before any person had the least thought of him. I hear Cardel, the dancer, gave the first occasion of his discovering him, by saying that that gentleman was the likeliest King of Denmark that ever he saw any in his life; which a Frenchman, one of his majesty's servants, hearing, and viewing his countenance well, confident that it was he; and presently ran to carry the news thereof to the queen, who sat then at dinner, privately, in her gallery at Somerset House. The queen at first scorned him for his labour, so vain it appeared, and thought it some fantastic caprice of a French brain. But the king, following close after, and begging silence with the beckoning of his hands as he entered, came behind her and embraced her ere she was aware, and, saluting her with a kiss, taught her the verity of that which before she believed to be a falsehood. Presently she took off the best jewel she wore about her, and gave it to the Frenchman for his tidings, despatched a post to his majesty, who was then well onward on his progress, and then intended the care of his entertainment.'—Letter from Mr. Lorkin to Sir T. Puckering, Bart. BISHOP GOODMAN'S *Memoirs*, vol. II. p. 371."

¶ "Howel's Letters," p. 240."

women paint themselves, as that when they are painted, men can love them.' 'Much money makes a country poor, for it sets a dear price upon every thing.' 'Cowardice is the mother of cruelty; it was only fear that made tyrants put so many to death, to secure themselves.' There is another work, entitled the 'Witty Aphorisms of King James,' which affords a still higher notion of his intellectual powers; but it has been more frequently selected for quotation. There have been many writers who have amused themselves with the king's wearisome folios and pedantic frivolities, who have been, in fact, greatly his inferiors in real learning and natural capacity."

The following remarks will, we fear, not meet with universal accord in our day, when rigid sabbatical observances have so many advocates:—

"One act of James's life can never be sufficiently commended. During the progresses made through his kingdom, he had noticed the pernicious effects which a puritanical observance of the Sabbath was producing on the health and happiness of the lower classes of his subjects. With the certainty that religious bigotry would be every where arrayed against him, he issued a proclamation, that after the performance of divine service, his subjects should be allowed to indulge in all legitimate sports and amusements. Without entering into any theological discussion as to the proper observance of the Lord's day, there are few who will deny to James the real credit which he deserved on this occasion. Surely that monarch stands high among the thrones of the earth, who willingly turns from his own pomps and vanities to the sufferings and discomforts of the poor and unprotected; and who readily encounters obloquy and discontent, in order to throw a gleam of sunshine over the broad shadows of human wretchedness."

When we read daily in the newspapers discussions about the morality of persons with whom our young sovereign is surrounded, it may not be amiss to take a glance back at the court of James's queen, Anne of Denmark, whose memoir succeeds that of her husband.

"For her splendid entertainments, those magnificent masques which made the 'nights more costly than the days,' she has been often and sufficiently celebrated. They appear, however, to have been conducted with but little attention to decorum. The Countess of Dorset mentions, in her memoirs, that there was 'much talk of a mask which the queen had at Winchester, and how all the ladies about the court had gotten such ill names, that it was grown a scandalous place; and the queen herself was much fallen from her former greatness and reputation she had in the world.' Peyton's censure is far stronger: 'The masks,' he says, 'and plays at Whitehall were used only as incentives for lust; therefore the courtiers invited the citizens' wives to those shows on purpose to defile them. There is not a chamber nor lobby, if it could speak, but would verify this.' Whatever share the queen may have had in effecting a kind understanding between the courtiers and the citizens' wives, it is certain that she herself was far from being averse to the tender passion. Carte tells us that she took a great delight in making the king jealous, and with this view took liberties which were very improper, and were the cause of some excitement at court. It is to be feared, however, that Anne had less her husband's jealousy at heart than her own gratification. According to the chronicles or scandal of the time, she was far from being satisfied with the

cold attentions and ungainly form of her pedantic spouse. The first person on whom the queen is reported to have fixed her affections was the brave, the beautiful, and unfortunate Earl of Murray. This is the 'Bennie Earl' of Scottish song; a name dear to those whose hearts have ever kindled with poetry, or sympathised with misfortune. A well-known ballad of the period concludes with an allusion to the queen's attachment:—

'O, the bonny Earl of Murray!
He was the queen's love.'

The earl is also celebrated in the still popular ballad of 'Childe Waters.' James has been accused of having sacrificed the earl's life to his jealousy of the queen. This supposition we should be extremely inclined to doubt, had not our suspicions been already aroused by the circumstances attending the tragical fate of the Gowries. Murray was accused, whether wrongfully or justly is not known, of having abetted the Earl of Bothwell in his famous attack upon the king's person in Scotland: James, instead of making use of legitimate means to insure the apprehension of the suspected earl, commissioned the Earl of Huntley, Murray's hereditary and deadly enemy, to bring him into his presence. Murray was not exactly the man to submit tamely to be made the prisoner of his feudal foe. A shot from his castle killed one of Huntley's followers. The storming party became furious, and succeeded in burning the fortress. Murray, finding further opposition hopeless, endeavoured to effect his escape by rushing through the flames: unfortunately, however, his long hair caught fire, which enabled his enemies to follow him in the darkness to the rocks by the sea-shore, among which he probably expected to find a hiding-place. He defended himself as long as he was able, but fell at last covered with wounds. One Gordon, of Buckie, who had been the first to strike him, insisted that Huntley should implicate himself in the odium, by joining in the bloody work, and stabbing his defenceless enemy before he died. Huntley consented, and stabbed Murray in the face. The dying earl fixed his eyes on his hereditary foe: 'You have spoiled,' he said, 'a better face than your own.' Huntley had actually alighted from his horse to perform the dastardly act. Murray's friends refused to bury him till they had avenged his death. Huntley, after the execrable deed, continued for some time in real or affected concealment. During his flight, he applied for refuge and hospitality at Lord Sinclair's castle of Ravenscraig. Lord Sinclair told him that he was welcome, but that he would have been much more welcome if he had passed on. However, notwithstanding this rough reception, Lord Sinclair entertained him kindly, and conducted him in safety to the Highlands. Huntley, shortly afterwards, returned to Edinburgh, where he escaped with a brief imprisonment. A suspicion certainly rests upon James. In the Advocates' Library, in Edinburgh, are preserved the MS. annals of Sir James Balfour, Lyon King at Arms, who was living at the time, and who inserts among his papers the following curious annotation:— 'The seventh of February this year, 1592, the Earl of Murray was cruelly murdered by the Earl of Huntley, at his house in Dumbrissel, in Fifeshire; and with him Dunbar, sheriff of Murray. It was given out and publicly talked, that the Earl of Huntley was only the instrument of perpetrating this fate, to satisfy the king's jealousy of Murray, whom the queen, more rashly than wisely, some few days before, had commended in the king's hearing, with too

many epithets, of a proper and gallant man.' The story is in some degree corroborated by Oldmixon. 'I have it,' he says, 'from the best authority, that the king conceived a mortal hatred against the Earl of Murray for an expression of his wife Queen Anne, who, looking out at a window and seeing that lord entering the court, said he was the handsomest man she ever saw. 'What,' said the king, 'handsomer than I?' and swore he would have his life.' A supposition has long existed that the unfortunate John, earl of Gowrie, was a favoured lover of Queen Anne. There is, however, every reason to believe, that it was not the earl, but his younger brother, Alexander Ruthven, the sharer of his tragical fate, on whom the queen's affections were in reality fixed. More than one writer has endeavoured to trace the secret history of the Gowrie conspiracy from the existence of this romantic amour. They assert that the whole plot was a mere counterfeit, contrived by James himself, in order to revenge himself by the destruction of his rival. This supposition, though contrary to the king's well-known character for timidity, is, nevertheless, consonant with his ideas and system of king-craft; and though it requires confirmation, is not altogether unsupported by correlative circumstances."

We give our quotations without question of the relative value of the authorities on which the facts rest; for it would betray us into much more lengthened argument than our page has room for, and intelligent readers can easily distinguish the likely from the prejudiced. Of Prince Henry the account is interesting, and he, on account of his high Protestant principles, is a favourite with the author. Mr. Jesse was probably not aware, or he might have mentioned it, that the residence of this most popular prince in Fleet Street still retains his blasonings and ensigns. His principal room is now a billiard-room—"To such base uses we may come at last"—the house is opposite Chancery Lane, and much ornamented with the feathers of the Prince of Wales and other armorial bearings.

For the present we must content ourselves with not going out of the royal family, and conclude with a portion of the memoir of Elizabeth the Queen of Bohemia; and as her wedding may furnish something of precedent for a ceremony to which the country is looking forward with great interest, we shall copy part of it:—

"The marriage ceremony was finally performed in the Banqueting-house at Whitehall, on the 14th of February, 1613, and appears to have been really magnificent. The heart of the good Sir John Finett, the master of the ceremonies, evidently warmed, as he describes minutely the gorgeous dresses, and the 'draughts of Ippocras out of a great golden bowl.' 'The bravery,' he adds, 'and riches of that day were incomparable; gold and silver laid upon lords', ladies', and gentlewomen's backs, was the poorest burthen: pearls and costly embroideries being the commonest wear. The king's and queen's and prince's jewels only, were valued that day by his majesty himself at nine hundred thousand pounds sterling.'

"Finetti Philoxenis,' p. 11. The marriage of his daughter must have cost the king nearly a hundred thousand pounds.

The following are given by Rapin as the items:—
For the Palgrave's diet at his standing house . . . £2000
For his diet at his instalment of the gates . . . 4000
For diet at his marriage . . . 3000
For lodging for his servants . . . 850
To the wardrobe for apparel for the Princess Elizabeth . . . 6000

Carried forward . . . £19000

Brought forward.....	£19082
For furnishing her chamber.....	3023
Apparel and necessaries for her to my Lord Har- rington's.....	1829
Jewels and apparel for her servants.....	3914
For divers merchants for silk, &c.....	986
The Lord's Mask at her marriage.....	400
For the naval work of fireworks on the Thames at her marriage.....	4800
More fireworks on the Thames at her marriage.....	5889
To Sir Edward Cecil as Treasurer, for her jour- ney from hence to Heidelberg, and for her pursue.....	9000
For settling her jointure, and charges to some of the gentry to go thither, and to take the assurance.....	800
The charges of her journey.....	9800
For her transport to Flushing.....	5555
Paid over to the Palgrave's agent for her portion	40000
Total.....	£19082

The appearance of the bride has been minutely and fondly described by more than one writer of the period. She was arrayed in white, the emblem of innocence; her long hair, as the ornament of virginity, falling in full length down her back. On her head was a crown of pure gold, ornamented with pearls and diamonds; and supporting her train were twelve young ladies, also clothed in white, and so adorned with jewels, that we are told her passage looked like a milky way. During her progress to the chapel royal she was supported by two single men: her brother, Prince Charles, on the right, and the Earl of Northampton on the left. On her return, she was escorted by two married noblemen, the Duke of Lennox and the Earl of Nottingham. The marriage ceremony was performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury."

We have but one notice more:—

"Among the original letters to King James from his family, preserved in the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh, are several in French, Italian, and English from the princess to her father. James seems to have taken a considerable pleasure in receiving these juvenile compositions from his children; and it was probably owing to her knowledge of this taste that we find several letters from the princess's own children, after she had become Queen of Bohemia, preserved in this collection, and affectionately addressed to their royal grand-aire. One childish epistle from her son, Frederick Henry, is amusing enough to record:—

"S^r,—I kiss your hand. I would fain see yo^r Ma^{ty}. I can say nominativus hic, hæc, hoc, and all five declensions, and a part of pronomen, and a part of verbum. I have two horses alive, that can go up my stairs, a black horse and a cheeunt. I pray God to bless your Ma^{ty}.

"Yo^r Ma^{ty}'s obedient grandchild,
"FREDERICK HENRY."

"To the King."

The Good Match, the Heiress of Drosberg, and the Cathedral Chorister. By Lady Chatterton, author of "Rambles in the South of Ireland." 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1840. Bentley.

ENCOURAGED by the marited success which attended her former production, Lady Chatterton has ventured again into the field of literature, and given us three tales of fiction in these three volumes. Tales of fiction, however, we can hardly call them; for there is a truth, simplicity, and naturalness about them which seem to remove them from the realms of invention into the inhabited precincts of reality. *The Good Match* occupies Vol. I.; *The Heiress of Drosberg*, Vol. II., and two-thirds of Vol. III.; and *The Cathedral Chorister*, the rest. With regard to the general effect of all, we have but another observation to make, and it is that,

they earnestly inculcate the purest principles of virtue and religion. As we never break in upon the plots of such productions, we shall merely illustrate Lady Chatterton's by a few brief passages. Her remarks are often very pertinent:—

"It is, more or less, the system of most people who have been educated in the wide, yet selfish, world of foreign travel, without local attachments, or any of those ties of country, place, or family, which formerly contributed to make Englishwomen domestic and well-principled. Yet there is undoubtedly a great charm and fascination in this sort of ever-sunny character, which render the English of the present day, who have lived much abroad, the pleasantest and most captivating people in the world."

On looking for the last time on the old place, its well-known terraces and sloping gardens, Laura was spared the most painful of all those regrets which are experienced when bidding adieu to the home of our youth—the conviction that we have not valued the blessings and affection which have surrounded us under the paternal roof. No painful remembrance of alighted kindness or neglected advice was recalled in Laura's mind by those beloved objects; no unkind words nor peevish ill-temper towards the dear ones who were gone, rose up, as is too often the case, like ghosts, to scare away and embitter the thoughts of past joys, and to render the parting from a former home more painful still. Oh, what a blessing is a well-regulated and religious mind! How often have I felt, when gazing on the old familiar objects endeared by the memory of those I loved best,—how often have I felt that some kind word from their beloved lips has come with fearful distinctness to reproach me for either disregarding it, or for not having at the time been fully aware of the inestimable value of being so loved! I know that my feelings are morbidly sensitive on this point, and that I suffer the regrets of not having made the most of my former happiness to haunt me like spectres; yet, though I do it to an almost sinful degree, and by thus poisoning other and present joys, sow over again the seeds for future repining, yet I would address a word of warning to others, to beware—to try and remember, that the remorse excited by knowing that we have not enjoyed the past, is worse than the simple, though poignant sorrow of thinking on departed joys when they are gone for ever. Unless mingled with this remorse, I do not agree with Dante, that there is 'Nessun maggior dolore che di ricordarsi del tempo felice nella miseria.' I think that the remembrance of real pure joy is always pleasant, even if those are dead who were the sources of it."

The Heiress of Drosberg possesses the most romantic features, and offers some touching description of the fatal events which marked the life of Joanna of Naples; but perhaps our favourite is the unaffected and unambitious tale of the blind *Cathedral Chorister*. It is unlike anything of the same class we ever read; and though extraordinary in incident, has so much of the *verisemblable*, that we never for a moment doubt it. A single sentence will speak for its execution:—

"One weary day after another passed away, but brought no alleviation to Julia's sufferings. She was still in that depressed state of woe in which we seem to dream more than to exist; when, as yet, we can scarcely believe that our misfortunes are real; when we live, as it were, in expectation of something, we know not what, and can do and resolve on nothing."

Sporting Excursions in the Rocky Mountains, including a Journey to the Columbia River, and a Visit to the Sandwich Islands, Chili, &c. By J. K. Townshend, Esq. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1840. Colburn.

FROM little boys shooting sparrows and one another, to mighty Nimrods hunting lions in Africa, or elephants in India, there is something in the sports of the field, the excitement, the exercise, the variety of success and disappointment, the triumph of skill, the danger, the fatigue, the retrospect, all of which contribute to render them the delight of every class of men, in every country, and in every age. There is an approximation to more perfect freedom in the chase, a possession of power and independence, and a gallant venture of litch and limb, which endears it to the manly breast, and causes an enjoyment hardly to be excelled by any other human pursuit. In our cultivated land we have only the timid hare and the feline fox to stimulate us (for we count not on the carted stag, and the glorious red deer of the Highlands is but rare, even for the highly-privileged and fortunate few); yet, with how much eagerness and gratification are these done to the death, let the sure beagles of many a locality, and the hounds of Melton Mowbray, bear witness. Rising nobly in the scale, the panther, and the buffalo, and the grizzly bear, present themselves to the woodman's rifle in the Rocky Mountains; his life is one of daring enterprise; his railroad the back of his steed; his hotel, the tent or bended boughs of the forest tree; his feast, the produce of his skill and courage; and his Ude, an appetite sharpened by toil and hunger. Of such matters are Mr. Townshend's volumes the records; and, after Lloyd in Norway, Murray in those same American wilds, Scrope in Scotland, Hawker at home, and others who have wielded the goose-quill equally well with the gun, his observations will find favour in the sight of the sportsman, wheresoever he roams in search of health, and seeking the nearest approach he can reach to his original savage state of warfare against the fowls of the air, the fishes of the waters, and the beasts of the field.

From Saint Louis to the Columbia River is the route we follow in the first volume; and we camp out among Sâques, Otton, Pawnees, Nez Percés, Blackfeet, Snakes, Bannocks, Chinooks, and other red men, till we end among the Klikatatz, who thus treat their heirs and successors (a wonder that, after such usage, they ever are so!)

"A custom prevalent, and almost universal, amongst these Indians, is that of flattening, or smashing in the whole front of the skull, from the superciliary ridge to the crown. The appearance produced by this unnatural operation is almost hideous, and one would suppose that the intellect would be materially affected by it. This, however, does not appear to be the case, as I have never seen, with a single exception (the Kayouse), a race of people who appeared more shrewd and intelligent. I had a conversation on this subject, a few days since, with a chief who speaks the English language. He said, that he had exerted himself to abolish the practice in his own tribe; but although his people would listen patiently to his talk on most subjects, their ears were firmly closed when this was mentioned; 'They would leave the council fire one by one, until none but a few squaws and children were left to drink in the words of the chief.' It is even considered among them a degradation to possess a round head; and one whose caput has happened to be neglected in his infancy, can never become

even a subordinate chief in his tribe, and is treated with indifference and disdain, as one who is unworthy a place amongst them. The flattening of the head is practised by at least ten or twelve distinct tribes of the lower country, the Klikatata, Kalapooyahs, and Multnomahs of the Wallamet, and its vicinity; the Chinooks, Klatsaps, Klatsonis, Kowaltaks, Katlammetas, Killemonks, and Chekalis of the Lower Columbia and its tributaries, and probably by others both north and south. The tribe called Flatheads, or Salish, who reside near the sources of the Oregon, have long since abolished this custom. The mode by which the flattening is effected, varies considerably with the different tribes. The Wallamet Indians place the infant, soon after birth, upon a board, to the edges of which are attached little loops of hempen cord, or leather; and other similar cords are passed across and back in a zigzag manner through these loops, enclosing the child, and binding it firmly down. To the upper edge of this board, in which is a depression to receive the back part of the head, another smaller one is attached by hinges of leather, and made to lie obliquely upon the forehead; the force of the pressure being regulated by several strings attached to its edge, which are passed through holes in the board upon which the infant is lying, and secured there. The mode of the Chinooks, and others near the sea, differs widely from that of the upper Indians, and appears somewhat less barbarous and cruel. A sort of cradle is formed by excavating a pine-log to the depth of eight or ten inches. The child is placed on it, on a bed of little grass mats, and bound down in the manner above described. A little boss of tightly-plaited and woven grass is then applied to the forehead, and secured by a cord to the loops at the side. The infant is thus suffered to remain from four to eight months, or until the sutures of the skull have in some measure united, and the bone become solid and firm. It is seldom or never taken from the cradle, except in case of severe illness, until the flattening process is completed. I saw to-day a young child from whose head the board had just been removed. It was, without exception, the most frightful and disgusting-looking object that I ever beheld. The whole front of the head was completely flattened, and the mass of brain being forced back, caused an enormous projection there. The poor little creature's eyes protruded to the distance of half an inch, and looked inflamed and discoloured, as did all the surrounding parts. Although I felt a kind of chill creep over me from the contemplation of such dire deformity, yet there was something so stark-staring, and absolutely queer in the physiognomy, that I could not repress a smile; and when the mother amused the little object, and made it laugh, it looked so irresistibly, so terribly ludicrous, that I and those who were with me burst into a simultaneous roar, which frightened it, and made it cry: in which predicament it looked much less horrible than before."

Of the party, the following affords a tolerable idea:—

"We have amongst our men a great variety of dispositions. Some who have not been accustomed to the kind of life they are to lead in future, look forward to it with eager delight, and talk of stirring incidents and hair-breadth 'escapes. Others who are more experienced, seem to be as easy and unconcerned about it as a citizen would be in contemplating a drive of a few miles into the country. Some have evidently been reared in the shade, and not

accustomed to hardships: many are almost as rough as the grizzly bears, and not a little proud of their feats, of which they are fond of boasting; but the majority are strong, able-bodied men. During the day, the captain keeps all his men employed in arranging and packing a vast variety of goods for carriage. In addition to the necessary clothing for the company, arms, ammunition, &c., there are thousands of trinkets of various kinds—beads, paint, bells, rings, and such trumpery, intended as presents for the Indians, as well as objects of trade with them. The bales are usually made to weigh about eighty pounds, of which a horse carries two. I am very much pleased with the manner in which Captain W. manages his men. He appears admirably calculated to gain the good will, and ensure the obedience, of such a company, and adopts the only possible mode of accomplishing his end. They are men who have been accustomed to act independently; they possess a strong and indomitable spirit which will never succumb to authority, and will only be conciliated by kindness and familiarity. I confess I admire this spirit. It is noble; it is free and characteristic; but, for myself, I have not been accustomed to seeing it exercised; and when a rough fellow comes up without warning and alaps me on the shoulder, with 'Stranger, what for a gun is that you carry?' I start, and am on the point of making an angry reply; but I remember where I am, and check the feeling instantly, and submit the weapon to his inspection. Captain W. may frequently be seen sitting on the ground, surrounded by a knot of his independents, consulting them as to his present arrangements and future movements, and paying the utmost deference to the opinion of the least amongst them. We were joined here by Mr. Milton Sublette, a trader and trapper of some ten or twelve years' standing. It is his intention to travel with us to the mountains, and we are very glad of his company, both on account of his intimate acquaintance with the country, and the accession to our band of about twenty trained hunters, 'true as the steel of their tried blades,' who have more than once followed their brave and sagacious leader over the very track which we intend to pursue. He appears to be a man of strong sense and courteous manners, and his men are enthusiastically attached to him. Five missionaries, who intend to travel under our escort, have also just arrived. The principal of these is a Mr. Jason Lee (a tall and powerful man, who looks as though he were well calculated to buffet difficulties in a wild country), his nephew, Mr. Daniel Lee, and three younger men of respectable standing in society, who have arrayed themselves under the missionary banner, chiefly for the gratification of seeing a new country, and participating in strange adventures."

Of the manner of their proceedings, and the condition of the country, our next extract gives an example:—

"The next day we rode thirty-four miles, and encamped on a pretty little stream, fringed with willows, running through the midst of a large plain. Within a few miles, we saw a small herd of buffalo; and six of our company left the camp for a hunt. In an hour, two of them returned, bringing the meat of one animal. We all commenced work immediately, cutting it in thin slices, and hanging it on the bushes to dry. By sunset, our work was finished; and, soon after dark, the remaining hunters came in, bringing the best parts of three more. This will give us abundance of

work for to-morrow, when the hunters will go out again. Richardson and Sansbury mention having seen several Blackfoot Indians to-day, who, on observing them, ran rapidly away, and, as usual, concealed themselves in the bushes. We are now certain that our worst enemies are around us, and that they are only waiting for a favourable time and opportunity to make an attack. They are not here for nothing; and have probably been dogging us, and reconnoitring our outposts, so that the greatest caution and watchfulness will be required to prevent a surprise. We are but a small company; and there may be, at this very moment, hundreds within hearing of our voices. The Blackfoot is a sworn and determined foe to all white men; and he has often been heard to declare, that he would rather hang the scalp of a 'pale face' to his girdle, than kill a buffalo to prevent his starving. The hostility of this dreaded tribe is, and has for years been, proverbial. They are, perhaps, the only Indians who do not fear the power, and who refuse to acknowledge the superiority, of the white man: and though so often beaten in conflicts with them, even by their own mode of warfare, and generally with numbers vastly inferior, their indomitable courage and perseverance still urges them on to renewed attempts; and if a single scalp is taken, it is considered equal to a great victory, and is hailed as a presage of future and more extensive triumphs. It must be acknowledged, however, that this determined hostility does not originate solely in savage malignity, or an abstract thirst for the blood of white men; it is fomented and kept alive, from year to year, by incessant provocatives on the part of white hunters, trappers, and traders, who are at best but intruders on the rightful domains of the red man of the wilderness. Many a night have I sat at the camp-fire, and listened to the recital of bloody and ferocious scenes, in which the narrators were the actors, and the poor Indians the victims; and I have felt my blood tingle with shame, and boil with indignation, to hear the diabolical acts applauded by those for whose amusement they were related. Many a precious villain and merciless marauder was made by these midnight tales of rape, murder, and robbery; many a stripling, in whose tender mind the seeds of virtue and honesty had never germinated, burned for an opportunity of loading his pack-horse with the beaver-skins of some solitary Blackfoot trapper, who was to be murdered and despoiled of the property he had acquired by weeks, and perhaps months, of toil and danger. Acts of this kind are by no means unfrequent, and the subjects of this sort of atrocity are not always the poor and despised Indians: white men themselves often fall by the hands of their companions, when, by good fortune and industry, they have succeeded in loading their horses with fur. The fortunate trapper is treacherously murdered by one who has eaten from the same dish and drank from the same cup; and the homicide returns triumphantly to his camp with his ill-gotten property. If his companion be inquired for, the answer is that some days ago they parted company, and he will probably soon join them. The poor man never returns—no one goes to search for him—he is soon forgotten, or is only remembered by one more steadfast than the rest, who seizes with avidity the first opportunity which is afforded of murdering an unoffending Indian, in revenge for the death of his friend."

Again, utilized by Google
"This evening, the roaring of the bulls in

the gang near us is terrific, and these sounds are mingled with the howling of large packs of wolves which regularly attend upon them, and the hoarse screaming of hundreds of ravens flying over head. The dreaded grizzly bear is also quite common in this neighbourhood; two have just been seen in some bushes near, and they visit our camp almost every night, attracted by the piles of meat which are heaped all around us. The first intimation we have of his approach is a great grunt or snort, unlike any sound I ever heard, but much more querulous than fierce; then we hear the scraping and tramping of his huge feet, and the snuffing of his nostrils, as the savoury scent of the meat is wafted to them. He approaches nearer and nearer, with a stealthy and fearful pace, but just as he is about to accomplish the object of his visit, he suddenly stops short; the snuffing is repeated at long and trembling intervals; and, if the slightest motion is then made by one of the party, away goes 'Ephraim,' like a cowardly burglar as he is, and we hear no more of him that night."

The details about the Snake Indians are remarkable:—

"Early in the morning I strolled into the Snake camp. It consists of about thirty lodges or wigwams, formed generally of branches of trees tied together in a conic summit, and covered with buffalo, deer, or elk skins. Men and little children were lolling about the ground all around the wigwams, together with a heterogeneous assemblage of dogs, cats, some tamed prairie wolves, and other 'varmints.' The dogs growled and snapped when I approached, the wolves cowered and looked cross, and the cats ran away and hid themselves in dark corners. They had not been accustomed to the face of a white man, and all the quadrupeds seemed to regard me as some monstrous production, more to be feared than loved or courted. This dislike, however, did not appear to extend to the bipeds, for many of every age and sex gathered around me, and seemed to be examining me critically in all directions. The men looked complacently at me—the women, the dear creatures, smiled upon me, and the little, naked, pot-bellied children crawled around my feet, examining the fashion of my hard shoes, and playing with the long fringes of my leathern inexpressibles. But I scarcely know how to commence a description of the *tout ensemble* of the camp, or to frame a sentence which will give an adequate idea of the extreme filth, and most horrific nastiness, of the whole vicinity. I shall, therefore, but transiently glance at it, omitting many of the most disgusting and abominable features. Immediately as I entered the village, my olfactories were assailed by the most vile and mephitic odours, which I found to proceed chiefly from great piles of salmon entrails and garbage which were lying festering and rotting in the sun, around the very doors of the habitations. Fish, both fresh and half-dried, were scattered all over the ground, under the feet of the dogs, wolves, and Indian children; and others which had been split, were hanging on rude platforms erected within the precincts of the camp. Some of the women were making their breakfast of the great red salmon eggs, as large as peas, and using a wooden spoon to convey them to their mouths. Occasionally, also, by way of varying the repeat, they would take a huge pinch of a drying fish which was lying on the ground near them. Many of the children were similarly employed; and the little imps would also have hard contests with the dogs for a favourite morsel, the former

roaring and blubbing, the latter yelping and snarling, and both rolling over and over together upon the savoury soil. The whole economy of the lodges, inside and outside, was of a piece with every thing else about them—filthy beyond description—the very skins which covered the wigwams were black and stiff with rancid salmon fat, and the dresses—if dresses they may be called—of the women, were of the same colour and condition, from the same cause. These dresses are little square pieces of deer-skin, fastened with a thong around the loins, and reaching about half way to the knees; the rest of the person is entirely naked. Some of the women had little children clinging like bull-frogs to their backs, without being fastened, and in that situation extracting their lactiferous sustenance from the breast, which was thrown over the shoulders. It is almost needless to say, that I did not remain long in the Snake camp; for although I had been a considerable time estranged from the abodes of luxury, and had become somewhat accustomed to, at least, a partial assimilation to a state of nature, yet I was not prepared for what I saw here. I never had fancied any thing so utterly abominable, and was glad to escape to a purer and more wholesome atmosphere." More next week.

Voyages of the Dutch Brig-of-War Dourga, through the Southern and little-known Parts of the Moluccan Archipelago, and along the previously unknown Southern Coast of New Guinea, performed during the Years 1825 and 1826. By D. H. Kolff, Jun., Luitenant ter Zee, 1^e Klasse, en Ridder van de Militaire Willems Orde. Translated from the Dutch by George Windsor Earl, author of the "Eastern Seas." 8vo. pp. 365. London, 1840. Madden and Co.

THOUGH a dozen of years have elapsed since these voyages were performed, they possess considerable interest for the geographer, the merchant, and the general reader. They notice lands very imperfectly known; they point out sources of trade hitherto unsought; and they disclose the views of the Dutch government in these parts: while, at the same time, they convey various intelligence of a new and curious character. Lieutenant Kolff was sent by the King of Holland to visit the Moluccan Archipelago, and restore, as far as he could, the relations of the various islands with Holland, which had been interrupted or ceased in consequence of those events in Europe that benumbed the commercial and colonial energies of this State:—

"The numerous islands (says the translator's preface) lying between the Moluccas and the northern coasts of Australia, have hitherto been very little known to the world; indeed, we cannot discover that any account of them has yet been made public, with the exception of some observations in Valentyn's 'Oude en Nieuw Oost Indien,' a work published in Holland more than a century ago: we are, therefore, induced to offer a few particulars concerning their early history, as an introduction to M. Kolff's narrative. We cannot discover that these islands were ever visited by Europeans previous to 1636, in which year Pieter Pieterzon, a Dutch navigator, touched at the Arru Islands during his voyage to examine the northern coasts of Australia, which had been discovered thirty years previously by a small Dutch vessel, called the Duyfhen. Six years subsequently the Arru group was again visited by F. Corsten, when several of the native chiefs were induced

to acknowledge the supremacy of the Dutch East India Company, binding themselves to trade with no other Europeans, and investing them with the monopoly of the pearl banks, the produce of which the Dutch conveyed to Japan, and there found a ready market and a lucrative return. Transactions, with similar views, subsequently took place at the adjacent islands, on which small bodies of troops were placed; to whose control the simple natives willingly submitted, and viewed with indifference the destruction of the spice-trees, which were vigorously sought for and uprooted by the new-comers. As it was the object of the Dutch to restrict the trade in spices within narrow limits, in order to enhance the value of this commodity, of which they enjoyed the monopoly, the East India Company did not permit even their own countrymen to carry on a commercial intercourse with these islands; indeed, the only advantages the Company derived from their possession consisted in their affording slaves to cultivate the clove and nutmeg plantations of Banda and Amboyna, the only settlements in which they allowed spices to be grown. Notwithstanding these restrictions, an extensive contraband trade was carried on with the islands; for the Europeans who were, from time to time, encouraged by the Company to settle in the Moluccas as planters, although receiving bounties in the shape of free grants of land, with advances of slaves and provisions on credit and at original cost, under the sole condition that they should supply the Company with the produce at a fixed price, soon abandoned their plantations, and embarked in the more exciting and lucrative trade with the islands to the southward, sending confidential slaves in charge of their prahus. It is recorded, that many individuals collected enormous fortunes by this traffic; which, indeed, was nearly all profit, as the goods sent there were of very small value. The trepang fishery, now the principal source of wealth to these islands, then scarcely existed, and the return cargoes of the prahus consisted chiefly of less bulky articles, such as amber, pearls, tortoiseshell, and birds-of-paradise."

The enterprise of other European nations in cultivating spices, &c. elsewhere towards the close of last century, and, above all, the establishment of Singapore by Sir S. Raffles, led to a new condition of things: and the translator says:—

"It was chiefly to establish an intercourse with the natives of these parts, by presenting to them a more convenient mart for their produce, that a British settlement was formed on Melville Island, near the coast of Australia, in 1824, by Captain, now Sir J. J. Gordon Bremer; and if this, and the settlement subsequently formed at Raffles Bay, proved unsuccessful, it is more to be attributed to our want of information concerning these islands than to any other cause. Two small vessels successively were sent among them by the authorities of Melville Island, neither of which returned. It will be seen by M. Kolff's narrative, that, unhappily, both these vessels directed their course to parts previously unvisited by foreigners, and that the natives, unable to resist the temptation of acquiring more valuable property than they had ever before contemplated, attacked and plundered them, killing the greater portion of their crews. Had they visited the parts of these islands which were frequented by the traders, they might have done so with comparative safety, as the natives there would have been too well aware

of the value of commerce to risk the danger of putting a stop to it by an action likely to draw upon them the vengeance of a powerful people. From M. Kolff's voyage having been undertaken so soon after our occupation of Melville Island, there is some reason to believe that the formation of that settlement had considerable influence in inducing the Dutch government suddenly to take a deep interest in the islands adjacent to it, which had been almost totally neglected for half a century previously."

The jealousy of England is, indeed, sufficiently evident in several portions of Kolff's journal; where the "plain seaman" lets out a little of the diplomatist. Thus every island is represented as most anxious for the restoration of Dutch rule, and at one of the Tenimber Islands we are told:—

"On making inquiries concerning the trading vessels which came here, I learned, among other things, that during the previous year a vessel under the English flag had arrived at the east extremity of Timor-laut, the master of which sent his boat on shore to purchase provisions, giving out that he had been necessitated to visit the place from a great mortality and sickness having occurred among his crew. In how far this was the case, I will leave to the judgment of those who are aware of the artifices of the English, in order to carry on a smuggling trade in these parts," and, above all, to import prohibited goods, such as gunpowder and ammunition. Thus was the brig, in name (dakleijen), loaded only with roofing slates and iron, but, in fact, she had a large number of muskets, swords, and other weapons on board. The captain agreed with the natives to give weapons in exchange for stock, and went on shore with half his crew, which consisted of ten Europeans. In the meantime the natives considered this to be a fine opportunity to overpower those who remained on board, and gain possession of the vessel. They therefore boarded her unexpectedly in great numbers, and murdered the people in her, while at the same time those on shore were made away with, with the exception of two boys, who owed their preservation to the interposition of the women. After this crime had been committed, they hauled the brig on shore, stripped her of all they could carry away, and burned her. The plundered goods were shared out among the inhabitants, and part of them sold to the traders who visited them, the remainder being kept, and now, perhaps, serving as finery for the inhabitants of the east coast of Timor-laut. One of the village chiefs stated to me on this occasion, that he had himself seen the chain cable of the brig hanging around the village, and that two iron carronades which had belonged to her lay there upon the ground, the natives not having yet mustered sufficient courage to fire them off."

Again:—

"The English, during their short possession of the Moluccas, sent a British flag to the people of Watidal, who had preserved it well, but without making any use of it. When I demanded the reason of this, I was answered that they plainly perceived that this was not a Company's flag, and that they would not recognise any other nation than the Dutch as their allies. Their ideas of the different European nations are very singular. From their

questions, it appeared that they considered the *Orang Compania* (the Dutch) only as true white people, and that they were unacquainted with other Europeans. They asked me if the English were not the inland mountaineers, or *Orang Gunung*, like the inhabitants of Timor-laut, and other barbarous people."

But we will leave this topic, to afford our readers some insight into the more satisfactory accounts of remarkable native manners and habits in the Serwatty,* Arru, Tenimber, Ceram-laut, and Goram Islands, in the Molucca and Java seas. But first a natural phenomenon:—

"For two nights since the waters of the sea had had a curious white appearance, which at first excited little notice, but on the night of the 13th, as the breeze freshened from the east-south-east, this peculiar appearance increased until the sea possessed the colour of milk. This phenomenon was accompanied by thick drizzling rain, so that by ten o'clock P.M. nothing was visible but the dismal brightness of the waters around us. On board the brig the atmosphere was so dark, that we could not distinguish each other at a distance of three paces, and never having seen a like phenomenon, we were not a little surprised. The wind continued to blow strongly until two o'clock A.M., when the atmosphere began to clear up, so that at length we began to recognise one another's countenances. The strange appearance of the water continued until the break of day, and even afterwards it continued white and troubled. During the night, and also on the subsequent day, I took up some of the water in a clean glass, that I might examine it with a microscope; but I found it to be entirely free from dirt or animalcules, though it still retained a clear, sparkling whiteness. On several subsequent occasions, especially during the night, we remarked a similar appearance, but not to so great an extent as on the one above-mentioned; I am, therefore, led to suppose that the strength of the wind materially contributed to it. The pilots, who had been acquainted with these seas for several years, informed me that they had never previously witnessed this appearance to so great an extent as at present; which may, perhaps, be owing to their never performing their voyages when the monsoon is blowing its full strength."

"The Arafuras (the aboriginal inhabitants of the Arru Islands) form a numerous body of people. They are not, as is generally supposed, entirely uncivilised, since they live in villages, containing ten or twelve houses each, under the control of their elders. Their food consists chiefly of fish and hogs, which they shoot with iron-pointed arrows. They also grow excellent vegetables, Indian corn, *labu* (a sort of pumpkin, resembling the turnip in flavour), sugarcane, together with a little red and white rice. Their clothing is not more costly than their food. The men wear a strip of white, blue, or coloured calico round the waist, one end being brought between the legs, and fastened on one side with a knot; and adorn themselves with armlets made from white shells, with small pieces of brass wire in four or five holes, pierced above one another in the ears, and with beads around the neck. Their hair is usually black, and strongly curled. As I have remarked elsewhere, they wash it with ash or lime-water, which imparts to it a lightish colour, and causes

it to appear rough; both these peculiarities being considered very tasteful by the Arafuras, and also by the Papuas (the inhabitants of the coasts of New Guinea). Some of these, who have very long hair, twist it up into a knot at the back of the head, confining it by means of a bamboo comb. Nearly all their head-dresses are adorned by some strings of coral beads extending from both ears, and meeting over their forehead. They always carry a chopping-knife thrust through their waistcloth. The women wear a chain-girdle, made of thick brass wire, round the waist, the ends fastened by a hook, from which a small piece of cloth, generally of Macassar *sarong* stuff, hangs down in front, a square piece of fine matting depending in like manner from behind; these forming their sole covering. The numerous strings of coral beads which they wear round the neck, hang down upon the breast, and are triced up to each ear, which has by no means an ungraceful appearance. The entire lobe of the ear is pierced with numerous holes; through which are drawn pieces of copper and tin, and sometimes a species of marine plant, this last being also often used as armlets. Under the knee and above the elbow they wear bands of fine plaited cane, through which they often draw the leaves of a certain plant. The hair of the women is very long and fine, and in general but slightly curled. They plait it in different sections, and twist the whole up into a knot on the top of the head. Their colour is black or transparent brown (*doorschijnend bruin*). Among the Arafuras the greater portion of the labour is performed by the women; they carry water, cut wood, cure trepang, catch the crabs and shell-fish, and prepare the meals, carrying their young children at their back while pursuing their avocations."

One of Kolff's officers, who had formerly been among these islanders, gave his commander the following account of them:—

"Although," says he, "I found in a house at Old Affara (a village on Vorkay, one of the southernmost of the Arrus) an image rudely formed of wood, together with a post on which different figures, such as snakes, lizards, crocodiles, and human forms, were carved, and which the owner stated to be intended for preserving the house from evil spirits (*Suwangi*), yet it is evident that the Arafuras of Vorkay possess no religion whatsoever. There are no sacred groves or similar places on the island. They certainly hold a feast at the time in which they have perceived that the Christians of Wama hold one also, namely, at the commencement of the year; when they, in imitation of the Christians, celebrate the advent of the new year by arraying themselves in their best clothes, and drinking a considerable quantity of arrack. Of the immortality of the soul they have not the least conception. To all my inquiries on this subject they answered, 'No Arafura has ever returned to us after death, therefore we know nothing of a future state, and this is the first time we have heard of it.' Their idea was, *Mati, Mati sudah* (When you are dead there is an end of you). Neither have they any notion of the creation of the world. They only answered, 'None of us are aware of this; we have never heard any thing about it, and therefore do not know who has done it all.' To convince myself more fully respecting their want of knowledge of a Supreme Being, I demanded of them on whom they called for help in their need, when, far from their homes, engaged in the trepang fishery, their vessels were overtaken by violent tempests, and no human power could save

* In 'Marsden's Malayan Grammar,' among the letters given in the Appendix, will be found a remarkable example of these English tricks. An English captain came to the King of Tringanu, with a pretended letter of recommendation from the governor-general of India; asked permission to enter the river to repair, and smuggled several chests of opium on shore!"

* This group is named in our charts the Serwatty Islands, probably a native corruption of the Dutch term 'Zuid-wester' (south-western). As this name has long been recognised, we have continued it here to avoid confusion.—*Trans.*

them, their wives and children, from destruction. The eldest among them, after having consulted the others, answered that they knew not on whom they could call for assistance, but begged me, if I knew, to be so good as to inform them. I was at length tired of asking questions, and did my best to give them a notion of the creation of the world, and of a future state. I remarked to them how wonderful it was that a small grain of seed sprang up into a spreading tree; that the different sorts never mixed; that every thing which surrounded us was in a constantly progressive state of creation and decay; and that all these things could never have taken place but for the superintendence of an all-wise Providence. The Arafuras nodded their heads, to shew that my words appeared to them to have much truth in them. At length one of them, who had listened with particular attention, demanded of me where this all-ruling Being took up its abode. I answered, that the Deity was present every where, not only among us, but in every plant that, through his goodness and power, he has furnished us for our food. This idea was too abstruse for the Arafuras; for one of them answered, 'Then this God is certainly in your arrack, for I never feel happier than when I have drunk plenty of it.'

This certainly was worshipping in the spirit, if not in the truth. Other examples of their ways and customs are related; but we must keep them for another Gazette.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Six Years' Residence in the Australian Provinces, ending in 1839. By W. Mann, Esq. Pp. 360. London, 1839. Smith, Elder, and Co.

To all who wish to have the means of forming competent opinions respecting New South Wales, Van Dieman's Land, South Australia, Port Philip, and New Zealand, this volume is indispensable. So many and so contradictory are the accounts that have been published of these settlements—so warped by self-interest, and so directed to the promotion of jobbing—that the evidence of a long-resident and observant individual is of great consequence to the questions involved, no matter what view of them he may take. His favourable notion of New Zealand is declared; but it is to the general mass of recent intelligence which he has collected that we would point the attention of the public. There is a good map.

The Trials of Margaret Lindsay. By the Author of "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life." A New Edition. London, 1839. Edinburgh, Blackwoods; London, Cadell.

A NEW edition of this exquisite and pathetic story. Surely it ought never to be out of print.

Dodd's Church History of England, from the Commencement of the Sixteenth Century to the Revolution in 1688. With Notes, Additions, and a Continuation. By the Rev. M. A. Tierney, F.S.A. 8vo. Vols. I. and II. London, 1839. Dolman.

THIS publication is so universally known, and has been so much the object of controversy, that until we see its conclusion (if then) we would not trouble our readers with any remarks upon it. These volumes contain so much of the original work published at Brussels above a century ago, and Mr. Tierney promises not only a sequel, but something at the end of the continuation; which, if as strange as this bullish announcement, may require our more particular attention. Dr. Lingard and other Roman

Catholic writers have been under the greatest obligations to this reverend and most laborious defender of their faith.

The Catholic Family Library, No. 1.: Sir Thomas More, his Life and Times. By W. J. Walter. Pp. 402. London, 1839. Dolman; Liverpool, Booker and Co.; Dublin, Cumming.

AMONG the lively signs of Roman Catholic exertion at the present time, we may notice the commencement of a Family Library, the object of which is to propagate opinions favourable to that faith. Among these it is assuredly not an illegitimate method to set forth the lives of worthies who have adorned the religion they professed, and the human nature to which they pertained. With these views, the editor of the volume before us has given us the great and amiable Sir Thomas More, in the best possible light which his own writings, contemporary documents, the accounts by his family, and the researches of Lingard and other writers, of the same way of thinking, have enabled him to paint the portrait of this illustrious man. Cranmer, Cromwell, Anne Boleyn, the King, and all that party, are, of course, represented as the dark (the black) shadows of the picture. With regard to the general effect aimed at, by the proof that there have existed Roman Catholics of the noblest character, pious, sincere, constant, just, liberal, and every way deserving of love and admiration, it is, we presume to say, a demonstration of what nobody denies. Sir T. More is one of the brightest examples, and judiciously chosen for the *début*.

Domesticated Animals. By Robert Mudie. Pp. 254. London, 1839. Orr and Co.; Winchester, Gilmour.

A POPULAR view of the structure, habits, localities, distribution, natural relations, &c. of all kinds of domestic animals; and a little volume at the same time useful and amusing, especially for persons living in the country.

A Course of Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature. By A. W. Schlegel. Translated from the original German by John Black. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1839. Templeman; Smith.

THIS well-known, well-translated, and well-worthy to be still more widely read work, has done so much for our dramatic literature on the Continent, and led the way to so much greater attention being paid to it among ourselves, that we need do nothing beyond intimating its appearance in a very neat and cheap second edition. To recommend it would be surplusage, for its merits and celebrity are every where acknowledged.

What Should the Church Do? &c. By Henry Butterfield, M.A., of Her Majesty's Chapel Royal, Windsor. Pp. 28. 1839. Windsor, Brown; London, Whittaker.

MR. BUTTERFIELD of Her Majesty's Chapel Royal is a reformer. He says that half the people of Great Britain, viz. some seven and a half millions of souls, are destitute of spiritual instruction, that the revenues of the church are three and a half millions of pounds sterling, and from these data he argues, that the clergy ought to tax themselves five per cent per annum, to build and endow churches sufficient for the edification of the entire population of the empire?

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

THE second illustration of the present season took place on Tuesday evening: it was 'On

Salt,' by Mr. Aikin—an interesting subject, and rendered doubly so by the manner in which it was treated by the lecturer. After noticing the antiquity of salt, and its important uses in the present economy of nature, he briefly gave an account of the natural history of salt; the great reservoir of which is the ocean, and all the smaller seas connected with it: 1000 parts by weight of sea-water, of average quality, contain 25 of common salt, and 8-5 of magnesian salts, to which its bitterness is owing; it also contains very small quantities of sulphate of carbonate of lime. The origin of salt contained in our present ocean is a question which has been discussed with more ingenuity than success. The most obvious answer is that it has been derived from the solution of previously existing beds of salt. It is perfectly well ascertained that there exist large masses of solid salt in mineral strata, the formation of which goes back several geological eras previous to the present arrangement of the earth's surface; we have, therefore, only to suppose a sufficient quantity of this salt to have been contained in the bed of the present ocean, and the problem is resolved. This way, however, of viewing the question, presupposes a state of the earth when the ocean did not exist, and that it was at first a mass of fresh water; neither of which assumptions are consistent with acknowledged facts. The sources whence our supplies of salt are obtained are rock salt, certain earthy beds impregnated with salt in small and hardly visible particles, brine springs, and sea-water. None of these, except small portions of the first, can be used in the state in which nature offers them. Methods of purification, therefore, must be had recourse to, with the view of obtaining the salt in a solid state, and freed wholly, or as nearly so as is possible, from impurities. These are of several classes: first, those that are merely mechanically mixed with the salt; second, those that are dissolved in the same water as the salt, but separate before the salt itself does; third, those which being more soluble in water than the salt remain in the liquor after the greater part of the salt has been extracted; fourth, the water in which the salt is dissolved, and which must be got rid of by evaporation. After some further observations, Mr. Aikin stated that the quantity of salt exported by Great Britain in 1836 was 240,560 tons, of which about 90,000 tons were rock salt; the internal consumption has been computed at about 240,000 tons, making in the whole 480,560 tons: of this, probably, at least 360,000 tons were furnished by the county of Chester.

THE ASTROLABE AND ZÉLÉE.

THE literary supplement to the "Quotidienne" of November 6th contains a letter from M. Dumont d'Urville, detailing the further progress of the Astrolabe and Zélée in their exploration of Australia. M. d'Urville congratulates himself on having accomplished much more than he anticipated in his surveys of the Moluccan Archipelago, many of the islands in which, he says, are but indifferently laid down even in the best maps. While the Astrolabe and Zélée were anchored in Raffles Bay, where the English had formerly an establishment, of which the ruins are still visible, M. d'Urville was surprised by a visit from Capt. Bremer, who informed him that the English were again about to colonise Port Essington, at which place he was then staying. He pays a high compliment to our gallant countryman, whom he visited on board H.M.S. Alligator, and speaks of their parting as if they had been old

friends. M. d'Urville afterwards proceeded along the coast of New Holland, New Zealand, &c. &c., and talks of returning to France in about fifteen months with accurate plans of the coasts of continents and islands, hitherto but imperfectly known. The crews of both vessels were in good health and spirits, and M. d'Urville speaks most warmly of the officers under his guidance, for the unwearied zeal and ability they have shewn in aiding to carry out the noble intentions of the French government.

LITERARY AND LEARNED. UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, 8th December.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Divinity.—Rev. I. Williams, Fellow of Trinity College.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. C. Thorp, Magdalen Hall; Rev. H. Teush-Hecker, Rev. F. G. Jackson, Trinity College; J. N. Tyndall, Wadham College.

Bachelors of Arts.—St. John Mitchell, Edmund Hall; W. A. Faulkner, Magdalen Hall; T. G. Clarke, E. P. Hathaway, Queen's College; T. C. Price, Postmaster of Merton College; R. Joyner, G. C. Swayne, Scholars of Corpus Christi College; P. H. Morgan, Scholar of Jesus College; H. A. Giraud, Scholar of Worcester College; J. G. Sheppard, J. Sayre, Scholars, H. W. Fox, Wadham College; R. Mynors, University College.

ROYAL SOCIETY.* (Anniversary Meeting.)

Address of the Most Noble the President.

GENTLEMEN,—A year having now elapsed since you conferred upon me the highly honourable office of your President, it becomes my duty, in accordance with the example of my predecessors, to address you. The first and most agreeable part of my task is to express my feelings of gratitude to those gentlemen whom you were pleased to select as my Council. I am most highly indebted to them for the zealous co-operation and hearty assistance which I have ever received at their hands. It is to them that I have looked to aid my inexperience, and to supply my manifold deficiencies, and I have not been disappointed. To those who are the more permanent officers of the Society, the Treasurer and the Secretaries, my obligations are particularly great; and I will venture to add, that to them, as well as to the other members of the Council, your thanks are due as well as mine. The past year has indeed been to that portion of the Royal Society which takes an active part in its affairs, one of more than usual labour and exertion,—of labour and exertion destined, as I hope, to produce rich and ample fruit. The great and marking peculiarity which has attended it, has been the sailing of the Antarctic Expedition. The importance of following up in the southern regions of the globe the magnetic inquiries so interesting to men of science in Europe, was strongly felt by one of our distinguished fellows, Major Sabine, and by him brought before the notice of the British Association, at their meeting at Newcastle, as he had also previously done at Dublin. That great assemblage of men of science, concurring in the views of Major Sabine, resolved to suggest to her majesty's government the propriety of sending out a scientific expedition; and the Royal Society lost no time in warmly and zealously seconding the recommendation. It would, gentlemen, be an idle inquiry to ask whether the success of the application be owing to the British Association or to the Royal Society. It would seem, indeed, probable, that, considering the financial difficulties of the time, the government might have hardly considered itself justified in yielding to the prayers of either body separately

on this occasion; and if to the British Association be the glory of the first proposal of this expedition, to the Royal Society belongs the praise of perseverance in seconding the recommendation, and of laborious and earnest endeavours to aid in rendering it in every respect as efficient as possible. It is my duty as your President to return my thanks and yours to Lord Melbourne, Lord Minto, Lord Montague, Sir Hussey Vivian, and Sir Richard Jenkins, the Chairman of the Board of East India Directors, for the urbanity and kindness with which they have received and acted on the suggestion of your Council, and for the confidence which the government reposed in us, when they asked for our assistance in instructing the officers to whom the expedition has been intrusted. In compliance with the request conveyed to us by the First Lord of the Admiralty, the Council transmitted to the government a body of hints and instructions in different branches of science, which I trust are likely to be of material use both to the principal and to the subsidiary objects of the Antarctic Expedition. These hints and instructions would have been far less extensive and efficient if the Council had not been able to have recourse to the several scientific committees, of whose formation the Society is already aware. The expedition has now sailed, amply provided with the best scientific instruments, and furnished with ample scientific instructions: it is commanded by one well acquainted both with magnetic inquiry and nautical research. We may therefore hope that, with the blessing of Providence, it will return with a store of knowledge valuable to the geographer, to the geologist, to the meteorologist, and to him also who studies the marvels of vegetable and animal life. In addition to all this, we may hope that the main object of the expedition will be accomplished, by additional light thrown on the obscure problems which still attend the magnetism of the earth; and that, by such discoveries, Captain James Clark Ross may not only add to his own reputation and his country's glory, but also give to the adventurous mariner increased facility and security in traversing the pathways of the ocean. The Antarctic Expedition was not the only measure recommended by the Royal Society and the British Association to her majesty's government. Another important recommendation, which had previously been brought forward by Baron Humboldt, was the establishment of fixed magnetic observatories for the purpose of making simultaneous observations in different parts of our colonial possessions. These recommendations have been readily acceded to, both by the Government and by the Directors of the East India Company; and, probably, ere many months shall have elapsed, the observatories will be in full activity. This ready acquiescence in the wishes of men of science appears to me highly creditable to our statesmen; and I feel confident, that while science belongs to no party, on the other hand, every party in this country is fully aware of the importance of science, and of the numerous benefits conferred by it on the human race. I have stated, gentlemen, that your Council had recourse to the scientific committees for assistance in drawing up instructions for the expedition in different branches of knowledge; those committees, who were named only two years ago, were at first apparently more a matter of form than substance; they have now been found capable of doing excellent service. Not only has your Council consulted them on the questions already alluded to, but also, observing

that the several committees are composed of the most competent judges of the merits of the memoirs in the respective departments of science communicated to the Society, they have, in general, referred the papers to them to report upon, previously to coming to a decision regarding their publication. The Royal Society, from its character of pursuing every branch of physical science, is evidently in a different position from other societies, professing some one science alone. It may be reasonably expected, that in the Botanical or Geological Society, for instance, the whole Council should possess a certain degree of botanical or geological knowledge. This, however, cannot be the case with us. Our Council will comprise a few astronomers, a few zoologists, a few botanists, and a few persons well acquainted with geology and medicine; but no single science can monopolise a large number of its members. In difficult questions we have therefore felt that it is more satisfactory to ourselves, and we think probably more so to the general body of the Society, and to those who have favoured us with papers, that we should ask the opinion of a larger number of men, conversant with the immediate sciences in question. At the same time, the Council retains its responsibility for its acts, and the chief officers of the Society are officially members of each of the scientific committees. The Council have derived a further assistance from these committees in the adjudication of our medals. In naming these committees, the Council has had both a difficult and a delicate task. Convinced that bodies, when too numerous, are little adapted for business, they have also felt that the power of giving their attendance might be more important than absolute superiority of scientific attainments. Some members have, however, been selected, though really non-resident, because it was believed that their colleagues might wish to consult them by letter. With these objects and views, the Council have done their best; but they have little doubt that some gentlemen have been overlooked and omitted, whose presence in the committees might have been very desirable. The Society must consider this as in some degree a new system, to be perfected and improved by experience alone. Another question has occupied a share of the time of the Council during the last year. We have felt that the testimonial of recommendation for new fellows has scarcely been sufficiently definite and precise in stating the grounds on which the candidate was recommended to the body of the Society. We have therefore thought it desirable to draw up forms of testimonial, some one of which may be adopted as most fit for each individual so recommended. We have thought this more fair, at the same time, to the meritorious candidate, and to those electors who are otherwise left in the dark with respect to his claims for their suffrages. We hope and trust that this new regulation will not stand in the way of any candidate who would be a desirable addition to our number. The labours of our tried and valuable officer, Mr. Robertson, having materially increased, partly in consequence of the establishment of scientific committees, and partly from other causes, and those labours having also become more valuable from the lengthened experience of many years spent in our service, it has appeared to us an act of mere justice to augment his salary from 160*l.* to 200*l.* per annum. The Society are doubtless aware, that, at the time of the last anniversary, no final settlement had taken place of the pecuniary claim of Mr. Panizzi, who had commenced the catalogue of our library,

* It is due to the importance of this document, and the admirable manner in which it has been composed and delivered by the Marquess of Northampton, to print it entire.—Ed. L. G.

though that gentleman had received a considerable sum on account. Feeling that it was very desirable to bring this question to a termination, we agreed to a reference; and Mr. Drinkwater Bethune having been proposed by Mr. Panizzi, and agreed to by us, that gentleman has decided that a balance of 328*l.* is still due by us. The vacancies in the list of our foreign members have been supplied by the election of M. Savart, of Paris; Signor Melloni, of Parma; M. Quetelet, of Brussels; M. Hansteen, of Christiania; Prof. Agassiz, of Neuchâtel; and M. von Martius, of Munich; as those fellows who were present at their election will remember. I have to announce to you, gentlemen, with great regret, the retirement of Captain Smyth from the office of foreign secretary, in consequence of his leaving his present residence for one at an inconvenient distance from London. I shall not detain you by any observations of the finances of the Royal Society, as you will shortly hear the report of the treasurer on that subject. I have the honour, gentlemen, to inform you that the Council have, by an unanimous decision, awarded the Royal Medals to Dr. Martin Barry and Mr. Ivory, and the Copley Medal for the year to Mr. Robert Brown: and I shall now beg leave to address myself to those three gentlemen.

Dr. Barry, it gives me sincere pleasure to bestow this medal on a gentleman who has so well deserved it, by researches in a difficult and important portion of animal physiology.* Your merits have been appreciated by men much more capable of understanding the subject than I can pretend to be—by men selected by the Council of the Royal Society for their physiological science, who have felt the great value of the discoveries you have made by accurate and diligent research, aided by the skillful use of the microscope. I trust that the award of this medal will encourage you to persevere in the same course, and that future discoveries may add to your reputation and to that of the important profession to which you belong.

Mr. Ivory, it is not the first time that you have been addressed from this chair, and it gives me great satisfaction to follow the steps of my predecessors, Sir Joseph Banks and Sir H. Davy, by again bestowing a medal on one who is an honour to the Royal Society, and pre-eminently distinguished for his mathematical attainments. The labours of your life are too well known to the scientific world to require any eulogium from me, and I consider that in this tribute to your paper on astronomical refraction, we are rather doing an honour to ourselves than to you.

Mr. Brown, in conferring the Copley Medal

* These researches are the subject of Dr. Martin Barry's papers 'On Embryology,' communicated to the Royal Society in 1838 and 1839. In these memoirs the author has brought to light many new and interesting facts, and has repeated and confirmed previous observations regarding the nature, formation, and development of the ovum in the vertebrata, and especially in the mammalia. The importance, under the establishment of facts previously known extremely acceptable to physiologists. But the novel matter contained in Dr. Barry's memoirs forms a considerable proportion of them. Without entering into unnecessary detail, we may mention that the author has determined the order of formation of the different parts of the ovum, and the nature and mode of development of the vesicle (ovisc), in which these processes take place. He has, in like manner discovered the nature, and traced the development, of the so-called disc of M. Baer, and has detected in it the mechanism which mainly regulates the transit of the ovum into the Fallopian tube. The second series of Dr. Barry's observations makes known the changes which the ovum undergoes in its passage through the Fallopian tube; the earliest and most interesting stages of development being, for the first time, described in this memoir.

on you for your valuable discoveries in vegetable impregnation,* I am quite sure that the voice of scientific Europe will respond to the decision of the Council of the Royal Society. The Académie des Sciences has already pronounced on your merits, as also on those of Mr. Ivory, by electing you, as well as that gentleman, to a seat among their foreign members; and the University of Oxford has, also, by an honorary degree, given you a similar testimonial. That you are one of our fellows is to myself a circumstance peculiarly agreeable, as it must be to the whole body over whom I have the honour to preside. Your discoveries in the particular botanical question, for which I have to give you the Copley Medal, are so important, not only in a botanical, but also in a general scientific point of view, by shewing the close analogies of animal and vegetable life, that the Committee of Zoology have felt it as much their province as that of the Committee of Botany, to recommend that the Copley Medal should be bestowed upon you; and the Council have come to an unanimous resolution to give it, though at the same time other gentlemen were recommended by other scientific committees, with whom even an unsuccessful rivalry would be no mean praise. I hope, Mr. Brown, that you may long enjoy life and leisure to pursue researches so valuable to science, and so honourable to the country of which you are a native.

[To be continued.]

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

THURSDAY, after the meeting of the Publishing Committee (on the *Biographia Literaria*) and the Council, the ordinary meeting of the Society was held, Thomas Tooke, Esq. in the chair, and four new members were balloted for and elected. No paper was read; and an adjournment over the holidays took place.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

MR. HAMILTON in the chair.—Mr. Almack presented an impression from the seal of St. Mary, Lichfield. Dr. Bromet presented an impression from the memorial stone of Fastradana, the favourite wife of Charlemagne, in the church of St. Albans at Mayence, which she founded. It was accompanied by some observations, in which Dr. Bromet stated reasons for believing this impression to be an original one. A copy of the inscription had been exhibited at the previous meeting by Mr. Howard. Mr. Birch communicated a description, with a drawing, of the entrance to an Egyptian tomb, with observations on the architecture, figures, and hieroglyphic inscriptions; part of which being read, the remainder was postponed.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—Statistical, 8 P.M.; British Architects, 8 P.M.; Medical, 8 P.M.
Tuesday.—Linnean, 8 P.M.; Electrical, 8 P.M.; Architectural, 8 P.M.
Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 7½ P.M.; Geological, 8½ P.M.
Thursday.—Royal, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.
Friday.—Botanical, 8 P.M.
Saturday.—Westminster Medical, 3 P.M.; Mathematical, 8 P.M.

* The following are the discov-eries referred to: viz. the organization of the vegeta-ble ovule, immediately before fecundation (published in 1837); and the direct action of the pollen, manifested by the contact established between it and that point of the ovum where the embryo subsequently first becomes visible, and published in papers in the years 1832 and 1833, and communicated to the Linnean Society.

FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

On Tuesday, the 10th instant, being the seventy-first anniversary of the foundation of the Royal Academy of Arts, a general assembly of the Academicians was held at their apartments in Trafalgar Square, when the following distributions of premiums took place, viz.:—

To Mr. William Edward Frost—for the best Historical Painting, the gold medal and the Discourses of the Presidents Reynolds and West.

To Mr. Thomas Earle—for the best Historical Model, the gold medal and the Discourses of the Presidents Reynolds and West.

To Mr. Edward Falkener—for the best Architectural Design, the gold medal and the Discourses of the Presidents Reynolds and West.

To Mr. Henry Le Jeune—for the best Copy made in the Painting School, the silver medal and the Lectures of the Professors Barry, Opie, and Fuseli.

To Mr. Richard Dadd—for the next best Copy made in the Painting School, the silver medal.

To Mr. Thomas Pitts—for the best Drawing from the Life, the silver medal and the Lectures of the Professors Barry, Opie, and Fuseli.

To Mr. Thomas Heaphy—for the next best Drawing from the Life, the silver medal.

The third medal—for a Drawing from the Life, was awarded to Mr. Henry Le Jeune, but he having received last year a superior prize on the same class, it was adjudged to the next, the work of Mr. Richard Dadd.

To Mr. John Henry Foley—for the best Model from the Life, the silver medal and the Lectures of the Professors Barry, Opie, and Fuseli.

To Mr. Charles Crookford—for the best Drawings of the University Club-house, Pall Mall West, the silver medal and the Lectures of the Professors Barry, Opie, and Fuseli.

To Mr. Thomas Hayter Lewis—for the next best Drawings of the University Club-house, Pall Mall West, the silver medal.

To Mr. Frederick Stapcoole—for the best Drawing from the Antique, the silver medal and the Lectures of the Professors Barry and Fuseli.

To Mr. Abraham Solomon—for the next best Drawing from the Antique, the silver medal.

To Mr. James Price—for the next best Drawing from the Antique, the silver medal.

To Mr. Joseph Edwards—for the best Model from the Antique, the silver medal and the Lectures of the Professors Barry and Fuseli.

To Mr. Henry Cardwell—for the next best Model from the Antique, the silver medal.

After which, the President addressed a discourse to the students.

The General Assembly afterwards proceeded to appoint officers for the ensuing year, when Sir Martin Archer Shee was unanimously re-elected President.

Council, *New List*—John Peter Deering, Esq., Sir Robert Smirke, Edwin Landseer, and Richard Cook, Esqrs. *Old List*—Thomas Uwins, Frederick Richard Lee, William Wyon, Esqrs., and Sir Richard Westmacott.

Visitors in the Life Academy, New List—Edward Hodges Baily, Abraham Cooper, Charles Lock Eastlake, Esqrs., Sir David Wilkie, and Clarkson Stanfield, Esq.

Old List—Thomas Uwins, William Hilton, Charles Robert Leslie, and William Mulready, Esqrs.

Visitors in the School of Painting, New List—Charles Robert Leslie, Charles Lock Eastlake, Clarkson Stanfield, and Thomas Uwins, Esqrs.

Old List—Henry Paronet Briggs, William Collins, William Etty, and Edwin Landseer, Esqrs.

Auditors re-elected—William Mulready, J. M. W. Turner, Esqrs., and Sir Richard Westmacott.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Picturesque Architecture in Paris, Ghent, Antwerp, Rouen, &c. By Thomas Shotter Boys. Boys.

THE acorn of lithography has indeed become an oak. Who that recollects the crude and meagre efforts of the art in its infancy, could have anticipated the production by it of so splendid and beautiful a work as that before us?

"The whole of the drawings composing this volume," says the descriptive notice attached to it, "are produced entirely by means of lithography; they are printed with oil-colours, and come from the press precisely as they now appear. It was expressly stipulated by the publisher that not a touch should be added afterwards, and this injunction has been strictly adhered to. They are pictures drawn on stone, and reproduced by printing with colours; every touch is the work of the artist, and every impression the product of the press. This is the first, and, as yet, the only attempt to imi-

tate pictorial effects of landscape architecture in chroma-lithography; and in its application to this class of subjects it has been carried so far beyond what was required in copying polychrome architecture, hieroglyphics, arabesques, &c., that it has become almost a new art. The difference may be thus explained: in mere decorative subjects the colours are positive and opaque, the tints flat, and the several hues of equal intensity throughout; whereas in these views, the various effects of light and shade, of local colour and general tone, result from transparent and graduated tints. The atmospheric appearance of the skies giving daylight brightness to the out-door scenes, is the best evidence of the purity and brilliancy of the tints of colour; which, being printed in oil on paper, combine solidity with transparency."

The subjects, in choosing which it is stated, "the artist has been actuated by a desire to rescue from neglect and oblivion some fine relics of picturesque ancient architecture, known only to the curious, as well as to present edifices, known to the tourist under a new point of view, so as to bring out some peculiar features of their respective character," are twenty-six in number. Among the most striking are, "Fish-market, Antwerp;" "Belfry, Ghent;" "Byloke, Ghent;" "Hôtel de Ville, Arras;" "Rue de Rivage, Abbeville;" "St. Laurent, Rouen;" "Hôtel Cluny, Paris;" "Church of St. Severin, Paris;" "Porte Rouge, Notre Dame, Paris;" "Rue Notre Dame, Paris;" "St. Etienne du Mont, with the Pantheon;" "Pavillon de Flore, Tuileries;" and "The Institute, Paris."

Roslin Castle. Drawn from Nature, and Executed on Stone. By W. Owen.

THIS ancient and interesting fragment is seen through a vista of light and beautiful foliage, and together with its accompaniments of rock and stream making up one of the most picturesque scenes that can well be imagined: its effect is brilliant and sparkling, and withal a desirable acquisition to the folio of the collector or amateur.

BIOGRAPHY.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, Esq. (the Botanist.)

WITH sincere regret we state that accounts have been received of the death of this excellent individual, which melancholy event took place at Sydney, New South Wales, on the 27th of June. The late Mr. Cunningham was a botanist and geographer of no ordinary character; and his researches were carried on with unremitting ardour for upwards of twenty-five years. The ultimate cause of his death was a series of colds caught during the rainy season in his last unfortunate travels in New Zealand.

Mr. Cunningham left England in 1814, as botanical collector for the Royal Gardens at Kew, under the auspices of that patron of science, the late Sir Joseph Banks. His first stage of operations was Rio di Januario, and thence he proceeded into the interior as far as St. Paul's, where he collected many valuable, and, at that period, unknown botanical gems. He resided about two years in Brazil, and then departed for Sydney. Shortly after his arrival, Mr. Oxley, the surveyor-general, commenced his exploration of the course of the Lachlan Rivers, and on this expedition he was accompanied by Mr. Cunningham. In 1818 he joined Captain Philip Parker King, who was appointed to survey the north and north-western coasts of New Holland; which voyages of survey continued till 1822, when Mr. Cun-

ningham commenced a series of journeys into the interior with considerable success, reaping a rich harvest of plants, many of which are now the adornment of our greenhouses and conservatories. He also visited Norfolk Island, New Zealand, and Van Dieman's Land; and in 1830 returned to England with the rich fruits of his long and varied wanderings. Whilst at home he resided in a pleasant house on the banks of the Thames, at Strand-on-the-Green. In the year 1836, Mr. Cunningham received the appointment of Colonial Botanist at Sydney, and once more departed for New South Wales; whence, unhappily, he was never fated to return.

THE BISHOP OF LICHFIELD.

THE death of Dr. Butler has placed another mitre at the disposal of the government. The rev. prelate was universally known to the literary world as the editor of classical works, and principally those employed in tuition. As a scholar, he stood high in the estimation of his contemporaries. His collection of Greek and Latin MSS. is, we believe, very extensive and curious; and we trust it will be secured for the British Museum.

THE DRAMA.

Drury Lane.—On Tuesday, *Love in a Village* was produced here, and with some features of considerable merit and attraction, though there was a general dampness and want of spirit throughout the whole, which detracted greatly from the effect. *The Rosetta* of Mrs. Alban Croft was a sweet performance, not so much in acting as in the graceful singing of the airs, and the fine expression of a countenance which lights up with much intelligence and beauty. Miss Betts, in *Lucinda*, introduced several songs, which she gave very correctly, and was honoured by a call for repetition; and Mrs. Waylett, as *Madge*, fretted her hour upon the stage against the *Hodge* of Hammond, and chanted her ballads charmingly. We fancied they were over-accompanied, or, at least, we should have liked to hear more of her pleasing voice. Mr. Frazer was a very melodious *Young Meadows*, but partook of the tameness to which we have alluded; and Leffler's musical tones were not lost in the business of *Hawthorn*. Of Dowton, in *Justice Woodcock*, we regret to say we had but slight glimpses of his pristine humour. He appeared to be lame and enfeebled, yet the small bits of light were of the right sort. Mrs. Selby was so good-looking a *Deborah*, that her old-maidism reflected a disgrace on the county. This theatre is now shut on the Wednesdays and Fridays. Let us hope that the pantomime of *Harlequin and Jack Sheppard*, with the accessions of talent in January, will yet bring it up with a wet sail.

Adelphi.—*H. B.*, a quaint, conceited, and laughable little piece by Peake, who never does any thing that is not full of fun and oddity, has been produced here with perfect success. From the beginning to the end one hears nothing but giggling and tittering at the whimsical situations of the *dramatis personæ*, and the ludicrous points in the dialogue. Every thing is *H. B.*'d. The lodger's initials are *H. B.*; the prize-ox gained by one of them is marked *H. B.*; the vessel run down by the captain has *H. B.* upon her bows; in short, no two letters ever involved so much confusion. The acting is excellent. Mrs. Keeley, after shewing us the very acme of dramatic talent in her personation of *Jack Sheppard* (for, what-

ever critics may say of the *morale* of the character, there can be no question of its performance being one of the finest things ever seen upon the stage), steps into the vulgar housemaid of all-work with a skill and reality which is literally astonishing. Her large lustrous eyes which so exquisitely express the depths of pathos and nature, her tones which on occasion reach and melt the heart, are no longer the sources and communicants of feeling: the former roll in listless, dull complaint, and the latter breathe the veriest commonplaces in a mixture so serio-comic, that it is impossible to refrain from bursts of applause. The blackened face, the gait, the slouch, the disfiguring dress, the *ensemble*, are but adjuncts to a lesson in the dramatic art, well worthy of being studied and copied by every actress on the boards. Another very clever part, *Capt. Funnell*, of the Greenwich steamer, by Paul Bedford, deserves particular notice. Bedford has lately had opportunities of treading somewhat in the steps of Jovial John Reeve; and he has deserved the compliment of being told that he has nowhere failed, even when comparison was most invited. Mr. Yates in a Jewish character, Mr. Wilkinson a provincial journalist, and Mr. Wright as a "county Guy," keep up the drollery of the scene in the merriest of moods; and the slighter female parts are well sustained by Mrs. Gover, Mrs. Fosbrooke, and Miss Cathie. Let us add, that minor characters by Sanders, King, and Master Collins, added to the general hilarity.

St. James's.—Poor St. James's, after trying reduced prices for a few nights, has shut up. We were sorry to have anticipated this from the opening; but there was something so rotten in the state of Denmark, that neither the stage nor the public can have aught to regret on this subject.

VARIETIES.

Literary Retreat.—It is only at the anniversary meetings of that excellent institution, the Literary Fund Society, that the extensive claims of industrious and deserving authors are made known to the world. This Society possesses an annual income of 2000*l.* with a funded property of 26,000*l.* and since its establishment has relieved a total of eight hundred and ninety-two applicants.* An idea has been suggested by which the beneficial operations of this institution shall be extended, by providing an institution similar to Morden College, or others of a benevolent nature, for persons of respectability in decayed circumstances. Such a refuge for literary men in their declining years would, no doubt, meet with great popular support. The suggestion, which has emanated with some of the leading members of the Literary Fund Society, is likely soon to be brought before the public in a tangible shape.—*Correspondent of the Morning Herald.* Something like this, it is true, has been discussed within the last few years, but not in the Committee of the Society, although it has been frequently and eloquently urged by two or three of the leading members of its most useful adjunct, the Literary Fund Club, which dines together on the days when the Committee meet to alleviate the wants of those deserving claimants who come within its operations. There is a well-grounded belief, that if such a plan were undertaken the Woods and Forests would give a site for the

* Though the Fund is considerable, this amount is exaggerated, and the Society relies much for its efficacy on the annual support it receives from the friends of literature, and the public at large.—*Ed. L. G.*

building gratis; and two gentlemen belonging to both the Club and the Committee have promised extensive donations of books, to form the nucleus of a library.—*Globe*.

New Gas Light!—The daily journals of yesterday give an account of some *soi-disant* experiments by a Count Val Marino, for the production of a superior gas from tar and water, &c. If we are not much mistaken, very similar experiments were performed by Mr. Rutter, near Lymington (a gentleman well known to Mr. Mackinnon and other respectable persons), several years ago, and described in scientific periodicals of the day. If this be so, we must be on our guard against the pretensions of our foreign Count, whose appearance at the British Association, Birmingham, did not conclude in a manner to give a high idea of his science.

H. B. of the Print Shop (not of the Adelphi) has this week given us a merry group, playing at "Pope Joan, as lately played at Court." The Queen, helped to hold her cards by Lord Melbourne, and with Prince Albert on her right, "has got Matrimony." Lord Normanby claims "Intrigue," and O'Connor, holding up the nine of diamonds, says, "They are so taken up with their *Intrigue* and *Matrimony*, they don't perceive that I have got the *Game* in my hand." Lord Grey has cards, but does not appear to be playing; and Wellington and Peel are standing behind, grumbling at the length of time the game lasts. This is, altogether, one of the best of the whole series.

M. Schomburgk, the celebrated botanist, whose researches in Guiana have produced so many interesting results, has been presented by the Emperor of Austria (through his ambassador here) with a splendid gold medal, representing, on one side, the profile of his Imperial Majesty finely executed, with the legend, *Ferdinandus I.*, &c.; and, on the other side, the name of the individual thus highly honoured. This is as it should be, merits on one hand and royal distinction on the other.

Earthquakes.—From notices in our papers of December 4th and November 27th, it would be observed that earthquakes occurred in Savoy and at Reggio in Calabria, contemporaneously with those in Perthshire, Fife, and the Lothians. At Reggio, there were no less than nineteen shocks on the 23d of October, the very day on which the motions were most severe at Comrie, and were felt besides over all the middle region of Scotland. It is worthy of notice, that the three localities, Perthshire, Savoy, and Calabria Ultra, are ranged nearly in a straight line, and that the chief seat of the movement in each case was in a primary region; for St. Jean de Maurienne and Reggio are in districts of primary rocks, as well as Comrie. The distance from Comrie to Reggio is 1550 English miles, or 1-16th part of the earth's circumference. The tremor was felt at the two extremities of this line on the same day, and very probably at the same hour. When we receive more precise accounts, it will probably be found that some of the shocks in the intermediate locality, St. Jean de Maurienne, agreed in time with the others. The simultaneousness, or at least near coincidence, of movement at places so distant, seems to indicate that the cause is at a great depth under the surface, and that the outer solid crust of the globe is much thicker than some have supposed.—*Scotsman*.

A Hint to Mourners at Funerals.—I am convinced that many attendants at funerals pay a fearful tax in the depreciation of their health, the almost inevitable result of their

exposure to the exhalations of the dead. If these persons could be tracked to their homes, very frequently disease would be found the result of exposure to a "malaria," whose dangerous effects, in this country at least, seem neither to be understood nor appreciated.—*Gatherings from Graveyards*.

M. Mulot, who has the contract for boring the Artesian well at Grenelle, and has now arrived at a depth of 505 metres (1645 English feet), has just made a new agreement, by which he undertakes to bore to the depth of 600 metres, if the water should not previously make its appearance. At this moment the boring instrument is traversing a bed of greenish clay filled with iron pyrites. It is the opinion of Messrs. Arago, Constant Prévost, Elie de Beaumont, and of M. Mulot himself, that the water will soon appear,—perhaps in a few days,—as the boring indicates the proximity of the sand in which the water is known to lie. The thermometrical observations, made from time to time, shew that the temperature continues to increase with the depth. At a depth of 3000 feet, Paris would possess a permanent thermal spring.—*Galignani's Messenger*.

Malta, Oct. 31.—The remains of an ancient temple, supposed to be of Phœnician origin, has very lately been discovered at about two hours' walk from Valetta, near Casal Crondy, which promises to afford much room for curious speculations among the scientific, as there are tombs and hieroglyphics amusingly troublesome to decipher, being defaced by time and decay. A small part only of these remains are yet cleared, but the governor has ordered the place to be excavated, and the work is going on as rapidly as fifteen or sixteen persons can effect it. On the other hand, our government has listened to the representations of a Sicilian, who maintains that from the appearance of a certain herb found growing in the Island of Gozo, indicative of the presence of sulphur, there must be considerable veins of that substance to be found there, and in consequence some excavations and boring are going on in that direction, also under authority.—*The Times*.

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METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1839.

November.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday .. 28	From 32 to 46	29.42 to 29.59
Friday 29	 35 .. 48	29.25 .. 29.17
Saturday ... 30	 38 .. 45	29.48 .. 29.38
December.		
Sunday 1	 28 .. 34	29.02 .. 29.09
Monday 2	 29 .. 43	29.74 .. 29.04
Tuesday 3	 31 .. 41	29.84 .. 29.08
Wednesday 4	 25 .. 36	29.75 .. 29.79

Winds, S.E. and N.

Except the 4th, generally cloudy. Rain fell on the 28th ult. and two following days; also on the 5th inst.

Rain fallen, 1 inch and 4825 of an inch, of which 1 inch and 195 of an inch fell during the evening of the 27th and following day, causing floods to a greater extent than has occurred during many years.

Thursday .. 5	 30 .. 36	29.06 .. 29.08
Friday 6	 29 .. 37	29.30 .. 29.24
Saturday ... 7	 30 .. 37	29.23 .. 29.13
Sunday 8	 28 .. 37	29.29 .. 29.01
Monday 9	 30 .. 37	29.78 .. 29.65
Tuesday 10	 30 .. 37	29.55 .. 29.53
Wednesday 11	 37 .. 47	29.33 .. 29.24

Prevailing wind, east.

Except the 7th, generally cloudy, rain fell on the 8th, 9th, and two following days.

Rain fallen, 1.4 of an inch.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Royal Society.—After printing the annual Address of the noble President, we are sorry to find, on making up our sheet, that it would occupy nearly four pages, and so decompose our other divisions: we have been reluctantly obliged to divide it, and also postpone reports of the Geological and Geographical Societies, and the transactions for the British Association at Glasgow.

To "J. N. O." for his last communication we must say N. O.

The lines to Rhoda are very pretty, but not polished enough in their construction for us.

ERRATA.—In our last, p. 773, col. 2, line 1, for "we," read "the." P. 779, col. 1, line 15 of critique on "Piedmont's Royal Gallery," for "grace, beauty, and skill," read "great beauty and skill;" and line 9, for "Annals," "animals" was misprinted: which, by the by, need not be much wondered at, since the inimitable Landseers have made *Animals* so important a feature in our fine art. Speaking of whom, let us seize the occasion to impart a very appropriate tribute to the latest production of these admired artists:—

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Its crest of foam; thy soldier mind unmoved
E'en by the sea-bird's cry, or billow's heave,
Shaking the granite pier where thou hast lain
With shaggy breast; methinks amid the gloom,
Betokening tempest o'er the troubled main,
Thy instinct shaming reasonable creatures,
Thou watchest to be useful, whilst thine eye
Illumes with grave benevolence thy features:
Thou ocean-battler that man may not be!
Peace to thy saviouring—Yes! I should have caught
From niggard sense the privilege of thought.
Minister.

R. J.

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Nov. 1839.

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many a reverse and the country many a check in this career (as even at the present moment), yet still there cannot be a doubt but that the principle must ultimately lead, by almost a regular advance, to immense and incalculable results.

All that our author relates tends to this conclusion: the waters are turbid and troubled as yet, but with time they must purify and settle, and a wonderful futurity awaits the continent of America. At present, for instance, Capt. M. observes:—

"The railroads in America are not so well made as in England, and are therefore more dangerous; but it must be remembered that at present nothing is made in America but to last a certain time; they go to the exact expense considered necessary and no further; they know that in twenty years they will be better able to spend twenty dollars than one now. The great object is to obtain quick returns for the outlay, and, except in few instances, durability or permanency is not thought of. One great cause of disasters is, that the railroads are not fenced on the sides, so as to keep the cattle off them, and it appears as if the cattle who range the woods are very partial to take their naps on the roads, probably from their being drier than the other portions of the soil. It is impossible to say how many cows have been cut into atoms by the trains in America, but the frequent accidents arising from these causes has occasioned the Americans to invent a sort of shovel, attached to the front of the locomotive, which takes up a cow, tossing her off right or left. At every fifteen miles of the railroads there are refreshment rooms; the cars stop, all the doors are thrown open, and out rush the passengers like boys out of school, and crowd round the tables to solace themselves with pies, patties, cakes, hard-boiled eggs, ham, custards, and a variety of railroad luxuries, too numerous to mention. The bell rings for departure, in they all hurry with their hands and mouths full, and off they go again, until the next stopping place induces them to relieve the monotony of the journey by masticating without being hungry."

A considerable portion of the volume under notice is devoted to the subject of travelling; the rest to the press and the condition of the Mississippi, &c. The terrible loss of lives by the explosion of steamers and railroad accidents, furnishes matter for some remarkable and most tragical statements; but these we shall pass by for the more miscellaneous choice of some travelling anecdotes. Capt. M. speaks highly of the general accommodation at the hotels, and the moderation and honesty of the charges. Some of the adjuncts, however, are not of the most pleasing kind:—

"He who is of the silver-fork school will not find much comfort out of the American cities and large towns. There are no neat, quiet, little inns, as in England. It is all the 'rough and tumble' system, and when you stop at humble inns you must expect to eat peas with a two-pronged fork, and to sit down to meals with people whose exterior is any thing but agreeable, to attend upon yourself, and to sleep in a room in which there are three or four other beds (I

have slept in one with nearly twenty), most of them carrying double, even if you do not have a companion in your own. A New York friend of mine travelling in an extra with his family, told me that at a western inn he had particularly requested that he might not have a bed-fellow, and was promised that he should not. On his retiring, he found his bed already occupied, and he went down to the landlady, and expostulated. 'Well,' replied she, 'it's only your own driver; I thought you wouldn't mind him.' Another gentleman told me, that having arrived at a place called Snake's Hollow, on the Mississippi, the bed was made on the kitchen-floor, and the whole family and travellers, amounting in all to seventeen, of all ages and both sexes, turned into the same bed altogether. Of course this must be expected in a new country, and is a source of amusement rather than of annoyance.

Amongst other points upon which the Americans are to be pitied, and for which the most perfect of theoretical governments could never compensate, is the misery and annoyance to which they are exposed from their domestic slaves. They are absolutely slaves to them, especially in the western free states; there are no regulations to control them. At any fancied affront they leave the house without a moment's warning, putting on their hats or bonnets, and walking out of the street-door, leaving their masters and mistresses to get on how they can. I remember when I was staying with a gentleman in the west, that, on the first day of my arrival, he apologized to me for not having a man servant, the fellow having then been drunk for a week; a woman had been hired to help for a portion of the day, but most of the labour fell upon his wife, whom I found one morning cleaning my room. The fellow remained ten days drunk, and then (all his money being spent) sent to his master to say that he would come back on condition that he would give him a little more liquor. To this proposition the gentleman was compelled to assent, and the man returned as if he had conferred a favour. The next day, at dinner, there being no porter up, the lady said to her husband, 'Don't send — for it, but go yourself, my dear; he is so very cross again that I fear he will leave the house.' A lady of my acquaintance in New York told her coachman that she should give him warning; the reply from the box was, 'I reckon I have been too long in the woods to be scared with an owl.' Had she noticed this insolence, he would probably have got down from the box, and have left her to drive her own cattle. The coloured servants are, generally speaking, the most civil; after them the Germans; the Irish and English are very bad. At the hotels, &c., you very often find Americans in subordinate situations, and it is remarkable that when they are so, they are much more civil than the imported servants. Few of the American servants, even in the large cities, understand their business, but it must be remembered that few of them have ever learnt it, and, moreover, they are expected to do three times as much as a servant would do in an English house. The American houses are much too large for the number of

servants employed, which is another cause for service being so much disliked. It is singular that I have not found in any one book, written by English, French, or German travellers, any remarks made upon a custom which the Americans have of almost entirely living, I may say, in the basement of their house; and which is occasioned by their difficulties in housekeeping with their insufficient domestic establishments. I say custom of the Americans, as it is the case in nine houses out of ten; only the more wealthy, travelled, and refined portion of the community in their cities deviating from the general practice. * * *

I was on board of a steam-boat from Detroit to Buffalo, and entered into conversation with a young woman who was leaning over the taffrail. She had been in service and was returning home.—“You say you lived with Mr. W.?” “No, I didn’t,” replied she, rather tartly; “I said I lived with Mrs. W.”—“Oh! I understand. In what situation did you live?” “I lived in the house.”—“Of course you did, but what as?” “What as? As a gal should live.”—“I mean what did you do?” “I helped Mrs. W.”—“And now you are tired of helping others?” “Guess I am.”—“Who is your father?” “He’s a doctor.”—“A doctor! and he allows you to go out?” “He said I might please myself.”—“Will he be pleased at your coming home again?” “I went out to please myself, and I come home to please myself. Cost him nothing for four months; that’s more than all gals can say.”—“And now you are going home to spend your money?” “Don’t want to go home for that, it’s all gone.”—“I have been much amused with the awkwardness and nonchalant manners of the servants in America. Two American ladies who had just returned from Europe, told me that shortly after their arrival at Boston, a young man had been sent to them from Vermont to do the duty of footman. He had been a day or two in the house, when they rang the bell and ordered him to bring up two glasses of lemonade. He made his appearance with the lemonade, which had been prepared and given to him on a tray by a female servant; but the ladies, who were sitting one at each end of a sofa and conversing, not being ready for it just then, said to him, ‘We’ll take it presently, John.’ ‘Guess I can wait,’ replied the man, deliberately taking his seat on the sofa between them, and placing the tray on his knees.”

The Americans are represented as being most injuriously addicted to drinking, as the following extracts will shew:—

“The bar of an American hotel is generally a very large room on the basement, fitted up very much like our gin-palaces in London, not so elegant in its decorations indeed, but on the same system. A long counter runs across it, behind which stand two or three bar-keepers to wait upon the customers, and distribute the various potations, compounded from the contents of several rows of bottles behind them. Here the eye reposes on masses of pure crystal ice, large bunches of mint, decanters of every sort of wine, every variety of spirits, lemons, sugar, bitters, segars, and tobacco; it really makes one feel thirsty, even the going into a bar.* Here you meet every body and every body meets you. Here the senator, the member of Congress, the merchant, the store-keeper, travellers from the far West, and every other part of the country, who have come to pur-

chase goods, all congregate. Most of them have a segar in their mouths, some are transacting business, others conversing, some sitting down together whispering confidentially. Here you obtain all the news, all the scandal, all the politics, and all the fun; it is this dangerous propinquity, which occasions so much intemperance. Mr. Head has no bar at the Mansion-House in Philadelphia, and the consequence is, that there is no drinking, except wine at dinner; but in all the other hotels, it would appear as if they purposely allowed the frequenters no room to retire to, so that they must be driven to the bar, which is by far the most profitable part of the concern. The consequence of the bar being the place of general resort, is, that there is an unceasing pouring out and amalgamation of alcohol, and other compounds, from morning to late at night. To drink with a friend when you meet him is good fellowship, to drink with a stranger is politeness, and a proof of wishing to be better acquainted. Mr. A. is standing at the bar, enter B. ‘My dear B. how are you?’ ‘Quite well, and you?’—‘Well, what shall it be?’ ‘Well, I don’t care: a gin sling.’—‘Two gin slings, barkeeper.’ Touch glasses, and drink. Mr. A. has hardly swallowed his gin sling, and replaced his segar, when in comes Mr. D. ‘A. how are you?’—‘Ah! D. how goes it on with you?’—‘Well, I thank you: what shall we have?’ ‘Well, I don’t care; I say brandy cocktail.’—‘Give me another;’ both drink, and the shilling is thrown down on the counter. Then B. comes up again. ‘A. you must allow me to introduce my friend C.’ ‘Mr. A.’—shake hands.—‘most happy to make the acquaintance. I trust I shall have the pleasure of drinking something with you?’—‘With great pleasure, Mr. A., I will take a julep. Two juleps, barkeeper.’ ‘Mr. C. your good health—Mr. A. yours; if you should come our way, most happy to see you,—drink. Now, I will appeal to the Americans themselves, if this is not a fair sample of a bar-room. They say that the English cannot settle any thing properly without a dinner. I am sure the Americans can fix nothing without a drink. If you meet, you drink; if you part, you drink; if you make acquaintance, you drink; if you close a bargain, you drink; they quarrel in their drink, and they make it up with a drink. They drink because it is hot; they drink because it is cold. If successful in elections, they drink and rejoice; if not, they drink and swear;—they begin to drink early in the morning, they leave off late at night; they commence it early in life, and they continue it until they drop down into the grave. To use their own expression, the way they drink is ‘quite a caution.’* As for water, what the man said, when asked to belong to the Temperance Society, appears to be the general opinion, ‘It’s very good for navigation.’ So much has it become the habit to cement all friendship, and commence acquaintance by drinking, that it is a cause of serious offence to refuse, especially in a foreigner, as the Americans like to call the English. I was always willing to accommodate the Americans in this particular, as far as I could (there, at least, they will do me justice); that at times I drank much more than I wished is certain; yet still I gave most serious offence, especially in the West, because I would not drink early in the morning, or before dinner, which is a

general custom in the States, although much more prevalent in the South and West, where it is literally, ‘Stranger, will you drink or fight?’ This refusal on my part, or rather excusing myself from drinking with all those who were introduced to me, was eventually the occasion of much disturbance and of great animosity towards me—certainly, most unreasonably, as I was introduced to at least twenty every forenoon; and had I drunk with them all, I should have been in the same state as many of them were—that is, not really sober for three or four weeks at a time. That the constitutions of the Americans must suffer from this habit is certain; they do not, however, appear to suffer so much as we should. They say that you may always know the grave of a Virginian; as, from the quantity of juleps he has drunk, mint invariably springs up where he has been buried. But the Virginians are not the greatest drinkers, by any means. I was once looking for an American, and asked a friend of his where I should find him. ‘Why,’ replied he, pointing to an hotel opposite, ‘that is his licking place (a term borrowed from deer resorting to lick the salt): we will see if he is there.’ He was not; the barkeeper said he had left about ten minutes. ‘Well, then, you had better remain here, he is certain to be back in ten more, if not sooner.’ The American judged his friend rightly; in five minutes he was back again, and we had a drink together, of course. I did not see it myself, but I was told that somewhere in Missouri, or thereabouts, west of the Mississippi, all the bars have what they term a kicking-board, it being the custom with the people who live there, instead of touching glasses when they drink together, to kick sharply with the side of the foot against the board, and that, after this ceremony, you are sworn friends. I have had it mentioned to me by more than one person, therefore I presume it is the case. What the origin of it is I know not, unless it intends to imply, ‘I’m yours to the last kick.’* Before I finish this article on hotels, I may as well observe here that there is a custom in the United States, which I consider very demoralising to the women, which is that of taking up permanent residence in large hotels. There are several reasons for this: one is, that people marry so very early that they cannot afford to take a house with the attendant expenses, for in America it is cheaper to live in a large hotel than to keep a house of your own; another is the difficulty of obtaining servants, and, perhaps, the unwillingness of the women to have the fatigue and annoyance which is really occasioned by an establishment in that country; added to which is the want of society, arising from their husbands being from morning to night plodding at their various avocations. At

* “Every steam-boat has its bar. The theatres, all places of public amusement, and even the capitol itself, as I have observed in my Diary.”

* “It was not a bad idea of a man who, generally speaking, was very low spirited, on being asked the cause, replied, that he did not know, but he thought ‘that he had been born with three drinks too little in him.’”

* “In a chapter which follows this, I have said that the women of America are physically superior to the men. This may appear contradictory, as of course they could not be born so; nor are they, for I have often remarked how very fine the American male children are, especially those lads who have grown up to the age of fourteen or sixteen. One could hardly believe it possible that the men are the same youths advanced in life. How is this to be accounted for? I can only suppose that it is from their plunging too early into life as men, having thrown off parental control, and commencing the usual excesses of young men in every country at too tender an age. The constant stimulus of drink must, of course, be another powerful cause; not that the Americans often become intoxicated; on the contrary, you will see many more in this condition every day in this country than you will in America. But occasional intoxication is not so injurious to the constitution as that continual application of spirits, which must enfeeble the stomach, and, with the assistance of tobacco, destroy its energies. The Americans are a drinking, but not a drunken nation, and, as I have before observed, the climate operates upon them very powerfully.”

some of the principal hotels you will find the apartments of the lodgers so permanently taken, that the plate with their name engraved on it is fixed on the door. I could almost tell whether a lady in America kept her own establishment or lived at an hotel, the difference of manners was so marked; and, what is worse, it is chiefly the young married couples who are to be found there."

Of the Mint Julep so renowned as an American drink, Capt. M. informs us the Virginians have not, though they claim it, the merit of the invention; for,—

"In the times of Charles I. and II. it must have been known, for Milton expressly refers to it in his 'Comus':—

'Behold this cordial Julep here
Which flames and dances in its crystal bounds
With spirits of balm and fragrant syrups mixed.
Not that nepenthes, which the wife of Thome
In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena,
Is of such power to stir up joy like this,
To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst.'

If that don't mean mint-julep, I don't know the English language."

The newspaper press of a country is always a subject of interest, and we copy a few of the author's opinions upon that of the United States:—

"Mr. Tocqueville observes, 'that not a single individual of the twelve millions who inhabit the territory of the United States has as yet dared to propose any restrictions upon the liberty of the press.' This is true, and all the respectable Americans acknowledge that this liberty has degenerated into a licentiousness which threatens the most alarming results; as it has assumed a power, which awes not only individuals, but the government itself. A due liberty allowed to the press may force a government to do right, but a licentiousness may compel it into error."

A witty but unprincipled statesman of our own times has said, that 'speech was bestowed on man to conceal his thoughts;' judging from its present condition, he might have added,—'the press in America to pervert truth.' But were I to quote the volumes of authority from American and English writers, they would tire the reader. The above are for the present quite sufficient to establish the fact, that the press in the United States is licentious to the highest possible degree, and defies control; my object is to point out the effect of this despotism upon society, and to shew how injurious it is in every way to the cause of morality and virtue. Of course, the newspaper press is the most mischievous, in consequence of its daily circulation, the violence of political animosity, and the want of respectability in a large proportion of the editors. The number of papers published and circulated in Great Britain, among a population of twenty-six millions, is calculated at about three hundred and seventy. The number published in the United States, among thirteen millions, are supposed to vary between nine and ten thousand. Now the value of newspapers may be fairly calculated by the capital expended upon them; and not only is not one quarter of the sum expended in England, upon three hundred and seventy newspapers, expended upon the nine or ten thousand in America; but I really believe that the expense of 'The Times' newspaper alone is equal to at least five thousand of the minor papers in the United States, which are edited by people of no literary pretension, and at an expense so trifling as would appear to us not only ridiculous, but impossible. As to the capabilities of the majority of the editors, let the Americans speak for themselves. 'Every wretch who can write

an English paragraph (and many who cannot), every pottfogger without practice, every one whose poverty or crimes have just left him cash or credit enough to procure a press and types, sets up a newspaper.' Again:—'If you be puzzled what to do with your son, if he be a born dunce, if reading and writing be all the accomplishments he can acquire, if he be horribly ignorant and depraved, if he be indolent and an incorrigible liar, lost to all shame and decency, and incurably dishonest, make a newspaper editor of him. Look around you, and see a thousand successful proofs that no excellence or acquirement, moral or intellectual, is requisite to conduct a press. The more defective an editor is, the better he succeeds. We could give a thousand instances.'—*Boston News*. These are the assertions of the Americans, not my own; that in many instances they are true, I have no doubt. In a country so chequered as the United States, such must be expected."

After mentioning some honourable exceptions, Capt. M. proceeds:—

"Still the majority are disgraceful, not only from their vulgarity, but from their odious personalities and disregard to truth. The bombast and ignorance shewn in some of these is very amusing. Here is an extract or two from the small newspapers, published in the less populous countries. An editor down East, speaking of his own merits, thus concludes: 'I'm a real catastrophe—a small creation; Mount Vesuvius at the top, with red-hot lava pouring out of the crater, and routing nations—my fists are rocky mountains—arms, whig liberty poles, with iron springs. Every step I take is an earthquake—every blow I strike is a clap of thunder—and every breath I breathe is a tornado. My disposition is Dupont's best, and goes off at a flash—when I blast there'll be nothing left but a hole three feet in circumference and no end to its depth.' Another writes the account of a storm as follows:—'On Monday afternoon, while the hay-makers were all out gathering in the hay, in anticipation of a shower from a small cloud that was seen hanging over the hilly regions towards the south-east, a tremendous storm suddenly burst upon them, and forced them to seek shelter from its violence. The wind whistled outrageously through the old elms, scattering the beautiful foliage, and then going down into the meadow, where the men had just abruptly left their work unfinished, and overturning the half-made ricks, whisked them into the air, and filled the whole afternoon full of hay.'"

But disgrace is not allied to the press alone, lying and defamation are, according to our author, most prevalent vices throughout the population of the Union.

A chapter on copyright and literary publication is a very important one; and the picture of manners not yet amended on the Mississippi is horrible; but we have no room for farther illustration, and so must say good-by to the first division of this review.

The Marine Officer; or, Sketches of Service.
By Sir Robert Steele, Knt. K.C.S. &c.
2 vols. 12mo. London, 1839. Colburn.

Pax Mars per Terram is the motto of the marine, to which he appears likely to add *Nec in armis prastantior quàm in toga*; for Sir Robert Steele's work now before us is the second which has emanated from a marine officer during the present year. Nor are we inclined to quarrel with our somewhat novel associates in the field of literature; it is only as they rest

on their swords that they write: for, since Alfred Burton produced his humorous "Johnny Newcome in the Navy," many years ago, there has been scarcely an author in the gallant corps until lately; and though we should be sorry to bid our marines wear their swords merely to mend their pens—of course we mean not here that the pen of Steele requires mending—it is pleasant to see the arts of peace cultivated even by professed belligerents. *The Marine Officer* is an autobiography. Our author, under the name of Rheuben Meerhay, evidently gives us an account of his own birth, parentage, and education; and if in this he may have erred, it is where the wisest of us are prone to err when making self the hero of our story—by attaching a general importance to scenes and incidents which, even in the mind of the narrator, owe their principal charm to an association of ideas which it is impossible to convey to listener or reader. But soon the *Marine Officer* comes fairly on the stage; and we have the particulars of a dinner at the George Inn, Portsmouth, where he, at that time belonging to the fleet, was honoured by an invitation to dine with four captains in the navy: his characteristic sketches of two of whom are amusing.

"Captain Joseph Sidney Yorke used to boast that he was in parliament when he was 'a reefer.' He was exceedingly vain of his birth; but, setting aside a certain impatience of control, even of self-control, which carried him into occasional excesses, as we shall hereafter see, he was a jovial and pleasant fellow, especially on shore. With young people he was extremely popular at first; he dazzled and captivated the inexperienced mind, and was a great favourite with the ladies. He made long speeches out of the House of Commons and laughable ones in, which, with the advantage of having one brother a secretary of state and subsequently first lord of the admiralty, and another viceroy of Ireland, enabled him to perform what soldiers call wonders and sailors miracles. As a proof of his ubiquity, he had his flag flying, and commanded a squadron at Lisbon, while he kept his seat as a junior lord of the admiralty. He, moreover, actually converted an island in the Cattegat into a fifty-gun ship; ultimately, he became a remarkable exception to the statutes laid down by the Prince Regent at the augmentation of 'the Bath' in 1815: for, at the close of the war, he was made a knight-commander of that most honourable order, although he had not appeared in the 'Gazette,' as required by the regulations. James Vashon, Esq. was captain of my ship, the Princess Royal. Jammy Vashon (his *sobriquet* between decks) was an out-and-outer of the old school; he would stamp and swear, and threaten to flog, till he was black in the face. 'Maintop, there! maintop, ahoy, I say! D—tion, I'll make you answer! I'll pick your ears, you precious rascal!' It blew great guns, and his voice was carried away like a feather. 'Give me a trumpet, sir!' (to his first lieutenant). 'A trumpet, Mr. Shed!' (to his second lieutenant). 'Not a trumpet on deck, by G—d! D—n you altogether!' and away he'd bolt into his cabin for his own, and come back as cool as an oyster. He was a compound of opposites,—sweet and sour, bitter and agreeable, weak and efficient, angry and forgiving. Take him in either of these veins separately, and he was repulsive or engaging, as the case might be: put his character together, take him all in all, and he was like a bowl of good punch,—you could regale with him when present, regret him when absent; you would like to bottle him up, and cork him

down, and conserve him to all time as a good fellow and a capital commander."

The Earl of Northesk and Captain Albemarle Bertie make up the quartette of post-captains, and, certainly, the table-talk is a fair sample of naval conversation. The glorious first of June is fought o'er again with considerable effect, even to the reading of Lord Howe's despatches. This may appear overdrawn to those who have not now and then mixed in naval society; but we have reason to believe that even the veteran soldier, who is a pretty good hand at shewing "how fields are won," has less of that exclusive partiality for professional topics in conversation than the "blue jacket." A naval officer will fight and sail his ship "a long hour by Shrewsbury clock;" or, during a "watch below" at sea, finding attentive auditors in his nautical companions; and no discourse is so acceptable in cockpit, wardroom, cabin, or naval club on shore, as that which makes the listener feel his foot upon the deck and the wide world of waters around him. Sir Robert Steele seems to have made good use of this peculiarity appertaining to his meannesses throughout his book, and many a well-told naval anecdote is introduced after such fashion. But, ere we award a further meed of praise, we must declare against an instance of bad taste which annoys us in the conclusion of a rather effective description of a military funeral. We were still dwelling on the striking remark, "the horse without its rider—what a type of death!" when we were startled by being carelessly informed that, after the ceremony, the late mourners marched off to the cadence of some lively air: the author suggests such as "Go to the devil and shake yourself!" The custom alluded to is incongruous enough, but this attempt at pleasantry more so. We are again well satisfied with our *Marine Officer* in a rapid sketch which he gives us of his ship on pay-day. A certain Jewess, whom he describes as more lovely than the imaginary Rebecca of "Ivanhoe," presents him with a letter when on shore, which the vain youth fancies must contain a love mission, as he is forbidden to peruse it in her presence. "Read it when you go home," said she; "you will do what we ask?" and then she looked up so beseechingly with those dark, dark eyes, forcing their beams through the deep-fringed silken lashes. "Yes, certainly," I said. And what was it about after all? why the ship was to be paid, and the Jew wanted a preference for his boat! "Dence take the old usurer!" said I, throwing away the letter. But the spirit of Rebecca presently came to the rescue, and the Jew's petition was preferred, and his boat was amongst the first permitted to come alongside the Victory the morning she was paid. It would be difficult to describe the scene on board a man-of-war on pay-day. If ever the rules of the strictest discipline are relaxed on board, it is upon this occasion. It is the only holiday, except a battle, in the monotonous life of a sailor. We have not space to continue the account of this said pay-day; we can only say, that if it is considered a holiday by "Jack," he must have a peculiar idea of one, for it appears to us very like a tumultuous meeting of his creditors. Lieut. Meerliay now shares in the glories of Trafalgar with Nelson; and he tells us that his corps gained only laurels on that occasion.

"Lord Byron said 'reality is stranger than fiction;' and certainly nobody could imagine the fact, that in this glorious battle above one hundred officers, and more than three thousand men of the marines, were actually engaged,

and their loss in killed and wounded was comparatively greater than that of the navy; and while the latter got peerages, pensions, baronetries, and general promotion, the marines had only one pitiful brevet majority given as their share of the spoil—as a reward amongst them all!"

The second volume contains some interesting matter respecting the Peninsular war, during a portion of which our soldier *per terram* served. As we have said before, his narrative is most excursive; so much so, that it is frequently difficult to make out how much or how little of that which is told came under the author's personal observation. We have here, too, some details of the siege of Acre incidentally introduced upon the authority of his brother-officers engaged, and of Sir Sidney Smith, with whom he was on terms of intimacy in after-life. An account of Djezzar (executioner) Pasha, who commanded at Acre, and well deserved the horrible title his former office under Ali Bey had conferred on him, shews us how often, for wise ends, good may come out of evil. The history of this strange ally of England is well known, as well the intrepidity of the hero of Acre, "in bending him to his purpose" during their memorable interview; but we have here several instances of this pasha's tyranny, which we can scarcely believe to have been perpetrated even among the Neros of Mahomedan despotism. Our author tells us, that upon one occasion Djezzar took a fancy into his head that his officers should arrest every passenger then in the streets near his palace, and bring them before him. On being informed that no more could be brought into his terrible presence for want of room, he coolly ordered those on his left hand to be hanged, and those on his right to be fed. In spite of the cries of the relatives of the condemned, who fill the air with lamentations, the work of murder goes on, while Djezzar appears at a window, and thus addresses the people: "What would ye of me? I am but the executioner of the will of God!" And yet this man, with a sort of brute courage and power of command, was made a valuable instrument in staying the march of Napoleon, to the disappointment of that insatiable ambition which, after having shaken Europe to its centre, sought a new world to conquer. We will not enter into questions as to the necessity of corporal punishment, imprisonment, and other points of military and naval discipline, which appear to us very fairly and dispassionately discussed throughout the volumes. Leaving such topics to readers of both services, who will be sure to become acquainted with the *Marine Officer*, we conclude by recommending this work as an entertaining miscellany, comprising a diversified range of subject, which renders our sea-soldier a very agreeable companion.

A Practical Treatise on Brewing, based on Chemical and Economical Principles; with Formula for Public Brewers, and Instructions for Private Families. By William Black. Second Edition, much enlarged and improved. Pp. 216. London, 1839. Smith, Elder, and Co.

As matters, literary, scientific, and artistical, work up, we endeavour to make our sheet for the week a mixture of the sweet and useful, agreeable to all palates, and beneficial to the health of all minds. The aim is a good brewage; such as it is the object of this volume, though in another sense and with other materials, to produce; since, instead of reviews,

there is malt; instead of criticism, mashing; instead of theatricals, hops; instead of poetry, fermentation; instead of literature, yeast; and, instead of arts and sciences, ale and porter. Never mind: it is but fair in making our *gyle* for No. 1196, so near Christmas, too, that we throw into it a cast of Mr. Black's ingredients.

When the first edition of his *Treatise* appeared, we paid due attention to a production of such general utility; but the quantity and quality of the new observations and improvements upon the old induce us to say a few words upon this second *coup*. Among the particulars thus brought forward, we would mention a mode of drying malt on the kiln, not generally practised, and yet, when tried, found to answer better than any other method. But the writer's investigation of the influence of electro-chemical action in the manufacture of beer is still more important. He points out its injurious effects on fermentation, and cites cases which put his opinions beyond the possibilities of doubt or contradiction. In this respect he has been the first to trace these effects to their causes, and thus make a new era in the art of brewing. In his chapter on mashing, the temperatures at which the finest extract can be obtained are so distinctly laid down as to do away with all the pretended mysteries in this pseudo secret; and some curious facts are also adduced with regard to the boiling of worts under high pressure.

A difficulty which has ever perplexed both the public and the private brewer, viz. the want of uniformity in fermentation, is very ably and practically discussed; and, as far as we can form a judgment, the causes of the irregularity are fully explained and accounted for—another great step towards the more perfect manufacture of the article.

In the appendix, the formulae of different brewings are so plain, that we, with no other instructions, and never having touched a tab or copper in our lives, would undertake to produce a very tolerable and wholesome tippie. Indeed the directions for private families are most simple, lucid, and excellent; and nothing is forgotten that can tend to make the good housewife mistress of the entire system by which she may cheer the hearts of her domestic circle with the blood of honest John Barley-corn. Hitherto that worthy has too often been a nugatory martyr and unsatisfactory sacrifice: now it will be our own faults (thanks to the *Black Art*!) if he is not wetted, dried, ground down, roasted, and resuscitated, till all rejoice in his metamorphosis. We shall only add that brewers, distillers, maltsters, licensed victuallers, and country gentlemen, farmers, and private families, will find this a very useful treatise to put them in the way of supplying a very generous and healthy beverage.

The author says (and every man likes to recommend his own doings), that some samples of ale brewed under his direction competed in India with Hodgson's Pale! but after what we read in Mrs. Postans' of the valiant Syud Abdoola's fondness for that gratifying draught, preferred to claret and champagne in tropical climates, we cannot but be slow in the belief of this boast. Nevertheless, we have no doubt of the commendable requisites in Mr. Black's malt liquors either for home or foreign consumption.

JESSE'S MEMOIRS OF THE STUARTS.

[Second notice.]

At this busy time, when literary and scientific reports claim so much of our space, and the publishing trade is brisk, we can only afford to refer once more, and slightly, to Mr. Jesse's

entertaining volumes. Lady Arabella Stuart, the Duke and Duchess of Richmond, the Countess of Buckingham, Lord Dorset, Lord Salisbury, the too famous Carr, and the too infamous Francis Howard, Earl and Countess of Somerset, Earl of Northampton, the Countess of Pembroke, her husband and sons, James Hay, Earl of Carlisle, Lord Bacon, Lord Herbert of Chertbury, and, Arctie, the king's particular fool, illustrate the rest of the first volume (beyond the long notice in our last number), and the reign of the first James. The second goes with equal talent and interesting research, so as to afford a familiar picture of the time of Charles I., his character and the characters of his queen and family, the Duke of Buckingham, Strafford, Laud, and others, concluding with the renowned dwarf, Sir Jeffrey Hudson, of whom we are told:—

"There is in the British Museum a little work entitled, 'The New Year's Gift, Presented at Court from the Lady Parvula to the Lord Minimus, commonly called Little Jeffery.' It was printed in London in 1636. The volume is one of remarkably small dimensions, with a view of adapting it to the subject. After a number of indifferent jokes and some wretched pedantry, it concludes with some slight humour:—'In short, who desireth not in debt to be as little as may be, and what a rare temper is it in men of descent not to be ambitious of greatness, even in the highest matters which men attempt, how commonly the most do come short, and in their greatest business effect but little. And, therefore, as it was said of Scipio, that he was *nunquam minus solus quam cum solus*,—never less alone than when alone; so it may be said of you, excellent abstract of greatness, that you are *nunquam minus parvus quam cum parvus*,—never less little than when little. I hope you will pardon me if in my style I have used a little boldness and familiarity, you knowing it to be so commendable, and that it is *nimia familiaritas*, great boldness only, which breedeth contempt; especially since you are no stranger, but of my own country; though some, judging by your stature, have taken you to be a low-countryman. Many merry new years are wished unto you by

"The sworn servant of your

"Honour's perfections,

"PARVULA."

In Newgate Street, over the entrance to a small court, on the north side of the street, may still be seen (1839), a small sculpture in stone, on which are engraved the figures of William Evans, the King's gigantic porter, and by his side the redoubtable Sir Jeffery. There is an engraving of the sculpture in Pennant's London, and, at Hampton Court, an original picture of Sir Jeffery by Mytens."

There is also a good marble statue of him in the garden of the Castle Inn at Richmond, in cavalier armour, and looking, as he was, most warlike. The Duke of Buckingham's love and patronage of the Arts might have furnished some agreeable matter; but we have no reason to find fault with our author, whose work is so executed as to convey to the reader a very lively picture of the times of which it treats. From being unmixed up with other subjects, the domestic and courtly history shines out clearly and in striking relief.

VOYAGE OF THE DOURGA.

[Second notice: conclusion.]

"THE following occurrence gives a remarkable proof of the mildness of their laws. An Arafura, who had gone out fishing, intending

to be absent eight days, did not return, and his wife, who had no more provisions at home than would last for this period, requested assistance from her neighbour. Hence arose a mutual friendship, which, however, at first only shewed itself in little attentions, the man drawing water, cutting wood, and providing fish for his fair neighbour, who could not avoid feeling grateful for the kindness; and no one will be surprised at their friendship at length ripening into love, when, conscious of their guilt, they took flight to one of the neighbouring islands. The husband, who had been detained by contrary winds, returned at the end of two months, and demanded his wife of her brothers, who were therefore necessitated to go in search of her, when the guilty couple were soon discovered and brought back to their village. The injured husband demanded an enormous fine from the seducer of his wife, which the latter refused to pay, stating that during his entire life he should not be able to collect a sufficient quantity of trepang to make up the sum. An appeal was therefore made to the elders, and, on the woman being questioned, she frankly stated the kindness of her neighbour in supplying her wants had called forth her gratitude, and this ripened into love—she had made the first advances. The elders considered this mode of proceeding on the part of the wife rather strange, and, taking it into consideration that it was very difficult for any one to withstand a declaration of love from a young woman, they lost sight of the severe laws respecting the conduct of men towards married women, and determined that the offender should only pay a small fine, and advised the husband never again to leave his wife at home without provisions. The lady returned home with her husband, who was wise enough never to mention the subject, following up the old proverb,

"Men moet geene aude
Koeijen uit de sloot halen."

"Among the Arafuras," continues the writer, "the treatment of their dead betrays, in the greatest degree, their uncivilised condition, and the uncertainty which exists among them as to their future state.* When a man dies, all his relations assemble and destroy all the goods he may have collected during his life; even the gongs are broken to pieces and thrown away. In their villages I met with several heaps of porcelain plates and basins,† the property of deceased individuals, the survivors entertaining an idea that they have no right to make use of them. After death the body is laid out on a small mat, and supported against a ladder until the relatives of the deceased assemble, which seldom takes place until four days have elapsed; and, as decomposition will have commenced before this, the parts where moisture has appeared are covered with lime. Fruitless endeavours to stop the progress of decay! In the meantime, damar, or resin, is continually burnt in the house; while the guests, who have already assembled, regale themselves with quantities of arrack, and of a spirit they themselves prepare from the juice of a fruit, amid violent raving, the discord being increased by the beating of gongs, and the howling and lamentation of the women. Food is offered to the deceased, and, when they find that he does

* "How much it is to be wished that these people, who are simple, not incredulous, should be converted to Christianity! The Mohammedans, who always have priests in these parts, make many proselytes. Yet religion is the chief bond by which the natives of India are attached to us."

† These articles, which are the manufacture of China, are brought hither from Singapore by the English traders.—Ed."

not partake of it, the month is filled with eatables, sirl, and arrack, until it runs down the body, and spreads over the floor. When the friends and relatives are all collected, the body is placed upon a bier, on which had been laid numerous pieces of cloth, the quantity being according to the ability of the deceased; and under the bier are placed large dishes of China porcelain, to catch any moisture that may fall from the body. The dishes which have been put to this purpose are afterwards much prized; and it is for this reason that dishes of an enormous size are so much prized by the Arafuras. A portion of the moisture that has exuded is mixed with arrack, and drunk by the guests, who think that they thus shew the true affection they bore to the deceased. During two or three days the house of the dead is constantly full of drunken and raving guests. The body is then brought out before the house, and supported against a post, when attempts are again made to induce it to eat. Lighted segars, arrack, rice, fruit, &c., are again stuffed into its mouth, and the bystanders, striking up a song, demand whether the sight of all his friends and fellow-villagers will not induce the deceased to awaken? At length, when they find all these endeavours to be fruitless, they place the body on a bier adorned with flags, and carry it out into the forest, where it is fixed upon the top of four posts. A tree, usually the *Pavetta Indica*, is then planted near it; and it is remarkable that at this last ceremony none but women, entirely naked, are present. This last ceremony is called by the Arafuras "Sudah Buang," by which they mean that the body is now cast away, and can listen to them no longer. The entire ceremony proves that the Arafuras are deprived of that consolation afforded by our religion; and that they only give expression to the grief they naturally feel at parting from one to whom they have been attached. The children, almost from their birth, are fed with boiled labu, or pumpkin, which renders it easy to wean them at a very early period. On the birth of a child, a coconut, with some fish, rice, and mango are hung up under the house, and permitted to drop off when they have decayed. They informed me that this was intended to prevent the child from ever being in want of any thing during his after-life."

To these interesting accounts we proceed to add a few other characteristics. In the Tenimber Isles, —

"The heaviest portion of the labour is performed by the women, the men devoting themselves to warlike pursuits, the chase, the fishery, and commerce. Early in the morning, the young unmarried women under the escort of three or four armed men, depart for the plantations in the interior, and at sunset in the evening they may be seen returning, laden with the produce of their labour, which they bear in baskets upon the head. The married and elderly women usually remain at home, where they employ themselves in household affairs, tending the stock, and preparing the meals. On the marriage of a young woman, she adorns her ankles with one or two copper rings, which make a ringing noise at every step, by no means disagreeable to the ear. These singular ornaments give them a peculiar halting gait, the rings being from two and a half to three pounds weight.† Some are carved

* "This term, together with those previously given as in use among the Arafuras, are all pure Malay; whence we may conclude that that language, if not their own, is at least familiar to them.—Ed."

† "The very young girls also wear a similar ornament, but it is much lighter, being made of thick brass wire."

with various figures. The natives of the lower class usually go entirely naked, only the chiefs and heads of families, with those who have visited foreign parts, wearing any clothing. Their warlike equipment is very singular. Like the Ceramese, and other Indian nations, they have their warriors or champions, who, when preparing for war, anoint their heads abundantly with cooca-nut oil, and mix large bunches of loose hair with their own, which they raise up in a towering manner by means of a large bamboo comb, adorned with cock's feathers of various colours, to give them a fear-inspiring appearance. Their hair is also confined by bands of coloured cloth, studded with red beads, and ornamented with hanging shells. Round the middle they wear a piece of dried buffalo's hide by way of armour, to which is suspended their knife and their klewang, or cutlass. Large golden rings are attached to the ears; the neck is protected by a thick collar, studded with white shells; the costume of the warrior being completed by bands of ivory, worked over with beads, worn on the arms. When they go to war with their neighbours all other occupations are neglected, and they employ themselves in wandering through the forest, watching for opportunities to carry off the enemy's women. Occasionally the warriors call each other out, when a skirmish takes place; but their warlike propensities are chiefly exercised in plundering and in way-laying the enemy, when employed in his plantations or at the fishery, but never coming to a regular open fight. More sagowee, or palm wine, is drunk at this time than at any other, the cooca-nut trees being put to no other use than to supply the ingredients. Before the tree bears fruit the blossom is enclosed in a case, the bottom of which is cut every day, and an earthen pot, or a piece of hollow bamboo, placed under to catch the sap, which, when fermented, acquires an intoxicating power."

After staying a while at many of the South-west, South-east, and Arru Islands, establishing generally a native officer with the baton and flag of Dutch rule, Kolff was ordered to proceed, by the Banda seas, to the south coast of New Guinea, and on his way he visited the Ceram-laut and Goram Islands; and he says:—

"According to the information I received from some inhabitants of Ceram-laut, the natives of New Guinea are divided into two tribes, mountaineers and dwellers on the coast, who are continually waging war with each. The people occupying the sea-coast form by far the smaller portion, but from their warlike habits they find no difficulty in maintaining a superiority. The captives taken by the latter from the inferior tribes are sold to the foreign traders, by whom they are held in great esteem; so much so that their price is higher even than that given for slaves of Bali, Lombok, or Sumbawa. The women from Kobay, Ay, and Karra, are considered the most attractive, and are often kept as inferior wives by the Ceramese; the Raja of Kilwari, among others, having a wife born in the Papuan village of Atti-Atti. The price given for a slave on the coast is usually two pieces of white calico, valued at from eight to ten Spanish dollars; from sixty to seventy rupees (five to six pounds sterling) being obtained by the traders for them at Bali, and other places in that direction. Natives worthy of belief have assured me, that if a Papua of the coast is struck by a desire to obtain any articles brought by the foreign trader, for which he has no productions to give in exchange, he will not

hesitate to barter one or two of his children for them; and if his own are not at hand, he will ask the loan of those of his neighbour, promising to give his own in exchange when they come to hand, this request being rarely refused. This appeared to me to be almost incredible, but the most trustworthy natives were unanimous evidence to its truth. The mountaineers themselves sometimes sell their children also. In other places, I have known parents sell their children when their maintenance became too heavy a burden for them to bear, without heeding whether they would ever see them again. Such a total absence of feeling certainly brings these savage people below the level of dumb animals."

We are told in the course of the voyage that "a number of birds usually came on board the brig towards evening, to roost, most of which appeared to me to be land-birds. The colours of some were very beautiful, and in many we could trace a resemblance to our small ducks, magpies, and larks."

Of New Guinea itself the lieutenant did not see much, and so we conclude with another notice of animal history at Timor-laut:—

"The wild cattle, with which the island abounds, are black, and have upright horns, their size being about the same as that of two-year-old cattle in Holland. The natives catch them with nooses of rattan, and also shoot them with arrows. Wild hogs are also to be met with in abundance. Monkeys do not exist on the island; and it is a singular thing, that throughout the Moluccan Archipelago they are only to be found on the island of Batchian, near the south end of Gilolo."

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Lexicon of the Greek Language, for the Use of Colleges and Schools. By the Rev. J. A. Giles, LL.D. 8vo. pp. 939. London, 1839. Longman and Co.

WHEN we lately reviewed the excellent Latin dictionary translated by Mr. Riddle, we felt that a good Greek lexicon was much wanted in our higher schools and colleges. This want has been most ably supplied by Mr. Giles, whose position, as head-master of the City of London School, was likely to indicate the best manner of performing his laborious task. The chief novelty of the present work is the great copiousness of its English-Greek division.

A Cyclopædia of Practical Husbandry, and Rural Affairs in general. By Martin Doyle, author of "Hints to Small Farmers," "Practical Gardening," &c. With Illustrations engraved on Wood. Pp. 507. Dublin, 1839. Curry, jun. and Co.

To practical experience, Mr. Doyle has joined care, assiduity, and research, in the compilation of this useful volume; which will be found serviceable to farmers and the rural community in general.

Treatises on Poetry, Modern Romance, and Rhetoric. By George Moir. Pp. 381. Edinburgh, 1839. Blacks.

THESE articles, originally contributed to the "Encyclopædia Britannica" by the learned Professor of Rhetoric in the University of Edinburgh, have asserted their claims upon the public by reaching a seventh edition. What rhetoric of ours could say more for them?

Goethe's Faust, Part II. with other Poems. Translated by L. J. Bernays. 8vo. pp. 268. London, 1839. Low; Carlsruhe, Biefeld. WE have of late declined entering at length into any of the interminable disquisitions about Goethe, and shall therefore have but little to

say of this publication. Mr. Bernays, an idolater of the poet, has rendered his extraordinary production partly into prose and partly into the original metres; and in both has displayed a knowledge of his principal, and a command of the two languages. His former volume established a reputation which this will not diminish.

As it however introduces the English reader to the *Second Part of the Faust*, which was published in 1833 after Goethe's death, and of which we are not aware that any translation into our language has yet appeared, we may add a few words on the subject. Although many competent critics were of opinion that the author could not have meant the drama to end with the prison-scene, but that in consequence with the "Prologue in Heaven," *Faust* must necessarily be saved, yet others, and particularly amongst ourselves, seemed pertinaciously to cling to the common error that the versions published by Lord F. Egerton, Hayward, Talbot, Blackie, Symes, Anster, Birch, and now by Hills,* constituted the entire poem of Goethe. The present work will show that such was not Goethe's intention; and at the same time convey to the reader that idea of the original, which a translation, as close as might well be, without causing it to be English unrecognisable to the foreign idiom and modes of expression, can communicate. Whether the poet has really finished his plan satisfactorily, or whether it would not have been better to have left it as a noble Torso, is a question which we shall not undertake to determine. At all events we are glad to see the opportunity given for those who are not German scholars,† to judge for themselves. We should also notice that the minor pieces, at the end of the volume, are not without interest and merit. Altogether, the performance is most creditable to the young translator.

Champ de Roses, &c. par Adolphe Dubaut-Pesset. Pp. 244. (London, Simpkin and Marshall; Jeffs; Pagn. Hamersmith.)—A nice selection from above a hundred contemporary French poets, with literary notes by the editor.

Gay Fancies, &c. by the Rev. T. Lathbury, M.A. Pp. 133. (London, Parker.)—The author has here collected into one view the particulars of the story of the Gunpowder Plot, endeavored to expound the motives and principles of the conspirators, and from the whole sounded an alarm to the present Protestant Church.

The Ladies' Flower-Garden of Ornamental Anemone. By Mrs. Loudon. Nos. XI. XII. (London, Smith.)—The Centaurea tribe of singular form, and in our eyes of great elegance and beauty, the lasting Xeranthemum, the gaudy Zinnia, the dashing Aster, and a superb variety of other flowers of similar character, embellish these two gay Nos., and carry Mrs. Loudon most successfully on with her charming task.

Every Lady her own Flower Gardener. by Louisa Johnson (pp. 96, London, Orr), is a fair adviser in the way of cultivating flowers cheaply and neatly.

Life of Sir Walter Scott, Vol. IX. (Edinburgh, Cadell; London, Whittaker.)—The Gothic-looking entrance-hall of Abbotsford is the frontispiece, and a singular view of the dining-room (with a bed and some person lying in it) is the vignette. They are both beautifully engraved by W. Douglas, as well as painted with great force and truth by Allan.

Historic Sites, and other Remarkable and Interesting Places in the County of Suffolk. by John Woddenhouse. Pp. 300. (London, Longman and Co.; Ipswich, Pagny.)—A considerable portion of these papers, we believe, have adorned the pages of the "Suffolk Literary Chronicle," for which they were peculiarly adapted; and the scenes which attended them in that locality having induced Mr. Woddenhouse to augment their number and collect the

* "Faust," a Tragedy by Goethe, translated in English verse by John Hills, Esq., small 4to., pp. 36, Whittaker and Co., which, after what we have said, calls for no particular remark.

† We observe, with pleasure, that the taste for acquiring this rich tongue, in which so many publications of the highest value are written, is gaining ground in England. At Cambridge, Mr. Egerton† (of whose ardent cultivation of "Klopstock," and other zealous works, we have frequently spoken in praise) has been delivering a course of lectures with much success. The same, we trust, will attend his efforts in London; for he is a very meritorious individual, and his life devoted to the pursuit of German literature.

whole into the present form, we have the pleasure to say that the volume is one of very agreeable character. Without going deeply into antiquarian research or historic doubts, the writer has skinned the surface agreeably to the most commonly received accounts and popular traditions; and thus produced a work, not only interesting to Suffolk, but acceptable to readers in other counties throughout broad England. The many castles, churches, ancient residences, ruined towns, and antiquarian remains, of every description of which he has treated, give great variety to his labours; and nine appropriate wood-engravings of the most curious add to their value.

A Comparative View of Ancient History, embracing a Sketch of the Contemporary History of the Nations of Antiquity: an Explanation of Chronological Eras, &c. by J. Toulmin Smith. Pp. 123. (London, Souter.)—On a good plan, and very fairly executed. We observe, however, some inaccuracies of expression; such, for instance, as saying that the "only reward" of Cain's fratricide was the perpetual stings of conscience—meaning thereby the only punishment.

The Courier of the Days of Charles II., with other Tales, by Mrs. Gore. 8vo. pp. 364. (Paris, Galligani and Co.)—When noticing the author's more recent publication in our No. 1191, we ought to have mentioned this Paris edition of *The Courier, &c.*—certainly not one of the least meritorious and clever of her productions. That we had not seen it in its London shape is one of the curiosities of publishing; a similar secrecy having been observed with regard to the "Flying Dutchman." Whether the latter feared criticism or not, we cannot tell; but the volume now before us undoubtedly needed not to entertain any apprehensions.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

LINNEAN SOCIETY.

MR. FORSTER in the chair. — Mr. Cuming exhibited specimens of the *Lagurus onatus*, discovered by him about three years ago, two miles from Saffron Walden, Essex. Mr. Cuming has collected the plant in the same locality every year since, and he regards it as decidedly wild. The specimens exhibited were collected last summer; the station now mentioned is the only actual English locality for this elegant grass.—Read, 'Description of the *Curata*, a plant of the family of *Bambusae*, of the culm of which the Indians prepare their Sarbains, or Blowpipes,' by M. Schomburgk. The plant belongs to a new species of the genus *Arundinaria*, and has been named *Arundinaria Schomburgkii*. These reeds grow in dense tufts, or clusters, of 50 to 100; the full-grown stem is at the base one inch and a half in diameter, or nearly five inches in circumference, of a bright green colour, perfectly smooth and hollow inside, and rises to the height of forty or fifty feet. The great object of M. Schomburgk's last expedition led him to the Far West. Near the river Emakuni, at a settlement inhabited by Indians, the first object which struck the writer on entering the miserable huts which served as dwellings was a large bundle of these reeds, some of which were sixteen feet long; this naturally caused the inquiry whence they came. The Guinai Indians, called by the Spaniards *Maquiritares*, conducted M. Schomburgk and his party to that part of Marawaoca (a high mountain, which terminates in almost a perpendicular wall of sandstone) where the plant grows. It is much valued, and is given in exchange for the Wourali poison manufactured by other tribes.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

DECEMBER 9. Mr. Greenough, F.R.S., President, in the chair.—Eight new members were elected.—Read extracts from the following papers:—1. 'An Outline of the Voyage of the French Ship-of-war *Astrolabe*, commanded by Captain Dumont d'Urville, in the Asiatic Archipelago, between February and June, 1839,' of which we had already abridged a notice from a Paris journal (see page 792).—2. 'Notes on a Tour through a Part of Kurdistan,' by James Brant, Esq. H.M. Consul at Erzurum. Quitting Erzurum on the 16th June, 1838, accompanied by Mr. A. G. Glascock,

R.N., and Dr. E. D. Dickson, Mr. Brant travelled in an eastern direction for about twenty miles, as far as Hassan Kaleb; thence, turning directly to the southward, the party continued, by Aghveran and Khinis Kaleb, to Mush. From this place they proceeded in a W.S.W. direction, to the southward of the valley of the Murad Chai, or Eastern Euphrates, by Nerjki and Piran, to the mines of Arganah, on the western bank of the upper Tigris; thence in a north-west direction to the town of Kharput, the western limit of their journey: returning to the northward of the valley of Murad, they passed through Palu and Cheveh, and again reached Mush. Turning thence to the south-east, they proceeded to Bitlis and to Tatvan, on the south-western point of the lake of Van; continued around its southern shore by Vastan and Artemid to the town of Van, and then in a northerly direction round the north-eastern extremity of the lake, and by Ardish and the foot of Supan Tagh, along its northern shore to Aklat: thus making the entire circuit of the lake within about fifteen miles. Proceeding hence in a north-eastern course, they passed the source of the Murad Chai, at an elevation of 6000 feet above the sea, and arrived at Bayazid at the south-western foot of Mount Ararat; thence, in a westerly direction, by Uch Kilissah, and the pass of Keusseh Tagh, and Hassan Kaleb, to Erzurum: thus completing a tour of about nine hundred miles, through a country imperfectly known and very incorrectly laid down on our maps; many important towns, as Mush, Bitlis, Palu, Kharput, &c., being placed from twelve to twenty miles in error in latitude. Throughout this journey the astronomical positions of all the principal places were determined, as well as their height barometrically above the sea, and the whole line of route correctly mapped by Mr. Glascock; shewing, among other changes, that the lake of Van must be extended nearly thirty miles to the north-east. "Mush," says Mr. Brant, "is a wretched town with a population of about 6000, of which 2500 are Armenians: it is situated on a fine plain, forty miles long by twelve broad; watered by numerous streams, yet in some parts stony and arid; it lies 4700 feet above the sea; and the climate is less severe than that of Erzurum. Kharput is situated on an eminence 1200 feet above the plain, which is one of the richest in the Turkish dominions. We found Hafiz Pasha here, who received us with every civility. This was the western limit of our journey. Returning to the eastward, we passed through Palu, a town of 5000 persons, chiefly employed in manufacturing cloth from native cotton. It is situated on the northern bank of the Murad Chai, 500 feet above the bed of the river, and 3500 above the sea. The valley of Bitlis runs north and south; a ravine opens into it from the west, another from the north-west, and a third from the east; and at their common point of junction the town is situated, at an elevation of 3150 feet above the sea. In its centre rises an abrupt rock to the height of sixty feet, on the summit of which are the ruins of a castle, the residence of the former beys of Bitlis. At its eastern base lie the bazars; while the streets, lining the banks of the stream which flows through the valley and the ravines, and extending up them, give an irregular form to the town, which covers a considerable area, on account of the gardens interspersed among the houses in the ravines. Bare limestone mountains rise on every side, about 2000 feet above the valley; and the bottoms of the ravines are

filled with orchards irrigated by numerous streams and springs. This antique-looking city, placed in so remarkable a situation, the severe character and great height of the mountains, and the cheerful vegetation of the valleys, viewed from the residence of Sherif Bey, combine to form a prospect as singular as interesting. The population consists of 15,000, one-third of which are Armenians. There are three mosques with minarets, and twelve chapels, belonging to Howling Dervishes; of which sect this city would appear to be the principal seat, from the number of its followers. The lake of Van covers a surface of about 900 square geographical miles; the water is salt; and it is situated 5470 feet above the level of the sea. We only observed six small trading craft upon it, chiefly employed in carrying cotton, grain, and timber. The town of Van, situated among orchards on the east side of the lake, contains about 35,000 inhabitants, nearly one-half of which are Armenians. The trade is inconsiderable. The lake abounds in fish; and we saw multitudes of cormorants, gulls, and other water-fowl. The rock on which the castle of Van is built is a long, narrow, isolated mass, rising three hundred feet above the plain; it extends about half a mile in a S.S.E. direction, and its south-western face is perpendicular; its breadth may be one hundred yards at the summit, on which stands the citadel. The whole is of hard compact limestone. By a special order from the pasha we were permitted to visit the castle, and examine its caves; but we could not discover either letters or paintings on the walls—they had probably been used as sepulchres. We visited the cuneiform inscriptions, well known to exist near Van; and the pasha expressed great anxiety to know if we could translate them.

"September 1.—Early this morning we commenced the ascent of the celebrated mountain of Supan Tagh, which rises on the northern shore of the lake full 4000 feet above its surface, and 9500 above the level of the sea. We rode up slowly for three and a half hours, till we reached the edge of the crater out of which the central cone rises. From this spot we proceeded on foot by the most difficult ascent I ever attempted, not only from its steepness, but from the oppression at the chest we all felt. We could not ascend more than five or six steps without stopping to take breath. At length, after four hours from leaving our horses, and seven hours and a half from the base, we reached one of the highest peaks overlooking the lake of Van, and planted our theodolite on its summit. The view from this spot was truly magnificent: at our feet the broad expanse of the lake of Van, more like a sea than a lake; in the distance we counted seven other small lakes; to the south were the ranges of Arjerash and Erdosh; to the south-east the rock and citadel of Van; to the north the range of Mingöl, and the cone-like peak of Keusseh Tagh, above Toprak Kaleb, in the plain of Arishkert; while, in the north-eastern horizon, the beautiful peaks of the Great and Lesser Ararat, at a distance of eighty miles, were distinctly visible, their summits rising into the regions of eternal snow." Mr. Brant's paper was illustrated by a map, constructed by Mr. Glascock, on the scale of six inches to a degree, shewing the whole of their route; also by a section of the highland of Armenia, between Trebizond on the Black Sea, and Mésul on the Tigris; a direct distance of three hundred and sixty geographical miles, shewing the remarkable features of that elevated plateau, which, for the greater part, preserves a level of 6000 feet above the sea, till towards its southern

end, when the mountains of Juwar Tagh, the strongholds of the Kurds and the Nestorian Christians, are said to reach an elevation of 15,000 feet, from whence the descent is almost abrupt to the low level of the plains of Mesopotamia.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

DECEMBER 4th. The Rev. Professor Buckland, D.D. President, in the chair. — A paper was first read, describing 'Some of the soft parts, and the shape of the hind fin of the Ichthyosaurus, as when recent,' by Richard Owen, Esq. — Mr. Owen commenced by observing that hitherto the exact shape and the nature of the soft parts of the paddle of the Ichthyosaurus have been matter of conjecture, the osseous frame-work having been alone the subject of direct observation. He then stated, that the deviation of these locomotive organs from the reptilian and mammalian types had been recognised, as well as their resemblance to the fins of fishes in the digits exceeding five; but it had been generally supposed, owing to the form of the digital ossicles, their breadth and flatness, and great size, as compared with the joints of the fin-rays of fishes, that they were enveloped in a smooth integument, which, as in the turtle and porpoise, had no other support than was afforded by the bones and ligaments within. The specimen which formed the subject of this communication, Mr. Owen considers to be the posterior fin of the *Ichthyosaurus communis*. It exhibits portions of six digits, and in a most distinct manner, the impression and a thin layer of the dark carbonised integument of the terminal half of the fin, the contour of which is thus most beautifully defined: — The anterior margin of the integument is formed by a smooth, unbroken, well-defined line, and appears to have been merely a duplication of the integument; but the whole of the posterior margin exhibits the remains or impressions of a series of rays, by which the fold was supported. Immediately posterior to the digital ossicles is a band of carbonaceous matter, varying from two to four lines in breadth, and extending in an obtusely pointed form for an inch and a half beyond the ossicles. This band Mr. Owen considers the remains of the dense ligamentous matter which immediately invested the bones of the paddle. Its fibrous structure is most distinctly displayed. The rays above-mentioned are continued from the posterior edge of the carbonised ligamentous matter to the edge of the tegumentary impression, the upper ones being directed more transversely, but the others gradually lie more in the direction of the axis of the fin as they approach its termination. The most interesting feature in these rays, Mr. Owen observed, is their bifurcating as they approach the edge of the fin. From the rarity of their preservation, their appearance and co-existence, in the present instance, with remains of the integument, it is evident that they were not osseous, but either cartilaginous, or of that albuminous hornlike tissue of which the marginal rays consist in the fins of the shark and other plagiostomous fishes. Besides the impression of the posterior marginal rays, the specimen exhibits a series of slightly projecting transverse lines, crossing the whole of the fin at intervals of about one-eighth of an inch; and Mr. Owen infers from their regularity, that the rigid integument was divided into scutiform compartments, analogous to those on the paddle of the turtle and webbed foot of the crocodile; but differing, in the absence of subdivision, by secondary longitudinal impressions. This character of the in-

tegument of the fin agrees, therefore, with the known reptilian structure of the Ichthyosaurus; and it might have been expected *a priori*, that the skin should agree in some respects with the integument of existing reptiles. In conclusion, Mr. Owen observed, that the other new points presented by the specimen under consideration equally accord with the affinities of the Ichthyosauri, afforded by its less perishable remains; and that all the deviations from the reptilian structure of the skeleton tend to the type of fishes, and not to that of the cetaceous mammalia; and, therefore, prepare us to receive with less surprise the evidence of a malacopterygian structure of the fin, afforded by the presence of a series of soft bifurcated rays in the posterior fold of the natatory integument. The interesting specimen which formed the subject of this communication was the property of Mr. Lee of Barrow-on-Soar; and its important peculiarities were detected by Sir Philip Egerton, during an examination of Mr. Lee's fossil saurian remains. — A paper was afterwards read, 'On as much of the great Grauwacke System as is comprised in the group of West Somerset, Devon, and Cornwall,' by the Rev. D. Williams. This communication is supplementary to one read in April last (see *Literary Gazette*, No. 1161), and gives the results of the author's latest investigations into the structure of Devonshire and Cornwall. In the previous paper, he stated that the sedimentary formations composing those counties consisted, in descending order, of No. 9, Floriferous slates (the culm measures of central Devon); No. 8, a series of beds, which he calls the Coddon Hill grits; and No. 7, Trilobite slates, forming the south of Devon and Cornwall. In the present communication, however, he states that he was wrong in considering the sedimentary mass of those districts as belonging to No. 7, recent observations having convinced him that it is composed of a separate formation more recent than No. 9; and which he proposes to range as No. 10, and to call Killas, or Cornish. According to this view, he considers the culm measures (No. 9) as a very old grauwacke system, and he places them below the limestones and slates of southern Devon and Cornwall, but above the newest strata of Exmoor. His reasons for proposing these changes are drawn from observations made at the following localities. Between Duddescombeigh and Chudleigh the posidonia limestones, part of No. 8, is stated to be exhibited underlying a long series of alternations of Coddon Hill grits and floriferous rocks (No. 9) with intercalated killas; and these are said to dip under the Chudleigh limestones, which pass beneath the ridge of Ugbrook, considered by Mr. Williams as a part of the floriferous series. A similar order of succession is stated to be traceable, foot by foot, on the road by Gregleigh and descending to Waddon Barton. At Meedfort Sands the author says, there is a strange association, yet in regular stratified order, of Cornish clay-slate, buff-coloured, finely arenaceous strata, containing fossils, true floriferous grit, slates with culm, volcanic ash, and coral limestones, forming an anticlinal axis, which throws off the great mass of the Torquay limestone. To the east of Dartmoor, Mr. Williams has little doubt that similar alternations occur; and to the west of it, he mentions a line of country between Greeston Bridge, on the Tamar, and Heathfield, the neighbourhood of Tavistock, the shaft sunk in the copper lode on the road from that town towards Callington; also the vicinity of Climsland to the north of Callington, and the country thence to

Saltaash, more particularly a section near Pen-ter's Cross, as exhibiting proofs of the floriferous series passing beneath the slates and limestones of southern Devon and Cornwall. Mr. Williams is further of opinion, that his uppermost group, or No. 10, is distinguished from the strata composing the Quantocks in North Devon, by certain peculiarities in its physical structure. In the latter range of hills, the angle of cleavage of the slates is 10° or less, and the direction east and west; while, according to his observations, the cleavage of the killas coincides nearly with the true magnetic meridian, and the angle of inclination approaches 90°. Finally, Mr. Williams objects to conclusions respecting the relative age of formations deduced from organic remains, preferring those drawn from mineral composition; and he protests against the attempt to prove the geological structure of Devonshire and Cornwall by reference to that of any other country.

ELECTRICAL SOCIETY.

TUESDAY, 17th December. — Read, 'Letters from D. Samo, Esq. Judge at Surinam, addressed to Mr. Hawkins, and to Mr. Cameron, Berbice, respecting the living specimens of *Gymnotus Electricus*, procured for Mr. Hawkins, to be presented to the Electrical Society.' Five of these singular animals had arrived at Berbice in a most lively and healthy state, and had been transhipped to England, where the vessel conveying them has come in safety; but up to Tuesday no account of the condition of her live freight had been received. No expense had been spared, every requisite for their sustenance, and instructions for their treatment, had been supplied. The liberal and praiseworthy conduct of Mr. Hawkins in this affair well deserves publicity and approval. When at Berbice, the cask in which the gymnoti lived was lifted to be conveyed ashore; so vigorous were its electrical occupants, that the shock given by them, being disturbed, knocked two men down. Many interesting results are expected to be derived, and data established, by the experiments to be conducted with Mr. Hawkins's valuable present. The natives and negroes of South America state that these animal wonders are excellent food. Mr. Samo expressed his intention of having one cooked, and tasting to the proof. — Read, also, 'An Account of some Experiments made with the view of repeating and extending those of the late Professor Nobili, on the Production, by Electro-Chemical Means, of coloured Films on the Surface of Metallic Plates,' by Mr. Gassiot. By the precipitation of the peroxide of lead on steel plates, placed in a solution of the acetate of that metal, and connected with the positive pole of a constant battery, the most beautiful effects were obtained. Every tint of Nobili's series of colours, or chromatic scale, was developed, comprising forty-four shades. It is scarcely necessary to remark that this great variety of colour depends upon the thickness of the film (metallic in this instance), which, in its gradation, transmits some, and reflects other rays of light. If it be supposed that the millionth of an inch is the unit, the first colour on the list, silver blond, will be four of these units, and the last, or thickest, but thirty of the same. Upon a similar course depends the diversity of colour in that philosophical plaything the soap-bubble, as also the phenomena known as Newton's rings. In the latter case the films are air, and the thinnest or central film which transmits all the rays of light is

black. The films of the peroxide were arranged by Mr. Gassiot in any form he pleased, exhibiting a variety of figures. The shape of the negative electrode altered the effect. When composed of a ring of platinum, or other metallic wire, the colours will radiate from the inner as well as the outer line. To obtain a clear and decided figure, it is advisable to use a thin piece of muslin to prevent actual contact; it may be placed on either electrode. The nearer the electrodes approximate, the more distinct will be the result and the lines more clearly defined. An almost instantaneous connexion with the battery is sufficient for the beautiful effect. It is impossible to describe the exceeding beauty of the appearance as the colours progressively start forth, the rapid succession of the most gorgeous tints. Whether the effects thus produced will be applied, as Mr. Gassiot observes, to ornamental cutlery, time will determine. Any patterns may be produced with ease by wire sewn with strong thread on a card, the whole forming the negative electrode of the battery. Those in which there is least interference in the lines will be the most clearly defined.

LITERARY AND LEARNED. UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

CAMBRIDGE, December 11th.—The Norrisian prize was adjudged to D. Moore, of Catherine Hall, for his essay on the following subject:—"The Divine Origin of the Holy Scriptures may be inferred from their perfect adaptation to the circumstances of Human Nature."

The following degrees were conferred:—
Doctor in Medicine.—R. W. Rothman, Fellow of Trinity College.

Masters of Arts.—H. H. Lewis, W. H. Rough, Trinity College; M. Hutton, G. S. Elwin, Catherine Hall; R. W. Beauchamp, R. M. Lingwood, Christ's College; W. S. Hore, J. Abbot, Queen's College.

Bachelor in the Civil Law.—J. H. Prowett, Trinity Hall.

ROYAL SOCIETY.*

The President's Address, continued from our last.

In drawing up the following notice of the losses which the Royal Society has sustained during the last year, in conformity with the practice of my predecessors, I have availed myself of the assistance of one of the fellows, whose acquaintance with the labours of men of science peculiarly qualified him for the execution of a task which I could not myself have ventured to undertake. I, therefore, will not longer occupy your time by any further remarks of my own, but will conclude by the expression of my present wishes for the prosperity of the Royal Society, and for its success in furthering the noble ends for which it was instituted.—The Rev. Martin Davy was originally a member of the medical profession, which he followed, during a great part of his life, with no inconsiderable reputation. He became a medical student of Caius College in 1787, and was elected to a fellowship in 1793, and to the mastership in 1803, the late illustrious Dr. Wollaston being one of his competitors. One of the first acts of his administration was to open his college to a more large and liberal competition, by the abolition of some mischievous and unstatutable restrictions, which had been sanctioned by long custom, and also by making academical merit and honours the sole avenue to college preferment: and he lived to witness the complete success of this wise and liberal measure, in the rapid increase of the number of high academical honours which were gained by members of his college, and by the subsequent advancement of many of them to the highest professional rank and eminence. Some years after his accession to the master-

ship he took holy orders, and commuted the degree of doctor in medicine for that of theology; and in later life he was collated to some considerable ecclesiastical preferments. Dr. Davy had no great acquaintance with the details of accurate science, but he was remarkable for the extent and variety of his attainments in classical and general literature. His conversation was eminently lively and original, and not less agreeable from its occasional tendency to somewhat paradoxical, though generally harmless, speculations. He died in May last, after a long illness, deeply lamented by a large circle of friends, to whom he was endeared by his many social and other virtues.

—Dr. Herbert Marsh, bishop of Peterborough, and one of the most acute and learned theologians of his age, became a member of St. John's College in the University of Cambridge in the year 1775, and took his B.A. degree in 1779, being second in the list of wranglers, which was headed by his friend and relation, Mr. Thomas Jones, a man whose intellectual powers were of the highest order, and who for many years filled the office of tutor of Trinity College with unequalled success and reputation. Soon after his election to a fellowship, he went to Germany, where he devoted himself during many years to theological and general studies, and first became known to the public as the translator and learned commentator of Michaelis's "Introduction to the New Testament." It was during his residence abroad that he published, in the German language, various tracts in defence of the policy of his own country in the continental wars, and more particularly a very elaborate "History of the Politics of Great Britain and France, from the time of the Conference at Pillnitz to the Declaration of War;" a work which produced a marked impression on the state of public opinion in Germany, and for which he received a very considerable pension on the recommendation of Mr. Pitt. In 1807, he was elected Lady Margaret's Professor of Divinity in the University of Cambridge; an appointment of great value and importance, which he retained for the remainder of his life. On the resumption of his residence in the university, he devoted himself with great diligence to the preparation of his lectures on various important branches of divinity, interposing a great number of occasional publications on the Catholic question, the Bible Society, and various other subjects of political and theological controversy. In 1816, he was appointed Bishop of Llandaff; and three years afterwards he was translated to the see of Peterborough. In the course of a few years from this time, his health, which had been already undermined by his sedentary habits and severe studies, began rapidly to decline, and he was compelled to abstain from the active duties of his professorship, and from the exciting labours of controversy; and though his infirmities continued to increase both in number and severity, yet his life was prolonged to a mature old age by the vigilant and anxious care and nursing of one of the most exemplary and affectionate of wives. Dr. Marsh was a man of great learning and very uncommon vigour of mind; and, as a writer, remarkable for the great precision of his language, and his singular clearness in the statement of his argument. His lectures on divinity are a most valuable contribution to the theological student, and his "Comparative View of the Churches of England and Rome," presents one of the most masterly views of the great principles which distinguish those

churches, which has ever appeared from the pen of a Protestant writer. His controversial writings, though generally full of acuteness and ability, must be expected to share the fate of all productions which are not kept from perishing by the permanent existence of the interests, of whatever nature, which gave rise to them: and we may justly lament that learning and powers of reasoning of so extraordinary a character were not more exclusively and steadily devoted to the completion of more durable and systematic theological labours.—The father of the late Professor Rigaud had the care of the King's Observatory at Kew, an appointment which probably influenced the early tastes and predilections of his son. He was admitted a member of Exeter College, Oxford, in 1791, at the early age of sixteen; and continued to reside there as fellow and tutor until 1810, when he was appointed Savilian Professor of Geometry. He afterwards succeeded to the care of the Radcliffe Observatory; and the noble suite of instruments by Bird, with which it is furnished, was augmented, on his recommendation, by a new transit and circle, so as to fit it for the most refined purposes of modern practical astronomy. And we venture to express a hope that it will shortly become equally efficient and useful with the similar establishment which exists in the sister university. Professor Rigaud published, in 1831, the miscellaneous works and correspondence of Bradley, to which he afterwards added a very interesting supplement on the astronomical papers of Harriott. In 1838, he published some curious notices of the first publication of the "Principia" of Newton; and he had also projected a life of Halley, with a view of rescuing the memory of that great man from much of the obloquy to which it has been exposed. He had made extensive collections for a new edition of the mathematical collections of Pappus; and he was the author of many valuable communications to the "Transactions of the Royal Astronomical Society," and to other scientific journals, on various subjects connected with physical and astronomical science. There was probably no other person of his age who was equally learned on all subjects connected with the history and literature of astronomy. Professor Rigaud was a man of most amiable character, and of singularly pleasing manners and person. The warmth of his affections, his modesty, gentleness, and love of truth, as well as the great variety of his acquirements and accomplishments, had secured him the love and the respect of a large circle of friends, not merely in his own university, but amongst men of science generally. He died in London in March last, after a short but painful illness, which he bore with a fortitude and resignation which might have been expected from his gentle, patient, and truly Christian character.—Mr. Wilkins, Professor of Architecture to the Royal Academy, became a member of Caius College, Cambridge, in 1796, and took the degree of B.A. in 1800, his name standing sixth on the mathematical tripos. He was soon afterwards nominated one of Wort's travelling bachelors, and also a fellow of his college, and passed four years in Greece and Italy, studying the architectural remains and monuments of those countries with great diligence, preparatory to the practice of his profession as an architect, which his father had followed with credit, and for which his great skill as a draughtsman particularly qualified him. The study of those matchless creations of ancient art would appear to have exercised a powerful

* There was a slight misprint in our report last week; Mr. Robertson, not Robertson, is the gentleman so justly lauded by the noble President.

influence on his taste, and to have led him to prefer the purer forms of Grecian architecture to the more varied imitations and adaptations of them which appeared in the works of the Romans or in those of the great masters of modern Italy and more particularly of Palladio; and the influence of these predilections was sufficiently visible in his designs for the East India College, at Haileybury, and for Downing College, Cambridge, and is more or less easily traceable in most of his subsequent works. In 1807, he published his "Antiquities of Magna Græcia," a magnificent work, containing descriptions, views, measurements, and restorations of the chief remains of Syracuse, Agrigento, Ægesta, and Paestum. At a subsequent period he published "Athenienasia; or, Remarks on the Buildings of Athens," in which he expressed opinions unfavourable to those commonly entertained respecting the rank which the Elgin marbles, which had been only recently purchased by the nation, should be considered to hold when viewed as works of art: he was likewise the author of a translation of the "Civil Architecture of Vitruvius," including those books which relate to the public and private edifices of the ancients, which was preceded by a learned introduction on the history of the rise and progress of Grecian Architecture,—a work which was chiefly designed to show that the precepts of Vitruvius referred to Grecian and not to Roman buildings. The publication of these works and of some essays in the "Archæologia," which shewed a profound knowledge of the principles both of Grecian and Gothic architecture, led to very extensive professional engagements, particularly in the University of Cambridge, where he rebuilt Corpus Christi and King's Colleges, and made extensive additions to Trinity College: he was likewise the author of the magnificent portico of London University College, the National Gallery, and of other important edifices in London. He was latterly compelled by the declining state of his health, and by repeated attacks of the gout, to retire from his professional engagements, though he did not abandon those studies which had formed his delight and occupation from his earliest years. In 1837, he published his "Prolusiones Architectonicæ; or, Essays on subjects connected with Grecian and Roman Architecture," which were designed, in some degree, as a substitute for those lectures, which, under other circumstances, he would have been called upon to deliver, as professor of architecture, to the students of the Royal Academy. During the last year of his life, though constantly confined to his bed, and extremely weakened and emaciated by disease, he still continued his favourite pursuits until within a few days of his death, which took place on the last day of August last.—The Rev. Archibald Alison, senior Minister of St. Paul's Chapel, Edinburgh, was born in 1757, became a member of the University of Glasgow in 1772, and of Balliol College, Oxford, in 1775, and took the degree of B.C.L. in 1784. He soon afterwards took holy orders in the English Church, and was presented to several ecclesiastical preferments by Sir William Pulteney, Lord Chancellor Loughborough, and Bishop Douglas of Salisbury. In 1784, he married the daughter of the celebrated Dr. John Gregory, of Edinburgh, with whom he lived in uninterrupted happiness for forty years of his life. His celebrated "Essay on the Nature and Principles of Taste" was first published in 1790, and speedily became incorporated into the standard literature of Great Britain. Towards the close of the last century, he became a permanent resident

in his native city as minister of the Episcopal Chapel, Cowgate, and afterwards of St. Paul's, where he was connected by congenial tastes and pursuits with Dugald Stewart, Playfair, Dr. Henry Mackenzie, Dr. Gregory, and the many other distinguished men who, during so many years, made that beautiful and picturesque city the metropolis of British literature. In 1814, he published two volumes of sermons; and at a later period, a very interesting memoir of his accomplished friend the Hon. Fraser Tytler, Lord Woodhouselee. Mr. Alison was a man of very pleasing and refined manners, of great cheerfulness and equanimity of temper, of a clear and temperate judgment, and possessing a very extensive knowledge of mankind. He was habitually pious and humble-minded, exhibiting, in the whole tenor of his life, the blessed influence of that Gospel of which he was the ordained minister. All his writings are characterised by that pure and correct taste, the principles of which he had illustrated with so much elegance and beauty.

(To be concluded next week.)

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

DECEMBER 7th. Sir G. T. Staunton, in the chair.—Donations to the library and museum of the Society were presented, &c. The Honorary Secretary stated that he held in his hand the report of a meeting of the Bombay branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, which was attended by Sir James R. Carnac, Bart. the present patron of that branch. The Secretary then read the report, which comprised the address of Sir James in accepting the office of Patron; in the course of which he assured the Society of his conviction that the Bombay branch had essentially aided the Royal Asiatic Society in giving a stimulus to Asiatic literature in Europe, and in reviving a taste for investigations connected with the East. This was followed by an address from the President of the Institution, detailing its objects, the progress it had already made in carrying them into effect, and the full expectation it entertained, from the well-known character of the new patron, that those objects would now be more rapidly developed than at any past period of its existence.—Mr. E. Solly read a paper 'On East Indian Opium.' After adverting to the measures lately taken by the Chinese government to prevent the future importation of opium into that country, the author stated, that as the continuation of the prohibition would of necessity put an end to the opium trade in that quarter, endeavours would be made to find a market for it in other countries; and that, therefore, good East Indian opium would be probably brought to England. Not many years ago this opium was always considered, and described, as being the lowest and most inferior in quality of any in the market. Latterly, however, it had been increasing in reputation; and some sorts had been classed among the best kinds of opium. But the quality varied; and some sorts, from containing a very large proportion of impurities, were of comparatively little value. Great influence was also exerted on the quality of opium by the weather: the presence or absence of clouds, the quantity of dew, the time the juice is kept before being formed into cakes, and many other causes, greatly affected the goodness of the article. Mr. Solly observed, that the opium prepared for the Chinese market contained scarcely any earthy impurities or foreign matters, and suggested as one of the causes why the Chinese preferred Malwa to many other kinds of opium, was

that it contained less caoutchouc and gelatin; and therefore yielded a larger per-centage of the watery extract, which is used by the Chinese smokers, and called smokable extract. He then detailed a chemical examination he had recently made of some varieties of Indian opium, particularly that from Malwa, from which it appeared that it might enter into competition with some of the best varieties. Mr. Solly concluded with a sketch of the process adopted in Malwa for the cultivation of the poppy and the manufacture of opium.—A paper by Dr. Stevenson, of Bombay, 'On the Ante-Brahminical Worship of the Hindus,' was next read. This was the third paper of a series on the same subject, two of which have been already printed in the Society's "Journal." The author said, that in his former papers he had shewn his reasons for supposing that the worship of those objects, whom the Brahmins denominated demons, was anterior to Brahminism; and he now stated that he believed the festival of the Holi, and the worship of Mhasobâ, to belong to the same class. The festival of the Holi is celebrated about the opening of the year, and is attended with the most obscene orgies. Persons, who at other times are patters of propriety, now use the filthiest language, disgusting pictures and figures are paraded through the streets, dirt is thrown upon every body that passes; business is at a stand, and all is riot and confusion. For the worship of the goddess, a large hole is made in the ground, which is then filled with wood and covered with cow-dung. In this hole a tree is planted, generally a castor-oil tree, grass is heaped round it, offerings of cocoa-nut and other matters are made, prayers are recited, and the whole is then set fire to. An evident connexion existed between this and the May-pole of our ancestors, which was not quite discontinued in some remote parts of England. The mention of this suggested another coincidence between the religious customs of the Mahrattas and those of our ancestors. It was the practice of the former to bind up a quantity of new grain in harvest time, generally rice and bajry, to adorn it with leaves and flowers, and to put it up over the doors of their houses. The same was done by the English, with this only difference, that the grain was spread out on the lintels of the doors. The god Mhasobâ, who is much laughed at by the Brahmins, is a natural *linga*: it is any rounded stone of a large size, found in a field. This is painted over with red lead, and it then becomes a god, receiving offerings of cocoa-nuts, fowls, or goats, according to the ability of the worshipper. The writer strongly suspected the whole worship of the *linga* to be ante-Brahminical. The Lingayets hate, and are hated by, the Brahmins; they neglect their rules of purification, have priests of their own, and are called by the Brahmins "adherents of a false religion." In the worship of the five principal divinities, the person who dressed the image in the form of the *linga* is a Sudra, and not a Brahmin. These and several other circumstances, lead him to suppose this worship ante-Brahminical; although until the Linga-Purana has been fully investigated, he would not be positive on the point. The paper concluded with the names of several other gods worshipped in the Dekkan, not found in the Brahminical theology.—Two extracts from a journal by Capt. G. L. Jacob, of the Bombay army, were then read: the first, 'On the Process of Iron Smelting in the Mahabaleshwar Hills;' and the other, 'On the alleged Rise of a Sacred River in the same quarter.' The iron

smelting is conducted in the most primitive way imaginable. The ore is dug from pits twenty or thirty feet deep, and is in appearance like a rough gravel. The furnace is a hole in the earth lined with charcoal, and fitted with a clay oven: the bellows are two goatskins worked alternately by the hand, and terminating in a clay pipe which forms the nozzle. About three hours are required to smelt twelve seers of ore, producing about five seers and a half of a rough, drossy, impure iron, which loses about two seers more in being worked up to its destined form. This iron sells in the bazars for a quarter of a rupee (less than a penny) per pound; and better English iron finds its way to these hills at the same price, or even cheaper. The sacred river is the Bhagtri, which once in twelve years adds its waters to those of the Kristna, Yona, Koyna, Sawitri, and Gawitri—"for the edification of the multitude, and benefit of the Brahmans." Captain Jacob describes this as a clumsy trick: no one but the priest is admitted into the holy place whence the river is said to issue; but all are allowed to purify themselves with the united waters proceeding from the mouth of Mahadeva's Sacred Bull. The Captain, so far from testifying to the increase of the stream, avers that he has never seen it in former years so small as at this time (February 1839); "so easily," he says, "is this simple people led by priestcraft."—The last paper read was the translation of a Sanscrit inscription found near Palitana in Kattywar; and which had been deciphered and read by James Prinsep, Esq. It was a grant of land to a Brahmin, but bore no other date than that of the year of the grantor's reign.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

DECEMBER 19. Mr. Hudson Gurney, V.P. in the chair.—Mr. J. Gage Rokewood exhibited an exceedingly beautiful Psalter, now the property of Mr. Weld, of Luttworth, which was evidently formed for that eminent patron of the arts, John, duke of Bedford, regent of France. It is a rival in splendour to the celebrated Bedford Missal: the larger illuminations represent the principal events in the life of the Psalmist; and there is a great profusion of medallion heads occurring in almost every page, among which several portraits have been recognised.—Mr. Herbert Smith produced a series of drawings, most accurately finished, of ancient paintings lately discovered on the walls of the church of Barfreston, in Kent, and supposed to be coeval with the Norman architecture of that remarkable fabric, and of the age of Henry II.—The reading of Mr. Birch's 'Explanation of the Hieroglyphics on an Egyptian Tomb' was partially pursued, and the meetings of the Society were then adjourned to January.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS
FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Tuesday.—Zoological, 8½ p.m.
Thursday.—Numismatic, 7 p.m.
Saturday.—Westminster Medical, 8 p.m.; Mathematical, 8 p.m.; Physical, 8 p.m.

FINE ARTS.

Curious Discovery.—A strange lesson has just been read to antiquaries and virtuosi, by a remarkable discovery in the British Museum. The famous Portland Vase, the pride of ancient, and wonder of modern art,—the theme of many an essay, and many a panegyric, has let in a new light upon the fictile representations of antiquity. A few weeks ago it was deemed necessary to wash this noble relic, in order to remove the accumulated dust of ages; when, lo! almost every figure was found to

be designated by an inscription, and the purport and procession of the whole vase (we believe) to be thereby explained! We have not yet had an opportunity of examining this memorable revelation, but can state that the theories of the late Mr. Payne Knight and Mr. Christie are utterly overturned by the facts now ascertained. When we consider how admirably these theories were made out, and how satisfactory they appeared to be, need we repeat that this is a strange lesson to antiquaries and virtuosi?

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Findens' Female Aristocracy of Great Britain.
Nos. IX. and X.

Or the six beautiful, elegant, and dignified subjects which are the embellishments of these two numbers, our favourites are "Lady Ingeltrie," painted by H. Bostock, engraved by W. and T. Holl; "Lady Sarah Villiers" (very much resembling a well-known female head by Titian), engraved by W. H. Gliton, from a picture by Sir W. I. Newton; and the "Duchess of Beaufort," engraved by W. H. Mote, from a picture by A. E. Chalon, R.A.

Hound Hard Pressed. Painted by F. C. Turner; Engraved by E. and G. Trencher. Ackermann and Co.

A most spiritedly depicted animal, engraved in line, with a freedom, vigour, and taste, that do the artists the highest credit.

Elementary Drawing-Book of Landscapes and Buildings. By Samuel Prout, F.S.A. Tilt. A VOLUME full of excellent examples, well calculated to imbue a novice in the art with that firmness and precision of style for which Mr. Prout himself is so highly distinguished.

The Ornamental Designs of Watteau, Painter to Louis XIV. No. I. Collected from his Works, and Lithographed by W. Nichol. Edinburgh, Black; London, Ackermann and Co.

De gustibus non est disputandum. We confess that, notwithstanding the high name of Watteau, we see little beauty or elegance in these designs. They appear to us to be meagre, unmeaning, and in some instances absurd. Whoever visits "The National School of Design," will see that our young ornamental designers are imbibing the principles of a much richer, and, at the same time, purer taste.

SKETCHES.

*A Short account of the loss of His Majesty's ship the Royal George, by William Gill one of the Survivors at Spithead August 29th 1782 under the Command of Admiral Kempenfeldt and Capt Waghorne.**

SIR,—I can give you a short account how I came to be on Board the Royal George and the Occasion of her loss also the state in which I left her, — In the American war I was bound an apprentice to sea for five Years (in the coal and East country trade) before My time was near out they brok out from all Protections I was pressed and sent on board the Tender at the tower and next day sent down to Conquestadore at the Nore the reoving ship at that Time, In a few days I was drafted on board the Amazon Frigate of 32 guns the Hon-

* Of late we have seen several letters in the newspapers, inquiring about and specifying survivors from the wreck of the Royal George. As a literary and biographical curiosity, we have the pleasure to insert a letter (written at Haverham) from one of them, not previously heard of, a very worthy old man, whose account of the loss is of itself curious and interesting.—Ed. L. G.

orable William Clement Finch Captain laying a Sheariness We went first on a Cruise to the North sea, soon after on the West India Station when we met with Hurrican in Oct. 1780 we lost all our Masts and about 28 Men and 2 women being Obligated to heave all our lee guns overbord with a great deal of trouble we got into English Harbour Antigua where we Underwent Repairs, Captain Finch there changed Ships with Captain Bickerton late Admiral, who brought the Ship home when we Arrived at plymouth the Royal George was nearly ready to come out of dock I was then drafted on Board the R^d George and went on a Cruise of Brest & C^r — On board a Cestern Fixed under the Orlop deck for water to wash the two lower gun decks a hand pump was fixed In the Middle gun deck the pipe that let the water Through from the Ship side was stopped up for many weeks at the time we joined the Grand Fleet at Spithead of 36 sail of the line

— The Officers on board thought they could Careen her to Let the pipe come out of the water to clear it but having the Larboard lower deck guns run out and the ports being open the water came so fast that she Soon past her Bearings— My Humble opinion is that if the lower deck guns had run in and thrown Fore and aft and the ports barred in all would have been right,— I was on the Middle gun deck when she began to sink but was soon on the Main deck and went through a port hole under the Mainchains on the Starboard side I sat there untill she was almost full of water the people being so Crowded in that part it was impossible to make way, I being a good swimmer I and one of the Officers jumped of the Starbord quarter gallery and swam on Board the Victory Admiral Howe a few days afterwards I was drafted on board the Reuby 64 Sir John Collins Commander and sailed with the fleet To relive Gibraltar after that eight sail of Us was Drafted for the west Indies and Cruised untill the Packet of peace arrived, the later end of the Year 1783 from thence we came home and was Paid off at Portsmouth the day the ship was lost I was 19 years and three Months old—next Aug^r 76 and three &c. &c.

WILLIAM GILL.

THE DRAMA.

THE only dramatic novelty since our last has been the production of *Der Freischütz* at Drury Lane, with a well-judged adherence to the music of Weber. On Saturday, we found the theatre filled, and had but an indifferent position to judge critically of the opera: but we were consoled by the idea, that, though inconvenient for us, it was good for the management; and we were really pleased once more to see a bumper audience at Drury Lane. Taken altogether, the piece was more than respectably performed, and the general effect languished only in a few places. This arose partially from the *Caspar*, Mr. H. Phillips, appearing to be somewhat indisposed: and too much being thrown upon the shoulders of the young and yet unsustained powers of the heroine, Miss Delcy. Not that she did not exert herself, and acquit herself with great sweetness and talent; but such pieces as the long *scena* opening the second act, after her efforts in the first, were too much for her physical strength, and consequently weaker than could be desired in such a composition. This "long *scena*," by the by, was followed by another still longer, by *Anna*, Madame Pilati, which was most correctly given, and confirmed what we formerly noticed of the

perfect musical execution of this *petite* lady, whose voice, if not rich, is of extensive compass, and enabled her, not only to acquit herself well in this instance, but even more pleasingly in the duet of the first act, and the charming air "If a Youth should meet a Maiden." Perhaps we ought not to call any songstress a *petite* lady, but by the side of Mrs. Powell (we think) the contrast was amusing; and we thought of the wren, as well as the thrush, being a bird of song. *Marian* was very pretty, as Miss Pettifer always is; and Miss Delcy looked graceful and ladylike in the innocent *Agatha*. Mr. Frazer, as *Rudolf*, sang the part well throughout, and in several passages delighted us with the sweetness of his notes. *Kilian* was performed by Durusset, who, combining humour and musical talents together, was an excellent representative of the ranger's kinsman; and Mr. Howell put all the spirit requisite into the character of *Zamiel*. The stage appointments and supernatural phenomena (with the exception, perhaps, of a shower of red fire at the seventh bullet) were very indifferent; and we remark this the more pointedly because the bills assured the public they would be the reverse.

VARIETIES.

Progress of Science.—The Pasha of Egypt, at the request of the Royal Society, has ordered an Observatory to be erected on the Island of Boulac, under the superintendence of Mr. Lambert, the Director of the School of Engineers. This will co-operate with the meteorological and magnetical experiments recently undertaken on so extended a scale, and help to complete the series in so many quarters of the globe, for which our government has sent out the expedition under Capt. James Ross, as recommended by the British Association.

African Expedition to the Niger.—The details of this intended expedition not having been yet settled, we have abstained from any notice of it. We observe, however, that it is mentioned in the newspapers, and shall for the present merely state, that active preparations are in daily progress to provide for all that its scientific and commercial objects may render necessary; that the discoveries of the Brothers (we lament to add, the Martyrs) Richard and John Lander, are to be followed out; that Captain Allen, R.N., the friend and companion of Richard in his last voyage, and a gentleman of the highest attainments for such an enterprise, a beautiful draughtsman, with experience of the country, and well versed in the practical sciences, is appointed to the service; and that the vessels will proceed on their destination in the autumn of next year.

Scientific Honours.—Diplomas of corresponding members have been conferred on our countrymen, Faraday, R. Phillips (secretary to the British Association), and Dr. Golding Bird, by the celebrated Philosophical Institute of Basle.

Mr. Minasi's Pen and Ink Drawings.—We have frequently been called on to notice with much praise the copies of celebrated pictures by this most zealous votary of the fine arts, whose productions are unique, and as beautiful as they are curious. He has just finished a copy of Vandyke's admirable *Piper*, from the Cholsen collection, and in the possession of Miss Tate, of Grosvenor Place; and we were surprised to see a *chef-d'œuvre* of this great master transferred to a different substance, and represented through another medium, which so entirely preserved the character of the original. There is a breadth

in the portrait, and a keeping in all the parts, which it is difficult to believe could be effected by pen and ink, however artistically and skilfully employed. Mr. Minasi is, indeed, most deserving of the patronage of the friends of patient industry, combined with enthusiastic talent.

Antique Artillery.—Some curious relics of ancient English artillery and ammunition have recently been discovered upon the western shore of the Isle of Walney, Lancashire, buried in the sand and clay, at a place only accessible at low water. They consist of a gun, ten feet in length; the breech in the centre, so as to fire both ways; with two rings near the muzzles to sling it by. This piece is formed of thick plates of iron, hooped. Other guns, and stone balls of different sizes; a pair of bronze compasses of curious construction, some old swords, a buckle, and a number of other articles.

New Comet.—A new comet is announced to have been discovered in the constellation Virgo by M. Galle, assistant at the Berlin Observatory, on the morning of the 3d instant, on which day the observations were as follow:—

Sidereal Time, Berlin.	Right Ascension of Comet.	Declination of Comet.
h m s	h m s	
11 1 14	12 38 25.18	
11 9 42	12 38 23.86	-2° 16' 22"
11 21 45	12 38 38.38	-2 10 13.9
11 0 39	12 38 36.63	-3 9 57.3

Daily variation, + 12" 12"; declination, + 0° 19'.

In the year 1831 the King of Denmark had caused a gold medal to be cast, to be given to the first discoverer of a comet not visible to the naked eye; and it is somewhat singular that this discovery took place only three hours previously to the king's death.

Oxford Society for Promoting the Study of Gothic Architecture.—At a meeting of this Society, a paper 'On Stanton Harcourt Church, Oxfordshire,' was read by E. E. Estcourt, Esq. B.A. of Exeter College. This church is a very fine and interesting one, its plan cruciform, the nave in the Norman style of the twelfth century, the chancel and transepts in the early English style of the thirteenth century, and a good specimen of this style. Across the entrances to the chancel is a wooden screen, in the same style with this part of the building, of the thirteenth century, and believed to be almost unique. Unfortunately, it is painted sky-blue, which is probably the cause that it has not previously been noticed. On the north side of the chancel is a very curious structure, supposed to be a holy sepulchre, with a rich canopy of the fourteenth century. On it are the usual emblems, or representations, of the implements of the crucifixion; and at the four angles of the canopy, the four evangelists. The altar-screen is of Grecian woodwork, in detestably bad taste, which ought to be removed. It is hoped that the Archbishop of York, to whom the chancel belongs, will cause it to be restored to its original beauty. On the south side of the chancel is the Harcourt aisle or chapel, with several fine monuments of that family. The remains of the manor-house adjoining to the church are about the end of the fifteenth century. The kitchen, with its smoke-louvre, and without chimneys, is curious; somewhat resembling the celebrated abbot's kitchen at Glastonbury. These two are believed to be the only specimens of the kind now remaining. Several drawings, illustrative of this paper, were handed round. Books were presented, and new members elected. After the meeting, some very beautiful drawings of the rich Norman sculptures in Kilpeck church, Herefordshire, were shown by Mr.

Lewis, who gave some explanations of the symbolical language of these sculptures.—*Oxford Herald*.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Among interesting publications in progress, we observe one of a splendid class connected with the geology and natural products of a region yet little known to Europe, namely, — Twelve Views in the Interior of Guiana (and Woodcuts), with descriptive letterpress, by Robert H. Schomburgk, Esq., whose celebrity, extensive as it is, can hardly be said to be equal to his talents. The expedition which these views illustrate was carried on under the direction of the Royal Geographical Society, and partly at the expense of her majesty's government. It occupied the years 1835 to 1839; during which period, not only the colony of British Guiana, but also the adjacent territories of Venezuela, Brazil, and Surinam, were more or less explored. Towards its close, the author connected his researches with those of Von Humboldt, at Emeraude: Humboldt reached this point from the west, by ascending the river Orinoco, in the year 1800; Mr. Schomburgk from the east, by the Essequibo and the Sierra Pacaraima. The views were taken at the most picturesque spots, many of which were never before visited by any European; they have been drawn, from the original sketches, by Mr. Bentley, preparatory to being lithographed; and the specimens we have examined are not only beautiful, but give the best idea of tropical scenery, climate, and characteristics, we have ever seen. The work is announced in imperial folio, and by subscription, as it is rather too expensive for individual enterprise.

In the Press.

Manners and Customs of the New Zealanders, by J. S. Polack, Esq., with numerous woodcuts.—A new edition of the History of British India, by the late James Mill, Esq., with Notes and Illustrations, and a Continuation of the History, by H. H. Wilson, Esq. M.A. P.R.S. &c.—Major Sir William Lloyd's Narrative of a Journey from Caunpoor to the Booreend Pass, in the Himalaya Mountains, with Gwallor, Agra, Delhi, and Sirhind: with Captain Alexander Gerard's Account of an Attempt to penetrate by Bekhur to Garoo, and the Lake Manmora, &c. with large map. Edited by George Lloyd.—An Outline of a System of Natural History, by the Rev. George Crabbe, Vicar of Bredfield.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The Works of the Rev. Sydney Smith, Vol. IV. 8vo. 12s.—First Lines of the Theory and Practice of Surgery, by S. Cooper, 7th edition, 8vo. 18s.—Baydon's Art of Valuing Rents and Tillages, 5th edition, rewritten and enlarged by J. Donaldson, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Arago's Life of Watt, 3d edition, 12mo. 4s. 6d.—R. Middlemore's Introductory Lecture on the Eye, 8vo. 2s.—Introduction to a Course of Lectures on Colonisation and Colonies, by Herman Merivale, 8vo. 1s.—Considerations on the Law regarding Marriages with a Deceased Wife's Sister, 8vo. 1s.—The Missionary Repository for Youth, Vol. 1. 2s.—The Maiden Monarch; or, Island Queen, 2 vols. post 8vo. 14s.—The Hand-Book of Swindling, fcap. 2s. 6d.—The Protestant Exiles of Zillthal, from the German, translated by J. B. Saunders, fcap. 3s. 6d.—Lectures on the Heavenly Gods, 12mo. 6s.—The Female Freemason, 3 vols. post 8vo. 11s. 6d.—Essays, Letters from Almond, &c. &c. by P. B. Shelley, edited by Mrs. Shelley, 3 vols. post 8vo. 9s.—Burke's Poerage and Baronetage for 1840, 8vo. 38s.—The Spittire, by Captain Chamier, 3 vols. post 8vo. 11s. 6d.—Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, with Scott's Notes and Stothard's Illustrations, 8vo. 21s.—Faith and Practice; Sermons by the Rev. S. Gombertz, 12mo. 7s.—Lodge's Poerage for 1840, 21s.—Lodge's Genealogy of the Poerage, 21s.—Flowers of my Spring; Poems, 12mo. 6s.—An Outline of the Science of Heat and Electricity, by T. Thomson, M.D. 2d edition, 8vo. 15s.—Campes's Robinson der Jungere, by Underwood, 12mo. 3s.—Knight's Pictorial Shakspeare: Comedies, Vol. I. imperial 8vo. 50s.—Pictorial History of England, Vol. III. imperial 8vo. 24s.—Sermons preached at Cambridge in 1833, by H. Nevill, 8vo. 6s.—Deville's French Grammar, 12mo. 5s. 6d.—Hermesianactis Fragmenta, J. Bailey, 8vo. 7s.—Emily Taylor's Help to the Schoolmistress, 12mo. 1s. 6d.—Folk's Course of Time, new edition, fcap. 7s. 6d.—J. Johnson's Scottish Musical Museum, 6 vols. 8vo. 2l. 12s. 6d.—Morton on the Nature of Solls, new edition, 12mo. 6s. 6d.—Van Butchell on Piles, Fistula, &c. 4th edition, 8vo. 6s. 6d.—The Lords and the People, by W. H. C. Grey, post 8vo. 10s. 6d.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1839.

December.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 12	From 40 to 46	29.94 to 29.11
Friday... 13	... 33 ... 46	29.18 ... 29.22
Saturday... 14	... 33 ... 46	29.20 ... 29.45
Sunday... 15	... 33 ... 43	29.48 ... 29.37
Monday... 16	... 38 ... 49	29.53 ... 29.25
Tuesday... 17	... 31 ... 41	29.96 ... 29.77
Wednesday 18	... 31 ... 41	29.48 ... 29.04

Winds, S.W. and N.E.
Except the afternoons and evenings of the 14th and 17th, cloudy, with frequent showers of rain.
Rain fallen, .5025 of an inch.

Edinburgh: Digitized by CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall-Mall.—Notice to Exhibitors. All Pictures and other Works of Art, intended for Exhibition and Sale, must be sent to the Gallery on Monday, the 12th, and Tuesday, the 14th, of January next, between the hours of Ten in the Morning and Five in the Evening; after which no Picture or other Works of Art will be received. Portraits and Drawings in Water-colours are inadmissible. No picture will be received for sale that is not found the property of the artist. **WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.**

SCOTTISH WIDOWS' FUND AND LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, founded A.D. 1815, on the Original Basis of the London Equitable.

Head Office, No. 5, St. Andrew Square, Edinburgh.
Present Accumulated Fund, upwards of £845,000. Annual Revenue, upwards of £150,000. Whole Profits belong to the Assured. Divisible every Seven Years.

The Right Honourable the Earl of Rosebery.
Vice-Presidents.
Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, Bart.
The Hon. Lord Moncreiff.
The Right Hon. the Lord Justice General.
The Right Hon. Lord Francis Egerton.
(All of whom, as well as the Directors, Ordinary and Extraordinary, are permanently connected with the Society by Assurance of more than three years standing.)
The Surplus Profits ascertained at 31st December last were sufficient to secure—

1. A Retrospective Bonus of Two per cent. per annum, or 14 per cent. for the Septennial Period, not only on the original sum assured, but likewise on the Bonus additions previously declared.
2. A Contingent Prospective Bonus of Two per cent. per annum, to be paid from and after 31st December last, on all Policies of five years' standing that may emerge before 31st December 1844, when the next investigation, and consequent Declaration of Bonus, takes place.

The Directors are authorized, by a by-law of the Society, passed in 1837, to grant Loans to Members on the security of their Policies (without any expense except the Stamp for a Premium Note), to the extent of nine-tenths of their calculated value at the time. They are likewise empowered to allow Members to commute their Bonus-Additions; i.e. to have their Bonus applied towards reduction of their future Annual Premiums.

Thus, for example,
A. in the year 1837, being then forty years of age, insured his life for £2000, paying an annual premium of £10 5 0
He is now fifty-nine years of age, and has an actually vested Bonus or Addition, declared and attached to his Policy, of 1035s. 12s., which, with the £2000, the original sum assured, shows the full amount of the sum presently contained in the Policy to be £4035 12 0
Were A. to die in 1845, after payment of his premium for that year, the sum payable under the Policy would be £4000 11 9
Or, if it were from any object to him to reduce his present Annual Contributions, he might, by giving up his Bonus, reduce his future premium from 5s. 6d. to £30 1 1
Or, if he preferred receiving immediately the present value of his Bonus, he would, by surrendering it, be entitled to a sum of £2653 10 8
If he were desirous at present of having a loan on his policy, he might borrow to the extent of £1480 0 0
The above example will probably be admitted to be perfectly sufficient to show, in a practical point of view, the great benefits to be derived by parties insuring with this office.

The Directors are at all times ready to entertain Proposals for Loans, either on Redemptible Annuities, or on heritable Security. Every information on this or any other subject connected with the Society may be obtained on application (if by letter, post paid) to the Head Office in Edinburgh, or to any of the Society's Agencies.

JOHN MACKENZIE, Manager.
Edinburgh, 5, St. Andrew Square.
N.B.—Tables of Rates and Forms of Proposals to meet any particular contingency, or effect any specific object, will be transmitted to parties desirous of obtaining them; and all official communications of this nature are considered as strictly confidential.

Agencies in England:—
London.—Hugh McKean, 7 Pall Mall West.
Bradford.—Geo. Rogers, Horton Road.
Huddersfield.—Hugh Watt, banker.
Leeds.—William W. Watkinson.
Liverpool.—Arthur Oughterson and Co. Exchange Street East.
Manchester.—The Bootman, Jun. Cross Street, King Street.
Newcastle.—Charles Bertram, 19 Sandhill.

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ADDRESS.

Our last Number for another year, and opening upon another decade, calls for a very few words from us, as we must, probably, be nearing the close of these literary labours. We have to express our sense of the public favour we have received; our gratification that the influence of our writings continues unimpaired, if not increased, amid all the stir of the times; and our self-satisfaction in feeling that we have held steadfast by every pledge and promise we ever offered to the world, as our claim upon its confidence and support.

Economic as the age is, there are still large classes and numerous individuals, who should not deny themselves the benefit of our weekly sheet. All artists, and all lovers of art, ought to read it; all booksellers, and lovers of books, ought to read it; all authors, and lovers of literature, ought to read it; all scientific men, and lovers of science, ought to read it; in short, all people of intelligence, or possessed of a desire to be intelligent, ought to read it; and to these parties, and their friends, we recommend it, quite regardless of any wider list of Subscribers! Seriously, we only ask the public to glance over our index for the year; and if that does not speak for us, we will not say a syllable for ourselves.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Visits to Remarkable Places: Old Halls, Battle-Fields, and Scenes illustrative of Striking Passages in English History and Poetry. By William Howitt, author of "The Rural Life of England," &c. 8vo. pp. 626. London, 1840. Longman and Co.

THERE is generally a healthful tone of feeling about this work which will render it acceptable to all whose minds are susceptible of kindly and refining influences. It is only when the author comes across aught aristocratic that his spleen gets the better of his moderation, and his dislike masters his judgment. He sets out with an advertisement, quoted from De Lamartine's "Pilgrimage," which he says represents exactly his feelings and ideas long before the French writer had thus penned them down, and whence this publication has sprung; but in so stating he seems to us to have done himself injustice, for his design is far superior to the description, which is either very badly translated or very little removed from nonsense. De Lamartine is made to say, in the verbiage of our days' authorship, that he always "loved to wander over the physical scenes inhabited by great men," &c. Now, what other kind of scenes are there but physical? And again, with absurd antithesis, he assures us that such scenes are "the surest and most speaking" relics; and "mute revelation" of portions of the souls inspired by them. Even with regard to the latter point, it is exaggerated. It is true that the aspects of the country in which genius dwells may associate with and aid its inspirations; but it is the genius which exalts the inanimate objects to this distinction, and not the objects which form or inspire the poetic or lofty mind. Your very fine writing will seldom bear the test of the Ithuriel spear of reason and truth. But come we to our own countryman, who, at Penshurst, the ancient residence of the great and memorable; at Culloden, where the fatal romance of the royal race of Stuart was finished; at Stratford-upon-Avon, where lived and died the most immortal of mankind; at Combe Abbey, of historical

interest; at Lindisfarne and Flodden, the tragic scenes of religious cruelty and national defeat; at Bolton Priory, dear to ancient recollections and the living muse; at Hampton Court, replete with memories of courts and the fine arts; at Compton-Winnyates, with its Tudor architecture and traces of the civil wars; at Tintagel, famous in Round-table legend; at Staffa and Iona, the wonders of nature, and the earliest of British Christian antiquities; at Edgely, with its anecdotes of conflict; at Stonyhurst, the most distinguished seminary of the Roman Catholic faith in England; at Winchester, with its church records; at Wotton, with its traditions of Rousseau; and, at Kilmorac, with its Highland sacrament, has evolved a train of reflections which do much credit to his taste and talents. A number of sweet and appropriate illustrations by Mr. Williams (and one excellent one, the title-page vignette, designed by the writer's daughter) embellish the volume; of which we may truly say that it has pleased us as much as any former production from the same quarter. Of the sources of this pleasure we must offer a few examples. At Stratford, Mr. Howitt was led to visit Shottry, the birth-place and abode of Ann Hathaway; and the following is with us a favourite passage relating thereto:—

"I hastened (he says) away to Shottry the very first moment that I could get out of the inn. It is but a short walk to it across some pleasant meadows, and I pleased myself with thinking, as I strode along, with what delight Shakspeare in his youth trod the same path, on his way to see his fair Ann Hathaway; and how often, in his latter years, when he had renounced public life, and she was his 'all-the-world,' they might, led by the sweet recollections of the past, often stroll that way together, and perhaps visit some of their kindred under the same rustic roof. The village is a real rustic village indeed, consisting of a few farm-houses, and of half-timbered cottages of the most primitive construction, standing apart, one from the other, in their old gardens and orchards. Nothing can exceed the simplicity and quiet of this rustic hamlet. It is the *beau idéal* of Goldsmith's Auburn. The village public-house is the 'Shakspeare Tavern,' a mere cottage, like the rest. No modern innovations, no improvements, seem to have come hither to disturb the image of the past times. The cottages stand apart from each other, in their gardens and orchard-crofts, and are just what the poets delight to describe. The country around is pleasant, though not very striking. Its great charm is its perfect rurality. Ann Hathaway's cottage stands at the further end of this scattered and secluded hamlet, at the feet of pleasant uplands, and from its rustic casements you catch glimpses of the fine breezy ranges of the Ilmington and Meon Hills, some miles southward; and of Stratford church spire eastward peeping over its trees. The cottage is a long tenement of the most primitive character; of timber framing, filled up with brick and plaster-work. Its doors are gray with age, and have the old-fashioned wooden latches, with a bit of wood nailed on the outside of the door to take hold of while you pull the string;

just such a latch as, no doubt, was on the door of Little Red Riding-Hood's grandmother, when the wolf said to the little girl, 'Pull the string, and you'll get in.' The antiquity of the house is testified by the heads of the wooden pins which fasten the framing, standing up some inches from the walls, according to the rude fashion of the age, never having been cut off. The end of the cottage comes to the village road; and the side which looks into the orchard is covered with vines, and roses, and rosemary. The orchard is a spot all knolls and hollows, where you might imagine the poet, when he came here a-wooing, or in the after-days of his renown, when he came hither to see his wife's friends, and to indulge in day-dreams of the past, as he represents the king of Denmark

—Sleeping within mine orchard,

My custom always of the afternoon—

lying on the mossy turf, and enjoying the pleasant sunshine, and the flickering shadows of the old apple-trees. The orchard extends up the slope a good way; then you come to the cottage garden, and then to another orchard. You walk up a little narrow path between hedges of box, and amongst long grass. All the homely herbs and flowers which grow about the real old English cottage, and which Shakspeare delighted to introduce into his poetry,—the rosemary, celandine, honeysuckle, marigold, mint, thyme, rue, sage, &c.—meeting your eye as you proceed."

He goes on to tell us that "dewberries" are plentiful here, which the commentators on "Midsummer Night's Dream" never discovered, and then speaks of other matters in a style which we cordially approve. *Ex. gr.* of the Jubilee:—

"It does not appear that Garrick and his fellow-worshippers troubled themselves at all about the descendants of the poet's sister. The object, in fact, seemed, at the moment, rather to worship Garrick even than Shakspeare. How, then, could any ray of sympathy diverge from two 'demi-gods' to the humble relatives of one of them? And why should it? I hear learned utilitarians asking—why? What should lead the ragged descendants of poets and philosophers to forsake self-dependence, and look to the admirers of their ancestors for benefit? What a shocking thing if they should, especially in a nation which ennobles whole lines for ever, and grants immense estates in perpetuity for the exploit of some man who has won a battle, which better never had been fought! What! shall such men, and shall whole troops of lawyers, who have truckled to the government of the day, and become the tools of despotism in a country dreaming that it is free—shall men who have merely piled up heaps of coin, and purchased large tracts of earth, by plodding in the city dens of gain, or dodging on the Stock Exchange,—shall such men be ennobled, and their line for ever, and shall the men who have left a legacy of immortal mind to their country, leave also to their families an exclusive poverty and neglect? Will our very philosophic utilitarians tell us why this should be? It might also be whispered that it would not be much more irrational to extend some of

that enthusiasm and money which is now wasted on empty rooms and spurious musty relics, on at least trying to benefit and raise in the scale of society beings who have the national honour to be relics and mementoes of the person worshipped, as well as old chairs, and whitewashed butchers' shops. Does it never occur to the votaries of Shakspeare, that these are the only sentient, conscious, and rational things connected with his memory, which can feel a living sense of the honour conferred on him, and possess a grateful knowledge that the mighty poet of their house has not sung for them in vain; and that they only, in a world overshadowed with his glory, are not unsoothed by its visitings? But the poetic veneration of the public need not yet be reduced to this severe trial—there are plenty of relics of Shakspeare (so called) for them to wonder and exclaim over."

The account of the Rival Houses for Shakspeare remains, &c., is both amusing and interesting; but the annexed touches still more nearly:—

"As I went to Shotton, I met with a little incident which interested me greatly by its unexpectedness. As I was about to pass over a stile at the end of Stratford into the fields leading to that village, I saw the master of the national school mustering his scholars to their tasks. I stopped, being pleased with the look of the old man, and said, 'You seem to have a considerable number of lads here; shall you raise another Shakspeare from amongst them, think you?' 'Why,' replied the master, 'I have a Shakspeare now in the school.' I knew that Shakspeare had no descendants beyond the second generation, and I was not aware that there was any of his family remaining. But it seems that the posterity of his sister Joan Hart, who is mentioned in his will, yet exist, part under her marriage name of Hart, at Tewkesbury, and a family in Stratford, of the name of Smith. 'I have a Shakspeare here,' said the master with evident pride and pleasure. 'Here, boys, here!' He quickly marshalled his laddish troop in a row, and said to me, 'There now, sir, can you tell which is a Shakspeare?' I glanced my eye along the line, and instantly fixing it on one boy, said, 'That is the Shakspeare.' 'You are right,' said the master; 'that is the Shakspeare: the Shakspeare cast of countenance is there. That is William Shakspeare Smith, a lineal descendant of the poet's sister.' The lad was a fine lad of, perhaps, ten years of age; and certainly the resemblance to the bust of Shakspeare, in the church at Stratford, is wonderful, considering he is not descended from Shakspeare himself, but from his sister, and that the seventh in descent. What is odd enough is, whether it be mere accident or not, that the colour of the lad's eyes, a light hazel, is the very same as that given to those of the Shakspeare bust, which it is well known was originally coloured, and of which exact copies remain. I gave the boy sixpence, telling him I hoped he would make as great a man as his ancestor (the best term I could lay hold of for the relationship, though not the true one), or at all events, a good man. The boy's eyes sparkled at the sight of the money, and the healthful joyous colour rushed into his cheeks; his fingers continued making acquaintance with so large a piece of money in his pocket, and the sensation created by so great an event in the school was evident. It sounded oddly enough, as I was passing along the street in the evening, to hear some of these same schoolboys say to one another, 'That is the gentleman who gave Bill Shakspeare sixpence.'

Which of all the host of admirers of Shakspeare, who has plenty of money, and does not know what to do with it, will think of giving that lad, one of the nearest living representatives of the great poet, a good education and a fair chance to raise himself in the world? The boy's father is a poor man,—if I be not fanciful, partaking somewhat of the Shakspeare physiognomy, but who keeps a small shop, and ekes out his profits by making his house a 'Tom-and-Jerry.' He has other children, and complained of misfortune. He said that some years ago Sir Richard Phillips had been there, and promised to interest the public about him, but that he never heard any more of it. Of the man's merits, or demerits, I know nothing; I only know that in the place of Shakspeare's birth, and where the town is full of 'signs' of his glory, and where Garrick made that pompous jubilee, hailing Shakspeare as a 'demi-god,' and calling him 'the god of our idolatry,' and where thousands and even millions flock to do homage to the shrine of this 'demi-god,' and pour out deluges of verse of the most extravagant and sentimental nature in the public albums; there, as is usual in such cases, the nearest of blood to the object of such vast enthusiasm are poor and despised: the flood of public admiration at its most towering height, in its most vehement current, never for a moment winds its course in the slightest degree to visit them with its refreshment; nor, of the thousands of pounds spent in the practice of this poetic devotion, does one bodle drop into their pockets."

We will only add the recollections of Rousseau at Wotton Hall, and leave this very agreeable miscellany to the popularity it so richly merits:—

"On inquiry after the remembrance of him in the village, I was more successful. I asked the first man I encountered whether he had heard of a Frenchman ever having lived at the Hall? 'A Frenchman? Ay, to be sure? yo meanen owd Ross Hall.' 'That is the man,' I replied; seeing how the simple people had converted his name into so odd a one. In their dialect, as in the Scotch, hall is pronounced ha'; Rousseau, would thus be, in their fathers' mouths, Ross Ha': but the present generation, something educated, would endeavour to give ha' the full sound to a stranger, which in their dialect it represents, and ha' would become hall. However, I found Rousseau here known to all the villagers as Ross Hall, except to one or two, who called him Dross Hall; having corrupted the name into this by the prefix of old, or owd, which they apply to almost every body and every thing. Owd Ross Hall thus became owd Dross Hall; the sound of the d in owd being carried on to Ross. 'And when,' I asked, 'did this gentleman live here?' 'O,' said the man, 'before my time; but there are owd people in the village who were children then, and they remeinbern him. He war mighty curious in yarba,* and ah've heered see, war skilled to cure welly any disease wi' em. Owd James Robinson a'th top o'th town, and Farmer Burton here, and owd Missis Saut,† of Ellaston, they know'd him, an' can tell ya au about him.' I walked up and found this James Robinson, a blithe old fellow of about ninety. When I asked if he knew the Frenchman who once lived at the Hall, he replied, 'What, owd Ross Hall? Ay, know him did I, well enough. Ah've seen him monny an' monny a time, every dee welly, coming and going in's comical cap an' ploddy; gown, a'gethering his yarba.'"

* "Herba."

† "Salt."

I asked him if he ever had any talk with him. 'No, he could na speak no English, nubbut a wod or two.' 'And was there any body here with him?' 'Yes, there war a lady; they cawd her Madam Zell, but whether how war his wife or not ah dunna know. Folks said how warra.' But this old man, as well as Farmer Burton and Mrs. Salt, described him as walking out almost every day, and coming back with great handfuls of plants. They described him, exactly as he describes himself, in his Armenian dress, only they called his striped caftan a plaid. Mademoiselle le Vasseur, they all called Madam Zell; and Mrs. Salt said how much afraid she and her brother, children of about ten years old, used to be when they met him in the lanes on their way to school. His long gown and belt, and his black velvet cap with its gold tassels and pendant top, made him a most awful figure to them, especially as they used to see him poring on the park wall for moss, or groping in some lonely nook after plants. As he could not address them in English to dissipate their fears, they used to run off, if possible, at the very first glimpse of the terrible outlandish man. They all agreed in saying that both Ross Hall and Madam Zell were very good folks—very kind to the poor; and one of them mentioned a fact which, as the villagers actually knew nothing of Rousseau's history, is very characteristic. 'The old man, who used to remain at the house during the absence of the family in town, one day beat his wife, the housekeeper; and Madam Zell, on some of the villagers flocking in at the outery, in a state of great excitement said, in her few words of English to some young women, 'Never marry! never marry! You see! you see!' Old Farmer Burton said, 'It was thought he was some king who had been driven from his dominions.' The fact that a gentleman was inquiring about old Ross Hall, roused the wonder of the whole village. The people turned out in groups from the top of the hamlet to the bottom, and when they saw the steward proceeding with me towards the Hall, their curiosity became intense. They could not have an idea that the mere gratification of my curiosity had led me there; there must, they thought, be something of high moment in agitation. Several of them came with very serious faces, and asked, 'What it was about? whether government was making inquiry about Ross Hall? or whether some property was consarned?' I learned that several caps and a handsome pipe belonging to Rousseau had been in the village till recently, and they believed Farmer Gallimore had a cap and pipe now. It was droll to see the caution of Farmer Gallimore when I went and asked about them. 'What is it about?' he asked; 'what's your object, sir?' 'O, merely curiosity!' He looked incredulous, shaking his head and smiling; and nothing could be got out of him but, 'It's an old affair, sir; it's quite an old affair now.' His wife, however, beckoned me into the next room, and said she should be obliged if I would tell her why it was that so many people came inquiring about Ross Hall? I told her it was because he had been a great writer. The woman, not having so enormous a bump of caution as her husband, then told me that there had been a black velvet cap, with gold tassels, in their house till a short time ago, as well as a pipe; but the cap being brought down from the shelf on which it used to lie, to shew it to some gentlemen who called to see it, it was soon afterwards mislaid, and they supposed that some workmen, who

were in the house when the gentlemen saw it, had stolen it. The pipe also was gone. She added, that a farmer at some distance, whose father was a servant at the Hall at that time, had a cup which Ross Hall gave him. To this farmer I proceeded, and there I saw it. It was of greyish drab woollen stuff, with silver braid and tassel. It had lain in a drawer of the kitchen dresser, however, till it was considerably moth-eaten. I offered to purchase it, but the man said 'Nay, I cannot part wth it, becos it's an owd keypeake o' my feyther's.' Such is the curious impression which Rousseau has left at Wotton; and, as Lord Byron said of himself, on hearing of some of the opinions of the Italians regarding him,—"Such is fame!" I know not whether there be any truth in the story, or on what authority it is given, that Dr. Darwin was very anxious to be introduced to Rousseau here, and that he would not see him, whereupon Darwin fixed himself in his way as he issued forth on one of his botanical excursions, intently gazing on a plant; on which Rousseau came up to him and asked, 'Etes-vous un botaniste, Monsieur?' to which replying in the affirmative, they walked on together, and botanised the whole day to their great mutual pleasure; but on parting at eve, Rousseau begged to know the name of his companion, and on hearing it, exclaimed, 'Ha! a concerted plan!' and never would see him again. It is the common report that Dove-dale was his favourite resort, and that there he sowed the seeds of various plants amongst the rocks, of which the meagre ones there yet to be seen are part of the results. The most amusing thing, however, is the awful character which his strange dress, his taciturnity, and his solitary wanderings on the moorlands and the hills, gave him. The simple people seem almost to imagine that he held communication with supernatural beings. One man gravely said, 'He had heard that he used to think nothing of going over Weaver when the *feeries** were out dauncing a nights; and to my thinking,' he added, '*feeries* can be nowt but lost sperrits.' I have since learned from the Rev. Walter Davenport Bromley, the present worthy proprietor of Wotton, that no memorial of Rousseau remains at the Hall, and that little is known of his acts or habits while there, more than has been made public; for, his father having been educated on Rousseau's system, and feeling the deficiencies of it, never liked to hear him mentioned. Mr. Granville, of Calwich, has, however, some of his letters, chiefly filled with complaints of the climate, and probably the originals of those already published."

Hungary and Transylvania; with Remarks on their Condition, Social, Political, and Economical. By John Paget, Esq. With numerous Illustrations, from Sketches by Mr. Hering. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1839. Murray.

THERE is a great mass of matter in these volumes, and a great want of the *lucidus ordo* to point it with the best effect. Reading them is like wandering through a Transylvanian forest, and you are not sure whether you are getting on or retracing your steps among the same objects, in a sort of maze or labyrinth. The author, having at different times spent a year and a half in the country, has combined his observations in the narrative: but one portion, consisting of a "Travelling Journal," as various localities were visited, and the rest being made up of accounts of distinct occasions and remarks on persons and occurrences; the whole,

* *Fairies.*

as we have said, stands in need of arrangement, and is more diffuse on unimportant subjects than those whose time is not very much at their command can relish. From Vienna, the party of three Englishmen, including Mr. Hering (printed "Mr. H." throughout the work, and whose charming illustrations add much to its interest), proceeded to Presburg, and here we have details of the diet of 1835. Sundry tours follow to Esterházy, and the Valley of the Waag, interspersed with *historiettes* of Stibor and other bygone characters. Then a chapter "On the Constitution of the Hungarian Chambers," and then "A Journey along the Danube from Presburg to Pest." Then "A Memoir of Count Széchenyi," a reformer; "Politics and Steam Navigation;" "Buda-Horses;" "Schemnitz and the Mines;" "The Hungarian Nobles, and their Relations to Austria;" "The Carpathians;" "Persecutions of Caraffa;" and "The Wine of Tokay." As is the first, so is the second volume, commingled with country excursions, municipal questions, modes of life, taxation, Roman antiquities, inns and accommodations, history, posting, government, and festivities.

To give a minute analysis of such a performance would be both tedious and unsatisfactory; and we have therefore no choice but to select a few passages which relate to circumstances readily separable from the rest, and likely to please or inform the general reader. Several races, with different religions, occupy Hungary and Transylvania; the former consisting of Szeklers, Magyars, Wallacks, Saxons, and Slavacks, not to mention gipsies, Jews, and Armenians; and the latter of Greek Church, Roman Catholics, Protestants, and sects of every denomination. The Magyars are the conquering invaders of the tenth century; the Szeklers, descendants of some one of the savage nations previously settled there; the Slavacks, a branch of the great Slavish family, driven by the Magyars from the plains to the mountains; the Wallacks, Dacians, and the Saxons, as their name implies, immigrants of that widely extended race. Much difference exists in their cultivation and manners, but we can only (for reasons stated) adduce some miscellaneous traits as specimens of the author. Thus, Vorspann driving!—

"As is very often the case, the horses belonged to two different peasants, and had not only never run together, but one had never before drawn at all. The harness consisted of one thin rope round the neck, and two others attached to the carriage in the form of traces. One of the peasants was upon the box, while the other mounted the near wheeler, seated on his great coat instead of a saddle, and drove the four horses by means of his long whip and the string round the neck of the near leader. In stopping his horses, the gentleman *we!*—by the by, '*wo*' and '*gee*!' or something very like them, are used in Hungary, as with us—was sufficient for the purpose, but to guide them was another affair. The colt, which was the near leader, did not like drawing, and the others seemed to have different predilections as to the route they should take. As we started out of the village at full gallop—a Hungarian coachman always starts at a gallop—we first took off the corner of a cottage roof, then quarrelled with a heap of manure, next rushed up a steep bank; and at last, thanks to the self-willed colt, found ourselves safe in a peasant's court yard. After some time we regained the road; but it would not do; one would go this way, and

* A great favourite with Mr. Paget, who prefixes his portrait to the first volume.

another that. The only plan to keep them together was to continue the gallop; but the road was now in the dried-up bed of a river, and respect for the springs obliged us to go slowly: so that I, at last, made the other peasant mount the unruly leader, and we got on rather better for the rest of the stage."

English Literature in Hungary.—"While we were waiting for fresh horses before the little '*Juden knips*,'—for by this contemptuous epithet, answering to '*Jew's* pot-house,' Stephan always designated an inn kept by a Jew,—at the station next Tyerhova, one of the tribe of Israel came up and asked us if we would like to see some curious rocks, only a quarter of an hour from the village. As we followed him to the spot, he asked those questions, as to where we came from, what we were doing, and whither we were going, so common in most countries except our own, where they are avoided, as though every one was doing something of which he was ashamed, and which he desired to conceal. On hearing that we were English, he asked very earnestly if one Walter Scott was yet living, and expressed the greatest regret when he learnt his death. Surprised at such a sentiment from such a man, and suspecting some mistake, I inquired what he knew of Scott, when he pulled from his pocket a well-thumbed German translation of '*Ivanhoe*,'—the very romance of persecuted Judaism,—and assured me he had read that and many others of his works with great pleasure. I do not know that I ever felt more strongly the universal power of genius than when I found the bard of Scotland worshipped by a poor Jew in the mountains of Hungary. It is astonishing to an Englishman, who knows how ignorant even well-informed persons of his own country are of the literature and politics of a great part of the Continent, to find the names of the best authors of England familiar as household words among nations of whose very existence the greater part of that country is scarcely aware. In Hungary, this fact struck me with more force even than in Germany, though the taste for English literature is there immeasurably more advanced than in France or Italy. But the Hungarians, with very little literature of their own, and generally possessing a knowledge of several foreign languages, are not only entirely thrown on the resources of others for their mental food, but are thus eminently well provided with the means of enjoying it. In many cases I have found the originals in English, but in general they are read in excellent German translations. With what ecstatic pleasure have they told me of the new light which English literature opened to them! With what admiration have they spoken of the strong and vigorous train of thought which pervades our authors—of that scrupulous decency which they observe—of that warm love of nature they express—and of the universal respect in which religion is upheld by them! A great cause of this extension of English literature has been the judicious selection and the cheap form in which Galignani and other foreign booksellers have published the standard English works; and, however disadvantageous this traffic may have been to the pockets of British authors, I am quite sure it has been a very important means in establishing and diffusing their own and their country's reputation. Shakspeare, Byron, Scott, and Bulwer, are the names best known; and though it may startle the English reader to find the name of a living candidate for fame ranked so high among these immortal dead, yet it must be confessed that the reading

Continent has generally placed him there. Whether the English public will confirm the award when time shall have removed the clouds of party prejudice and personal pique which so often obscure our judgment of living genius, I dare not venture to conjecture."

At Várhely the party was entertained by the squire of the village; and we are told,—

"The Wallack's Dumnie (i. e. Dominus) was a Hungarian noble of the poorer class, possessing one-third of the village of Várhely, and living in the style of one of our smallest farmers. The family consisted of the young master, his mother, and two sisters, who, though they spoke only Hungarian and Wallack, came out to receive us, and assured us that we were heartily welcome. The house was a pretty building of one story, raised four feet above the ground, and was entered by a handsome portico. It consisted of the kitchen, which was half-filled with the high hearth, two rooms on each side, and below store-rooms and cow-houses; the whole being enclosed by a garden on one side, and by the large farm-yard and buildings on the other. We were shewn into the best rooms, usually occupied by the family as sleeping-rooms; and, in a very short time, the beds were covered with the whitest linen, while the table offered a hearty supper to console us for the cold dinner we had taken during the morning, and to satisfy the keen appetite the mountain air had blessed us with. Várhely, or Gradistie, in the language of the Wallacks, is a place of so much interest, that we thought ourselves singularly fortunate in obtaining our present shelter. Though now a miserable Wallack village, Várhely occupies the site of Sarmisegethusa, the former capital of the Dacians, the residence of Decebalus their king; and on the ruins of which, Ulpia Trajana was founded,—the imperial city which Trajan destined as the seat of government, for his conquests beyond the Danube! * * * If I am rightly informed (Mr. P. adds), once in 1545, and again about twenty years since, many thousand gold coins have been discovered in this neighbourhood, some of them bearing the name of Lysimachus, and others the word ΚΟΙΝΩΝ from the name of the town Κοινω in Thrace, where they were struck. I am in possession of some of these coins; and though many were melted down by the Jews, in Wallachia, to whom they were conveyed across the frontier in leaves of bread, they are still very common, and are frequently used by the Transylvanians for signet rings, and other ornaments.†

"The dyes which the Wallacks manage to give their cloths are celebrated for their brilliancy and durability. The mention of Scotch plaids reminds me that I have seen some author, I think Herodotus, quoted as an authority that the Agathyrae, said to have been the ancient inhabitants of Dacia, owned the same origin as the Picts of Scotland. Without entering into such a knotty discussion, I merely throw out for the consideration of Gælic antiquaries the facts, that the Wallacks wear the tartan, that the Wallacks love the bagpipe; and that the Wallacks drink an inordinate quantity of *slivowitz*, *alias* mountain-dew,—the which I hold to be strong marks of similarity of taste,

† "It has been said that Trajan, through the treachery of a Dacian, discovered the hidden treasures of Decebalus, which he had concealed in the bed of a brook, having turned its course to enable him to place them there. This story derives some confirmation from the column, on which, after the taking of the city, are seen several horses bearing to Trajan panniers filled with treasures, principally consisting of rich cups and vessels. The coins found in 1545 were actually discovered in the bed of this very brook."

if not of identity of origin. In appearance, the common Wallack presents a decided difference from either Magyar, Slave, or German. In height, I should say that he was below the medium, and generally rather slightly built and thin. His features are often fine, the nose arched, the eyes dark, the hair long, black, and wavy, but the expression too often one of fear and cunning to be agreeable. I seldom remember to have seen among them the dull heavy look of the Sclavack, but still more rarely the proud self-respecting carriage of the Magyar. Seventeen hundred years' subjection has done its work; and I can readily believe that many of the vices attributed to the Wallacks are possessed by them, for they are the vices of slaves. They are not, however, without their redeeming qualities. In examining the characteristics of the Wallack, if I appear somewhat as his apologist, it is because I did not find him so bad as he was described to me, and because it is natural to interest oneself rather in defending the weak than in strengthening the strong. The Wallack is generally considered treacherous, revengeful, and entirely deficient in gratitude. If once insulted, he is said to carry the recollection of it till opportunity favours his weakness and enables him to accomplish his revenge. This is rather his misfortune than his fault. If stronger, like other people, he would revenge himself without waiting. Cowardice is another fault very commonly attributed to the Wallack. I remember Count S— saying, he believed every other European, except the Neapolitan and Wallack, might be made to fight. It is certain that nothing depresses the courage so surely as subjection, and so long a period of it as these people have endured cannot have been without effect; yet the Wallack peasant is a bold and successful smuggler, and no one is more ready to attack a wolf or bear; but it is hard to persuade any, except very stupid men, to fight without a better object than that of adding to the glory of those they do not love. A long succession of ill treatment has rendered them timid and suspicious. A few years ago, a German count settled among the Wallacks; and, with the kindest intentions, endeavoured to excite them to industry by giving rewards to those who best cultivated their land. For this purpose, all the peasants of the village were assembled together with due solemnity, but no sooner did their seigneur appear among them than the whole assemblage, as though seized with a panic, started off, and could never be got together again. They were firmly persuaded that some trick was to be played upon them; as for any one doing them a service for their own sakes, experience had not taught them to think such a thing possible. The treatment of the peasantry, however, improves every year with the improved knowledge of their masters. I knew an old countess in Transylvania who used to lament that 'times were sadly changed,—peasants were no longer so respectful as they used to be;' she could remember walking to church on the backs of the peasants who knelt down in the mud to allow her to pass over them without soiling her shoes. She could also remember, though less partial to the recollection, a rising of the peasantry, when nothing but the kindness with which her mother had generally treated them saved her from the cruel death which many of her neighbours met with. The Magyar peasant holds the Wallacks in the most sovereign contempt. He calls them 'a people who let their shirts hang out,' from the manner in which they wear that article of clothing over

the lower part of their dress; and classes them with Jews and Gipsies. Even when living in the same village, the Magyar never intermarries with the Wallack. That the Wallack is idle and drunken it would be very difficult to deny. Even in the midst of harvest you will see him lying in the sun, sleeping all the more comfortably because he knows he ought to be working. His corn is always the last cut; and it is very often left to shell on the ground for want of timely gathering; yet scarcely a winter passes that he is not starving with hunger. If he has a wagon to drive, he is generally found asleep at the bottom of it; if he has a message to carry, ten to one but he gets drunk on the way, and sleeps over the time in which it should be executed. But if it be difficult to deny these faults, it is easy to find a palliation for them. The half-forced labour with which the Hungarian peasants pay their rent has the natural tendency to produce not only a disposition, but a determination to do as little as possible in any given time. Add to this, that at least a third of the year is occupied by feasts and fasts, when, by their religion, labour is forbidden them; that the double tithes of the church and landlord check improvement; that the injustice with which they have been treated has destroyed all confidence in justice and every sentiment of security; and it will not then be difficult to guess why they are idle. The weakness of body induced by bad nourishment, and still more by the fasts of the Greek church, which are maintained with an austerity of which Catholicism has no idea, and which often reduces them to the last degree of debility, and sometimes even causes death, is another very efficient cause. I have often heard this alluded to by landowners, who have declared, that with the best will the Wallack could not perform the same amount of labour as the well-fed German or Magyar. An English labourer, of that sturdy independent cast which is not yet, thank God, extinct among us, observed to his travelled master who was telling him with how much less food the poor on the Continent were contented, 'Look ye, sir, them foreign chaps may eat and drink less than we do, but I'll warrant they work less too. Them as does not live well can't work well.' Never did philosophy utter a more certain truth.

"The Wallacks, especially those of this neighbourhood, have a custom of which I never heard elsewhere. A party of idle young fellows sell themselves, as they say, to the devil, for a term of three, five, or seven years,—the number must be unequal, or the devil will not hold the bargain,—engaging to dance without ceasing during the whole of that period, except when they sleep; in consideration of which, they expect their infernal purchaser will supply them with food and wine liberally, and render them irresistible among the rustic belles. Accordingly, dressed in their gayest attire, these merry vagabonds start out from their native village, and literally dance through the country. Every where they are received with open arms; the men glad of an excuse for jollity, the women anxious, perhaps, to prove their power, all unite to feed and fete the devil's dancers; so that it is scarcely wonderful there should be willing slaves to so merry a servitude. When their time is up, they return home and become quiet peasants for the rest of their lives."

Some of their habits are rather too distinctly noticed.

So much for the Wallacks. Of Transylvania generally, it is stated:—

"A strange little country is this Transyl-

vania! Very likely the reader never heard its name before, and yet some hundred years ago it was in close alliance with England; and, long before religious liberty, annual parliaments, payment of members, and the election of magistrates were dreamed of, amongst us, they were granted to Transylvania, by a solemn charter of their prince, the Emperor of Austria. Here is this country on the very limits of European civilisation, yet possessing institutions and rights for which the most civilized have not been thought sufficiently advanced. The distinctions and differences among the population of Hungary have offered us a singular spectacle enough, but the Transylvanians far outpass them in these matters, as they vary among themselves, not only in language, race, and religion, but in civil laws and political institutions. The Magyar, the Szekler, the Saxon, and the Wallack, have all their rights, but differing most materially in nature and extent from each other. The whole population of the country does not amount to more than two millions, yet they have among them four established religions,—besides several others tolerated,—at least four languages, and I know not how many different national customs, prejudices, and modes of feeling. It is not my intention to enter upon these matters at any length. Suffice it to say, that there are three nations, the Magyar, the Szekler, and the Saxon, which have each a part in the government of the country. They inhabit different districts; the Magyars, the whole west and centre; the Szeklers, the east and north; and the Saxons the greater part of the south; and with these are mixed up a number of Wallacks, gipsies, Jews, Armenians, &c."

A few extracts, touching the Szeklers, and we must conclude: but, first, of a rich road:—

"I must not forget that in passing between the two Cestaties, we observed a peasant carefully scraping up the soil from the little path we followed, and depositing it in a basket beside him, much in the same way as we see the children collect manure on our high roads, but with this difference, that the Transylvanian obtained gold ready made to his hand, while our own countrymen only acquire a means of aiding industry in its acquisition. I dare say every body has heard of streets paved with gold; but I must confess I had always believed it a romance; here, however, it was a serious reality. In fact, the road was formed of stones from the nearest rock, which we already know contains gold, and as it had been raining during the night, it was no wonder that the water should have washed away the lighter particles which had been crushed to dust under the feet of the passers, and left the heavier ore glittering in the sun behind."

"I have already said that the Szeklers were found by the Magyars in the country which they now occupy on their first entrance, and, on account of similarity of language and origin, were granted favours refused to the original inhabitants of the country. They were allowed the full enjoyment of their freedom on condition of defending the eastern frontier. Even from this early period the Szeklers claim to have been all equal, all free, all noble; a privileged class and a servile class were alike unknown—the only difference among the richer of them being derived from the number of men each could bring into the field,—among the poorer, from the circumstance of their serving on horseback or on foot. Changes, however, have crept in amongst them in the lapse of so many centuries. The richer and more powerful have gradually introduced on their own

estates the system in operation in the rest of Transylvania, and the peasant and the seigneur are now found in the Szekler-land as elsewhere. Titles too, and letters of nobility, have been freely scattered through the country, and have gradually cast a slur on those who possess them not. Taxation also, and the forcible introduction of the border system, instead of the desultory service of former times, have made great changes in the position of the Szeklers. As almost all these changes, however, have been introduced without the consent of the people, and often by the employment of open force, they are still regarded as illegal by the Szeklers, who are consequently among the most discontented of any portion of the Transylvanians. It would be absurd in me to enter further into the question of their laws and institutions, for even the most learned among themselves confess that there is so much confusion in them, that even they cannot make them out. This I know, that every Szekler claims to be a noble born, and declares that if he had his right he should neither pay taxes, nor serve but when an insurrection of the whole nobility of the country took place. I know also that, in fact, there are among them counts and barons, who call themselves Magnates, nobles by letters patent, and free Szeklers without letters, besides borderers and peasants; and that the free Szeklers and nobles, who have not more than two peasants, pay taxes, just like the peasants, though in other respects they have rights like the nobles."

"The Szeklers inhabit a mountainous country, and are consequently poor; but it was easy to see they are far more industrious than any of the Transylvanians we had before visited. From all I heard of their character, they seem a good deal to resemble the Scotch. The same pride and poverty, the same industry and enterprise, and if they are not belied, the same sharp regard to their own interests. They speak a dialect of the Magyar, which differs but slightly from that used in other parts of the country, except in the peculiar sing-song intonation in which it is uttered. Like most mountaineers, they are but little distinguished for polished and refined manners; even the wealthier are commonly remarkable for a greater rudeness in their bearing than is seen in other parts of the country. This is more than made up, however, by a greater degree of information, and by a firm adherence to their political principles. Like the Scotch they seem to have advanced in education to an extraordinary degree, so that there are few villages without their schools, few of the humblest Szeklers who cannot read and write. They are of various religions, and each sect is said to be strongly attached to its own. The Unitarians are in greater proportion here than in any other part of the country; they have about one hundred churches in the Szekler-land. Excepting the Jews and Greeks, all religions enjoy equal rights."

"I really do not know what notion the inhabitants of the Szekler-land mean to express by the words, 'a comfortable inn;' but I am quite sure it is something very different from what all the rest of the world mean. Twice, to-day, have we found ourselves woefully mistaken in our calculations in consequence:—this morning we found a comfortable inn meant an empty room, and nothing to eat; to-night, it seemed to mean no room and nothing to eat either! Every body had agreed, that at Parayd we should be splendidly accommodated, and so we declined the dead man's bed and pushed on to this same Parayd

with the greatest confidence. Alas! we were doomed to be disappointed. There was only one spare room, and a little closet; and no sooner had we alighted, than they told us the room was taken, and nothing but the closet could we have. Seated at a table, in one corner, we found the happy occupant of the room, just finishing, as we supposed, his supper, with bread and ewe-milk cheese. After the first salutations, the stranger, who turned out to be an old officer of the Szekler Borderers, politely offered us the larger room, saying, the closet would be sufficient to contain him; but, when he heard us ask for supper, the old gentleman shook his head, and, pointing to the cheese and bread, and a bottle of pale sour-looking wine, exclaimed, despondingly, *szecris cum aceto!* and nothing else to be had!—So much for a comfortable inn in the Szekler-land. I am afraid that, with all their good qualities, the Szeklers are rather behind-hand in the comforts—perhaps they call them superfluous luxuries—of other parts of Europe. Even in their own houses, the gentry show but little taste for comfort or cleanliness. In many cases, this may be attributable to poverty—they I have not a word to say; but in others, I have seen an admixture of tawdry splendour with squalid neglect, which presented a contrast highly ridiculous."

As we left the village, we saw a mark of superstition which we should not have expected where education is said to be generally diffused. It was a small piece of coarse linen cloth cut into the shape of a pair of trousers, and suspended over the middle of the road by a string attached to a tree on either side. The peasants believe that in the Cave of Almás which we were about to visit, two fairies are imprisoned in a state of nudity, and that they weep and wail their unhappy captivity, without being able to escape. Their cries are said to be often heard, when the wind is high, proceeding from the dark valley of the Almás, and it is to the malice of these imprisoned fairies that the peasants attribute the visitation of the cholera. It appears that the received method of propitiating these gentry is to offer them clothing, and accordingly the trowers at this end of the village, and a shirt exhibited in a similar manner at the other, were intended to appease them, let them come which road they would."

These caves, by the by, are extensive and curious, but we have no space for further illustration.

CAPTAIN MARRYAT'S AMERICA.

[Second volume, second notice.]

THE shrewdness and good common sense which distinguish Captain Marryat's observations and reasoning, may not in many instances be palatable, but sure we are that they deserve the serious attention both of America and England. In this volume he treats of the American women, of whom he speaks in terms of much commendation; and then discusses the condition of society, public opinion, the government, the democracy, the (or want of effective) aristocracy, and other topics of importance. From these it is our duty to adduce some of the most striking statements. Captain Marryat ascribes to the violent and overwhelming pressure of the Majority a vast declension of American virtue and ability in public affairs. Thus:—

"Mr. Cooper observes, 'Monarchs have incurred more hazards from follies of their own, than have grown up under the adulation of parasites, than from the machinations of their

enemies; and in a democracy, the delusion that still would elsewhere be poured into the ears of the prince, is poured into those of the people.' The same system is pursued by all those who would arrive at, or remain in place and power: and what must be the consequence?—that the straightforward, honourable, upright man, is rejected by the people, while the parasite, the adulator, the demagogue, who flatters their opinions, asserts their supremacy, and yields to their arbitrary demands, is the one selected by them for place and power. Thus do they demoralise each other; and it is not until a man has, by his abject submission to their will, in contradiction to his own judgment and knowledge, proved that he is unworthy of the selection which he courts, that he is permitted to obtain it. Thus it is that the most able and conscientious men in the States are almost unanimously rejected. M. Tocqueville says, 'It is a well-authenticated fact, that at the present day the most talented men in the United States are very rarely placed at the head of affairs; and it must be acknowledged that such has been the result in proportion as democracy has outstepped all its former limits: the race of American statesmen has evidently dwindled most remarkably in the course of the last fifty years.' Indeed, no high-minded consistent man will now offer himself, and this is one cause among many why Englishmen and foreigners have not done real justice to the people of the United States. The scum is uppermost, and they do not see below it. The prudent, the enlightened, the wise, and the good, have all retired into the shade, preferring to pass a life of quiet retirement, rather than submit to the insolence and dictation of a mob. M. Tocqueville says, 'Whilst the natural propensities of democracy induce the people to reject the most distinguished citizens as its rulers, these individuals are no less apt to retire from a political career, in which it is almost impossible to retain their independence, or to advance without degrading themselves.'

"It appears, then (continues our author), that the more respectable portion of its citizens have retired, leaving the arena open to those who are least worthy: that the majority dictate, and scarcely any one ventures to oppose them; if any one does, he is immediately sacrificed; the press, obedient to its masters, pours out its virulence, and it is incredible how rapidly a man, unless he be of a superior mind, falls into nothingness in the United States, when once he has dared to oppose the popular will. He is morally bemired, bespattered, and trod under foot, until he remains a lifeless carcass. He falls, never to rise again, unhonoured and unremembered."

Of the national feeling, as regards Great Britain, Captain M. says:—

"Captain Hamilton has, in his work, expressed his opinion that the Americans have no feeling of ill-will against this country. If Captain Hamilton had stated that the gentlemen and more respectable portion of the Americans, such as the New York merchants, &c. had no feeling against this country, and were most anxious to keep on good terms with us, he would have been much more correct. You will find all the respectable portion of the daily press using their best endeavours to reconcile any animosities, and there is nothing which an American gentleman is more eloquent upon, when he falls in with an Englishman, than in trying to convince him that there is no hostile feeling against this country. I had not been a week at New York before I had this assurance given me at least twenty times, and

I felt inclined at first to believe it; but I soon discovered that this feeling was only confined to a small minority, and that the feelings towards England of the majority, or democratic party, were of deep irreconcilable hatred. I am sorry to assert this; but it is better that it should be known, than we may not be misled by any pretended good-will on the part of the government, or the partial good-will of a few enlightened individuals. Even those who have a feeling of regard and admiration for our country do not venture to make it known; and it would place them in so very unpleasant a situation, that they can scarcely be blamed for keeping their opinions to themselves. With the English they express it warmly, and I believe them to be sincere; but not being openly avowed by a few, it is not communicated or spread by kindling similar warmth in the hearts of others. Indeed, it is not surprising, when we consider the national character, that there should be an ill feeling towards England; it would be much more strange if the feeling did not exist.

"There are many reasons why the Americans have an inveterate dislike to this country. In the first place, they are educated to dislike us and our monarchical institutions; their short history points out to them that we have been their only oppressor in the first instance, and their opponent ever since. Their annual celebration of the independence is an opportunity for vituperation of this country, which is never lost sight of. Their national vanity is hurt by feeling what they would fain believe, that they are not the 'greatest nation on earth'; that they are indebted to us, and the credit we give them, for their prosperity and rapid advance; that they must still look to us for their literature and the fine arts; and that, in short, they are still dependant upon England. I have before observed, that this hostile spirit against us is fanned by discontented emigrants, and by those authors who, to become popular with the majority, laud their own country and defame England; but the great cause of this increase of hostility against us is the democratic party having come into power, and who consider it necessary to excite animosity against this country. Whenever it is requisite to throw a tub to the whale, the press is immediately full of abuse; every thing is attributed to England, and the machinations of England; she is, by their accounts, here, there, and everywhere, plotting mischief and injury, from the Gulf of Florida to the Rocky Mountains. If we are to believe the democratic press, England is the cause of every thing offensive to the majority: if money is scarce, it is England that has occasioned it—if credit is bad, it is England—if eggs are not fresh or beef is tough, it is, it must be, England. They remind you of the parody upon Fitzgerald in Smith's humorous and witty 'Rejected Addresses,' when he is supposed to write against Buonaparte:—

Who made the quatern loaf and Luddites rise,
Who fills the butchers' shops with large blue flies;
With a foul earthquake ravaged the Carracas,
And raised the price of dry goods and tobaccos;

Why, England. And all this the majority do steadfastly believe, because they wish to believe it."

From this international view we pass to an internal one, the character of society:—

"The character of the Americans is that of a restless, uneasy people; they cannot sit still, they cannot listen attentively, unless the theme be politics or dollars; they must do something, and, like children, if they cannot do any thing

else, they will do mischief; their curiosity is unbounded, and they are very capricious. Acting upon impulse, they are very generous at one moment, and without a spark of charity the next. They are good-tempered, and possess great energy, ingenuity, bravery, and presence of mind. Such is the estimate I have formed of their general character, independent of the demoralising effects of their institutions, which renders it so anomalous. The American author, Mr. Sanderson, very truly observes of his countrymen, that 'they have grown vicious without the refinements and distractions of the fine arts and liberal amusements.' The Americans have few amusements; they are too busy. Athletic sports they are indifferent to; they look only to those entertainments which feed their passion for excitement. The theatre is almost their only resort, and even that is not so well attended as it might be, considering their means.

"The love of excitement must, of course, produce a love of gambling, which may be considered as one of the American amusements: it is, however, carried on very quietly in the cities. In the South, and on the Mississippi, it is as open as the noon day; and the gamblers may be said to have there become a professional people. I have already mentioned them, and the attempts which have been made to get rid of them. Indeed, they are not only gamblers who practise on the unwary, but they combine with gambling the professions of forgery and uttering of base money. If they lose, they only lose forged notes. There is no part of the world where forgery is carried on to such an extent as it is in the United States; chiefly in the Western country. The American banks are particularly careful to guard against this evil; but the ingenuity of these miscreants is surprising, and they will imitate so closely as almost to escape detection at the banks themselves. Bank-note engraving is certainly carried to the highest state of perfection in the United States, but almost in vain. I have myself read a notice, posted up at Boston, which may appear strange to us: 'Bank-notes made here to any pattern.' But the Eastern banks are seldom forged upon. Counterfeit money is also very plentiful. When I was in the West, I had occasion to pay a few dollars to a friend: when I saw him a day or two afterwards, he said to me, 'Do you know that three dollars you gave me were counterfeits?' I apologised, and offered to replace them: 'Oh! no,' replied he; 'it's of no consequence. I gave them in payment to my people, who told me that they were counterfeit; but they said it was of no consequence, as they could easily pass them.' In some of the States, lotteries have been abolished; in others, they are still permitted. They are upon the French principle, and are very popular. There is one very remarkable point in the American character, which is, that they constantly change their professions. I know not whether it proceeds simply from their love of change, or from their embracing professions at so early a period, that they have not discovered the line in which, from natural talents, they are best calculated to succeed. I have heard it said, that it is seldom that an American succeeds in the profession which he had first taken up at the commencement of his career. An American will set up as a lawyer; quit, and go to sea for a year or two; come back, set up in another profession; get tired again, go as clerk or steward in a steam-boat, merely because he wishes to travel; then apply himself to something else, and begin to amass money. It is of

very little consequence what he does; the American is really a jack of all trades, and master of any to which he feels at last inclined to apply himself."

These traits must suffice for our illustration of this branch of the subject. The remarks of the want of an active and respected aristocracy, and on the dishonesty of the government, are very strong. Thus of the former:—

"I say at this present time, for it was not so even twenty years ago, and possibly may not be so twenty years hence. There is a change constantly going on in every thing below, and I believe, for many reasons, that a change for the better will soon take place in America. There are even now many thousands of virtuous, honourable, and enlightened people in the United States; but at present virtue is passive, while vice is active. The Americans possess courage, presence of mind, perseverance, and energy, but these may be considered rather as endowments than as virtues. They are propelling powers which will advance them as a people, and were they regulated and tempered by religious and moral feeling, would make them great and good, but without these adjuncts, they can only become great and vicious. I have observed in my preface that the virtues and vices of a nation are to be traced to the form of government, the climate, and circumstances, and it will be easy to shew that to the above may be ascribed much of the merit as well as the demerits of the people of the United States. In the first place, I consider the example set by the government as most injurious: as I shall hereafter prove, it is insatiable in its ambition, regardless of its faith, and corrupt to the highest degree. This example I consider as the first cause of the demoralisation of the Americans. The errors incident to the voluntary system of religion are the second: the power of the clergy is destroyed, and the tyranny of the laity has produced the effect of the outward form having been substituted for the real feeling, and hypocrisy has been but too often substituted for religion. To the evil of bad example from the government is superadded the natural tendency of a democratic form of government, to excite ambition without having the power to gratify it morally or virtuously; and the debasing influence of the pursuit of gain is everywhere apparent. It shews itself in the fact that money is in America every thing, and every thing else nothing; it is the only sure possession, for character can at any time be taken from you, and therefore becomes less valuable than in other countries, except so far as mercantile transactions are concerned. Mr. Cooper says—not once, but many times—that in America all the local affections, indeed everything, is sacrificed to the spirit of gain. Dr. Channing constantly laments it, and he very truly asserts, 'A people that deems the possession of riches its highest source of distinction, admits one of the most degrading of all influences to preside over its opinions. At no time should money be ever ranked as more than a means, and he who lives as if the acquisition of property were the sole end of his existence, betrays the dominion of the most sordid, base, and grovelling motive that life offers;' and ascribing it to the institutions, he says, 'In one respect our institutions have disappointed us all: they have not wrought out for us that elevation of character which is the most precious, and, in truth, the only substantial blessing of liberty.'"

Of the government particularly, Captain M. says:—

"The Americans may be said to have had,

till within the last twenty years, little or no relation with other countries. They have had few treaties to make, and very little diplomatic arrangements with the old Continent. But even if they had had, they must not be judged by them; a certain degree of national honour is necessary to every nation, if they would have the respect of others, and a dread of the consequences would always compel them to adhere to any treaty made with great and powerful countries. The question is, has the Federal Government adhered to its treaties and promises made with and to those who have been too weak to defend themselves? Has it not repeatedly, in the short period of their existence as a nation, violated the national honour whenever, without being in fear of retaliation or exposure, it has been able to do so? Let this question be answered by an examination into their conduct towards the unhappy Indians, who, to use their own expression, are 'now melting away like snow before the white men.' We are not to estimate the morality of a government by its strict adherence to its compact with the powerful, but by its strict moral sense of justice towards the weak and defenceless; and it should be borne in mind, that one example of a breach of faith on the part of a democratic government, is more injurious to the morals of the people under that government than a thousand instances of breach of faith which may occur in society; for a people who have no aristocracy to set the example, must naturally look to the conduct of their rulers and to their decisions, as a standard for their guidance. To enumerate the multiplied breaches of faith towards the Indians would swell out this work to an extra volume. It was a bitter sarcasm of the Seminole chief, who, referring to the terms used in the treaties, told the Indian agents that the white man's 'for ever' did not last long enough. Even in its payment of the trifling sums for the lands sold by the Indians and resold at an enormous profit, the American government has not been willing to adhere to its agreement; and two years ago, when the Indians came for their money, the American government told them, like an Israelite dealer, that they must take half money and half goods. The Indians remonstrated; the chiefs replied, 'Our young men have purchased upon credit as they are wont to do; they require the dollars to pay honestly what they owe.' 'Is our great father so poor?' said one chief to the Indian agent; 'I will lend him some money; and he ordered several thousand dollars to be brought, and offered them to the agent. In the Florida war, to which I shall again refer, the same want of faith has been exercised. Unable to drive the Indians out of their swamps and morasses, they have persuaded them to come into a council under a flag of truce. This flag of truce has been violated, and the Indians have been thrown into prison until they could be sent away to the Far West; that is, if they survived their captivity, which the gallant Osceola could not. Let it not be supposed that the officers employed are the parties to blame in these acts; it is, generally speaking, the Indian agents who are employed in these nefarious transactions. Among these agents there are many honourable men, but a corrupt government will always find people corrupt enough to do anything it may wish. But any language that I can use as to the conduct of the American government towards the Indians would be light compared to the comments made in my presence by the officers and other American gentlemen upon this subject. Indeed, the indignation expressed is so general, that it proves

there is less morality in the government than there is in the nation."

And to conclude:—

"Fifty years have passed away, and the present state of America I have already shown. From purity of manners her moral code has sunk below that of most other nations. She has attempted to govern herself—she is dictated to by the worst of tyrannies. She has planted the tree of liberty; instead of its flourishing, she has neither freedom of speech nor of action. She has railed against the vices of monarchical forms of government, and every vice against which she has raised up her voice is still more prevalent under her own. She has cried out against corruption—she is still more corrupt: against bribery—her people are to be bought and sold: against tyranny—she is in fetters. She has proved to the world that, with every advantage on her side, the attempt at a republic has been a miserable failure, and that the time is not yet come when mankind can govern themselves. Will it ever come? In my opinion, never!"

TOWNSHEND'S SPORTING IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

[Second notice: conclusion.]

WE now turn to a story told by Richardson (the great hunter of the party) of a meeting he "once had with three Blackfeet Indians. He had been out alone hunting buffalo, and towards the end of the day was returning to the camp with his meat, when he heard the clattering of hoofs in the rear, and, upon looking back, observed three Indians in hot pursuit of him. He immediately discharged his cargo of meat to lighten his horse, and then urged the animal to his utmost speed, in an attempt to distance his pursuers. He soon discovered, however, that the enemy was rapidly gaining upon him, and that in a few minutes more he would be completely at their mercy, when he hit upon an expedient, as singular as it was bold and courageous. Drawing his long scalping knife from the sheath at his side, he plunged the keen weapon through his horse's neck, and severed the spine. The animal dropped instantly dead, and the determined hunter, throwing himself behind the fallen carcass, waited calmly the approach of his sanguinary pursuers. In a few moments, one Indian was within range of the fatal rifle, and at its report, his horse galloped riderless over the plain. The remaining two then thought to take him at advantage by approaching simultaneously on both sides of his rampart; but one of them, happening to venture too near in order to be sure of his aim, was shot to the heart by the long pistol of the white man, at the very instant that the ball from the Indian's gun whistled harmless by. The third savage, being wearied of the dangerous game, applied the whip vigorously to the flanks of his horse, and was soon out of sight, while Richardson set about collecting the trophies of his singular victory. He caught the two Indians' horses; mounted one, and loaded the other with the meat which he had discarded, and returned to his camp with two spare rifles, and a good stock of ammunition."

This was a recollection, but the success of this individual throughout the expedition seems to entitle him to credit. For instance:—

"On the following day, Richardson killed two buffaloes, and brought his horse heavily laden with meat to the camp. Our good hunter walked himself, that the animal might be able to bear the greater burthen. After depositing the meat in the camp, he took a fresh horse, and, accompanied by three men, returned to the

spot where the game had been killed, about four miles distant, and in the evening brought in every pound of it, leaving only the heavier bones. The wolves will be disappointed this evening; they are accustomed to dainty pickings when they glean after the hunters, but we have now abandoned the 'wasty ways' which so disgraced us when game was abundant; the despised leg bone, which was wont to be thrown aside with such contempt, is now polished of every tandon of its covering, and the savoury hump is used as a kind of dessert after a meal of coarser meat. Speaking of wolves, I have often been surprised at the perseverance and tenacity with which these animals will sometimes follow the hunter for a whole day, to feed upon the carcass he may leave behind him. When an animal is killed, they seem to mark the operation, and stand still at a most respectful distance, with drooping tail and ears, as though perfectly indifferent to the matter in progress. Thus will they stand until the game is butchered, the meat placed upon the saddle, and the hunter is mounted and on his way; then, if he glances behind him, he will see the wily foragers stealthily crawling and prowling along towards the smoking remains, and immediately as he gets out of reach pouncing upon it and tearing it with tooth and nail. During the day the wolves are shy, and rarely permit an approach to within gun-shot; but at night, where game is abundant, they are so fearless as to come quite within the purlieus of the camp, and there sit, a dozen together, and howl hideously for hours. This kind of serenading, it may be supposed, is not the most agreeable; and many a time, when on guard, have I observed the unquiet tossing of the bundles of blankets near me, and heard issue from them the low, husky voice of some disturbed sleeper, denouncing heavy anathemas on the unseasonable music."

The following characteristic examples are also from the first volume:—

"September 1st.—Last evening, as we were about retiring to our beds, we heard, distinctly, as we thought, a loud halloo, several times repeated, and in a tone like that of a man in great distress. Supposing it to be a person who had lost his way in the darkness, and was searching for us, we fired several guns at regular intervals, but as they elicited no reply, after waiting a considerable time, we built a large fire, as a guide, and lay down to sleep. Early this morning, a large panther was seen prowling around our camp, and the hallooing of last night was explained. It was the dismal distressing yell by which this animal entices its prey, until pity or curiosity induces it to approach to its destruction. The panther is said to inhabit these forests in considerable numbers, and has not unfrequently been known to kill the horses of a camp. He has seldom the temerity to attack a man, unless sorely pressed by hunger or infuriated by wounds."

Having nothing prepared for dinner to-day, I strolled along the stream above the camp, and made a meal on rose-buds, of which I collected an abundance; and on returning, I was surprised to find Mr. N. and Captain T. picking the last bones of a bird which they had cooked. Upon inquiry, I ascertained that the subject was an unfortunate owl which I had killed in the morning, and had intended to preserve as a specimen. The temptation was too great to be resisted by the hungry captain and naturalist, and the bird of wisdom lost the immortality which he might otherwise have acquired."

We have passed four months through a country swarming with

Indians who thirsted for our blood, and whose greatest pride consisted in scouring the scalp of a white man. Enemies, sworn, determined enemies to all, both white and red, who intrude upon their hunting grounds, the Blackfeet roam the prairie like wolves seeking their prey, and springing upon it when unprepared, and at the moment when it supposes itself most secure. To those who have always enjoyed the comforts and security of civilised life, it may seem strange that persons who know themselves to be constantly exposed to such dangers—who never lie down at night without the weapons of death firmly grasped in their hands, and who are in hourly expectation of hearing the terrific war-whoop of the savage, should yet sleep soundly and refreshingly, and feel themselves at ease; such, however, is the fact. I never in my life enjoyed rest more than when travelling through the country of which I speak. I had become accustomed to it: I felt constant apprehension certainly, but not to such an extent as to deprive me of any of the few comforts which I could command in such an uncomfortable country. The guard might pass our tent, and cry, 'All's well,' in his loudest key, without disturbing my slumbers; but if the slightest unusual noise occurred, I was awake in an instant, and listening painfully for a repetition of it."

In the second volume we have an account of the founding of an American colony on the Columbia, which, though beset with difficulties at first, bids fair to fix, extend the territories and influence of the United States in a most important quarter. Mr. Townshend having some wet winter-time to spare, visited the Sandwich Islands; and gives a curious notice of the Islanders:—

"The dress of the men not in the employment of the whites consists of a large piece of native cloth, called a tapa, or a robe of calico thrown loosely round the body, somewhat like the Roman toga, and knotted on the left shoulder. The women wear a loose gown of calico or native cloth fastened tightly round the neck, but not bound at the waist, and often with the addition of several yards of cotton cloth tied round above the hips. Their hair is generally of a beautiful glossy black, and of unusual fineness; it is folded around the back part of the head, very much in the manner common to our ladies at home; and splendid tortoise-shell combs, of their own manufacture, are used to confine it. They display much taste in the arrangement of wild flowers amongst their hair; and a common ornament for the forehead is the Ro of beautiful yellow feathers which is bound upon it. I have repeatedly seen women with hair of two, and in some instances, of three distinct colours. Deep black and chestnut brown; not promiscuously mingled throughout, but lying in separate masses; and in the rare instances of which I have spoken, they were black, brown, and a kind of ash colour, giving to the head a most singular appearance. I had supposed that this party-coloured character of the hair was the effect of art, but was soon informed to the contrary, and perceived that by the natives themselves it was considered a deformity."

But the description of the Indians on the Columbia is more germane to our purpose:—

"The Indians of the Columbia were once a numerous and powerful people; the shore of the river, for scores of miles, was lined with their villages; the council fire was frequently lighted, the pipes passed round, and the destinies of the nation deliberated upon. War was declared against neighbouring tribes; the

deadly tomahawk was lifted, and not buried until it was red with the blood of the savage; the bounding deer was hunted, killed, and his antlers ornamented the wigwam of the red man; the scalps of his enemies hung drying in the smoke of his lodge, and the Indian was happy. Now, alas! where is he?—gone—gathered to his fathers and to his happy hunting grounds—his place knows him no more. The spot where once stood the thickly peopled village, the smoke curling and wreathing above the closely packed lodges, the lively children playing in the front, and their indolent parents lounging on their mats, is now only indicated by a heap of undistinguishable ruins. The depopulation has been truly fearful. A gentleman told me, that only four years ago, as he wandered near what had formerly been a thickly peopled village, he counted no less than sixteen dead, men and women, lying unburied and festering in the sun in front of their habitations. Within the houses all were sick; not one had escaped the contagion; upwards of a hundred individuals, men, women, and children, were writhing in agony on the floors of the houses, with no one to render them any assistance. Some were in the dying struggle, and clenching with the convulsive grasp of death their disease-worn companions, shrieked and howled in the last sharp agony. Probably there does not now exist one, where, five years ago, there were a hundred Indians; and in sailing up the river, from the cape to the cascades, the only evidence of the existence of the Indian is an occasional miserable wigwam, with a few wretched, half-starved occupants. In some other places they are rather more numerous; but the thoughtful observer cannot avoid perceiving that in a very few years the race must, in the nature of things, become extinct, and the time is probably not far distant, when the little trinkets and toys of this people will be picked up by the curious, and valued as mementoes of a nation passed away for ever from the face of the earth. The aspect of things is very melancholy. It seems as if the fiat of the Creator had gone forth, that these poor denizens of the forest and the stream should go hence, and be seen of men no more. In former years, when the Indians were numerous, long after the establishment of this fort, it was not safe for the white men attached to it to venture beyond the protection of its guns without being fully armed. Such was the jealousy of the natives towards them, that various deep-laid schemes were practised to obtain possession of the post, and massacre all whom it had harboured:—now, however, they are as submissive as children. Some have even entered into the service of the whites, and when once the natural and persevering indolence of the man is worn off, he will work well and make himself useful. About two hundred miles southward, the Indians are said to be in a much more flourishing condition, and their hostility to the white people to be most deadly. They believe that we brought with us the fatal fever which has ravaged this portion of the country, and the consequence is, that they kill without mercy every white man who trusts himself amongst them."

On his journey homewards from the shores of the Pacific, Mr. T. relates:—

"Mr. M'Leod and myself embarked in a large batteau, with six men, and bidding farewell to Mr. Pambrun and the missionaries, were soon gliding down the river. We ran to-day several rapids, and in the evening encamped about fifteen miles below the mouth of

the Ucalla river. This running of rapids appears rather a dangerous business to those unaccustomed to it, and it is in reality sufficiently hazardous, except when performed by old and skilful hands. Every thing depends upon the men who manage the bow and stern of the boat. The moment she enters the rapid, the two guides lay aside their oars, taking in their stead paddles, such as are used in the management of a canoe. The middle-men ply their oars; the guides brace themselves against the gunwale of the boat, placing their paddles edgewise down her sides, and away she goes over the curling, foaming, and hissing waters, like a race-horse. We passed to-day several large lodges of Indians, from whom we wished to have purchased fish, but they had none, or were not willing to spare any, so that we were compelled to purchase a dog for supper. I have said we, but I beg leave to correct myself, as I was utterly averse to the proceeding; not, however, from any particular dislike to the quality of the food; I have eaten it repeatedly, and relished it; but I am always unwilling, unless when suffering absolute want, to take the life of so noble and faithful an animal. Our hungry oarsmen, however, appeared to have no such scruples. The Indian called his dog, and he came to him, wagging his tail! He sold his companion for ten balls and powder! One of our men approached the poor animal with an axe. I turned away my head to avoid the sight, but I heard the dull, sodden sound of the blow. The tried friend and faithful companion lay quivering in the agonies of death at its master's feet. We are enjoying a most magnificent sight at our camp this evening. On the opposite side of the river the Indians have fired the prairie, and the whole country for miles around is most brilliantly illuminated. Here am I sitting cross-legged on the ground, scribbling by the light of the vast conflagration with as much ease as if I had a ton of oil burning by my side; but my eyes are every moment involuntarily wandering from the paper before me, to contemplate and admire the grandeur of the distant scene. The very heavens themselves appear ignited, and the fragments of ashes and burning grass-blades, ascending and careering about through the glowing firmament, look like brilliant and glorious birds let loose to roam and revel amid this splendid scene. It is past midnight: every one in the camp is asleep, and I am this moment visited by half a dozen Indian fishermen, who are peering over my shoulders, and soliciting a smoke, so that I shall have to stop, and fill my calumet. * * * We observe on the breasts and bellies of many of the Indians here a number of large red marks, mostly of an oval form, sometimes twenty or thirty grouped together. These are wounds made by their own hands, to display to their people the unwavering and stoical resolution with which they can endure pain. A large fold of the skin is taken up with the fingers, and sliced off with a knife; the surrounding fibre then retreats, and a large and ghastly looking wound remains. Many that I saw to-day are yet scarcely cicatrised. There is a chief here, who obtained the dignity which he now enjoys solely by his numerous and hardy feats of this kind. He was originally a common man, and possessed but one wife; he has now six: and any of the tribe would think themselves honoured by his alliance. He is a most gigantic fellow, about six feet four inches in height, and remarkably stout and powerful. The whole front of his person is covered with the red marks of which I have spoken, and he displays with considerable pride

the two scars of a bullet, which entered the left breast, and passed out below the shoulder-blade. This wound he also made with his own hand, by placing the muzzle of his gun against his breast, and pressing the trigger with his toe; and by this last, and most daring act, he was raised to the chief command of all the Indians on the north side of the river. Now that Tilki is no more, he will probably be chosen chief of all the country from the cascades to Walla-walla. I asked him if he felt no fear of death from the wound in his chest, at the time it was inflicted? He said, no; that his heart was strong, and that a bullet would never kill him. He told me that he was entirely well in a week after this occurrence, but that for two days he vomited blood constantly. He is named by the Indians 'Skookoom,' the strong."

Chill was hastily visited; but this, and an interesting catalogue of natural history, containing many new discoveries in Oregon, we must leave to the readers of the work.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Flowers of Infancy; or, Scenes of our Early Years, in a Series of Engravings, accompanied by Metrical Illustrations, &c. By T. Woolnoth, Historical Engraver in Ordinary to the Queen, &c. 4to. London, 1839. Woolnoth.

WHO ever saw the delightful infantile paintings of Reynolds without feeling that no class of subjects to which the art could be devoted possessed greater powers or influence over the human heart than such exquisite and natural representations of childhood, where every attitude and motion are grace, and every expression truth and innocence? Objects upon which every human hope may be built; beings to care, and fear for, and love; blossoms of promise endeared to the imagination by the veil which hangs over the season of fruitage; and creatures entwined round the affections by their beauty, their dependency, their helplessness, their purity, and their gratitude. It is not parents alone, nor near relatives, nor friends, who are charmed with well-depicted scenes of early years—no emotion is more universal. Here, then, is a pictorial production which has very extended claims upon admiration and sympathy. The groups are of Sleeping, Waking, Playing, Weeping, Loving, Learning, Parting, and Meeting; and they are all sweet and touching performances. Waking is deliciously expressed; and Weeping, with her dead bird and felon cat, is another pretty and tender theme, cleverly executed. In Loving we are at a loss to make out the reflections from the glass, it seems to us that they are not all correct. The mother in Learning is a captivating portrait, and both Parting and Meeting are full of intelligence and sentiment. Of the varification we are sorry to say, it is most lame and indifferently; the rhymes being against all rule throughout. The handsome volume must therefore be chosen for its engravings, not for its poetry; and these engravings are enough to recommend it to every polished home in Britain, where there are fathers and mothers to be found, and darling children to be pleased with such refined and refining studies.

Indian Hours. By R. N. Dunbar, author of "The Cruise," "The Carquin," &c. 12mo. pp. 188. London, 1839. Bull.

THIS is a volume of considerable merit; and as it is chiefly occupied with Indian subjects, has some claim to originality. The style is, for

the most part, light, graceful, and pleasing, with here and there a few strong strokes of description, that serve to shew the author is in earnest with his subject. We give the following specimen from the second part, entitled "The Musio-Shell;" the subject, "The Fly-bird"—

"Syll of sunshine! bowered sprits!
Darting round perfume and light;
Humming thy rodo to the bud,
While sucking its ethereal blood;
Flower-dweller! where, supremely blest,
By day you feast, by night you rest,
Exalting all your heavenly hues
By living on the rainbow's dews.
What words, what spells, can I employ,
To lure thee from thy race of joy,
And win awhile thy jewelled plume
My latticed casement to illumine?
The lute, that would thy splendours sing,
Boon mourns its impotence of string:
What if I said thy tint outshone
The costly glories of the mine,
Or blush of flowers, or fish's mail,
Or bird-of-Juno's starry tail,
Or web of virgin bullion spun,
Or beams, or tresses of the sun?
I should but prove all language weak
To picture dyes, themselves that speak;
For mortals have not names for hues
The Genii o'er their works diffuse.

But see! the sweet need, for thy use,
In bright cups sheds its nectar's juice!
And flowers frill curl'd, and dew-beaprent,
Ambrosial beverage present;
And bees, with whom you love to roam,
Spread virgin honey in the comb.
Then come! Delight-inspiring bird,
Waking the graceful thought and word;
Awhile with me, balm-breather, stay!
And teach me how to frame the lay,
Whose tones may fall on Beauty's ear
As softly—delicately clear,
As thine own murmur'd music swells
Within the flower's velvet cells.

The Indian with thy plummy plaid
Bedeck'd his idol or his bride;
But my idolatry shall be
To make a deity of thee;
And worship thee with rites divine,
If here thou'lt fix thy fairy shrine,
And, quitting the unshelter'd grove,
Shed radiance through my bowerd alcove,
And charm my sight, and prompt my lay,
And shine and sing the hours away."

The Theory, Practice, and Architecture of Bridges.—The Theory by James Ryan, of King's College; and the Practical and Architectural Treatises by William Hockings, F.S.A. Parts V. and VI. 8vo. London, 1839. Weale.

WE have noticed this truly national work in terms of the highest praise during its progress, and have now only to repeat our commendations of it for the spirit in which the first volume is concluded. The earlier numbers of the second volume will commence with Mr. Hockings' treatises. We need not recommend it to the public, for its practical utility to all engaged in the works of railroads, bridges, &c., must be a sufficient passport to universal favour.

Life and Adventures of Michael Armstrong the Factory Boy. By Frances Trollope. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1839. Colburn.

THERE is but one way to produce an effect on the public in works of this kind: it is by devoting the most minute examination to the system which is to be exposed to objection and obloquy, in order to amend it; and, as another requisite, possessing the talents to exhibit its wrongs and errors in the most powerful light. Dickens's Parish Workhouses and Yorkshire School are splendid examples of this class; their details came home to the understanding and the heart, because they were founded on actual observation,—facts, truths, pointed with all the force of the most acute perception of individualities and generalities, and realised by traits of such accurate nature, and touches of such exquisite feeling, that none ever doubted the existence and the sufferings of a persecuted

Oliver Twist or a miserable Smike. Mrs. Trollope has relied on invention in this imitation of a brilliant model: her circumstances are not British; her characters are not living; her adventures are romance; and, in short, her *Factory* is a very *unsatis-Factory* Boy.

The Works of the Rev. Sydney Smith.
Vol. IV. 8vo. pp. 411. London, 1839.
Longman and Co.

THE fourth and concluding volume of this collection of the writings of one of the cleverest of clever men, contains many of his articles from the "Edinburgh Review," and five speeches on the Catholic claims and Parliamentary Reform, the writer's opinions upon some of the subjects of which he treats having since been considerably modified. The whole, however, affords a very high idea of his literary talents, and of the powers of his mind, richly informed, versatile, and pungent. It is a pleasure to look back on such discussions, after the glare and fury of conflicting politics have left them as retrospects of the past. We can appreciate their worth and weight, and see where they fail and are mistaken. The judgment is improved, and a useful lesson against dogmatism is strongly inculcated. Without comparing these volumes with previous isolated publications of the reverend author, it seems to us, if we remember rightly, that he has omitted some of his productions. Quere, for instance, a Preface to Sermons?

The Manners and Trials of the Primitive Christians. By the Rev. Robert Jamieson, Minister of Currie. 12mo. pp. 452. 1839. Edinburgh, Johnson: London, Whittaker and Co.; Nisbet and Co.

THIS is a volume which we would earnestly recommend, for it is full of information and interest, on a subject the most memorable and important in the world's history. The whole Christian community are especially concerned in becoming acquainted with the domestic lives and manners of the earliest converts to their faith, and the cruel persecutions which they endured with wonderful and unflinching constancy, during the first three centuries in which the religion of the Gospel grew from a mustard-seed to a mighty tree to overshadow the earth. Mr. Jamieson has consulted the authorities necessary to have enabled him to perform this task in an efficient way, and his work is one well calculated for a course as popular as "Pilgrim's Progress," or "Robinson Crusoe." The extraordinary nature of the facts, the extent and variety of the matter, cannot fail to make a deep impression on the minds of every class of readers, and his volume a fireside and family favourite.

Lunar Observations. 12mo. pp. 377. London, 1839. Wright; Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

AFTER the fashion of "Gulliver's Travels," our author mounts in a balloon, and is deposited in a strange region, where he introduces many personages well known amongst ourselves, and satirizes the vices and follies of the day. There is some talent in the performance, but it is difficult to follow in the wake of such a writer as Swift, and the burlesque is not very amusing.

A Letter to A. Panissi, Esq. on the Reputed Earliest Printed Newspaper, "The English Mercurie, 1588." By Thomas Watts, of the British Museum. Pp. 16. London, 1839. Pickering.

IN this little brochure Mr. Watts demolishes the dictum of Chalmers (repeated since by hundreds of the imitators *servum pecus* who make dictionaries, cyclopædias, books of selections, and all other sorts of compilations),

that the first known newspaper was the above *Mercurie*, devised by the extraordinary wisdom of Burleigh to inform the people about the Spanish Armada! According to the author, and we should think (without seeing the documents), according to truth, these famous journals are more recent forgeries.

Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. With Original Notes, by the Rev. T. Scott. 8vo. pp. 408. London, 1839. Seeleys.

AN eighth edition with the beautiful illustrations of Stothard, so well known and so highly appreciated that we need not add a word in its favour.

The Court Favourite. By Jane Roberts, author of "Two Years at Sea." 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1839. Southgate.

A MIXTURE of facts and fiction, connected with or invented from the Courts of George III. and the Regent, and of that level character which offers nothing for censure and little for praise. The incidents are all likely enough to have happened; so likely, that they do not possess much interest. The characters are drawn naturally and with fidelity.

The Poetical Works of Thomas Campbell. 8vo. double cols. pp. 71. London, 1839. Moxon.

The Last Essays of "Ella." First Series. 8vo. double cols. pp. 94. London, 1839. Moxon.

WE presume that these popular works, well printed on good paper, at the cost of half-a-crown each, do not require any recommendation from us.

The Spitfire, a Tale of the Sea. By Captain Chamier, R.N. author of "The Life of a Sailor," "Jack Adams," &c. 3 vols. London, 1839. Colburn.

A MOST guilty and mysterious home story, in which a villanous attorney and his equally villanous daughter, in complot with a wealthy baronet, one of the "stern" gentry of the Novel School, guilty of hanging crimes, and in the power of his accomplices, is varied by the adventures of the aforesaid baronet's younger brother, who runs away, and gets to be a famous pirate, Captain of the Spitfire. Of the oaths, battles, robberies, murders, and other horrors belonging to the latter, we are no judges, and confess that we take no interest in them; and with regard to the characters and acts of the people who figure in the former divisions, together with the extravagant incidents in the midst of which they play their parts, they are neither natural nor credible. An old serving-man discourses in all the high-flown phraseology of romance writing; and, in short, almost every body is so extraordinary, that the Tale, whatever it may be, of the Sea, is very unlike aught we can imagine on land.

Observations upon the Handwriting of Philip Melancthon. Illustrated with Facsimiles from his Marginal Annotations, his commonplace Book, and his Epistolary Correspondence. Also a few Specimens of the Autograph of Martin Luther, with Explanatory Remarks. By S. Leigh Sotheby. Imp. 4to.

THIS volume reminds us of the good old times when no pains were spared to elucidate a favourite subject, and the zeal of the investigator knew no bound but such as was imposed by the mechanical means of illustrating it. Mr. Sotheby's work does him infinite credit. Nothing that type, paper, and engraving could do for his interesting inquiry has been omitted; and the result is a production not only of great industry and accuracy, but of very curious embellishment and research: It is such a book, indeed, as must have been most acceptable and gratifying to the eminent scholar and protestant divine to whom it is dedicated; but,

alas for human stability! the Bishop of Lichfield has been removed from his Christian labours since this dedication was inscribed to him. The loss of such a friend and patron must be severely felt by the author.

The data here so ably set forth by him were discovered in the library of Dr. Kloss of Frankfurt, when consigned to this country for sale four years ago; and Mr. S. is of opinion, that the MSS. and printed works in which they are found must have been portions of Melancthon's own collection. It is not in our power to convey to the reader any idea of the facsimiles, portrait, and other remarkable components of the volume. We can merely state, that the materials so exhibited are of much value and importance; that they must ever command attention and respect in a literary point of view; and that the light they throw on the character of an individual who has exercised so great an influence over the religious world, entitles them to the best consideration of the intelligent, the learned, and the pious.

A Treatise on the Medical Jurisprudence of Insanity. By J. Ray, M.D. With an Introductory Essay, by D. Spillan, M.D. Pp. 436. London, 1839. Henderson.

THERE is a vast mass of remarkable matter in this volume, bearing upon questions of high human importance. The many forms of insanity which it describes are really so frightful, that at coming to the end we also came to the conclusion that every living soul is mad; some more, and some less, to be sure, but all mad. What with idiocy, imbecility, intellectual mania, moral mania, dementia, febrile delirium, and sheer madness, there is not a ray of hope left for one of us in Dr. Ray's darkly clouded pages.

Poems. By Mrs. Boddington, author of "Slight Reminiscences of the Rhine," "The Gossip's Week," and "Sketches of the Pyrenees." 8vo. pp. 412. London, 1839. Longman and Co.

TO Mrs. Boddington's preceding productions we have done due honour, and it only demands repetition from us to say that the present volume possesses the same qualities which graced its predecessors. Taste and feeling are its attributes, the elegant cultivation of the female mind, and the pleasing exercise of feminine talent. This is apparent in the illustrations of a love of art, as well as in the examples of a love of literature. The little wood etchings are extremely pretty, and, indeed, the paper and general appearance of the work belong to the luxuries of typography. The versification is easy, often careless, but many fine thoughts are scattered throughout these outpourings on many subjects. We will only quote the last lines of the last poem—"Excursion from Naples," which will fairly indicate the character of the whole, and give an idea of the playful, yet reflective, passages to which we have alluded:—

"Another night
We passed in joy at Ischia; then 'once more
Upon the waters,'—thinking that the sea
Should from the sea be viewed. A level eye
Sees it o'erbrimming fulness, feels it buoyant,
Looks down into its depths; but from above
The tranquil sea looks like a metal plate
That cleaves to earth.

And so, thus reasoning,
Scolding the sun, and dosing as those do
Who rise at four,—we found ourselves at Naples."
The Journal of the English Agricultural Society. Vol. I. Part II. London, 1839. Murray.

WE rejoice to see that the southern part of our island is doing something effectually to redeem itself from the reproach of having been

so long behind the north in diffusing throughout the classes engaged in it useful information and instruction on that all-important subject—the cultivation of the soil. This valuable publication is of the right kind to supply the necessary intelligence. The papers are full of practical interest; and there is hardly a branch of farming in respect to which it will not furnish advice well calculated to improve the land, and increase the profits of landlord and tenant. To them we recommend it, in the certainty that it will, in most cases, promote the desired end of making two blades grow where only one grew before.

Gilbert's Illustrated Map of the World, with a Companion. By R. Mudie. London, 1839. Grattan and Gilbert.

THIS is a most comprehensive and useful publication: a geographical library in two moderate sized volumes, the map folding into a thin octavo, and the companion forming only a small duodecimo. When we say that nearly all the information the student can need on the subject of the earth which we inhabit is to be found within this compass, we have said enough to recommend the work to general acceptance; and it is quite unnecessary for us to enter into the details of rivers, mountains, physical features, &c. &c., nor to state that Mr. Mudie has executed the task entrusted to him with great ability and judgment.

Italy, Spain, and Portugal, &c. By the Author of "Vathek." London, 1839. Bentley.

As a volume of Bentley's Library, this most pleasing work is happily reprinted. Taste and refinement are its ornaments in every portion; but as we have, in the course of our critical duties, already done honour to these recollections of a richly stored mind, we will not say more, but congratulate readers on having them again in a new edition, with a fine spirited portrait of their accomplished author, after Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Hints on Etiquette. London, 1839. Longman and Co.

A NINETEENTH edition!—why the world has gone mad after good manners and polite behaviour! It seems that there are some additions and alterations by a competent lady, and made in consequence of our changes since we had a queen to reign over us and give a new tone to society. We have not, however, time to undertake the important task of picking them out; and for ourselves are free to confess, that we see little difference within the last two years, except that more ladies gallop about on horseback.

Letters from Palestine; Written during a Residence there in 1836, 7, 8. By the Rev. J. D. Paxton. Pp. 262. London, 1839. Tilt.

OF a missionary character, Mr. Paxton has taken a plain and religious view of the many places and circumstances presented to his notice in Palestine. The volume is unambitious, and so far interesting; but there is nothing in it of novelty to require further notice from us, nor of superior observation to fix the attention of the well-informed public.

Cabinet Colloquies; or, Ministerial Manœuvres, &c. &c. 8vo. (London, Southgate.) A collection of political squibs against the Ministry, which seem to have been published weekly, and are now collected into one volume.

Practical Conservatism, &c. by R. Thorpe, Esq. Pp. 50. —An able and moderate pamphlet on the Conservative side.

Walker's Manly Exercises. Pp. 264. —A sixth edition shows how much these directions for cultivating healthful manly exercises are prized.

The Excitements of a Book to Induce Young People to Read. 1840. Edited by the Rev. Robert Jamieson. (Edinburgh, Johnson; London, Whittaker and Co.; Dublin, Curry and Co.) —This is the eleventh of the series, and a very various and judicious selection of strange tales,

adventures, anecdotes of men and animals, natural history, extracts from foreign travels, &c. &c. all well calculated for the intended purpose. A young person would have little or no taste for reading, who would not be induced to do so by many of these pieces. Four nice engravings also embellish this neat and pleasing Annual.

ARTS AND SCIENCES. ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

NOVEMBER 4. G. R. Waterhouse, Esq. V.P. in the chair.—A very extensive and valuable collection of works, relative to bee-culture and the honey-bee, was presented to the Society by the Rev. F. W. Hope; and other works were also presented, and members elected. Mr. Trenchard exhibited a singular variety of *Vanessa urtica*, and Mr. Hope a collection of insects from Sierra Leone, forwarded to him by Mr. Strachan, including specimens of two extremely rare Goliath beetles, *G. Togguatus* and *G. (Eudacilla) Morgani*. Mr. Newport exhibited, and made some observations upon, a specimen of *Scolopendra moritans*, one leg of which was of very small size, and had apparently been reproduced; upon which fact, interesting as being the first instance of such a circumstance amongst the *Myriapoda*, a discussion ensued amongst the members.—A paper, by Dr. Imhoff, of Basle, was read, consisting of critical observations upon Mr. Kirby's "Monographia Apum Angliæ;" and Mr. A. White communicated an extract relative to some extensive migrations of dragon-flies.

December 2. George Newport, Esq. V.P. in the chair.—Numerous works on entomology were presented by different members. Mr. Waterhouse exhibited the larva of one of the lamellicorn beetles, from the body of which a vegetable excrescence (*Sphaeria*?) of considerable size had grown. Other instances were also mentioned of a similar circumstance, especially that of a caterpillar common in New Zealand, which is often similarly infested, as well as specimens of North American *Cicada*. Dr. G. W. Calvert noticed the attacks to which his fields of standing corn had been subjected by a caterpillar, evidently that of one of the *Noctuidæ*, which fed upon the grains of wheat in the ears whilst standing in the field. He also exhibited the cocoon of a moth, within which a great number of the cocoons of a minute Ichneumonidous parasite were beautifully arranged in close connexion. Mr. Westwood also exhibited the nests of various species of social insects, in which they had either availed themselves of a common covering, or had arranged their cocoons in close contact together.—A memoir was read by W. W. Saunders, Esq. F.L.S. containing descriptions of new exotic *Diptera*, chiefly from East India. A further discussion took place relative to the reproduction of the limbs of the *Myriapoda*, in which Mr. Ashton drew the distinction between the reproduction of the limbs of the *Annulosa*, which only occurs at the period of moulting, and previous to the animals arriving at perfection, and that which is constantly going forward throughout the entire life of the higher animals.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

DEC. 20. Dr. Macraight, V.P. in the chair.—A donation of British plants by Mr. E. Lees was announced. Dr. Willshire communicated to the Society 'The present state of Knowledge in regard to the Evolution of Light from Plants.' This subject has of late years attracted attention on the Continent; but the phenomenon was first observed by the family of Linnaeus in *Tropœum majus*. Dead and living vegetable

structures emit light. Wood rotted in the air never shines; but only when buried in the earth, with the sap contained in it, is this curious property evidenced. This effect, moreover, Dr. Willshire observed, takes place only during the months of July and August, in warm, dry weather. Mushrooms, potatoes, &c. &c. were mentioned as evolving light during the putrefactive stage.

STATISTICAL SOCIETY.

T. R. EDMONDS, Esq. in the chair.—There was brought before the notice of the meeting a paper entitled 'An Outline of the Commercial Statistics of Ceylon,' by John Capper, Esq. From tables given by the writer, it appears that the imports of Ceylon have increased 70 per cent between 1833 and 1837. Of this the greater portion is in the trade with Great Britain, which shows an increase of 10 per cent from 1833 to 1835, and from that period to 1837, the enormous increase of 230 per cent. Of the articles imported, those which shew the greatest improvement are sugar, cotton, cloth, and millinery. Beer, tea, and wheat, have remained almost stationary; while there has been a decided falling off in the annual consumption of opium and spirits.—a most gratifying circumstance to the well-wishers of a labouring population. Out of 1,250,000, which is the present population of Ceylon, not 1000 are Europeans; and about 5000 or 6000 are of Portuguese extraction. Of the natives, there are about 200 headmen, or petty princes, and, perhaps, 4000 middlemen, of some property and influence. These being deducted, there are 1,244,800, of whom we may say the 44,800 are of a superior class, being servants in families, warehousekeepers, and messengers; and there then remain 1,200,000 of the very lowest order. As the reading of the paper was not concluded, we cannot proceed further with its details.—Mr. Baker (of Leeds, we believe) gave an oral account of the statistics of that large manufacturing town, founded on a report of that gentleman, inserted in the "Leeds Mercury." To that journal we therefore refer those of our readers much interested in the local statistics of Leeds.—Another paper was brought under observation; it was 'On the Social and Moral Statistics of Criminal Offenders, in reference to Preston and Lewes,' drawn up by Mr. Rawson, from two printed reports made to the government by the prison inspectors.

INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.

AN ordinary meeting of this Society (the second of the present session), was held on Monday evening last, Mr. G. Basevi in the chair.—The Council having announced, at the preceding meeting, their desire to form a collection of drawings, &c., illustrative of the works of Inigo Jones, several were presented and others promised. Mr. Britton exhibited a curious *facsimile* of a sketch-book which had belonged to Jones, and is now in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire. It is somewhat singular that this book does not contain a single architectural subject, but consists wholly of sketches from pictures and statues, with various MS. notes.—Mr. Cottam delivered a discourse on brickmaking by machinery, elucidatory of Lord Tweeddale's invention for the manufacture of bricks and drain-tiles. The clay is drawn out on a continuous web, and cut off at regular intervals. Bricks thus made are much more ponderous than those made by hand, being as eight to five. Mr. Godwin, jun., described a patent system of brickwork, in which the bricks are all rebated

together, and illustrated it by *extempore* diagrams.

LITERARY AND LEARNED. UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, Dec. 17.—The following degrees were conferred:

Bachelor in Civil Law.—F. Henney, Fellow of St. John's College.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. J. D. Day, Brasenose College, Grand Compounder; Rev. W. S. Crowdy, Lincoln College; Rev. N. Oxenham, W. D. Ryder, W. Hawkins, Exeter College; Rev. P. Scholfield, University College; Rev. T. B. Ferries, Trinity College.

Bachelors of Arts.—F. H. Bennett, Christ Church; R. M. Coley, Queen's College; G. B. Lee, J. Price, Fellows of New College; J. B. Hughes, Demy of Magdalen College; Rev. D. Jones, Jesus College; W. Twining, Balliol College; P. Sankey, St. John's College.

The subject for the Sesonian Prize Poem for the ensuing year is—"The Ministry of Angels."

CAMBRIDGE.—*Prize Subjects*.—I. The Chancellor's third gold medal for the encouragement of English Poetry for the best Ode, or the best Poem in heroic verse. The subject for the present year is—"Richard the First in Palestine."

II. The Representatives in Parliament.—Two Prizes of fifteen guineas each, for the encouragement of Latin Prose Composition, and two other Prizes of fifteen guineas each.

The subjects for the present year are—1. For the Bachelors, "In illa Philosophia, in qua de vita hominum et moribus disputatur, tractanda quibus principiis quasi fundamento inniti, quibusque potissimum ex fontibus recte vivendi precepta haurire oporteat." 2. For the Undergraduates, "Quid censes plausus et amici dona Quiritis?"

III. Sir William Browne's three gold medals, of the value of five guineas each, to such resident Undergraduates as shall compose—1. The best Greek Ode in imitation of Sappho; 2. The best Latin Ode in imitation of Horace; 3. The best Greek Epigram after the model of the Anthologia, and the best Latin Epigram after the model of Martial.

The subjects for the present year are—1. For the Greek Ode, "Eleusis;" 2. For the Latin Ode, "Illo Virgilium me tempore duce alectat Parthenope, studiis florentem ignobilis otii;" 3. For the Greek Epigram, "Dulce periculum;" 4. For the Latin Epigram, "Se sequiturque fugitque."

The Greek Ode may be accompanied by a literal Latin Prose Version.

IV. The Porson Prize (the interest of 400*l.* stock, to be annually employed in the purchase of one or more Greek books), the best translation of a proposed passage in Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, Massinger, or Beaumont and Fletcher, into Greek verse.

The subject for the present year is—Shakspeare, *Titulus and Cressida*, act I. scene 3, beginning

"The ample proposition that hope makes,"

and ending

"Made a toast for Neptune."

ROYAL SOCIETY.

The President's Address, concluded from our last.

EDMUND LAW LUSHINGTON was born in 1766, at the lodge of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, of which his grandfather, Bishop Law, was master. He became a student, and afterwards a fellow of Queen's College in that university, and attained the fourth place on the mathematical tripos in 1787. After practising for some years at the bar, he was appointed Chief Justice of Ceylon, a station which he filled for several years with great advantage to that colony. On his return from the East, he was made Auditor of the Exchequer, and also received from his uncle, Lord Ellenborough, the appointment of Master of the Crown Office. He was an intimate friend of Wollaston and Tennant; and though withdrawn by his pursuits from the active cultivation of science, he continued throughout his life to feel a deep interest in its progress. His acquaintance with classical and general literature was unusually extensive and varied, and he had the happiness of witnessing in his sons the successful cultivation of those studies which other and more absorbing duties had compelled him to abandon. Mr. Lushington was a man of a cheerful temper, of very courteous and pleasing manners, temperate and tolerant in all his opinions, and exemplary in the discharge both of his public and private duties: few per-

sons have ever been more sincerely beloved either by their friends or by the members of their families. Mr. George Saunders was formerly architect to the British Museum, where he built the Townley Gallery: he was also a diligent and learned antiquary, and the author of a very interesting and valuable paper in the twenty-sixth volume of the "Archæologia," containing the results of an inquiry concerning the condition and extent of the city of Westminster at various periods of our history.—The only foreign members whom the Royal Society has lost during the last year are the Baron de Prony, one of the most distinguished engineers and mathematicians of the age; and the venerable Pierre Prevost, formerly Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Geneva.

—Gaspard Clair Francois Marie Riche de Prony, was born in the department of the Rhone in 1775, and became a pupil, at an early age, of the Ecole des Ponts et Chaussées, where he pursued his mathematical and other studies with great application, and with more than common success. He was subsequently employed, as an adjunct of M. Perronet, the chief of that school, in many important works, and particularly in the restoration of the Port of Dunkirk; and in 1786, he drew up the engineering plan for the erection of the Pont Louis XVI., and was employed in superintending its execution. M. de Prony had already appeared before the public, first as the translator of General Roy's "Account of the Methods employed for the Measurement of the Base on Hounslow Heath," which was the basis of the most considerable geodesical operation which had at that time been undertaken; and subsequently, as the author of an essay of considerable merit, "On the Construction of Indeterminate Equations of the Second Degree." In 1790 and 1797, appeared his great work, in two large volumes, entitled "Nouvelle Architecture Hydraulique," which is a very complete and systematic treatise on mechanics, hydrostatics, and hydraulics, and more particularly on the principles of the steam-engine and hydraulical engineering. In 1792, he was appointed to superintend the execution of the Cadastre, or great territorial and numerical survey of France, —a gigantic undertaking, the subsequent execution of which, during the revolutionary government, combined with the establishment of the bases of the decimal metrical system, gave employment and development to so many and such important scientific labours and discoveries: among many other laborious duties, the formation of the extensive tables devolved upon M. de Prony, who, in the course of two years, organised and instructed a numerous body of calculators, and completed the immense "Tables du Cadastre," which are still preserved in MSS. at the library of the observatory in seventeen enormous folio volumes. M. de Prony became Directeur-Général des Ponts et Chaussées in 1794, and was nominated the first professor of mechanics to the Ecole Polytechnique; —an appointment which led to the publication of many very important memoirs on mechanical and hydraulical subjects, and on various problems of engineering, which appeared in the Journal of that celebrated school. He declined the invitation of Napoleon to become a member of the Institute of Egypt, —a refusal which was never entirely forgotten or pardoned. In the beginning of the present century, he was engaged in the execution of very extensive works connected with the embankments towards the embouchure of the Po, and in the ports of Genoa, Ancona, Pola, Venice, and the Gulf of Spezia; and in 1810, he was

appointed, in conjunction with the celebrated Count Fossombroni of Florence, the head of the Commissionne de l'Agro Romano, for the more effectual drainage and improvement of the Pontine Marshes. The result of his labours in this very important task, which he prosecuted with extraordinary zeal and success, was embodied in his "Description Hydrographique et Historique des Marais Pontins," which appeared in 1822, which contains a very detailed description of the past, present, and prospective condition of these pestilential regions, and a very elaborate scientific discussion of the general principles which should guide us, in this and all similar cases, in effecting their permanent restoration to healthiness and fertility. After the return of the Bourbons, M. de Prony continued to be employed in various important works, and more particularly in the formation of some extensive embankments towards the mouth of the Rhone. In 1817, he was made a member of the Bureau des Longitudes; and in the following year he was elected one of the fifty foreign members of the Royal Society. In 1823, he was created a baron by Charles X., and was made a peer of France in 1836. He died in great tranquillity at Aonieres near Paris, in July last, in the eighty-fourth year of his age. The Baron de Prony was a man of singularly pleasing manners, of very lively conversation, and of great evenness of temper. He was one of the most voluminous writers of his age, generally upon mathematical and other subjects connected with his professional pursuits; and though we should not be justified in placing him on the same level with some of the great men with whom he was associated for so many years of his life, yet he is one of those of whom his country may justly be proud, whether we consider the extent and character of his scientific attainments, or the great variety of important, practical, and useful labours in which his life was spent.—Pierre Prevost was born in 1751, and was originally destined to follow the profession of his father, who was one of the pastors of Geneva: at the age of twenty, however, he abandoned the study of theology for that of the law, the steady pursuit of which, in time, gave way to his ardent passion for literature and philosophy: at the age of twenty-two, he became private tutor in a Dutch family, and afterwards accepted a similar situation in the family of M. Delessert, first at Lyons, and afterwards at Paris. It was in this latter city that he commenced the publication of the translation of Euripides, beginning with the tragedy of "Orestes;" —a work which made him advantageously known to some of the leading men in that great metropolis of literature, and led to his appointment, in 1780, to the professorship of philosophy in the College of Nobles, and also to a place in the Academy of Berlin, on the invitation of Frederick the Great. Being thus established in a position where the cultivation of literature and philosophy became as much a professional duty as the natural accomplishment of his own wishes and tastes, he commenced a life of more than ordinary literary activity and productiveness. In the course of four years which he passed at Berlin, he published "Observations sur les Méthodes employées pour enseigner la Morale; sur la Théorie des Gains Fortuits; sur le Mouvement Progressif du Centre de Gravité de tout le Système Solaire; sur l'Origine des Vitesses Projectiles; sur l'Economie des Audiens Gouvernements; sur l'Etat des Finances d'Angleterre;" and he also completed the three first volumes of his translation of Euripides. There were, in fact, few departments of liter-

ature or philosophy which were not comprehended in the extensive range of his studies and publications. In the year 1784, he returned to Geneva to attend the death-bed of his father, when he was induced to accept the chair of belles-lettres in the University,—an appointment which he found on trial little suited to his taste, and which he shortly afterwards resigned. For some years after this period he was compelled, more by circumstances than by inclination, to partake largely in those political discussions which for some years agitated his native city, and which afterwards, resumed upon a wider theatre, shook to its centre the whole framework of European society; but he gradually withdrew himself from political life on his appointment to the chair of natural philosophy in 1792; and devoted himself from thenceforth, with renewed activity and ardour, to pursuits which were most congenial to his tastes. In 1790, M. Prevost published his "Mémoire sur l'Equilibre du Feu;" and in the following year, his "Recherches sur la Chaleur." These important memoirs were followed by many others on the same subject, in various scientific journals; and the general results of all his researches and discoveries were exhibited, in a systematic form, in his well-known work, "Sur le Calorique Rayonnant," which was published in 1806, and in which he fully developed his theory of exchanges, and was enabled to give a consistent explanation of the principal facts which were at that time known respecting the nature and propagation of heat. It would be impossible, in the very short compass within which this notice is necessarily confined, to enumerate even a small part of the publications of an author whose pursuits were so various, and whose labours were so unremitting. He contributed papers to our "Transactions" in 1797 and 1803; the first containing an explanation of some optical experiments of Lord Brougham; and the second, some remarks on heat and on the action of bodies which intercept it, with reference to a paper by Dr. Herschel; and in 1806, he became one of the foreign members of our body. In 1799, he obtained the first accessit for an essay, "Sur l'Influence des Signes Relativement à la Formation des Idées," which was written for a prize, adjudged to the celebrated Degerando, proposed by the Institute of France; and he was shortly afterwards elected a corresponding member of that body. His "Essais de Philosophie, et Etudes de l'Esprit Humain," appeared in 1804, to which were appended some very remarkable essays of his friend and ancient preceptor Le Sage, of whom he published a most interesting life in the following year. He likewise published, in very rapid succession, translations of the "Rhetoric" of Blair; the essays and posthumous works of Adam Smith; the "Elements of Philosophy" of Dugald Stewart; the "Essay on Population," by Malthus; "Salt's Travels in Abyssinia;" the "Conversations on Political Economy," of his wife's sister-in-law, Mrs. Marcet; and many other works of less importance and interest. In 1823, at the age of seventy-two, though still vigorous and active, both in body and mind, he resigned the professorship of natural philosophy, in wise anticipation of the approach of that period of life when men naturally feel reluctant to acknowledge the decline of their faculties, or incompetent to perceive it. From this time, though still consulted by his colleagues and fellow-citizens on every important subject connected with the Academy or the state, he retired into the bosom of his

family which contained within itself, in a very uncommon degree, every element of tranquillity, contentment, and happiness. His own temper was singularly equable and tranquil; and his tastes and pursuits, which rarely left his time unoccupied, saved him from that *lædium vite* which sometimes renders old age querulous and discontented. Thus happily disposed and happily circumstanced, it is not wonderful that his life should have been prolonged beyond the ordinary limits of humanity. He died on the eighth of April, in the eighty-eighth year of his age, surrounded by his family, and deeply regretted by all who knew him. The philosophical character of M. Prevost had been greatly influenced by that of his master Le Sage, a man of great originality and profundity of thought, but whose speculations, particularly those which attempted the explanation of the cause of gravity, trespassed somewhat beyond the proper limits of philosophy. We consequently find him disposed to explain the laws of the propagation of heat and light on the most simple mechanical principles, and to trace their origin and progress much further than the experiments or facts will properly warrant; thus giving to his conclusions, in many cases, a much more hypothetical character than would otherwise have attached to them. M. Prevost had little acquaintance with the more refined resources of modern analysis; and his researches on many important branches of experimental and philosophical inquiry were consequently limited to reasonings which could be carried on by the most simple algebraical or geometrical processes. But, notwithstanding the restrictions which were thus imposed on his progress, the range of his philosophical researches was unusually extensive and various, and his discoveries on heat must always be considered as constituting a most important epoch in a branch of science which has recently received so extraordinary a developement in the hands of Fourier, Forbes, Melloni, and other philosophers.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Thursday.—Zoological, 3 P.M.
Friday.—Botanical, 8 P.M.
Saturday.—Asiatic, 2 P.M.; Westminster Medical, 8 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

VASE IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.
To the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*.

DEAR SIR,—Having seen in your Journal for last week an account of a discovery of certain inscriptions found upon the Portland Vase, you will allow me to correct the error into which your informant has led you. The vase referred to is that commonly known as the Hamilton Vase, it being by far the best of that collection; and, indeed, scarcely a doubt can exist as to its being, up to the present moment, the very best specimen of Greek fictile art in the National Collection. I am not aware of the locality where this magnificent piece of design was found, but it is of the style of art which is generally supposed to have issued from the manufactories of Nola in Campania; which are secondary in point of age to those made at Vulci, but are unrivalled in the deep black, or metallic tint approaching an invisible green, of their back-grounds, and the deep red or orange material which is seen upon the surface in the parts indicative of the figures, and in their execution and elegance. The vase is large, approaching a couple of feet in height, and its shape nearly approaches those we see on the

heads of the *Idæiques*, or female water-drawers, on several efforts of the Vulcian artists. M. Panofka has termed the shape *calpé*; in which he has been followed by M. Edward Gerhard; which will be sufficient to direct any inquirer as to its form, although I suspend giving any opinion as to the propriety of conferring it on any particular vase. That the vase has always been of the highest estimation, I need only point out that it appears in the portrait of Sir W. Hamilton, in the Print-room, at his side, and it has obtained the highest encomiums of all true judges of ancient art. M. Gerhard, in examining this vase during his stay in England this year, found out a name over the head of one of the personages; another was pointed out, and all the inscriptions subsequently discovered. From this it appears that the myth, or story, is totally distinct from that assigned to it by M. d'Hancarville, in his publication of the vases of the Hamilton Collection. The names of almost every figure are inscribed upon the vase, with the addition of that of the maker; but justice requires they should await the explanation of M. Gerhard, who is on the eve of publishing them, having had drawings made of the vase for that purpose. This explanation is necessary, because the vase called the Portland Vase is fabricated of glass, consequently not fictile, and is never, under any circumstances, removed from the position where it is deposited by its noble proprietor.

A CORRESPONDENT.

London, 23d December, 1839.

GRECIAN ANTIQUITIES.

THE British Museum has recently acquired, by purchase from the Rev. Mr. Arundale, a funeral monument executed in Asia Minor. It is in form of a stoa, or porch, and represents in the highest relief a youth who has apparently just issued from a bath: he is naked, standing with his peplon gracefully thrown upon his shoulder, and twisted round his left arm. In his right hand he holds a xytra, or strigil, and in his other some object of the toilet. On the upper part of the monument is inscribed ΤΡΥΦΩΝ ΕΤΤΥΧΟΥ . . . "Tryphon, the son of Eutyclus" . . . and the lacune, according to the ordinary form of sepulchral monuments, has probably contained his birth-place. The name of Tryphon is familiar to archaeologists during the epoch of the Seleucids, as an usurper so called possessed the Syrian crown for three years after the death of Antiochus the Sixth. A grammarian of Alexandria, of the reign of Augustus, and a slave, are known of the same name. The name of Eutyclus also appears in the New Testament. The monument in question does not, in point of style, belong to the excellent character of work which characterised the second century previous to the Christian era, and more probably approaches the period of Augustus. It is of white marble, much stained and corroded with exposure to the weather; and has, to all appearance, been attached by iron rivets, or stanchions, to its place of destination.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Sketches in the Basque Provinces of Spain.
Drawn and Lithographed by Sydney Crocker and Bligh Barker. M'Lean.

ALTHOUGH the spirited and masterly works of Roberts and Lewis have in some degree satisfied the public curiosity with respect to the picturesque scenery of Spain, and the no less picturesque character, costume, and manners of the Spanish people, the publication before us tends very agreeably to fill up the bold outline

sketched by the able artists to whom we have alluded; the more especially, as it relates exclusively to that portion of Spain which ancient and modern history, and the political convulsions which, to the disgrace of the other states of Europe, are still allowed to agitate it, combine to render peculiarly interesting. Of the twenty-three compositions which form the volume, we would point out as among the most pleasing,—"Oyarzun," "Chapel Gorris," "Prado de San Sebastian," "El Fandango," "El Muleteir," "Hernani," "El Padre Cura," "Bizcaino," "La Señorita," "Vittoria," "Los Frayles," and "Lago de Pasages."

Stothard's Illustrations of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. Seeleys.

A REPUBLICATION of the lamented Stothard's charming and characteristic designs from Bunyan's immortal work.—(See also Review.)

GRAPHIC SOCIETY.

THE meetings have commenced in December, instead of January; and the last will be in May instead of June,—an improvement in the regulations of this interesting association, since it will cut off one of the least agreeable, owing to the heat of summer, in which it was heretofore held. The first meeting was very well attended by members and their friends, and many objects of interest were placed on the tables. One was a woven portrait of Jaquard, the celebrated improver of the loom in France. It is woven by a process of his own invention, was executed to honour his memory, and is every way worthy of its object. So beautiful is the work, that the eminent engravers present at the meeting were deceived as to the style of the engraving. This work was sent to Mr. Morrison by the Committee of Manufactures of Lyons. Some fine specimens of still life by Daguerre were shewn, and they are exquisite representations in chiaro-scuro, but requiring to be examined in a particular light, and close. They are useless for the decoration of our walls, and are, from their being necessarily glazed, unfit for portfolios. The art is, hitherto, more curious than useful. Among the architects' drawings were Mr. Barry's plans and elevations for the houses of parliament: they were exquisitely drawn, and very interesting as representations of what will be the finest structure in the world. Mr. Brockedon contributed a folio of drawings for a forthcoming work of selected Italian scenes. Mr. Arundale, some very interesting drawings of Colonel Vyse's researches in the Pyramids of Egypt. Mr. Bell's books of sketches and studies, and many other works, were shewn; and the commencement of these gratifying meetings not only promised well for the season, but is evidence of the spirit with which the Graphic Society is sustained.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

WHY DID I LOVE!

WHY did I love! If only to be parted
From the dear form I once deemed all mine own?
Broken in health and spirits,—broken-hearted,
Where is the sorrow that I have not known?

Why did I love!

WHY did I love! I reckon not; 't was a gladness
On her fair face to look, and kiss her brow;
And then she'd smile, and then away went Sadness—
Sadness and she each other could not know.

Why did I love!

WHY did I love! It could not be her beauty,—
'T was not her beauty held in thrall my heart;
Minstrels may sing, "Love is man's sweetest duty;"
Ay, but 't is one not all without a smart!

Why did I love!

I have not blamed her—I could blame her never;
Both have been wronged, the lover and the loved;

As flows the stream, so true-love loves for ever—
Sorrow and sighs my passion's strength have proved.
Why did I love!

Why am I left alone, while all around me
Find some fond mate their lot in life to share?
Fetters, I may not, cannot break, have bound me—
Else would I soar, free denizen of air!

Why did I love!

'T is a dark thralldom, when a dungeon prison
Sees some proud, eagle spirit, there confined;
Yet 't is a darker, when Hope's star, scarce risen,
Sets, all at once, upon the prison'd mind.

Why did I love!

Norfolk Street, Dec. 20th.

H. B.

STANZAS FOR NEW-YEAR'S EVE.

No single trace of grief to-day—
The world has banished sorrow;
Every living soul is gay,
A year begins to-morrow.

A thousand years are past and gone,
And yet a thousand times
Men have united every one,
To welcome in their chimes;

Forgetting that they older grow,
The more of years are sped,
And that the one they welcome now
May close upon them dead.

Next year will be no fairer year
Than any that are past;
Though time may dry the fallen tear,
It makes it not the last.

Desire may be the merrier guide,
But Memory is more true;
And better knowledge has, beside,
To teach us how to do.

When Hope exceeds reality,
It calls the treasured joy;
Its own reward—calm memory—
Unpromised, cannot cloy.

Poor are the noblest aims of man,
Weak his most daring scheme;
Then, for the conduct of his plan,
Better reflect than dream.

For counsel, turn your gaze upon
The past, an open book;
The future will be sometime gone,
Then fitter for our look.

But, hark! from every church I hear
That animating chime—
A farewell to the parting year,
A challenge to old Time.

Now hundreds, that have cheated Sleep
To see the new year in,
Will to their beds contented creep,
And laugh as though they win!

Come on, New Year! and though I greet
Thee not when now begun,
The next I shall no kinder meet,
When thy brief sand is run.

J. N. O.

ANACREONTICA.

I.

Σὺ μὲν λίγυς τὰ Θέβης, κ. τ. λ.

SING who will of Troy divine,
Or of Thebes and Cadmus' line;
To me such themes no rapture bring,—
My fettered heart alone I sing.
Nor warrior on the tented plain,
Nor galley on the heaving main,
Me captive led:—ah, no! my hapless heart,
'T was Beauty's eyes that shot the fatal dart.

R. B. S.

II.

Μὰ μὲ φῶγος ὦψα
Τὴν πάλιν, κ. τ. λ.

Fly me not, although my tresses
Now, alas! with years are gray;

Nor deem my fond caresses,
Brightest bud of blooming May!
See! how fair yon garlands shine,
Where with roses lilies twine!

R. B. S.

ON LUCY SINGING.

AGAIN, fair Siren, sing that lay;—
Sweet was its melting close,
As when at dawn the breath of May
O'er new-waked violets blows.

Saint Cecily, as legends feign,
Drew angels from the sky;
And thou, with thy prevailing strain,
Dost lift my soul on high.

For seraph hymns let others long,
Or music of the spheres;
While Lucy sings her witching song
All heaven is in my ears.

R. B. S.

BIOGRAPHY.

JAMES SMITH, ESQ.

ON Tuesday, died at his residence, in Craven Street, James Smith, Esq., in his sixty-fifth year. His life had been a pleasant one, and his death was calm and tranquil, though he had for many years suffered severely from gout. Of an associate and friend, to whom we were sincerely attached,—in whose company we have enjoyed so many gay and happy hours, the loss is yet too recent to allow us to say what our feelings would prompt. In society, good-humour, a vast fund of anecdote, the fruits of a memory of such extraordinary tenacity that it seemed to forget nothing he had ever seen, heard, or read; a playfulness of wit, a readiness to oblige, a total abstinence from every thing that could pain or offend; in short, all the best qualities of a most agreeable, entertaining, and instructive member of social and intelligent circles, were combined in James Smith. No wonder that he was courted by them, and that the more intimately he was known the more highly was he esteemed and beloved. As one of the authors (with his brother, Horatio) of the "Rejected Addresses," the best *jeu d'esprit* of the kind ever produced; the popular appreciation of his talents ranked him among the most successful writers of our time: but the infinite number of his contributions to the *facétie* of the day, and the polite literature which floats about without taking a separate and substantial form, would, if collected together, stamp him as one of the most voluminous as well as most delightful ornaments of the press. Gentlemanly mirth and good fellowship have had an eclipse by his death; and many, very many a cheerful party, will have a cast of sorrow thrown over it when his name is named and his excellences remembered.

DAVIES GILBERT, ESQ.

SCIENCE has also, and on the same day, suffered a heavy loss by the decease of Mr. Davies Gilbert, at Eastbourne, aged seventy-three. Mr. Gilbert was long a distinguished member of parliament, and for a while President of the Royal Society. To write a memoir or character of him, whose long life was so devoted to important objects, would require many sheets, and we have but a small space to allow. Suffice it, therefore, to notice, that he was a man of extraordinary attainments, one of the first mathematicians of the age, much attached to literary pursuits, particularly of an antiquarian description, of a very amiable disposition, and of the most simple habits and manners. Universal respect attended him

throughout his career; and many attached friends will deplore his departure, even at the patriarchal period, beyond threescore and ten years.

JOSEPH ALLEN, ESQ.

It is with great regret we announce the death of this able artist and excellent man. Mr. Allen was the son of an intelligent and respectable mathematical and optical instrument-maker in Birmingham. At the period of his boyhood, Birmingham was "the great toy-shop of Europe." Among the fashionable productions of that day were large teaboards, trays, &c., on which were painted elaborate copies, many of them executed with extraordinary skill, of "The Death of Wolfe," "The Battle of La Hogue," "The Loss of the Halsewell, East Indian," and similar subjects. Young Allen was engaged for some years in a manufactory of those articles; anxious, however, to devote himself to a more legitimate pursuit of the fine arts, he repaired to London, and became a student at the Royal Academy, where he was distinguished by the correctness of his eye and the facility of his hand, and obtained the silver medal for the best drawing of a figure from the life. Having thus laid the only sound foundation of eminence in his profession, he endeavoured to obtain employment as an historical painter; but, like many other young artists of talent, was soon compelled to descend to portrait-painting, in which department of the arts he laboured for a considerable time with but scanty encouragement. At length, a gentleman from North Wales happening to sit to him, was so pleased with the result, that he persuaded him to visit Wrexham; and, being introduced to the principal families in that town and neighbourhood, Mr. Allen speedily found himself in extensive and lucrative practice. In this vicinity, occasionally making excursions to Manchester, Preston, Lancaster, Kendal, and other places in the north of England, he lived for several years respected and happy. Ambition, however, "that last infirmity of noble minds," seduced him to try his fortune again in the metropolis; and he took the house in Caroline Street, Bedford Square, which had been formerly occupied by Mr. Abbot. The experiment proved a failure. In the country Mr. Allen had no equal, in London he had several superiors; added to which, he was much too modest and honourable a man to have recourse to any of those petty artifices which are frequent ingredients in professional success. During this arduous struggle, Mr. Allen produced several works which did him high credit, especially a study from an old woman's head; which, under the title of "Resignation," was exhibited at Somerset House, and excited universal admiration.* Even his most ordinary portrait had that in it which shewed that it was the performance of no vulgar pencil. Finding, however, that he could not cope with such powerful competitors as Lawrence, Beechey, Phillips, Shee, Owen, &c., he wisely broke up his town establishment, and returned to that provincial district in which he was lord of the ascendant. As old age advanced, Mr. Allen moderated his professional exertions; until, eventually, being in easy, although not in affluent circumstances, he retired to Erdington, a small village near Birmingham, and there, in a cottage which he inhabited jointly with his two sisters, spent the remainder of his days in a truly philosophical and Christian spirit and manner. His death

took place on the 19th of November, 1839, in the seventy-first year of his age. For above twenty years his health had been gradually decaying, his head reclined on one side, and his speech was not easily intelligible, but his mind was perfectly clear until within a short period of his decease. His whole appearance was that of one ripe for the great change which the course of his reading, and the frame of his disposition, had led him patiently and humbly to contemplate. The day before his death was a day of severe suffering, but he expired in the arms of his sister, Miss Allen, without a sigh. His remains were interred in the burying-ground of a neighbouring chapel, to the erection of which he had been a liberal contributor; and never did the grave close over a man of greater kindness, firmness, independence, and integrity.

W. H. W.

THE DRAMA.

PANTOMIMES every where on Friday night! We fear from our reports, however, that the Genius of the Scene has departed. That broad humour and laughter-moving fun have almost made their final *exeat omnes* from this species of entertainment, and that the introduction of the letters I O into its drama (converting it into *D(rama)*) is very far from being an improvement. At *Drury Lane*, *Jack Sheppard* was the framework, and little of merriment could be expected from that theme. The masks were grotesque enough; but, in truth, the announcements in the bill of fare were superior to their fulfilment in representation. A cocoa-nut dance was the most successful hit in the piece. The *Columbine* is rather thin, but danced well; and the *Harlequin*, very agile. The *Clown* and *Pantaloon* forgot that their parts required silence. The intolerable nuisance of their speaking was destructive of the pantomime, not only here but at *Covent Garden*, and other theatres.

At *Covent Garden* the Introduction, with the *Great Bed of Ware*, was well done and amusing; but the rest fell off, with the exception of three or four changes. The most laughable incident was an extempore one. A pig, engaged to come from a hog in armour, displayed singular talent, and leapt among the fiddlers with a squeak of most musical character. We were not sure if an *encore* took place, but the performer reappeared on the stage, played at bo-peep with *Harlequin*, and again descended into the orchestra, breaking a lamp in his course—the managers must double his *celery*. The chief fault of the whole was the perpetual going on of a double action, whilst the spectators could only attend to one. Thus *Harlequin*, *Columbine*, and the *Merrie Devil*, were working away on one side; and the *Clown* and *Pantaloon* getting up tricks and postures on the other. The scenery and dresses were very good. When abridged, perhaps, these entertainments, at both theatres, will tell more effectually. We have not time to criticise the pictures.

Adelphi.—Under the regular fairy-tale-like title of *Harlequin and Mother Red Cap*; or, *Merlin and the Fairy Snowdrop*, a pleasant pantomime is provided for our holiday friends at this theatre. We shall refrain from any remarks on it this week, as, from a small part of the stage having given way, the action of the tricks and transformations was considerably impeded. Still a few of the scenes, and one especially, in which the bold pantomimist ventured to shew off a little Prince Albert, a little Queen, and many little political characters,

were loudly applauded. Still, under circumstances, it would not be fair to give a decided opinion of the merits, but we may add that there is a splendid *Oramamimekamousika* (a capital word, if our readers can understand what it means), consisting of some very beautiful scenery, painted by that promising artist, Mr. W. Jelbin.

SHAKSPEARE IN A NEW LIGHT.

WE are favoured with a few specimens of a new selection of the Beauties of "Shakspeare, alias the Immortal Bard, alias the Swan of Avon." These are the words of our obliging correspondent. Who that correspondent may be we are uncertain; but his communication being dated Little Pedlington, we incline to think him either the elegant Hoppy, or the tuneful Jubb. Had the learned Rummings been still living, we should undoubtedly have named him.

It may be known to most of our readers that Dr. Dodd published a volume of "Beauties," collected from the same inexhaustible source; and Dr. Dodd was hanged. We do not assert that he suffered for that particular offence; nor shall we consider what fate our readers may think due to the perpetrator of the present: for giving publicity to it we excuse ourselves by pleading the holiday season, which permits the indulgence in a little Tom-foolery.

Questions, Replies, and Observations, selected for their Wisdom or their Wit.

"King John. Is this Ascension-day?"

King John, Act V. Scene 1.

"Prince. What say'st thou, Jack?"

To which the witty Falstaff replies,

"The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras."

Henry IV. Act III. Scene 2.

"Anne. I pray you, sir, walk in."

Shander. I had rather walk here, I thank you."

Merry Wives, Act I. Scene 1.

"Ford. 'Tis past eight already, sir."

Falstaff. Is it?"

Ibid. Act III. Scene 5.

"Olivio. Let the garden door be shut."

Twelfth Night, Act III. Scene 2.

"Duke. I pray you, tell me, hath any body inquired for me here to-day?"

Marianna. You have not been inquired after: I have sat here all day."

Measure for Measure, Act IV. Scene 1.

"Shylock. Antonio is a good man."

Basanio. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?"

Shylock. No, no, no, no."

Merchant of Venice, Act I. Scene 2.

"Macbeth. Ride you this afternoon?"

Banquo. Ay, my good lord."

Macbeth, Act III. Scene 1.

"Macb. Ring the alarm bell."

Ibid. Act V. Scene 5.

"Othello. Lend me thy handkerchief."

Ishem. I have it not about me."

Othello, Act III. Scene 4.

"Bardolph. Well met, Corporal Nym."

Nym. Good morrow, Lieutenant Bardolph."

Henry V. Act II. Scene 1.

"Gloster. Go, Lovel, with all speed to Doctor Shaw."

Richard III. Act III. Scene 5.

"King. Is ink and paper ready?"

Ratcliffe. It is, my lord."

Ibid. Act V. Scene 2.

"Juliet. At what o'clock to-morrow shall I send to thee?"

Romeo. At the hour of nine."

Romeo and Juliet, Act II. Scene 2.

"Revalind. Are you not good?"

Orlando. I hope so."

As You Like It, Act IV. Scene 1.

"Jaques. Which is he that killed the deer?"

1st Lord. Sir, it was I."

Ibid. Act IV. Scene 4.

"Bernardo. Long live the king!"

Hamlet, Act I. Scene 1.

"Hamlet. Where's your father?"

Ophelia. At home, my lord."

Ibid. Act III. Scene 1.

"Owls. Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark."

Hamlet. I humbly thank you, sir."

Ibid. Act V. Scene 2.

* This fine picture is, we believe, in the possession of Mr. Cooke, of Houston, in Yorkshire.

Kingly Divinity.
 "Crier. Henry, king of England, come into the court.
 King. Here!" *Henry VIII.* Act III. Scene 2.
 "Lear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner; go, get it ready."
King Lear, Act I. Scene 1.
Patrician Condescension.
 "Cortolienus. Mother, I am going to the market-place."
Cortolienus, Act III. Scene 2.
Impressive Roman Leave-taking.
 "Cassius. Good night, my lord.
 Brutus. Good night, good brother.
 Titinius. Good night, Lord Brutus.
 Brutus. Good night, every one."
Julius Caesar, Act IV. Scene 3.
Caliban, a Teetotaler.
 "Caliban. Take his bottle from him."
Tempest, Act III. Scene 2.

With this, which throws an entirely new light upon the character of the monster, we conclude; so, commending these beauties to the admiration of our readers, we wish them a happy new year.

VARIETIES.

Jeu d'Esprit.—The following piece of drolery was the return of a humorous friend of ours (whose name might readily be guessed even if we refrained from alluding to the author of "Paul Pry," and historiographer of "Little Pedlington,") to an invitation for an evening party; which not only insisted on his company, but required to know what he could do for the entertainment of the company. In answer, he transmitted this laughable

"Programme of Mr. P.—'s performances, at Mrs. A.—'s Ball and Concert, on Tuesday evening, ———, 1839.

Part the First.

Overture, 'Freyschütz' Whistled by Mr. P.—
 Scena ed Aria, 'Dove Sono' by Mr. P.—
 Concerto on three Violins (Paganini), in C minor by Mr. P.—
 Chorus, 'He gave them hall-stones' Sung by Mr. P.—
 Duet, 'Cruel Perche' Sung by Mr. P.—
 Grand Quartette, two Violins, Tenor and Violoncello (Beethoven) by Mr. P.—
 Grand Scena ed Aria, 'Misera Pargolitti' (Medea) with two live Children by Mr. P.—
 Grand Symphony (Haydn), No. 10 by Mr. P.—
 At the end of Part the First the Cachucha will be danced by Mr. P.—, who will also exhibit his wonderful performances on One Tight Rope and a Half!

Part the Second.

Sinfonia Pastorale (Beethoven), in order to give the fullest effect to which he will 'numerously augment himself' by Mr. P.—
 Comic Song, 'Angels ever bright and fair' (Handel) by Mr. P.—
 Grand Concertante, Piano-forte, Harp, Clarinet, French Horn, and Double Drums by Mr. P.—
 Coronation Anthem, (Handel) Sung by Mr. P.—
 'O Nume Benefico,' (Rossini) arranged for six voices, and Sung by Mr. P.—
 Glee, 'Glorious Apollo' Sung by Mr. P.—
 Fantasia, Flute and Oboe Composed and executed by Mr. P.—
 Finale, 'Dead March in Saul,' (Handel) performed on the Castanets by Mr. P.—

* * In the course of the evening Mr. P.— will have the honour of Jumping out of the Front Attic Window and in again; and the whole will be concluded by his unparalleled feat of eating Seventeen Strawberry Ices and Three Wings of One Chicken! 12

The Comet.—The comet, it appears, from letters in "The Times," was seen on Thursday morning by Sir J. South, at Kenaington, and its daily position for the remainder of the year calculated from the Altona observations by Mr. W. S. B. Woolhouse. Sir James states that it was near *Sigma* in the constellation *Serpens*, and just entering that of *Ophiuchus*. It will reach its perihelion this day week.

Literary Property in France.—In the king's speech, his majesty states to the Chambers that they will have to legislate on the condition of literary property and public instruction,—two most important subjects.

The Post-Office Almanack, on a broad sheet, is valuable for giving us all the details of the new Post-Office Regulations, the sailing of

packets, charges, &c. &c.; in fact, all that one needs of information on the subject of epistolary correspondence. We observe that a notice has been officially issued from the Post-Office, charging this sheet as a *piracy*, and forbidding its sale.

The Metropolitan Bills of Mortality for the year ending December 10th:—

Males christened	9455
Females	9564
	19019
Males buried	9405
Females	9379
	18683

Besides 832 still-born children (a large proportion). Consumption is the most fatal disease, the deaths from that cause alone amounting to 1974; the next in order are convulsions, 1218; inflammation, 677; fever, 530; measles, 478; droopy, 451; and casualties, 375. We lament to see smallpox at the figure of 230.

Railroad Carriages.—The "Prussian State Gazette" informs us, that a M. Kalkenheimer has invented a new kind of carriage for railways, which will cost only 2500 francs each, and which may be moved at the rate of six French leagues in an hour, without steam or horse-power. It states that a carriage, containing twenty-four persons, may be moved with the force of a single man.

Gilbert's Modern Atlas.—We have to acknowledge the first and second numbers of this pretty and cheap atlas. The principal novelty is, that the maps are accompanied by very elaborate letterpress from the popular pen of Mr. Robert Mudie.

Amplified provided for.—Two sailors were one day sitting on the gunwale of their ship, drinking grog, when one said to the other, "This is meat and drink, Jack;" he happened at that moment to fall overboard, when his facetious companion coolly said, "And now you've got washing and lodging, Tom."

The Periodical Press in Germany is about to be regulated by the promulgation of a general law.

EPICRAM.

A Gentleman Presents a Lady with a Ring.

"ACCEPT sweet maid, this golden pledge,
 Nor let my gift offend;
 An emblem of my love for you,
 This circle has no end."

"Sweet youth," I do accept thy gift,
 Nor do I think *Mr* shining;
 'Tis also like my love for you,
 As it has no beginning."—*L. Srv.*

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Nearly ready, an Appendix (uniformly printed), to the London Catalogue of Books, containing the New Publications, and the New Editions of such Works as have been altered in price, &c. during the year 1839.

No. I. of the "Colonial Magazine, and Commercial-Maritime Journal," a new monthly periodical edited by R. Montgomery Martin, Esq., is announced to begin the year. A periodical to make known the state of our colonies has long been a desideratum; and in such hands, we trust, this will fulfil every public expectation.

In the Press.

The Life and Services of General Lord Harris, by the Right Hon. S. R. Lushington, his private secretary, and late Governor of Madras. With an Original Portrait.—The Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences, by Professor Whewell, Author of "A History of the Inductive Sciences."—A new edition of "Dr. D'Oyly's Life of Archbishop Sancho."—A History of Literature, by Dr. W. C. Taylor.—The Victory of Faith, and other Sermons, by Julius Charles Hare, M.A.—A new edition of "Fuller's

* Besides the general head inflammation, there are inflammation of the bowels, 160; of the brain, 134; and of the lungs, 315.

† Also intermittent fever or ague, 6; scarlet, 471; typhus, 132.

‡ Also droopy on the brain, 299; on the chest, 36.

History of the University of Cambridge," with Notes by Rev. M. Prichett, and P. Wright, Esq. M.A.—Elements of Statistical Science, by Dr. Taylor.—Meteorology, by John Strevell, Professor of Natural Philosophy in Belfast College.—Practical Geology and Mineralogy, by Joshua Trimmer, F.G.S.—The District Visitor's Manual, with a Preface, by Rev. T. Dale, M.A.—Recreations in the Sciences, Vol. II. Recreations in Astronomy, by Rev. Lewis Tomlinson.—A Narrative of a Voyage to Madeira, and along the Shores of the Mediterranean; including a Visit to Algiers, Tyre, Tennesmus, Cyprus, &c. With Observations on the Present State and Prospects of the East, by W. R. Wilde, M.R.I.A.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Visits to Remarkable Places: Old Halls, Battle-Fields, &c. by William Howitt, Esq. 21s.—The New Eton Greek Grammar; or, the Eton Greek Grammar in English, by C. Moody, 12mo. 4s.—Practical Observations on Various Subjects relating to Midwifery, by J. Hamilton, Esq. 12s.—Thoughts on Duelling and the Christian Character, 8vo. 4s.—Elements of Practical Agriculture, by David Low, Esq. 3d edition, 8vo. 12s.—Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia, Vol. CXX.: Swallow's Habits and Instincts of Animals, 2 caps, 6s.—Continental India, by J. W. Mason, 2 vols. 8vo. 12s.—The New-Year's Party, by the Rev. T. W. Aveling, 32mo. 2s.—Caunter's Bible, with Martin and Westall's Illustrations, medium 8vo. 21s.—Mary Howitt's Strive and Thrive, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—Hervey's Reflections, new edition, 18mo. 4s.—Hobbes's Latin Works, collected by Sir W. Molesworth, Vols. I. and II. 24s.—Ditto English ditto, Vols. I. III. and IV. 32s.—Ditto Tripos and other Tracts, by ditto, 12s.—Flintoff's Law of Real Property, Vol. II. 8vo. 12s.—Up the Rhine, by Thos. Hood, post 8vo. 12s.—A Legend of Cloth Fair, and other Tales, f.caps. 8s. 6d.—Turnbull's Song of Azzazel, and other Poems, 12mo. 2s.—The Monk and the Married Man, 3 vols. post 8vo. 12s. 6d.—Diary of the Times of George IV. Vols. III. and IV. post 8vo. 16s.—Scott's Marmion, fifty-one Engravings, 16s.—Cottage Dialogues on St. Matthew, by D. H. W., 18mo. 3s. 6d.—Jesse's Memoirs of the Court of England during the Reign of the Stuarts and the Protectorate, 2 vols. 8vo. 12s. 6d.—Swain's Shield of Dances, 12mo. 2s. 6d.—Phillip's Life and Opinions of Rev. W. W. W., post 8vo. 7s. 6d.—The Cabinet Lawyer, 12th edition, 18mo. 10s. 6d.—Modern Education, by Mrs. Marshall, 18mo. 2s.—Hack's Grecian Stories, 18mo. new edition, 2s.—Diary of a Nun, 2 vols. post 8vo. 12s.—The Wonders of the Microscope, new edition, square, 3s. 6d.—Lockhart's Life of Scott, Vol. I. (completion), 12mo. 6s.—Home Park, a Tale, by Mary J. Shield, 12mo. 4s.—Guthrie's Cicero on Oratory, new edition, 12mo. 6s.—Hind's Principles and Practice of Arithmetic, 12mo. 4s. 6d.—Drew's Essay on the Soul, 7th edition, post 8vo. 6s.—W. Black on Brewing, 3d edition, post 8vo. 12s.—The Letter-Bag of the Great Western; or, Life in a Steamer, by Sam Slick, post 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Rev. J. H. Todd's Discourses on the Prophecies, 8vo. 14s.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1839.

December.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday.. 19	From 37 to 51	29.32 to 29.34
Friday . . . 20	43 . . . 54	29.26 . . 29.28
Saturday . . 21	49 . . . 51	29.40 . . 29.40
Sunday . . . 22	44 . . . 51	29.38 . . 29.32
Monday . . . 23	46 . . . 55	29.50 . . 29.53
Tuesday . . 24	43 . . . 55	29.20 . . 29.25
Wednesday 25	48 . . . 55	29.44 . . 29.38

Prevailing wind, S.W.

Except the 26th, generally cloudy, with frequent and heavy showers of rain.

Rain fallen, 1 inch and .575 of an inch.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* * Sunday Publication of Newspapers.—A memorial, signed in a highly respectable manner by most of the principal newsmen in the metropolis, sets forth the indecorum and hardship of their being obliged to desecrate the Sabbath by the very busy publication of journals with which the readers might be equally well supplied on Saturdays and Mondays. At a time when many reforms have been effected in this respect, as regards other tradesmen of every description, it does seem a pity, if any remedy can be adopted, that these persons, whose occupations throughout the week are so onerous, and require such active exertion, should be compelled to labour when all their fellow-men may enjoy rest of body and repose of mind. We speak not of the higher claims of morality and religion, but simply on the ground that no class of the community ought to be condemned, if possible to be avoided, to incessant fatigue, without a holiday to refresh their efforts: we earnestly desire that this reasonable proposition should meet with the most speedy and indulgent consideration from all the proprietors of newspapers whom it so much concerns.

Poor Jack, by Captain Marryat, illustrated by Stanfield (No. I.), begins in an original style which we like much. The parentage of Jack is well worthy of the author of "Peter Simple," and the whole promises fairly to be one of the author's best and most characteristic naval fictions.

The "Christmas Sonnets" were too long for us. Many thanks.

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Civil Engineering, &c.—This department, under the superintendence of Professors Hall, Mosley, Daniell, and Wheatstone, and Mr. Bradley, Mr. E. Cowper, Mr. J. Tennant, and Mr. H. J. Castle, will be reopened on Tuesday, 31st January. Junior Department.—The Classes will recommence on Tuesday, the 31st January.

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Particulars may be obtained on Application, at the Secretary's Office. J. LONSDALE, B.D. Principal. December 31, 1880.

TO LECTURERS.

THE LONDON ASSOCIATION OF INSTITUTIONS are desirous of obtaining a complete List of the Lectures in England, and they request the favour of Lecturers to transmit to Mr. Coates, 50 Lincoln's Inn Fields, their Names, Addresses, the Subjects which they Treat, whether they have Apparatus or Diagrams, their Terms, and the principal places where they have lectured.
Lincoln's Inn Fields, 19th December, 1880.

TO BE SOLD, A BARGAIN. THE

LITERARY GAZETTE, from its Commencement to the end of 1880, all half-bound calf, neat, only 4s. 10s. The early part of this valuable periodical is very scarce. Also,

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THE JOURNAL OF THE STATISTICAL SOCIETY LONDON, Part VI. Vol. II. will be published on the 1st of January, 1890.

London: Charles Knight and Co. 25 Ludgate Street.

THE ASIATIC JOURNAL for January,

1890, will contain the Arrangements, Distributions, Removals, and Appointments in India, consequent upon the recent addition to the Indian Army. A very full account of the Movements of the Army of the Indies will likewise be given, including General Orders, Casualties, &c. &c. The usual digest of local intelligence from the three Presidencies, Poona, Bombay, Calcutta, Australia, South Africa, &c. &c. will likewise be copious. The literary department will comprehend papers of much interest. W. H. Allen and Co. 7 Leadenhall Street.

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The concluding part of Volume V. being nearly ready, will be published on the 1st of February.

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